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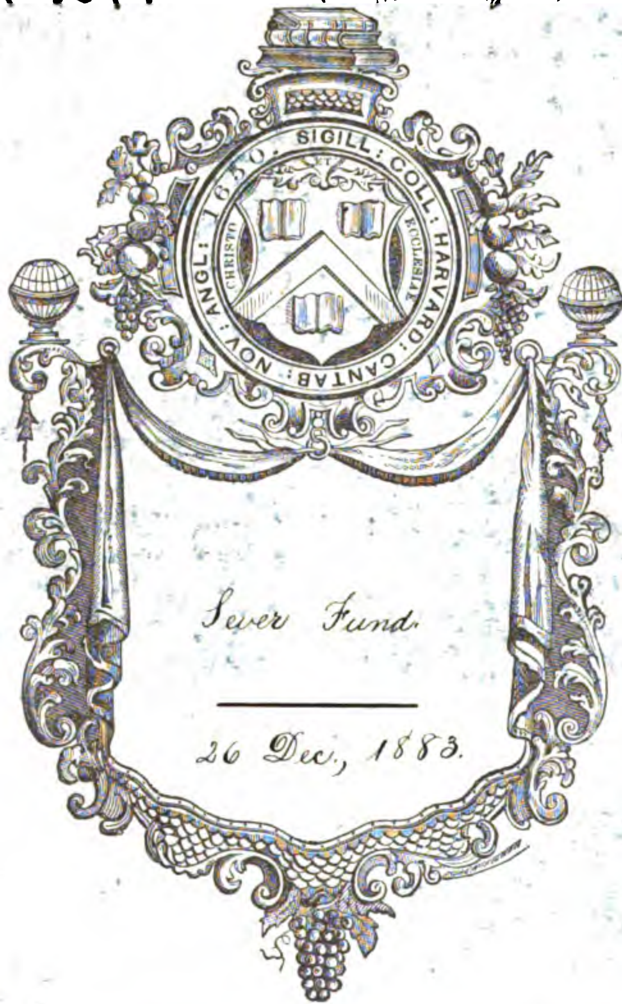

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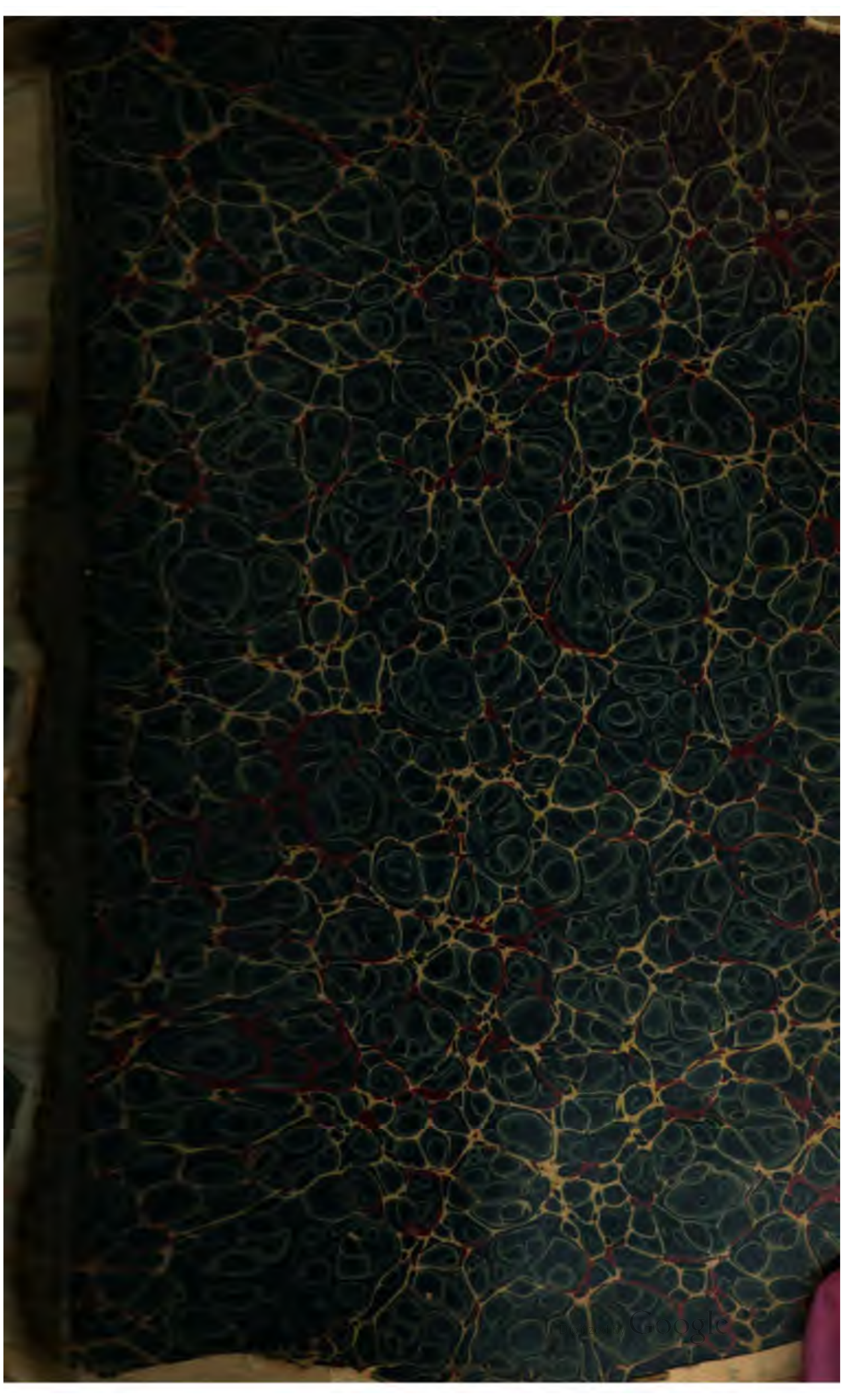

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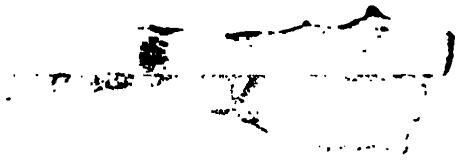

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JULY, 1859.

THE IRRATIONALE OF SPEECH.*

BY A MINUTE PHILOSOPHER.

TO the minute philosopher, who holds that things are strange in proportion to their commonness; that the fit attitude for the human mind is that of habitual wonder; and that true science, so far from explaining phenomena, only shows that they are inexplicable, or likely to be so, not merely as to their final but as to their proximate causes;—to him, I say, few things seem more miraculous than human speech. He has not time to ascend to the higher question of the metaphysics of language; not even to that first question—How did the human race ever make the surprising discovery that objects might be denoted by symbols, by names?—and how did they communicate that discovery to each other? Puzzling as that question is, he is stopt short of it in wonder by a puzzle equally great—by the mere physical fact of articulation, which man has in common with the parrot and the daw. He watches in mute astonishment his own baby's first attempts at speech; and asking wise men the cause thereof, is told that it is done by 'the faculty of imitation.' But though quite enough of a Lockite to believe that the child can pronounce no words but what it hears, he is aware that to state a fact is not to explain it; and that 'man possesses the faculty of imitation,' leads him no farther forward than 'man can copy,' unless three long Latin words contain by their own nature more wisdom than two English ones. He turns to books which treat of the philosophy of voice, like Mr. Hunt's (of which more hereafter), and reads there how one vowel is produced by a certain position of the lips, and another consonant by another position of the tongue, and so forth; and he is interested and instructed, but gets no light whatsoever thrown on his hourly puzzle of *Why* and *How?* Why does little Tommy imitate? What puts it into his small brains? And how does he imitate? By conscious reflection, by experiment, by what?

Desperate, he determines to begin at the beginning, and goes to see the Talking Fish. There, at least, he will find articulation in its most rudimentary, and perhaps unconscious state. And on the whole he is not disappointed. He sees—what is always worth seeing—an animal new to him; a seal ten feet long, beautiful and graceful; he submits to its ancient and fish-like smell, having submitted to that of its English cousins many a time. He learns that its generic name is Stenorynchus, and accepts the same as denoting the narrow oblong nostril, wherein at the first glance it is seen to differ from the common seal. He sees without surprise that it is most docile, affectionate, and playful; and recollects as he watches it, pleasant days on a certain mill-head, when 'Peter' used to come to the whistle, surging along like a great black swan, with head erect, cooing and grunting to be carried, like a great bolster, under his master's arm down to the clear

* *The Unspeakable; or, The Life and Adventures of a Stammerer.* London: Longman and Co.
A Manual of the Philosophy of Voice and Speech. By James Hunt, Ph.D. London: Longman and Co.

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mill pool, there to shoot about in the transparent chalk-water after the hapless chub, with the grace of a very Naiad.

Then he begins to examine into the question of its articulating powers; and soon wishes that able editors and correspondents possessed a little more of that minute philosophy which consists in using their own eyes and ears accurately and patiently for five minutes. He hears the beast, when told to say mamma, give a double bark, which sounds very like that word; and when told to say papa, give exactly the same bark. Whereon, being corrected, he repeats it, beginning, as was to be expected, with that mother of all consonants, which may be, according as the imagination chooses to lead the ear, m, b, p, or v. He remarks also that the seal, when excited, begins to repeat the same bark on his own account, and is silenced by a rap on the head, and a 'Don't talk, sir!' from his showman, who of course has a natural dislike that the public should fancy the talking to be a product of nature and not of education. After which he departs, having gained at least one fact—that the primary consonant, in mammals at least, is produced by suddenly opening the just closed lips, and driving the breath out forcibly; easy and natural to a seal, whose lips are very thick, and can join very tightly, to keep out the water. But whether the consonant be b or m, he can tell no more than in the case of the sheep, who says ma—a and ba—a alternately and accidentally; or of the dog, who says bow if he begins his bark with lips closed, and wow if with the lips open in the centre. After which deep cogitations he begins to see more clearly why mamma, papa, and baba, are the first words which all children pronounce; and to consign to the kingdom of Galimatias Herodotus' story of the goat-fed children, who astonished the king of Egypt (searcher for the primæval language), by crying 'Beccos,' 'which in Syrian means bread.' That they began with a 'b,' he doubts not; that they proceeded to a 'k,' and finished with an 's,' unless by overmuch sucking of their poor goat-nurse they had made their dear little tongues too large for their mouths, he doubts much.

But all this helps him not one step toward the question, How does my child get beyond ma—ma, and pa—pa? How does he learn to form those endless combinations of lips, teeth, and tongue, which produce the various consonants? How to modulate the chords and pipe of that most wonderful of all instruments, the human throat (in which all instruments which have been made by clumsy man are at once combined and excelled), so as to produce the endless variety of tones by which he expresses each and every passing emotion? He reads the admirable chapters in Mr. Hunt's book, v., vi., and vii. He reads all other books which one can find; and confesses with David, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made, oh Lord; and that my soul knoweth right well.' That—but beyond that, nothing. Is the child conscious of the different motions of his lips, and does he make them deliberately, as causes intended to produce certain effects? Impossible. I am not conscious of them in myself. Only very slowly, and by careful self-inspection, do I become aware of the motions of my mouth in forming some few of the simpler consonants. As for the compound ones—str, for instance—full consciousness about them is impossible.

It would take hours of careful labour before a looking-glass to determine the respective motions which produce p, b, and m. When has the child had either time or intellect to perform such a process for himself? He is not like the pianist, in whom from long practice the conscious use of the fingers has past into unconsciousness. He is a musician playing the most difficult of all music at sight—and on an instrument, strange to say, which he has never seen. For that he learns, as some deaf and dumb people do, by watching the motion of his parents' lips, I can hardly believe. He watches their eyes, and not their mouths; and if he did watch, all that he could see would be the vowels and the labials; dentals and linguals would be hidden from him. Add to this the curious fact (known

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ages ago to the cunning old Brahmins), that most of the consonants can be (and are by most people) formed in two different ways at different times—viz., sometimes on the lips, and sometimes on the teeth. Add again the fact that very few people except the most highly bred women or practised public speakers, use their lips freely, fully, and correctly; and the hypothesis of a conscious imitation, by successive acts of will, becomes impossible; and one is forced to confess the whole process of speech to be utterly transcendental and inexplicable, lying in that region below consciousness—in which, after all, lie all the noblest and most precious powers of our humanity.

And so the minute philosopher leaves the whole question, with fresh respect for the little boy who once posed a certain lord mayor.

For the lord mayor having asked him from his throne of office, 'My boy, are you aware of the nature of an oath?' and the little boy having answered, 'Is that anything good to eat?' his lordship thought proper to examine him in his knowledge of the principles of religion; and first, of course, in his notions concerning that flaming Tartarus which is held by some to be the first principle of religion, limiting and conditioning all others, even to our conceptions of Deity itself.

So the lord mayor asked, with a solemn and even pious countenance, 'My little boy, do you know where bad people go when they die?'

To which that little boy answered with a knowing wink (whether by special instigation of the devil or of another spirit)—

'No, I don't know; nor you don't know. Nobody don't know that.'

After which the lord mayor said no more.

That little boy's answer I have occasion to give to most matters, the more I consider them; and especially to this present one of how Master Tommy speaks.

Now, if there be, as far as the child's consciousness is concerned, no rationale of speech, there may be all the more easily an irrationale thereof—in plain English, a stammer; so easily, indeed, that one wonders, after examining the process of articulation, why all the world does not stammer, sooner or later, more or less; and confesses that Nature takes better care of us than we can of ourselves, and that

There's a Divinity doth shape our 'words,'
Rough-hew them as we will.

For the child, when speaking (if we will consider), is like a man walking along the right road; but in the dark. Or like, again, a man managing a delicate machine, of whose construction he knows nothing, save that, to keep it going, he must move a certain handle. But let the man get out of his road, even by a single yard, he can probably never find it again; and all his wanderings to and fro lead him only further from the right path. Or let the machine get out of order in the least, the man who works it by rote becomes helpless. The more he turns his handle, the greater the disturbance becomes; and if he attempts ignorantly to set the machinery right, he breaks or confuses it utterly.

Even so, let the child's vocal organs once lose the habit of pronouncing certain syllables, and they are utterly 'at sea' thenceforth. They have been doing right they knew not how, and the child knew not; and they have no more knowledge of how to do right again than the man in the dark has of getting back into the path. They must struggle and try, they know not what methods, in aimless agitation and contortion. The child's will and reflection cannot help them, for he simply knows nothing about the matter. They used to imitate others of their own accord, and now they have forgotten—what he never remembered. Nay, his will and reflection, when he tries consciously to pronounce the t or b, which has become suddenly impossible, only make the matter worse; for as he becomes agitated and terrified with the sudden sense of impotence, his own horror (for he does feel a real and most painful horror) confuses alike mind and body, and he is as incapable of commanding his thoughts or actions, as a drunkard or a madman. He has lost the road which he never knew. Poor wretch, how shall he find it again?

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And how does he lose it?

A puzzling question, when we know that in three cases out of four, stammering may be traced to imitation, conscious or unconscious. That the children and brothers of stammerers are more liable than other people, is well known; and many a sad case may be traced to intentional mimicry. I knew of a young man who used, for his little brothers and sisters' amusement, to act some stammering relation. One day he found that his acting had become grim earnest. He had set up a bad habit, and he was enslaved by it. He was utterly terrified; he looked on his sudden stammers (by a not absurd moral sequence) as a judgment from God for mocking an afflicted person; and suffered great misery of mind, till he was cured by a friend of mine, to whom I shall have occasion to refer hereafter.

Often, again, the imitation is quite unconscious, and the child learns to stammer as he does to speak. If it be asked why the example of the thousand (or rather 2500, for that is about the average in England) who speak plain does not counteract that of the one who does not, the answer is, that it does counteract it, except in those very rare cases where there is some occult predisposition. One of the most frightful stammers I ever knew began at seven years old, and could only be traced to the child's having watched the contortions of a stammering lawyer in a court of justice. But the child had a brain at once excited and weakened by a brain fever, and was of a painfully nervous temperament. And yet—and here is another puzzle—that fact did not make it necessary, or even probable, that he should stammer. One may see every day persons who by all rules ought to stammer, with weak jaws, upper teeth lapping over the under, flaccid diaphragms, the habit of talking with closed teeth, of pouring out their words rapidly, of breathing irregularly, speaking with empty lung, even (what seemingly would make a stammer certain) of speaking during inspiration as well as during expiration, who do not even hesitate. Verily, Nature is kind.

A clever little book, called *The Unspeakable; or, the Adventures of a Stammerer* (a book, by the bye, which should be in the hands of every parent who has a stammering child), sets forth a normal case of this kind.

A lonely, motherless, excitable boy is thrown into circumstances which excite and terrify him, and then packed off to school in company with a man whom he has every reason to fear and hate, and whose face and manner have been in the last four days painfully impressed on his imagination. This man is a frightful stammerer. On the journey he insults and strikes the poor boy, who revenges himself by mimicking his contortions. Arrived at school, he suddenly finds himself unable to pronounce his own name, and begins to be a stammerer. The schoolmaster, a brutal man, who has been prejudiced against him, accuses him of doing it on purpose. 'If you hesitate, sir,' says he, with such a pun as that stamp of man loves, 'I shall not;' and the poor boy is half cut in two with a cane on the spot. The habit is irremediably confirmed thenceforth.

And here I say boldly, that the stupidity and cruelty with which stammering children are too often treated, is enough to rouse one's indignation. They are told 'you can help it if you like.' As if they knew how to help it—as if the very people who speak thus could tell them how to help it. They are asked, 'why cannot you speak like other people?' As if it were not torture enough to them already to see other people speaking as they cannot; to see the rest of the world walking smoothly along a road which they cannot find, and are laughed at for not finding; while those who walk so proudly along it cannot tell them how they keep on it. They are even told 'you do it on purpose.' As if any one was dumb on purpose. 'You think it fine.' As if they were not writhing with shame every time they open their mouths. All this begets in the stammerer a habit of secresy, of feeling himself cut off from his kindred; of brooding over his own thoughts, of fancying himself under a mysterious curse, which sometimes (as I have known it do) tempts

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him to actual suicide; sometimes (as I have known it do) seems the possession of a demon. If it proceeded from an organic defect, a deformity, he could be patient. If he had a club-foot, he would know that he could not dance. If he was blind, he would not expect to see. But when he knows that there is no deformity, that his organs are just as perfect as other people's, the very seeming causelessness of the malady makes it utterly intolerable.

And when to this is added, not merely the mockery of his wanton schoolfellows, for in that there is no malice, and if it become too severe the stammerer can generally stop it by licking the offender (and stammerers, from the half maddened state in which they live, are swift and furious strikers, and, failing the first, will have recourse to other weapons, and effectually silence, as I have seen them, a big bully by the threat of putting a knife into his ribs), not merely, I say, the mockery of schoolfellows, but the stupid and unmanly cruelty of schoolmasters, they are indeed most miserable and hopeless, and will be so till the better method of education which the great Arnold inaugurated shall have expelled the last remnants of that brutal mediæval one, unknown to free Greece and Rome, but invented by monks cut off from all the softening influences of family, who looked on self-respect as a sin and on human nature as a foul and savage brute; and therefore, accustomed to self-torture and to self-contempt, thought it no sin to degrade and scourge other people's innocent children. Let all parents and masters, therefore, bear in mind (unless they wish to confirm an incipient stammer) that the patient must be treated with especial kindness. He is almost certain to be of a sensitive and imaginative temperament; if so, he must not be excited or terrified. Otherwise (but these are the rarer cases) he is simply stupid: therefore he will require all the more patient attention. But he must not at the outset be made painfully conscious of his own stammer. To do that is to fix it on his imagination, and therefore, by some strange inner reaction, on his nerves of volition. The more he expects to stammer the more he will do so; aye, he will foresee a long way off the very word which he will not be able to pronounce this time, though the next time, perhaps, he will pronounce it easily; and till he has been taught how to speak (which not one in ten thousand can teach him), it is better to draw his attention away from the whole matter, keep him quiet, make him speak slowly, and see if the evil habit will not die away naturally of itself by mere converse with those who speak aright, as do a hundred temporary tricks of voice and gesture in boys and girls. But if after a year or two the malady remains (and it will hardly remain without becoming worse), the only remedy is a scientific cure. Meanwhile, anything like fear of bodily punishment, or even capriciousness in his teacher's temper and rules, will surely confirm the bad habit. If he is uncertain of the consequences of his own acts; if he is tempted to concealment or falsehood by dread of pain; if he is by any means kept in a state of terror, shame, or even anxiety—then his stammer will grow worse and worse as he grows older, and whatever may have been the physical causes which produced it at first, there will be moral causes enough to extend misuse to every vocal organ in succession.

Of these primary physical causes, as might be expected, very little is known. Imitation cannot be the source of all stammering: some one must have stammered first for others to imitate; but why he did so, and what the causes are which make certain lads more prone to imitate him than others, are quite obscure as yet. Excessive eagerness may be the primary cause of a breath-stammer, and often is so in little children, who speak perfectly plain at other times; but what makes the abuse of the breath set up abuses of the jaw, tongue, and lips, and the stammer become confirmed, we know not. Colombat distinguishes well between the 'begaiement labio-choréique,' or *stuttering*, which makes a man repeat helplessly his 'b' or 't,' and is analogous to St. Vitus's dance in other organs, and the 'begaiement gutturo-tetanique' or *stammering*, which silences and

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chokes a man utterly, setting the jaw, contracting his glottis, and (Colombat says, but I altogether doubt it) rendering the tongue also immovable. This frightful lockjaw he traces, as he does the chorea of the lips, to 'a want of harmony between the nervous influence and the muscles'—in fact to some physical weakness of the nerves. Rullier (*Dict. des Sciences Médicales*) goes further, and considers that the cause of the whole evil must be sought for in the brain; and there is much to be said on his side. 'All which weakens the brain increases a stammer on the spot, especially sexual excesses, and, most of all, that dark vice which is so fearfully common in schools. Wine, too, and anger, as all the world knows, cause a stammer, or at least a stutter, by creating a pressure of blood on the brain; and so in certain cases does paralysis. I know at this moment an old bedridden keeper, in whom a paralytic stroke is producing gradually as true a stammer of the lips and tongue as can be seen in any lad of ten. The clot formed at the base of the brain is, I suppose, pressing and crippling the nerves which supply the jaw and mouth. But beyond these few vague facts I fear we know nothing, and perhaps need not know. Weakness of some portion of the brain is not the cause of stammering, for it can be cured perfectly without meddling with the brain; except where the brain is so generally debilitated (and I have known it so), whether congenitally or by excesses, that the patient cannot give average attention or use average determination. Where there is (as one has had reason to fear in some cases) incipient softening of the base of the brain, nothing beyond alleviation is possible; but such cases, I believe, are all but unknown in children.

I have said that stammering can be cured; I say now that it must be cured. If the stammerer is worth calling a man; if he be anything better than *terræ filius*, an ox on an ass, his life will be one of great trial, even (if he be a clever, sensitive, ambitious person) of acute misery. If any one doubt this assertion, let them read and perpend that book, *The Unspeakable*, which I just mentioned, and their eyes will be opened to a whole wilderness of mental troubles of which they never before dreamed. I have my own reasons for not entering into details; they are at once too painful and too ludicrous—and all the more painful often because they are so ludicrous—to talk over with every one and any one. But this I say, that parents who now-a-days, when a certain and rational cure for stammering is known, let their children grow up uncured, are guilty of the most wanton cruelty. A stammerer's life is (unless he be a very clod) a life of misery, growing with his growth and deepening as his knowledge of life and his aspirations deepen. One comfort he has, truly—that the said life is not likely to be a long one.

Some readers may smile at this assertion: let them think for themselves. How many old people have they ever heard stammer? I have known but two. One is a very slight case; the other a very severe one. He, a man of fortune, dragged on a painful and pitiable existence—nervous, decrepit, effeminate, asthmatic—kept alive by continual nursing. Had he been a labouring man, he would have died thirty years sooner than he did.

The cause is simple enough. Continual depression of spirits wears out body as well as mind. The lungs never acting rightly, never oxygenate the blood sufficiently. The vital energy (whatever that may be) continually directed to the organs of speech, and used up there in the miserable spasms of misarticulation, cannot feed the rest of the body; and the man too often becomes pale, thin, flaccid, with contracted chest and loose ribs and bad digestion. I have seen a stammering boy of twelve stunted, thin as a ghost, and with every sign of approaching consumption. I have seen that boy, a few months after being cured, upright, ruddy, stout, eating heartily, and beginning to grow faster than he had ever grown in his life. I never knew a single case of cure in which the health did not begin to improve there and then.

There were, however, till very

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lately, great excuses for parents who left their children to grow up stammerers. The chances of cure were literally worse than none. So mysterious an affliction offered, of course, a noble harvest to quacks of all kinds—almost as great an harvest, indeed, as hysteria itself; and one half wonders why priestly exorcism, or at least mesmerism, has not ere now been offered as a cure. Perhaps our modern spirit-rappers may tell the world yet a secret on the point from the other world; and the Emperor Napoleon or Sir E. B. Lytton set up as rivals to Mr. James Hunt.

Be that as it may, quackery enough, and to spare, has been brought to bear on stammering, proceeding in each case on the quack's method of partial induction—of catching at one phenomenon, and legislating exclusively for that, careless whether it was a symptom or an exciting cause.

The first thing, of course, that quacks perceived, was that stammerers used the tongue in some wrong way or other; and hence all manner of tricks were played with the poor tongue, even by men like Itard, who were no quacks. He put a little metal bridge under the tongue, seemingly to steady it —which cost money, and was a complete failure, as it must have been. Intoning was tried, sometimes with success; and even, so ignorant were some of these empirics, talking with the teeth closed. A New York lady, Mrs. Leigh, advised them to put their tongues against the top of their palates—a secret which both the Prussian and the Dutch governments rewarded by making its owners government professors. Apparently a nasal twang is not considered a defect in those countries. Mrs. Leigh, as a down-easter, would of course look on it as a national elegance. But her secret was known and practised in England years ago, and not without success at times, by an old man down south (who shall be nameless, as he is dead and buried). His method, as I have heard it described, was simple and original. He took his pupil home, demanded secresy and fifty pounds, entertained him (or otherwise) for a couple of days with filthy stories, and at last initiated him by a poke in the ribs, and 'Stick your tongue against the roof of your mouth, and breathe through your nose. That's the ticket.' By which advice, continued with reading in a chanting drawl, the pupil sometimes profited, and sometimes, again, did not. I knew certainly one case in which he was very successful, but he was helped in it by two circumstances; first, the stammer was never severe, or accompanied with spasm and contortion; and secondly, the patient was a man of extraordinary physical power, who spent, and spends, at least nine months of the year in the open air, hallooing to keepers, dogs, and horses. His tongue, and not his lung, was at fault: had he been a narrow-chested lad, condemned to a high stool and ledgers, a flaccid diaphragm, and bad digestion, the fate of his stammering might have been a very different one. Beside, this old worthy's plan of pinning the tongue to the roof of the mouth, like Mrs. Leigh's, is only to expel vice by vice. The tongue ought not to be pinned there, or anywhere else. It ought to float free, but quiet, on a level with the lower teeth; as it may be seen to do in any one whose articulation is clear and high-bred; and one ought not to be satisfied with—one ought not to believe in the general permanence of—any cure which does not restore fully the right use of the organs, and make the stammerer, who has a mouth (as ninety-nine out of a hundred have) like other people, speak as other people do.

Another trick, advocated by Dr. Arnott, was to open the glottis by prefixing E or A to every word, and drawl the words out as if in singing —successful enough, at times, in slight stammers; as was, in a case I knew, a dodge which sounded equally ludicrous and miraculous. The stammerer—stutterer, rather—who was an unwise, hasty person, had been taught when he stuck at a word, to pull up, and say 'say' before it—whereon out came the long tortured word, alive and well, to the amusement of the offender, in whom 'Sir! your abominable kick-kick-kick—say conduct!' moved anything but indignation or contrition.

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But in the great majority of cases all attempts at cure were failures. One bad habit had been temporarily expelled by another; and the consequence was this. As long as the fresh trick which had been taught compelled the patient to speak slowly and with attention to his words, so long was he benefited: as soon as he began to speak freely and with ease, all his old bad habits returned, in spite of the new one.

The strongest proof that all such empirical methods failed, is this—that stammerers, some twenty years ago threw themselves in despair on the tender mercies of the regular surgeon, and submitted to be far worse treated by him than by the quacks.

The doctors had an excuse. They were quite disgusted with the quacks. Stammering, they said, was a disease; and as such came under their jurisdiction. Unfortunately, they forgot to examine first whether stammering was a disease. If they had done so fairly, they would have found that it was no more part of their business to cure it, than to teach fencing, or dancing, or singing, or any other conscious and scientific use of bodily organs. But stammering was a disease—a disease of the tongue; and twenty years ago the knife was the cure for most of the ills which flesh is heir to. So on the strange hypothesis that the way to make an organ work healthily, is to hack, scar, and maim the same, they tried a series of experiments (not always in *corpore vili*), dividing muscles, cutting out triangular wedges from the root of the tongue, and what not. Dieffenbach wrote a book on this last operation, invented curious instruments for performing it, and being a skilful man, performed it again and again—somewhat to his own surprise, it seems—without killing his victim. Mr. Yearsley, in England, had his methods of hacking and hewing at that unruly member, such as even St. James, however severely he may have judged it, would scarcely have wished to see carried on in flesh and blood. Mr. Braid scrambled with Yearsley and Dieffenbach for the honour of the discovery: and the net result was this. As long as the wretched creatures were stiff from their wounds, they spoke somewhat more plainly. As soon as the tongue was healed, it began to fly about in the mouth once more, and with rapid speaking the stammering returned.

The great Liston, to his honour, lifted up his voice against these stupid brutalities (one can use no milder term when one thinks of the useless torture to which people were put, because medical men would meddle with matters beyond their province, and having meddled, would not take the trouble carefully to investigate the matter). Harvey, Vincent, and others, protested likewise against the equally rash plan of cutting out the tonsils and uvula; and gradually the knife fell into merited disrepute: but not till after a man or two had died from mutilation of the tongue.

Meanwhile the true method of cure, or at least its elements, had suggested itself to a hard-headed gentleman of Dorsetshire, a Mr. Hunt, the father of a man to whom this writer is under deep obligations, which he here most publicly confesses—who, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, set himself to cure a stammering friend, and by dint of minute philosophy—in plain English, using his eyes and his common sense—succeeded. Delighted with his first attempt, he went on with his plan, and left college to set up as a doctor of stammering—not without angry barks from the medical profession.

He found, however, among them two valuable friends, Sir John Forbes and the great Liston, who were true to him throughout his life. One letter of Liston's to him is so valuable, as a testimonial, that I shall insert it entire:—

I have with much pleasure witnessed Mr. Hunt's process for the removal of stammering. It is founded on correct physiological principles, is simple, efficacious, and unattended by pain or inconvenience. Several young persons have in my presence been brought to him for the first time; some of them could not utter a sentence, however short, without hesitation and frightful contortions of the features. In less than half an hour, after following Mr. Hunt's instructions, they have been able to speak and to read continuously, long

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passages without difficulty. Some of these persons had previously been subjected to painful and unwarrantable incisions, and had been left, with their palates horribly mutilated, hesitating in their speech, and stuttering as before.

When to two such names as Liston and Forbes are added those of Robert Chambers and John Forster, the reader has authority enough before him to make him at least read patiently what this writer has to say on a subject which most approach with distrust and prejudice; and not unjustly, considering the amount of unwisdom which has been spoken and acted over it.

The Elder Hunt's 'System' as he called it, is a very pretty instance of sound inductive method hit on by simple patience and common sense.

He first tried to find out how people stammered; and for this purpose had to find out how people spoke plain—to compare the normal with the abnormal use of the organs. But this involved finding out what the organs used were, a matter little understood thirty years ago by scientific men, still less by Hunt, who had only a Cambridge education and mother wit to help him. However, he found out; and therewith found out, by patient comparing of health with unhealth, a fact which seems to have escaped all before him—that the abuse neither of the tongue nor of any other single organ, is the cause of stammering—that the whole malady is so complicated that it is very difficult to perceive what organs are abused at any given moment—quite impossible to discover what organ first went wrong, and set the rest wrong. For nature, in the perpetual struggle to return to a goal to which she knows not the path, is ever trying to correct one morbid action by another; and to expel vice by vice; ever trying fresh experiments of mis-speaking, and failing, alas! in all: so that the stammer may take very different forms from year to year; and the boy who began to stammer with the lip, may go on to stammer with the tongue, then with the jaw, and last and worst of all, with the breath; and in after-life, try to rid himself of one abuse by trying in alternation all the other three.

To these four abuses—of the lips, of the tongue, of the jaw, and of the breath—old Mr. Hunt reduced his puzzling mass of morbid phenomena; and I for one believe his division to be sound and exhaustive.

He saw, too, soon, that stammering was no organic disease, but simply the loss of a habit (always unconscious) of articulation; and his notion of his work was naturally, and without dodge or trick, to teach the patient to speak consciously, as other men spoke unconsciously.

He was somewhat hindered in his judgment as to what right articulation might be, by the want of that anatomical knowledge which ought to have revealed his method to the regular medical man. Too old to supply the defect in himself, he supplied it in his son by giving him a surgeon's education; the fruit of which, and of much curious thought and wide reading on the whole matter, may be found in his *Philosophy of Voice and Speech*, just published—a book which should be in the hands, not only of surgeons, but of public singers, public speakers, schoolmasters, and above all, of preachers.

It may be seen from all this that there is no secret in Mr. Hunt's 'system,' except in as far as all natural processes are a secret to those who do not care to find them out. Any one who will examine for himself how he speaks plain, and how his stammering neighbour does not, may cure him, as Mr. Hunt did, and 'conquer nature by obeying her.' But he will not do it. He must give a lifetime to the work, as he must to any work which he wishes to do well. And he had far better leave the work to the few (when I say few, I know none but my friend Dr. James Hunt) who have made it their ergon and differential energy throughout life. Still less will those succeed who, having got hold of a few of old Mr. Hunt's rules, fancy that they know his secret. Old Mr. Hunt's secret was, a shrewd English brain, backed by bulldog English determination, to

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judge from a remarkable bust of him which exists, and which would have made him do many other things, had he chosen, besides curing stammering. And the man who tries to trade on his conclusions, without possessing his faculty, or having worked through his experiments, will be like him who should try to operate in the hospital theatre after cramming up a book on anatomy; or throw himself into a pond after hearing a lecture on swimming. He will apply his rules in the wrong order, and to the wrong cases; he will be puzzled by a set of unexpected and unclassified symptoms, and be infallibly wrong in his diagnosis.

For instance. Put two men before a second-hand pretender of this kind, one of whom (to give a common instance) stammers from a full lung, the other from an empty one. Each requires to be started on a different method, and he will most probably (unconscious of the difference between them) try the same method for both; while if the empty-lunged man have a hard round chest, and the full-lunged man a soft and flat one, he will never find out which is which. The matter is a study by itself; and had Dr. James Hunt in his book told all he knew of the methods of cure, he would not have injured himself one whit—except in as far as he might have raised up a set of quacks, whether medical or other, trading on his name, and bringing him into disrepute by their failures.

Therefore perhaps he was wise to hold his tongue. Certainly, had his father held his tongue it would have been better; for on his death a host of pretenders sprang up, all, of course, professing his system; and all, as far as I have ever heard (and Heaven knows I have had cause to hear enough), failing, and ducking under again into their native mud.

One man, a Wesleyan deacon, or some such functionary, used old Mr. Hunt's testimonials, boldly announced himself his successor, and received without a word of explanation, inquirers and pupils who came to seek him.

This was a 'pretty sharp state of business,' as our transatlantic brethren say; and one is puzzled to guess whether (and if so, in what terms) he related his 'experiences and exercises' on the subject to his class-leaders or other father-confessors. But probably he had arrived at that state of sinless perfection boasted of by some of his sect, in which such legal and carnal distinctions as honesty and dishonesty vanish before the spiritual illumination of the utterly renewed man. Whether he practises now or not, I neither know nor care. I suppose he has gone the way of other pretenders.

And now one word as to Dr. Hunt, son of the worthy old Dorsetshire gentleman, and author of the book mentioned at the head of this article. I could say very much in his praise which he would not care to have said, or the readers of *Fraser* perhaps to hear. But as to his power of curing the average of stammerers, I can and do say this—that I never have yet seen him fail where as much attention was given as a schoolboy gives to his lessons. Of course the very condition of the cure—the conscious use of the organs of speech—makes it depend on the power of self-observation, on the attention, on the determination, on the general intellectual power, in fact, of the patient; and a stupid or volatile lad will give weary work. Yet I never have seen even such go away unrelieved. For nature, plastic and kind, slips willingly into the new and yet original groove, and becomes what she was meant all along to be; and though to be conscious of the cause of every articulate sound which is made, even in a short sentence, is a physical impossibility, yet a general watchfulness and attention to certain broad rules enable her, as she always is inclined to do, to do right on the whole. For after all, right is pleasanter than wrong, and health more natural than disease; and the proper use of any organ, when once the habit is established, being in harmony with that of all other organs, and with the whole universe itself, slips on noiselessly and easily, it knows not how, and the old bad habit of years dies out in a month, like the tricks which a

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child learns one day to forget the next.

But, over and above what Mr. Hunt or any other man can teach; stammerers, and those who have been stammerers need above all men to keep up that *mentem sanam in corpore sano*, which is now-a-days called, somewhat offensively, muscular Christianity—a term worthy of a puling and enervated generation of thinkers, who prove their own unhealthiness by their contemptuous surprise at any praise of that health which ought to be the normal condition of the whole human race.

But whosoever can afford an enervated body and an abject character, the stammerer cannot. With him it is a question of life and death. He must make a man of himself, or be liable to his tormentor to the last.

Let him therefore eschew all base perturbations of mind; all cowardice, servility, meanness, vanity, and hankering after admiration; for these all will make many a man, by a just judgment, stammer on the spot. Let him, for the same reason, eschew all anger, peevishness, haste, even pardonable eagerness. In a word, let him eschew the root of all evil, selfishness and self-seeking; for he will surely find that whensoever he begins thinking about himself, then is the dumb devil of stammering close at his elbow. Let him eschew, too, all superstition, whether of that abject kind which fancies that it can please God by a starved body and a hang-dog visage, which pretends to be afraid to look mankind in the face, or of that more openly self-conceited kind which upsets the balance of the reason by hysterical raptures and self-glorifying assumptions. Let him eschew, lastly, all which can weaken either nerves or digestion; all sexual excesses, all intemperance in drink or in food, whether gross or effeminate, remembering that it is as easy to be unwholesomely gluttonous over hot slops and cold ices as over beef and beer.

Let him avoid those same hot slops (to go on with the *corpus sanum*), and all else which will injure his wind and his digestion, and let him betake himself to all manly exercises which will put him into wind, and keep him in it. Let him, if he can, ride, and ride hard, remembering that (so does horse exercise expand the lungs and oxygenate the blood) there has been at least one frightful stammerer ere now who spoke perfectly plainly as long as he was in the saddle. Let him play rackets and fives, row, and box; for all these amusements strengthen those muscles of the chest and abdomen which are certain to be in his case weak. Above all, let him box; for so will 'the noble art of self-defence' become to him over and above a healing art. If he doubt this assertion, let him (or indeed any narrow-chested porer over desks) hit out right and left for five minutes at a point on the wall as high as his own face (hitting, of course, not from the elbow, like a woman, but from the loin, like a man, and keeping his breath during the exercise as long as he can), and he will soon become aware of his weak point by a severe pain in the epigastric region, in the same spot which pains him after a convulsion of stammering. Then let him try boxing regularly, daily; and he will find that it teaches him to look a man not merely in the face, but in the very eye's core; to keep his chest expanded, his lungs full of air; to be calm and steady under excitement; and lastly, to use all those muscles of the torso on which deep and healthy respiration depends. And let him, now in these very days, join a rifle-club, and learn in it to carry himself with the erect and noble port which is all but peculiar to the soldier, but ought to be the common habit of every man; let him learn to march; and more, to trot under arms without losing breath; and by such means make himself an active, healthy, and valiant man.

Meanwhile, let him learn again the art of speaking; and having learnt, think before he speaks, and say his say calmly, with self-respect, as a man who does not talk at random, and has a right to a courteous answer. Let him fix in his mind that there is nothing on earth to be ashamed of, save doing wrong, and no being to be feared save Almighty God; and so go on

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making the best of the body and the soul which Heaven has given him, and I will warrant that in a few months his old misery of stammering will lie behind him, as an ugly and all but impossible dream when one awakes in the morning.

One word more and I have done. I said that this book of Dr. Hunt's should be in the hands of all clergymen. I say it again. From it they will get some hints at least as to the strange mechanism and the right employment of those organs of voice which they so sadly abuse every Sunday. Abuse—yes. No milder word can be employed. There is no class of men who, on an average, neglect more those organs which God has given them, so they hold, for the most momentous of purposes. It raises strange thoughts in more men than *Habitans in Sicco*, the listening to an average sermon; aye, to nine sermons out of ten. That a large class of men should believe that they have the power of saving human beings from endless torture by the use of their tongues, and then not only employ for that purpose the dull talk which is to be heard in average pulpits, but also deliver the same with a voice and manner which sets a whole congregation asleep, and which would destroy the custom of a barrister, an auctioneer, and even of a penny pieman, or a cheap Jack at a country fair.—This does seem to some one of the most astounding facts of an enlightened age; one which might move tears, had some people not secret reasons for merely smiling at the poor man's vast assumptions, and his futile method of carrying them out.

It is a question, no doubt, whether the average preacher ought to be taught how to preach. For if his matter be not worth hearing, still more if it be in some respects false and pernicious, it is undoubtedly a boon to society that he delivers himself so badly that he touches no hearts, and so does no harm. Many a preacher has one heard utter words at which one has looked anxiously round the church, in hopes of finding as many as possible asleep—andnot, thank Heaven, in vain. But supposing that a man has (as very many have) something to say worth saying, why will he take no trouble whatsoever to learn the right method of saying it? Look at an average Low-Church clergyman in an average country pulpit. Why, when he is uttering words which if true—and a great deal of them is but too true—should make angels weep and devils tremble, are his eyes fixed on his book, his chin bent down on his breast, his jaw fixed as by paralysis, his lips hanging motionless and apart, and his voice droning forth in a monotone as of a bee in a bottle? Not so did Henry Martyn and Simeon, not so did Wesley or Whitfield, strike barbed arrows to the hearts of living men. But they believed what they said, and perhaps the poor man does not. Not that he is a conscious hypocrite: Heaven forbid! But he does not believe: he only believes in believing. He has got his doctrine by rote, at second-hand, out of a book. It is not life of his life, and thought of his thought; if you translated it for him out of its conventional school phraseology into plain everyday English he would not know it again; if, instead of talking of 'sanctification,' you spoke of 'being made good,' he would stare at you, and suspect Arminianism, Pantheism, Pottheism, or the last found heresy of which he has read in his religious paper. No. He does not believe, in the sense in which Wesley believed; and he is half conscious of that fact at moments, for every now and then he wakes himself up with a half-impatient jerk, and tries to lay a little emphasis on a preposition or an article—as who should say in his heart, 'No! I AM in earnest after all, and I'll show it. I say, Christian brethren, don't you see I am in earnest?' Poor man! He cannot do it. He knows not the trick of art: and the trick of nature—the self-taught eloquence which comes from intense and passionate conviction, from clear imaginative vision, he has it not, and never will have. That eloquence of belief we cannot give him; but in default of that shall we send him to Mr. Hunt, and subscribe for a few elocution lessons for him? Shall we awaken him to the ugly fact

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that he knows simply nothing about the trade which he professes? that having the most momentous of all duties to do, he has never learnt or tried to learn how to do that same, from the day he entered orders till now? Perhaps we may, if he will promise us one thing —not to use his faculty, when he acquires it, for the purpose of reviling and insulting his congregation. The smallest child knows how to scold, and so may that man if once he finds his tongue.

Let us go to another church, from the pulpit whereof proceeds noise enough, which may betoken, and as it happens really does betoken, earnestness. There raves and screams a young curate of the opposite school. *Heu quantum mutatus ab illo!* For twenty years ago, when there were giants in the earth, among Tractarians as among others, stood in that pulpit a great genius and a great orator, who knew how to use his voice. Perfectly still he stood, disdaining the slightest show of passion, trusting to eye and voice alone—to the eye, which looked through and through every soul with the fascination of a serpent; to the voice, most sweet and yet most dreadful, which was monotonous indeed: but monotonous with full intent and meaning, carrying home to the heart, with its delicate and deliberate articulation, every syllable of words which one would have too gladly escaped; words which laid bare the inmost fibres of the heart, and showed to each his basest and his weakest spot, and with their passionless and yet not untender cynicism, made the cheeks of strong men flame, whom all the thunders of a Spurgeon would only have roused to manly scorn.

Oh, thou great and terrible—sophist, shall I call thee? or prophet? Why art thou worse than dead to Englishmen? Why is thy once sweet voice all jarred, thy once pure taste all fouled, by bitter spite and insult to thy native land? Why hast thou taken thyself in the net of thine own words, and bewildered thy subtle brain with thy more subtle tongue? I know not, and perhaps I need not know; but this I know, and gaze astounded as I see it, that raw lads are dreaming that they can stand forsooth, painfully posturing and balancing, where thou didst fall perforce; and that they can carry out the ideal which, after devoting thy life to it, thou hadst to relinquish with bitter grief as impossible. And this I know, that they are trying now, as a last despairing effort, to 'rouse the masses' by screaming.

Truly does the whirligig of time bring round its revenges. Twenty years ago—so that great orator taught us—we were to leave passion and excitement to Dissenters, and preach as Anglican priests, who spoke not of themselves, but, calm and motionless, delivered the oracular and changeless fiat of the Church. But those were days in which the great man could write a book, exposing bitterly enough the quaint likeness between 'Romanism and popular Protestantism.' Now all tides are changed. The great man is—we know where too well; the little man his disciple, who dare not follow him into the reality, can stay at home content, and play with the Sham; and having discovered that Romish priests use, and always have used, those very impassioned appeals to the emotions which were once so shocking in Dissenters, copies gladly, of course not the dissenter, but the priest.

With this difference—that the Romish priest has learnt how to do it, and he has not. He is trying at this moment certainly to use his lips like that most admirable of preachers, the Bishop of Oxford; but the result is curiously different. Where the Bishop pours a noble stream of sound, round as a bell, from the bottom of a full lung, the curate is forcing a stream as flat as a ribbon from the top of an empty one. He has not wind enough to fill the vowel-sounds; and the over-action of his lips, which is meant for earnestness, caricatures the consonants; so that one hears but half of his pitiful story, save when his voice cracks into a falsetto, and symbolizes with its howlings the cries of those lost souls upon whose torments he is expatiating. Alas! alas! If a really well-meaning young man will think that the business of an

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English clergyman is to frighten women, at least let him learn how to fulfil his mission without ruining his own lungs and throat. Shall we subscribe to send him too to Mr. Hunt? At least, let him go for an hour to any good Romish chapel, to hear how the burly preacher there contrives, by use of his jaw as free and strong as when he is masticating his dinner (which, to judge from his complexion, is not a bad one), to make the Irishwomen forget their fleas, and listen. Or let him go for an hour into the Old Bailey, and watch any distinguished member of the bar. I have one now before my mind's eye, but I will mention no names, where all know their work, and can do it. He has to live by his lips, like a Dissenting preacher; and therefore, like him, he has taken the trouble to learn how to do so. Watch him, how he sets up his chest defiantly, stoutly, and calls a full-toned word up out of its depths, and catches it in the great unctuous cup of that loose lower lip, and rolls it about there genially, lovingly, till every atom of every consonant has told upon your ear. Watch the light of his eye, the real humour playing round his nostril and his cheek, the sham pathos, so perfectly sham that it does as well as real; the racy English, the practised power and ease of the whole man; and then ask yourself, is it not worth while to take as much trouble about doing God's work, as that man takes that he may simply earn his bread?

As for the great Mr. Spurgeon—who, after all, though the curate knows it not, is his model—he must not enter unhallowed walls that he may hear him. So he must be content to learn from those who can tell him by ear and eye-sight that he owes his extraordinary success chiefly to the two physical facts, that he has a very large chest, and that he keeps himself upright; and so contrives to do the duty which lies nearest him—of making himself at least heard. We will add to this that inestimable gift of nature, which Aristotle (in those wise Ethics which the curate read at Oxford) calls Banausia; a gift of which it is written—

Mit der Dummheit kämpfen die Götter selbst vergebens.

And again—

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

But that gift, to do the curate justice, he does not possess by nature; nor will he, I am sure, wish to acquire it. Wherefore, as he will never equal Mr. Spurgeon, he had better give up imitating him, and learn how to speak in the pulpit—as he can very well when he is out of it—like a Christian gentleman. And if he fancies that the strain of making five hundred persons listen to him, instead of one, precludes that possibility, let him study Mr. Hunt's book, and he will find himself mistaken.

C. K.

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ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

In Memoriam.

THE recent death of this distinguished and venerable philosopher has been acknowledged in every part of Europe and of the world where the physical sciences are cultivated or valued, as a loss not easily to be supplied, and as creating a blank in the science of the age not readily to be filled up. In any isolated departments of science many men of equal, or superior, qualifications might be named to sustain the honour of those branches; but no one who, like Humboldt, was gifted to advance and adorn them all together.

Of many a confessedly *great* man it is often asked, and not very easily answered, what has he *done?* An individual, in fact, often attains a high reputation, built up as it were out of a vast number of minor claims, each in itself but small, yet in the aggregate rising to a large amount; while, perhaps, it is more the general character of high ability pervading them all, and not unfrequently even that high *ability* alone, evinced less in actual great *results* than in undeniable manifestation of *power* to achieve them, which constitutes the basis of a high reputation.

But with the subject of this brief memoir the case was very different. Humboldt affords an instance of a man singularly and strongly marked in his whole life and character by earnest and entire devotion to one single great object—the vision and aspiration of his earliest years—worked out in untiring detail through his middle life, and carried on to its completion and fulfilment in the unusual vigour of his long-protracted age. In one word, the study of universal nature in all her variety, in all her minuteness, and all her vastness, and the final bringing together of the assemblage and accumulation of these treasures of knowledge in the display of their connexion and unity in one grand whole, laying an enduring groundwork for the loftiest contemplations of which the human soul is susceptible.

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, the younger son of Major von Humboldt (who had been in the service of Frederic the Great), was born in 1769, September 14th, at Berlin. After some early instruction at home under a tutor, accompanied by his elder brother Wilhelm, he entered the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where his preference led him to the studies of natural science and political economy, while his brother followed those literary and philological pursuits in which he afterwards became so eminent. Thence, in 1788, he removed to the more celebrated University of Göttingen, where he pursued an extended course of the same studies. It was here that in the son-in-law of the celebrated scholar Heyne, he found a friend, George Forster, who had been the companion of Captain Cook in his second voyage, and whose adventurous spirit as well as his skill in botany and natural history, tended greatly to awaken Humboldt's desire for travelling, and to give it a scientific direction.

From his earliest youth, Humboldt informs us, it had been his earnest wish to explore untrodden regions of the earth. In the first instance, the mere desire of adventure, the spirit of enterprise, all the more intensely stimulated when not devoid of a degree of danger, were perhaps his only motives. To these were added, as his mind expanded, the increasing desire of knowledge; and on more close and accurate study, a perception of existing deficiencies and an estimate of those special quarters and regions in which the blank most imperatively demanded filling up. He was particularly impressed with the great extent of the earth's surface of which little or nothing was known, and much remained to be explored even in better-known regions.

Thus, at the age of eighteen, he tells us, he had fully conceived the idea of those labours to which the main part of his after life was devoted, and the acquaintance which he formed with the kindred spirit of George Forster, stimulated and

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animated to the utmost the ideas he had already so vividly conceived, besides materially aiding their accomplishment by advice and information on points connected with natural history and the collection of specimens. In company with this friend, he made excursions through several parts of Europe, studied the volcanic phenomena of Italy and Sicily, the Alps and the banks of the Rhine, and in 1790 visited Holland and England. His first publication was a dissertation, the result of these excursions, *On certain Basaltic Formations on the Rhine*, 1790.

His destined profession was that of official employment in the mines under the Prussian Government, with a view to which he pursued the study of mineralogy at Freiburg, under the celebrated Werner; and in 1792 was subsequently appointed superintendent of mines at Beyreuth. During his continuance there, he contributed various minor publications to natural and mineralogical science. But his ardent desire for travelling overcame every consideration of professional advancement; and, in consequence, he resigned his employment in the mines in 1795.

Disappointed in his hope of joining in two proposed expeditions under the French Government—one to Egypt and Syria, the other to the South Pacific—which were frustrated by the convulsed state of Europe at that period, four years elapsed before he was able to put his project in execution. The time, however, was not lost; he diligently employed it in prosecuting those preparatory studies which enabled him to apprehend in their due relations all the varied and important points of science which would claim attention, and open new fields of research; while the study and practice of methods of observation, and the use of physical and astronomical instruments and apparatus, were essential preparatives for the course of investigation he had planned.

In 1797 he remained for some time at Vienna, preparing for botanical excursions by studying the collections of exotic plants in that city; after which he had the advantage of travelling through Salzburg and Styria in company with the great geologist Von Bach, and was about crossing the Tyrolean Alps, when the breaking out of war in Italy forced them to abandon an excursion into that country. During the two next years he resided temporarily in various parts of Europe, but especially at Jena, where he formed the acquaintance of Göthe and Schiller. He published *Researches into the Structure of Muscular and Nervous Fibre*, and *The Chemical Processes of Life* (1797), as well as *Investigations on Various Gases*, then imperfectly known (1799), evincing the very varied as well as accurate nature of his studies.

Having, as we have seen, been disappointed in obtaining any opening in connexion with Government expeditions, he now determined to rely on his own resources. His friendship with M. Bonpland enabled them jointly to concert plans of exploration. With that eminent botanist he spent some time in France, with the intention of making an excursion into Africa and the East; but here again various difficulties interposed; and finally, the continent of South America appeared to offer in many respects the most eligible field for their operations, and for which they made their preparations accordingly; and in 1799, after traversing a considerable part of Spain, they finally embarked at Corunna for the Azores. The voyage, so far from being wearisome, or lost time, was to Humboldt a source of ever-new interest. The aspects and productions of the ocean, the phenomena of the atmosphere, the views of the heavens under a tropical sky, were all topics of fresh research and deeply instructive study, of which he knew how to avail himself to the utmost.

In a sketch like the present, we of course make no pretension of following the travellers through the varied scenes of their explorations: from the shores of Spain to the Canary Islands, and the Peak of Teneriffe; whence crossing the Atlantic, the more arduous task of exploring the South American Continent occupied them nearly four years;—commencing from the northern coast, and investigating successively the mountainous regions

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of those parts, the Llanos and Pampas, the rivers and marshes; studying earthquake phenomena in the Carraccas; and comparing the volcanic phenomena of the Andes with those of Mexico; investigating the physical aspects of the West Indian Islands. We can only observe, in general, throughout every part of these wanderings, how rich a field—then almost entirely new to scientific research—was opened to their inquiries. These vast regions, as to their physical structure and conditions, as well as their animal and vegetable productions, hitherto for the most part very little examined, were more fully disclosed to their research; and no opportunity was lost of examining and registering all the variety of interesting physical phenomena and diversified forms of animated nature, which in such endless profusion presented themselves for examination.

During these lengthened explorations the masses of collected specimens, geological, botanical, zoological, and miscellaneous, became by degrees enormous. The difficulties of packing and conveying them were great, and the fear of losing them still more a source of anxiety to the indefatigable collectors. Triplicate sets were prepared and packed; one set sent, as opportunity offered, to the United States, for shipment to England; another to France or Spain; while the third continually accompanied the travellers on a long train of mules, and was anxiously kept under their own eyes. Of the two former sets, in the state of warfare in which the European Powers were then involved, it was not surprising that many failed in reaching their destination, or that few, in fact, were preserved or recovered; but it is satisfactory to know that a valuable portion (chiefly those collected from the shores of the Pacific) were secured to science owing to the generous exertions of Sir Joseph Banks with the British Government; to whom Humboldt pays the graceful acknowledgment, that 'amidst the political agitations of Europe he unceasingly laboured to strengthen the bonds of union between scientific men of all nations.'

Gifted with a constitution and bodily powers of unusual vigour, he encountered not only without inconvenience, but with pleasure, the difficulties and privations which beset a life of wandering in regions for the most part untrodden by civilized visitants; and even in the more frequented parts having to make his way among persons of very different pursuits and ideas, to whom the objects of his mission could not but appear strange, even if they did not excite prejudice and hostility. Yet we are surprised in many parts of the narrative at the apparent ease and familiarity with which he seems to have conciliated the goodwill of the various grades and classes of persons with whom he was brought in contact. The vivid and glowing language in which he dilates on the surpassing richness and variety of objects presented to his observation in the new scenes thus opened, and the diversified forms of animal and vegetable life with which every part of nature in those regions teems, cannot be effaced, even at this distance of time, from the memory of those who perused his descriptions with that eager curiosity which they excited at the time of their publication, when those countries were so little known, and when vast varieties of plants and animals now familiar to us in our zoological collections and botanical conservatories, were new to European science.

Few writers have combined in a higher degree powers of scientific investigation with those of graphic and forcible description.

In the perusal we seem actually present at the scenes of his toilsome struggle through the tropical forests, and his strange bivouacs under their shelter. Thus, to recall a single scene:—We seem to belong to the party on the banks of one of the tributaries to the Orinoco—to see the crocodiles and other aquatic neighbours attracted to the banks by the light of their fires—where the hammocks are slung on oars; we follow with all their anxiety the footmarks of a tigress and her young ones left in the sand when going to the river to drink—we hear the terrific howlings of the jaguars and pumas responded to by the fearful cries of alarm from the peccaris, the monkeys, and the

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sloths—the screams of the curassao, the parakka, and other birds; and we observe the dog ceasing his bark and cowering under the hammock as, amid the din, he distinguishes the growl of the distant tiger.

Yet animate dand encouraged by the fearlessness of the native guides, they snatch a brief repose. On the return of day all these alarms are effaced by the contemplation of the marvellous scene of matchless beauty which the tangled depths of the tropical forests present; when, as Humboldt expresses it, 'the explorer can hardly define the varied emotions which crowd upon his mind'—the deep silence of the solitude—the beauty and contrast of the forms—the gaudy plumage of innumerable varieties of birds—the unceasing vigour and freshness which ever clothe tropical vegetation amid the humid heat which fosters it; and where it 'might be said that the earth, overloaded with vegetable productions, cannot allow them space to unfold themselves; the trunks of the trees everywhere covered and concealed by a thick clothing of parasitic verdure;' the lianas which creep on the ground also climbing to the tops of the highest trees, and hanging in festoons from one to another at the height of a hundred feet. These and various other plants so interlaced together that the botanist may often be misled to confound the flowers belonging to one with those of another; while through the dense and compact mass of foliage no solar ray is able to penetrate; and the whole journey is performed in a kind of dim twilight under trees of stupendous height and size, of which no European forests convey any idea; streaming with continual vapour, and the humid air scented with the delicious perfumes of flowers and odoriferous resins.

Amid his graphic descriptions on the one hand, the eye seems fatigued in the endeavour to stretch to the extreme and immeasurable extent of the level llanos and pampas; on the other, the breathing seems oppressed under the dense canopy of vegetation in the forests, where the heated and confined air is loaded with steaming exhalations from swamps and pools swarming with aquatic life, and tangled jungle through which the vast boas, and more fearful venomous snakes, twine their noiseless but deadly path; while air and vegetation are equally alive with every variety of insect existence.

Such are some few of the ideas so vividly conjured up, and the recollection of which may serve to convey a more distinct impression of the arduous labours of the explorer, now in traversing these depths of primeval forest, now on the bleak ridges of the Cordilleras, and amid the more dangerous and marvellous conformations of the seats of volcanic action, pursuing with unwearied perseverance, indomitable courage, and enlightened intelligence those objects of scientific inquiry which were not left to chance discovery, but sought out on a deliberate and well-arranged plan.

Devoted as he was to the study of nature, it would be an entire mistake to regard Humboldt as less interested in questions regarding the condition of men and nations; on the contrary, he clearly viewed those subjects in the comprehensive light of his philosophy as among the essential parts and even highest departments of the study of universal nature. Not to dwell on the volumes devoted to those topics which form part of the series of his results, even in the *Personal Narrative* he in many places discusses with deep interest and emphasis the condition, and speculates on the origin and prospects, of the various tribes of the human family with whom he was brought into contact, and for whom he always expresses the most kindly interest.

To cite a single instance, we cannot find this spirit better exemplified than in his reflections on the distinctions between the free and independent Indians of South America, whom he will not call savages, and the '*reduced*' Indians in the missions, and nominally Christians. The former he represents as living under chieftains peacefully united in villages, and cultivating the soil which, in the exuberance of a tropical climate, produces abundance of food with little or no labour. He contends that very false ideas are dif-

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fused by calling the one 'Christian,' 'reduced,' or 'civilized,' and the other 'pagan,' 'savage,' and barbarous. He observes:—

> The reduced Indian is often as little of a Christian as the independent Indian is of an idolator. Both alike occupied by the wants of the moment betray a marked indifference for religious sentiments, and a secret tendency to the worship of nature and her powers which belongs to the earliest infancy of nations.*

In 1804 the travellers returned to Europe, and Humboldt, conjointly with Bonpland, in different departments, engaged themselves in the arduous task of reducing into order their varied collections, and drawing up the accounts of their researches for publication. The strictly scientific portion of their results was embodied in several series of voluminous works, which, commencing in 1807, occupied several years in publication, and have amply sustained the scientific reputation of their authors. A brief glance at their contents may be taken as follows:

The 1st series comprises astronomical, geodetical, and hypsometrical observations, determining the geography of numerous points, besides many phenomena of interest to terrestrial physics throughout the tropical region of America.

The 2nd and 3rd are botanical, chiefly by M. Bonpland, including the descriptions of plants collected in Mexico, Cuba, the northern provinces of South America, with monographs of some important genera.

The 4th, on the geography of plants in the same regions, includes the whole account of their distribution, in connexion with the atmospheric and meteorological investigations determining the conditions of the climate on which they depend, as well as the geological structure of the regions.

The 5th series consists of the zoology and comparative anatomy, including some elucidations by Cuvier referring both to all classes of animals and to varieties of human races.

The 6th embraces the political state of the South American provinces, including a variety of statistical and topographical details.

The 7th is the most generally interesting and descriptive portion of the whole, including the pictorial illustrations, the representations of antiquities and monuments, of mountains and cities, of scenery and natural objects.

If this be only a meagre and dry enumeration of a few of the leading heads of the discussions and descriptions of which these elaborate volumes are composed, they will suffice to give some slight idea of the immense extent as well as variety of the labours of the traveller.

These valuable researches soon became known through translations to all European cultivators of science, and have been duly appreciated; but by far the most interesting portion to the public at large has been the *Personal Narrative*, which in five volumes appeared at successive intervals from 1814 to 1821 (since reprinted in Bohn's Standard Library); a work which, besides the detail of all the adventures encountered, contains many of the most highly interesting descriptions of natural scenery and phenomena, conveying those vivid and living pictures of scenes witnessed to which we have already referred.

Many lesser publications of Humboldt, partly arising out of the subjects suggested by the travels, appeared in subsequent years, the most noted of which perhaps is the *Essay on the Superposition of Rocks*, in both hemispheres, 1823. In 1818 he spent some time in England. On his return to the Continent in 1826, he fixed his residence permanently at Berlin, and received the highest honours and marks of royal esteem from both King Frederic William III. and his successor, besides being invested with decorations and orders of knighthood by nearly all the sovereigns of Europe. In 1829, at the pressing invitation of the Emperor of Russia, he joined a scientific expedition into Siberia with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg, in which they explored the whole of Northern Asia, penetrating even to the borders of China.

* *Personal Narrative.* Bohn's Edition. Vol. i. p. 296.

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Besides numerous memoirs scattered through various scientific journals, he published his *Critical History of Geography and the Progress of Astronomy in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries* (1836-9).

We have spoken almost entirely of Humboldt's public and acknowledged services to science and the known features of his life and character; but of his more private history much remains unknown to the world, and to be collected only from the recollections of those with whom he was brought into contact. To gather up such reminiscences will be the worthy task of his biographer. We are, however, able to mention one characteristic trait of his private life—his always ready and generous encouragement of rising merit in younger cultivators of science, and (as an instance) we have been informed, on good authority, that the first living chemist in Europe, Liebig, freely acknowledges that his whole success has been due to the early notice and encouragement thus extended to him.

Among the honours and attentions which Humboldt received from the highest quarters few were more signal or gratifying than the respect and esteem evinced during his visit to England in 1842, when in the suite of his sovereign he was present at the baptism of the Prince of Wales. His reception in the scientific circles, it need hardly be added, was not less marked.

At this period he was known to be engaged in preparing the publication of his great and final work, the appearance of which, in 1845, was recognised both by scientific and general readers as constituting a kind of epoch in this class of philosophical writing.

In tracing the preceding faint outline of Humboldt's earlier labours, we have seen them divided among a vast multiplicity of subjects, including every department of physical science and natural history. But all these varied and multifarious researches were not carried on without a unity of purpose and a connected design correspondent to the enlarged views with which they were undertaken, and the comprehensive spirit in which his philosophic mind was so amply prepared, by previous study, to contemplate the diversified yet intimately connected series of phenomena and assemblage of laws which nature everywhere presents to the study of a mind duly prepared to comprehend it.

In this point of view, the leading idea of his last and greatest work appears to have been all along present to his conceptions, and to have supplied the guiding principle and stimulus to his researches. And it is by a natural and obvious transition that we trace the course of his studies and compositions, in continuous procession from the diversified experiences of his travels to the collected and condensed generalizations of his later meditations—from the details supplied by his journals and memorials of active research into nature in her own haunts, to the conception and arrangement of the matured results of those profound thoughts in the composition of *Cosmos*.

'In the evening of a long and active life,' Humboldt declares in his preface, 'I present the public with a work, the indefinite outlines of which have floated in my mind for almost half a century.' On the mass of materials brought together by unprecedented toil, skill, and perseverance in the labours of his earlier life, he still exerted the same unwearied powers of arrangement, classification, and generalization to rear the edifice of a comprehensive system—designed to include, as he says, 'the phenomena of corporeal things in their general connexion—to embrace nature as a whole, actuated and animated by internal forces.'

He traces with admirable clearness the way in which each branch of science reacts upon, and unites itself to, others. For example, Botany, taken in its widest extent, leads the observer to visit distant lands and ascend lofty mountains, and thus to determine the laws of distribution of species over different regions, whether characterized by difference of climate from geographical position, or from difference of elevation in the same region. But then to understand the causes of this distribution, the laws of

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climate, of temperature, of meteorology, connecting the phenomena of earth with those of ocean, and especially of air, must be equally taken into account. But climatology, again, is intimately connected with solar influence, with the rotation and revolution of the earth; and thus with astronomy. Terrestrial magnetism evinces a wonderful connexion with the whole range of magnetic and electric science, as well as with the mineral structure of the earth. Geology lends her aid to the determinations of the geodetical measurer, whose calculations, aided by astronomical observation, react on astronomy, in which the magnitude and figure of the earth are such important elements.

These are but isolated examples; yet they serve to illustrate the turn of thought which pervades the researches of Humboldt, and gives the clue to the whole design, and stamps the value of his labours.

The substance of the *Cosmos*, in the first instance, was given to the world in the form of a course of public lectures, both at Paris and Berlin (1827-28), but they were delivered wholly without notes; and the work, as it stands, was entirely composed in the course of the years 1843 and 1844.

The production of a man of such European celebrity of course attracted immediate notice in other countries; and within a year of its publication on the Continent, one English translation (though extending only to the first volume) had appeared (1845), followed in 1847 by the more complete one of General Sabine, which received the advantage of the author's revision; and more recently by that in Bohn's *Standard Library*—including the passages which, from whatever motive, had been suppressed in the former.

Some supplementary additions, carrying up the statements of the work to the level of the most recent discoveries, have been since annexed by the author, on which it is believed he was engaged up to the period of his death.

On the sensation caused by that event (though from his great age it was naturally not unexpected), we need not enlarge; nor on the funereal honours of the solemn procession, and service at the Dom Church in Berlin—attended by all the academic, civic, and clerical dignitaries, and even by royalty—which preceded the final deposit of his remains in the family vault at Tegel (May 10, 1859), to which those of his elder brother Wilhelm had been some years before consigned.

In devoting a few concluding remarks to the subject of his latest and most masterly production, the *Cosmos*, we may briefly refer to the progress of the idea, as the author has himself in some degree indicated it. Its development in his own mind was clearly the legitimate crowning inference from the accumulated convictions of the enlarged study of nature under so many phases and aspects. But the original conception to which he has so appropriately affixed the designation (and which has now become a standard term in our philosophical language), has been traced up to its rudimentary origin in the ancient philosophy. The physical science of the ancients, even where it attained its highest development, was still but partial and desultory. It possessed but little of comprehensiveness or unity; nor could the nature of the methods then pursued lead to those higher generalizations, at once exact and extended, at once founded on precise data and embracing the widest enlargement of ideas, which the modern inductive philosophy has been enabled to reach. The best physical ideas broached by some of the ancient philosophers were purely conjectural, evincing the power of their individual minds to foresee truths afterwards to be demonstratively established, which to them were purely ideal.

The first use of the term 'Cosmos,' in the sense of 'the order of the world,' has been attributed to Pythagoras, but was certainly adopted by Plato and Aristotle; the former conceiving the whole universe as a living being, animated by a soul:—*κόσμος ζῶον ἔμψυχον*. (*Timæus*, 30.) While in a yet more precise and positive form, the author of the treatise, *De Mundo*, long ascribed

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to Aristotle (c. ii. p. 391), defines Cosmos to be 'the connected system of all things; the order and arrangement of the whole universe, preserved under the gods and by the gods.' But among the ancients the ideas of arrangement, order, and design in the material world, so far as any positive estimation of evidence went, were necessarily of the most limited description; yet it is very remarkable that when they launched on the wide sea of pure speculation, apart from mere details, they did in some few instances strike out views of so grand and comprehensive a character, that even Humboldt became, as it were, a disciple of their school, and adopted the brief expression of that conception as the title of his great and crowning work — the term ΚΟΣΜΟΣ — the principle of universal and perpetual order, law, harmony, and reason pervading the material universe. Such conceptions broached by the ancients were in truth but philosophical dreams, which, nevertheless, like other dreams, sometimes chanced to be true.

But in the mind and under the hands of Humboldt the idea thus pregnantly expressed became fixed on the basis of demonstrative and inductive evidence, and assumed the rank and position of a distinct philosophical conclusion; a real and tangible result as definitively determined from the progress of high generalization, as any of the subordinate laws regulating the various portions of nature of which it is the paramount principle and aggregate expression.

The view which he took cannot be better or more comprehensively expressed than in the author's own eloquent words:—

It is the idea, stamped with the same image as that which in times of remote antiquity presented itself to the inward sense in the guise of an harmoniously ordered whole, Cosmos, which meets us at last as the prize of long and carefully accumulated experience.

To acknowledge unity in multiplicity; from the individual to embrace the whole; amid the discoveries of later ages to prove and separate the individual truths, yet not to be overwhelmed with the mass; to keep the high destinies of man continually in view, and to comprehend the spirit of nature, which lies hid beneath the covering of phenomena; in this way our aspirations rise beyond the narrow confines of the world of sense.—(*Introd.* p. 5, 1st transl.)

When, towards the close of his life and labours, Humboldt received the highest scientific honour which our country can bestow—the award of the medal of the Royal Society—it was this crowning effort of his genius which, it was acknowledged, stamped such peculiar value on his other labours: a view of the case which was emphatically enlarged upon at the time by a fellow-countryman well qualified to do full justice to the views of his great cotemporary — the Baron Bunsen, who represented the venerable philosopher on that occasion, and who in his reply to the address of the President, emphatically observed—

Humboldt thought he could show why and how this world and the universe itself is a Kosmos—a divine whole of life and intellect; namely, by its all-pervading eternal laws. Law is the supreme rule of the universe; and that law is wisdom, is intellect, is reason, whether viewed in the formation of planetary systems or in the organization of the worm.—*Proceedings of the Royal Society: Anniversary, Nov. 30th,* 1852.

It is clearly to be remarked—and the remark has been dwelt on by some in a tone of hostile insinuation, —that Humboldt in this great work does not specifically introduce any discussion of the bearing of his views on final causes, or those higher contemplations which ought to arise out of such speculations. This is to a great extent true; but it must be considered that the less such specific conclusions are directly pressed upon the reader, the more forcible and irresistible is the conclusion which he cannot fail himself to draw, and which is rather involved in, and almost synonymous with, the assertion of universal law and order, and the immutable and endlessly ramified and profoundly adjusted chain of physical causation.

It is a common but mistaken practice, especially with English writers, to be so continually obtruding considerations of a theological kind into philosophical discussion, as to go far to vitiate the force of their own argument, by depriving the scientific evidence

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of that entire *independence* in virtue of which it acquires all its force. From this fault the Continental writers are much more free. And especially in reference to some branches of science which in this country have been unhappily mixed up with theological dogmas in a most pernicious manner, Humboldt has justly made it his boast that these branches are, 'on the Continent at least, withdrawn from Semitic influences.' But as to the general influence of the study of natural phenomena in promoting these more sublime reflections, we can cite more than one passage in which our author indicates very clearly his sense of the tendency of such study. Thus, for example, he ably traces the elementary rudiments of these elevated sentiments as they arise even in the most untutored minds from the contemplation of the natural world:—

An indefinite and fearful sense of the unity of the powers of nature, and of the mysterious bond which connects the sensuous with the super-sensuous, is common even among savage communities; my own travels have satisfied me that this is so. . . .

Out of the depth and activity of blind feeling is also elicited the first impulse to adoration; the sanctification of the preserving, as of the destroying, powers of nature.—*Introd.* p. 17. Trans. 1845.

But to the more enlarged view of the scientific inquirer—

Everything that is earnest and solemn within us arises out of the almost unconscious feeling of the exalted order and sublime regularity of nature, from the perception of *unity of plan* amidst eternally recurring variety of form.—*Ib.* p. 7.

No one who reads Humboldt's glowing language in referring to the elevated tone of the descriptions of nature and the visible universe exhibited in many passages in the writings of the Old Testament, especially in the Psalms and the Prophets, can doubt how fully he himself participated in the sublime contemplations and devout sentiments thus raised and expressed; and it is with an equal sense of the grandeur and impressiveness of such religious conceptions associated with natural objects, and the consideration of *Cosmos*, that he dilates on the eloquent testimony borne to their force by the early Christian Fathers, and its conformity to the entire spirit of Christianity.*

It is beyond the purpose of these remarks to go into theological dissertation. But it is in close and immediate connexion with the subject before us to observe the tendency and spirit of cosmical contemplation. When fairly embraced and understood in its full extent, the grand conception of universal Cosmos—apart from all minor or subordinate arguments of *design* in nature, however valuable in themselves—involves as its consequence, almost as its synonym, the idea of Universal Mind and of Supreme Intelligence. But strict philosophic deduction, while in establishing this conclusion it subverts atheism, yet, on the other hand, ignores as beyond its province or powers any speculative theories of a more distinctly spiritual theism, and consigns them altogether to a *higher order* of contemplations, beyond the limits or function of science or reason. But the evidence of mind in nature points to the opening by which religion may enter, and invest such conceptions with the more heavenly colouring supplied by its teaching, and rise to its more peculiar doctrines and loftier aspirations.

Thus the advance of inductive philosophy at once assures the grand evidence of universal and supreme Intelligence, and tends to dispel superstitious dogmas, by which it is obscured and degraded. If it unhesitatingly disown contradictions to physical truth in matters properly amenable to science, however they may have been associated with religious belief, yet wholly apart from the region of science, it freely acknowledges the vast blank which can only be filled up by the revelations of faith. If it exclude violations of physical order in the material universe, it fully recognises the admission of spiritual mysteries in the invisible world; adopting the maxim, equally in accordance with the teaching of St. Paul and of Bacon, 'Give unto faith the things which are of faith.'

B. P.

* Vol. ii. pp. 25, 44. Sabine's translation.

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HOLMBY HOUSE:

A Tale of Old Northamptonshire.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

'THE NEWS THAT FLIES APACE.'

DEEPER and deeper still, Mary Cave found herself engulphed in the whirlpool of political intrigue. Almost the only courtier of the Queen's party who united activity of brain to uncompromising resolution, who was capable of strong effort and sound reflection, unwarped and unfettered by the promptings of self-interest, she had insensibly become the principal link that connected the policy of Merton College with the wiser counsels of the King's honest advisers. It was no womanly office she thus found herself compelled to undertake. False as is the position of a mediator between parties neither of whom are essentially quite sincere, it becomes doubly so when that mediator is one of the softer sex. She must guide the helm with so skilful a hand, she must trim the boat with so careful an eye; she must seize her opportunities so deftly, or make them so skilfully; and through it all she must exercise so jealous a vigilance over her own weaknesses, and even her own reputation, distinguishing so nicely between public duty and private feeling—doing such constant violence to her own affections and her own prejudices—that it is not too much to say nothing *but* a woman is capable of reconciling all these conflicting necessities into one harmonious whole. Yet it is not womanly to encourage admirers up to a certain point, in order to obtain their secrets, and then make use of them for a political purpose; it is not womanly to promote likings and dislikings between individuals of opposite sexes, or otherwise, for the furtherance of a State intrigue; it is not womanly to be in correspondence with half a dozen ambitious and unprincipled men, some of them profligates whose very names in connexion with a lady were sufficient to blast her fair fame for ever; and it is not womanly to have but one object in life, to which duty, inclination, happiness must be sacrificed, and that object a political one.

Mary sat reading her letters on the very sofa that Bosville had occupied during his convalescence in Sir Giles Allonby's house at Oxford. It was a day off duty with the Queen, and she had come to spend it with her kind old kinsman and his daughter. The two ladies were alone; and contrary to their wont, an unbroken silence, varied only by the pattering of a dismal winter rain against the window, was preserved between them. Grace sat musing over her work, and seemed buried in thought. She looked paler and thinner than usual, and her eye had lost the merry sparkle that used so to gladden Sir Giles. It was less like her mother's now, so thought the old knight; and his heart bounded after all those years to reflect how that mother had never known sorrow, and had told him on her death-bed that 'she was sure she was only taken away because her lot in this world had been too happy.' Aye! you may well laugh on, Sir Giles, and troll out your loyal old songs, and drink and ride and strike for the King! Roystering, careless, war-worn veteran as you seem to be, there are depths in that stout old heart of yours that few have sounded; and when 'little Gracey' is settled and provided for, you care not how soon you go to join that gentle, loving lady, whom you still see many and many a night in your dreams, walking in her white dress in the golden summer evenings under the lime-trees at home; whom your simple faith persuades you you shall look on again with the same angel-face, to part from nevermore. And where is the Sadducee that shall say you nay?

Meantime, Sir Giles is drilling a newly raised levy of cavalry on

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Bullingdon Common, notwithstanding the wet; and Grace sits pensive over her work; and Mary reads her letters with a flushed cheek and a contracted brow, and a restless unquiet look in her deep blue eye that has got there very often of late, and that denotes anything but repose of mind. Suddenly she starts and turns pale as she peruses one elaborately written missive, scented and silk-bound, and inscribed 'These for Mistress Mary Cave. Ride, ride, ride!' according to the polite manner of the time. A look of consummate scorn passes over her features as she reads it through once more, but her face is still white; and she drops it from her hand upon the carpet, unmarked by her preoccupied companion. Here it is:—

'*These for Mistress Mary Cave.*

'GENTLE MISTRESS MARY—

'Deign to accept the heartfelt good wishes, none the less sincere for that the heart hath been pierced and mangled by the glances of your bright eyes, of the humblest of your slaves; and scorn not at the same time to vouchsafe your favour and interest to one who, languishing to be parted from so much beauty as he hath left at Oxford, and specially at Merton College, where Mistress Mary reigns second to none, still endeavoureth to fulfil his duty religiously to the King and to her Majesty, as Mistress Mary esteems to be the *devoir* of a knight who hath placed himself under her very feet. The good cause in which it is my pride that we are fellow-labourers, languisheth somewhat here in Gloucestershire, more from want of unity in counsel than from any lack of men and munitions of war in the field. Would his blessed Majesty but vouchsafe to confer upon your knight and slave a separate and independent command, it is not too much to say that it would be in my power to make short work and a speedy account of Waller, who lieth with a goodly force of cavalry within ten miles of me. It was but last Monday that a small body of my "lambs," taking their orders directly from myself, beat up his quarters within a mile of Gloucester, and drove off seventeen of his horses, besides considerable spoil, of which I thought the less as compared with that which might be done but for the impracticable nature of the Commander-in-Chief. Gentle Mistress Mary! it would not be unbecoming in you to implore our gracious and passionately-adored Queen to hint to his blessed Majesty that I do indeed but desire to receive my orders under his own hand, as I should in this wise have more authority to guide the council of the army thereby to obedience; and as my requests are mostly denied out-of-hand by Prince Rupert, at whose disposal nevertheless I remain for life and death, as his Májesty's nephew and loving kinsman, I would humbly beg a positive order from his Majesty for my undertakings, to dispose the officers more cheerfully to conduct them, and to assure his Majesty that the least intimation of his pleasure is sufficient to make me run through all manner of difficulties and hazard to perform my duty, and to prove myself entirely and faithfully devoted to his sacred service. As Mistress Mary hath the key to the heart of our beauteous and beloved Sovereign, whose will must ever be law with all who come within the sphere of her enchantments, methinks that a word spoken in season under the roof of Merton College will more than fulfil all my most ardent desires, and leave me nothing to grieve for save that which must ever cause me to languish in hopeless sorrow—the adoration which it is alike my pride and grief to entertain for the fairest and proudest dame that adorns our English Court.

'From intelligence I receive at sure and friendly hands, I learn that Wilmot is wavering; and some speech is even abroad of a treasonable correspondence with Essex, and an intercepted letter from Fairfax, which is to be laid before the Council.

'Such treachery would merit a summary dismissal from his office, and clemency in this case could scarcely be extended to an officer of so high a rank.

'Digby, too, is far from being unsuspected; and should these two commands become vacant, it would be a fertile opportunity for the uniting of his Majesty's whole body

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of horse under one independent head, acting conjointly with Prince Rupert, who would still remain Commander-in-Chief, but deriving his authority direct from the hand of his blessed Majesty himself.

'Should events work in this direction, I can safely confide in your discretion to select a proper time at which to whisper in the Queen's ear the humble name of, sweet Mistress Mary,

'Your most passionately-devoted and faithful knight and humble slave,

'George Goring.

'*Post scriptum.*—The despatches alluded to in 106 Cipher have arrived. They are duplicate, and were delivered to me yesterday by an honest serving-man, who narrowly escaped with his life and his letters from a party of Waller's horse.

'His master, it seems, was sorely wounded, and led off prisoner into Gloucester. This is of less account as his despatches are in cipher, and the duplicates are safe. He is one Master Bosville, with whom I am personally well acquainted, and whom Mistress Mary may deign to remember when lying wounded by the weapon of her own true knight and slave.

'He is a good officer, and a mettlesome lad too. I would fain have him back with us, but have nothing to exchange against him but a couple of scriveners and a canting Puritan divine; the latter I shall probably hang. Once more —Fare thee well!'

It was the *post scriptum*, written in her correspondent's own natural off-hand style, and very different from the stilted and exaggerated form of compliment and innuendo contained in the body of the letter, which drove the blood from Mary's cheek, and caused her bosom to heave so restlessly beneath her bodice, her slender foot to beat so impatiently upon the floor. Wounded and a prisoner!—and this so soon after his illness, when weak and scarcely recovered from the consequences of his duel. And it was her doing—hers! whom he loved so madly, the foolish boy!—who counted his life as nothing at the mere wave of her hand. Why was she so eager to get him this majority, for which she had so implored her unwilling and bantering mistress? Why had she sent him off in such a hurry, before he was half recovered, and hardly strong enough to sit upon his horse? And then of course he had fought—so like him! when his servant wisely ran away. And the stern Puritans had struck his weakened frame to the earth! Ah! he was a strong bold horseman when he was well, and a match for the best of them; but now his arm was powerless, though his courage was as high as ever. And perhaps they had slashed his handsome face —how handsome it was! and what kind eyes those were that used to meet hers so timidly and gently— and he was a prisoner—wounded, perhaps dying. And she shut her eyes and fancied she saw him, pale and faint, in his cell—alone, too, all alone. No, that should never be! She picked the letter up, and once more she read it through from beginning to end, scarcely noting the fulsome compliments, the strain of selfish intrigue, and only dwelling on the ill-omened and distressing *post scriptum* which Goring had written so lightly; but in which, to do him justice, the reckless General showed more feeling than he generally did; and even as she read she would fain have given utterance to her grief, and wrung her hands and wept aloud.

Self-command, however, we need not now observe, was a salient point in Mary Cave's character. Whatever she may have known, or whatever she may have suspected, she looked at Grace's pale face and dejected attitude and held her tongue. There was a sisterly feeling between these two far stronger than was warranted by their actual relationship. Ever since their late intimacy, which had grown closer and closer in the quiet shades of Boughton, Mary had seemed to take care of her gentle friend, Grace in return looking up to her protectress with confiding attachment; and yet there was a secret between them—a secret at which neither ventured to hint, yet with which each could not but suspect the other was acquainted. But they never came to an explanation, notwith-

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standing. We believe women never do. We believe that, however unreservedly they may confide in a brother, a lover, or a husband, they never lay their hearts completely bare before one of their own sex. Perhaps they are right; perhaps they know each other too well.

There was yet another difficulty in Mary's path, for to succour Bosville at all hazards we need hardly say she had resolved, even on her first perusal of the letter. In whom was she to confide? to whom could she entrust the secret of his failure and capture without letting the bad news reach Grace's ears? Sir Giles? —the stout old Cavalier never could keep a secret in his life; his child would worm it all out of him the first time she sat on his knee for two minutes after supper. The Queen?—that volatile lady would not only put the very worst construction upon her motives, but would detail the whole of the confidence reposed in her to each of her household separately, under strict promises of secresy, no doubt, which would be tantamount to a general proclamation by the herald king-at-arms.

Of the courtiers she could scarcely bethink herself of one who was not so busily engaged in some personal and selfish intrigue as to have no room for any other consideration whatsoever, who would not scruple to sacrifice honour and mercy and good feeling merely to score up, so to speak, another point in the game. What to do for Bosville and how to do it—this was the problem Mary had to solve; and resolute as she generally was, full of expedients and fertile in resources, she was now obliged to confess herself fairly at her wit's end.

It so fell out, however, that the blind deity whom men call Chance and gods Destiny, who never helps us till we are at the very utmost extremity, befriended Mary through the medium of the very last person about the Court in whom she would have dreamt of confiding—an individual who perhaps was more selfish, intriguing, and reckless than all the rest of the royal circle put together, but who, being a woman, and consequently *born* an angel, had still retained a scarce perceptible leavening of the celestial nature from which she had fallen.

As Mary sat that evening, pensive and graver than her wont, in the Queen's withdrawing-room, Lady Carlisle crossed the apartment with her calm brow and decorous step, and placed herself by her side. She liked Mary Cave, as far as it was in her nature to like one of her own sex. Perhaps she recognised in Mary somewhat of her own positive character — the uncompromising force of will that, for good or for evil, marches directly on towards its purpose steadfast and unwavering, not to be moved from the path by any consideration of danger or of pity, and like the volume of a mighty river forcing its way through every obstacle with silent energy.

She sat quietly down by Mary's side and heaved a deep sigh, with a sympathizing and plaintive expression of countenance, like a consummate actress as she was.

'It is bad news I have to break to you, Mistress Cave,' she whispered, bending her graceful head over the other's work, 'if indeed you know it not already. That handsome Captain Bosville who was stabbed by Goring has fallen into the hands of the rebels! Jermyn only heard it this evening; I think he is telling the Queen now. They have got him in prison at Gloucester, as far as we can learn. He must be saved by some means. Heaven forefend he should be sacrificed by those villains!'

Mary's heart was full: she could only falter out the word 'exchanged.'

'*Exchanged!*' repeated Lady Carlisle, now thoroughly in earnest. 'Do you not know—have you not heard? Since they hanged our Irish officers in the north the Council has ordered reprisals. Fairfax, Ireton, Cromwell—all of them are furious. They will hang every Royalist prisoner they take now! It was but last week Prince Rupert strung thirteen Roundheads upon one oak tree: they must have heard of it by this time. Poor Bosville is in the utmost danger. We talked of it but now in the presence-chamber. Even Jermyn is in despair. Alas! 'tis a sad business.'

Mary turned sick and white. Was

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it even so? The room seemed to spin round with her, and Lady Carlisle's voice was as the rush of many waters in her ear.

'It is hopeless to talk of exchanges,' proceeded her ladyship in a tone of real pity for the too obvious distress of her listener. She had once had a soft place in that corrupted heart, aye, long before she was dazzled with Strafford's fame, or lured by Pym's political influence; before she had sold her lovely womanhood for a coronet, and bartered the peace she could never know again for empty splendour. 'Interest must be made with the Parliament. Some of the rising rebels must be cajoled. Essex is in disgrace with them now, and Essex is of no use, or I had brought the prisoner safe off with my own hand in a week from this day. But they are all alike, my dear, Courtiers and Puritans, generals and statesmen, Cavaliers and Roundheads, all are *men*, weak and vain, all are alike fools, and all are alike to be won. An effort must be made, and we can save him.'

'What would you do?' gasped poor Mary, her self-command now completely deserting her.

'Do!' repeated her ladyship, with her soft lisping voice and dimpled smile; 'I would beg him a free pardon if I dragged Cromwell round the room on my bare knees for it, or die with him,' she added beneath her breath, 'if I really cared one snap of the fingers about the man!'

She was no coward, my Lady Carlisle, and there was more of the tigress about her than the mere beauty of her skin.

Chapter XX.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

In an open space, long since built over by an increasing population, but forming at the time of which we write alternately a play and drill-ground for the godly inhabitants of Gloucester, is drawn up a regiment of heavy cavalry, singularly well appointed as to all the details of harness and horseflesh which constitute the efficiency of dragoons. The troopers exhibit strength, symmetry, and action, bone to carry the stalwart weight of their riders, and blood to execute the forced marches and rapid evolutions which are the very essence of cavalry tactics. The men themselves are worthy of a close inspection. Picked from the flower of England's yeomanry, from the middle class of farmers and petty squires of the northern and eastern counties, their fine stature and broad shoulders denote that physical strength which independent agricultural labour so surely produces, whilst their stern brows, grave faces, and manly upright bearing, distinguish them from such of their fellows as have not yet experienced the inspiration derived from military confidence mingled with religious zeal. These are the men who are firmly persuaded that on their weapons depends the government of earth and heaven; that they are predestined to win dominion here and glory hereafter with their own strong arms; that their paradise, like that of the Moslem enthusiast, is to be won sword-in-hand, and that a violent death is the surest passport to eternal life. Fanatics are they, and of the wildest class, but they are also stern disciplinarians. Enthusiasm is a glorious quality, no doubt, but it has seldom turned the tide of a general action when unsupported by discipline: it is the combination of the two that is *invincible*. Thus did the swarms of the great Arab Impostor overrun the fairest portion of Europe, and the chivalrous knights of the Cross charge home with their lances in rest at Jerusalem. Thus in later times were the high-couraged Royalists broken and scattered at Marston Moor, and the tide of victory at Naseby turned to a shameful and irrevocable defeat. Deep as is the influence of religious zeal, doubly as is that man armed who fights under the banner of righteousness, it is over life and not death that it exercises its peculiar sway. A high sense of honour, a reckless spirit of ambition, the romantic enthusiasm of glory, will face shot and steel as fearlessly as the devout confidence of faith; and the drinking, swaggering, unprincipled troopers of Goring, Lunsford, and such as they, for a long time proved a match, and more than a

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match, for the godly soldiers of the Parliament. It was the 'Threes Right!'—the steady confidence inspired by drill, that turned the scale at last: that confidence and that drill the grim Puritan dragoons are now acquiring on the parade-ground at Gloucester.

They sit their horses as only Englishmen can, the only seat, moreover, that is at all adapted to the propulsive powers of an English horse, a very different animal from that of any other country. They are armed with long straight cut-and-thrust swords, two-edged and basket-hilted, glittering and sharp as razors, with large horse-pistols of the best locks and workmanship, with the short handy musquetoon, deadly for outpost duty, and hanging readily at the hip. Breastplates and backpieces of steel enhance the confidence inspired by faith, and the men ride to and fro in their armour with the very look and air of invincibles. Yes, these are the Ironsides — the famous Ironsides that turned the destinies of England!

They are drawn up in open column, waiting for the word of command. Their squadrons are dressed with mathematical precision; their distances correct to an inch—woe be to the culprit, officer or soldier, who fails in the most trifling of such *minutiæ*. The eye of the commander would discover him in a twinkling—that commander sitting there so square and erect on his good horse. Like all great men, he is not above detail: he would detect a button awry as readily as the rout of a division.

He scans his favourite regiment with a quick, bold, satisfied glance—the glance of a practised workman at his tools. There is no peculiarity in his dress or appointments to distinguish him from a simple trooper, his horse is perhaps the most powerful and the speediest on the ground, and he sits in the saddle with a rare combination of strength and ease; in every other respect his exterior is simple and unremarkable. He even seems to affect a plainness of attire not far removed from sloth, and in regard to cleanliness of linen and brightness of accoutrements presents a striking contrast to Fairfax, Harrison, and other of the Parliamentary officers, who vie with their Cavalier antagonists in the splendour of their apparel.

It is the man's voice which arrests immediate attention. Harsh and deep, there is yet something so confident and impressive in its tones, that the listener feels at once its natural element is command, aye, command, too, when the emergency is imminent, the storm at its greatest violence. It forces him to scan the features and person of the speaker, and he beholds a square, powerful man of middle stature, loosely and awkwardly made, but in the liberal mould that promises great physical strength, with coarse hands and feet, such as the patrician pretends are never seen in his own race, and with a depth of chest which readily accounts for the powerful tones of that authoritative voice. This vigorous frame is surmounted by a countenance that, without the slightest pretensions to comeliness, cannot but make a deep impression on the beholder. The scoffing Cavaliers may jeer at 'red-nosed Noll,' but Cromwell's face is the face of a great man. The sanguine temperament, which expresses, if we may so speak, the *material* strength of the mind, is denoted by the deep ruddy colouring of the skin. The strong broad jaw belongs to the decided and immovable will of a man of action, capable of carrying out the thoughts that are matured beneath those prominent temples, from which the thin hair is already worn away; and although the nose is somewhat large and full, the mouth somewhat coarse and wide, these distinguishing characteristics seem less the brand of indulgence and sensuality than the adjuncts of a ripe, manly nature almost always the accompaniment of great physical power. Though the eyes are small and deep-set, they glow like coals of fire; when excited or angered (for the General's temper is none of the sweetest, and he has more difficulty in commanding it than in enforcing the obedience of an army), they seem to flash out sparks from beneath his heavy head-piece. A winning smile is on his countenance now. The

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Ironsides have executed an 'advance in line' that brings them up even and regular as a wall of steel to his very horse's head, and the reflection steals pleasantly across his mind, that the tools are fit for service at last, that the tedious process of discipline will ere long bring him to the glorious moment of gratified ambition.

A new officer has this morning been appointed to the regiment. He seems thoroughly acquainted with his duty, and manœuvres his squadron with the ready skill of a veteran. Already George Effingham has caught the Puritan look and tone. Already he has made no little progress in Cromwell's good graces. That keen observing eye has discovered a tool calculated to do good service in extremity. A desperate man, bankrupt in earthly hopes, and whose piety is far exceeded by his fanaticism, is no contemptible recruit for the ranks of the Ironsides, when he brings with him a frame of adamant, a heart of steel, and a thorough knowledge of the duties of a cavalry officer. Pale, gaunt, and worn, looking ten years older than when he last saw these same troopers at Newbury, Effingham still works with the eager, restless zeal of a man who would fain stifle remembrance and drive reflection from his mind.

The line breaks into column once more—the squadrons wheel rapidly, the rays of a winter sun flashing from their steel head-pieces and breastplates—the horses snort and ring their bridles cheerily—the word of command flies sonorous from line to line—the General gallops to and fro, pleased with the progress of the mimic war—the drill is going on most satisfactorily, when a small escort of cavalry is seen to approach the parade-ground, and remains at a cautious distance from the manœuvres. An officer flaunting in scarf and feathers singles himself out, gallops up to the General, and salutes with his drawn-sword as he makes his report. Cromwell thunders out a 'Halt!' that brings every charger upon his haunches. The men are permitted to dismount; the officers gather round their chief, and Harrison—for it is Harrison—who has just arrived, sits immovable upon his horse, with his sword-point lowered, waiting to learn the General's pleasure as to the disposal of his prisoner, whose sex makes it a somewhat puzzling matter to decide.

'They have made reprisals upon *us*,' said Cromwell, in his deep, harsh tones, patting and making much of the good horse under him. 'Man or woman, let the prisoner be placed in secure ward. Verily, we are more merciful than just in that we spare the weaker sex. The Malignants deal more harshly with the saints. Their blood be on their own head!' he added, solemnly.

Harrison turned his horse's head to depart. Little cared he, that reckless soldier, how they disposed of the lady he had taken prisoner; he was thinking how he should billet the men and horses he had brought in, not of the fate of his unhappy captive.

'Stay,' said Cromwell, 'dismiss the soldiers, and bring the Malignant woman hither. I will myself question her ere she be placed in ward.'

As he spoke he dismounted, and entered a large stone building converted into a barrack, attended by a few of his officers, amongst whom was Effingham, and followed by the prisoner under escort of two stalwart troopers, who 'advanced' their musquetoons with a ludicrous disinclination thus to guard an enemy of the softer sex.

The prisoner was a fair, handsome woman in the prime of her beauty. She was dressed in a lady's riding-gear of her time, which, notwithstanding its masculine character, was powerless to diminish her feminine attractions; and looked thoroughly exhausted and worn out by physical fatigue. Yet was there a haughty turn about her head, an impatient gesture of her gloved hand, that denoted the spirit within was dauntless and indomitable as ever.

The instant that the short cloak she wore was removed, and the beaver hitherto slouched over her face taken off by Cromwell's orders, an operation which allowed a profusion of rich brown hair to fall nearly to her waist, Effingham

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started as if he had been shot. He would have spoken, but an imperious glance from the prisoner seemed to freeze the words upon his lips. He held his peace, and stood there, deadly pale, and trembling like a child.

Harrison's report was soon made, and amounted to this:—

That in his duty of patrolling the open country lying nearest to Goring's outposts, and visiting his videttes, he had espied a lady mounted on a good horse, who had ridden boldly into the centre of his escort, and demanded to be conducted at once to Gloucester and brought before Cromwell—that she avowed she belonged to the Royalist party, but had abandoned their cause, and was the bearer of important papers, which were to be laid before Cromwell alone—that on his proposition that she should be searched for these papers, and a corporal's attempting to do so, she had snapped a pistol in the sub-officer's face, which providentially flashing in the pan, only singed his beard and eyebrows—that out of respect to Cromwell he had brought her on without further violence, 'though that she has not some evil intentions I never can believe,' concluded Harrison, 'for she is the very first woman I ever came across yet that could ride nearly a dozen miles and never open her lips to speak a word, good or bad.'

The General scanned his prisoner carefully. His usual tact and discernment were here at fault. 'Woman!' he said, rudely and sternly, 'what want you here—whence came you—and why venture you thus amongst the people of the Lord?'

'I would see Cromwell alone,' replied Mary Cave (for Mary Cave it was, as Effingham too surely knew), and she no longer looked exhausted and fatigued, but the blood came back to her cheek, the haughty turn to her head and neck, the indomitable curve to her lip, as she felt the crisis had come, and her spirit mounted with the occasion. 'I have ridden far and fast to see you, General,' she added, with a certain tone of irony in her voice; 'you will not refuse to grant an interview when a lady asks it.'

Effingham felt a strange thrill to hear her voice. How it took him back to that which seemed now some other stage of existence, albeit so short a time ago. How associated she was in his mind with that *other* one. To him, though 'she was not the Rose, she had been near the Rose,' and he would willingly at that moment have given a year of his life to ask tidings of her whose name was still nestling at his heart.

Cromwell hesitated. Bold schemer, undaunted soldier as he was, he entertained a morbid dread of assassination, a dread that in later days, when in the full flush of his prosperity and seated on the throne, caused him to wear proof-armour on all public occasions under his clothes.

He had read, too, of women who would not scruple to sacrifice their lives in a political cause; his own enterprising spirit told him how readily it was possible to encounter certain death for a great object; and this lady did not look as if she was likely to shrink from any desperate deed because of its danger. And yet to fear a woman! Psha! it seemed absurd. He would grant her the interview she desired; though, according to Harrison's report, she had been so ready with her pistol, she was now obviously disarmed; besides, he was well guarded, surrounded by his troopers and his friends. He looked upon his officers for the most part trustworthy, fearless veterans, whose courage and fidelity he had already tried on many a well-fought field. Effingham alone was a new acquaintance, and his quick eye caught the expression of George's countenance watching the prisoner's face.

'Do you know anything of the lady?' said he, in short, imperious tones, and turning sharply round upon his new officer, with a frown of displeasure gathering on his thick brows.

'You may speak the truth, Captain Effingham!' said Mary, with a look of quiet contempt.

Thus adjured, Effingham hesitated no longer to acknowledge his acquaintance with the beautiful 'Malignant.'

'Mistress Mary Cave is too well known at the Court not to have won

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the respect and confidence of all who have ever breathed that polluted atmosphere. I will answer for her faith and honesty with my head. If she fail you, my life shall be for the life of her.'

Mary thanked him with a grateful glance.

'I have a boon to ask of you, General; a bargain to drive, if you will. Grant me the interview I require, and bid me go in peace.'

Cromwell signed to her to follow him into a smaller apartment, in which a fire was burning, and which contained a chair, a writing-table, and a few articles of rough comfort.

'Captain Effingham,' he said, in his short, stern tones, 'place two sentries at the door. Remain yourself within call. Madam, I am now at your service. Speak on; we are alone.'

He doffed his heavy head-piece, placed it on the writing-table, and was about to throw himself into the chair. The General was no polished courtier—above all, no woman-worshipper—but there was that in Mary Cave's bearing which checked his first impulse, and bade him stand up respectfully before his prisoner.

Never in all her life before had Mary such need to call up the presence of mind and resolution that formed so important a part of her character. Here she stood, a gentle, soft-nurtured lady, brought up in all the exaggerated refinement of a court, before her bitterest enemy, the most uncompromising as he was the most powerful champion of her adversaries' party. Completely in his power, dependent on his generosity for immunity from exposure, insult—nay, death itself (for, alas! the exasperated feelings aroused by the cruelties practised on both sides were not always restrained by consideration for age or sex); and, save for her accidental meeting with Effingham, whom she had little expected to see here, utterly friendless in the rebel camp. This was the interview that she had been looking forward to for days, that she had so prayed and hoped might be accomplished; that, seeming tolerably easy when seen from a distance, had been the goal to which all her schemes and wishes tended; and now that she was actually face to face with Cromwell, she shook from head to foot as she had never trembled in her life before—but once.

His manner, though reserved, became less stern than at first. Show us the man of any profession, soldier, statesman, Puritan, or archbishop, from eighteen to eighty (a fair margin), on whom beauty, real womanly beauty, makes no impression, and we will show you the eighth wonder of the world.

'Reassure yourself, madam,' said Cromwell, with a tone of kindness in his harsh voice; 'I do not to-day hear the name of Mistress Mary Cave for the first time. I can safely affirm I would long ago have given much to obtain possession of the lady who thus voluntarily surrenders herself as a prisoner. I have yet to learn what brings her into the very stronghold of the enemy. Had she been a man, there had been a price on her head.'

These words were alarming; but the smile that stole over the General's face was softer and kindlier than his wont.

Mary began her answer with a degree of composure far too obvious not to be affected.

'I am come,' said she, 'to negotiate the exchange of a prisoner. A messenger might have lingered, letters been intercepted, even a white flag outraged, so, General—so—I came myself. Major Bosville is languishing, perhaps dying, in Gloucester gaol. May he not be ransomed, can he not be exchanged? Any sum of money, any number of prisoners—aye, ten for one.'

Cromwell's brow grew dark. 'You ask too much, madam,' he replied, shaking his head sternly. 'That officer lies even now under sentence of death. He has refused to give any information concerning the strength or movements of the enemy. A confirmed Malignant, he shall die the death! Hath not Rupert slain in cold blood thirteen godly warriors taken with arms in their hands? The blood of the Lord's anointed cries aloud for vengeance! God do so to me, and more also, if I smite not root and branch, till the Amalekite is destroyed out of the land!'

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He was chafing now—angry and restless, like some noble beast of prey.

Mary fitted the last arrow to her bowstring. 'You know me, General,' she said, with something of her old proud air. 'You know my power, my influence, my information. Listen; I will buy Bosville's life of you. You shall make your own terms.'

Cromwell smiled. Perhaps he had his private opinion of these lady-politicians, these fair intriguers with the Queen at their head, who hampered the counsels of their friends far more effectually than they anticipated the designs of their enemies. He was perfectly courteous but somewhat ironical in his reply.

'You cannot bribe me, madam,' said he, 'valuable as I doubt not is the price you offer. Your information may or may not be far superior to my own—your talent for intrigue doubtless many degrees finer. I am a simple soldier; my duty lies plain before me. I will have blood for blood, and I have the warrant of Scripture for my determination.'

Poor Mary! she broke down altogether now. The bold warrior-spirit, the craft of statesmanship, the artificial pride of rank and station, all gave way before the overwhelming flood of womanly pity and womanly fear. She seized the General's rough coarse hand in both her own, so white and soft by the contrast. Ere he could prevent her, she pressed it to her lips: she bent over it, and clung to it, and folded it to her bosom. Down on her knees she implored him, she besought him, she *prayed* to him, with tears and sobs, to spare the prisoner's life. Her pride was fallen altogether now, her humiliation complete. It was no longer the stately Mary Cave, the Queen's minion, the adviser of statesmen, the ornament of a Court, but a broken-hearted woman pleading for life and death.

'Save him, General,' she gasped, gazing wildly up in his face; 'save him, for mercy's sake, as you hope to be saved yourself at the last day! What is it to you a life the more or less? What is your authority worth if you can hesitate to exercise it for so trifling a matter? Is Cromwell so completely under the orders of Fairfax, so subservient to Ireton, such a sworn slave of the Parliament, that in his own camp he cannot extend mercy to whom he will?'

Her woman's instinct told her through all her distress and all her confusion where lay the weak point in the fortress she assailed; bid her attack him through his pride, his self-respect, his jealousy of command; and dimmed as were her eyes with tears, she saw she had shot her arrow home.

Cromwell flushed a deeper red up to his very temples, the scowl upon his bent brows, and the conspicuous wart over his right eye, lending an ominous and sinister expression to his whole countenance. He spoke not, but the hand she grasped was rudely withdrawn, and the high-born, gently nurtured lady was fain to clasp him round the knees, cased in those wide, soiled riding-boots, with their heavy spurs, that rang and jingled as he stamped twice in his passion against the floor.

'Save him, General!' she repeated. 'Is there no consideration you will listen to, no appeal you will respect? Hear me; I sent him on his errand. I got him his appointment. I bade him go forth wounded and helpless into the very jaws of your troopers, and now if he is to die his blood is on *my* head. Oh! think of your own mother! think of your own child! think of any one that you have ever loved! Would you see her kneeling as I do now? would you see her, lonely, helpless amongst strangers and enemies, pleading for dear life, and bear to know that she was refused? Think better of it, for the love of mercy, General, think better of it. Grant me this one boon, and I will pray for you, enemy though you be, night and morning, on my bended knees, till my dying day.'

His voice sounded hoarser than usual, and he loosened the plain linen band around his throat as he muttered the word—'Reprisals!'

She sprang fiercely from her knees, flung his hand, which she had again taken, away from her in scorn, and flashed at him such a

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glance as made even Cromwell quail.

'Reprisals!' she repeated. 'It is the Puritan's English for murder. You have refused me—refused Mary Cave on her bended knees, who never knelt before to mortal man—beware of my revenge! Oh! I meant it not—forgive me!' she added, her whole manner changing once more to one of the softest, the most imploring entreaty, as the impotence and impolicy of her anger struck chill and sickening to her heart; 'forgive my hasty words, my pride that has never yet learnt to stoop. You talk of reprisals, General; one life is worth another—take mine instead of his. Lead me out now—this minute—I am ready, and let *him* go free.'

She had touched the keystone now; the sympathy for courage and devotion which every brave man feels. He turned his face away that she might not see his emotion, for there were tears in Cromwell's eyes. She took the gesture for one of refusal, and it was in sad, plaintive tones she proffered her last despairing request.

'At least grant me the one last boon I have ridden so far to ask. It is not a little thing that will tempt a woman to the step I have taken. You cannot refuse me this—if I cannot save him, at least I can die with him. Shot, steel, or hempen noose, whatever penalty is exacted from Humphrey Bosville shall be shared by her who sent him here to die. I ask you no more favours—I claim it as a right—he shall not suffer for my sake alone. Do not think I shall flinch at the last moment. See! there is not a trooper of all your Ironsides that fears death less than Mary Cave!'

She had conquered triumphantly at last. The brave spirit could not but recognise its kindred nature. He had made up his mind now, and not a hair of Humphrey's head should have fallen had the whole Parliament of England voted his death to a man. Kindly, courteously, nay, almost tenderly, the rough Puritan soldier raised the kneeling lady to her feet. With a consideration she little expected, he placed her carefully in the chair, sent an orderly trooper for food and wine, and even bestirred himself to ascertain where she might be most safely lodged till her departure with a safe-conduct under his own hand.

'I grant your request, Mistress Mary Cave, and I attach to my concession but two conditions. The one, it is needless to state, is that Major Bosville passes his *parole* never again to bear arms against the Parliament, and the other'—his glance softened more and more as he proceeded—'that you will not quite forget plain Oliver Cromwell, and that hereafter when you hear his harshness censured, and his rustic breeding derided, you will not be ashamed to say you have known him to show the courtesy of a gentleman and the feeling of a man!'

With an obeisance, the respectful deference of which could not have been outdone by any plumed hat that ever swept the floors of Whitehall, Cromwell took his leave of his fair suppliant, consigning her to the care of George Effingham for the present, and promising her a written pardon in his own hand, and safe conduct through his outposts for herself and Humphrey Bosville, by the morrow's dawn.

Her spirit had kept her up hitherto, but fatigue, watching, and anxiety were too much for her woman's strength; and as Cromwell's massive figure disappeared through the doorway, she laid her head upon the coarse deal table and gave way to a passion of tears.

Chapter XXI.

'UNDER SENTENCE.'

Condemned to die! Reader, have you ever realized to yourself all that is contained in those three words? Have you ever considered how large a share of your daily life is comprised in what we may term the immediate future, in the cares, so to speak, of 'what you shall eat, and what you shall drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed?' Have you ever reflected how your own petty schemes and intrigues—equally petty when viewed at the supreme moment, whether you be a politician on the cross benches, or a

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grocer behind your counter—fill up the measure of your hopes and wishes? how your own financial budget, whether it affect the revenues of a kingdom or the contents of a till, is the subject that occupies most of your thoughts? and how, when sagacity and foresight upon such matters become superfluous, there is a blank in your whole being, which you feel, perhaps for the first time, ought to have been filled up long ago with something that would not have deserted you at your need, that would have accompanied you into that *terra incognita* which the most material of us feel at some moments is really our home?

And yet at the crisis, it seems as though the spirit-wings were weaker than ever, and instead of soaring aloft into the blue heaven, can but flap heavily and wearily along the surface of earth, as though the mind were incapable of projecting itself into the future, and must needs dwell mistily and inconclusively on the Past; and there is no proverb truer than that 'the ruling passion is strong in death,' as all will readily admit whose lot it has ever been to look the King of Terrors in the face.

Humphrey Bosville lay condemned to death in Gloucester gaol. His examination, after a short imprisonment, had been conducted by Cromwell himself, with the few rude formalities extended to the trial of a prisoner-of-war. He had been questioned as to the strength of the King's army, and the deliberation of his councillors; like a soldier and a man of honour, he had steadfastly declined to divulge even the little he knew. The court that tried him was composed simply enough, consisting, besides Cromwell, of Harrison and another. The former of these two vainly endeavoured to persuade his prisoner, for whom he had taken a great liking, to turn traitor, and save his own life. Humphrey, however, was immovable, and Harrison liked him all the better. The proceedings were short, and not at all complicated.

'You refuse, then, to answer the questions put to you by the court?' said Cromwell, folding a sheet of paper in his hands with an ominous frown.

'I do, distinctly,' replied the prisoner, regardless of a meaning look from Harrison, and a strenuous nudge from that stout soldier's elbow.

'Sentence of death recorded. His blood be on his own head!' commented Cromwell; adding, with a look that lent a fearful interest to the simple words, 'to-morrow morning, at gun-fire.'

'God and the King!' exclaimed Humphrey, in a loud, fearless voice, placing his plumed hat jauntily on his head, and marching off between his gaolers, humming cheerfully the Royalist air of 'Cuckolds, come, dig!'

So the court broke up. Cromwell went to drill his Ironsides; Harrison to visit his outposts, with what result we have already learned; and another Cavalier was to die.

They placed food and wine in his cell; the grim troopers who guarded him looked on him no longer as an enemy. Already he was invested with the fearful interest of the departing traveller; he who ere twenty-four hours have elapsed will be in that land of which all of us have thought, and which none of us have seen. They were soldiers, too, and they liked his *pluck*, his gallant bearing, his cheerful good humour, his considerate courtesy even to his escort; for Humphrey was a gentleman at heart, and one essential peculiarity of the breed is, that it never shows its purity so much as when *in extremis*. Not a rough dragoon in the guard-room, including Ebenezer the Gideonite, who was still black and blue from shoulder to hip, but would have shared his ration willingly, 'Malignant' though he was, with the Cavalier officer.

He ate his portion of food with a good appetite, and drank off his wine to the King's health. The winter sun streamed in at the grating of his cell, the heavy tramp of the sentry at his door rung through the silence of the long stone corridor. It was all over now. It was come at last, and Humphrey sat him down to think.

Yes, he had looked upon Death as a near neighbour for years; he

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had fronted him pretty often in Flanders before this unhappy civil war, and had improved his acquaintance with him since at Edge-Hill, Roundway-Down, Newbury, and elsewhere; nay, he had felt the grasp of his icy hand but very lately, when he failed to parry that delicate thrust of Goring's. What an awkward thrust it was! and should he not have met it in carte, rather than tierce, and so gone round his adversary's blade? Pshaw! how his mind wandered. And what was the use of thinking of such matters now?—now that he had not twenty-four hours to live—now that he should fix his thoughts on the next world, and pray ardently for the welfare of his soul. Ay, 'twas well that he had not neglected this duty, and put it off till to-day; do what he would, he could not control his mind, and bid it obey his will. Thoughts after thoughts came surging in, like ocean-waves, and bore him on and swamped him, so to speak, in their resistless tide. Might he but have chosen, he would not have died quite like this. No! he had hoped to go down in some victorious onset, stirrup to stirrup with hot Prince Rupert, the best blood in England, charging madly behind him to the old war-cry that made his blood boil even now — the stirring battle-word of 'God and the King!' — sword in hand, and the sorrel pulling hard!—the poor sorrel. Harrison had promised his prisoner to take care of the good horse; there was some comfort in that, and Harrison was a soldier, though a Roundhead. Ay, that had been a glorious death; or, better still, to have dragged his wounded frame to Mary's feet and laid his head upon her knee, and died there *so* peaceful, *so* happy, like a child hushing off to its sleep. Mary would think of him—mourn him, surely—and never forget him now. How would she look when they told her of it in the Queen's chamber? He tried to fancy her, pale and wobegone, bending to hide her face over the embroidery he knew so well—the embroidery he had told her playfully was to be [fin]ished ere he came back again. He would never come back to her now; and the large tears that his own fate had failed to draw from him, gathered in his eyes as he thought of that glorious lady's desolation, and fell unheeded on his clasped hands. Well, he had promised her, if need were, to give his life ungrudgingly for the Cause—and he had redeemed his word. Perhaps in another world he might meet her again, and be proud to show her the stainless purity of his shield. He thought over his past life — he was no casuist, no theologian; his simple faith, like that of his knightly ancestors, was comprised in a few words — '*Für Gott und für ihr*,' might have been engraved on his blade, as it was emblazoned on the banner of the chivalrous Lord Craven—he whose romantic attachment to the Queen of Bohemia was never outdone in the imagination of a Troubadour, who worshipped his royal ladye-love as purely and unselfishly as he risked life and fortune ungrudgingly in her cause. So was it with Humphrey—'For God and for her' was the sentiment that had ruled his every action of late—that consoled him and bore him up now, when he was about to die. It was not wisdom, it was not philosophy, it was not perhaps true religion; but it served him well enough—it stood him in the stead of all these—it carried him forward into the spirit life where, it may be, that some things we wot not of in our worldly forethought, are the true reality, and others that we have worshipped here faithfully and to our own benefit—such as prudential considerations, external respectability, and 'good common sense'—are found to be the myths and the delusions, the bubbles that the cold air of Death has dispelled for evermore.

At least, Humphrey knew he had but another night to live; and when he had prayed, hopefully and resignedly, with but one small grain of discontent, one faint repining that he might not see her just *once* again, he drew his pallet from the corner of his cell, and with folded arms and calm placid brow laid him down peacefully to sleep.

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So sound were his slumbers, that they were not disturbed by the armed tread of the captain of the ward, a fierce old Puritan, who ushered up the corridor the cloaked and hooded figure of a woman, accompanied by an officer of the Ironsides, who had shown him an order, signed by Cromwell's own hand, which he dared not disobey. The grim warder, however, influenced by the prisoner's gallant and gentle demeanour, would fain have dissuaded the visitors from disturbing his repose.

'If you be friends of the Major's,' said he, in the gruff tones peculiar to all such custodians, 'you would act more kindly to let him be; they mostly gets their little snooze about this time of night; and if he's not roused, he'll sleep right on till to-morrow morning; and the nearer he wakes to gun-fire, the better for him. You'll excuse my making so free, madam; the Major's got to be shot at daybreak. But if you're come to examine of him, or to get anything more out of him than what he told the Court, I tell ye it's no use, and a burning shame into the bargain. I can't keep ye out, seeing it's the General's order—and Cromwell's a man who *will* be obeyed; but I can't bear to see the Major put upon neither, and he such a nice well-spoken gentleman, and the last night as he's to be with us and all.' So grumbling, the old gaoler, who was not without a sort of rough coarse kindness of his own, opened the cell door, and admitting the visitors, set his lamp down on the floor for their service; after which civility he returned to cough and grumble by himself in the passage.

Mary looked on the face of the sleeper, and for the first time since she had known him realized the unassuming courage of that honest heart. Could this be the man who ere twelve hours should elapse was doomed to die? this calm and placid sleeper, breathing so heavily and regularly, with a smile on his lips and his fair brow smooth and unruffled as a child's. She turned proudly to Effingham. 'Is he not worthy of the Cause?' was all she said; and Effingham, looking there upon his comrade and his rival, wiped the dew from his forehead, for the conflict of his feelings was more than he could bear.

Mary bent over him till her long hair swept across his face.

'Humphrey,' she whispered, in the sweetest of her soft caressing tones, 'Humphrey, wake up; do you not know me?—wake up.'

The sleeper stirred and turned. The well-known voice must have called up some association of ideas in his mind; perhaps he was dreaming of her even then and there. He muttered something. In the deep silence of the cell both his listeners caught it at once. Mary blushed crimson for very shame; and Effingham felt his heart leap as it had never leapt before.

The sleeper had but whispered three words—'Mary, Loyalty, Mary,' was all he said; and then he woke, and stared wildly upon his visitors.

In another instant he had seized Mary's hand, and was folding it to his heart in a transport of affection and delight. He knew not that his life had been spared—he still thought he was to die; but he believed his prayers had been answered—that, whether in the body or out of the body, he was permitted to look on her once again—and that was enough for him.

Effingham did as he would be done by, and left the cell. If 'he jests at scars who never felt a wound,' on the other hand he is wondrously quick-witted and sympathizing who has himself gone through the *peine forte et dure* of real affection.

And Effingham, too, felt a weight taken off his heart. He could rejoice now without a single drawback at his comrade's pardon. To do him justice, he would have given all he had in the world to save him yesterday; but now he felt that though henceforth they would never again fight side by side, Bosville was his friend and brother once more. He felt, too, that there was something to live for still, that Hope was not dead within him, and his arm would henceforth be nerved for the struggle by a nobler motive than despair. His future existed once

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more. Yesterday his life was a blank; to-day, simply because a sleeping captive had muttered a proper name, that blank was filled again with colours bright and rosy as the tints of the morning sky. Such are the ups and downs of poor mortality; such is the weakness of what we are pleased to term the godlike mind that rules our mass of clay.

We will follow Effingham's example; we will not rob Humphrey of his *tête-à-tête* with his mistress, nor intrude upon his transports when he learned that the hand he loved so dearly was the one that had saved him from death. It was too delightful—it was almost maddening to reflect on all she had undergone for his sake; how she had pleaded with Cromwell for his pardon, and having obtained it, had taken possession of him, as it were, at once, and passed her word for his *parole* as if he belonged to her, body and soul; and so he *did* belong to her, and so he would. Oh! if she would but accept his devotion! he longed to pour out his very heart's blood at her feet. Poor Humphrey! he was young, you see, and of a bold, honest nature, so he knew no better.

The three left the prison together, with a cordial farewell from the kind old governor, and walked through the dark night to the hostelry in the town. Mary was very silent. Did she regret what she had done? did she grudge her efforts for the prisoner? Far from it! She was thinking of all he deserved at her hands, of how she never could repay him for all his fondness and devotion, of the debtor and creditor account between them, and how she wished he could be a little, ever so little, less infatuated about her.

Again we say, poor Humphrey!

Chapter XXII.

'Father and Child.'

Grace Allonby is very sad and lonely now. Anxiety and distress have told upon her health and spirits, and the girl once so fresh and elastic, goes about her household duties with a pale cheek and a listless step that worry her father to his heart's core. Sir Giles has but little time for speculation on private affairs, his duty to his sovereign keeps him constantly employed, and it requires no astute politician to discover that whatever apprehensions he may have to spare, are due to that sovereign's critical position. The Royal Parliament has been convened at Oxford, and has voted anything and everything except *supplies*. Its sister assemblage at Westminster, bitter in successful rivalry, has refused to treat for peace; Hopton has sustained a conclusive defeat from Waller at Alresford. Oxford is no longer a secure haven, and the King, deprived of the society and counsels of his wife, feels himself more than usually perplexed and disheartened. Sir Giles has enough to do with his own regimental duties, for, come what may, he never neglects for an instant that task of organization and discipline on which the old soldier feels that life and honour must depend. His advice, too, is constantly required, and as constantly neglected by the King; but bitter and unpalatable as it may be, it is always proffered with the same frank honesty and singleness of purpose. He has succeeded in raising and arming no contemptible force of cavalry. With his own stout heart at their head, he thinks they can ride through and through a stand of pikes with a dash that shall win Prince Rupert's grim approval on a stricken field. He cannot foresee that ere long they will prove the speed of their horses, rather than the temper of their blades, on the wide expanse of fatal Marston-Moor. In the mean time they are equipped and ready to march.

An escort is provided to guard 'Gracey' back to her kinswoman's house at Boughton, where she will remain in bodily safety, no doubt, and will fulfil her destiny as a woman, by wasting her own heart in anxiety for the fate of others. Oxford will be emptied soon of all but its loyal professors and stanch war-worn garrison. Grace does not seem to regret her departure, nor

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to look forward to her journey with any anticipations of delight, nor to care much whether she goes or stays. Her father's return to active service seems to alarm and depress her, and she wanders about the house with her eyes full of tears, but he has often left her to go campaigning before, and never seen her 'take on,' as he expresses it, like this. What can have come over the girl?

'If she had but a mother now,' thinks Sir Giles, with a half bitter pang to feel that his own honest affection should be insufficient for his daughter. He could almost reproach himself that he has not married a second time; but no, Gracey! not even for you could he consent to sacrifice that dream of the past, which is all the old man has left to him on earth. Why do we persist in cherishing the *little* we have, so much the more the *less* it is? Why is the widow's mite, being her all, so much *more* than the rich man's stores of silver and gold, being *his all* too? Perhaps it is that we must suffer before we can enjoy, must pine in poverty before we can revel in possession; and therefore Lazarus devours his crust with famished eagerness, whilst Dives pushes his plate disdainfully away, and curses fretfully cook and butler, who cannot make him hungry or thirsty, albeit his viands are served on silver, and his wine bubbles in a cup of gold. Sir Giles loves a memory fifteen years old better than all the rest of the world, and Gracey into the bargain.

He sits after supper with a huge goblet of claret untasted at his elbow. Leaning his head on his hand he watches his daughter unobserved. All day she has been busied about little matters for his comfort. He marches to-morrow at dawn, and she too leaves Oxford for Northamptonshire. She was more cheerful, he thinks, this afternoon, and the interest and bustle had brought a colour again to her cheek; but how pale and tired she looks now, bending over that strip of work. The delicate fingers, too, though they fly nimbly as ever in and out, are thinner than they used to be—and she always turns her face away from the lamp. A father's eyes, Grace, are sharper than you think for; he is watching you narrowly from under his shaded brows, and he sees the tears raining down thick upon your work and your wasted hands. In the whole of her married life your mother never wept like that.

He can stand it no longer.

'Gracey,' says he, in his deep, kind tones; 'Gracey! little woman! what's the matter?'

He took her on his knee, as he used to do when she was a little curly-headed thing, and she hid her face on his shoulder, her long dark hair mingling with the old man's white locks and beard.

She clung to him and sobbed wearily, and told him, 'it was nothing—she was tired, and anxious, and nervous, but well—quite well—and, it was nothing.'

He had long lost his place in his daughter's heart, though he knew it not.

He strove to cheer her up gently and warily, with a womanly tact and tenderness you could hardly have expected from the war-worn soldier, leading her insensibly from domestic details to the hopes and proceedings of the Royalists, and she struggled to be calm, and appeared to lend an anxious ear to all his details.

'We shall have a large army in the north, Grace,' said the old Cavalier; 'and when Prince Rupert has relieved York—and relieve it he will, my lass, for hot as he is, there is not a better officer in the three kingdoms, when his hands are loose—he will effect a junction with the King, and we shall then be able to show the Roundheads a front that will keep their ragged Parliament in check once more. What, girl! we have still Langdale, and Lisle, and the Shrewsbury Foot, and gallant Northampton with all his merry-men at his back, not to mention my own knaves, whose rear-guard you saw march out this morning. I have taken some trouble with them, you know, and they're the best brigade I've commanded yet by a good deal. Why, what said young Bosville when he lay in this very room?—ay, on the sofa where you always sit at your stitch-

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ing—and saw them file past the windows before they were half-drilled. "Sir Giles," said he, "they're the only cavalry we have that can *ride*." And there's no better judge and no better soldier for a young man than Humphrey, whom I love as my own son. They'll win your old father his peerage yet before I've done with 'em. Fill me out the claret, my darling, and we'll drink a health to Lady Grace!'

She did as she was desired, and he could not have accused her of paleness now. Was it the anticipation of her exalted rank that thus brought the blood in a rush to Grace's cheeks?

'Ay! if worst comes to worst,' proceeded the old knight, after a hearty pull at the claret, 'the rebels will be glad to come to terms. I am an old man now, sweetheart, and I want to live at peace with my neighbours. When I've had these new levies in a good rousing fire once and again, and seen the knaves hold their own with Cromwell and his men in iron, I shall be satisfied for my part. Besides, we fight unincumbered now; the Queen's safe enough down in the West. I heard from Mary this morning by Jermyn, who travelled here post with despatches; and the Queen——'

'From Mary!' interrupted Grace, her eyes sparkling and her face flushing once more; 'what says she? Does she talk about herself?—does she give you any news?'

She spoke in a sharp quick tone; and the slender fingers that rested on her father's glass clasped it tight round the stem.

'She writes mostly of the Cause, as is her wont,' replied Sir Giles, not noticing his daughter's eagerness. 'They have hopes of more men and horses down in the West. Ay, there is a talk too of foreign assistance; but for my part I put little faith in that. The Queen's household is much diminished,—that's a good job at least. I read my Bible, Grace, I hope, like a good Christian, and I believe every word in it, but I have never yet *seen* that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Howsoever, there is but little pomp now in the Queen's court at Exeter. Mary only mentions herself and Mrs. Kirke, and Lady Carlisle, whom I never could abide; and Dormer and Bosville as gentlemen of the chamber; and that is all.'

Grace's breath came quick and short. She was still on her father's knee, but in such a posture that he could not see her face. She would have given much to be able to ask one simple question, but she dared not—no, she *dared* not. She held her peace, feeling as if she was stifled.

'The Queen were best on the Continent,' pursued Sir Giles, 'and Mary seems to think she will go ere long, taking her household with her. God be with them! England is well rid of the half of them.'

Grace laughed—such a faint, forced, miserable laugh. Poor Grace! the blow had been long coming, and it had fallen at last. Of course he would accompany his Royal mistress abroad; of course she would never, never see him again; of course he was nothing to her, and amidst all his duties and occupations she could have no place in his thoughts. The pertinacity with which she dwelt upon this consolatory reflection was sufficiently edifying; and of course she ought to have foreseen it all long ago, and it was far better that she should know the worst, and accustom herself to it at once. Oh, far better! A positive relief! And the poor face that she put up to kiss her father when he wished her 'Good-night,' looked whiter and more drawn than ever; the footfall that he listened to so wistfully going up the stairs dwelt wearily and heavily at every step. Sir Giles shook his head, finished his claret at a draught, and betook himself too to his couch; but the old Cavalier was restless and uneasy, his sleep little less unbroken than his daughter's.

Alas, Gracey!—she was his own child no more. He remembered her so well in her white frock, tottering across the room with her merry laugh, and holding his finger tight in the clasp of that warm little hand; he remembered her a slender slip of girlhood, galloping on her pony with a certain graceful

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timidity peculiarly her own, her long dark ringlets floating in the breeze, her bright eyes sparkling with the exercise, and always, frightened or confident, trusting and appealing to 'Father' alone. He remembered her, scores and scores of times, sitting on his knee as she had done this evening, nestling her head upon his shoulder, and vowing in her pretty positive way—positive always and only with *him*—that she would never marry and leave him, never trust her old father to any hands but her own; she was sure he couldn't do without her, and if *he* wasn't sure he ought to be!

And now somebody had come and taken away all this affection from him that he considered his by right; and she was no longer his child—his very own—and never would be again. Sir Giles could not have put his thoughts explicitly into words, but he had a dim consciousness of the fact, and it saddened while it almost angered him. Though he slept but little he was up and astir long before daybreak; and the 'God bless thee, Gracey!' which was always his last word at parting with his daughter, was delivered more hoarsely and solemnly than his wont. The pale face with its red eyelids haunted him as he rode; and except once to give a beggar an alms, and once to swear testily at his best horse for a stumble, Sir Giles never uttered a syllable for the first ten miles of his journey.

And Grace, too, in the train of her kinsman, Lord Vaux, travelled wearily back to his house at Boughton, which she considered her home. Faith, riding alongside of her, to cheer her mistress's spirits, forgot her own griefs—for Faith too had lost a lover—in sympathy for the lady's meek uncomplaining sadness.

'It's all along of the Captain!' thought Faith, whose own affairs had not dimmed the natural sharpness of her sight; 'it's all along of the Captain, and he ought to be ashamed of himself, so he ought!'

Faith, like the rest of her class, was not particular as to the amount of blame she laid upon the absent; and with the happy impartiality of her sex, invariably considered and proclaimed *the man* to be in the wrong. In this instance she condemned Humphrey without the slightest hesitation. It was clear he had left her young mistress without distinctly promising marriage, and when she contrasted such lukewarm negligence with the ardent passages of leave-taking that had been reciprocated by Dymocke and herself, she could scarcely contain her indignation. 'If Hugh had used *me* so,' thought Faith, and the colour rose to her cheeks as she dwelt on the possible injustice, 'as sure as I've two hands I'd have scratched his eyes out!'

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EGYPTIAN AND SACRED CHRONOLOGY.*

THE advances made during the last fifteen or twenty years in almost every branch of human knowledge have been so great as to occasion serious inconvenience to the writers of extensive works, particularly when their volumes appear at an interval of a year or more. A writer on astronomy, chemistry, or any other scientific subject, must expect to have to modify or even to contradict in his latter volumes many of the statements made in the earlier ones, and may esteem himself fortunate if he is not obliged to recast them entirely. It does not appear that this has been so much the case with those writers who have addressed themselves to modern history; at least we have not heard that either Lord Macaulay or Mr. Prescott (whose death we have had so recently to lament) have in their later researches found reason to recal, or even to alter, any of their former opinions or accounts. Fresh materials are however so rapidly accumulating, State-paper offices and other hitherto neglected repositories of historical documents are now being so carefully ransacked, that it cannot be but many new facts must come to light with important bearing on many received theories and opinions on these subjects.

If there was one subject on which we might have supposed that all further information was denied us, it would be the history of those distant ages of the world, the very record of whose existence has hitherto been preserved only by the incidental allusions of the Sacred volume, and whose events have been till lately only commemorated by shapeless mounds and unintelligible sculptures. We could hardly expect to have the ransacking of a Chaldean State-paper office. A romantic novel of the times of the Pharaoh who exalted Joseph would seem as likely a discovery as that of Hermes Trismegistus himself in *propriâ personâ*. And yet something very like both has been obtained. The mounds of Birs Nimroud are yielding up to Layard, Rawlinson, and other indefatigable inquirers their long buried treasures of Assyrian and Babylonian annals. For the novel we must refer our readers to an interesting and agreeable article in the last number of the *Cambridge Essays*.†

The learned and laborious author of the work at the head of our list, of which the third and penultimate volume has just appeared, seems in his own opinion to have reaped all the benefit without suffering any of the inconveniences of that advance in historical knowledge of which we have been speaking. All recent discoveries and elucidations, and they have been numerous, appear to have confirmed the learned Baron in the hypotheses he had formed and the conclusions he had adopted; or if they have had influence at all, it has been in the way of extending whatever was paradoxical in his views, and causing him to form further hypotheses and come to fresh conclusions of a startling and singular description.

Earlier Egyptian history is an extremely dry subject. The general reader who embarks upon it finds himself immediately involved in a maze of Sothiac cycles, Phœnix years, the great and lesser Panegyries, and other astronomical and chronological terms of a very alarming appearance. About as interesting and agreeable to contemplate as the scaffolding of a modern building, they fulfil the same functions to the historical edifice, and cannot be taken down till the foundations are secure, which is far from the case at present. We will, therefore, pass very cursorily over the subject of Baron Bunsen's two earlier volumes, which comprise what he calls the Old Empire, last-

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* *Egypt's Place in Universal History*: an Historical Investigation. In Five Books. By C. C. J. Baron Bunsen, D.Ph., D.C.L., DD.D. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, M.A. Vol. 3. London: Longman. 1859.

The Genealogies of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, reconciled with each other, and shown to be in harmony with the true chronology of the times. By Lord Arthur Hervey, M.A., Rector of Ickworth. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1853.

† *Hieratic Papyri*. By C. W. Goodwin.

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ing between 1076 to 1286 years, and the Middle Period, or shepherd domination, of about 900 years, and come at once to the New Empire, which is treated of in the third volume before us.

We must only remark that this earlier history is founded almost exclusively on certain lists of dynasties obtained at second-hand from Manetho, a writer who lived in Egypt about the third century B.C. To these have been added certain fragmentary lists and notices collected out of Herodotus, Eratosthenes, and Diodorus; and these are supposed to be corroborated in many instances by the rows of royal names deciphered on the monuments. The ingenuity of subsequent writers has been employed in piecing out these, so as to form a connected whole. Thus Manetho having begun his lists with:—

1 Dynasty—Thinites	. . .	8 kings	253 years.
2 ,, ,,	. . .	9 ,,	308 ,,
3 ,, Memphites	. .	9 ,,	214 ,,
4 ,, ,,	. .	8 ,,	274 ,,
5 ,, Elephantinites	.	8 ,,	248 ,,
6 ,, Memphites	. .	6 ,,	203 ,,
7 ,, ,,	. .	70 ,,	70 days.
8 ,, ,,	. .	27 ,,	146 years.
9 ,, Heracleopolites	.	19 ,,	409 ,,
10 ,, ,,	.	19 ,,	185 ,,
11 ,, Diospolites	. .	17 ,,	59 ,,
12 ,, ,,	. .	7 ,,	160 ,,
&c.		&c.	

Mr. Poole is of opinion that the 1st dynasty is contemporaneous with the 3rd; the 2nd with the 4th, 5th, 9th, and 11th; and the 6th with the 10th and 12th; a view which is entirely different to that of the Baron, who does not believe in contemporaneous dynasties as a general rule, but believes with Syncellus, that the thirty dynasties of Manetho, from Menes to the Persian conquest, can be formed into an intelligible series, lasting about 3555 years.

Let us pause a moment here, and consider what these materials, with which these investigators have been compelled to work, really amount to. Let us assume that these lists are neither fictitious nor hopelessly corrupted, and taking an analogous instance in modern times, let us try to obtain a criterion of what such information is worth. If we take the case of France, undoubtedly the most homogeneous country of modern times, its annals after this fashion might stand thus. We omit the names of the kings, as unnecessary for the argument:—

1 Dynasty—Merovingians	. .	17 kings, reigning	299 years.
2 ,, Carlovingians	. .	12 ,, ,,	267 ,,
3 ,, Capetian	. . .	14 ,, ,,	341 ,,
4 ,, Valois	. . . .	13 ,, ,,	261 ,,
5 ,, Bourbon	. . .	5 ,, ,,	206 ,,
6 ,, Bonaparte	. . .	1, 2, or 3 ,,	11 ,,
7 ,, Bourbon	. . .	3 ,, ,,	33 ,,

So far so good. But suppose him to read on:—

8 Dynasty—Plantagenets	. .	8 kings, reigning	158 years.
9 ,, Tudor	. . . .	5 ,, ,,	118 ,,
10 ,, Stuarts	. . . .	4 ,, ,,	85 ,,
11 ,, Navarrese	. . .	27 ,, ,,	606 ,,
12 ,, Burgundians	. .	19 ,, ,,	630 ,,
13 ,, ,,	. . .	24 ,, ,,	600 ,,

For many of these called themselves kings of France. If we, lastly, imagine that almost the only piece of sculpture referring to these epochs which had been preserved should chance to be a bas-relief representing the coronation of Henry VI. of Lancaster at Paris; it may easily be conceived what chance the most painstaking student would have of unravelling such a tangled web.

The case becomes, however, different as soon as not merely names, but events are recorded in the documents referred to, and those which

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are sculptured on existing monuments are still better authority. A king may often represent upon the buildings he erects what is historically false: he may carve a glorious victory on the walls of his palace, when he really suffered an ignominious defeat; but still the fact of there being such a representation, is very good evidence of the *existence* of the king whose deeds it celebrates. We may safely take it for granted that monarchs in those days seldom took the trouble of glorifying any one but themselves, and perhaps their own immediate predecessors.

We therefore think that while very little reliance can be placed on the ingenious arrangements which Baron Bunsen and others have made of the earlier Egyptian annals, which rest so much on Manetho's lists alone, and of which the Pyramids are almost the sole historical monuments, somewhat more respect is due to his New Empire, which commences with the eighteenth dynasty. His historical account of it has been very carefully and laboriously compiled; and a short abstract will be interesting.

The New Empire, then, commenced at the period when Egypt emerged from her long night of subjection to the hated race of the Shepherd Kings. The deliverer of his country, and the first king of his line, was Amosis. Under him the seat of the native power seems to have been Thebes, while the intruders were still established at Memphis and Lower Egypt. Their hold, indeed, had lasted too long to be easily shaken off. Amosis was once successful in driving them from their capital, but troubles breaking out in Ethiopia, he was forced to abandon it; and the Shepherds retained it throughout the remainder of his reign, and that of his successor Tuthmosis. Tuthmosis II. finally succeeded in expelling them from Memphis, but the contest was not over, for they retired to the fortified city of Avaris, where they long resisted the utmost efforts of the Egyptians. The reign of Tuthmosis III., the most celebrated of the kings of his race, now succeeded. In his long and glorious reign, he at last drove out the invading Shepherds, and in twelve campaigns carried the terror of his arms over Asia Minor as far as Mesopotamia. The chief of Carchemish, and the Hittites, then in possession of Palestine, were vanquished. This conqueror is supposed by Sir G. Wilkinson to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus; but the Baron considers him the king who eighty years previously commenced the harsh servitude related in Holy Writ. His severities were continued by his successors, Amenophis II., Tuthmosis IV., Amenophis III., and Horus, who all distinguished themselves more by their buildings than their battles.

Great, however, as was the glory of this dynasty, it was exceeded by that of the nineteenth, or the Ramses, which followed it. Sothis, the second king of this line, erected the most magnificent apartment in the world, the great hall at Karnak, upon the walls of which are portrayed in long processions the numerous nations he subdued. Amongst them figure the tribes of Ethiopia and Nubia, the Berbers of North Africa, the Shepherds or Philistines, so lately the conquerors of Egypt; people from Cyprus and Mesopotamia; and many tribes whose local habitation it is impossible to fix. This inference, however, the Baron draws from the multitude of names all from a limited tract of country, bounded in fact by Mesopotamia to the north, and Ethiopia to the south—that no great kingdom had begun to exist in those regions, and that consequently the conquests of Sothis were anterior to the rule of the Israelites in Palestine. There was no nation capable of bringing together a force which could resist these incursions, even Nineveh and Babylon were made tributary without any difficulty; for it was not till one hundred and twenty years later that Ninus laid the foundation of the great Assyrian Empire.

Ramses II., the son of Sothis, is perhaps, after Sesostris, with whom he is sometimes improperly confounded, the most celebrated of Egyptian kings; but in point of fact his renown is owing to his father's exploits, and the prosperous state in which he inherited the kingdom. Indeed, he was far from warlike himself, and his campaigns

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all ended in the twenty-first year of his reign, when the Egyptian troops appear to have retired from Syria, leaving the Hittites in successful rebellion behind them. During the remainder of his long reign of sixty-six years, he devoted himself to his magnificent and ostentatious monuments at Karnak and elsewhere, particularly at Aboosimbel, in Nubia. This profusion led, as often happens, to cruelty and oppression; the bondage of the Israelites, which had been severe, was fearfully aggravated. Their murmurs grew loud and deep, and though the storm did not break in Ramses' life, he left the kingdom in a wretched state of dissatisfaction and decay.

The misfortunes of Menophres, his successor, were owing to his father's crimes, but—and here we have surer testimony than Baron Bunsen's—he deserved them for his own. The Israelites revolted and quitted the country. The king escaped the waters of the Red Sea, but an irruption of the Philistines and the discontent of his subjects forced him to flee into Ethiopia, from whence he did not return for thirteen years.

It may perhaps be considered as a corroboration of Holy Writ that he had no son to succeed him, but was the last of his family. Ramses III., the first king of the twentieth dynasty, if a relation at all, was only a distant one. He was a great commander, and for a time restored the fallen glory of the nation. The theatre of his campaigns was Palestine as far as Phœnicia, but they can hardly be considered as more than mere transitory incursions. They, however, served an important purpose in repressing the power of the tribes which inhabited that country. While these events were transacting, the Israelites, under Joshua, numbering six hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms, were encamped beyond Jordan, and did not cross that river till the Egyptians had definitively withdrawn. The list of nations vanquished by this king is a long one. Amongst them may be distinguished the Kheta, the Amar, the Pursata, Rabu, the men of Tira, Tuirsa, and Saintana, and the Gaikrui; who may very probably be identified with the Hittites, the Amorites, the Philistines, and the inhabitants of Tyre, Tarsis, Sodom, and Accho or Acre.

This conqueror was succeeded by a number of insignificant kings, also named Ramses, and then a great revolution took place. The Theban dynasties were overthrown by the sacerdotal caste, and the sceptre was assumed by a priest of Ammon from Zoan, in Lower Egypt. After four kings of little note, Sheshonk, or Shishak, the conqueror of Jerusalem, founded the twenty-second or Bubastic dynasty. His famous expedition to Palestine is commemorated on the walls of Karnak, where the king of Judah (or as Baron Bunsen says, Judah personified as a king) appears as one of a huge row of captives, amongst whom can be recognised the chiefs of Maharaim, Bethhoron, and Megiddo.

Here Baron Bunsen closes his Egyptian history for the present. In the short abstract we have offered we have carefully abstained from doing more than give the results of his laborious investigations, without questioning any more than pledging ourselves to their accuracy. The world owes much gratitude to inquirers like him, even should his conclusions be hereafter questioned or disproved. Where authorities cannot be referred to, as obviously must be the case in the present instance, praise or blame will be of little value; but we cannot but give it as our own opinion, that in this account of the New Empire we see nothing but what is a very fair deduction from the premises.

We fear we cannot say quite the same with respect to the Baron's views on Scripture chronology, contained in this volume. We have not the slightest desire of accusing any one of impiety or infidelity who does not happen to believe that Noah lived nine hundred and fifty years, or because he thinks that the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt lasted fourteen centuries, but still the English mind is hardly prepared for such expressions as the following:—

The ordinary chronology, then, we declare to be devoid of any scientific foundation; the interpretation indeed

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by which it is accompanied, when carefully investigated, makes the Bible a tissue of old women's stories and children's tales which contradict each other. When confronted with authentic chronology, it generally leads to impossible results. It does not harmonize with anything which historical criticism finds elsewhere, and which it is under the necessity of recognising as established fact. It is, as regards the religious views of educated persons, the same thing as the stories in the Vedas about the world-tortoise are to those who are supposed to believe them—a stone of stumbling; and it will become more and more so every ten years. For it contradicts all reality, and necessitates the denial of facts which are as clear as the sun; or if it does not succeed in that, compels them to be passed over altogether as matters of no moment. In countries where research cannot be prohibited by the police, or is not punishable by excommunication, this indeed in the long run becomes exceedingly laughable, but it does not on that account cease to be immoral.—Vol. iii. p. 348.

Though not quite yet, we fear, unprejudiced enough to believe it to be immoral to prefer the literal Bible to Baron Bunsen, we are far, we beg leave to say, from the superstitious reverence for it with which it has been too much regarded. Romanists and Protestants have both erred in this respect. The former treat the sacred volume as some Oriental despots have been treated by their ministers, who, while they issued decrees in his name, would never allow him to be seen by his subjects. The latter have, on the other hand, too often brought it into discredit, by parading it, like a constitutional king, on the most trivial occasions, and citing it as authority when it was never intended for such.

In the outset we must say that we entirely agree in the change the Baron proposes to make in the received computation of the time between the Exodus and the building of the Temple; which, instead of lengthening, as might perhaps have been expected, he shortens from four hundred and eighty or four hundred and forty years to about three hundred and six. We strongly recommend those who are interested in this topic to read the very able work by Lord Arthur Hervey, on *Scripture Genealogies.* The noble and reverend author, who, it need hardly be said, writes in a spirit as far removed as possible from German neologism, has arrived on entirely independent grounds at very nearly the same conclusion as the Baron. He starts from the fact that between Nahshon, Prince of Judah at the time of the Exodus, and David there were only four generations—Salmon, Boaz, Obed, Jesse. It is obviously impossible, he remarks, that there can have been *four* generations averaging more than a hundred years each; still more when we find nearly all the other genealogies of the time to contain about the same number of names. 'Either, then, the genealogies are defective, or the chronology is at fault.' We have not space to give all the minute circumstances which have led Lord A. Hervey to the conclusion that the latter is the case. His manner of treating the historical part of the book of Judges is even bolder than Baron Bunsen's. For instance, he considers that Othniel and Barak may have been cotemporary at one time; and Ehud, Gideon, and Jephthah at another, all engaged as independent chieftains in the war of liberation, and each with his own local historian.

Baron Bunsen proceeds in a slightly different manner. Egypt, according to him, being invaded by the Philistines, was in no condition to molest the Israelites, though they marched through countries formerly subject to it, and the latter accordingly reached the left bank of the Jordan without serious impediment. But there they found the Hittites too powerful to be attacked; nor was it till Ramses III. had broken down their power that Joshua ventured to cross. His war lasted only five years, and he died in the twenty-fifth year of his leadership. The Israelites now enjoyed eighteen years of prosperity and independence, till another foe came down upon them. A vast empire was founded by Ninus in Assyria; and not long afterwards one of its Mesopotamian satraps, Chushan Rishathaim, subjugated the whole of Palestine. His domination did not last more than eight years, but the

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rising power of the Israelites received such a check that they thenceforward had to contend on equal terms with the Pagan tribes around them. It is needless to say that the Baron unhesitatingly rejects the terms of forty and eighty years for the various rests under the heroes; and few will doubt that these numbers merely mean an indefinite time, as indeed they do in the East at the present day. He allows about a hundred and forty-five years for the contests and deliverances under Ehud, Deborah, and Abimelech. Tola and the inferior judges in the north-west he considers to have been cotemporary with Jair and Jephthah in the south; and by placing the exploits of Samson entirely within the forty years allotted to Eli and Samuel, he arrives at the before-mentioned term of three hundred and six years between the Exodus and the building of the Temple.

The scheme by which the German writer accounts for the discrepancy of the chronology is so truly characteristic that we must give it at length:—

I think the best way of meeting this demand, in furtherance of the purpose of this book, is to lay before our readers in a summary manner, the simple idea which, with all its childlike simplicity, is truly sublime and epical. . . . The aim and purpose of the authors [of the sacred narrative] was not to make a compilation of the dry annalistic entries of ordinary external events. Their object was to bring into notice the guidance of the people of God, from generation to generation. . . . Hence, as might be expected, there sprung up an Epos which was an intermediate step between Mythos and strict history. It exhibits no trace of the mythological fictions which give historical form to the idea of the relation between the divine and the human. It is this which marks its superiority to every heathen Epos, not excepting even altogether the Hellenic. Its basis is historical, exclusively historical; the shape in which it is composed is exclusively popular epic, by generations of forty years.—p. 300.

No one can doubt the perfect good faith in which this explanation is given, but few readers in this country will, we hope, be disposed to acquiesce in the extremely qualified superiority which is granted to the Hebrew 'Epos' over the Hellenic. After this we fear Lord Arthur Hervey's solution will appear tame and commonplace; it being merely that the different sheets of contemporaneous and independent histories got mixed, and their sequence disordered when collected at a subsequent period.

Having dealt thus leniently with the Book of Judges, the Baron makes amends by the havoc he causes in the earlier history of the Pentateuch. The patriarchs fare extremely badly at his hands; their ages, nay, even the existence of most of them, being dismissed as merely 'childish delusions.'

None but those who still cling to the infatuation that Noah and Shem lived from six hundred to one thousand years, have any excuse to offer for such purely childish delusions, persistence in which can only be productive of doubt and unbelief.—p. 340.

This solitary heir (Isaac) of the patriarchal emir could not have been at most more than sixteen when the faithful Eliezer was commissioned to seek a wife for him.—p. 340.

There is no country in which it is so improbable that a man of one hundred years old should have a son, as in a land of early development like Syria and Canaan.—p. 341.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, these are allowed to be real personages; but their ages, instead of 175, 180, and 147, are cut short to 100, 80, and 97. As for the others, they are nearly all allegorized away. The years assigned to Arphaxad, Salah, and Heber being somewhat similar, 438, 453, 464, our author boldly considers them to be in fact the same number, and to refer to the sojourn of the race in the primeval land—Arra-pakhitis, whence Arphaxad. In the same crucible Salah becomes 'the Mission,' Heber 'the Settler,' Peleg 'the Partition,' or names of events turned into names of men. Reü and Serug are changed into Rohi and Sarug, districts, we are informed, near what is at present Edessa. Lastly, the number 600, which our author finds, we don't exactly see how, in the ages of both Noah and Shem, is 'the original Chaldaic equation between lunar and solar time' (p. 368). After this we can only be too thankful to be spared the discovery

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that Enoch lived 365 years, and that consequently he is Apollo, Hercules, Baal, and every other sun-god in every heathen Pantheon; but this is perhaps reserved for volume four.

It may possibly be imagined that the Baron, having thus demolished the extraordinary longevity assigned to the Patriarchs, and even got rid of some of them altogether, is disposed to shorten the received chronology, and give a much less duration to the sojourn of man upon the earth than is commonly supposed. Far from it; for instead of the usual term of less than 6000 years, he considers it proved that man has existed at least 13,000, and very probably 20,000. The proofs of this, founded on that very uncertain guide, the 'theory of language,' he promises us in his next volume; but he considers that he has found a remarkable corroboration of his views in Mr. Horner's researches near Cairo. What this authority amounts to may be stated in a few words, and we leave our readers to judge for themselves. There is a certain statue of Ramses the Great lying near Cairo, and from the position in which it lies it is computed that there has been an accumulation of nine feet four inches of Nile mud since that statue was erected. Now, Ramses lived, according to Lepsius, about 1394 B.C., consequently some 3245 years ago. This would give a mean rate of increase of deposited mud of about 3½ inches a century. Now, close to the statue, Mr. Horner excavated to the depth of 24 feet, and bored 17 more, the two last of which were sand, making 39 feet of mud; which, at the above-mentioned rate, must have taken 13,500 years to collect. But at this depth of 39 feet, his instrument brought up fragments of burnt brick and pottery, one inch square.* These burnt bricks must have been made by man, consequently man existed 13,500 years ago. Q. E. D. (See *Transactions of the Royal Society*, 1855.)

Wonderfully slight data these for so momentous a conclusion. All the annals of circumstantial evidence can produce nothing like this piece of burnt brick one inch square. Indeed it proves a little too much. There are no old buildings of *burnt* brick in Egypt now, because the climate does not require them. Consequently, if used there, the climate must have changed. If the climate has changed, what becomes of the inundation of the Nile mud? But, in fact, the whole argument rests on the assumption that 13,000 years ago the rate of increase of Nile mud was exactly the same as at present, which it is obviously impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to prove.

We must here conclude this short notice of Baron Bunsen's third volume. We have neither space nor time to notice his remarks on Indian, Chinese, and Bactrian chronological systems; all of which will repay perusal by those who are fond of these subjects. We desire to do all honour to his profound learning, his indefatigable industry, and his genuine religious feeling; and can only wish it joined to a little less dogmatism, and somewhat less readiness to believe in any idle conjecture which may appear to militate against the statements of Holy Writ.

E. E.

* It may perhaps be surmised that these pieces of brick, &c. were placed where they were found by the excavators themselves. We, however, entirely disbelieve this. The researches were directed by Hekekyan Bey, one of those remarkable self-taught men who occasionally rise up in the East, and whose attainments and enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge form a remarkable contrast to the ignorance and apathy of those around them. He is well known to many English travellers in Egypt; and none, we think, will believe him capable of any fraud in this matter or any other. He *may* have been imposed upon by his labourers; but we should doubt it ever occurring to an uneducated fellah that pieces of brick would have so much significance.

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NOTES ON THE NATIONAL DRAMA OF SPAIN.

BY J. R. CHORLEY.

Chapter II.

OUTLINES.

IT is not requisite for the purpose of these Notes to deduce a pedigree of the Spanish Drama, from the cradle of mimetic art in the Middle Ages. It would occupy too much space to describe the process by which its several elements were gradually evolved and matured, until the time was ripe for the genius who moulded them into form, and animated that form with a life which the nation claimed as its own. Our business here is with the comedy which Lope de Vega planted and brought to maturity on the ground prepared by the endeavours of many previous ages. To trace the rise and progress of those essays down to the period when the genetic *nisus* ended in a new and brilliant creation, is the office of the historian.

That office has been ably fulfilled by Professor Ticknor; in whose *History of Spanish Literature*, chap. 13 to 15, vol. i., and chap. 7 and 8, vol. ii., will be found an account of the antecedents of the national drama, sufficient for general purposes. But those who wish to study them in detail must be referred to the first volume of Von Schack's *History*,* a work to which I owe many obligations. The author, a man of fine taste, and learned as well as diligent, was the first to unveil to modern eyes the full figure of the Spanish drama, and to do justice to its neglected poets. The light he throws on all the material parts of his subject is invaluable to the student; not less so is the genial criticism with which he displays its poetic worth. It is a book, too, the fidelity of which may be trusted. Considering the vast extent of the field, which before him was all but untrodden, and the multiplicity of details which had to be sought for its illustration in remote and obscure places, his general accuracy is surprising; indeed, he will rarely be found in error on any point of consequence. This tribute is offered here, not merely as the acknowledgment which one much indebted to his guidance is bound to pay, but also for the benefit of other students, to whom no better instructor can be recommended.

Referring, therefore, to Ticknor and Von Schack for particulars, I may briefly observe that in the earliest rudiments of a drama in the Middle Ages two distinct elements are visible—the *religious*, fostered by the Church, that turned to the profit of its influence the propensity inherent in mankind to enliven the utterance of their conceptions or feelings by dialogue and gesture; and the *profane*, which whether, as some think, derived by unbroken succession from the *mimes* of the Roman period, or spontaneously produced by natural causes, must have been at least as old as the other. Were there not proof, which there is, of the early use of purely secular shows and mummings, it might be inferred from the recourse of the Church to a principle which it did not create, but must have found among the laity: since this is implied by its effect as an aid to religious offices. It is therefore erroneous to describe the Church mysteries or miracle plays as the sole root of the modern drama. The copious infusion of profane matter, indeed, in those sacred exhibitions, would of itself attest the existence of another, which also contributed to its growth. It was natural that, in times when

* *Geschichte der Dramatischen Kunst und Literatur in Spanien.* Von Adolf Friedrich von Schack. 2te *Ausgabe.* Frankfurt. 1854. I name this second edition, or rather re-issue of the first, because it is enriched by an appendix containing much that is new and important, chiefly obtained from private libraries in Spain, and hitherto unpublished. It is to be regretted that this excellent work has no index.

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the Church had the best light of the day, while the laity were still dark and rude, those histrionic shows which the former admitted or encouraged should be the most complete and famous; and, consequently, that notices of them should have been preserved, while the obscure pastimes of the vulgar, or the buffooneries of strolling minstrels, were forgotten. But of these enough has been recorded to show that, from the earliest days, a distinct secular type of mimic representation, however base and poor, was always extant beyond the pale of the Church. Towards the close of the Middle Ages, still more during the century which preceded the birth of the national drama, we see it continually gaining ground, and displaying its activity in various shapes. As the development proceeds, rustic dialogue begins to clothe itself, with no small elegance, in forms of verse which the Provençal bards had taught their followers in Spain, and which, a little later, tended to determine the fashion that afterwards prevailed on the stage. A similar improvement, the while, appears in the treatment of religious subjects; but on the whole it is clear that the profane was rapidly overtaking the devotional movement throughout this period. At its close it certainly had the leading part in the formation of a national theatre.

Although the germ of dramatic art lies, as I have said, in human nature itself, and so is common to all races and ages, still, its development in a complete and living form appears to depend on special conditions; wanting which it is dormant or abortive. Of such requisites two would seem to be essential—a stage of culture, namely, in which the mind, become apt for ideal excursions, is still powerfully acted upon by the senses, and has few intellectual pleasures but such as are addressed to the eye and ear. The other essential may be described as a certain breadth and settlement in the political state of a people, such as on the one hand begets a general feeling of enlarged self-consciousness, and on the other imparts the leisure and security necessary to the growth of an art in which the co-operation of many is required for its exercise as for its enjoyment. That these conditions are indispensable, it might be hazardous to affirm. But it is certain that no national drama has hitherto been produced without the union of both. No sooner is this consummated, than the rude embryo begins to stir: and the organic process reaches its full term when the combined causes have exerted their utmost force, and are on the eve of subsiding. In this form of poetry the season of maturity arrives soon after the period of birth, while the original impulse is still vigorous: from that point there is a gradual decline, as the momentum grows weaker; and when it is thoroughly exhausted, and new influences, in whatever direction, prevail, the drama expires.

Such, at all events, was its history in Spain. While the kingdom was divided between the Christian and the Moor, and their only breathing-time was an armed truce, the seeds of the drama lay for ages in a torpid state; not that the soil was inapt for its production, but because the surface of life was too much agitated to receive any but hasty and broken reflections of the national mind. These we find in the Romances, the offspring of a time of excitement and insecurity in a race full of poetic gifts. They ceased, as a voice of popular feeling, when that stormy period passed away; bequeathing all their cordial influence, and much of their familiar tone, to a new form of native poetry, which sprung from the teeming earth as soon as the atmosphere grew calm, and the genius of the people had leisure to expand in a broader mould and with more perfect development. The Romance* belongs to the epoch of internal strife and alarm; it is the strain

* Although sung, as well as recited, the Romance has more of the epic than of the purely lyric tone. This is only found unmixed in the *Cancion* and *Copla*—a legacy from Provençal minstrelsy—from which the dramatic *Eclogues*, &c., of the sixteenth century borrowed their versification, and transmitted it, in the *redondilla*, *quintilla*, *decima*, &c., to the comedy of the seventeenth, in which all the three poetic modes are represented.

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of the bivouac and the leaguer, repeated by the shepherd in the lonely plain, and the watchman on the beacon height. The drama is the child of peace, nurtured in cities; a social pleasure, apt for holidays and festivals, requiring preparation and expense.

Of all kinds of Spanish poetry, the Romances are the best known; but their part in the national comedy, if noticed at all, has not, so far as I know, been sufficiently regarded. Their influence on its tone and character was transmitted through a popular feeling, which Lope divined and obeyed. How much they contributed to its rhythmical form, was perhaps less apparent at the outset than afterwards, when the romance measure began to prevail over the rhymed *redondillas*, in which the earliest plays of Lope's age were almost exclusively written. The degree to which the spirit of the drama was modified by them may not be seen at the first glance, but will not escape an attentive eye; and the longer it is studied, the more will the tone of the *Romancero* be felt pervading its entire structure, by all who have a quick sense of affinities. I do not merely refer to the practice, peculiar to Spanish comedy, of giving long descriptive passages in the romance style,—which modern critics condemn as adverse to dramatic effect, but which especially delighted the audiences of the day. Nor do I simply point to the frequent and direct use of the old popular lays, whether in quotations, in allusions, or in the choice of subjects from them; although all these are lively reminders of an unceasing echo on the boards from the ancient minstrelsy. It will be found, further, that its spirit penetrated to the very core of the drama, and imbued it with a narrative propensity; that it mainly owes to the romance the diffuseness of outline, and contempt of material limits,—ever leaning towards the epic mode,—which have so grieved Unitarian critics.

For this leaning, in a direction the most opposed to dramatic art strictly considered, there could, indeed, be no other motive than the influence of the older national poetry. It was no result of chance; still less did it proceed from any want of power to frame a well-compacted story, and to set forth all its essentials in action and dialogue. In the art of dramatic exposition, and in thorough mastery of every scenic device, the Spanish theatre has no rival,—and needed no help from without. Beyond this, the liberty of changing the scene at will, and the independence on time, relieved the poet from any pressure like that which imposed on the French the necessity of relating so much that the true dramatic principle requires to be shown. It was, therefore, not for want of skill that he had recourse to narrative, where action might have sufficed; but because it added to the delight of his hearers to suspend the business of the scene, while they listened to the old familiar strain.

Thus we have three streams flowing from distant springs, the confluence of which spread out into the national drama; which, having absorbed and blended their several currents, was itself divided into the two branches, wherein it ever afterwards continued to flow; known as comedy on the stage, and mystery (*autos*) for the Church:—each of them retaining a taste of all the three sources from whence they were derived; miracle-plays, namely; mimes, jocular farces, and mummeries of the vulgar; and national lays or romances.

There was another, of foreign origin, which had tried to overcome all the rest. Classic imitation was attempted by the learned, and offered to the people, while the rude native drama was stirring into life throughout the sixteenth century,—but offered in vain: their healthy taste refused all invitations to feed on the dry bones of antiquity. As such academic essays had no effect on the national stage, to which these Notes are restricted, I refrain from dwelling upon them; although it would be no unwelcome task to give some account of a class of poets whose efforts, though unsuccessful, deserve respect. Among them were men of no vulgar genius—Bermudez, Argensola, and the great name of Cervantes. It must suffice to say

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that the public, with a true poetic instinct that cannot be too highly praised, were deaf to their eloquence, and regardless of learned authority in a matter which concerned their own gratification. They required a drama, racy of the Spanish soil, clothed in forms of their own poetry, and speaking a language which no study was needed to enjoy; various and free as their own fancies; and flattering a taste for excitement which the national temper and the events of recent times had made too strong to be subdued by critical rules. That in this impulsive way, intent only on the pleasure of the moment, they were unconsciously evoking a form of poetry as perfect and genuine, according to the canons of just criticism, as that which they rejected—they knew not, nor cared to know. But such was, in truth, the nature of their achievement.

In the sixteenth century, Spain had begun to enjoy the internal security which has been described as propitious to the birth of scenic art. By the final subjugation of the Moors, which triumphantly closed a feud of eight hundred years' standing, her spirit had already been exalted, when the accession of Charles to the Empire, and the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro in the New World, came to enhance her pride and fire her imagination. In this ferment, the latent and dispersed elements of dramatic poetry begin to move: they attract each other by natural affinity, and the genetic process commences. In every quarter ingenious minds are busy with improvements on the ancient shows, or trying experiments with something new:—the development gathers strength as it proceeds, and soon becomes rapid and decisive. There is nothing, indeed, to direct its advance; and false steps are not wan ing.* But in every new trial, i every failure, even, something gained for future efforts, or som error that might frustrate the discovered; until by degrees th material for a genuine nation theatre has been so gathere sifted, and prepared, that it onl awaits the electric impulse of geni to start into its destined form.

Of the many who busied then selves in this field before the tr vein was found, it will suffice name the most important only. Th simple *Eclogas* of Juan del Encir date before the beginning of th sixteenth century. After him G Vicente (1502) and Torres Nahar (1517) made considerable advance by introducing variety of chara ters, and something like dramat plot; while both, but especiall Vicente, did much towards provi ing the nascent drama with a poet dress. The versification of th latter, indeed, is exquisite, and h dialogue runs with nearly as muc ease and elegance as Lope's. T wards the middle of the centu (1540), Lope de Rueda, a man of th people,—sometime gold-beater i Seville, afterwards manager of company of strollers,—struck out new path with a vigour which ga his humble stage a popularity unt then unknown. His subjects, treate in unaffected prose,† were take from common life, in a tone main secular; whereas, with those wh preceded him, religious pieces ha the preference. It was, no doub because of his thus popularizing th theatre, that Cervantes accounts hi the father of the national dram which otherwise cannot have owe much to a homely style so differe from that which it afterwar adopted. Although his right this merit is questioned, he ce tainly has the credit of having bee

* Such, for instance, as the celebrated *Celestina* (1499) and its imitation which, though effectual in advancing the perfection of Castilian prose, were, so f as they concerned the drama at all, experiments in a direction altogether false.

† These, at least, are all that have come down to us. Cervantes indeed (Prolog to his *Ocho Comedias*, &c.) praises his skill in 'pastoral poetry;' and even inser a specimen, in the 3rd act of his *Baños de Argel*, taken from one of Lope Rueda's *Coloquios Pastoriles*, the verses of which have a certain Doric prettine Pellicer also informs us that one of these pieces is preserved—I suppose in MS.- in a volume in the Library of the Escorial; but this kind of writing can hard have been generally considered his *forte*, as none but his essays in prose were chos for publication by his editor, *Timoneda*.

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the first, as Cervantes says, 'to take it out of baby clothes,'—by making plays, which before him had been mostly composed for a select few, an established recreation of the people at large. At the time of his death (in 1567) scenic performances, still rude and artless enough, had become pretty general throughout the southern parts of Spain. At first they were carried about by itinerant players; but as the liking for this pastime increased, the court-yards of houses in some of the chief cities —as in Seville, Valencia, and Madrid—were fitted up for the use of resident companies. In Valencia a theatre of this kind was one of the first to become famous: on its boards Andres Rey de Artieda and Christoval de Virues (1580-90) exhibited their pieces; which, though written on the false principle of blending the classic and popular styles, no doubt prepared the public for happier attempts. On the whole, indeed, throughout this century, down to the time of Lope's appearance, all the poets who followed the stage, Cervantes included, are seen incessantly wavering between the ancient and the modern. Juan de la Cueva, who flourished in Seville (*circa* 1579), with more genius than any of his predecessors, must on this ground be ranked, with the rest, among the pioneers rather than the founders of the drama.* Such, also, was Cervantes, who appears busy in the foreground down to the moment when Lope came and took possession of the field, or 'carried off the monarchy of the stage,' as Cervantes himself expresses it. Between 1581 and 1588 he produced in the Madrid theatres, as he informs us, some twenty to thirty pieces, with entire success; and in these he claims to have first set the example of what became a standard rule, by reducing the number of the acts from five to three.† At

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* Several of the works of these precursors of the national drama were published during the sixteenth century; but the original editions are of the utmost rarity. They are, however, to be found in modern reprints in sufficient number to afford a general idea of their character. Of such the following may be named:—Moratin, *Origenes del Teatro Español*, reprinted, with additions, by Ochoa, in vol. i. of the *Tesoro del Teatro Español*, Baudry, Paris, 1838; Bohl von Faber, *Teatro anterior á Lope de Vega*, Hamburg, 1832; Barreto y Monteiro, *Obras de Gil Vicente*, 3 vols. 8vo, Hamburg, 1834. (The *Teatro* of Bohl von Faber contains all the *Spanish* pieces of this author.)

Of the best specimens of the classical essays within the same period, the following are now accessible:—The tragedies of Bermudez, Perez de Oliva, and Argensola, in vol. vi. of Sedano's *Parnaso Español*, 9 t. 8vo, Madrid, 1768. Cervantes' *Numancia* (with the *Tratos de Argel*) was first published with the *Viage del Parnaso*, by Sancha, Madrid, 1784. This, as well as the pieces in the *Parnaso Español* (excepting Oliva's, which are translations), will be found in the first volume of Ochoa's *Tesoro*. A single play by Virues, *La Gran Semiramis*, has lately been published here (18mo, Williams and Norgate, 1858) by an anonymous editor, who gives nothing but the bare text, and even that full of errors.

† Lope (*Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*, Obras Sueltas, iv. 405) gives Virues the credit of this important change. Both may have been right, if, as likely enough, the plan was introduced in both places about the same time—by Cervantes in Madrid, by Virues in Valencia—neither of the two being at the moment aware of any experiment but his own. However this may be, the value of the new method is indisputable. It is, indeed, the only arrangement of a dramatic subject conformable to the primary laws of nature and reason, that admit of no other divisions of a complete fable but the three essential ones of beginning, middle, and end. I need not remind the reader that this is the Aristotelian canon (Περὶ ποιητ. ζ.), but may remark the inconsistency of those moderns who tormented the drama in professed obedience to his dictates on other points, yet in this have neglected an obvious deduction from his rule, that would have given them authority for a privilege which the Spanish poets alone, caring nothing for Aristotle, had the good sense to take from their own perception of its advantage. By what perverse accident this was overlooked, and the unmeaning five-act system imposed on every other stage but the Spanish, it is not my business to inquire. This, however, may be affirmed—that its only use has been to multiply without reason the difficulties of composition where the drama is cultivated as an art; and to condemn it to an utter want of symmetry wherever (as in our Elizabethan period) it owes more to genius than to study.

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this period, to judge from the two of his acted plays which alone have been preserved, Cervantes seems, as I have said, to have been feeling his way in each of the two opposite directions; his own bias probably tending towards the classical school, while necessity forced him to the popular side. His *Numancia*, a work of far higher merit than is commonly ascribed to it, belongs to the former, although he has imported into it allegorical fancies of his own invention. The other piece, *Los Tratos de Argel* (Life in Algiers), is of the homeliest kind, approaching, so far as it goes, to the type which Lope adopted; but in a dry, artless manner, in which not a spark of genius is visible. That Cervantes was not wanting in dramatic faculty, whether of the high or humorous kind, is shown in many passages of the *Numancia* and in the *Entremeses* (interludes),—if not in the comedies, which he wrote in his old age, in emulation of Lope.* It must, therefore, remain an open question how much he might have done for the national drama, had he not left Madrid at a critical period, in search of a better living than he had earned as a playwright. The famous diatribe which he delivers in the person of the Curate (*Don Quixote*, Pt. i. chap. 48) against the comedies of Lope's school, may cited as evidence that his notion what the stage should be, co never have been reconciled to irresistible tendency of the day and, indeed, that his ideas on subject were on the whole too n row and prosaic for the roma theatre of any day. But these must be remembered, were utterances of his old age, as to wh some allowance must be made fo spirit of contradiction, not unna rally provoked by the rebuff he recently endured from the playe if not by something like jealous the success of his junior and ri Lope. Twenty years earlier might have thought more justly the stage, and written for it, on c encouragement, without having fear of Aristotle before his ey On the whole, however, it see that the bent of his genius was towards the drama; nor need lament the fortune that, estrangi him from it, led him to another fie in which no one could compete w him. On the stage he left no i pression; and hardly had he quit it when Lope de Vega appear The hour was come, and the ma and from that moment a new or of things commenced.†

With an inborn dramatic gen of the first order, an inexhausti

* *Ocho Comedias y Entremeses*, Madrid, 1615; republished, with a preface, Blas Nasarre in 1749. They were never acted, the players having wisely refu them. Worse attempts, indeed, no man of transcendent genius has ever made; Cervantes looked on them with complacency—and they seem to have been writ about the same time as the first part of *Don Quixote*. The *Entremeses* are m worthy of their author: though trifles, they are among the pleasantest of this cl of slight farces.

† Of the changes wrought by this sudden revolution, two should be especi noted. Until Lope took possession of the stage, it mainly depended everywh for the supply of pieces on the manager, who composed the entertainments *farsas* which his company acted, and, probably in virtue of this function, was sty *Autor de Comedias;* a title which, we learn from Luzan (*Poética*, ii. 13), he retai as late as 1737. This class of playwrights may be said to have been extinguisl by Lope's appearance. The only professional author of whom anything is aft wards heard was Andres de Claramonte, who continued to write in the new man pieces of his own invention during the first eight or ten years of the seventee century. He might have been forgiven for composing mediocre plays, had he ventured on altering the works of poets whose comedies were performed by company. The only text now remaining of the masterpiece (by Lope or Tirso *El Rey D. Pedro en Madrid*—from which Moreto stole his *Valiente Justiciero*, supposed to have been mangled by Claramonte; yet in this state, even, it surpas Moreto's. From the period in question, with the sole exception named, dramatists were altogether of a superior class—men of good birth and educati and most frequently either churchmen, members of the military orders, or honourable public employments.

It is another remarkable circumstance that, from this date, the drama, wh previously had been cultivated, such as it was, in various other provinces of

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invention, and a quickness of thought and hand all but miraculous, Lope was marked out by nature for a founder and monarch of the stage. Whether from observation, or by instinct, he at once perceived what the spirit of his country and time required; and in obeying its impulse he found the way, of all others, the most apt to exercise and display his own marvellous endowments. With the decision which is the herald of success, he seized on the materials prepared for him by the labours of a century; selecting whatever had life and substance, throwing aside all that was effete or uncongenial; supplying what was wanting from his own fertile brain, and moulding the whole into rhythmical form with a mastery of hand of which the world has no second example. He raised and diversified the story by well-chosen incidents, skilfully introduced and combined, and shown in natural and expressive action; he multiplied the characters, giving them new spirit, variety, and contrast; enriched and pointed the dialogue; and carried the whole composition along in a flow of easy and melodious verse. In short, in place of a crude series of flat and unfinished scenes, he produced for the first time on the boards a compact and living work of art, beautiful in its shape, and in substance full of genuine dramatic vigour.

Of the model thus designed and finished, he proceeded to pour forth copy after copy,—each with some new grace of its own,—with a prodigality of power so rich and rapid that, were there not certain proof of its effects, would be utterly incredible. His very first acted plays had a force and symmetry till then unknown; and as he went on producing others with amazing despatch, he no less rapidly advanced towards the completion of the style he had created; attentively feeling, as it were, the pulse of his audience, with his eye ever on the stage;* intent on strengthening and adorning his work at every point in which further improvement could thus be suggested. In this manner, within a very few years, he had all but brought the Comedy of which he was the first author, to the last perfection that it was capable of ever attaining.

No wonder that an apparition so bright and sudden should have been welcomed with a tumult of delight. All that had preceded it was effaced in an instant; all that was thenceforth offered to the public was bound to conform to the new model. Spanish comedy, as we know it, is the comedy of Lope; not merely as devised, but as developed by him. In no essential was anything afterwards changed, anything added: and great as were many of his rivals, disciples, or successors, he still towers above them all, in virtue of some principal requisites of scenic art, as the first not only in time but in excellence. Thus it was the fortune of Spanish drama to enjoy, from the instant of its birth, every advantage that was needed to force it into speedy bloom: it may be said, indeed, that there was hardly an hour between its dawn and its meridian. For a result so happy and surprising, a concurrence of fortunate circumstances beyond example could alone have sufficed. The time was ripe for the birth; but that at the auspicious moment a Lope de Vega should arise to forward it, was

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peninsula, especially at Seville and Valencia, was wholly concentrated in Castille, and, as soon as the Court was settled there, all but exclusively in Madrid. There, and there only, could those who wrote for the stage from thenceforth obtain credit or profit; and while poets flocked thither from every part of Spain, not a single new play of consequence was produced in any other principal city during the golden age of the drama; which therefore must be considered as entirely Castilian. Throughout the rest of the peninsula the actors contented themselves with borrowing, and the booksellers with reprinting or pirating, the comedies that had succeeded in 'the Court.'

* This is attested by a contemporary. 'It is his habit while listening to plays, whether his own or by others, to notice what passages excite most interest and are the most applauded: these he carefully imitates, and seeks occasion for reproducing in the new pieces to which his prolific genius is incessantly giving birth.'—Prologue by Ricardo de Turia to the 2nd volume of the Collection of the Valencian dramatists, entitled *Norte de la Poesia Española.* Valencia. 1616.

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one of those rare coincidences, above the common favours of Destiny, which may justly be deemed prodigious.

Lope alone had fancy and fertility enough to have kept any theatre alive, without other assistance. But it is always on the rich that fortune showers her benefits. No sooner had the new drama been installed, than all that was apt and lively in the genius of the time hastened to compete for its honours. At Lope's side there arose a little army of followers or companions; none inconsiderable; many of them in vivacity, abundance, and metrical skill second only to the master himself; some even surpassing him in certain special excellences. The profusion and glow of poetic life that illustrate this age of Lope have no counterpart in any other, and might well be supposed fabulous, but for evidence that leaves no room for distrust. It was, indeed, a time when the soil was charged with electric fire for which there was no vent elsewhere; and it rushed towards the stage, not only because it was drawn thither by the current of popular applause, but also because in every other direction it met the counterblast of priestly suspicion. While on all the rest of the intellectual field this evil was ever growing darker and more oppressive, the stage still had liberty and light; and the zest of its freedom was not a little heightened by the instant profit and praise that rewarded its successes. Accordingly, whoever in that day was born a poet became a dramatist.

In what year, or even where the new era actually began, is not certain. The honour is disputed by Madrid and Valencia; and the question of priority depends on certain dates and incidents in Lope's life, which are still unsettled.

From himself we know that the poet, born in 1562, had, as a mere boy, begun to write comedies,* such as were then in fashion. At the age of fifteen (1577), he had left the College of Madrid, to bear arms in an expedition to the Azores; but re-appears there soon afterwards in the household of the Bishop of Avila; by whom—probably in 1580-1—he is sent to complete his studies at Alcalá. When he returned from that university to the Court is not known; it may be guessed, about 1583 or 1584. We do know, however, that soon after his arrival and marriage there he had to fly to Valencia; where he passed some years of an exile which must have ended before 1588,—since in that year we find him once more a soldier, serving in the Armada. Whether he wrote for the public stage before the flight to Valencia, is doubtful; nor is it certain that he composed for the theatre in that city: his earliest pieces now extant —of a pastoral sort, unlike his later ones—having been produced, one of them certainly, for the private recreation of his then patron, the Duke of Alva; and the other, most probably, for a similar object. We have thus to choose between Valencia in the years before 1588, and Madrid, after the wreck of the Armada,—say from 1590 or thereabouts.

Seeing that Valencia had long had a theatre of some pretensions, connected with the famous hospital, which at the time was well supported by a set of poets of her own, it seems natural that Lope, then past twenty, and already practised in one sort of dramatic writing, should be excited to compete openly with what he found there; or at least to exercise himself in composing plays, whether they were or were not acted in Valencia; so that in any case that city has a plausible claim. But that Lope actually began his dramatic career there, may not unreasonably be conjectured from the fact that his first followers, Tárrega, Aguilar, Guillen de Castro, and others less famous, were all Valencians, and are seen composing in the new manner soon after the period in question. Indeed, on comparing some of these Valencian plays with those in Lope's

* Prologue to the *Verdadero amante* (*Com. de Lope*, pt. xiv.), said to be his earliest known play, but probably retouched as we now have it.
See also the *Arte Nuevo de hácer Comedias.* 'Obras sueltas de Lope, tom. iv.,' 'Y yo las escribí de once y doce años,' on the pattern then current, of course.

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earliest manner, one is almost led to doubt whether they may not have preceded his;—so much of the rust of an older style still adheres to them. But there is no positive proof of this;* and as all are cast in a mould the invention of which by Lope has never been disputed, little stress can be laid on merely internal evidence. It is certain that, whatever steps were made before him, it was Lope who first took real possession of the field, with a superiority that defied competition, and an effect on the public so decisive, that from thenceforth no one could hope to please but by treading in his footsteps.

It was in Madrid, after 1590, that his reign was fully established. From thence it rapidly spread, with a lustre that kindled all Spain, and before long was seen with admiration by distant countries.† I have said that the completion of his model was the work of but a few years; the finishing touch was given by introducing the droll ‡—(*figura del donayre*, Lope himself terms it),—which was received with acclamation, and from thenceforth (under the title of *gracioso*) became an in-

* Mesonero Romanos (*Contemporaneos á Lope*, t. 1.) unhesitatingly places them *after* Lope; but his authority alone would not be conclusive, for reasons which have already been partly shown in a note to Chapter I.

† Riccoboni, a competent authority on this subject, complains that every kind of *written* drama in Italy was utterly supplanted, as early as the year 1620, by translations from the Spanish, which for a hundred years afterwards maintained exclusive possession of the stage in this department; the only native productions which kept their place during that period being those of the *Comédie impromptu*, as he styles it, improvised by performers in the provincial masks,—to which Carlo Gozzi, in the second half of the eighteenth century, gave for a time something of a poetic character, by adapting it, in his *Fiabe*, to a framework filled up in its chief parts by passages written beforehand. See Riccoboni, *Hist. du Théâtre Italien*, 8vo. Paris. 1728. Pp. 46 and 55.

How much and how early the French theatre felt the influence of the Spanish, may be partly read in Puibusque (*Hist. Comparée des Litt. Espagnole et Française*, Paris, 2 vols., 8vo, 1843); although nothing like the whole case is stated in this essay, which is always shallow, and often inaccurate. I find Rotrou beginning his copies of Lope as early as 1628, with *Le bague de l'oubli*; Boisrobert, Beys, D'Ouville, L'Etoile, Desfontaines, De la Tissonnerie, follow; swelling a list which shows the more celebrated names of the two Corneilles, Molière, Scarron, and afterwards Quinault. How they repaid the debt, it is beyond my purpose to inquire.

That the old English drama owed anything to the Spanish, I know no evidence sufficient to prove, and many reasons to presume the contrary. Identity of subject is no proof where the story was equally patent at the time to both nations; and in most instances adduced on this ground, where dates can be ascertained, the English is found the older of the two. It is so with the plays which Mr. Lewes supposes Fletcher, who died in 1625, to have borrowed from Calderon, none of whose pieces, so far as we know, were printed before 1632, and who was hardly noticed as a poet ten years earlier; it is all but certainly so with Webster's '*Duchess of Malfy*,' and Lope's play on the same subject. I believe, indeed, that no comedies were brought hither from Spain until the Restoration; though possibly something may have been heard of them from Paris or Antwerp before the Civil War began. The most striking coincidence in subject and treatment that I know of has not, I think, been noticed—between Fletcher's '*Love's Cure*,' namely, and '*Lo que puede la crianza*,' by Villegas. There are two poets of the name, one certainly of Lope's time, whose plays are hopelessly confounded, and the date of this is uncertain; but its first known publication is in 1666 (*Escogidas*, Pte. 25): and no one acquainted with the subject will fancy that a Spanish author of that day could have seen or would have copied the English piece.

‡ In the *Francesilla* (*Com. de Lope*, Parte xiii.), as we learn from the Prologue. The date of this piece is unknown; but Lope says it was written before Montalvan, to whom he dedicates it, was born—that is to say, before 1602. I conjecture that it may be dated as far back as 1598, at least, for this reason. The list of his plays which Lope published in the Preface to the Peregrino (in 1604) contains a hundred, if not more, in which this comic part is found: now, as the theatres were closed from 1598, on Philip II.'s death, until 1600, and Lope consequently would cease writing for the stage during that interval, all these plays must either have been composed between 1600 and 1604, which is not likely, or must in part be referred to the time before 1598.

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dispensable part in every comedy.* This last finish may, for reasons already given in the note, be dated before 1598; from which period, for nearly a full century, the drama remained, without any material change, as Lope had completed it—a graceful creation of art, yet popular to the core, as well as national;—sustained, indeed, altogether by the will of the people, in virtue of its incorporation of their idea of life, and of its thorough agreement with their tastes and predilections.

In speaking here of the people, I must be understood to use the word in its largest sense—as embracing all classes, but chiefly pointing to the multitude. The common sort, who filled the *patío* (something like our *pit*), fancifully called *mosqueteros*, from the explosive style of their praise or censure, were ever the most hearty patrons, as well as the sharpest critics, of the playwright. † Uneducated as they were, their quick mother-wit and genial disposition—which enabled them to follow with delight at a first hearing the most intricate plot, and to respond on the instant to every touch of genuine art,—made them fastidious and peremptory in rejecting whatever they felt to be weak or spurious. During the palmy days of the stage, the arbiters of success were not the Court gallants or the educated critics, but the mere populace of Madrid.

Such being the case, it is especially worth our while to notice two qualities which distinguish this drama of the people from all others: its exquisite refinement of form, namely, in the richest poetic dress; and the all but unexceptionable decorum of its manner. On each of these heads it will be proper to say a few words.

There is no example of poetry, written to be spoken on the stage,‡ that comes near the Spanish in the charm of its numbers. There is more than a mere source of delight in the beauty of the medium through which, in this comedy, every part, however subordinate, simple, or humorous, is exhibited. By it the whole tone of the piece is raised above commonplace, and redeemed from vulgarity; the composition floats, as it were, in a poetic element, above the level to which the mean or ugly can ascend; and this advantage is felt in the substance no less than in the manner of the work. In comedies of Lope's age, especially, the versification is so

* It was, however, used with far more discretion, as well as with more rich and natural humour, by Lope than by any other of the poets; of those of the second period (when it had become a standing figure) there are not a few—and Calderon above all, in his serious plays—prone to obtrude the *gracioso* with more importunity than wit.

† See the passage, quoted by Von Schack (ii. 110), from Boisel, *Voyage d'Espagne*, 1660: 'These people (tradesmen and mechanics) decide on the merits of the piece, so that the reputation and credit of the poets depend on them; and as they alternately applaud and hiss, and are ranged in rank and file on both sides, they are called *Mosqueteros.*' To this class belonged the famous shoemaker Sanchez, who, as Caramuel relates, was, during the years between 1650-60, the arbiter of stage success or failure; so that it was not unusual for young poets anxious for a favourable hearing to solicit his indulgence beforehand. On one occasion of this kind he is said to have replied, with becoming dignity, 'Make yourself easy, Sir Poet, your piece shall have the reception which its merits may justly deserve.' It was probably to this Aristarchus that Mde. d'Aulnoy, some ten years later (*Voyage d'Espagne*, iii. 21), alludes: 'Il y a entre autres un cordonnier qui en décide; et qui s'est acquis un pouvoir si absolu de le faire, que lorsque les auteurs les ont achevées, (les Comédies) ils vont chez lui pour briguer son suffrage; ils lui lisent leurs pièces; le cordonnier prend son air grave, dit cent impertinences, qu'il faut pourtant essuyer.'

It is proper to say that I am indebted to Casiano Pellicer (*Tratado Hist. sobre el Origen, &c. de la Comedia*, Madrid, 1804) for the report by Caramuel; the folios of that voluminous and learned Cistercian being otherwise known to me by their titles only, in N. Antonio and Alvarez (*Hijos de Madrid*).

‡ I say 'spoken,' because the poetry written to be *sung*, by Italians, such as Metastasio (I will not speak of Quinault's French), may be put on the same level, as regards the grace of metrical form, at least. The pastorals by Guarini, Tasso, and others, were not stage pieces in the sense here meant.

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rich and dainty, that it might seem to have been elaborately composed for a few nice judges, as a trial of metrical skill alone, without regard to any other purpose. Yet in this fine tissue the figures move with the utmost vivacity and ease; their passions and humours are marked with as much emphasis and point as the plainest prose could give, and lose nothing in spirit from the grace of their manner; while the business of the scene goes promptly forward, with every incident of contention, hurry, or surprise required for prompt dramatic effect, in verse that never halts, yet never seems to be sustained at the expense of the action. And this, be it remembered, is true not of one or two choice and elaborate specimens, but of pieces by the thousand, which the poets of that day, Lope above all, poured forth faster than the readiest scribe could now copy them in prose. One knows not which to admire the most—the taste of a populace which this fine workmanship was made to please, or the mastery of invention and language required to produce it with such ease and abundance.

The poetic stamp is not on the outside only; you see it in every part of these plays; many passages, indeed, are introduced solely to make the impression more vivid. The insertion of picturesque descriptions and narratives purely ornamental, for which the stage business is willingly suspended, must be referred to this design—the relation of which to the older national poetry has already been noticed. Such mere decorations, many of them in the style of the romances, others in the richer garb of the Italian school, octaves, *silvas* (in the manner of odes), sonnets especially, must all, in a strict critical sense, be deemed excrescences in an acted drama. They would certainly, and with reason, be heard with impatience by a modern audience. That they were, however, relished by those for whom they were written, is beyond doubt: nothing, indeed, which they could not admire would have been suffered on the stage of that day. And that they were heard with pleasure by the multitude of playgoers, shows what a love of poetry for its own sake must have been among them.

This seen, it will be understood how the substance of these plays should be imbued with the same principle that beautifies their form, and even delights to load it with superfluous ornaments. Whatever the subject chosen, it is always taken up and presented, not as a plain transcript of reality, but in a picture, with more or less of an ideal tone. The vehicle, indeed, in which it is conveyed, necessarily has the effect of raising it above close imitation; holding it at a certain distance from the eye, by the force of its poetic colouring. But more than this was required to satisfy the imagination of the spectators. They wished to be carried by the poet beyond the narrow space and rude appliances of the stage; and he obeyed them by taking an extent of range, and a licence of invention, which engaged the fancy in proportion as they exceeded what stage-representation alone could show. While an ideal refinement of his story was grateful to his audience, the poet, in treating it with a freedom regardless of time or place, was barely keeping pace with their absolute demands.* They required, above all things, an expansion of the fable in which the scenic part could not be conceived without liberal aid from the imagination: and they followed its progress with the mind as readily as with the eye. To this genial relation between the poet and his public, it greatly conduced,—by

* Lope, in the *Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias,* puts this with humorous exaggeration:

la colera
De un Español sentado no se templa,
Sino le representan en dos horas
Hasta el final juicio desde el Genesis.

Your Spaniard's rage,
When once he's seated, nothing can assuage,
Unless within two hours you make the play,
Show all from Genesis to Judgment Day.

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calling into play the better faculties of a quick-witted race,—that the theatre at its outset was poor in scenic resources. Its means were so imperfect, that no pretence could be made to cheat the senses: all that poetry and action could do, was to give a sketch on which the mind of the spectator should work, helping to fill up its outlines. This co-operation of author and audience is the life of the drama. It may be taken as a sure sign of disease in the mental condition of the public, when they become exigent of shows in which illusion is the professed object: and the decline of the stage is marked by nothing more clearly than by the attempt to give counterfeits instead of pictures; when costume is studied, anachronisms offend, and the scene-painter and machinist become artists of consequence.

There will, indeed, at all times, and in the best-endowed audiences, be found a leaven of that vulgar taste which craves for spectacle; and people who must be made to stare, while their betters are willing to imagine and feel. Such were not wanting in Spain, even in the early period, when the drama was, on the whole, the highest in its tendencies. A class of pieces (*de ruido*, they were styled, from the tumult and glare of the exhibition), soon made their appearance on the boards, in compliance with the taste of the vulgar of all classes,—not of the populace, so-called, alone. Some of Lope's contemporaries, Mescua and Guevara among the foremost, were famous for shows of this sort; which, so far as I know, the master himself, although he sought variety on all hands, never sanctioned by his example.* During his reign, the proportion of such pieces to those of a higher sort was not considerable; even in the wildest of them an interesting story was expected; and the parade of scenic pomp was less obtrusive than it became afterwards. The comedy of Lope's age cannot on the whole be reproached as having owed any part of its success to the lower kinds of excitement.

Its peculiar locality of tone, producing anachronisms of every sort, and fatal to all accuracy of costume wherever the story is not Spanish, has been criticised not less severely than its violation of the so-called unities. An English writer of this day, however, is not much concerned in replying to either charge; for we have already disposed of both, long ago. They are incident to our Elizabethan stage—as indeed they must be to every drama that has a living reality. It being no part of my office to lecture on æsthetics, I confine myself here to a plain admission of fact, with its explanation, which must be left to its fate; not altogether for want of arguments to justify the practice, but because the space allowed me is otherwise engaged.

These plays, whatever their subject, I observe, were composed in Spain for the pleasure of audiences wholly Spanish; and these far too intent on the matter of the entertainment to endure anything in its manner that could disturb their full enjoyment of it. In order thereto, as they were not versed in

* Indeed, he protested against the depravation of comedy by such devices. See his Prologue to the *Comedias*, parte xvi.; and another expression of his contempt for them in the charming comedy *Al pasar del arroyo;* where Isabel, the waiting-maid, ridicules the flatteries of a lacquey by comparing them to the empty displays in question:

> Los amores que él professa
> *Comedias del vulgo* son,
> destas de grandes patrañas
> imposibles, y ruydo,
> á quien les ha sucedido
> lo que á los juegos de cañas,
> que van á ver las libreas
> y no lo que han de jugar.

And again, in *Ay verdades, que en amor* (*C.* parte xxi.):

> Oy estrenan una brava (comedia),
> en que la carpintería
> suple concetos y trazas.

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foreign ways nor learned in antiquarian details, everything from without had to be presented to them in a dress, as in a diction, with which they were familiar. To parade the actors in any strange guise, or to revive heroes of ancient times in 'the costume of the period,' would have seemed to them as impertinent as to bid them to deliver what they had to say in Hungarian or Chaldee. The poet—whose right is unquestioned—has brought his story from some far-off world to this region of ours; and why should this privilege be partial? Why, it might fairly be asked, if his personages are to speak Castilian, should not their turn of thought, demeanour, habits, and dress conform to the same rule?—a question to which no sufficient answer has ever been given. But it was one that never occurred to Spanish playgoers. The practice of translating everything into terms of their own life took place as a matter of course, which no one, except the learned few, who stood aloof, frowning at all that belonged to the popular stage, ever dreamed of discussing. It was a natural consequence of the principle on which that stage was founded; and to have tampered with it would have destroyed its hold on the people who supported it. They had neither the inclination nor the means to convert the theatre into a school of useful knowledge; and went thither not to study but to enjoy. Anything alien or recondite would vex rather than entertain an unlearned public, wholly bound up in its own ways and notions;—would, in short, have been an absurdity far greater than any violation of costume or history on such an occasion. Thus it must ever be, to a great extent, where the drama lives by striking root in the heart of the people: and in proportion to the strength of this soil in genial qualities, as well as in pride and self-complacency, will the conversion of everything into familiar types be peremptory and entire. Hence Spanish comedy in its palmy days was Castilian to the bone. Nor could it have thriven on any other terms, while Spain was too unsophisticated and overweening to bear the reflex of any image not her own. To us moderns, it has, in virtue of this condition, a value beyond its poetic worth; as preserving a remarkable phasis of life, without a tinge of extraneous colour; while its absolute singleness of character attests the purity of its descent, as well as the vigour of the parent stock.

Thus firmly planted, and cultivated by all the rising genius of the day in the sunshine of public favour, the drama, as I have said, soon reached its prime, as the flower of Castilian poetry. But it was with this as with others grown in the open air, that never come to full bloom without some damage from the atmosphere that surrounds them. Among the natural conditions of a drama like this, one of the first would be a clear and unaffected style that all could understand. Such was the style of its founder, Lope; who began with a graceful simplicity, from which, even in his later and more enriched manner, he never widely departed. But scarcely had the pattern been thus set by the master, when it was vitiated by some of his pupils, who thought to improve it with the conceits of a school then much in vogue with the higher classes. At Court the obscure euphuism of Gongora was thought the perfection of 'cultivated' poetry; and when every poetic element was attracted to the stage, this, among other fashions, was sure to find its way thither. It entered in two ways. In the public theatres, although the people took the lead, the patronage of a higher class was naturally important; and the playwright was tempted to show his skill in flourishes which might gain him credit with that part of the audience. Nor were their inferiors, the while, beyond the influence of fashion. So long as the substance of a piece was plain and effective, the populace were not unwilling to accept, as something fine, occasional vagaries of a style which was applauded by their betters,—though often understood by neither party.*

When this took place in plays

* Gaspar de Avila, one of Lope's age, in his comedy *El Familiar sin demonio*

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meant for the public, it was still worse with those which were written expressly for the private recreation of great people on state occasions. So general was the taste for comedies, that as early as in the reign of Philip III., they occur constantly as specialties of every festival designed to be more choice and splendid than common.* The poets who catered for such diversions naturally went as far as they could in the Court style; which, again, by the example set in high quarters, gained further hold on the public at large. Thus was Spanish comedy infected with a vice, which is its chief defect, and the worse because it is against its nature. The head offenders in this way are poets of the second class; none, however, but Alarcon and Lope (with some rare exceptions) have escaped the taint altogether; the former, perhaps, because he was not in favour with the great; the latter, because he had too true a sense of his vocation to depart from it, and never wrote 'by command' without reluctance. Once grown habitual, the vice became popular; and hyperbole, bombast, and studied affectations, continued to deface the body of the drama until it expired. It is a fault there is no denying or excusing: and it is a grievous one, because, as I have said, it is not only a blemish, but an anomaly—offending the more by contrast with the terse and natural style that prevails in essential parts of those pieces, even, that contain the worst examples of Gongorism.

As to the second remarkable quality noticed in this vernacular comedy—its decorum, namely—a few words will suffice. Its general decency of demeanour† and language, need not be extolled by contrast with the license of the Italian and English stage throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and of the French until chastened by Corneille, after 1637.‡ It may,

(*Flor de las mejores, &c.*, Madrid, 1652, *British Museum*), explains this with considerable humour:

> Ni tu, ni el pueblo, ni yo
> No lo habe mas entendido;
> Pero celebra en el ruido
> Lo que piensa que entendió.
> * * * *
> El que menos lo comprende
> Mas procura celebrar;
> Solamente por no dar
> A entender que no entiende.

Lope's plays abound in ridicule of the 'cultivated' style; and, curiously enough, some of the very offenders themselves give it up to the jests of their jocose characters (*graciosos*).

* See Cabrera; *Relaciones de la Corte*, Madrid, 1857, *passim.* This posthumous work, lately recovered and published by royal command, is a kind of diary kept by the historian during the reign of Philip III.; in which, among much that is obsolete and tedious, are inserted various interesting notices of the social and political state of Spain at a time of which there is hardly any such description to be found elsewhere.

† This, of course, refers to the demeanour of Spanish comedy as shown in the pieces as they have come down to us. I am aware that its enemies made loud complaints of the indecency of the mode of acting in general, and in particular of the dances, which, with the *entremeses* or interludes, were the usual supplements of a complete performance. Some of the former, the *Zarabanda* especially, the censorial party succeeded in getting suppressed, as pernicious to good morals. It is very possible that in all there may have been something to offend; but how much of the offence was real, and how much inferred or imagined by the prurient fancy of the accusers, it is impossible to judge now; and we must be allowed to speak of what can be seen. It may be added that the complainants in question denounce the language and tenor of the comedies, of which we can still form an opinion, in terms scarcely less harsh than they apply to the deportment of the actors and to the enticing immodesty of the dances—a circumstance that considerably blunts the edge of censures falling on the latter.

‡ Of its effrontery before that reform, I shall not advise any reader to seek the instances which might be found in the deservedly forgotten works of Hardy, Du Ryer, Desfontaines, and others who held the stage before Corneille. It will

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with scarcely an exception, be termed positively beyond censure. In the drama of a fervid region where love is the ruling motive, this is no trivial mark of its character, singular in every aspect, and in none more than in this. It must be observed, however, that here the reference is confined to liberties of speech and allusion, in which the other theatres so grossly offend. The moral tendency of the stories is another affair; although in general these, too—due allowance being made for the different ethics of the time—are not open to severe censure. Still, many of them, no doubt, turn on relations and incidents neither exemplary nor edifying. But whatever scandal may be implied in these respects, external propriety is seldom wounded; or if at all, by passing hints or phrases that rarely transgress the line of double-meaning. On the other hand, by far the greater number—and here, be it remembered, we count by thousands—are so entirely free from the slightest taint, either in matter or in manner, that they might be read, without expunging a syllable, to the chariest Vestal. This, it will be allowed, is no vulgar excellence.

It may be ascribed in a great measure to the poetic medium, which ever tends to refine all that is gross or ugly; yet something must also be allowed for the dread of clerical censure, as well as for the personal connexion with the Church of nearly all the chief poets.* Something, too, for the temper of a people who, in public at least, have always affected and prized a dignity of manner which is incompatible with cynical or scurrilous licence. Here it will be in place to observe that 'Comedy' in the old Spanish sense means something quite different from what the modern term imports. In the former it does not imply anything intended to amuse by ridicule or satire, by the display of absurd characters or ludicrous incidents.† It properly describes‡ a dramatic fable, serious or pleasing, carried on a level somewhat below what was deemed the proper height of the tragic or epic style.§ Most of the comedies are such as now would bear the indefinite title of 'dramas.' The main interest, except in a class of pieces far from numerous, is never purely comic. The treatment of themes, however varied, involving the accidents of love, honour, or ambition—but with love as the ruling principle in all—is always in serious earnest, often pathetic, at times, though more rarely, deeply tragical. The protagonists of both sexes are never purposely amusing. Whatever is designedly mirthful or droll is given to figures of the lower sort,—servants or clowns,—by whom exclusively the burlesque or humour of the piece, and now

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suffice to quote what Fontenelle, in the life of the latter, says on this subject, referring to the failure of Corneille's *Theodore, vierge et martyre*, in 1645. The subject was thought indelicate: 'Si le public était devenu si délicat, à qui M. Corneille devait il s'en prendre, qu'à lui-même? Avant lui, le viol réussissait.'

* Here it must, however, be stated, that of all the dramatists, the most free in story, speech, and allusion, was the learned Friar Gabriel Tellez (*Tirso de Molina*, his stage name), Master in Theology, a famous preacher and dignitary of his order, N. S. de la Merced. There is certainly no trace of religious decorum in his arch and spirited comedies; but even he, loose though he must at times be termed, is modesty itself compared, not only with Ariosto, Machiavelli, or *Cardinal* Bibbiena, but with Massinger, Fletcher, or indeed any comic writer of our Elizabethan age.

† This was partly attempted in the *Entremeses*, little prose interludes, of a farcical kind, which were played between the acts. As far as we can judge from those which have been preserved, they were droll trifles, full of banter and caricature, thoroughly prosaic both in subject and style, homely enough, but seldom gross. They are plainly derived from the older stage, on which, in the time of Lope de Rueda, pieces of a similar class were the chief performance. In their later office they served to keep up the poetic tone of the comedies, by separating from them the lower vein of histrionic matter.

‡ Exceptions, such as the pieces '*de figuron*,' in which some absurd figure plays the chief part, are not frequent enough to modify this description. There are a few plays, too, mostly parodies, of a broadly farcical character, but these always bear the specific title of *Comedia Burlesca*.

§ In a sense analogous to this Dante named his *Divina Commedia*.

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and then its satirical innuendoes, are delivered. Castilian 'gravity'* was averse from making a show of gentlemen and ladies in attitudes merely ridiculous. The same sense of decorum would also discourage all extremes of effrontery in the lower characters, with whom the story threw them into contact.

Some of these dramas, I have said, are intensely tragical; but the number of such is comparatively small. As a general rule, however the feelings may be strained while the event is in doubt, all must be soothed and satisfied at last. In this, again, may be seen the healthy instinct of the public, deciding the general tone of the Drama. As a sanguine and vindictive race, they were prone to the fiercest passions, and no strangers to terrible catastrophes. They are, indeed, cruel by nature: nowhere in Europe, perhaps, is life so cheap as it always has been in Spain; and its other public amusements,—amongst which, in the seventeenth century, the *auto de fé* might be counted,—have been and still are savage enough.† This is not the place to dilate on the strange duality included in the national character, and seen in every part of Spanish history—political, religious, or domestic—in virtue of which the bystander is alternately moved to shudder and to admire, as one or the other side comes to view. It must here suffice to say that in the poetical mood, however excited, its better aspect prevails. In the theatre, above all, the Castilian indulges whatever, in his strangely blended nature, is humane, tender, and noble. He goes thither in his happiest frame of mind, bent on genial pleasure, and unwilling to leave it with any weight on his spirits. Accordingly, the general tone of the entertainment chimes with this disposition—sunny, gracious, and inspiriting, with just so much of pathos or suspense as will give a zest to the joyful conclusion. Where stronger emotions are raised, the distress must either subside at the end into a calm, or be visibly sublimed, by Divine agency, into a heavenly rapture. The pieces of a purely tragic character are not many ‡—and these, I fancy, were never very popular, although among them are some of

* '*Gravedad*' has a meaning exclusively Castilian, implying haughtiness and state, rather than seriousness, as with us.

† Note, however, that the *fiesta de toros* of the seventeenth century, when gallant gentlemen, on their best horses, fairly exposed their lives in no unequal contest with the bull, was something totally different from the brutal modern show; the cruelty and cowardice of which (except in the final act) is rendered doubly odious by the mercenary ruffianism of its performers.

‡ Here, of course, such only are meant as the audience of the time would feel to be tragical. Many that are so felt by us made no such impression on the hearers. In pieces, for instance, like *Garcia del Castañar* (Rojas), the *Medico de su honra*, or *A segreto agravio*, &c. (Calderon), public sympathy went so entirely with the avenger, that the victim found no pity—none, at least, that could damp the satisfaction with which the atonement of a wrong was regarded. *Jure cæsam*, was in such cases the sentence of popular opinion.

That plays which really saddened the then hearers were not favourites, may be inferred, firstly, from the small number of such, and further from the rarity of these few, whether in the great collections or in *Suelta* editions. One or two of Lope's, published in the latter form, belong to the scarcest of such copies of his plays; others, which he included in his own collection, seem never to have had currency in any other way; although his pieces of this class are some of his best, and more than one of them have a merit rare on any stage. Such, for instance, is the *Estrella de Sevilla;* yet it is not to be found in either of the great collections, nor in the set of Lope's comedies. The original *Suelta* edition, I believe, has never been reprinted until lately, and it is of the utmost rarity. The only copy I have seen is in the Library of Holland House.

There is, lastly, positive testimony to the same effect. Cascales, in his *Tablas Poéticas* (1617), has the following passage:—'It has just occurred to me to ask, how is it that tragedies are not performed in Spain? Is it because they treat of grievous things, whereas we are inclined to such only as are cheerful?' This Luzan cites in his *Poetica* (T. ii. 44) as evidence of the aversion of the public to tragedy properly so called, which he justly distinguishes from dramas of a mixed character, such as are referred to above.

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the finest compositions in the whole range of the Drama. Still, let us not condemn the coolness with which they seem to have been received; but rather on the whole regard it as evidence of a healthy feeling in the play-going public—too sensitive to witness mere tragedies unmoved, and unwilling to be harrowed without relief in its favourite hour of indulgence.

The mention of religious aids in relief of a tragic crisis leads to an observation, which, if made at all before now, has certainly not occupied all the attention it deserves. The faith in miracles and other direct interpositions of Divine power, gave an important and popular motive to the Drama, which—in virtue of this belief, the sincerity of which is beyond all doubt—possessed as a reality what in all other modern literatures is used as a fiction: a mythology, namely, in immediate contact with human affairs,—or what critics of the old school termed 'a machinery.' The Spanish poet of the seventeenth century, when pressed for a solution, or ambitious of grand effects, had no need to invoke the Gods of a fabulous Olympus,* in which even the ancients themselves scarcely pretended to believe. To him, and to his public, the wonderful was ever present, in their conviction of the supernatural power of relics and images; of the influence of patron saints; and of miraculous virtue in the austerities of devout men. This was a transcendent resource for the poet; the force being infinite, and the faith in it entire and universal.† Thus, relief from desperate situations, or

* Their names and attributes, indeed, are as familiar to him as to others; but we must not, on finding them employed as poetic ornaments, or converted by abstraction into synonyms, such as *marte* for war, &c., suppose that they had any other value in the Castilian drama. The Italian style, imported by Garcilaso and his followers, gave this, with the rest of its conventions, to the Spanish poetry of the subsequent age. But it has been also maintained, with some probability, that the habit, introduced when the speech and manners of the Peninsula were wholly Latin, had never altogether disappeared from the language of the people afterwards.

When allusions to classic fable are expressly paraded, they appear in passages of ostentation, where the poet displays his learning in an episodical manner. It has already been said that the drama received, in one way or another, all the knowledge current in its day; so that this branch had its share of notice, together with the science, history, and philosophy of the past, which the poets introduce when occasion serves.

There are not a few plays, too, on subjects taken from old mythology, most of them belonging to the age of Calderon. Philip IV. loved a kind of spectacle for which such pieces were thought to furnish the best canvas. In these, however, it is curious to see how entirely the national prevails over the antique. The names and skeleton of the story are all that remain of the original; the rest is pure Spanish.

† In proof of this, see the following extracts from the diary of Cabrera already referred to. What this well-known historian of Philip II.—sagacious, experienced, and learned in all the wisdom of his time—sets down as matter of credible fact, is evidence of the faith in such matters, which there is no gainsaying, or ascribing to the vulgar and ignorant only. He writes, May 5, 1612: 'There has just died in Valencia a holy priest, aged thirty-four, one little noticed during his lifetime; and when he was taken to be buried in the church he had served, there resorted to him many ailing persons, lame and blind, and otherwise afflicted, who were cured by merely kissing his hand. The number of such miracles, up to the date of the report, is some thirty-two or three. He had been four days dead; yet, although the weather was very hot, and the church full of people who came to kiss his hand, the odour of the corpse was very sweet.' Again: 'The miracles of this holy man, Gerónimo Simón, continue in Valencia. It is said that there have been more than four hundred miracles wrought, not by the body only, but also that even his cinctures and relics of his clothing have recovered the sick when their lives were despaired of. . . . . . It is some time since there has been such an example of holy life and great miracles.'

On the 6th of April, 1613, he says: 'They write from Valencia' (where there has been a 'revival' going on, that accounts for the succession of marvels in that city) 'that last month the monastery of St. Monica was invaded by six devils, who

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the reward of oppressed virtue, by visible apparitions of a Divine or angelic hand; the transfiguration of holy persons; and the heavenly triumph of martyrs revealed to human eyes,—seemed as natural as it was edifying. Nor did it startle the public to see the Powers of Darkness ascend in bodily shapes, taking part in the concerns of life —not unfrequently, like the *Vice* of the miracle-plays, in a jocose fashion—or contending with angels for the possession of a human soul. Motives of this class are never wanting in subjects of a religious tendency. They must be counted among the distinctive features of Spanish Comedy, and deserve to be closely studied as agencies supremely efficient and thoroughly genuine. The power of the supernatural on the stage can hardly be measured now, but it must have been something enormous, as well as peculiar; and its special mode of influence should never be lost sight of by those who desire to understand the Drama of that period. The plays, indeed, in which it prevails are of all the most remote from modern sympathies; and it is not easy for us to do them even critical justice. We are apt to despise as awkward or insipid,—because to us it is an incredible resource,—what would be impressive and appropriate when embraced, as it was, with cordial belief and pious awe. The attempt, however, must be made to conceive the action of the miraculous in this sense, if we are not content to misjudge or altogether to ignore a considerable part of the Spanish repertory.

I refer here, not to the representations (*autos*) devoted to Church festivals, but to plays acted in the ordinary theatres. The former, retaining the essence of the ancient mysteries, are, as I have already said, a distinct class, with which the popular stage had no connexion. They were exhibited, in streets or in churches, in honour of the Mass on Corpus Christi day (*autos sacramentales*), or of the Nativity, at Christmas (*autos del Nacimiento*): strange medleys of allegory, impersonated ideas and vernacular humour; in which divine and angelic persons, saints and demons, join with the rudest figures of common life, in the exposition of points of faith and in celebration of the mysteries to which they are specially applied. This unpromising combination,—to which, however, the Catholic genius of the seventeenth century was able to give a poetic dignity that attained its perfection in the *autos* of Calderon,—was a property of the Church. Comedy, on the other hand, whatever its theme, belonged to the laity. But to the people no theme could be more impressive than the religion which was an object of national pride as well as devotion. It might have little influence on their morals,* but they gloried in its outward profession. 'The Faith' was to them a symbol of patriotism and of pure blood: it attended them — with its ceremonies and sanctions, at least—at every step of their life: and thus nothing was more natural than that it should have its place, among other matters of interest, on the stage. No small portion, indeed, of the whole body of the drama, consists of plays on the lives and martyrdom of saints, the foundation of monastic orders, and the efficacy of favourite images; on miraculous conversions and victories of friars or other pious persons over Satan. These subjects are treated precisely as are those of a secular cast; their only peculiarity being the use, in the conduct and solution of the plot,

raged about, smiting the friars with staves and whips; and, being exorcised, declared they had come from Italy to torment them, because there was a novice in the house destined to become as great a saint as Don Tomas de Villanueva, that most holy man; and being asked why they did not cudgel three of the friars, like the rest, replied, 'because they were named Joseph, they reverenced that name.' They were at last got to depart, it is said, after a week of conjurations and exorcisms; during which there were great tempests in the city and its precincts, which tore up trees by their roots.'

* So Contarini, the Venetian ambassador to Philip III., in 1605, at the close of his *Relazione*, is glad that he can report: 'they are good Christians, although they have not good morals.'

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of the 'machinery' described in the foregoing paragraph. Essentially they are, and were always deemed to be, comedies like the rest—differing from others in the story and motives, as the plays of modern life (*de capa y espada*) differ from those on ancient or foreign themes in a more pompous style (*heroycas*). This is expressly insisted upon, because it is a common mistake* to confound the religious comedies (*divinas*, as they were styled at first, and afterwards *de santos* or *sobre asuntos de devocion*) with the *autos*, from which they are totally distinct, both in purpose and manner.

In the appropriation of materials for its use, the drama took its widest range under Lope. In his hands it was taught to embrace everything, near or remote, that could be shown in action on the boards. Of all men that have ever lived, he could best have dispensed with the aid of history or fable for the supply of plots; but even his marvellous faculty of invention, to which we owe a series of original designs embracing nearly every possible combination of interest, and probably exceeding in number the sum of all that other dramatists, taken together, have produced,—even this astonishing power, I say, could not keep pace with the speed of his pen, urged by the demand of the public for novelty. All that his reading had gathered from ancient or modern story; all that the legends and traditions of his own country could supply of notable and moving, was converted into comedy; which thereby became the receptacle of all the learning and of all the patriotic or poetical reminiscences of the age. The limits so boldly traced, so richly filled, were never afterwards extended: indeed, in the following age, they were rather narrowed, by the gradual neglect of a class of subjects from the early history of Spain, in which Lope seems to have especially delighted. Nor was this falling off in the poets of Calderon's time compensated by any novelty of invention in other ways. On the contrary, they added little or nothing in any to the stock of original dramatic motives; which, indeed, may be said to have been all but exhausted by their precursors. It was found more convenient to work on the outlines which those had already traced, trying to colour and vary them, so as to look new. The attempt was not always successful. Many of their repetitions are anything but improvements; and it may be that a consciousness of this was one of the motives that led them too often, as we shall see, instead of merely borrowing and rewriting the plots of Lope, Tirso, and Guevara, to appropriate their pieces, wholly or in part, with little change but in the titles.

There remains but one other point to be noticed in this brief survey. In Spanish comedy the story is always an important, often the chief object, as in two classes especially—the '*histories*,' namely, of Lope's theatre, in which the Romance element prevails, and the canvas is too wide for the detail of character; and the pieces *de capa y espada*,—particularly those by Calderon† and his disciples,—where the surprises and suspense of an intricate plot engross

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* Not confined to foreigners only. See Mesonero Romanos (*Contemporaneos á Lope*, T. 11, xxxii.), who counts among the *autos* of Montalvan; *S. Antonio de Padua* (*Diferentes* 37, and *Id.* 44), *La Gitana de Menfis*, and *El Hijo del Serafin* (*C. de Montalvan I.*), all of which are comedies of the class above mentioned: the first, indeed, as I have noted, is inserted twice over in a collection to which none but *Comedias* were admitted. Similar mistakes will be found in other titles of this editor's Catalogue of Plays. It thus appears that the Spaniards themselves are not yet wholly exempt from the charge which Huerta (*Theatro Hespañol*, 1, lxviii.) brought against a French critic eighty years ago: 'No reparó en confundir nuestras *Comedias de Santos*, nuestras Tragedias, y nuestros autos Sacramentales, anunciandolos como una misma cosa.'

† Luzan, in his *Poética* (ii. 28, of the reprint of Madrid, 1789; the first edit. is of Zaragoça, fol. 1737), accuses Calderon as the inventor of this class. The charge is unfounded; since all that is essential to the 'drama of intrigue' will be found in works of the previous age, especially in many of Tirso's, the artifice and complication of which Calderon himself might imitate, but could

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the spectator's whole attention, and the changes are too quick for the display of particular features, even were he at leisure to peruse them. In all other classes, too, a moving and ingenious fable, the issue of which is concealed to the last with admirable skill, is a merit rarely, if ever, wanting. It is, let me add, a prime essential to every drama, and none has ever lived which was destitute of it. But to name this as the only kind of interest;—to assert with a modern author,* that 'Nowhere throughout the Spanish drama can you find a character,'—is an error that may well be termed amazing. The currency, indeed, of a notion so wide of the truth, gives a decisive measure of the little that is known of Spanish comedy.

Whoever entertains this notion, it is clear, either has taken it from a few plays only of one class and period, or makes his charge against the whole theatre, in some sense different from that which obtains when we speak of the characters of Jonson, Massinger, Fletcher, or any other poet of our golden age, Shakspeare only excepted.† With that great exception, what we mean by 'dramatic character' will be found to imply the clear and consistent delineation of certain positive moral features or moods of mind in the principal figures of a play—as opposed to the use of mere general types of particular classes, such as the 'gallant,' the 'soldier,' the 'old man,' &c.—of which the masks of Italian comedy are an extreme example. In the latter method nothing marks the individual; all that he needs is a label, to show that he belongs to this or that condition or rank, sufficient to carry on the intrigue of the piece without confounding the figures. The former is in general the method of our own poets, and it is no less

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not surpass. I mention, as a single well-known example, *Don Gil de las calzas verdes*. But there is no doubt that Calderon in general paid more exclusive attention to this kind of interest in his lighter pieces than any dramatist of Lope's time, and that he carried it to the highest pitch of perplexity and suspense of which it is capable, making it, in *most* of his plays *de capa y espada*, the sole attraction. Yet there are exceptions even in his pieces of this class, where character is displayed with considerable effect; as, for instance, in the comedy *No ay burlas con el amor*. But had all his works, serious as well as sprightly, been of one kind, the absurdity of taking these as the sole type of Spanish comedy would not be sensibly diminished.

* Lewes, '*Lope de Vega and Calderon*.' That the lapse of time since this *dictum* was published, has brought no increase of knowledge on the subject, would appear from the utterances of a critic in the *Quarterly Review* of this year (No. 209, March, 1859, article 'On Shakspeare'). The writer, indeed, is even more peremptory to-day than Mr. Lewes was in 1846; since, after declaring that 'the national character favoured a form of drama that was *in its prime* little more than a simple drama of intrigue,' he is pleased further to deliver himself as follows, on Lope: 'Neither did he regard probabilities of life, or bring well-defined characters upon his scene. *His kings and peasants are alike*.' Thus it is that error, once started on unfrequented ground, goes on running ever wider of the fact. The comment on the first passage marked in italics is given in the text above; as to the second, it is so entirely the reverse of true, that it is hard to believe that a critic who writes thus can ever have seen a play of Lope's in which kings and peasants appear. Should he be a reader of Spanish (which may be doubted), a reference to one of Lope's best known and latest plays, *Lo que ha de ser*, will sufficiently rebuke him. The piece will be found in Ochoa's *Tesoro;* the original *MS.* (dated September, 1624, the poet being then in his sixty-third year,) is one of the treasures of the British Museum.

† In cases like this, as in others, when matching our stage with its rivals, we are too apt to think of Shakspeare only; who here, as in most other respects, stands as far apart from as he is above all. His characters, evolved by a creative force peculiar to himself, do not, like others, represent a single predominant mode of being or disposition, but appear as the consummation of all that belongs to an entire individual life—so perfect and authentic, that we reason and conclude from what is shown, not merely of the acts and relations which are seen, but of others unseen, whether past or to come, just as we do with the living persons of our own acquaintance. There is nothing like this, it must be allowed, on the Spanish stage: but neither is there anything else like it on our own.

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the method of the Spanish; not, I allow, in every species of comedy, but in a department which covers a large division of the national drama. Its peculiarity is, that its repertory includes various kinds; among which the comedy of intrigue and the romantic history-piece, the effect of which depends more on incident than on character, have their place. But these are not the whole theatre. The mistake of superficial reporters consists in ascribing to the whole what is true of a part only. The Castilian drama abounds in pieces that, while preserving the charm of an exciting plot, draw their chief interest from the display of characteristic figures, as distinctly traced and as consistently supported as those of any other European drama, including—with the exception already named—our own. In insisting on this for any purpose of comparison, regard must be had to the highly poetic tone which belongs to the Spanish mode of representation, giving something of an ideal effect to all that it portrays, and showing every outline rounded and softened by the medium through which it is viewed. It may further be observed that the mind of Southern races is not prone to develop itself in abnormal varieties; that their motives and passions are simpler in kind, as well as more sudden in operation, than ours; so that with them the most truthful representation does not exact or indeed allow of the research of traits altogether eccentric, or the display of mental processes unusually complex. Hence, on the Castilian stage, how far the draught of a character is clear, expressive, and life-like, must always be judged with reference to the life from which the poet took his originals—not to different aspects of Nature elsewhere. In other words, we must not impute to want of drawing what is really an attribute of the thing drawn. With this proviso—which, let me add, applies to Plautus and Molière as well as to Lope de Vega—the character-plays of the Spanish stage may be placed without fear beside those of any other; the poet's success being measured by his fidelity to the objects set before him.

In pieces of this class the age of Lope is the richest; the comedy of intrigue not having then gained the prominence which it owed to the art of Calderon. But in both periods there are numbers in which the marking of special characters is as lively, firm, and truthful as anything, it may be asserted, in Beaumont and Fletcher; and not a few that may be ranked with the best character-pieces of any Elizabethan poet, Shakspeare always excepted. The proof would be easy enough, were there space for the production of instances. But this, from the detail required to do justice in this respect, even to a few examples, cannot be attempted here: and I must content myself—while repeating that of many current errors respecting the Spanish stage, there is none more erroneous than this—with commending, in support of my assertion, a few pieces, in a note, to the attention of those who are willing to judge for themselves.*

Having now gone over the chief

* Lope de Vega; *El Perro del Hortelano; Las flores de D. Juan; La Esclava de su galan; Los melindres de Belisa;* Alarcon, *La verdad sospechosa; Don Domingo de D. Blas; Las paredes oyen;* Tirso de Molina, *Marta la piadosa; El burlador de Sevilla;* Rojas, *Entre bobos,* &c. Calderon, *El alcalde de Zalamea; No hay burlas con el amor; El principe Constante;* Moreto, *De fuera vendrá; El valiente Justiciero* (or rather its original, by Tirso or Lope, *El Rey D. Pedro en Madrid*); De la Hoz, *El Castigo de la Miseria.* I purposely name such only as may be found in the Collections described in Chapter I.; refraining from citing others which are not so readily to be met with. Amongst these, in Lope's works especially, are many of the highest excellence, which for this reason I do not mention. The characters of the *Alcalde de Zalamea,* I may observe, are not really Calderon's, but Lope's: the paternity, however, is of no consequence here. The same may be said of a piece written by Matos—*El sabio en su retiro*—mentioned in Chapter I. The original, by Lope, gives the subject in higher relief and sweeter colouring; but enough is preserved in the copy to satisfy those who have not access to the other. I have no hesitation in asserting that the character of *Juan Labrador* in this play may be ranked with the best, in conception and execution, that the stage has anywhere produced.

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points of view from without, I will offer a few words in conclusion on the intrinsic character of this drama. It has already been described as the genuine expression of a singular phasis of social existence, embodying the idea of human life possessed at a certain time by the particular race to which it belongs. Such, indeed, must always be the description of the drama as a living mode of art—an image of its time, namely, as seen reflected on the general surface of national mind, through the medium of its imagination. Hence, from that form of poetry we obtain not only a picture of the conceptions of a given epoch, but also a measure of the faculties by which it was conceived;—and this it is that makes the drama so precious to thoughtful observers.

In the Spanish, owing to the very narrowness of the field of vision, the result comes out with peculiar intensity and significance; nor is its meaning difficult to read. The notion it gives of the spiritual endowments of the nation is one in which high spirit, ingenious thought, quick senses, and vehement passions are more evident than depth of feeling, large mental capacity, or full moral development. That the land of Cervantes could not be devoid of sagacity or humour, evidence from the stage was not needed to inform us. It is rich, too, in brilliant imagery and pompous conceptions; but they are such as float somewhat lightly on the surface of things—are rather picturesque than symbolic or many-sided; and carry with them much that is more specious than sound. Nor is there altogether unfelt a certain monotony, reminding us that the Spanish world of the seventeenth century, as well in its social relations as in its intellectual processes, revolved within a narrow circle. The private life of the Castilian of that period was visibly deficient in plenitude and variety; and his mind, when not busied by some of the passions—in which gambling must be included—seems to have mainly depended for occupation on outward excitements of a class that belongs to the infancy of civilization—processions, athletic games, and ceremonies or pageants, in which the show of finery was the sole attraction. One may conceive what a supreme resource the theatre would be in such a mode of life as this.

Compared with ours of the same period, as reflected in the plays 'that did so take Eliza and our James,' it implies a condition far less opulent, as well in the substantial furniture of existence, in the finer moral perceptions, and in the manifold exercise of study and thought, as in elements of further progress.* In indications of this kind the Castilian, when contrasted with the English stage, appears as far below it as ours is inferior to the former in

* It would be no idle task to examine in detail the causes and purport of this difference between the only two modern theatres that can be termed national—*i. e.*, the property not of a class, but of an entire people. The result would be found to agree with what history leads us to infer, due allowance being made for climate and race. The main discrepancy, it will be seen, is far too wide to be explained by local distinctions; nor is such explanation needed. In both countries the drama appears in a time of excitement, the offspring of great antecedent changes: here the resemblance ends, and the deviation on either side is significant. The immediate impulse in Spain was external—an accident or effect of motion in the current of public affairs. Of higher influences the action may be said to have ceased with the Moorish feud: from that point the moral health of the people had rapidly declined. Such freedom of thought as they had ever enjoyed was cramped by the Inquisition under Ferdinand and Isabella. Political liberty was crushed by Charles V. in Castile; in Aragon by Philip II. Thus, from the point at which the nation stood when the drama arose, nothing but decline was possible. In England, on the contrary, not only was the momentum of a superior kind, but its force, also, was lasting. The spur of national glory was not unfelt by the conquerors of the Armada; but the supreme impulse was from a power above this. For half a century the people had lived in the light of the Reformation; and, instead of losing their old franchises, were every day adding to their security. Thus, in the one country, the pride of empire or race, both decaying, and the last expiring flashes of chivalrous spirit, could not keep up the fire they had kindled: in the other, the freshening air of freedom and the spread of a purer religion, gave not only present

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rhythmical beauty, felicity of invention, scenic artifice, and symmetry of arrangement.

It must, nevertheless, be said that what the Spanish theatre wants in the breadth of its arena, and in the moral and mental constitution of its figures, is largely compensated by the vivacity of the scene, and the marked physiognomy of the actors. The stock of essential properties may be limited; but such is the spirit, skill, and fancy with which they are combined and diversified —such is the warmth of expression and the grace of movement—that repetition is never felt, and the intense local colour of every object, in the continual stir and vicissitude of new situations, rather excites than wearies the eye. The mode of national being thus presented to the spectator, with the principles and conventions on which it rests, are, moreover, not less striking than exceptional. They would deserve notice as a curious object of study, even were not a view of them indispensable to the knowledge of the Drama in which they are embodied. To trace some outlines of this peculiar system, as represented on the stage, will be attempted in the next chapter.

ON WAR IN GENERAL, AND MODERN FRENCH WARS IN PARTICULAR.

WARS, like offences, will come, and woe (doubtless) to those by whom war cometh. Yet if we look back upon history, it will seem as if wars were the main means by which the civilized world has been brought from swamp and forest and barren waste to its present condition, and man enabled to 'replenish the earth,' and nations superior in civilization to extend that civilization to inferior peoples. Human strife may be a proof of man's evil nature; but human conflicts on a large scale appear to have answered the same purpose in advancing the social state of mankind, as the physical convulsions and rapacious monsters of the geological epochs in improving the material condition of the globe. Except the Bible, we have no *history* till Herodotus, perhaps till Thucydides; but such glimpses into primeval antiquity as traditions and classical fragments allow, indicate that some form of war was a mode of extending the arts and institutions of more favoured nations, as well as of increasing the human race (which in a narrow line of view it seems the object of war to destroy). Of the Cyclopeans or Pelasgians nothing is *known;* but from their architectural remains it may be inferred that they were a migrating people, superior in arts to the aborigines they came amongst, and that their visits, however beneficial eventually, were not welcome or peaceable at the beginning. The earliest public records existing relate to Egypt and Assyria; for whatever doubts may be entertained as to the interpretation of their hieroglyphics, buildings and graphic representations remain to speak for themselves. These may not esta-

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energy but promise for the future. There, when the theatre was opened, the darkness was already falling: here, all was growing day.

It has already been observed that the stage was the only free spot in Spain; ours, on the contrary, had open ground on all sides: hence a further difference arose, which is worth noting. The operation of the state of things in such a contrast being twofold, observe how it acts on one side. Where every other avenue was barred, the drama had all the genius of the time to itself; where many were accessible, it could not engross more than a part. It is obvious that, with this difference, the resources of the two theatres cannot be reduced to a common equation. Their respective proportions to the general mass of intellect are altogether different; and this inequality must not be lost sight of in any comparison of the two dramas, as types of intellectual power in either nation.

Note, as a corollary, that while both, by the nature of things, were destined to expire, in Spain poetry went out with the drama; in England it survived in other forms—still vigorous, though without the splendour and freshness of its dawn.

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blish the stories of African, European, and Asiatic expeditions even beyond the Indus, which the fragments of antiquity record of Rameses and Sesostris of Egypt, of Ninus and Semiramis of Assyria, and of the mythological Bacchus; but they prove various and extensive conquests. There are no data as to the social results of these expeditions; but it may be fairly held that the Assyrian empire and its civilization originated in some invasion from Egypt, if there be truth in the chronology and speculations of modern Egyptologists. If the reverse opinion be held, that Egypt was civilized by a superior race from Babylonia or India, the conclusion that that civilization originated in conquest remains the same. Respecting primeval China, there are no definite facts. Ethnologists assert that the aborigines of India were an inferior and degraded race, dispossessed and driven to hill and jungle by an invading people, who originated a form of civilization that was ancient and mature even in the days of Alexander.

As history becomes more certain and fuller, the effects of wars can be more distinctly traced. The conquests of the Persians in Western Asia and in Egypt, the long hostility between Persia and Greece, finally ending in the expeditions of Xenophon and Alexander, produced great effects in the world. They directly enlarged geographical knowledge; they increased the intercommunication of stranger peoples by facilitating locomotion; they stimulated industry and extended commerce; by increasing commodities they added to the enjoyments of mankind, although such enjoyments may not be of the highest order; and finally, by establishing Alexandria, they gave rise to an emporium where the remotest East and West could meet together. But one of the greatest effects of war is to rouse the mind; and it is impossible to suppose that such changes in the rulers, the knowledge, and the habits of mankind were without effect upon the characters of men, modifying the European (ancient philosophers called it corrupting him), if they could not strengthen the Asiatic. If no palpably beneficial change was produced in national institutions, it was probably because the peoples and their institutions were grown too effete to benefit by grafting, when the more extensive and important changes through Alexander's conquests took place.

The conquests of the Romans were more evidently influential upon the world. Indeed, so far as reason can form a judgment, they were absolutely necessary to the formation of society in its present state. The subjugation of Italy was essential to the very existence of Rome. Hannibal's passage of the Alps was a geographical exploration as well as a military operation. The wars of Cæsar in Gaul, and Britain, and beyond the Rhine, procured for the world a definite knowledge of those regions not then attainable by other means; and knowledge attained by hostilities was not in those times a mere barren scientific knowledge, but was followed, like the Greek and Persian wars, by intercommunication of peoples hitherto strangers. The changes produced by Roman dominion in Gaul and Britain were beyond all question an advance in what men agree to call civilization. It is a common remark that the establishment of Roman rule, as a sequence of Roman conquest throughout ancient Europe, was necessary to the establishment of modern European civilization, especially as displayed in the supremacy of the law, local self-government (by means of municipalities), regular public administration, and those great public works—as roads and bridges, aqueducts and sewers—which contribute to the business, convenience, or comfort of life. Roman rule might be formal, harsh, and despotic; individual rulers might be corrupt and oppressive: whether the irregular violence of barbarian or of Athenian popular caprice might give rise to fewer evils than the regulated tyranny of Rome, may be a question; and as for human happiness, some philosophers maintain that miseries multiply and enjoyments decline in proportion as civilization advances. There can, however, be no doubt that but for Roman wars of con-

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quest, and the institutions and modes of life Rome enforced upon the conquered, Europe, and consequently the world, would have been something very different to what it is; so different, indeed, as to be utterly inconceivable.

It is impossible to fix the proportion of misery caused by particular wars, as the feeling of the victims, which can only be conjecturally tested, forms a greater element of suffering than the actual inflictions. If the refinement of the vanquished be measured against the barbarism of the victors, the invasions of the hordes that effected the downfall of the Roman Empire probably produced more wretchedness than any hostilities upon a great scale. Yet to all human appearance these invasions were absolute necessities, not merely if the world was to attain its actual state, but if mankind were to be raised from that corruption which attended the decay of ancient civilization. The moral influence of the conflicts that continually took place during the dark and middle ages is not so obvious as that of the barbarian invasions. Their necessity for the advancement of mankind to their actual condition is clear. The conquests of Charlemagne and of his precursors and successors, the expeditions of the Northmen, the invasion of England by William of Normandy, as well as many of the contests of feudal times, were, if not parts of a design to build up the modern system of Europe, apparently essential to that end. Historical critics differ as to the moral character of the Crusades. Those who have formed their opinions from the philosophers of the last century look upon them as the outbreaks of fanaticism. Some historical critics of the modern school consider them as the result of a sound instinctive fear; and that but for the check they opposed to Islamism, the Mahometans might have overrun Europe. About the influence of the Crusades on knowledge, commerce, art, and society, there can be no dispute. They enlarged the knowledge of the feudal ages, not only in such tangible matters as the facts of physical geography, but in the productions of nature, the varieties of men, and of customs, characters, and creeds. They extended commerce, especially Italian commerce; thus not only increasing wealth and material comforts, but stimulating industry and improving navigation. The Crusades were also a cause of advancing other useful arts, if indeed they did not produce the revival of the fine arts in Western Europe. The transmission of Eastern tales gave an impulse to popular literature. The general stir to the Western mind was greater from the Crusades than any other event in mediæval history, save the discovery of America and the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope.

It will be distinctly understood that in all this there is no affirmation (in the sense of Fate or Providence) as to the *necessity* of wars to advance mankind. Neither is it intended to assert that the actual history of man and his present condition were indispensable to the scheme of Divine government, or that even if the present condition of our race were predetermined, it might not have been brought about by other means. Such matters are not meddled with. This, and this alone, is affirmed—that from the first faint glimpses of history in Egypt, or from earlier tradition, up to the decline of feudalism about the middle of the fifteenth century, war was a great, and for a long time apparently the only, means by which man acquired a knowledge of the earth, extended civilization over inferior races, established the art of systematic government as opposed to mere patriarchal or arbitrary rule, and stirred up the general mind to extended enterprise or new ideas; while though very far from being the only element of man's progression, it is an important element.

The principle here indicated as applicable to the ancient, dark, and middle ages, obtains to our day as between advanced and inferior peoples. The occupation of thinly populated regions by settlers of a civilized race—or in other words, modern colonization—is indeed as plainly essential to the spread of man and his arts over the globe, as any conquests of the ancient

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world, and as plainly warfare. In America for nearly two centuries, and at the Cape up to our own day, undisguised hostilities have been continually waged between the natives and the colonists. In Australia, and in the United States at present, the power of the 'pale-faces' may prevent organized resistance to the occupation of the lands, but the settlement is as clearly an affair of force as if the aborigines had been dispossessed of their territories after a defeat; their destruction appears as certain as if they were put to the sword at once. The Jewish settlement of the Holy Land and the earlier conquests of the Mahometans, have not been noticed, as involving religious questions. The Russian conquests in Asia, those of France in Barbary, and of England in the East, may be passed for the immediate purpose in hand, as their benefits to the human race are not yet certain. A like doubt applies to the devastations of Zinghis Khan and Tamerlane. These last, however, seem to bear upon a proposition which may have some truth in it—that for wars to be distinctly operative in the way spoken of, they must be waged by a superior upon an inferior people. And this idea may lend some countenance to the American notion of their 'mission' to 'annex' the entire continent.

This idea of superiority and inferiority, either intelligent or moral, receives some support from a survey of European wars since the downfall of feudalism. During the last four hundred years not only does war in Europe appear to have been less of a necessity as regards the material progress of the world than in the earlier ages, but to have produced less tangible results. It is not meant that national conflicts were inoperative. Such important events as great wars cannot be without influence upon the peoples by whom they are waged. In some cases conflicts of principle superseded material objects. The revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II., the religious wars of Germany, the civil wars of England, are the leading examples of this kind; and they have each influenced the political, social, and intellectual character of nations in a very high degree. But the material results of wars are here treated of; and no such material changes have followed the European wars under the modern system (the partition of Poland is an exceptional case altogether), as ensued from the subjugation of Gaul by Cæsar, or the conquest of England by William the Norman. If the cause of this be investigated it will, apart from the system of the balance of power, seem to originate in the closer approach to equality in arts, arms, and character among the peoples of modern Europe, than existed between such different races as the aborigines of Italy and their Pelasgic or Greek invaders, or the Romans and the Gauls.

And this equality may be dated from the downfall of feudalism, as that may be said to begin about the time of the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet the Second. The fall of the effete Byzantine Empire snapped the last frail link by which living society was connected with the ancient world. Printing as a practical art was completed at nearly the same date; learning was reviving; modern languages and literature had awoke, or were awakening to life. Within some fifty years of that event the Powers of Northern and Western Europe may be said to have assumed their present relative proportions. France was not quite so extensive, but her nationality, position, and comparative power were as established as now. The Low Countries —the present Holland and Belgium —were in their general characteristics much the same as at present, subject to the ever-changing effects of time. In those days there was an Elective Emperor of Germany instead of an hereditary Emperor of Austria; there were many more petty German rulers than at present, and no King of Prussia; but the Germany of that age was substantially the Germany of ours. Spain and Portugal were much as they are, bating the difference between vigorous and aspiring youth, and age prematurely decrepit through vices. There is a difference in the arrangements of the Scandinavian kingdoms; but the great change in the Northern

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Powers, as elsewhere, is comparative. Indeed, this is the case with all the most important material changes throughout Europe since the fifteenth century. They have been the result of national growths rather than of foreign conquest. Armies have devastated countries and slaughtered myriads, but they have left States and their rulers pretty much as they found them. What results they did produce have been rather moral than physical—rather of the soul than of the body. If a man of the Tudors', or of an after, age were recalled to life, the changes that would chiefly attract or strike him would be the result of invention, of trained and organized industry, of science applied to the arts, and of philosophy and letters, rather than of national and social changes directly produced by war. Holland, for instance, is as rich, perhaps as powerful, as she ever was, if not richer and more powerful. She has not the weight in Europe she once possessed, because other nations have grown faster than she.

To fully develop the idea here advanced by tracing the results of particular wars from the dawn of history to the downfall of feudalism, and comparing them with the similar results of the *European* wars since the rise of the system of the balance of power, would be a curious and not unprofitable labour. It would, however, require a volume—perhaps a large one. The remainder of this suggestive sketch will be confined to a single point of this great subject. The wars into which a lust of conquest and a love of glory have impelled France will be briefly touched upon, and the trifling results in the form of advantage to the French themselves, that followed the ruthless destruction of so much human life, and the wanton infliction of so much human misery, will be as briefly noted. In thus selecting France, it is not meant to imply that other nations have not engaged in hostilities on slight grounds or with sordid objects. But no nation has been so ready as France to plunge into wars, dazzled by the mirage of glory, or to force them upon other countries, by a restless and immoral ambition. And it will be useful to note how little of substantial gain their wars of ambition have produced to themselves, and how often the glory attained during their progress has vanished ere their close. Secondary wars, as it were, arising from the original aggression, will not be taken into the account, though in strictness perhaps they ought to be.

The earliest foreign war of moment in which France engaged after the modern had begun to supersede the feudal system of warfare, was the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. in 1494. A real motive of the French King was doubtless the love of glory. Charles, for a middle-age monarch, was a scholar. His reading did not extend much further than the exploits of Alexander and Cæsar, but it is said to have smitten him with a desire to emulate those heroes. The first avowed object of the invasion was to obtain the kingdom of Naples. When that was conquered, Charles intended to recapture Constantinople and the Holy Sepulchre, and to re-establish the kingdom of Jerusalem. His right to attempt these latter enterprises was general, and possessed in common with every Christian man and monarch, according to the opinions of that age. His claim to Naples was founded on the rights of the second Capetian house of Anjou. These claims had originated in adoption; they were merely titular, having never been acknowledged by the Neapolitans, or realized by possession. Sismondi says that Charles derived his rights, such as they were, from a sale or cession to his father, Louis XI.; but he seems to have had some sort of claim through his grandmother, Mary of Anjou. However, a potentate—least of all a French potentate—bent upon war, is never at a loss for a reason. Italy was invaded; and the outset was as glorious as success without opposition could make it. From the Alps to the confines of Naples all was submission by the Italians, and triumph by the French, Rome herself receiving the French King. On the Neapolitan frontiers, Charles took a couple of small towns, and, according to a common custom of war in those days, massacred the inhabitants. This cruelty, which

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would have exasperated some peoples to fight to the death, so terrified the Neapolitans that the reigning king resigned, the army succumbed, and the new king 'embarked for Ischia.' Sismondi is not prone to undervalue the Italians, but he sums up the first results of the expedition in a sentence. 'All the barons his [the Neapolitan king's] vassals, all the provincial cities, sent deputations to Charles; and the whole kingdom of Naples was conquered without a single battle in its defence.'

Thus far all was in the *veni, vidi, vici*, style of one of the French king's great models. But like many another sudden success, the reverse came quickly. Moral causes began to operate, and strategical difficulties to embarrass. French license and French disregard of the rights and feelings of others exasperated the people. The king's original ally, Ludovico, Duke of Milan, and some other Italian Powers, were planning hostilities in the north of Italy; Spain, Austria, and England, appeared to be meditating mischief towards France. Instead of proceeding to Constantinople and Jerusalem, it became necessary to think of getting back to Paris. 'Charles,' says the latest English writer on French history, 'compensated himself with an increase of rank and dignity for the mournful condition of his affairs. He proclaimed himself Emperor of Constantinople by donation from Andrew Paleologus, King of Jerusalem, and the Two Sicilies; and made another solemn entry [into Naples], clothed in the emblem of his new dignity. He made a silent exit in eight days after.' His return, with part of his army, was attended with difficulty, but no disgrace. The stubborn resolution of the Swiss, and the fiery spirit of the French, carried the king through all opposition, and the glorious victory of Fornovo, gained over the confederate Italian army, secured his unmolested retreat, and gave the Italians the first taste of 'barbarian' valour. In every other point of view the expedition was a failure. Nine months after the king's retreat, his forces in Naples were compelled to capitulate. Not a trace was left of the French conquests; and France had dissipated the finest army she had yet raised.

Louis XII., 'the father of his people,' ascended the throne in 1498, and in the following year invaded Italy. He did not abandon the claims of his predecessor to the throne of Naples—indeed, he called himself King of Naples *and* Jerusalem; but he advanced a claim through his grandmother to the Duchy of Milan (Lombardy). The claim had no valid foundation, as the Duchy was a male inheritance. The invasion, however, took place, and was attended with that striking success which generally accompanies the French at the outset. Louis invaded Lombardy in August, 1499; in October he entered Milan in triumph; and by February, 1500, the license, insolence, and disregard of the rights and feelings of others which the French displayed in Naples a few years earlier, and all over Europe three centuries later, roused the country against them; and Duke Ludovico returning with some soldiers, the people universally rose against the French. Cities whose names another war is rendering familiar—Como, Milan, Parma, and Pavia, opened their gates to Ludovico; Novara capitulated after a short siege. But without allies the Duke could not resist the power of Louis, aided as it was by the treachery of the Swiss. A new French army crossed the Alps; the Swiss in the service of the Duke of Milan, communicated with the Swiss in the army of Louis; with more of policy than chivalry, the French paid the sum the mercenaries demanded, and were permitted by the treacherous troops to arrest Ludovico, Sforza, and others of lesser note. The Duke was sent into France, where he died in captivity; and the Milanese continued for some years subject to France.

Machiavelli has subjected the Italian policy of Louis XII. to a particular examination, and pronounces that he committed 'five capital errors.' Yet all these might have been remedied if he had not crowned them by a sixth. One error which the great politician censures more than once was his

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fault in the invasion of Naples. An English reader will be more startled at the crime than the blunder. In November, 1500, the French king entered into a treaty with Ferdinand the Catholic of Spain, by which it was stipulated that Louis should invade Naples; that Ferdinand under pretence of assisting the King of Naples, should despatch a Spanish force from the south under Gonsalvo di Cordova, 'the great captain;' and that when the two armies met together, instead of fighting, they should shake hands, and divide the kingdom. In the summer of 1501, this treaty, audaciously iniquitous even to laughter, was successfully carried out in its first stage. The parties met, and despoiled the King of Naples. They then began to quarrel about the division of their prey. Negotiations continued for some time. Hostilities followed, and war waged for awhile without much result. On the 21st April, 1503, the French, after a glorious struggle, in which Bayard first distinguished himself, were defeated at Seminara. In a week afterwards their army was taken, or rather destroyed, at Cerignola. Not deterred by the loss of one army, Louis despatched another. This the generalship of the Great Captain delayed for two months in the plains flooded by the Garigliano. When disease had weakened the French forces he crossed the river with his Spaniards, on the 27th December, 1503, attacked and again destroyed the army of Louis. On the 1st January, 1504, Gaëta surrendered to Gonsalvo, and Naples was lost to the French.

Unwarned by the result of his iniquitous compact with Ferdinand, Louis, in the same year in which he lost Gaëta, signed another treaty with the Emperor Maximilian, for the partition of the territories of Venice. No action followed this treaty of Blois, but it eventually grew into the well-known League of Cambray, December, 1508. Everybody knows what a glorious French success heralded the war that followed. At the battle of Aignadel the French defeated the Venetians, and the territory of the Republic was quickly conquered, or at least overrun, but with no advantage to Louis. The quarrels of the confederates superseded the League of Cambray by the Holy League. Its members were the Pope, from whom it took its name; the Kings of England and Spain; the Swiss and the Venetians; all combined against Louis, and nominally Maximilian. It gave rise to a campaign as glorious as any that ever distinguished the French arms, followed by results as profitless as usual. The nephew of Louis, Gaston de Foix, overran the North of Italy in two months, striking down two opposing armies in opposite quarters in succession, and terminated his career at the yet famous battle of Ravenna, where twenty thousand lay dead with him upon the field. Byron has commemorated the action in a stanza well known, but which may be quoted for its concluding lines, that point the moral of so many wars of ambition:—

I canter by the spot each afternoon
  Where perish'd in his fame the hero boy,
Who liv'd too long for men, but died too soon
  For human vanity, the young De Foix!
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,
  But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
  While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.

With the battle of Ravenna ended the glory of the French under Louis. Pressed by Spain and England, the king was compelled to withdraw some of his troops from Italy, and revolts soon drove out the remainder. The battle of Ravenna was fought on the 11th April, 1512. In the beginning of June the French evacuated the Milanese; on the 29th, Genoa, conquered some years before, rose and expelled the troops of Louis; all hopes of Naples had long since vanished. 'In short,' observes Sismondi, 'the possessions of France were soon reduced to a few small fortresses in that Italy which the French thought they had subdued.' In the following year unsuccessful battles, the hopeless

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nature of his foreign prospects, and the exhausted state of France, compelled Louis to sue for peace, to obtain which he had to abandon all he had striven for, and promise the Pope to surrender the liberties of the Gallican Church.

Louis XII. died on New Year's Day, 1515, and Francis I. succeeded. His reign was long considered as an age of chivalric and martial glory; though it is difficult to see why, unless as an illustration of Sallust's idea of the influence of fortune and self-display upon fame. 'Sed, profecto, Fortuna in omni re dominatur; ea res cunctas, ex libidine magis quam ex vero, celebrat obscuratque. Atheniensium res gestæ, sicuti ego æstimo, satis amplæ magnificæque fuere; verum aliquanto minores tamen, quam fama feruntur.' The peace which Louis XII. had patched up from necessity and a regard to his people was quickly brought to an end. Francis invaded Italy in the autumn after his accession to the throne, and on the 13th and 14th September the glorious victory of Marignano, the 'battle of giants,' gave him possession of the Duchy of Milan, with Parma and Placentia, to which he afterwards added Genoa. But in a few years the reverses which seem fated to follow French success began. In May, 1522, the French, under Lescunes, were compelled to capitulate, and evacuate Lombardy; and on the 30th, Genoa was surprised and plundered by the Spaniards. In the autumn of 1523, Bonnivet, Admiral of France, led into Italy another army, which the Fabian tactics of Prospero Colonna delayed for nine months, and then compelled to retreat without a battle. In February, 1525, the disastrous day of Pavia occurred, when the French army was scattered, and the king captured. The treaty of Madrid gave liberty to Francis, but extorted from him, among other things, the surrender of his claims on Italy. That treaty, as we all know, was repudiated by the king as made under compulsion, and the Papal authority confirmed the royal casuistry. Disaster, however, still attended the arms of Francis. In 1527 a French army, under Lautrec, marched upon Naples; but the commander perished of a pestilence, which shortly after reduced the French forces to 4000 effective men; and these attempting to escape, were overtaken and compelled to capitulate. Another French army, under the Count de St. Pol, was surprised in 1529 by the Imperial General, Antonio de Leyva, at Landriano. St. Pol and his principal officers were captured, the army was dispersed, and Genoa, rising in revolt about the same time, recovered its freedom. By 'le traité des dames,' Francis again renounced his claims in Italy. Into a war that ensued towards the close of his reign, Francis was in a measure forced, and the victory of Cerisolles added another day of glory to the French arms; but it was a barren glory. It did not prevent the invasion of France by Charles V. and Henry VIII., or arrest the necessity of a peace in 1544.

Such were the results of fifty years of unprovoked warfare. Naples had been once conquered, Milan twice, and Genoa thrice; great battles had been won and lost; seven French armies had been destroyed or dispersed; the waste of French treasure must have been enormous; indeed the exhausted state of France had more than once compelled a discreditable peace. When all was over not a trace of her conquests remained to France; but she had contrived to aggrandize her enemies. She had given Naples to Spain, and the Milanese to Austria. From the moral point of view, she had destroyed the liberties or more truly the independence of Italy, and without any benefit to herself.

The century that intervened between the death of Francis I., in 1547, and the deaths of Richelieu and Louis XIII. in 1642-43, was not fruitful in French wars of glory. France was too much engaged at home to embark in great foreign enterprises or to interfere arrogantly with other nations. Henry II. certainly was involved in hostilities with Charles V., and the repulse of the Emperor before Metz was a great military triumph; but it was more than counterbalanced by the battle of St. Quen-

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tin, the most disastrous day that the French experienced between Pavia and Waterloo, though rendered useless by the hesitating incapacity of Philip II. The degenerate grandchildren of Francis I. —namely, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.—had neither character, power, nor means to engage in such wars as their predecessors. Courtly pageants and pleasures, or more truly disgusting profligacies, the intrigues of courtiers and the quarrels of chiefs, religious persecutions, civil and religious conflicts, particular assassinations, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, constitute the matter of their reigns. The wars of Henry IV. himself were for the most part intestine. When the justice and vigour of his peaceful rule were terminated by the knife of an assassin in 1610, civil and religious conflicts began again. Throughout this disastrous and disgraceful period France, it is true, was engaged in foreign wars, but they were in a measure wars of necessity, and often, as regarded the interests of the State, wars of treason, being instigated by one of the contending parties to damage the other. And it is curious to observe how these civil wars, like most other French wars, were devoid of profit to the French people. The three great conflicts of opinion already alluded to, namely, the Revolt of the Netherlands against Philip II., the religious wars of Germany, and the Great Rebellion of England, not only accomplished their immediate purpose, but advanced the principles for which the combatants really took up arms. Few will deny but the cause of what is compendiously termed 'civil and religious liberty' was greatly forwarded in each of the three instances. Every one must admit that the main object of the insurgents was attained. It may perhaps be possible to find persons who would maintain that the Dutch were not justified in resisting Philip and Alva. They could not deny that the 'rebels' succeeded not merely in throwing off the yoke, but in establishing a national government, civil freedom, and religious toleration. It is difficult to discern what benefit resulted to France from her century of intestine quarrels, or indeed that could have resulted. The Edict of Nantes was a personal gift from Henry IV., or at least a temporary compromise, rescinded by the same uncontrollable 'will and pleasure' that granted it. The genius and vigour of Richelieu finally succeeded in crushing the substantial privileges of the French nobility and concentrating in the Crown the whole power of the State; but the triumph did not benefit France, for it overwhelmed her with taxation and plunged her into miseries from which even the consequences of the Revolution of 1789 were a relief. Neither was the triumph of any final advantage to the dynasty or the throne, for it resulted in the destruction of both. Yet it cannot be argued with any certainty that the triumph of the noblesse would have benefited the people. A sort of Venetian oligarchy in France, with a nominal king at their head, might not have made the condition of the peasantry worse than it is described as having been during the last century. It is extremely doubtful whether it would have made it any better.

With the exception of some *philosophes*, the reign of Louis XIV. was considered by Frenchmen the most *distingué* in the annals of the world till the great King was eclipsed by the glories of the great Emperor. And a remarkable reign it undoubtedly was. For half a century of its seventy-two years, continued success attended the king's undertakings abroad and at home. From Condé's first field of Rocroy, won when Louis had just ascended the throne at five years old, till the once famous battles of Steinkirk and Nerwinde, in 1693, when Luxembourg defeated William III., the successes of Louis were almost uniform by land, and considerable, though chequered, by sea—albeit his wars were rarely founded in justice or waged with mercy. The supremacy of *le Grand Monarque* and *la Grande Nation* was established; universal empire was talked of. Philosophers, poets, wits, artists, thronged around the king. Paris and Versailles gave the law to

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the civilized world, and what is more to the present purpose, the king's wars had enlarged and rounded his dominions and strengthened his frontiers. A little later, and the Pyrenees were removed, in a figure of speech. Yet a little later, and retribution began, and continued to the end. The triumphs of Marlborough and Eugene were more numerous and decisive than any in the first half-century of the great king's reign. If his disasters were not turned into disgraces and carried to more decisive results, it was owing to the treason of Oxford and Bolingbroke. Even as it was, the glories of Louis le Grand had exhausted the country, embarrassed the finances, and laid the foundation, as much as any single epoch can be said to have done so, of the Revolution of 1789, the execution of his descendant, and the expulsion of his race. In a still larger sense it originated an historical tragedy of which the end is not yet visible.

France was at times engaged in wars during the seventy-four years that intervened between the death of Louis XIV., in 1715, and the capture of the Bastile. But they partook of the narrowness and formality of the century. In Europe the enterprise and ambition of the old *régime* really centred, as Carlyle observes in his quaintly forcible style, in Frederick the Great. Fontenoy is the French victory which the most readily suggests itself to the English mind, on account of the English defeat. But none of the battles, at least of the French battles, had the spirit or the glory of those of older or of later days. They were quite counterbalanced by defeats; and in point of solid advantage, more than counterbalanced by the loss of Canada and of the East Indies, and an increase of that financial distress which compelled the assemblage of the States-General.

The 'glories' of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire are familiar to every one. There is no such enchaining historical reading to this generation; there are books of all sorts and sizes to meet the demand, and no wonder; for what exploits, and triumphs, and mutations were crowded into twenty years! More victories than one cares to count; more misery and devastation than man could apprehend, if he gave his life to the labour. The French flag floated triumphantly over every capital in Europe between Moscow and Lisbon; kings were displaced with less ceremony than some men use in discharging lackeys; parvenus were placed on thrones with less precaution than some men take in hiring lackeys. Flanders and Holland were annexed to France; Italy became an appanage; Frenchmen ruled in Spain, Portugal, and parts of Germany; French influence was predominant everywhere, save where the English flag flew in sign of English dominion. Visions of universal empire that Charlemagne, from want of geographical knowledge, could not dream, and hopes that Louis the Great never entertained, were then realized. 'But Nemesis is always on the watch.' The retreat from Russia, the battles of Leipsic and Waterloo, and St. Helena at last; the flags of many nations dominating in Paris; armies encamped upon the sacred soil of France; curtailed territories, and material losses, and traditional hatreds, such as we see in Germany, outbalanced in the long run the imperial glories.

The resultless war mania, whose course for three centuries and a half has been briefly indicated, has now recommenced, if not with the meteor-like rapidity and brilliancy of some older times, at least with a series of hard-won victories and substantial successes. The final conclusion who can tell? The material losses on both sides would probably be nearly equal, but for the *Hungarian* prisoners; the sluggish pertinacity of Austria and her long tenacity of purpose is something wonderful; it may be questioned if the Gallic nature and the French Emperor's position will bear the tedious difficulties and slow delays that seem congenial to the Austrians. The same moral dangers may threaten Napoleon III. that overwhelmed his predecessors; for there is an analogy between the past and the present. It was not altogether French arms and French valour

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that overcame Naples and Milan at the close of the fifteenth century; they were aided by the popular discontent with the actual rulers, just as the hopes mankind entertained of the French Revolution facilitated the rapid progress of General Buonaparte through Italy some sixty years ago. In the dim haze of the future one thing alone is clear, that if the Emperor of the French can succeed in expelling the Austrians from Italy beyond likelihood of return, he will have an opportunity of raising his character such as has fallen to the lot of few rulers. If, throwing aside selfish purposes and French ambition, he disinterestedly applies himself to establish an orderly freedom in Italy, he will acquire a fame and an influence such as no extent of dominion—already so often gained by his predecessors and so quickly lost—could procure. The murky and troubled past cannot be obliterated, but the future may be serene and fair.

SWORD AND GOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY LIVINGSTONE.'

Chapter XI.

THERE was in Dorade a stout and meritorious elderly widow, who formed a sort of connecting link between the natives and the settlers. English by birth, she had married a Frenchman of fair family and fortune: so that her habits and sympathies attached themselves about equally to the two countries. You do not often find so good a specimen of the hybrid. She gave frequent little *soirées*, which were as pleasant and exciting as such assemblages of heterogeneous elements usually are: that is to say—very moderately so. The two streams flowed on in the same channel, without mingling, or losing their peculiar characteristics. I fancy the fault was most on our side.

We no longer, perhaps, parade Europe with 'pride in our port, defiance in our eye;' but still, in our travels, we lose no opportunity of maintaining and asserting our well-belovèd dignity, which, if rather a myth and vestige of the past, at home, abroad—is a very stern reality. Have you not seen, at a crowded *table-d'hôte*, the British mother encompass her daughters with the double bulwark of herself and their staid governess on either flank, so as to avert the contamination which must otherwise have certainly ensued from the close proximity of a courteous white-bearded Graf, or a *fringante* Vicomtesse whose eyes outshone her diamonds? May it ever remain so! Each nation has its vanity and its own peculiar glory, as it has its especial produce. O cotton-mills of Manchester! envy not nor emulate the velvet looms of Genoa or Lyons: you are ten times as useful, and a hundredfold more remunerating. What matters it if Damascus guard jealously the secret of her fragrant clouded steel, when Sheffield can turn out efficient sword-blades at the rate of a thousand per hour? *Suum cuique tribuito.* Let others aspire to be popular: be it ours, to remain irreproachably and unapproachably respectable.

So poor Mdme. de Verzenay's efforts to promote an *entente cordiale* were lamentably foiled. When the English mustered strong, they would immediately form themselves into a hollow square, the weakest in the centre, and so defy the assaults of the enemy. Now and then a daring Gaul would attempt the adventure of the Enchanted Castle, determined, if not to deliver the imprisoned maidens, at least to enliven their solitude. See how gaily and gallantly he starts, glancing a saucy adieu to Adolphe and Eugène, who admire his audacity, but augur ill for its success. *Allons, je me risque. Montjoie St. Denis! France à la rescousse!* He winds, as it were, the bugle at the gate, with a well-turned compliment or a bril-

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liant bit of *badinage.* Slowly the jealous valves unclose; he stands within the magic precinct—an eerie silence all around. Suppose that one of the Seven condescends to parley with him: she does so, nervously and under protest, glancing ever over her shoulder, as if she expected the austere Fairy momentarily to appear; while her companions sit without winking or moving, cowering together like a covey of birds when the hawk is circling over the turnip-field. How can you expect a man to make himself agreeable under such appalling circumstances? The heart of the adventurer sinks within him. Lo! there is a rustling of robes near; what if Calyba or Urganda were at hand? *Fuyons!* And the knight-errant retreats, with drooping crest and smirched armour—a melancholy contrast to the *preux chevalier* who went forth but now chanting his war-song, conquering and to conquer. The remarks of the discomfited one, after such a failure, were, I fear, the reverse of complimentary; and the unpleasant word, *bégueule*, figured in them a great deal too often.

Cecil and Fanny Molyneux were certainly exceptions to the rule of unsociability; but the general dulness of those *réunions* infected them, and made the atmosphere oppressive; it required a vast amount of leaven to make such a large heavy lump light or palatable. Besides, it is not pleasant to carry on a conversation with twenty or thirty people looking on and listening, as if it were some theatrical performance that they had paid money to see, and consequently had a right to criticise. The fair friends had held counsel together as to the expediency of gratifying others at a great expense to themselves on the present occasion, and had made their election—not to go.

Early the next morning, Miss Tresilyan encountered Keene: their conversation was very brief; but, just as he was quitting her, the latter remarked, in a matter-of-course way, 'We shall meet this evening at Madame de Verzenay's?'

She looked at him in some surprise; for she knew he must have heard, from Mrs. Molyneux, of their intention to absent themselves. She told him as much.

'Ah! last night she did not mean to go,' replied Royston; 'but she changed her mind this morning, while I was with them. When I left them, ten minutes ago, there was a consultation going on with Harry as to what she should wear. I don't think it will last more than half an hour; and then she was coming, to try to persuade you to keep her fickleness in countenance.'

Now, the one point upon which Cecil had been most severe on *la mignonne*, was the way in which the latter suffered herself to be guided by her husband's friend. It is strange, how prone is the unconverted and unmated feminine nature to instigate revolt against the Old Dominion; never more so, than when the beautiful *Carbonàra* feels that its shadow is creeping fast over the frontier of her own freedom. Nay, suppose the conquest achieved, and that they themselves are reduced to the veriest serfdom, none the less will they strive to goad other hereditary bondswomen into striking the blow. Is it not known that steady old 'machiners,' broken for years to double-harness, will encourage and countenance their 'flippant' progeny in kicking over the traces? How otherwise could the name of mother-in-law, on the stage and in divers domestic circles, have become a synonym for firebrand? Look at your wife's maid, for instance. She will spend two-thirds of her wages and the product of many silk dresses ('scarcely soiled') in furnishing that objectionable and disreputable suitor of hers with funds for his extravagance. He has beggared two or three of her acquaintance already, under the same flimsy pretence of intended marriage, that scarcely deludes poor Abigail: she has sore misgivings as to her own fate. Alternately he bullies and cajoles; but all the while she knows that he is lying, deliberately and incessantly: yet she never remonstrates or complains. It is true that, if you pass the door of her little room late into the night, you will probably go to bed haunted by the sound of low, dreary weeping: but it would be worse than useless to argue with her about her

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folly; she cherishes her noisome and ill-favoured weed, as if it were the fairest of fragrant flowers, and will not be persuaded to throw it aside. Well—if you could listen to that same long-suffering and soft-hearted young female, in her place in the subterranean Upper House, when the conduct of 'Master' (especially as regards Foreign Affairs) is being canvassed; the fluency and virulence of her anathemas would almost take your breath away. Even that dear old housekeeper—who nursed you, and loves you better than any of her own children—when she would suggest an excuse or denial of the alleged peccadilloes, is borne away and overwhelmed by the abusive torrent, and can at last only grumble her dissent. Very few women, of good birth and education, make *confidantes* nowadays of their personal attendants; and the race of 'Miggs'' is chiefly confined to the class in which Dickens has placed it, if it is not extinct utterly. But there is a season—while the brush passes lightly and lingeringly over the long trailing 'back-hair'—when a hint, an allusion, or an insinuation, cleverly placed, may go far towards fanning into flame the embers of matrimonial rebellion. I know no case where such serious consequences may be produced, with so little danger of implication to the prime mover of the discontent, except it be the system of the patriotic and intrepid Mazzini. Many outbreaks, perhaps—quelled after much loss on both sides, in which the monarchy was only saved by the judicious expenditure of much *mitraille*—might have been traced to the covert influence of that mild-eyed, melancholy *cameriste*.

Cecil, who was not exempt from these revolutionary tendencies, any more than from other weaknesses of her sex, was especially provoked by this fresh instance of Fanny's subordination.

'Mrs. Molyneux is perfectly at liberty to form her own plans,' she said, very haughtily. 'Beyond a certain point, I should no more dream of interfering with them than she would with mine. She is quite right to change her mind as often as she thinks proper; only in this instance, I should have thought it was hardly worth while.'

'Well,' Keene answered, in his cool, slow way, 'Mrs. Molyneux has got that unfortunate habit of consulting other people's wishes and convenience in preference to her own; it's very foolish and weak; but it is so confirmed, that I doubt even *your* being able to break her of it. This time, I am sure you wont. It is a pity you are so determined on disappointing the public. I know of more than one person who has put off other engagements in anticipation of hearing you sing.'

He was perfectly careless about provoking her now, or he would have been more cautious. That particular card was the very last in his hand to have played. Miss Tresilyan was good-nature itself, in placing her talents at the service of any man, woman, or child who could appreciate them. She would go through half her *repertoire* to amuse a sick friend, any day; neither was she averse to displaying them before the world in general, at proper seasons; but she liked the 'boards' to be worthy of the prima donna, and had no idea of 'starring it in the provinces.' All the pride of her race gathered on her brow, just then, like a thunder-cloud, and her eyes flashed no summer lightning.

'Madame de Verzenay was wrong to advertise a performer who does not belong to her *troupe*. I hope the audience will be patient under their disappointment, and not break up the benches. If not, she must excuse herself as best she may. I have signed no engagement, so my conscience is clear. I certainly shall not go.'

The bolt struck the granite fairly; but it did not shiver off one splinter, nor even leave a stain. Royston only remarked, 'Then, for to-day, it is useless to say *au revoir*;' and so, raising his cap, passed on.

The poor *mignonne* had a very rough time of it, soon afterwards. Cecil was morally and physically incapable of scolding any one; but she was very severe on the sin of vacillation, and yielding to unauthorized interference. The culprit did not attempt to justify herself;

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she only said—'They both wanted me to go so much, and I did not like to vex Harry.' Then she began to coax and pet her monitress in the pretty, childish way which interfered so much with matronly dignity, till the latter was brought to think that she had been cruelly harsh and stern; at last she got so penitent, that she offered to accompany her friend, and lend the light of her countenance to Madame de Verzenay. For this infirmity of purpose, many female Dracos would have ordered her off to instant execution—very justly. That silly little Fanny only kissed her, and said—'she was a dear, kind darling.' What can you expect of such irreclaimably weak-minded offenders? They ought to be sentenced to six months' hard labour, supervised by Miss Martineau: perhaps even this would not work a permanent cure. Still, on The Tresilyan's part, it was an immense effort of self-denial. She was well aware how she laid herself open to Royston Keene's satire, and how unlikely he was, this time, to spare her. Only perfect trust, or perfect indifference, can make one careless about giving such a chance to a known bitter tongue.

However, having made up her mind to the self-immolation, she proceeded to consider how best she should adorn herself for the sacrifice. Others have done so in sadder seriousness. Doubtless, Curtius rode at his last leap without a speck on his burnished mail: purple and gold and gems flamed all round Sardanapalus when he fired the holocaust in Nineveh: even that miserable, dastardly Nero was solicitous about the marble fragments that were to line his felon's grave. So it befell that, on this particular evening, Cecil went through a very careful toilette, though it was as simple as usual; for the ultra-gorgeous style she utterly eschewed. The lilac trimmings of her dress broke the dead white sufficiently, but not glaringly, with the subdued effect of colour that you may see in a campanula. The *coiffure* was not decided on till several had been rejected. She chose at last a chaplet of those soft, silvery Venetian shells—such as her bridesmaids may have woven into the night of Amphitritè's hair when they crowned her Queen of the Mediterranean.

It was a very artistic picture. So Madame de Verzenay said, in the midst of a rather too rapturous greeting; so the Frenchmen thought, as a low murmur of admiration ran through their circle when she entered. Fanny, too, had her modest success. There were not wanting eyes, that turned for a moment from the brilliant beauty of her companion, to repose themselves on the sweet girlish face shaded by silky brown tresses, and on the perfect little figure floating so lightly and gracefully along amidst its draperies of pale cloudy blue.

Miss Tresilyan felt that there might be *one* glance that it would be a trial to meet unconcernedly, and she had been schooling herself sedulously for the encounter. She might have spared herself some trouble; for Royston Keene was not there when they arrived. She knew that Mrs. Molyneux had told him of the change in their plans; but the latter did not choose to confess how she had been puzzled by the very peculiar smile with which the Major greeted the intelligence: it was the only notice he took of it. So the evening went on, with nothing to raise it above the dead level of average *soirées*. Cecil delayed going to the piano till she was ashamed of making more excuses, and was obliged to 'execute herself' with the best grace she could manage. Even while she was singing, her glance turned more than once toward the door; but the stalwart figure, beside which all others seemed dwarfed and insignificant, never showed itself. It was clear *he* was not among those who had given up other engagements to hear her songs. If we have been at some trouble and mental expense in getting ourselves into any one frame of mind—whether it be enthusiasm, or self-control, or fortitude, or heroism—it is an undeniable nuisance to find out suddenly that there is to be no scope for its exercise. Take a very practical instance. Here is Lt.-Col. Asahel ready on the ground; looking, as his conscience and his

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backers tell him, 'as fine as a star, and fit to run for his life:' at the last moment his opponent pays forfeit. Just ascertain the sentiments of that gallant Fusilier. Does the result at all recompense him for the futile privations and wasted asceticism of those long weary months of training—when pastry was, as it were, an abomination unto him—when his lips kept themselves undefiled from driest champagne or soundest claret—when he fled, fast as Cinderella, from the pleasantest company, at the stroke of the midnight chimes? Of course he feels deeply injured, and would have forgiven the absentee far more easily if the latter had beaten him fairly, on his merits, breasting the handkerchief first by half-a-dozen yards.

On this principle, Miss Tresilyan laboured all that evening under an impression that Keene had treated her very ill, and was prepared to resent it accordingly. Another there besides herself felt puzzled and uncomfortable. Harry Molyneux could not understand it at all. Royston had seemed so very anxious in the morning to induce Fanny to go—a proceeding which would probably involve the presence of her 'inseparable;' and disinterested persuasion was by no means in the Cool Captain's line. So Harry went wandering about in a purposeless, disconsolate fashion for some time, till he found himself near Cecil. I fancy he had an indistinct idea that some apology was owing to *her* for his chief's unaccountable absence; at all events, he began to confide his misgivings on the subject as soon as the men who surrounded her moved away. They soon did so; for The Tresilyan had a way, quite peculiar to herself, of conveying to those whom she wished to get rid of that their audience was ended, without speaking one word. There was a very unusual element of impatient pettishness in her reply.

'What a curious fascination Major Keene appears to exercise over his friends! I suppose you would think it quite wrong to be amused anywhere, unless he were present to sanction it. Do you become a free agent again, when you are given up entirely to your own devices? And do *all* subalterns keep up that veneration for their senior officers after they have left the service? It seems to be carrying the *esprit de corps* rather far.'

Harry laughed out his own musical laugh; even the imputation of dependency and helplessness which is apt to ruffle most people fell back harmlessly from his impenetrable good humour. 'I dare say it does look very absurd. But you ought to have lived with him as long as I have done to understand how naturally Royston gains his influence, and makes us do what he chooses.'

'Certainly I cannot understand it. The *poco-curante* style is so very common just now that one gets rather tired of it. I do not like the affectation at all, but I dislike the reality still more. I believe it *is* a reality with Major Keene. I cannot fancy him betraying any unrestrained excitement, however strong the passion that moved him might be. You have never known him do so, now? Confess it?'

'Yes I have, once,' he answered gravely, 'and I never wish to see it again.'

Cecil always liked talking to Harry Molyneux. On the present occasion the mere sound of his voice seemed to go far towards soothing her irritation: many others had experienced the same effect from those kindly gentle tones. Perhaps, too, the subject had an interest for her that she would not own. 'Would it tire you to tell me about it? I am not particularly curious, but I have been so much bored to-night that a very little would amuse me.'

He hesitated for an instant. 'It is not *that;* but I don't know if I am right in telling you. Perhaps you would not like him the better for it; though he could not help it. Shall I? Well, it was in the second of our Indian battles, and the first time we had really been under fire; before it was only nominal. We had been sitting idle for two hours or more, watching the infantry and the gunners do their work; and right well they did it. The Sikhs were giving ground in all directions; but they began to gather again on our right, and at last we were told

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to send out three squadrons and break them at three different points. Keene was in command of mine. I never saw him look so enchanted as he did when the orders came down. I heard the chief warning him to be cautious, not to go too far (for there was a good deal of broken ground ahead), but to wheel about as soon as we had got through their lines, and to fall back immediately on our position. Royston listened and saluted, but I know he didn't catch one word: he kept looking over his shoulder all the time the Colonel was speaking, as if he grudged every second. We were very soon off; and almost before I realized the situation, we were closing in on the enemy, wrapped up in our own dust and in their smoke, for the firing became heavy directly we got within range. Now, I don't think I ought to be telling you all this: it is not quite a woman's story.'

'Please go on. I like it.' How grandly it flashed up in her cheek as she spoke—the fiery Tresilyan blood that had boiled in the veins of so many brilliant soldiers, but through twenty generations had never cooled down enough to breed one statesman!

He had taken breath by this time. 'I wont make it longer than I can help; but it is difficult to tell some things very briefly. It was my first real charge, you know: I suppose every man's sensations are rather peculiar under such circumstances. I did not feel much alarmed—there wasn't time for that—but the smoke, and the noise, and the excitement, made me so dizzy that I could hardly sit straight in my saddle. When we got within a hundred and fifty yards of the Sikhs, their fire began to tell. I heard a bubbling smothered sort of cry close behind me, and I looked back just in time to see a trooper fall forward over his horse's shoulder, shot through the throat. Several more were hit, and our fellows began to waver a little—not much. Just then Royston's voice broke in: it was so clear and strong that it set my nerves right directly, and the dizzy stifling feeling went away, as it might have done before a draught of fresh pure air. "Close up there, the rear rank. Keep cool, men! Steady with your bridle-hands, and strike fairly with the edge. *Now!*"

He was three lengths ahead of his squadron, and well in amongst the enemy, when that last word came out. It was sharp work while it lasted, for the Sikhs fought like wounded wild cats: one fixed his teeth in my boot, and was dragged there till my covering-sergeant cut him loose; but we were soon through them. When we had wheeled, and were dressing into line, I caught sight of Keene's face. It was so changed that I should hardly have known it: every fibre was quivering with passion, and his eyes—I've not forgotten them yet. We ought to have fallen back immediately on our old ground, but it was so evident he did not mean this, that I ventured to suggest to him what our orders had been. I was not second in command; but of my two seniors one was helpless (the stupidest man you ever saw) and the other hard hit. Royston faced round on me with a savage oath—"How dare you interfere, sir! Are you in command of this squadron?" Then he turned to the troopers: "Have you had half enough yet, men? *I haven't.*" I am very sure he had lost his head, or he would never have spoken to me so, still less have made that last appeal, for he was the strictest disciplinarian, and looked upon his men as the merest machines. It seemed as if the devil that possessed him had gone out into the others too, for they all shouted in reply—not a cheery honest hurrah! but a hoarse hungry roar, such as you hear in wild beasts' dens before feeding-time. An old troop-sergeant, a rigid pious Presbyterian, spoke for the rest, grinding and gnashing his teeth: "We'll follow the captain anywhere—follow him to hell!"' (Harry's voice had all along been subdued, but it was almost a whisper now:) 'I do hope those words were not reckoned against poor Donald Macpherson; for, when we got back, his was one of thirteen empty saddles. So we broke up, and went in again at the Sikhs, who were collecting in black-looking knots and irregular squares all round. It was an indescribable sort of a *mêlée*, every man for himself, and—I dare not say—God for us all.

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I suppose I was as bad as the rest when once fairly launched, and we all thought we were doing our duty; but I should not like to have so many lives on my head and hand as Royston could count that night. Remember, *we* suffered rather severely.

'As we took up our position again I saw the Colonel was not well pleased. He had little of the romance of war about him, and did not understand his officers acting much on their own discretion. Without hearing the words, I could guess, from the expression of his hard old face, that he came down on the squadron-leader heavily. When I ranged up by Keene's side soon afterwards, he looked up at me absently. "I was thinking," he said (now, one naturally expected a sentiment about the scene we had just gone through, or a reflection on the injustice of chiefs in general)—"I was thinking what rubbish those army-cutlers sell, and call it a sword-blade." He held up a sort of apology for a sabre, all notched and bent and blunted; then he began to inquire if I had been hit at all. I had escaped with hardly a scratch; but I saw an ugly cut above his knee, and blood stealing down his bridle-arm. "Bah! it's nothing," Royston observed, answering the direction of my eyes; "but—if the tulwar and the reprimand had both been sharper—confess, Hal, that this time, *Le jeu valait bien la chandelle?*"

'We never had a real rattling charge after that day, at least none exciting enough to warm him thoroughly. Now, I am very sorry I have told you all this: it is not a nice story; but it is your own fault if I have bored you. Besides, Madame de Verzenay will never forgive me for monopolizing you so long. I do think she does me the honour to believe in a flirtation.'

Cecil's heightened colour and sparkling eyes might have justified such a suspicion in a distant and unprejudiced observer. Does not this show us how very cautious we ought to be in forming hasty conclusions from appearances, which are proverbially deceptive? I protest, I am filled with remorse and contrition while I reflect how often, in thought, I may have wronged and misjudged the innocent. I dare say in many outwardly flagrant cases the offenders were only expatiating on the merits or demerits of absent friends. Such a subject is quite engrossing enough to excuse a certain amount of 'sitting out,' and some people *always* blush when they are at all interested. The selection of the staircase, the balcony, or the conservatory for the discussion is the merest atmospheric question. I subscribe to Mr. Weller's idea—only 'turnips' are incredulous. *Vive la charité!*

After a minute or two Miss Tresilyan spoke: 'No; I don't think worse of Major Keene. As you say, I suppose he could not help it; but it must be terrible, when passions that are habitually restrained do break loose. No wonder that you do not wish to see such a sight again. It is very different, reading of battles and hearing of them from one who was an actor. Do you know, I think you have an undeveloped talent for narration. There, that ought to console you, even if Madame de Verzenay should asperse your character.'

At this moment Harry was contemplating the proceedings of his pretty little wife at the opposite side of the room, with an intense satisfaction and pride.

'If I *had* yielded to temptation,' he said, 'I am sure Fan could not reproach me. She would keep a much greater sinner in countenance. Miss Myrtle is a thousand times worse since she married. Just remark that byplay with the handkerchief. You don't suppose M. de Riberac cares one straw about Valenciennes lace? It makes one feel *Moorish* all over. You need not be surprised if she is found smothered or strangled in the morning. I am "not easily moved to jealousy, but being moved——"'

'Don't be too murderous,' laughed Cecil; 'you are certain to regret it afterwards. We will reproach her as she deserves on our way home. Is it not very late?'

She wanted to be alone, to think over what she had heard; and in good truth, waking or sleeping, the watches of that night were crowded with dreams.

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All this time, where was Royston Keene? He had been really anxious to induce Miss Tresilyan to present herself at Madame de Verzenay's, for he liked her well enough already to feel a personal interest in her triumphs; but, after their interview in the morning (though he thought it probable that Fanny's persuasive powers might prevail), he had determined himself not to go; and he did not change his resolutions lightly. Still, he could not resist the temptation of getting one glimpse at her in 'review order.' If Cecil had been very observant when she went down to her carriage, she must have noticed a tall figure standing back, half masked by a pillar, whose eyes literally flashed in the darkness as they fastened on her in her passage through the lighted hall, and drank in every item of her loveliness. He stood still for some moments after she was gone, and then walked slowly down to the Cercle. While they were talking about him at Madame de Verzenay's, Royston was holding his own gallantly at *écarté* with Armand de Châteaumesnil, for the honour of England and —ten napoleons a side. As was his wont, he played superbly; but he spoke seldom, and hardly seemed to hear the comments of the crowded *galèrie*. In truth, at some most critical points—when the game was in abeyance at *quatre à*—a delicate proud face, and a shell wreath glistening in velvet hair, *would* rise before him, and dethrone, in his thoughts, the painted kings and queens. His adversary did not fail to observe this; but he said nothing till the play was ended, and most of the others had left the room. Then he laid his hand on Keene's arm, and drew his head down to the level of his own lips, and spoke low:—

'Mon camarade, je me rappelle, d'avoir vu, il y a quelques ans, au Café de la Régence, un homme qui tenait tête, aux échecs, à quatre concurrens. Les habitués en disaient des merveilles. Mais ce n'était qu'un bon bourgeois après tout; et, nous autres, nous sommes plus forts que les bourgeois. Vouz avez joué ce soir les deux parties que, dit le proverbe, c'est presque impossible de remporter simultanément; et je ne me tiens pas pour le seul perdant.'

Royston did not seem in the least inclined to smile; had he done so, Armand would have been bitterly disappointed. As it was, he answered very coldly, without a shade of consciousness on his face—

'Un compliment mérite toujours des remercîmens, M. le Vicomte, même quand on ne le comprend pas. Pardon, si je vous engage, de ne pas expliquer plus clairement vôtre allégorie.'

The other looked up at him with an expression that might almost have been mistaken for sympathy.

'Parbleu!' he muttered, 'si beau joueur merite bien de gagner!'

Chapter XII.

Sometimes, lying on the cliffs of Kerry or Clare, on a cloudless autumn day, when not a breath of wind is stirring, you may see rank after rank of heavy purple billows rolling sullenly in from the offing: these are messengers coming to tell us of battles fought a thousand leagues to the westward, in which they too have borne their part. Before the mail comes in we are prepared to hear of a storm that has worked its wicked will for nights and days, thundering among the granite boulders of Labrador, or tearing through the fog banks of Newfoundland. This is perhaps the most commonplace of all ancient comparisons; but where will you find so apt a parallel for the vagaries of the human heart as the phases of the deep, false, beautiful sea?

On the morning after Madame de Verzenay's party, Cecil rose in a very troubled frame of mind. She had no feeling of irritation left against Royston Keene; but she was uneasy, and uncomfortable, and loth to meet him. What she had felt, and what she had heard, had moved her too deeply for her to resume at once her wonted composure. So it was that she accepted very readily an invitation from Mrs. Fullarton, to accompany herself and children on a mild botanizing excursion among the hills. These small *fêtes* went a long way with that hard-working and meritorious

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woman; what with anticipation and retrospect, each lasted her about two months. Miss Tresilyan was prevented from starting with the rest of the party; but the Chaplain himself was to escort her to the place of rendezvous; his little daughter, Katie, being retained, to be invested with the temporary and 'local' rank of chaperone—a formality which, in these days of scanty faith, even married divines are not allowed to dispense with. The quartette was completed by the mule-driver—one of those remarkable boys who converse invariably in a tongue which the beasts of burden seem to understand and sympathize with, but which, to any other creature whatsoever, is absolutely destitute of meaning. They had some way to go; so Cecil had taken up Katie before her on her mule; the Pastor walked by her side, glozing (for the road was not very steep) on all sorts of subjects, gravely and smoothly, as was his wont. They had crossed the first line of hills, and were descending into the valley beyond, when, turning a sharp corner where a projecting rock almost barred the path, they came suddenly on Royston Keene. He was lying at full length; his head resting against the knotted root of an olive, with eyes half closed, and the cigar between his lips, that seldom left them when he was alone. It *was* odd that he should have selected that especial spot for the scene of his *siesta*. Cecil did her very utmost to look unconcerned: it was too provoking, that she could not help blushing! Mr. Fullarton evidently looked upon it in the light of an ambush. Had he ventured to give his thoughts utterance, certainly the ready text would have sprung to his lips—'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' If there was 'malice prepense' there, the 'enemy' deserved some credit for the perfectly natural air of surprise with which he rose and greeted them.

'Are you recruiting after last night's triumphs, or escaping from popular enthusiasm, Miss Tresilyan? I have met several Frenchmen already who are quite childish about your singing. I should not advise you to venture on the Terrace today. There might be temptations to vanity, which Mr. Fullarton will tell you are dangerous.'

She had so completely made up her mind to some allusion to her change of purpose, or to his own absence, that it was rather aggravating to find him ignore both utterly. But she rallied well.

'Nothing half so imaginative, Major Keene. It was a very stupid party, and I only sang once; as, I dare say, you have heard. We are only going to help Mrs. Fullarton to find some wild-flowers. I hope you have not anticipated us?'

He *fixed* her with the cool appreciative look that was harder to meet than even his sneer.

'No; the flowers are safe from me. I don't care enough about them to keep them; and it is a pity to pick them and throw them away to wither. But I would have asked to be allowed to help you in your search, only—I don't like to spoil a picture. You brought a very good one to my mind as you turned the corner, a 'Descent into Egypt,' that I saw long ago. The blot *there*, I remember, was a very stout rubicund Joseph, not at all worthy of the imperial Madonna.'

While he was speaking he drew back, and leant lazily against the stem of the olive, with the evident intention of resuming his original posture as soon as courtesy would allow. Miss Tresilyan could not restrain a quick gesture of impatience.

'As we did not come out to *poser*, Mr. Fullarton, don't you think we had better not delay any longer? We are so late already, that I am sure the rest of the party will be tired of waiting.'

Guess if her companion was loth to obey her.

They moved on for some time almost in silence. Cecil's thoughts were busy with a picture, too—not the less vivid because only her own imagination had painted it. Her deep dreamy eyes passed over the landscape actually before them, without catching one of its details: they were looking on a desolate stony plain, cracked and calcined by a fierce Indian sun—a few plumy palms in the background, and the rocky bed of a river half dried up—

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in the foreground a crowd of wild barbaric soldiery, with savage swarthy features, bareheaded or white-turbaned; mingled with these were horsemen in the uniform of our light dragoons, sabreing right and left mercilessly. In the very centre of the *mêlée* was one figure, round which all the others seemed to group themselves as mere accessories. She saw, very distinctly, the dark determined face, set, every line of it, in an unspeakable ferocity, with a world of murderous meaning in the gleaming eyes—so distinctly that it drove out the remembrance of the same man's face, expressive of nothing but passionless indifference, though she looked upon it but a few minutes since under the grey branches of the olive. She almost heard his clear imperious tones, cheering on and rallying his troopers, when a ruder voice broke her reverie.

'*Halte là!*'

If there was one thing that miserable muleteer-boy ought to have known better than another, it was the insuperable objection entertained by the Provençal peasant to anything like trespass on his territory (the touchiness of the *propriètaire* bears generally an inverse ratio to the extent of his possessions); yet, to make a short cut of about two hundred yards, he had led his party through a gap in the low stone wall over a strip of ground belonging to the very man who was least likely to overlook the intrusion. Jean Duchesne had a bad name in the neighbourhood, and deserved it thoroughly; he was surly enough when sober (which was the exception), but when drunk there were no bounds to his blind, brutish ferocity, and his great personal strength made him a formidable antagonist. He was not an agreeable object to contemplate, that gaunt giant, as he stood there in his squalid, tattered dress, with rough matted hair, and face flushed by recent intemperance, and flecked with livid stains of past debauches. You may see many such, crowding round the guillotine or the tumbril, in pictures of the French Revolution.

It is very odd that one cannot write or read those two words without a boiling of the blood, a tingling at the fingers' ends, and a tightening of the muscles of the fore-arm — ineffably absurd when excited by a recollection seventy years old! Yet so it is. You may talk of oppression till you are tired; you may catalogue all the wrongs that *Jacques Bonhomme* endured before his day of retaliation came; you may bring in your pet illustration of 'the storm that was necessary to clear the atmosphere;' but you will never make some of us feel that the guilt of an Order—had it been blacker by a hundred shades—palliated the Massacre of its Innocents. If the *Marquis* and *Mousquetaire* only had suffered, they might have laid down their lives cheerfully, as they would have done the stake of any other lost game; and, as for the priests, it was their privilege to be martyrs. But think of those fair matrons, and gentle girls, and delicate *mignonnes*, that had been petted from their childhood, cooped up in the foul courts of the Abbaye and La Force, with even the necessaries of life begrudged them, till the light died in their eyes and the gloss faded from their tresses; and then brought out to die in the chill, misty *Brumaire* morning, howled at and derided by the swarm of blood-suckers, till they cowered down, not in fear, but sickening horror, welcoming Samson and his satellites as friends and saviours. Remember, too, that there was scarcely an exception to the rule of patient courage, calm self-sacrifice, and pride of birth that never belied itself. Dubarry might shriek on the scaffold, but the Rohans died mute.

Of all the digressions we have indulged in, this is perhaps the most unwarrantable; and, though it has relieved me unspeakably, I hereby tender a certain amount of contrition for the same. *Revenons à nos moutons*—though there was very little of the sheep in the appearance of Jean Duchesne, whose demeanour (when we left him) you will recollect was decidedly aggressive. It was evident that the mule-boy thought mischief was brewing, for he twisted his features—irregular and *tumbled* enough already—into divers remarkable contortions expressive of remorse and terror.

'Who, then, dares to trespass on my lands? Do you think we sow

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our crops for your cursed mules to trample on?'

He spoke in a hoarse thick voice (suggestive of spirituous liquors), and in the disagreeable Provençal dialect, which must have altered strangely since the time of the *troubadours:* brief as his speech was, it found room for more than one of those expletives which are nowhere so horribly blasphemous as in the south of France.

Cecil had started slightly at the first interjection, which broke her daydream, but she was not otherwise alarmed or discomposed: she seemed to regard the *propriètaire* simply as an unpleasant obstacle to their progress, and glanced at Mr. Fullarton as if she expected him to clear it away. The latter was not good at French, but he did manage to express their sorrow if they had done any harm unconsciously, and their wish to retire instantly. 'Not before paying,' was the reply. '*Quinze francs de dedommagemens; et puis, filez aux tous les diables!*'

Women are not expected to carry purses, or any other objects of simple utility; but why Mr. Fullarton should have left his at home on this particular day is between himself and his own conscience. The party very soon realized the fact that they could muster about a hundred and fifty centimes among them.

Even kings and kaisers, when *incogniti*, have ere this been reduced to the extremest straits of ignominy from the want of a few available pieces of silver; and in ordinary life, five shillings ready at the moment are frequently of more importance than as many hundreds in expectancy. There lives even now a man who missed the most charming rendezvous with which fortune ever favoured him, because he rode a mile round to avoid a turnpike, not having wherewithal to pay it. Since that disastrous day he is ever furnished with such a weight of small change that, had Cola Pesce carried it, the strong swimmer must have sunk like a stone—in penance, probably, even as James of Scotland wore the iron belt. At a pause in the conversation you may hear him rattling the coppers in his pocket moodily, as the spectres in old romances rattle their chains; but his remorse is unavailing. A fair chance once lost, Whist and Erycina never forgive. The beautiful bird that might *then* have been limed and tamed shook her wings and flew away exultingly: far up in air the unlucky fowler may still sometimes hear her clear mocking carol, but she is too near heaven for his arts to reach, and has escaped the toils for ever.

On the present occasion Katie Fullarton 'flashed' her one half-franc with great courage and confidence, but the display of all that small capitalist's worldly wealth did not mollify Jean Duchesne. He had been lashing himself up, all along, into such a state of brutal ferocity, that he would have been disappointed if his extortion had been immediately satisfied; so he broke in savagely on the Chaplain's confused excuses and promises to settle everything at a fitting season: 'Tais toi, blagueur! On ne me floue pas ainsi avec des promesses; je m'en fiche pas mal. Au moins, on me laissera un gage.' His bloodshot eyes roved from one object to another till they lighted on the parasol that Miss Tresilyan carried: it was of plain dark grey silk, with a slight black lace trimming, but the carvings of the ivory handle made it of some real value. Before any one could divine his intention he had plucked it rudely from her hand.

Almost with the same motion Cecil set Katie down, and sprang herself from the saddle. In her eyes there was such intensity of anger that the drunken savage recoiled a pace or two, and for the first time in his life felt something like self-contempt: to have saved her soul she could not have spoken one word, but her silence was expressive enough as she turned to Mr. Fullarton. It is difficult to say what line she expected him to take—not the *voie de fait*, certainly; at least, if the hypothesis had been put to her when she was cool enough to consider it, she would utterly have repudiated such an idea. Perhaps she had a right to look for moral support if not for active championship.

We will not enter into the vexed question of physical courage and cowardice: it is a truism to say that the latter may co-exist with

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great moral firmness, which is, of course, far the superior quality. They will tell you that, when confronted with mere personal peril, a butcher, or grenadier, may match the best of us. Possibly: I am not going to dispute it. Only remember that there are occasions (very few in these civilized days) when the most refined of *bas-bleus* would rather see a strong, brave, honest man at her side, than an abstruse philosopher, a clever conversationalist—aye, even than a perfect Christian—whose nerves are not to be depended on; when Parson Adams would be worth a bench of Bishops. We cannot all be athletes; and, with the best intentions, some of us at such times are liable to defeat and discomfiture. The most utterly fearless man I ever knew, had a *biceps* that his own small fingers could have spanned. No woman, however—keeping the attributes of her sex—would think the worse of her champion for being trampled underfoot, when he had done his best to defend her. You know, their province is to console, and even pet the vanquished: they make up lint for the wounded, as readily as they weave laurels for the conquerors. But when they have once seen a man play the coward, the silver tongue, with all its eloquent explanation and honeyed pleadings, will hardly banish from their eyes the peculiar expression, wavering betwixt compassion and contempt. They may forgive cruelty, or insolence, or even treachery—in time; but they can find no palliation, and little sympathy, for that one unpardonable sin. Truly, transgression in this line, beyond a certain point, may scarcely be excused; for weakness may be controlled, if not cured: if we cannot be dashingly courageous, we may at least be decently collected: not all may aspire to the cross of valour; but it is not difficult to steer clear of courts-martial.

A man is not pleasant to contemplate when terror has driven out all self-command; so we will not draw Mr. Fullarton's picture: he could scarcely stammer out words enough to suggest an immediate retreat. It was painful—*not* ludicrous—to see how justly his own child appreciated the position: the little thing left her father's side instinctively, and clung for protection to Cecil Tresilyan. The latter saw instantly how matters stood; and if the glance she cast on the aggressor was not pleasant to meet, far more unendurable was that which fell upon her unlucky companion: it was piercing enough to penetrate the strong armour of his wonderful self-complacency, and to rankle for many a day. She struck her small foot on the ground, with a gesture of imperial disdain. Even so the Scythian Amazon might have spurned the livid head of Cyrus the Great King.

'I will not stir, till I see if no one will come who can take my part. Ah—I would give——'

'Don't be rash, Miss Tresilyan. You might be taken at your word.'

Cecil turned quickly, with a delicious sense of confidence and triumph thrilling through every fibre of her frame: on the top of the rock that rose ten feet high, like a wall, on their right, stood Royston Keene. A more pacific character would have dared a greater danger, for the reward and the promise of her eyes.

He took in the whole scene at a glance (perhaps he had heard more than he chose to own), and swinging himself lightly down, strode right across the *potager* with a disregard of the proprietor's interests and feelings refreshing to see.

'It seems to me that the ancient positions have been reversed. You have been spoiled by the Egyptians, Miss Tresilyan. Shall we try the secular arm? You have scarcely been safe under the protection of the church—*militant*.'

There was a pause before the last word, and it was unpleasantly emphasized. Then he advanced a step or two towards the Frenchman, without waiting for a reply, and spoke in a totally different tone—brief and imperative—'*Tu vas me rendre ça?*'

Duchesne had been rather startled by the apparition of the new comer, and, if he had been cool enough to reflect, would not have fancied him as an antagonist; but his passion blinded him, and strong drink had heated his brutal blood above boiling point; he ground his teeth, as he answered, till the foam ran down—

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'Le rendre—à toi—chien d'Anglais? je m'en garderai bien. Si la belle demoiselle veut le ravoir, elle viendra demain, me prier bien gentiment; et elle viendra—seule.'

Now, Royston Keene was thoroughly impregnated with the bitterest of aristocratic prejudices: no man alive more utterly ignored the doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity; besides this, he had acquired, to an unusual extent, the overbearing tone and demeanour which the habit of having soldiers under them is supposed to bring, too commonly, to modern centurions. He actually experienced a 'fresh sensation' as he heard the insult levelled by those coarse plebeian lips at the woman 'he delighted to honour.' His swarthy face grew white down to the lips, whose quivering the heavy moustache could not quite conceal; and he shivered from head to foot where he stood. Jean Duchesne thought he detected the familiar signs of a terror he had often inspired. 'Tu as peur donc? Tu tressailles dejà, blanc-bec! Tonnerre de Dì! tu as raison.' Not a trace of passion lingered in the Major's clear cold voice, that fell upon the ear with the ring of steel. 'On ne tressaille pas, quand on est sur de gagner. Regarde donc en arrière.'

Involuntarily, the Frenchman looked behind him, expecting a fresh adversary from that quarter. As he turned his head, Keene sprang forward, and plucked the parasol from his grasp; in one second he had laid it lightly in its owner's hand; in the next, he had returned to his position, and stood, ready for the onset, motionless as the marble Creugas.

He had not long to wait. Even a 'well-conditioned' Gaul does not like being outwitted; and the successful *ruse* exasperated Duchesne into insanity. Roaring like a wild beast that has missed its spring, he rushed in to grapple. Royston never moved a finger till the enemy was well within distance; then, slinging his left hand straight out from the hip, he 'let him have it' fairly between the eyes.

One blow—only one—but a blow that, had it been stricken in the days of Olympian and Nemean contests—where Pindar and his peers were 'reporters'—might well have earned a Dithyramb; a blow that would have gladdened the sullen spirit of the old gladiator who trained the Cool Captain, if the prophet had lived to see his auguries fulfilled; or if sights and sounds from upper earth could penetrate to the limbo of defunct athletæ. Nothing born of woman could have stood before it; and it was small blame to Jean Duchesne that he dropped like a log in his tracks. In another instant his conqueror had one knee on the chest of the fallen man, and both hands were griping his throat.

His own face was fearfully changed. It wore an expression that has been very often seen in the sixty centuries that have passed since Cain struck his brother down, but has very seldom been described; for the dead tell no tales beyond what their features, stiffened in hopeless terror, may betray. It has been seen on lost battle-fields—in the streets of cities given up to pillage, when the storming is just over, and the carnage begun—on desolate hill-sides—in dark forest-glades—in chambers of lonely houses, strongly but vainly barred—in every place where men in the death agony have 'cried and there was none to help them.' It was full time for *some one* to interfere, when the devil had entered into Royston Keene.

From the moment that affairs had assumed such a different aspect, Mr. Fullarton had gradually been recovering his composure, and by this time was quite himself again. He advanced confidently, and, laying his hand on the Major's shoulder, with an imposing air, and with his best pulpit-manner, enunciated, 'Thou shalt do no murder!' The latter, as we have already said, was utterly beside himself; but even this cannot excuse the abrupt, impatient movement that sent such an eminent divine reeling three paces back. The rigid lips only twisted themselves into an evil sneer, and the cruel fingers tightened their gripe, till the features of the prostrate wretch grew convulsed and black.

The whole scene had passed so

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quickly, though it takes so long to describe (some of us never *can* succeed in stenography), that Cecil felt perfectly lost in a whirl of conflicting emotions, till she saw the face in life before her, that she had been fancying ever since last night. A great fear came over her, but she overcame it, and her woman's instinct told her what to do. She laid her little hand upon Keene's arm before he was aware that she was near, and whispered so that only he could hear, 'For *my* sake.' Only these three simple words; but the exorcism was complete.

Again a shiver ran all through the hardy frame; and for once Love was more powerful than Hate. He loosed his hold—slowly though, and reluctantly—and rose to his feet, passing his hand over his eyes in a strange, bewildered way; but in five seconds his wonderful self-command asserted itself, and he spoke as coolly as ever. 'A thousand pardons. One does forget one's self sometimes, when the *canaille* are provoking; but I ought to have remembered what was due to *you*.'

Though she could not speak, she tried to smile; but strong reaction had come on. In the pale woman that trembled so painfully, it was hard to recognise proud Cecil Tresilyan. Royston was watching her narrowly; and his tone softened till it made his simple words a caress. 'Don't make me more angry with myself than I deserve. Indeed, there is nothing more to alarm or distress you. If you would only forgive me!' He helped her into the saddle as he spoke, and she submitted passively. But the happy feeling of perfect trust in him was coming back fast.

Jean Duchesne had somewhat recovered from his stupor, and was leaning on one arm, panting heavily, still in great pain; but he was inured to all sorts of broils, and evidently he would soon recover from the effects of this one, though he had never been so roughly handled. It was sheer terror that made him lie so still: he dared move no more than a whipped hound while in the presence of his late opponent.

The others turned slowly homewards; for it is needless to say the wild-flowers and the rendezvous were forgotten. As they turned the corner which cut off the view of Duchesne's ground, Royston looked back once, longingly. It was well for Cecil's nerves, in their disturbed state, that she did not catch that Parthian glance. Ah, those ungovernable eyes! They were gleaming with the expression that Kirkpatrick's may have worn—when he turned into the chapel where the Red Comyn lay—growling '*I* mak sicker.'

None of the party were much disposed for conversation; for even Mr. Fullarton did not feel equal to 'improving the occasion' just then. Cecil broke the silence at last; it was where the road was so narrow that only two could walk abreast: Royston never left her bridle-rein. 'You must fancy that I have thanked you: I cannot do so properly now. It is strange, though, that you should have come up so very opportunely. Was it a presentiment that made you follow us?'

The answer was so low that she had almost to guess at it from the motion of his lips—'Have you forgotten Napoleon's last rallying-cry, "*Qui m'aime me suit?*"' No wonder that his pulse should throb exultantly, as he saw the bright beautiful blush that swept over his companion's cheek and brow! They had almost reached home when he spoke again—'You would have been liberal in your promises twenty minutes ago if I had not stopped you, Miss Tresilyan. I *should* like to have some memorial of to-day. Very childish, is it not? Will you give me *this?* I deserve something for saving—that pretty parasol.' He touched the glove she had just drawn off—a light riding-gauntlet, fancifully-cut, and embroidered with silk. Cecil hesitated, though she would have been loth to refuse him anything just then. She felt, as most proud, sensitive women feel, the first time they are asked for what may be interpreted into a *gage d'amour*. The tribute may be nominal, and the suzerain may be lenient indeed; but none the less does it establish vassalage.

Royston interpreted her reluc-

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tance aright, and went on, with an earnestness very unusual with him: for once it was honest and true. 'Pray trust me. The moment I cease to value that *souvenir* as it deserves, on my honour I will return it.'

He was fated to triumph all through that day. When Cecil was alone she put something away with a very unnecessary carefulness; for surely nothing can be more valueless than a glove that has lost its mate.

A SONG FROM GARIBALDI.

IN bivouac under a clump of chesnuts, in view of Lake Como, on the evening of 25th May, Corporal Redmond O'Driscol, of the Cork Contingent to the *Chasseurs des Alpes*, broke forth in praise of similar scenery at home. He was overheard by the General, whose knowledge of the various languages in use among his Alpine hunters is conspicuous. Willing that the main body of his troops should enjoy the profound sense of the Irishman's melody, he took up the strain at its conclusion and made it Italian and his own.

I Boschi di Blarnea.	The Groves of Blarney.
Di Blarne' i boschi	The groves of Blarney,
Bei' benchè foschi	They look so charming,
In versi Toschi	Down by the purlings
Vorrei cantar;	Of sweet silent brooks,
La dove meschi	All decked by posies
Son fiori, freschi	That spontaneous grow there,
Ben pittoreschi	Planted in order
Pel passegiar;	In the rocky nooks.
Vi sono gigli	'Tis there the daisy,
Bianch e vermigli	And the sweet carnation,
Ch'ognun ne pigli	The blooming pink,
In liberta;	And the rose so fair;
Anch' odorose	Likewise the lily,
Si coglion rose	And the daffodilly—
Da giovin spose	All flowers that scent
Fior di belta.	The sweet open air.
Miladi Gifra*	'Tis Lady Jeffers
Si gode qui frà	Owns this plantation;
Immensa ciffra	Like Alexander,
Di ricchi ben	Or like Helen fair,
E tutti sanno	There's no commander
Se Carlomanno	In all the nation,
E Cesare hanno	For regulation,
Piu cor nel sen.	Can with her compare.
Il fier Cromwello	Such walls surround her,
Si sa, fu quello	That no nine-pounder
Ch'al suo castello	Could ever plunder
Assalto die;	Her place of strength;
Si dice pero	But Oliver Cromwell,
Ch' Oliviero	Her he did pommel,
Nel quartiero	And made a breach
La breccia† fe'.	In her battlement.

* This lady in Garibaldi's idea impersonates Austria, as he alludes to Charlemagne and the Kaiser. Subsequently he sketches the condition of certain parts of Italy as 'a cave where no daylight enters.' By the strange cats who keep wrangling, *gatti stran*, his meaning is that of Petrarch,

Che fanno qui tante peregrine spade.

† Allusion to his meditated capture of Brescia.

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Quei luoghi dunque
Veggo: chiunque
Brama spelunche
Non cerch' in van;
Dentr' una grotta
Vi e fiera lotta
Mai interrotta
Fra gatti stran:
Ma fuor si serba
Di musco ed erba
Seggia superba
Per quà pescar
Nel lago anguille;
Poi faggi mille
L'aque tranquille
Stan per ombrar.

There is a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred;
And mossed by nature,
Makes it completer
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a downy bed.
'Tis there the lake is
Well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
To guard the flood.

Con cheto passo
Si va a spasso
Qui fin che lasso
Si vuol seder;
Il triste amante
Puo legger Dante
Od ascoltar canti
Dello pivier;
Poi se la gonna
Di gentil donna
Non mica nonna
Vien quà passar,
Il corteggiano
Non preghi in vano,
Sarebbe strano
Di non amar.

There gravel walks are
For recreation,
And meditation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover,
In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As for to walk in
Those shady groves,
'Tis there the courtier
Might soon transport her
Into some fort, or
The 'Sweet Rockclose.'

Intorno parmi
Scolpiti marmi
Vi son per farmi
Stupir ancor,
Quei sembran essere
Plutarcho, Cesare,
Con Nebuchnezzere
Venere ed Amor;
Stan, cosa unica!
Quì senza tunica:
Mentre communica
Con altro mar
Leggiadra barca—.
Ma ci vuol Petrarca
Per la gran carca
Di quel narrar!

There are statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air!
There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties
Which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I'd make 'em shine!

Saro, ben basso
Se oltre passo
Un certo sasso
D'alto valor
In su la faccia
Di chi lo baccia
Perenne traccia
Riman talor;

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lády's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament:

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Quel si distingue
Con usar lingue
Pien di lusinghe
Per ingannar
Famosa pietra!
Mia umil cetra
Or qui dipongo
Su questo altar.

A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
'To be let alone.'
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone!

F. M.

THOUGHTS ON MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WE live in a literary age. If books are deficient in this nineteenth century, certainly it is not in quantity. There is a plethora of books. They are to us as the jungle is to our Indian soldiers. We struggle through life waist-deep in them. We gasp, we faint under the accumulated treasures of intellect that are pressed upon us with a fatal liberality. To be sure this is a fault on the right side. How our ancestors in the last century managed to exist, it is not easy for us to conceive. For in those days books—taking the term in the popular sense—were few indeed. Ponderous dictionaries, scientific books, scholastic books there were in plenty. But books such as one could read—new books—three-volume books, magazines, travels, 'charming' fashionable novels, green and yellow 'monthlies'—where were they? A hundred and fifty years ago was born in the sprightly soul of Dick Steele the great 'periodical' idea, and the result was the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and the rest of that respectable and laudable tribe. But only fancy a public compelled to slake its thirst for light literature in the polished dulness and prim pleasantries of Addison and Steele, and to swallow diurnal doses of morality disguised in little histories about Florinda and her lap-dog or Chloë and her fan. We, who luxuriate in a copious stream of journals and hebdomadals, monthlies and quarterlies, think with a shudder of the desolate and benighted state of our forefathers, our only consolation being that they did not know their own misery. But if they were worse off than ourselves as to quantity, I am not at all sure that they were so as to quality. In fiction they had not Scott, or Bulwer, or Dickens, or Thackeray; but perhaps they would not have exchanged Goldsmith, or Fielding, or Smollett, or Sterne for either of them; and they had Richardson, whose fame, great as it is, has never been half so great as he deserved. There is not, in my opinion, a tale in any language at all worthy to be put on the same shelf with *Clarissa Harlowe*. The consummate art with which the characters are grouped, and the simple and masterly grandeur of their separate treatment, so that each is perfect not only absolutely but relatively, tells of true and unrivalled genius; and for the heroine—perhaps even Shakspeare never drew one more exquisite. From Ada's self

> To her that did but yesterday suspire,
> There was not such a gracious creature born;

grace, purity, refinement, gentleness, patience, truth, and love—love so intense that it survived all sense of personal outrage and ill-treatment, yet so pure that for a vicious nature, once proved to be such, it could not endure a day;—a modesty so majestic in its stainless lustre that vice, the coarsest, foulest, and most brutal, felt in her presence strange emotions first of wonder and then of shame, yet a girlish vivacity and playfulness so indomitable as even to show itself at times, fitfully radiant, amidst the gloomy and sorrowful depths of that long and bitter trial;—a heart so rich in human affection that it would have made earth a paradise for the infatuated sensualist who might have won but *would not* win it, yet so full of the love of God that it bore without a murmur the blighting of a life thus formed

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and fitted for all earthly joy, and welcomed, with a smile so heavenly that it turned a remorseless sinner into a zealous penitent and saint, her ghastly bridegroom, Death:—all these were Clarissa's; and where, on paper, shall we look upon her like again? What are our novel heroines in this nineteenth century? Amy Robsart, Flora MacIvor, Lucy Ashton, Diana Vernon—you that on your first appearance so captivated the world—we summon you to pass before us that we may pronounce in our calmer moments deliberate judgment on you all. Well, you are sweet creatures; but are you genuine *women?* Does any one of you possess a fair specimen of that miraculous complication—a woman's heart? Are you not rather the romantic creations of a brain impregnated with the spirit of an age when woman was worshipped, but not understood? And is it not rather in the Rotten-Row sense that you are 'charming?' Then there was Mr. James, the most wonderful grinder of three-volume novels, on the Scott principle, that the world has ever seen—not wholly unreadable, though they always begin with a tall knight and a short one, and end with the triumph of virtue over vice. Of Mr. James's heroines one can say nothing, simply because there is nothing to say. Their business is to be persecuted by vicious knights, and rescued by virtuous ones; and this they certainly manage to perform tolerably well. But both for Scott and his satellite James there is this to be said, that they are not novel-writers, but romance-writers; and that in a romance we do not look for any deep knowledge of human nature, but only or chiefly for picturesque description and exciting incident. And inasmuch as poetry is an infinitely higher thing than romance, so I believe that it is on his poetry (the most Homeric since Homer), and not on his romances, that Sir Walter's title to immortality will mainly rest.

But Clarissa has led me from my subject, which is not our heroines but our books—the literature with which the public has been fed since circulating libraries flourished. It is a copious if not generous, a various if not altogether wholesome, diet. Most abundant of all, there is the novel and the pseudo-novel. To the latter class belong our serial stories, among writers of which the most notable are Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray. These are not, properly speaking, novels, for they are not constructed on the principles of that art, wholly unknown to the ancients, which may be called the narrative-dramatic, and for perfection in which genius of much the same order and degree is required as for the drama itself. *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Pendennis* are not to be called novels, any more than are *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. It is indeed simply as a humorist that Mr. Dickens has taken and will keep his place among the remarkable writers of the age. If he had written only the *Pickwick Papers* this would be evident enough. They were a series of sketches of middle and lower-class life and manners perfectly admirable in their way, and written with a freshness and keenness of observation absolutely marvellous; but it was an observation not of character and motive, but of the mere externals of humanity—appearance, manner, and mode of self-expression. From the beginning to the end there is not one of the characters which is *real*. Every one of them is a caricature, not of a human being, but of the superficial peculiarities of one. There is no more reality in Pickwick himself than there is in 'Monsieur Jabot.' Both are the offspring of the same intellectual faculty; both are exquisitely ridiculous, but neither is the result of any particular knowledge of human nature. It is to a sense of mere humour, and that not of the highest class, that we owe both these creations. Compare Pickwick and Falstaff. We laugh at Falstaff as we do at Pickwick for that which is *personally* ridiculous in him, but we laugh much more at his moral weaknesses and follies. In Pickwick it is the tights and gaiters; in Falstaff it is the *man*. For Dickens has humour only, Shakspeare had both humour and wit; Shakspeare had creative genius, Dickens has only an extraordinarily-developed mimetic faculty.

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It is unquestionable, too, that the later works of Dickens have by no means realized the expectations raised by his first flights. It may be said indeed that every succeeding series of 'green monthlies' has stood a step lower than its predecessor, till at last they have died out from mere exhaustion of popularity. This is no doubt partly owing to the loss of the freshness and keen edge which are peculiar to maiden authorship; but also, I believe, it is in a great degree the result of what Coleridge called 'ultra-crepidation.' Having succeeded with *Pickwick*, Mr. Dickens resolved on attempting elaborate stories with mysterious plots, tragic *dénouemens*, and all the rest of it. The consequence was that the stories failed both as regular tales and as humorous sketches of real life. Their pathos is apt to be tawdry sentiment, their passion torn to rags, and their interest wound up to the requisite pitch at the end by the coarse artifice of a savage murder. On the other hand, each character, having to perform his part in a complicated narrative, is cramped and straitened into a more or less artificial aspect, and loses the free and life-like appearance in which the unfettered Pickwickians each and all of them rejoice. The power of comic delineation in such characters as Squeers, Sairey Gamp, Mantalini, Pecksniff, and the rest, is no doubt extraordinary; but the interest even in these is damped by the painful elaboration and total want of skill with which the story is constructed; and many of the characters are unnatural—odd without being amusing, and grotesque rather than ridiculous. If Mr. Dickens had stood manfully to his trade, which is the caricaturing of real life and manners, and avoided all tragical and hysterical writing, every new work which he produced would have added to his fame. The success of the murder in *Oliver Twist* may probably have operated to divert him from the true line of his business; but there are thousands who can describe a murder so as to thrill your very soul with horror, for one who can construct a 'plot' for a novel or a play. In *Household Words* Mr. Dickens is himself again; there are papers in it evidently bearing the mark of the editor and well worthy of his palmiest days.

The humour of Mr. Thackeray is of a far finer and more subtle and at the same time of a less joyous and genial order, than that of Mr. Dickens. The essential difference between them is, that one is a humorist only, the other a humorist and satirist combined. The weapon which Mr. Dickens employs to excite risibility is little more than what is commonly called 'fun,' and implies none but the most superficial knowledge of the motives of human action; the chief implement used by Mr. Thackeray is the exposure of the littlenesses, meannesses, and vulgarities of his fellow-creatures. The most successful of Mr. Dickens's humorous characters are rarely persons for whom we feel anything like animosity or contempt. Most of them, however ridiculous, are, so far as they have any characters at all, rather amiable than otherwise. But with Thackeray we laugh and despise or hate at the same time. Dickens will sketch you a Bath footman utterly ridiculous in his pompous mimicry of high life, but so as that your laughter, if slightly tinged with contempt, is in the main good-natured enough. Thackeray will take a London functionary of the same order and anatomize him with a merciless delight, giving page after page and chapter after chapter to the exposure of all the vulgarity, all the spite, the envy, the pride and servility, the selfishness and meanness which are apt to be found in the worst specimens of the class, at the same time 'rendering' (as the painters say) with a forty pre-Raphaelite power all that is most ridiculous in the form of expression and style of spelling characteristic of it, till we wonder how in one life there can have been time and opportunity for acquiring knowledge so perfect in its kind. There can be no doubt which of these two faculties is the highest, and which in the long run will be most lucrative. Mankind likes amusement, but it has a positive passion for satire. If you make your characters lifelike, and at the same time utterly contemptible and ridiculous,

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you are sure of a good market for your works; but it is only by real genius that this can be done. Every one, I suppose, meets people such as one reads of in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis,* and in his secret heart and half unconsciously laughs and sneers at their follies or their vices; but he has no satisfaction in doing so, because not understanding the precise grounds on which he does it, or not being able to express them in a popular and effective manner, he cannot communicate with others upon the subject and so obtain their sympathy. The secret of success in a great author is, that he supplies this defect. He points out to the ordinary individual the peculiarities of speech, gesture, and conduct which produced in him the derisive feeling in question, and by treating them as matter for ridicule, both sympathizes himself and enables others to sympathize with him. To do this thoroughly, as Mr. Thackeray does it, is given to few. *Vanity Fair* is a master-work. Neither Thackeray himself nor any one else has done anything equal to it in its kind. We seem, not to be reading about people, but living among them. It is not imitation, it is creation; it is not fiction, it is fact. Bitter and cynical enough it is; but to accuse a satirist of being bitter and cynical is only to say that he is doing efficiently his proper work, which is that of bringing into scorn and contempt those dispositions and actions which are the reverse of what is noble in human nature. If indeed the satirist attributes to his characters faults or crimes other or greater than those which are found by experience to be incidental to humanity, he grievously errs, and will infallibly fail of success. Becky Sharp and old Sir Pitt Crawley have been occasionally looked upon with suspicion from this point of view; but the verdict of the public was ultimately in their favour. Execrable as they are, they are not unfair pictures of the form which extreme selfishness is apt to take in the masculine and feminine natures respectively. No doubt that in the exercise of his vocation a writer such as Thackeray ministers to that loathsome mixture of pride and malice which constitutes the delight felt more or less by all in the exposure of the errors and foibles of others; but if this is a reason why such books ought not to be written, it is also a reason against all censure of that which is ignoble and hypocritical and selfish and silly and base. If the tendency of such writing is to foster a censorious, uncharitable spirit, and to make the social world look uglier than it really is, that is an evil effect of it against which both the writer and the reader must jealously guard themselves, and not one which should deter a man from chastising, if he can, with a scorpion-lash, the frivolities and vulgarisms and vices of his age. It is dirty work, and there is a good deal less love than admiration in the feeling which you have towards the man who does it well; nevertheless, if he carefully avoids all *libel* on humanity, and shrinks with horror from anything like irreverent treatment of that which is really noble and pure and true, he is without doubt a benefactor to mankind.

Of novels proper, or books claiming to be such, there has been since the days of Scott a constantly increasing supply, till imaginary heroes have become much commoner than real ones, and there is a great deal more love in fiction than there is in fact. And this, perhaps, was natural enough. The idea once started, it seems so easy to write a novel. Absolutely all that seems requisite is leisure and pens and paper. Unless you are dull or practical to an inconceivable degree, to make an interesting hero and a 'charming' heroine, and group round them a set of accessory characters drawn from your own experience of life, must surely be a labour of love; and when you think of the thrilling incidents you can introduce, and of all the wise and witty and original remarks on men and manners which you will throw in, you feel that success is certain. And yet how many good novels have we —how many even 'readable' ones? Our readable novelists, living and writing at the present time, may be counted on our fingers; and our really good novelists, so living and writing, cannot be counted at all—

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for they are not. Positively, so far as I know, there lives not the man who has written a thoroughly good, as distinct from a 'readable' novel, except Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; and he has been for some time doing his best to neutralize the deed by writing superlatively bad ones. Bulwer, I say, has written a good novel, and that more than once; but it was before he fancied himself a philosopher, and exchanged the worship of truth and beauty for that of The Beautiful and The True. *Pelham* was finely conceived and admirably executed, and the courage and strength of the principal character were thrown into grand relief by his effeminate dandyism. In *Paul Clifford* there was a command of spirit-stirring narration and a dramatic skill which have not often been surpassed; and in *Eugene Aram* the terrible subject—a man of refined education and established character with a murder on his soul—is managed with a power and success that remind us of the Greek tragedians. In *Rienzi* and the *Last Days of Pompeii* poetic language and gorgeous imagery compensated in some degree for want of intrinsic interest and force; but then came the unhappy turn of affairs which gave us the sentimentalism and transcendentalism of *Night and Morning*, *Ernest Maltravers*, and *Alice or the Mysteries*. Of *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, and *What will He do with It?* what is to be said? Two of them are in a style strenuously, if not very successfully, imitative of Sterne; and all three are read by the public with an avidity illustrative of the stubborn vitality with which a literary reputation, once made, will resist the most deadly attacks even of the person to whom it belongs.

Since the 'golden prime' of Bulwer's genius it is difficult indeed to find a really good novel. Unless, perhaps, *Cyril Thornton*, I cannot think of one which is of masculine authorship. Mr. Disraeli's novels were practical jokes — successful experiments on the bad taste of a not infallible public. Of other 'readable' novelists—and be it always remembered that to be readable is no small distinction—Ward is weak and finical, Theodore Hook a clever writer of narrative farce, Harrison Ainsworth an expert manipulator of the *Newgate Calendar*. In later times we have had novels (as, for instance, Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*) showing power and originality and entitled to rank high among the readables, and one or two which look as if their authors might at some time or other soar into the thinly-peopled empyrean of 'good novels;' but certainly there is not one of these which can hope for immortality.

Deep in the heart of masculine humanity lies a profound contempt for feminine writers generally, and especially for feminine novelists. Lady novelists (it is supposed) must necessarily write silly novels; and certainly general propositions are every day asserted and believed which are founded upon a far less complete induction than that by which this doctrine is sustained. And yet it appears to me that (excluding Scott, who wrote not novels but romances, and excepting Bulwer) the best novels of our century have been written by ladies. Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen led the way. The former is pretty well forgotten now, and I have no desire to revive her memory; but Miss Austen is the idol of a numerous band of enthusiastic devotees. To me this admiration of Miss Austen's novels seems a mystery which must be classed with that of which George Selwyn looked to futurity for a solution—the reason why boots are always made too tight. Take her *Emma* for a specimen. Emma is a young lady about whom, when we have read the book, we have really no distinct idea of any kind, except that she was rather pretty, rather goodnatured, rather dutiful, and very prudent. She has an old father, the salient point of whose character is that he talks a good deal about the weather and the wholesomes, all his other qualities being entirely negative; and three lovers, of whom, having prudently rejected first the prig and then the *roué*, she prudently marries the richest and most sensible, whom we are further expected to admire because he did not declare his passion

till he saw the stage was clear. The by-play of this exciting plot consists of interminable discussions about such subjects as the weather, or the next county ball, or the conduct of somebody (I think the *roué* lover) in going up to London for a day to have his hair cut. Of course it is conceivable that a novel with such a plot might have been made interesting. If, for instance, the prig had been drawn like the younger Pitt Crawley, or the *roué* like Rawdon, we should have forgiven a great deal. But the prig is only the conventional outline of the character, and the *roué* the mere 'walking gentleman' of the play. As to style I find no fault with Miss Austen. She writes in plain, quiet, harmonious English the dullest stories that ever were conceived. It is not that 'thrilling' incidents are required to make a good novel. If the exciting part of the story were eliminated from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the incident left as tame as that of Miss Austen, the *Vicar of Wakefield* would, I think, be improved; it would at all events still remain as delightful a book as ever charmed and solaced the soul of man. Since Miss Austen we have had several 'readable' lady-novelists; and the best of them, I think, is Mrs. Gore, who is remarkable above all the daughters of Eve for her knowledge of London society, and especially, strange to say, of the habits of London 'men about town.' I do not know that I ever in my life experienced so great a surprise as in finding that *Cecil* was written by a lady. There are one or two novels by Lady Georgina Fullarton which show power and passion almost enough to lift them above the 'readable' order, and gave hopes that she might do something really great, or would have given them, but that her second novel was inferior to her first; and very much the same may be said of Miss Kavanagh, who has given signs of something not unlike real genius and knowledge of her art. The author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* is scarcely to be called a novelist in the ordinary sense of the term; but in her elaborate, minute, and careful pictures of domestic life we have [illegible] and there a central or prominent figure as nobly conceived as any which our literature can show.

I said that (excepting Bulwer) the best novelists of our century have been lady-novelists. I go further, and say that the *best novel* of our century has been written by a lady in her teens. If you doubt this, read *Jane Eyre* over again; for of course you have read it once. It is written with the instinctive and consummate power of real commanding genius. Every line is drawn and every touch laid on with the ease and precision of a master-hand. It was no elaborate complication of a skilfully devised story—no gradually and painfully unravelling web of treachery or crime—no phantasmagoria of intricately-connected characters flitting ever before the bewildered brain of the unhappy reader—that made this young school-girl immortal. A forlorn governess, whose master falls in love with her, his wife in a state of hopeless insanity being secreted in his house without the knowledge of any one but himself and one servant, was the material on which she worked. Not a very promising one for feeble or second-rate faculties, but which, in the hands of real genius, was certain of success. Never was the growth of love described with a more subtle knowledge of the workings of a woman's heart—never were terror, pain, remorse, and the fearful conflict of principle with temptation, described with a more sublime yet simple truth. There is but one other modern novel, I think, equal in power to this, in which, indeed, the power is almost Titanic, and the great passions, terribly real and life-like, stalk about and jostle one another in all their naked deformity; and that is written—by whom does the reader think?—by another young girl scarcely out of the school-room, a daughter of the same strangely-gifted house. *Wuthering Heights*, considering its authorship, I look upon as the greatest intellectual prodigy that the world has seen. It was not very successful, for it had not the constructive art of *Jane Eyre*. Though there are terrible incidents, 'plot' of the story there is none; but as a picture of fierce and strong human nature,

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utterly untutored and untamed, left to run wild in the gloomy loneliness of a farm on the northern moors, it is marvellous. 'Surely,' I have heard it said, 'there never were such people, at least let us hope not.' For myself, I fully believe there *have* been such people, and moreover, that they are drawn from the life; but at all events these characters, 'dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love,' are such as this young girl knew, by the infallible genius that was in her, might and would exist under certain conditions of life and action. It is a fearful picture, but it is drawn with a deep miraculous knowledge of the human heart.

Of historians, the three whom the world ranks most highly are Hallam, Macaulay, and Carlyle; and these three seem to have been given to us for the purpose of showing in how different ways history may be written. Mr. Hallam, with a style chaste even to prudery, and a judgment impartial almost to a fault;—thoughtful, indeed, but thoughtful only about *facts;* treating all actions and events as matters of course neither strange, nor startling, nor affecting, and important only as generating certain other facts which we call social and political results;—so dry and cold that you shrink from contact with him, yet so useful and so sound that you avoid it at your peril. Lord Macaulay, the stately yet impetuous march of whose clear and brilliant narrative, coruscating with well-polished epigram and nicely-poised antithesis, 'all clinquant, all in gold,' carries you on with it by an irresistible impulse, yet wearies you at last by the very monotony of its elaborate excellence and the studied modulation of its vigorous and ringing tread;—Macaulay, with a keen eye for the picturesque, and a large share of that sort of poetic feeling which attained its perfection in Scott, recognising (like Hallam) the importance of events in their social and political aspect, and also (unlike Hallam) strongly affected by incidents in themselves, provided they are *out of the common way*, but seeing little to wonder at or to weep over in the ordinary course of that sorrowful mystery, the life of man, looking scarcely beyond the surface of things—hating all philosophies except those which minister to material welfare, despising ethics, sneering at metaphysics, barely tolerating creeds, and distributing praise or blame without hesitation and without stint under a strong party bias and from a standard of morality of the simplest and most conventional kind. And Mr. Carlyle—what shall we say of Carlyle?—writing an English exclusively his own, part German, part classical, part colloquial, part poetical—in itself a wonderful creation of genius, startling indeed to Edinburgh reviewers of the 'able article' order, and to old ladies who have 'no patience with such nonsense,' but digging up as it were and bringing to light from the depths of our glorious language a power and a beauty unknown before—valuing events not for the political or social, but for the *human* interest that is in them, and looking upon every action or event however ordinary with intense interest, curiosity, and almost awe, as matter for wonder, laughter, or tears; as 'a strange fact, not an unexampled one, for the strangest of all animals is man;' with a humour exuberant enough to rob history of her dignity, and a pathos and earnestness deep enough to restore it to her tenfold; with a jealous and passionate love and a quick and steady discernment of all that in human action is lovely and true and great, and a graphic power which causes scenes and persons to live and move before us as they never lived in history till now; with a turn of mind singularly unjudicial, yet a judgment of character eminently impartial because of the marvellous insight which he possesses into the secret chambers of the human heart. No question but of the three Carlyle comes nearest to the ideal of perfect history; and that is because Carlyle is a poet. Poetry, indeed, is not history, nor is history poetry; and yet it is eternally true that, except by a poet, no perfect history can be written. For whatever other faculty she may require besides the poetic, a perception of the true character of events under all the aspects in which they would present themselves to the most perfectly organized

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human intellect, a perception, that is, of their *poetic value*, is essential to perfect history. And in this respect Mr. Carlyle stands far indeed above Hallam and Macaulay. Instances of this there can be no need to give; for proof of it you have only to open any page of the *French Revolution* or *Frederick the Great*. Take the defence of the Tuileries by the Swiss Guards. The whole scene is brought so vividly before you that you see and almost feel it—the onward surging of the maddened multitude, and the terrible recoil of its foremost thousands as ever and anon a sheet of quick bright flame, followed by a long steady roll, gleams out from the 'red Swiss rock' that bars their onset; and if this were all, perhaps Macaulay might have succeeded, not so well, certainly, but (let us say) half as well. But what Lord Macaulay could not have done was to show us, standing at a little distance, a thin pale individual, looking calmly and critically on that scene of chaotic murder and madness, and thinking, in the passionless presence of mind that made Marengo and Austerlitz, that 'if they had been properly commanded, the Swiss would have won.' There is no reason to doubt that the individual was there; but only a man who had caught the true historic spirit could have made so much use of him. If any one wishes to obtain some idea of how history ought and also of how it ought not to be written, let him read with the first object Carlyle's account of the French Revolution and with the second Lamartine's.

It would appear that to repeat the trick which Boswell performed is not given to mortals, and that only one good biography was possible for man. Certainly our libraries do little to satisfy the public requirements in this direction; and yet, notwithstanding the encroachments of the utilitarian spirit, and in spite of that loss of individuality which is lamented by Mr. Mill,* there has been no time when to all appearance people were so interesting to each other. Such biography as can be got is swallowed with avidity; and one small book (the *Memoir of Hedley Vicars*) has had a sale unprecedented in the annals of bibliopoly. The truth is, that to write satisfactorily the life of a man you must either be a Boswell or a genius. Of Boswell, Lord Macaulay says that he was a great writer because he was a fool. The meaning of this is that Boswell's simple-mindedness, or (as we say) silliness, saved him from the cynicism which is the bane of hero-worship; and his want of that keen sense of the ludicrous from which a higher order of mind is never free, allowed him to record without compunction and in the utmost detail every incident, however trifling, in the life of his idol, as if it was a matter of grave historic importance. The consequence is, that the reader finds before him a vast mass of truthful materials, from which he gradually forms an idea of Johnson. Just idea of Johnson, or indeed any idea at all, except that he was a very large, wise, and wonderful man, who had a perfect right to be out of temper when you contradicted him, Boswell himself had not. A man possessed of the requisite genius, on the other hand, would have discarded an immense number of these details; but yet would have so managed as to give you his own idea (and that would have been a true one) of what Johnson really was in his outer and his inner life, in his moments of weakness and of strength, in appearance and reality, in temper, in gesture, in manner, in cast of countenance, in heart and in soul.

The requisite genius, however, and the requisite absence of genius, which seem to be the only possible conditions of good biography, seem also to be the rarest of all human things. In our time we have several 'lives' and 'memoirs,' some of them—such as those of Wilberforce and Arnold—of the greatest interest, for they are of men who have left their mark upon the age; conscientious, able, and admirable works so far as they go, and entitling their authors to public gratitude. Mr. Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, indeed, is something more than this, and

* *Essay on Liberty.*

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would seem to shew that he has within him the power which could have given us under favourable circumstances something like a perfect, finished biography. But the usual course is by the publication of letters or journals to allow the patient to write his own life, some addition being made from the biographer's own experiences. Valuable and instructive as some of these memoirs are, they do not approach, or even profess to approach, the ideal of biography.

Of books of travel we have enough and to spare. The general opinion seems to be, that whatever else is difficult, this at least is easy. A man has only to keep a note-book on his travels; and if his route has been through a country not thoroughly known to the all but ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon, he can round the sentences when he gets home, and his book (he thinks) is sure to sell. And indeed there seems scarcely anything of this kind that the public will not buy. If you should happen to be travelling in a new and delightful country with a thoroughly dull, unsympathetic companion, do you care to hear his remarks on the various objects or incidents which are startling, amusing, or delighting you? Not at all; you fall back on your cigar-case and your own reflections. Yet the public will read his book; and so perhaps will you, but only from curiosity to see a refutation of the Lucretian axiom, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* For me, though travelling is supreme enjoyment, and books of travels are countless, it is rare indeed to be able patiently to read one through. Perhaps the best that ever was written is *Childe Harold;* and unless a man has something (Heaven forbid that he should have all) of the Childe Harold spirit in him, he will never do anything great in this kind. To make such a book interesting, it is above all things necessary that the objects and occurrences should be treated *subjectively.* If your narrative is a mere statement of facts, it may be interesting to the philosopher; but to the general reader it will be dull, though the soil which you have trodden had never felt the foot of man, and the sights which you have seen were of fabulous wonder and beauty. The author of *Eōthen* knew this well, and it is the secret of his well-earned success. It was not the facts and events of his journey, but their effects upon a thoughtful and cultivated English mind, which he made it his business to describe. Of all really good books of travel the same is to be said. In Canon Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* for instance we have careful geography, full, minute, and faithful descriptions of place after place, and scene after scene; but it is upon the *point of view from which it is written*—the poetical, or artistic, or religious susceptibilities which it calls into play—that the interest of the book depends. On this account it is that such writers as Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Ellis, laudable and valuable as are their efforts and their works, are (except to the scientific inquirer) such painful and laborious reading. Dr. Livingstone, for instance, treats all his facts as if they were of exactly equal importance, and tells you with the same statistical imperturbability that the thermometer stood at seventy and that he was nearly shaken to death by a lion. I do not mean, of course, that you should always be in a state of rapture; and you cannot be too careful, and scarcely too minute, in your statements. What is required is, that whether in describing a view or expatiating on the habits of a tribe, you should have a proper appreciation of the facts with which you deal.

Unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of this—may we not say of any?—age is Mr. Ruskin. He is, if you like, not seldom dogmatic, self-contradictory, conceited, arrogant, and absurd; but he is a great and wonderful writer. He has created a new literature—the literature of art. No one before him had seriously attempted to treat the study of art as that which it really is—a philosophy—the least trodden and the most delightful of all the walks of science. Many before had doubtless felt, but no one before had shown to the world, how entirely and exclusively perfection in art is founded upon *truth.* In fact Mr. Ruskin, properly speaking, does not teach art at all, but nature.

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He has done more for art, perhaps, than has ever yet been done by man; but it has been by bringing men in a serious, humble, and teachable spirit to nature, and giving them something like a true idea of that which at best they but dimly apprehended before—how awful and beautiful she is, how full of love and sympathy for man, how majestic, how tender, how holy, and how pure. You cannot draw a tree (Mr. Ruskin says to you); and why? not because you have not had, or have not profited by, drawing-lessons on trees, but because you have never had the slightest idea of what a tree really is. You may feel, perhaps, that it is beautiful, but you have no notion in what its beauty consists. I will try to give you some notion. I will teach you, as it were, the philosophy of its loveliness and majesty. I will show you the divine purpose that guided every twig and moulded every leaf towards a perfect aggregate of harmonious form. I will teach you the *moral* of its wonderful structure—the tender or solemn meaning that lurks in every streak of light, or broods in every depth of shade. When you really love the tree as it ought to be loved, you will have a chance of drawing it, but not till then. There is some possibility of people 'learning to draw' in this way, whereas before there was none. Unless drawing is taught on this principle, the only result of teaching will be to make many bad artists who might otherwise have been good ones. In the fulfilment of his glorious mission, Mr. Ruskin has been assisted by a style singularly clear, rich, and powerful. Every inventor of a new philosophy has in some sort to invent a new vocabulary; and Mr. Ruskin's perfect command of a language surpassing all others, dead or living, except Greek, has enabled him to do this with extraordinary success. That in the detail of his work he is eminently inconsistent there can be no doubt. The first volume of *Modern Painters* is partly intended to prove that the old masters knew nothing about art; and when you have read it, you have a greater veneration of the old masters than ever. The reason is, that Mr. Ruskin's own principles have improved your taste, and made you admire what he himself professes to despise. He has found out for you some faults in the old masters; but he has also taught you to look at nature in such a way as to see more of all that is admirable in her; and the consequence is that the old masters, who caught the spirit of nature even where they erred in the detail of representation, are more than ever precious in your eyes. In one page Mr. Ruskin will tell you to copy nature leaf by leaf, and grain by grain; in another he will tell you that if you do so you will be quite wrong. In one chapter he will tell you that Turner is above all artists, past, present, and to come; in another he will tell you that there is no good art but the pre-Raphaelite, which is certainly in some respects the very opposite of Turner. Yet for all this, and for all his arrogance, dogmatism, and egotism, he is one of the most delightful and instructive of writers; and this because it is partly from a zealous love and a bold and uncompromising assertion of what he believes to be truth, that his arrogance and dogmatism arise; for even error, eloquently advocated with the honest conviction that it is truth, is better than truth coldly believed and languidly proclaimed.

Homeric Studies by the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone. There has been no book more noteworthy in this our era. A statesman of the latter days upon the poet of primæval times—a leader in an age of railways, and leading articles, and invitations to dinner, and 'having the honour to be,' upon the bard of times when civilization had not yet invented steam-engines and chilled the heart, when there was more of nature and less of 'respectability,' when thoughts were greater and dresses smaller, and men walked this earth in wonder and delight at its awful beauty, and left no cards upon each other. It is a grand work, and worthy of the man. What zeal, what industry, what analytical power, what simple majesty of energetic diction—what exhaustless and passionate desire

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to know! Mr. Gladstone has dived deep into the well of Homeric lore, and has come up, breathless but triumphant, with a complete scheme of the ethics, the politics, the history, the geography, the theology, the sociology of that wonderful age. No doubt many of his positions are open to criticism; but who is there that is ready to enter the lists with him? and is it not rather a reflection on our men of learning, and long vacations, and quiet contemplative snuggeries by the Isis or the Cam, that this man of committee-rooms, and parliamentary divisions, and long speeches, and late hours should have shown them the way over a country which is emphatically their own?

In dealing with the greatest of poets, Mr. Gladstone has avoided one subject, and that is his poetry. That, however, is a subject which nothing short of absolute genius is qualified to handle. To write on Homer the poet, a man must be a poet himself. Charles James Fox (who closed a life anything but philosophic in that calm dignity of classic contemplation which is supposed to be the exclusive privilege of the wise and good) coquetted with it a little, and gave indications of real aptitude for the business, as any one who reads the fourth volume of Lord John Russell's *Memoirs and Correspondence of Fox* may see. Could Mr. Gladstone have done much in this direction? Possibly. Yet in his book there are appearances which would lead us to suppose that, as a guide to the glory and beauty of Homeric writ, he would be not seldom at fault. For instance, there is in the sixth *Iliad* the well-known comparison of Paris, armed and mounting the walls of Troy before rushing into the fight, to a horse which has broken loose—a comparison elaborated in half-a-dozen lines of consummate spirit and beauty, and concluding thus:—

> Ὡς υἱος Πριάμοιο Πάρις κατὰ Περγάμου ἄκρης
> Τεύχεσι παμφαίνων, ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ, ἐπεβαίνει
> Καγχαλόων.

Mr. Gladstone has discovered that the same simile is applied in another place to Hector; and unable to believe that Homer could have placed Paris even to this extent on a level with Hector, he is convinced (he says) that ἠλέκτωρ ought to be translated 'a cock,' and not 'the sun,' which is the sense usually given to it. Translate it 'a cock' (says Mr. Gladstone), and see the wonderful genius of Homer. Having compared Paris to a horse in the plenitude of his speed, he feels he has been too kind to him, and so 'modifies' the comparison by giving him the gait of a cock; the final result of which is, that Paris is likened to some nondescript animal between a horse and a cock, half quadruped and half biped, half gallop and half strut. If Homer had been in the habit of disenchanting his readers, and deliberately disfiguring his own similes in this way, he would never have lived to be revised by Pisistratus. I am not saying that ὥστ' ἠλέκτωρ cannot by any possibility mean 'a cock' (indeed I must admit that in an intensely mediæval paraphrase in which my edition rejoices, 'tanquam gallus' is the rendering); but I do most confidently assert that, if this be its meaning, the comparison was intended rather to increase than to diminish our admiration for Paris, and that the idea of 'modifying' the first simile by the second never could for one moment have entered the Homeric brain.

There is another symptom which is also ominous. Mr. Gladstone feebly dissents from, or rather hesitatingly holds the bottle to, Mr. Ruskin in his attack on Homer's sense of the picturesque. 'Homer,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'has no trace of feeling for what we call the picturesque;' and Mr. Gladstone, though he says that he thinks this proposition 'cannot be maintained,' evidently supposes that there is a good deal of truth in it. Now this asseveration I take to be one of the most audacious that ever was hazarded, even by Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Gladstone has read Homer, but then it was with philosophic eyes; Mr. Ruskin can never have read him at all, at least since he left school. If he had, he would never have given utterance to this stupendous fallacy. I maintain, on the contrary, that

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the love of inanimate nature, 'of what we call the picturesque,' and which is supposed by some to be peculiar to our own age, is one of the choicest gifts and most precious characteristics of Homer; that he sung the sea infinitely better than Milton, Byron, Coleridge, or Barry Cornwall; that he loved a river better than Shakspeare, and a mountain better than Scott; and that though in his worship of nature he was not morbidly microscopic, he has done more to enshrine her in the hearts of men than any poet since his time. Shall I be expected to prove this? I should have thought that to any reader of Homer it was self-evident. I should have thought that there had been times when Mr. Gladstone himself, enchanted by some mood or aspect of nature more than usually delightful, has gone to Homer for sympathy and sanction in his adoration and his love; that the calm beauty of some winding river has recalled to him the divine Scamander threading its flowery plain, or the Peneus with its silver rapids; that he has felt, as he gazed from the short soft turf of some English cliff on the glorious expanse of the sea, wondering at the strange loveliness of its changing colours and listening with awe-struck rapture to its 'solemn noise,' that there are no epithets but those Homeric ones, *οἴνοψ, ἰοειδὴς ἀτρυγετος, βαθύῤῥοος, πολύφλοισβος*, and the rest, that will do justice to its attributes; that when his sight has lost itself in the wooded dells and sunny terraces and gleaming waterfalls of some great mountain side, it has been to such adjectives as *πολύπτυχος, εἰνοσίφυλλος*, and *πολυπίδαξ*, that he has recurred for a faithful expression of its marvellous beauty; or that, raising his eyes to the calm, cold, silent grandeur of the snowy ridge above, where it runs sharp and clear along the luminous sky, he has been reminded of the scene which Homer imagined, when like a silvery vapour floating up from the blue Ægean Thetis glided to the knees of Jove, to win him to her maternal purpose by her blandishments and her beauty, as he sat apart from the gods in colossal and moody majesty—

> *ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος*
> *Οὐλύμποιο.*

The modern poet whom Mr. Ruskin most commends for his thorough objective love of the inanimate picturesque is Scott. Now the great charm of Scott, considered as a priest of nature, rests not so much upon a few elaborate descriptions of particular scenes, as upon the graphic epithets and masterly touches with which he is perpetually colouring the places which the course of his narrative leads him to mention. Here is a good illustration of what I mean:—

> Nor faster through thy *heathery* braes,
> Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.
> * * * *
> The signal roused to martial coil,
> The *sullen* margin of Loch Voil;
> Waked *still* Loch Doile, and to its source,
> Alarmed, Balvaig, thy *swampy* course:
> Then southward held its rapid road
> Adoun Strathgartney's valley *broad.*

It is 'old Melros,' 'fair Tweed,' the 'wild and willowed shore' of Teviot, 'Dryden's groves of oak,' 'caverned Hawthornden,' 'sweet Bowhill,' 'Cheviot's mountains lone,' 'Glenartney's hazel shade,' 'lovely Loch Achray,' 'Loch Vennachar in silver flowed,' 'the Trossach's shaggy glen,' 'Benharrow's shingly side,' 'grey Stirling,' 'the storm-swept Orcades;' and from these and innumerable other epithets of the kind, at least as much as from his finished delineations of scenery, proceeds our idea of Scott's feeling for the picturesque. Now it is in this respect, more perhaps than in any other, that Scott most resembles Homer. Take the following as one among a multitude of instances:—

> *Καρδαμύλην, Ἐνόπην τε, καὶ Ἱρὴν ποιήεσσαν,*
> *Φηράς τε ζαθέας, ἠδ' Ἀνθήραν βαθύλειμον,*
> *Καλὴν τ' Αἴπειαν, καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν,*
> *Πάσαι δ' ἐγγὺς ἁλὸς νέαται Πύλου ἠμαθόεντος.*

In the catalogue of the ships, as indeed throughout Homer, a place is scarcely ever mentioned without some admirably chosen epithet which, as if by magic, gives us the peculiar character of its scenery.

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Thus we have Ἄργος ἐς Ἱππόβατον, ἀμπέλοεντ' Ἐπίδαυρον, Πύρρασον ἀνθεμόεντα, Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, πολυπίδακος Ιδης, πολυτρήρωνα τε Μέσσην, ('abounding in doves' is the only rendering of this exquisite adjective possible for our clumsy language), Υποπλάκω ὑλήέσση, πολυστάφυλον Ἄρνην, ἀργίνοεντα Λύκαστον (compare Byron's 'whose far white walls along them shine'), Ὀρχαμενον πολύμηλον, ἠνεμοέσσαν Ενίσπην, Μαντινέη ἐρατείνη. But of all inanimate things that Homer loved, a river was to him the dearest. He cannot name one but he must apply to it some term of tenderness or admiration. It is ἱμερτος, it is διος, it is εὐῤῥειος, it is καλλίῤῥοος—he loves it in every phase of its winding course, and every humour of its changeful waters; and this too is a peculiarity in which he resembles and surpasses Scott.

As to Homer's feeling for the sea, Mr. Ruskin paradogmatizes in a manner still more outrageous. 'Homer,' he says, 'cuts off from the material object the sense of something living, and fashions it into a great abstract image of a sea-power.' Mr. Gladstone first partially assents to this wonderful statement, and then proceeds completely to demolish it. The instances which he gives are to the point; but they are not required by the most ordinarily attentive reader of Homer. For myself, I will cite only this one—

> ἀμφὶ δὲ κῦμα
> Στείρῃ πορφύρεον μέγαλ' ἴαχε, νηὸς ἰούσης·

And I challenge Mr. Ruskin to produce anything from any modern poet at all approaching it in truth and beauty. If Mr. Ruskin would carefully *read* Homer, he would not only retract this monstrous paradox of his, but would greatly improve his own taste, and so add to the large debt of public gratitude which is his due.

Though we are a practical we are not an unpoetical generation; and yet in my judgment we have but one living poet. Gods, men, and columns forbid us to claim more. We have verse-writers innumerable, and in the writings of a few of them gems of real poetry may be discerned by the practised eye; indeed we have more than one who, to my thinking, may well bear comparison with the ladies' darling, hexametrical Longfellow. But as one swallow does not make a summer nor one day, so likewise one or two or even several instances of poetic writing do not make a poet; and succeeding the bright constellation of bards who presided over the birth of the century, Alfred Tennyson reigns alone in our English sky. Of our other candidates for immortality, Mrs. Browning is generally supposed to come the nearest to him, if any can be said to be nearer than another where all are so remotely distant. Mrs. Browning indeed has given reason to suppose that she may be, potentially, a poet—but actually? Well, I can only speak for myself. I have read *Aurora Leigh*, according to Mr. Ruskin 'the greatest poem of the age.' I find in it some passages of great power, and some of much beauty and tenderness. But on the whole I cannot congratulate the age. A considerable portion of its greatest poem is written in verse which is verse no otherwise than that it will scan. If I write that a man pulled out his pocket-handkerchief and blew his nose, I am not writing poetry; and the matter is not mended if the statement is made in feet consisting each of a short and a long syllable. Johnson's stanza illustrative of the fact that verse is not necessarily poetry—

> I put my hat upon my head,
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand,

is full of pathos and sublimity compared to some of the effusions of Mrs. Browning's Muse. The following is a characteristic specimen—

> You want some comfort: *I shall leave you Smith:*
> *Take Smith:—*

If this be poetry there is no such thing as prose. This monosyllabic imperative 'Take Smith,' outdoes all that has ever been perpetrated or imagined in his wildest moments by the most fanatical disciple

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of a doctrine which Wordsworth preached but was wise enough rarely to practise. It is prose several degrees beyond proof. It is double-distilled, concentrated essence of prose.

If Mrs. Browning had erred only in this respect, she might perhaps have been forgiven. Unfortunately this is not the case. She is so determined to be original and forcible that she becomes offensive. The ear, the taste, the feelings of her readers are by turns sacrificed to this desperate determination. Things sublime are made ridiculous, things sacred profane, and things refined and delicate coarse and vulgar, for the sake of it. Take the following instances, among innumerable others:

> He cross'd the hills on visits to my Aunt
> A book in one hand, mere statistics (if
> You chanc'd to lift the cover), count of all
> *The goats whose beards are sprouting down to hell*
> *Against God's separating judgment-hour.*
>
> While tragic voices that clanged keen as swords,
> Leapt high together with the altar-flame
> *And made the blue air wink*:—
>
> I never envied Graham his breadth of style,
> Which gives you, *with a random smutch or two*
> (*Near-sighted critics analyse to smutch*),
> Such delicate perceptions of full life.
>
> The lion in me felt the keeper's force
> *Through all its quivering dewlaps.*

What 'analysing to smutch' may mean I forbear to inquire. To Lady Waldemar, a rival, the gentle Aurora writes as follows:—

> For which inheritance beyond your birth,
> You sold that *poisonous porridge* called your soul.

This is powerful, and so is Billingsgate.

Of the mode in which Mrs. Browning treats things sacred, here are a few examples. In creating man, she says,

> Consummating himself, the Maker sigh'd,
> As some strong winner at the footrace sighs
> Touching the goal:—

Earth, she remarks, was shut up by Adam 'like a fakir in a box,'

> A mere dumb corpse, till Christ the Lord came down,
> Unlock'd the doors, forced open the blank eyes,
> *And used his kingly chrisms to straighten out*
> *The leathery tongue turned back into the throat.*
>
> Yet He can pluck us from that shameful cross;
> God, set our feet low and our forehead high:
> And show us how a man was made to walk:—
> *Leave the lamp, Susan, and go up to bed.*

The force of bathos could no further go. I said that in this poem there were passages of power and beauty; but if this lady would do herself justice, and occupy that precise station on Parnassus for which nature has qualified her, she must give up altogether this trans-atlantic and otherwise objectionable style of composition.

Thoughts about books are prolific thoughts; the reproductive principle is strong within them. Writing, for instance, about poetry reminds me of Shakspeare, and Shakspeare reminds me that I have said nothing of plays, and of the mysterious fact that, with the exception of 'screaming' farces and gorgeous spectacles, few care to write or to see them now. If Shakspeare had lived in these days he would, I suppose, have written novels, probably not in monthly parts. Upon this subject, as upon many others, I would willingly have said something; but time and space, which, philosophically speaking, have, I am aware, no existence at all, but, practically speaking, are very real and embarrassing entities, interpose insuperable objections.

H.

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A VISIT TO MOUNT ARARAT.

TO those who cannot at times cheerfully dispense with personal comfort and convenience, at least according to English notions on these points, travelling in Asia Minor will prove a trial of endurance rather than a source of pleasure. And yet the attractions of those regions are many and varied. Rich in historic associations, the study of their present condition, though painful, would be interesting and instructive; while the geologist and naturalist would there find ample materials for scientific investigation.

It would be foreign to the character of these rambling notes to enter upon learned dissertations or to attempt deep researches. Quotations from Herodotus, Strabo, and other ancient writers on Asia Minor, might impress the reader with the idea of learning; but they would be of little use in helping him to form a correct notion of the actual state of things in these once fair realms. Modern writers, on the other hand, have as yet but glanced at the subject. Their opportunities of examining it have been few; their observations superficial. Heretofore the country has been as it were out of the beaten track; and until the late Russian war indued it with a startling interest, it was but little known or thought of in Western Europe.

As that interest has not yet subsided, the experiences of a recent *sejour* in those parts may prove acceptable to some of our readers; and though they do not profess to supply the grave deficiency of information that prevails respecting a country of such importance in ancient times, yet they may contribute in some degree to keep alive the attention lately drawn to it,—an attention to which, from every consideration, both political and geographical, it is abundantly entitled.

Having on a previous occasion described the country between Erzeroum and Kyuprikyui,* let us now suppose ourselves at Delibaba, which is about twenty-eight miles, or seven hours, distant from the latter place. And here we may observe that throughout the Ottoman dominions distances are reckoned by *hours*, the measure of which must be understood by reference to the topography of the country and to the mode of travelling. The slow, uniform pace of the camel, varying little on mountain or plain, is said to have suggested the original standard, which may be taken at a league. But in common parlance the *hour* represents the average distance that can be traversed in that period. Consequently there are hours of the mountain and hours of the plain; the horseman's and the pedestrian's hours; the katirji (muleteer) and menzil (courier) hours. And until the traveller becomes familiar with these distinctions, he is likely to be often perplexed by the replies to his inquiries.

Coming from Kyuprikyui our road lay through a fertile country, which gradually losing its level character, increased in undulating inequalities until it blends with the mountain slopes. It is intersected by some deep ravines and valleys through which the southern tributaries of the Arras find a channel; and thriving villages are found at short intervals, all of which are inhabited by Armenians.

Delibaba is six miles from the right bank of the Arras, in a sheltered situation at the foot of the Bingol Mountains. Nearly surrounded by an amphitheatre of rocky heights, all the approaches from the east, south, and west are by narrow and tortuous passes, which it would be difficult to force against a resolute enemy, however small his numbers. A scanty stream coming from the Bingol Mountains waters and fertilizes this position, and then pursues its course through an opening in the heights to the Arras. Within the amphitheatre all the available land is turned to good account for wheat, barley, and vegetable gardens; while to the north-east the ground, rising to a high level, stretches away for leagues

* 'Visit to Kars,' *Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1857.

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in a tableland of rich meadows and pastures.

From this brief description it will be seen that Delibaba is an important strategic position, commanding as it does the main road from Bayazid, and the road from Erzeroum to Kars by Kuyprikyui. The Russians fully appreciated its value; and seizing the place soon after it was vacated by Veli Pasha in 1855, they menaced Erzeroum, thus furnishing to the legion of Turkish generals assembled in that city a pretext for making no effort in behalf of Kars.

The merits of this pretext will be apparent when it is considered that the Turkish force at Erzeroum was at least ten thousand strong, with six well-appointed field batteries; while the Russians at Delibaba fell short of two thousand men of all arms, six light guns forming their field train. The Turks, in addition to superiority of numbers, would have had the advantage of operating in their own country, on a secure base, and with ample resources in the rear. The Russians, on the contrary, were an isolated band, with no supplies but what were to be obtained from day to day by their foraging parties. Their communications with Kars or Bayazid could have been easily intercepted; and if forced to retreat, they would have had to cut their way through a country infested by Kurds and bands of armed robbers, who, as we know, do not show much forbearance to either friend or foe. But they knew well with whom they had to deal. Their safety lay, not in their own strength, but in the immovable apathy of the Turks. No one understood better than Selim Pasha the true state of affairs; but when urged to act in conformity with common sense or military principles, he invariably excused himself by underrating his own force and exaggerating fourfold that of the Russians.

The population of Delibaba is exclusively Armenian, and numbers thirty-five families. The war had left them scarce a moiety of the sheep and cattle they had previously possessed; and they were still kept in constant terror by the Kurds of the adjacent mountains. As to resistance or self-defence, the idea seemed to have no place in their minds. The bare suggestion of it was received with evident surprise and uneasiness, as if we ought to have known that the possession of arms is forbidden to the Armenians by their Turkish masters. There is more in this than strikes the ear. The Armenian may defend himself or property if he can or dare; but the pride of Mussulman bigotry refuses to the subject Christian the privilege of wearing arms, because, as formerly in the West, they are still in the East regarded as the badge of freedom and independence.

The visit of three English 'beys' was a stirring event to this sequestered little community. The best house in the place was selected for our accommodation; and the mudir (petty governor), our host, and all others who could find a pretext for doing us service, were emulous in their zeal. Here, as in other Armenian villages, it was painful to observe the abject servility—nay, the air of complaisance with which all classes submitted to the domineering conduct of our military attendant, who, in dealing with this conquered race, would give weight to his words and orders by a liberal use of the stick. And yet there was nothing harsh or overbearing in the man's general character. He was acting in accordance with the usage of the country, a usage sanctioned by time and authority—namely, that the Turk is to treat the Armenian as an inferior animal, and that the Armenian is to submit, as a matter of course, to be so treated. Such is the compact that regulates the social relations of the two races, being mutually understood and faithfully adhered to in its terms. That such a state of things is wrong every one knows; that it can last much longer no one believes; but so engrained has it become on the habits of the people, so identified with their feelings and modes of thinking, that the introduction of a better system will be found a slow, a difficult, and even a thankless process. For it is a lamentable truth, that human nature may become so degraded as even to love its degradation and cherish the yoke to which it has grown familiar.

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With the common run of Armenians, civil speeches, fair words, or remonstrances, are thrown away. They are novelties to which he listens with incredulity or suspicion. Long experience has taught him to believe that harshness and severity are the natural adjuncts of authority, and that an order may be evaded or disregarded, unless it is accompanied with violence in some shape or other. A kick and a blow are consequently mere conventional modes of giving due emphasis to words, and they are received as such without murmuring or resentment.

Soon after we had taken up quarters in our khan, we received a visit of ceremony from the priest of the place, accompanied by his curate. They were stupid, illiterate men; and but for their long black cassocks and square-crowned black caps, could not be distinguished from the peasants of the field. Under their guidance we visited their place of worship, an ancient building much impaired by time, but still deserving of notice. Close by, a mausoleum of the same date shelters the ashes of some venerated saint whose name and history have escaped our memory.

Starting at an early hour next morning, we were soon in a deep gorge, through which the road, skirting a noisy brook, leads to the passes of the Bingol Mountains. This gorge is about a mile in length, nowhere more than fifty yards wide, and narrows in some parts to twenty. It is nearly straight from end to end; and on both sides solid walls of dark-coloured conglomerate rise perpendicularly to a height of several hundred feet, so nearly coinciding in aspect and the inequalities of surface as to impress the belief that they were riven asunder in some convulsive strife of nature. Straggling brushwood and a few stunted pines crown the heights and grow from the fissures of the rock. All else is utter barrenness; and scenery more savage and solitary, poet or painter could not well conceive.

Emerging from this gorge the mountains began to rise before us in outlines of gradually-increasing variety and boldness. Some heavy showers had cooled the air, and imparted additional freshness to the verdure that covered the heights to the very summit. The road was, for Armenia, good; the land everywhere excellent; the valleys through which our course often led were fertile, well watered, and well sheltered; and as the solar heat during the summer months is tempered in these parts by the mountain breezes, the climate is healthful and genial. But yet for leagues there was not a living thing to take advantage of these gifts of nature. There were no cottages or enclosures in those pleasant glens; no sheep or cattle on those ample pastures; no mill-dams or water-furrows to be supplied by those sparkling streams. All around was silent as the grave. Even the wild sheep, which we were told abound here, kept well out of sight; and a solitary fox was the only living thing we saw in our morning ride of some twelve miles.

We halted for a couple of hours at a wretched hamlet called Esheklu (the donkey rider), where we obtained an indifferent breakfast, and treated our horses to the luxury of a feed and a roll on the green grass. A little farther on we came up with two English friends whom the love of travel had led to these unfrequented parts. They had started from Erzeroum a few days before us; and as they were accompanied by interpreter, servants, and bat-horses, we found, on uniting forces, that we mustered a strong cavalcade.

Towards sunset we arrived at Tahir, three hours distant from Esheklu. It is a village of some twenty Kurdish families, embosomed in a picturesque valley, and possessing the advantages of good water in abundance, good land for pasture and tillage, and brushwood on the neighbouring heights for fuel. Tahir is an Arabic word signifying 'clean;' and making a charitable allowance for Eastern ideas and habits, the term is not inapplicable to the place. The houses, which are good of their kind, were well swept and garnished; and the women were constantly bustling about, attending to the domestic matters, to the cattle, and to the fields. In fact, all the work of the community seemed to devolve on them.

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Personal attractions are rare amongst the Kurdish women, but we were fain to admire their air of freedom and independence, at variance though it be with the notions of female propriety that obtain in the East. They mingle freely with the men, and even towards strangers affect none of that coyness which would hide the features from vulgar gaze. And yet report speaks well of their virtue and fidelity,—qualities which are rarely to be found beneath the convenient disguise of the yash-mak (veil).

At Tahir we heard strong complaints against the Russians. It should be stated that after 'the fall of Kars' the detachment that had been at Delibaba retired by this line on Bayazid, helping themselves all along their route with a strong hand to everything that the country could supply. This was but fair, seeing they were passing through an enemy's country, and were dealing with the property of enemies. But, as we shall see by and bye, they did not always observe the bounds of military license; and though there was forbearance in their conduct towards Armenians, they were often unscrupulous in inflicting gratuitous mischief on Turks and Kurds.

Prudence enjoins an early start when travelling during the summer months in Armenia. The mornings are always fresh for three or four hours after sunrise; and though the midday heat is not oppressive when the head is well protected, yet the custom of the country is to devote to rest that portion of the day when the sun's heat is at its greatest; one's servants expect it, and even the horses become sluggish or irritable if forced to work on. To this custom we adhered as far as possible. And accordingly, getting under weigh from Tahir long before the sun's rays had dispelled the heavy dews of the valley, we addressed ourselves to the steep heights which now intervened between us and the plain of Alishkurd.

The scenery of this morning's ride was as beautiful of its kind as any country or region could present. The mountains rose on either side in round swelling masses, over which a springtide verdure prevailed, interrupted here and there by the dark forms of rocky ridges that scarped a slope or crested a height. The country was still unchanged in its fertility; and while the uplands were dotted with stunted pines, eglantines in full blow, wild cherry and apple trees in blossom, and flowering shrubs of different kinds, grew in profusion on the lower levels, scenting the air with their mingled fragrance. But no human being had made his habitation here; and the calls of the cuckoo and landrail were the only sounds we heard for leagues.

There was something in this vast and beautiful solitude, lit up by a bright sun and seen through a clear atmosphere, that led to a train of quiet thought, and produced a tranquillizing effect on the feelings. We all experienced this; and under its influence conversation gradually subsided into silence. The road had narrowed to a bridle path; and we were obliged to ride in single file as we slowly ascended a steep eminence over which a difficult pass opened the way to the plain of Alishkurd. We had arrived within pistol-shot of the entrance of this pass, when suddenly a single horseman made his appearance on the summit. A wild-looking, picturesque fellow was he with his heavy turban of purple and red, crimson jacket and shawl girdle, charged to the full with pistols and daggers. A rifle was slung from his shoulder; a heavy, curved sword hung from his waist, and he carried in his right hand the Kurdish lance, with long bamboo handle, and tuft of hair fluttering from the lance-head. The horse he rode corresponded well with the rider, being gaily tricked out with red tassels and tawdry ornaments. He was of the true Kurdish breed; too small perhaps, according to English notions, but strong, compact, and clean-limbed, fitted equally for service in the mountain and the plain.

Horse and rider would have been a worthy subject for Horace Vernet's pencil; and they stood on the very spot where the painter would have placed them to give effect to the surrounding scenery.

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It was evident at once that we had before us one of those formidable robbers of whom the Armenians entertain such constant dread. He had heard, no doubt, of our approach; and having possessed himself of the pass, he now came to reconnoitre our force, and see what his chance might be in breaking a lance with us. After a hasty glance he retired from view, but reappeared in a few moments with five or six followers, all armed and mounted like himself. Meanwhile we kept on our way without any check, well knowing that if mischief were intended we possessed an infinite advantage in the revolvers with which we were each one provided. They too must have had some suspicion of the kind; or perhaps it was that they did not like to meddle with such important game as English 'beys.' At all events they came on in peaceful guise; and as they rode past we exchanged with them a fusillade of friendly salutations.

Speaking of revolvers, we may here observe that the fame of these formidable weapons, highly coloured by Oriental exaggeration and love of the marvellous, had everywhere preceded us in our travels. At the khans where we halted, our practice was to show them to the village dignitaries and others who were admitted to our presence. This was done from no feeling of personal vanity; but to create a wholesome respect for our means of defence, and at the same time to give the natives an idea of British manufacturing skill. With the Armenians, who, as has been noticed, are denied the possession of arms, this stroke of policy would have been thrown away. But it told with admirable effect on Turks and Kurds, whose personal equipment would be incomplete without the pistol and sword. Examining our revolvers with the eye and touch of connoisseurs, they seemed fully to appreciate their advantages. The beauty of the workmanship and the simplicity of the contrivances would elicit murmurs of admiration; and with diminished pride they would compare our small but effective Colts and Deanes with the old heirlooms they had worn and cherished from boyhood—large clumsy affairs, with flint locks, polished barrels, and inlaid stocks.

The descent of the mountains was easy work. There was the same solitude, the same untouched fertility, the same character of scenery as on the other side. But there may be too much even of the picturesque; and we were not sorry to tread once more on level ground, and feel ourselves in the neighbourhood of human habitations.

It was still early in the day when we reached Mollah-Suleiman, a large village of Roman Catholic Armenians, six hours distant from Tahir and about two miles from the base of the mountains. We were now in the vast plain of Alishkurd, which, varying in width from three to twenty miles, extended before us to Diadin, a distance of nearly sixty miles. This plain is watered by the Murad-Su, or eastern branch of the Euphrates, which rising in Allah-dagh (the mountain of God), twenty-five miles west-south-west of Bayazid, pursues a course of two hundred and fifty miles to its junction with the northern branch. The ridge of mountains we had just cleared commences in the angle formed by these two branches; and, nearly coinciding in direction with the Murad-Su, terminates abruptly in Mount Ararat, being about three hundred miles in length, and distinguished in different places by different names, according to local circumstances or peculiarities. That part due south of Erzeroum is called Binghol-dagh (the mountain of the thousand lakes), because the Arras or Araxes is there traced to its source in innumerable springs. Indeed, throughout Turkey the names of places are generally derived either from some remarkable local feature, or from some event deemed worthy of commemoration. When from the former, the connexion is always obvious. But derivatives of the latter sort are more difficult of explanation, owing to the absence of records and the faithlessness of tradition. For instance, Alishkurd is compounded of 'Alish,' 'purchase,' and 'Kurd,'* the native of the country. But to what cir-

* Kurd in Turkish signifies 'wolf.'

cumstances this refers, it would not be easy now to make out. 'Delibaba,' again, signifies 'mad father;' and 'Mollah-Suleiman,' where we have now arrived, is literally rendered by 'Solomon the judge,' or 'Solomon the learned.'

The inhabitants of Mollah-Suleiman, as has been already observed, are Roman Catholic Armenians. This sect recognises the Pope as their supreme visible head, and consequently is not in communion with the national Armenian Church, which is under its own Metropolitan, whose head-quarters have always been at Uchmiadzin. This town, lying a few miles west of Erivan, is now under the Ægis of Russia, the province in which it is situated having been ceded to her by the treaty of Turchomanchaï, in 1828. Apart from the intrinsic worth of this acquisition, Russia values it for the power with which it invests her over the Armenians, whose spiritual allegiance, converging from all points on Uchmiadzin, is thus brought within her grasp. The nature and extent of this power will be best understood from a consideration of the influence exercised by the religious principle on every feeling of human nature; how it moulds the views, directs or warps the judgment, and biases the affections; how effectually it supersedes the claims of secular loyalty or of social duty, and may be made the means of commanding implicit submission and obedience. If it can do all this in the midst of civilized education, what limits can be set to it amongst a people ignorant, superstitious, hating, and hated of, their rulers?

Three hours north-west of Mollah-Suleiman, a solitary cone, ten thousand feet in height, lifts its head high above the adjoining mountains. Eternal snow fills the ravines that radiate from its top, and no vegetation grows on its brown surface. Its aspect is peculiarly desolate, and from this cause it has acquired in the neighbourhood the name of Chiplak-dagh (the naked mountain). On the maps it is distinguished as Kyusse-dagh (the beardless mountain), a name derived from the poetic language of the Persians. This mountain can be plainly discerned on a clear day from the top of Palandoken, near Erzeroum, distant, as the arrow flies, about sixty miles. It intercepts the line of sight when the eye is straining thence eastward in search of Ararat, to which it bears a pigmy resemblance, and being little known to travellers, an error has thus arisen that the sacred mountain itself can be seen from Palandoken.

The prices of cattle and provisions we found to be much the same on the plains of Passim and Alishkurd —sheep and oxen being respectively fifty and a hundred and twenty* piastres a head. Corn was excessively scarce, owing to the exactions and compulsory sales made during the war, which left to the farmers scarcely enough for seed. Indeed to such an extent had this been carried in some districts, that in the spring of 1856 the Ottoman Government was obliged to authorize gratuitous supplies of seed corn to the farmers.

The plain of Alishkurd is two thousand feet below the level of Lower Passim, and three thousand feet lower than the plain of Erzeroum; and, conforming with the course of the Murad-Su, it inclines slightly from east to west. As a consequence of this greater depression, the mountains here present to the eye an increased altitude; and though the wind sweeps down from them with more violence than on the higher levels, yet beyond its reach or in still weather the heat is much more oppressive. For this reason we were now more than ever desirous of performing our journeys in the cool hours of morning and evening; but the distances between the villages were so unequal that we could seldom make the halting-place at the required time. On such occasions our custom was to seek out some convenient spot on the banks of a stream, saddle off and knee-halter the horses, which would refresh themselves with a roll and a nip of grass while their masters were indulging in the luxury of a bathe. To us this was an infallible restorative. But our treatment of the horses was at variance with the custom of the country, which on the longest journeys does not allow them

* Seven piastres = one shilling.

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to be unsaddled, or watered, or fed, except with chopped straw in small quantities. Whether or not this system is the best, it would be out of place here to argue. But having had a fair share of experience in Armenian horses, we cannot concede to them that high character for which at a distance they obtain credit, unless, indeed, we except those of the true Kurdish breed, which, however, are not easily met with. The Arab quickly degenerates in Armenia. His constitution cannot stand the length and rigour of the winters; and perhaps the same causes militate in a greater or less degree against the other breeds of the country; for the horse by nature loves a dry warm climate, and cannot flourish in any other unless by the aid of skill and care. What skill and care can do for him may best be seen in England. Proud, however, as we justly are of the noble breeds we possess in such perfection, it is incredible how soon they would deteriorate if deprived of the fostering attentions they now enjoy.

After a halt of a few hours at Mollah-Suleiman, we pushed on to Chilkana, a small Armenian village three hours distant. Here we spent the night; and remounting betimes in the morning, we proceeded at a lively pace three hours farther on to Karakilissa (the black church). Tempted by the name, we ordered a brief halt, thinking the place might contain some ancient monuments of Christianity, but we were disappointed; and though no doubt a church must once have stood here, no vestige of it now remains, and even local tradition speaks hesitatingly of its existence.

Half an hour beyond Karakilissa the traveller has a choice of two roads; one through the low flat grounds through which the Murad-Su, now some four miles distant, winds its course. Here there are villages at frequent intervals, which are convenient for refreshment or repose. Still we preferred the other route, which, leading over a tableland a couple of hundred feet above the level of the plain, enjoys the benefit of every breeze that blows.

The plateau we were now traversing extended about three hours to our left as far as the base of the mountains, and nearly twice that distance straight a-head. In some places there were slight undulations of surface which contributed to the formation of streamlets, every drop of which was carefully husbanded for the purpose of irrigation. Here and there were broad patches of cultivation; and several large villages, dispersed over the plateau, gave evidence of its general fertility.

A ride of thirty miles under a hot sun without any refreshment, and broken only by a halt of a few minutes, was full enough for both horse and rider; and right glad were we to hail the village of Kilassur, where it had been settled that our day's work was to end. Descending from the plateau, we here first struck upon the Murad-Su, already grown to a considerable stream, some fifty yards wide, rapid in its course, and at the village ford reaching to the saddle-girths in midsummer. It is evident that just here it has shifted its channel at some comparatively recent date; for about a mile to the north are the ruins of a handsome Genoese bridge in the midst of reeds and coarse rank grass. The intervening land is subject to frequent inundations, and produces willows in abundance.

Kilassur is off the direct road; and in order to reach it we had to traverse about half a mile of swampy land and then ford the river. It numbers about fifty houses, and is occupied by a colony of Persians from Erivan, whence they migrated when that place fell under the dominion of Russia. For an industrious people, either pastoral or agricultural, a more favourable spot could not be found, as the valley of the Murad is everywhere fertile; and the plateau which we traversed in our morning ride would afford pasture for countless flocks and herds. Its advantages were evidently appreciated by the Genoese when the commerce of Armenia was in their hands. This may be gathered from the ruined bridge already noticed, and from other ruins in the neighbourhood, which, however, have been so utterly dismantled for the sake of the stones, that their original character or purpose can no longer be distinguished.

Our arrival happened at a moment of great excitement among the villagers; we found them all out

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of doors, assembled in groups eagerly talking and gesticulating; while here and there a horseman, heavily armed and covered with dust and sweat, was surrounded by hearers, who listened with breathless interest to his words. In reply to our inquiries it came out that our friends the Kurds had been at their old work that morning, having in the early dawn attempted a razzia of cattle. But this time they had not Armenians to deal with. On the alarm being given the *braves* of the village were quickly in the saddle, and pressing on *ventre à terre*, they soon came up with the raidsmen, who, encumbered with a heavy refractory spoil, had been unable in time to reach their mountain fastnesses.

Now the Kurd, though by profession a robber, is withal a wise and calculating man. A bullet through the head or a sword-thrust between the ribs, would be too much to risk for a drove of cattle or a flock of sheep. He therefore on this occasion declined the chances of a contest; and the whole party, betaking themselves to flight, resigned their prey to its lawful owners. The Persians returned in great triumph; and were recounting their exploits, no doubt with all the embellishments of a Haji Baba, when we unexpectedly broke in upon them.

What with the Kurds and the English beys this was an exciting day for Kilassur. But we were nevertheless well attended to: one of the best houses in the place was given up to us; and two tents which formed part of the equipment of our travelling friends, having been pitched on a green slope hard by the streamlet that supplies the village with water, we were well off for accommodation.

There was an alertness and cordial goodwill in the civilities of these Persians that prepossessed us in their favour. Everything was supplied to us in profusion, milk in all its forms, with eggs, cheese, and rice for ourselves, and bundles of fresh clover for our horses. Two fat sheep were selected from the flock, one of which we presented to the villagers, reserving the other for our own use.

And now the work of cookery was commenced with vigour; and as day declined the whole village was redolent with the goodly odour of kibaubs, pilaus, and savoury messes of various sorts. Perhaps it was owing to the good humour inspired by the anticipations of a coming feast, but certainly there was observable in this little community a degree of vivacity and *insouciance* never seen amongst Turks or Armenians. Something like life showed itself in the movements and deportment of the men, while throughout the day little boys and children were skylarking merrily about. Even the dogs seemed to partake of this more lively spirit, although they evinced it in a manner by no means agreeable to us. Go where we would, they beset us in whole packs, barking with the full power of their throats. Nay, one big fellow, emboldened by our forbearance, had the audacity to seize one of our party by the calf of the leg. For this, however, he paid dearly. The crowd of idlers that attended us in all our movements was instantly after him with sticks, stones, and every missile they could seize; and the astonished cur, pelted, persecuted, and driven from every place of shelter, found himself an object of vengeful pursuit to his old familiar friends for having been too zealous in his devotion to their interests. Happily, the only injury he inflicted was a sharp pinch.

For the first time on this excursion, our rest was disturbed by mosquitoes. They multiply in the congenial marshes on the banks of the river.

Leaving Kilassur, the plain of Alishkurd contracts to a fertile valley, enclosed between parallel ranges of heights that spring from the mountains on the north and south. This valley being watered by the Murad-Su, is green throughout the summer with rank vegetation. Willows and poplars grow in the bottoms, and rills of delicious water descend from the neighbouring slopes. It is therefore a favourite halting-place for the caravans that journey to and from Persia. We found it thus occupied to an extent of several miles by one of the great annual caravans that convey westward the merchandize of Central Asia; and anything more animated

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or truly Oriental than the scene that presented itself to our view as we topped the brow of an eminence that overlooked the valley for miles, cannot be well conceived. Scattered about were well-nigh three thousand horses. The katirjees (muleteers or carriers) and travellers, numbers of whom attach themselves for safety to every caravan, amounted to seven or eight hundred; and when we came upon them, all hands were busy preparing for a start. Numbers were engaged in loading the bales, some in packing the scanty travelling equipage, while others were leisurely enjoying the narghili, or sipping a finjan of hot coffee. But there was no noise, no confusion; every man did his part in quietness, and the only sound to be heard was the neighing of the horses that were still awaiting their turn to be loaded.

These horses, we may observe, are well looked after on the road, carefully fed, and regularly groomed. The day's journey rarely exceeds four or five hours (twelve or fifteen miles) and the halting-places are always selected with reference to the advantages of water and pasture. Gratuitous cruelty to animals forms no part of the Eastern character; but even if it did, caravan horses would be sure of good treatment from the value of their services. It would not pay to ill-use an animal that has to carry on its back three hundredweight of costly goods through a difficult country over a distance of eight hundred or a thousand miles.

Our first halt for this day was at Uchkilissa, distant from Kilassur about ten miles. Here the road, following the direction of the valley, bends southward; and the heights from the opposite sides, approach to within half a mile at their bases. Uchkilissa means 'The Three Churches,' and was once a place of ecclesiastical importance. Nor has it yet quite lost that character; for although two out of the three churches have long since disappeared, the one that still remains is a venerable edifice of great antiquity—perhaps the most perfect specimen in existence of the ancient ecclesiastical architecture of Armenia.

The plan of this building forms a rectangle, one hundred feet by sixty-five. The walls are fifty feet in height. The interior consists of a nave, two aisles, transept, and chancel. A double row of massive pillars divides the nave from the aisles, and from their capitals spring the groined arches which form the roof. The altar was furnished in the usual style of the Armenian Church, with huge brass candlesticks and tawdry decorations; and in the chancel were some life-size representations of Scriptural subjects, which were more to be respected for their antiquity than admired for their artistic merit.

But little is done to keep this venerable structure in repair, and apart from the forbearance of the Turks, it owes its present state of preservation to the strength and solidity of its masonry. As regards its date, we were assured by the senior resident priest that it was built by St. Gregory in the year 302; and in support of his statement, he read to us in Turkish extracts from some very old manuscript parchments in the Armenian language, which he said were the archives of the establishment.

The church stands in the centre of an area about a hundred yards square, which is well paved with large blocks of stone. This area is enclosed by a strong wall twenty feet in height, crenelated and flanked with square towers. The main entrance is at the south side; though much damaged by time and neglect, it is a favourable specimen, both as to design and execution, of the architectural abilities of its day.

The quarters for the clergy and other officers of the establishment are within the enclosure adjoining the wall; and as some of them have been diverted from their original purposes in order to become stables and cowhouses, the place has an aspect of filth and disorder much at variance with its sacred character. A few houses have sprung up outside the wall, but they are occupied by servants and underlings. The Murad-Su is about a quarter of a mile distant, and at the nearest point the main road traverses it by means of a handsome bridge of three pointed arches, still the work of the Genoese. A tributary streamlet that issues from the heights hard by skirts the

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base of the terrace on which the church is built, affording an abundant supply of excellent water for domestic purposes, for artificial irrigation, and for turning a mill. A grove of poplars and willows occupies the sloping ground between the outer walls and this stream, forming a grateful retreat in the mid-day heats of summer, and in winter sheltering to some degree the sacred edifice from the storms that often prevail in these regions.

From the most cursory examination it is evident that, in choosing the site of this establishment, its founders carefully availed themselves of every local advantage. Close behind it a spur from the southern mountains rises abruptly to the height of about twelve hundred feet, presenting an effectual barrier to the west against elemental violence. The valley in front has all the appearance of great fertility; and as there is no village for leagues around, nor any residents on the spot but the priests and their dependents, all these broad acres are the sole property of the Church.

We observed some goodly herds on the pastures. Flocks of sheep and goats were nipping the sweet grass at the base and on the slopes of the heights. Several choice horses were in the stables, and mares with foals at their sides were grazing in the fields, or straying familiarly about the premises. A well stocked orchard gave promise of an ample yield; while in a kitchen garden of fair dimensions, cabbages, onions, pumpkins, cucumbers, and other vegetables of the country were growing in abundance. Farther off the meadows and corn fields, now ripe for the scythe and sickle, were waving heavily in the breeze. In fact, judging by appearances, there was at Uchkilissa a profusion of rough wealth and prosperity which strongly contrasted with the general condition of the country. It was therefore with surprise, not unmingled with suspicion, that we listened to the piteous accounts which our reverend friends gave of their poverty and distress. The Turks, said they, had reduced them to beggary and starvation in the early part of 1855, when Veli Pasha with his division occupied the place. The horses of the Moslem were then picketed within the sacred enclosure; all their hay and corn was consumed or wasted, while their sheep and oxen were slaughtered by scores for the troops. As to payment or indemnification, such things are beneath a pasha's notice; and prudence forbade even a hint on the subject, as it might have been replied to by a twitch of the beard, or perhaps a summary infliction of the kurbash (leather whip). There was therefore no alternative but to bear their losses with Christian meekness, and pray for the conversion of their hard-hearted rulers. Far different, they added, was the treatment they received from the Russians who took possession of the place when Veli Pasha fell back towards Erzeroum. Fair play and moderation characterized all their dealings; and as Russians and Armenians derive their religion from a common source, the respect attaching to the priestly character secured to our friends the courteous consideration of all ranks of the Russian force.

The conversation in which these accounts were embodied was carried on in a moderate-sized apartment, to which was given the ostentatious name of divan. The walls had once been white, but were now begrimed with dirt. The ceiling of panelled deal, though blackened by smoke, still retained the delicate carving of its mouldings and cornices. The floor was covered with Persian carpets; and several large down cushions lay along the walls, wooing the occupant to repose. We placed ourselves on one side of the room, while our hosts took up a position opposite to us. There were three of them; the Presbyter, a venerable man of about seventy, and two of his assistants, who were still in the prime of life. They wore the sombre undress of Armenian priests, which accorded well with their long bushy beards, thoughtful countenances, and grave deportment. Well informed in all that relates to the history of their race and church, it was evident that the bias of their feelings and politics was strongly in favour of Russia. This of course was but natural, considering what is the policy of Turkey towards her Christian subjects. And who can tell what words of hope and comfort may be whispered to them by

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Russia—what exhortations, dictated from St. Petersburg, may reach them under the hallowed seal of Uchmiadzin? But even without these we may well understand the feelings of an intelligent Armenian when he contrasts the degradation to which he is doomed under Turkish rule, with the rank and honours and high position to which many of his countrymen attain in every department of the Russian service. Considerations of this nature are no doubt constantly at work within him. And he would be other than human, either in the purity of his loyalty or the intensity of his degradation, if he were impervious to the seductive influences that reach him from the north.

Uchkilissa is an important strategic point, commanding as it does the direct road between Persia and Armenia. Veli Pasha strengthened it with lines and batteries, which are judiciously planned and well executed. It would have been well for his country if he could have held them against the enemy, but this was too much for the force he commanded. Acting on superior orders he fell back on Kuprikyui; and some credit is due to him for the manner in which he conducted the retreat.

By this move the Russians became masters of the whole plains of Alishkurd and of the direct communication between Kars and Bayazid by way of Toprakala.

A few days subsequent to the visit now spoken of, on returning from Bayazid and Mount Ararat, we again paid our respects to the good fathers of Uchkilissa, when we were entertained in a manner creditable alike to their hospitality and their *cuisine*. Ample provision was made for every comfort, as well for ourselves as our servants and horses; and a Sybarite might envy us as we lay nestled at night amid piles of 'minders' (cushions), with a profusion of quilted 'yorgans' (coverlets).

At first dawn we were awoke by the call to matins. This call was made in a manner so truly primitive that we may well suppose it to have been in use long before the Muezzin's voice was heard from the minaret, or a bell had pealed from Christian steeple. Close to the church door an elm plank, seven feet long, fifteen inches wide, and three inches thick, was suspended, edge downward, at a height of about seven feet from the ground, by repeatedly striking which with a baton somewhat similar to a drumstick, a subdued rolling sound was produced, that in the stillness of the morning reverberated to a considerable distance.

Anxious to see how the service was performed, and perhaps with some leaven of a higher feeling inspired by the *name* of Christian church in a land of alien faith, some of our party rose to prayers. The old building was dimly lit by a few lamps. Candles were burning on the altar, where two priests were officiating in a low tone, scarcely audible to the handful of aged men that formed the congregation. Every whisper and sound was plaintively echoed through the empty aisles, and all the circumstances, both of time and place, combined to produce a solemn and imposing effect. The sacred occasion itself, the partial and struggling light, the silence of the hour, the small band of Christians, the local associations of antiquity and isolation,—all this told strongly on the senses and feelings; but there was nothing in it that appealed to the understanding or awoke the higher emotions of religion in the soul. We stayed until the conclusion of the service, and, whether edified or not, none of us were disposed on retiring to become converts to the Armenian ritual.

But to return to the occasion of our first visit to Uchkilissa. After a halt of a few hours we were again in the saddle, and ere sunset reached Diadin, distant three hours, or about fourteen miles. The intervening country is fertile and undulating, but utterly without inhabitants. Such desolation, where Nature has been profuse in her gifts, is perfectly frightful, and becomes a subject of curious and interesting reflection when it is remembered that, according to common belief, the Garden of Eden must have been somewhere in these parts, and that they were in former times amongst the most prosperous and densely populated of the earth.

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THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

THE event which we confidently predicted in our last number has taken place. The Derby Government is resolved into its elements; and the party which was organized with more vigour than decency or discretion will probably be disintegrated even before the brief remnant of the session is brought to a close. The general election of 1852 gave Lord Derby, according to his own statement in the House of Lords when he resigned office at the end of the year, three hundred and ten supporters in the House of Commons. Before the Aberdeen Administration had been in office three months, this formidable following was dispersed, and a large proportion of them were among the steady supporters of his rivals in power. The late dissolution rallied three hundred and two on the muster roll of the old (or new) Conservative standard; and if Lord Palmerston's Cabinet can show a firm and united front for the next few weeks, there is little doubt that at least fifty of these will be found among the rank and file which ordinarily support her Majesty's Government.

But will the new Administration hold together? This is a question upon which the boldest political prescience would hardly venture to give a decided opinion. Certainly, since the time of Chatham, so strange an experiment in cabinet making has not been tried. Indeed, the new Administration suggests at once the celebrated passage in which Burke describes the administration formed by Lord Chatham in 1766:—'An Administration so checkered and speckled, a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans: Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies:—that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand upon.'* *Absit omen.* Circumstances are very different now from what they were nearly a century ago. The public had then a very vague and imperfect knowledge of what passed within the walls of Parliament, and public opinion had no means of acting regularly on that assembly. Party and faction had it all their own way. Half the House of Commons was held a hundred years ago by a few great proprietors, and many of the seats were openly marketed.

If the composition of the new Government is to be fairly canvassed, it should be premised that the difficulties which have been encountered in putting it together have been so numerous and so novel, that probably any other living statesman than Lord Palmerston would have thrown up the task in despair or disgust. We have not been sparing in our criticisms from time to time on the political career of that noble lord, but we never questioned his possession of some of the most rare and valuable qualities of a public man. His great and varied experience, his personal influence and following—unquestionably superior to those of any other leader of the Liberal party—his courage, tact, and temper, pre-eminently qualified him for the difficult and delicate task of combining discordant materials in one harmonious whole, of reconciling rival pretensions, of resisting clamorous and presumptuous claims, of providing for new allies without ungraciously dropping old friends. The latter duty, which those who know the Premier are well aware he would not consider the least important part of the arrangements, Lord Palmerston has acquitted with singular success. Eight members of his late Cabinet, and fourteen subordinate officials, have been omitted from the new Administration; yet it would be difficult to point out one of these gentlemen who has any just cause of complaint. We may go through the list. Lord Cranworth notoriously failed to fulfil the high expectations which had been somewhat gratuitously formed, when he was promoted to

* Speech on American Taxation.

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the Great Seal. His restoration to the woolsack would therefore have been an improper appointment; but he was offered one of the chief seats in the Common Law Courts, where all his reputation had been acquired. Lord Clarendon was offered, but declined, a seat in the Cabinet; and considering that his lordship's acknowledged omission to answer a despatch which called for a prompt and decisive reply, was the immediate cause of the downfall of the Palmerston Administration, Lord Clarendon could hardly have felt aggrieved had he been omitted altogether. Lord Panmure it was well known had long sought an opportunity to be finally relieved from office. Of Lord Clanricarde, we can only say that his weight would have borne down any Cabinet into which he was admitted. Lord Stanley of Alderley perhaps may claim a grievance, since there can be no doubt that he was willing, and it might be hard to say that he was not of sufficient ability, to resume his seat in the Cabinet. Public opinion would readily have acquiesced in the exclusion of Mr. Vernon Smith, but the Prime Minister has generously mitigated the fall of the unfortunate Indian statesman by a peerage. We could have been content had a similar compliment been paid to Mr. Labouchere, one of the most honourable and upright gentlemen who ever engaged in the public service. Mr. Baines has, we fear, finally withdrawn from public life as well as from Parliament. These were the former colleagues of Lord Palmerston, and we may hazard an opinion, that on the whole their successors will bring greater popularity, as well as ensure more stability, to the Cabinet. Among those for whom no place has been found in the new arrangements are to be named Lords Shelburne, Monck, and Duncan; Sir B. Hall, Sir J. Ramsden, Sir W. Hayter, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Cowper, Mr. F. Peel, Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. D. Seymour, and Mr. Grey. Of this list, we have reason to believe that at least half retired with their own consent. Lord Monck and Mr. Osborne having unfortunately lost their seats in the House of Commons, were not eligible for office. Of the few that remain, we are credibly informed that none were desirous, by an unseasonable pressure of personal claims, to add to the difficulties by which the eminent person condemned to dispense this vast patronage was encompassed.

The first remark which seems to occur to everybody is the undue preponderance of the Peelite element in the new Administration. But it will be found on examination that there is really nothing in this charge. The Peelite party is a myth. There are some four or five statesmen and orators of conspicuous ability in both Houses who held office under Sir Robert Peel; but these gentlemen are far from being in unison on many important questions which divide public opinion. Take, for example, the two most eminent names in this small circle — Sir James Graham and Mr. Gladstone. On the prominent question of Parliamentary Reform, the one goes the whole length of the advanced Reformers (as the Radicals now style themselves), and contends for household suffrage, and almost for the ballot. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, takes the High Conservative view of this question. He would be very sparing in the extension of the franchise; and so far from assenting to that which is the great aim of Radical reformers — the re-distribution of seats—the Chancellor of the Exchequer comes forth as the champion of nomination boroughs. The Duke of Newcastle is probably quite as good a Liberal as the Duke of Argyll; and if there be any essential difference of opinion between Mr. Sidney Herbert and Lord John Russell, or between Mr. Cardwell and Lord Palmerston, we have failed to discover it. The 'independent' party may indeed complain that the nomination of Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Cobden to the Cabinet is but a halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack; but we doubt whether the country or the House of Commons would have desired a stronger infusion of the Manchester mixture. For the rest, the Cabinet comprises almost every name of note in the

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great Liberal party. We admit, indeed, that it includes those who have passed a great part of their public lives in office; but we submit that experience is, after all, not an absolute disqualification for employment in the highest branches of the public service; and therefore we think that the re-instatement of Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Grey, and especially of Sir George Cornewall Lewis—'the three baronets,' as they have been contumeliously termed—in important departments of administration is not a sufficient reason for withdrawing confidence from the Government. We venture to suggest to the sagacious individuals who urge this notable objection, that the Government of this country is not a *corpus vile* for tyros in statesmanship to experiment upon, and that every 'independent' member of Parliament has not a vested right in the privileges and emoluments of high political office.

We have frequently reprobated, in common with other journals, the close Whig system of nominations to office; but there is a difference between a liberal and fair selection of members who show some aptitude for public employment, and an indiscriminate distribution of offices among that numerous and increasing class of honourable members who daily and nightly interrupt the progress of business by noisy advertisements of their own merits. Nothing would be more calculated to lower the character of the House of Commons and to deteriorate the public service than a practice of preferring to official station the tribe of flippant and fluent speakers with whom the House has been infested since the passing of the Reform Act. Parliamentary oratory, Heaven knows, requires no stimulus; but we think there is still room for the further development of good sense, sound information, and habits of business in a certain assembly which we will not more particularly name. A Minister who would give the preference to those less showy and less obtrusive qualities in his choice of recruits for the public service might not perhaps satisfy the vulgar clamour of the day, but he would do much to recommend his Government to the confidence of the country, and to raise the tone of political morality.

The present Administration is supposed to be founded on the principle of ignoring the exclusive claims of the great families. We think that this principle has been fairly inaugurated; it does not demand the proscription of every person connected with those families; such an extravagance would be unjust and absurd. Men of rank and fortune must needs take a prominent and a leading part in public affairs. Men deeply engaged in the pursuits of commerce are precluded from taking part in the Administration. It would be mockery to offer under-secretaryships and lordships of the Treasury to the Barings, the Glyns, the Heywoods, and the Rathbones. Few eminent bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, can be induced to undertake even the less onerous duties of Parliament until they have retired from active business and attained a time of life at which they are disqualified, even if they are willing, from entering upon a novel and arduous career. Of professional men there is, indeed, an abundance ready and willing to undertake political duties; but lawyers and soldiers do not generally command the confidence of the country; and political adventurers of every description are regarded with just suspicion. The affairs of the nation cannot be satisfactorily conducted by mere mercenary service; we must therefore look mainly to the class which has a stake in the country, as well as ample leisure. It is plain, therefore, that the landed aristocracy must continue, as they have heretofore been, the principal nursery of our statesmen. The aristocracy have their faults, but if they are not the *best*, as their designation implies, they are assuredly not the worst class in the community; and we hold it to be no part of a sound Liberal creed to decry an order of men who, upon the whole, are desirous of fulfilling the duties imposed upon them, and cannot fairly be said to have brought discredit upon the English name.

The apparent strength of the new Government consists in the combination of able men representing

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the different sections of the Liberal party. But are these materials harmoniously blended, or are they merely thrown carelessly together to serve the purpose of the movement? We have no doubt that the leading statesmen who have been concerned in the construction of this Government are actuated by a sincere desire to reconcile differences, and to guide their policy with an honest reference to what Mr. Bright has called the average sense of the Liberal party. On the momentous question of Continental affairs, all are agreed that peace must, if possible, be maintained. But it must not be concealed that the adherence of England to the policy of neutrality is becoming every day more difficult. The uninterrupted triumphs of the French and Sardinian arms will probably soon carry them beyond the boundaries originally prescribed to the war. In that event, the German Powers must of necessity be involved in the conflict; and can Russia then remain inactive? If four of the five great Powers are in arms, how long will it be possible for the fifth to remain neutral? These too probable contingencies have, doubtless, been already foreseen and discussed by the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston. The avowed sympathies of its leading members with the cause of Italian independence, must impart a more vigorous and decided tone to the diplomacy of Downing-street, than has hitherto appeared in the 'notes' addressed to the different Courts of Europe by their immediate predecessors. The best mode of preventing the conflagration from spreading over the Continent, is for this country to take an early opportunity of interfering by a firm and decided exposition of its views on the Italian question. And we take it that these views should specifically contemplate the independence of Lombardy, and the modification of those treaties between Austria and the smaller Italian Powers by which the latter are placed under the military protection of the great German Power. It seems to us idle to imagine that we guard against war by observing an irresolute and reticent policy in the great question which now agitates Europe. It is quite certain that, if the fortune of war were to take a turn in favour of Austria, which is not unlikely if Prussia assumes an offensive position on the Rhine, the people of England would never consent to abandon Italy to its fate. On the other hand, it would not be tolerated that the French Empire should realize the dream of the old monarchy, by the annexation of the Milanese. And in our opinion, the sooner the two Emperors were authentically informed of the sense of this country on the subject, the better would it be, both for them and for ourselves.

The difficulties attending the settlement of the troublesome question of Parliamentary Reform have been removed by recent events. Whatever professions decency required them to make in public, the great question among practical reformers was the amount of the minimum of concession which would satisfy their pledges and appease clamour out of doors. The Derby Administration and the dissolution have in this respect done good service. The depth and direction of public opinion have been ascertained, and the result is to be a very moderate measure. No schedule A; emasculation of some of the smaller boroughs; the representation of a few of the larger constituencies proportionably increased; the £10 qualification, consisting partly in land, partly in buildings, for the county voter; a £6 occupation, to be reduced in committee or in the Lords to a £6 rating for boroughs; together with a sprinkling of the fancy franchises. These, it is pretty plain, are to be the leading features of the new Bill, which will be carried with a certain amount of hypocritical protest from the 'earnest' reformers, who dread the extreme measures which they find it convenient to advocate; and with sincere objurgation on the part of Mr. Bright and his friends, whose policy it does not suit to have this question settled.

The duration and ultimate fate of the new Government are questions upon which it is not so easy to hazard an opinion. But Parliamentary Reform being disposed of, we

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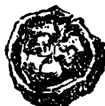
foresee no question which is likely to resolve the various materials of which it is composed into their elements, and to shorten the natural life of a Cabinet, which in these latter days we like to be about three years. Should its existence be brought to a premature close by internal rupture or by outward accident, the Tories will probably return to power. But we are inclined to think that the new Government will last its time, and that its euthanasia will be a new fusion, not of converted Tories, Whigs, Radicals, and Manchester statesmen, but of the moderate men of the two great parties which have up to the present time for the most part divided political power between them.

Meantime the Administration has been favourably received by the country. It is not probable that any of the new Ministers will fail to be re-elected, unless indeed there is to be, as we are told, but can hardly believe, one distinguished exception. Mr. Gladstone's claims on the University of Oxford are, it seems, being disputed by the Marquis of Chandos. The comity of modern political warfare has almost renounced the practice of contesting a seat on a vacancy occasioned by appointment to office. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the most distinguished son of our Alma Mater, is to be disinherited in favour of a younger brother of respectable character and fair attainments, no doubt, but who stands on no terms of comparison with the individual whom he is put forward to oppose. We will not stop to comment on the discretion and good taste of the parties who have set this movement on foot; neither are we concerned to defend the public career of Mr. Gladstone. But whatever errors this eminent person may have committed, they are errors to be attributed to the peculiar conformation of his intellect. His silent vote against Lord Hartington's motion of want of confidence in Lord Derby's Government one day, and his acceptance of office from Lord Derby's rival and opponent a few days after—an apparent contradiction to ordinary minds—was a proceeding which Mr. Gladstone no doubt reconciled by some metaphysical refinement unintelligible to a merely practical understanding; but nobody ventures to suggest that such an inconsistency, if it be an inconsistency, was dictated by any unworthy motive. The removal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer from the House of Commons, or even the delay of his return for a single week beyond the time fixed for the meeting of Parliament, would, at this advanced season of the year, and in the disordered state of the finances, be productive of extreme inconvenience and detriment to the public service. We trust, for the sake of the distinguished constituency, whose character is at stake, as well as for the public service, that this pitiful effort of bigotry and party spite may not be successful.



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LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

MDCCCLIX.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1859,

CONTAINS,

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ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT—In Memoriam.

HOLMBY HOUSE: A TALE OF OLD NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' &c.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE *does not undertake to return papers that are sent to him for consideration.*

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1859.

THE BARONS OF BUCHAN.

A Contribution to Local History.

NEXT month the members of the British Association, under the presidency of the Prince Consort, are to meet in the capital of the 'Far North.' Not the least interesting feature of that meeting will be the collection of ancient relics —pictures, manuscripts, jewels, coins, weapons—which local industry and zeal are now bringing together. These visible illustrations of the historic past may become, perhaps, more illustrative to our readers if we attempt, with the materials at our disposal, to reconstruct the perished life which produced them; to paint the men who wrote the manuscripts and used the weapons. When we lately reviewed Mr. Chambers' *Domestic Annals*,* we indicated that in our opinion no adequate conception of the past could be obtained except by penetrating into the rural life, and learning the habits, manners, and traditions of a single locality; and we undertook, when occasion offered, to illustrate and enforce this view. Aberdeenshire, more especially that part of the county which lies along the shore, 'the land in the bend of the ocean,' the ancient Thanedom of Buchan, from its intrinsic importance in the early history of Scotland, is particularly rich in collections (many of which, through the liberality of the *Spalding Club*,† have been made accessible to the public) bearing upon the state of Scottish society in the olden time. We now propose to redeem our promise, and at the same time play the part of Cicerone to our scientific friends in their rambles along the bleak and wind-swept coasts of the Northern Sea.

It is during the occupancy of the Comyns that the kingdom of the aboriginal Taxailai begins to assume an authentic position in history. Any speculation upon its modes of life and forms of government before that time must be to a certain extent hypothetical. 'The Roman Eagles,' says Robert Gordon in his flowery way, 'flew not so far north.' Later research has shown that he was mistaken. The iron footprints of a people that built for all time may still be traced through various districts of the country; and it is said that one of their great military stations was placed near the mouth of the Ythan, where the port of

* *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1859.

† The Spalding Club has published a great number of interesting records connected with the history of the northern counties. Any of our readers who may wish to follow out this subject may consult the following:—*Description of Aberdeen*, by Patrick Gordon (1661); *View of the Diocese of Aberdeen* (a collection of great value); Kennedy's *Annals of Aberdeen; The East Coast of Scotland*, by Francis Douglas (1782); *The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans*, from 1031 to 1619; Wynton's *Chronikil;* Barbour's *Bruce* (of which a very beautiful edition has been published by the Spalding Club); Craufurd's *Peerage;* Nisbett's *Heraldry;* and Chalmers' *Caledonia*. The *Caledonia* is well known as a work of immense research, and quite indispensable to any student of the social aspects of Scottish history. The Rev. J. B. Pratt of Cruden has compiled a very careful and interesting account of *Buchan*, and a complete collection of Skinner's *Poems*— Skinner is the Laureate of the district, and the author of 'Tullochgorum,' 'The Ewie with the Crookit Horn,' and other well-known lyrics,—has been recently published, and is very creditable to local enterprise and intelligence.

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Newburgh now stands. Buchan was a Danish battle-field, a field also for Danish colonization. We are too apt to believe that the descents of the wild Northmen were always purely aggressive; and, these being repulsed, that they left no impression behind them upon our soil. Even the perilous intercourse of war could not have proved altogether without fruit; and there is proof, or at least tradition, that more peaceful intercourse was frequent, if not habitual. The Northmen were clever mechanists, hardy shepherds, and skilful fishers; and these, obeying the vagrant instincts which stirred that Arab-like race, followed in the wake of the roving seamen of the Fjords. How much of the dauntless endurance, the stern independence, the resolute enterprise of our character—that dash, in short, of the 'salt-blood' in our veins, which sends us like sea-mews to the water—is due to the intercourse that was thus established between the opposite shores of the Northern Sea, it would be difficult to estimate. But undoubtedly the cross of Scandinavian blood has in some degree moulded the history of the great and free people whose colonies are sown broad-cast over every continent.

But these events—echoes

> Of old unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago—

scarce come within the era of authentic history. The misty figures of earth-burrowing Picts, and steel-clad Romans, and Druids bowed before strange circles in mysterious supplication, and gigantic Norsemen wading through the white surf to the shore, pass before us indeed; but vast and confused as in the twilight. 'Sindry of thair bones,' says Bellenden, 'war sene be us, schort time afore the making of this buke, mair like giandis than common stature of men; throw quhilk, apperis, that men in auld times hes bene of mair stature and quantite, than ony men ar presently in our days.' And so until the commencement of the thirteenth century, when Sir William Comyn of Tindale married the heiress Marjory, all that had been preserved of the men of Buchan was that they had grown 'mair like giandis than common stature of men' to a race that had degenerated and decayed.

But on the southern bank of the Don, even before the Comyns came, a civilized and cultivated society had been established, whose records we may yet plainly read. Under the shelter of the royal oaks of Stocket, and among the rude huts which clustered around their roots, rose the white walls and spires of a Christian church. Catholic Rome, with imperial munificence, scattered its envoys at an early period among these desolate forests. Saint Walok arrived in the fifth century amidst a people, savage and unconverted, say the monkish chroniclers, 'insomuch that they had no church among them, nor any belief in hell-torments.' Walok lived between the Dee and the Don—the two rivers flowing then much nearer to each other than they do now—'in a little solitary thatched hut as a hermite.' He was followed by other saints—or if not saints, good and true men at least, who are perhaps on the whole as useful in this world—Nachlan, and Eddran, and Maurice, who in the eighth century travelled much among the Highlanders to reclaim them from the remnants of their pagan idolatries; and Machar, who lived at the mouth of the Don—'where a river falls into the sea in the form of a crozier'; until at length, in 1010, Malcolm II. erected the See of Murthlack to commemorate some famous forgotten victory; and Saint David, a century later, translated the bishop to Aberdon, where that reverend ecclesiastic contrived to secure a share of most of the good things going; as the right of common pasturage, the use of the king's forest, the best salmon caught in the Dee, and a tenth of the 'can' of vessels trading with the port. The monastic buildings were built on an eminence above the river-valley, where the monks might watch, through the branches of the trees, and across the gorsy bents, the blue shining sea-line, and the white sails of the passing ships. The Bishop's Palace occupied one side of the churchyard; the canons' houses were built around, and the whole formed a simple quadrangle. The old parish church—'Sanct Mary of the Snow'—made way for

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a solemn and spacious cathedral. Upon the links beside the sea, remote from the habitations of men and the ministrations of the Church, stood the hospital prepared for those infected by leprosy, that terrible scourge of the Middle Ages. The pretty rural village swarmed with bearded and hooded ecclesiastics—grey and black hoods, white and red hoods—Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and Templars; and, in their virgin veils, the nuns of Saint Catherine of Sienna.

Between this peaceful society and the thanedom of the ancient earls flowed the deep and sluggish Don—a barrier which must have rendered the intercourse in those days unfrequent and interrupted. The half savage herdsman, gazing across the water from the further bank, no doubt contemplated with a rude wonder the growth of solemn aisle and 'heaven-kissing' spire, and listened in the evening stillness to the dirge-like litany for the dead, or the chanted invocation to the patron of these seafaring men:

> Auro dato violari,
> Virgines prohibuit;
> Far in fame, vas in mare,
> Seruit et distribuit.
> Qui timebant naufragari,
> Nautes opem tribuit.
>
> Sit laus Summe Trinitati,
> Virtus et Victoria;
> Qui det nobis ut Beati
> Nicholai gaudia;
> Assequamur laureati,
> Post vitam in patria.

And not unfrequently, no doubt, in that rude age, men, with the avengers of blood upon their track, plunged into the river, and swam desperately across the swollen stream, that they might clasp the Girth Cross on the green of 'the bishop's dovecot,' where the accidental murderer could at length draw breath freely; an institution not to be lightly nor scornfully judged—a beneficent institution, that stretched its white-robed arm across these stormy ages, to stay the fierce resentments of the savage and secure the deliberation of modern justice. But these, or the occasional passage of a solitary and devoted monk on his way to minister at Gamrie or at Deer, formed almost the only link between the people who dwelt on the northern and the southern banks. What, then, was the condition of the wild country across the water?

The people were probably rude, unlettered, and somewhat fierce in their conversation; but it would be wrong to conclude, as we are too much inclined at present to conclude, that they stood in need of the ordinary necessaries of life. On the contrary, the common people of Scotland were more abundantly fed and more warmly clothed (on the whole *fared better*, as we say now) during the three centuries that preceded the breaking out of the English wars, than they have been at any subsequent period. The arts of agriculture were not perhaps very profoundly studied nor very diligently practised, but the great forests protected the corn-lands and blessed the farmer with easy and abundant harvests. So much grain was grown that Scotland for many years continued to export largely to other nations. Immense herds of cattle and swine, moreover, were pastured among the woodlands, where they found convenient shelter and abundant food. These at length became so excessive that it was found necessary by the Parliament of William the Lion to repress by statute 'the multitudes of sheep and swine,' the damage which they caused to the growing crops being the reason assigned for the prohibition. As there is no ground to doubt the genuineness or good faith of the preamble on which the legislation proceeded, the necessity for such an act is in itself a remarkable confirmation of the fact that food was at that time very abundant in Scotland, more abundant than it has since been or is now. Savage and dangerous animals had once roamed these forests. The founder of the house of Gordon is reported to have killed with his own hand 'a fierce boar that much wasted the country near the forest of Huntley.' But this was in the beginning of the eleventh century, two hundred years before the Comyns came to Buchan; and the only memorial of these wild animals that remained was the 'three boars' heads, Or, on a field Azure,' which Malcolm authorized the Gordons to bear in perpetual commemoration of the gallant exploit of their ancestor.

Buchan is now proverbially bare

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and destitute of wood; before the breaking out of the English wars it was clothed down to the sea-shore by immense forests. The oaks that are dug out of the morasses are said to bear upon them the marks of fire; and it has consequently been concluded that their destruction resulted from some great social convulsion, probably the 'harrying' of the district by Robert or Edward Bruce. We know that the contemporary Earl petitioned Edward I. to grant him *maremium* in consideration of the destruction to his manors that had been occasioned by the war. The King acceded to his request, and allowed him fifty oaks yearly out of the royal forests in 'Buchan and Kintore.' From this it would appear that the Earl had been attacked and his district 'harryed' even previous to the final discomfiture which sent him an exile to the English Court. The trees must have been of great antiquity and noble growth. A Countess of Errol, who wrote about 1680, says that the bog-oak was then extensively used for firewood, it being readily discovered, she adds, 'as above the moss-tree the dew does not lie,' and down even to the present day the supply remains unexhausted.

Not only was Buchan then well wooded; it must have been in consequence, we may say, better watered than it is now. Its present brooks were rivers; its present rivers flowed through the woodland in wide, ample, and transparent streams. A constant volume of water, unflooded in winter, unexhausted in summer, made its way from the hill country in many channels to the sea. Science and experience entitle us to draw this conclusion, for it has been well ascertained that in a wooded district, while on the one hand fogs and dews are rapidly condensed, on the other evaporation takes place very slowly. In such situations the natural channels in consequence are fed by a much more continuous and abundant supply of water than they are in districts which have been deprived of wood. Thus, when Edward Bruce devastated Buchan he may be said not merely to have burned its oaks, but to have dried up its watercourses at the same time.*

Our ancient sea-margins furnish a very interesting subject for speculation and inquiry. The great changes that have taken place on certain level parts of the coast are almost incredible. Many of our inland counties—Lincoln, Huntingdon, Cambridge—at a period not very remote, bordered upon the sea, and national boundaries between hostile tribes were formed by wide expanses of waters, where the husbandman now casts his seed and the liberal and intelligent elector records his independent vote. The granite headlands of Buchan, however, can have suffered little from this 'sea-change,' and probably the general aspect of the coast is not materially different from what it was during the occupancy of the Comyns; but several alterations have occurred even within a much more limited period. Those with which we are acquainted are to be ascribed, however, more to the disturbance of the sand on the shore than to any change in the form of the shore itself, except at certain points where occasional accidents have shifted the estuary of a river or the fall of a stream.

The Loch of Strathbeg lies about half-way between Frazerburgh and Peterhead. A narrow belt of sand, where the plover, the curlew, and the sand-snipe congregate in spring, separates it from the sea. The loch is in many places thickly overgrown with reeds, which afford excellent cover to the teal and the mallard; and as, from the nearness of the sea, it seldom or never freezes, its

* See Poste's *Britannia Antiqua.* London. 1857. 'To this cause the present great want of water at the Cape de Verde Islands is attributed, the trees there having formerly been destroyed for firewood. In America, in the State of Kentucky, many brooks are now dry in summer which used formerly to have an abundant supply at that season; and in New Jersey many streams have disappeared, as it is said; which in both cases is attributed to removing the woods, as we find noticed in Bullar's *Azores.* A similar effect, in that quarter of the world, had been before recorded, many years ago, in Kaln's *Travels.* Trees act as condensers of fogs and dews, especially evergreens. White, in his *History of Selborne,* calls them perfect alembics, and adduces several instances of the copious supply of water they produce.'—p. 248.

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open water is, during the winter, haunted by troops of geese, hoopers, and other wild fowl. Besides its 'great plentie of cockles and muscles,' it was formerly celebrated for 'the multitudes of sealchs' that came into it, to whose ravages were ascribed its 'singularity in yielding no salmon;' an historic peculiarity noticed by Buchanan. These expressions show us that it was not then, as at present, entirely cut off from the tide-way; and there seems to be no doubt that it was at one time an arm or estuary of the sea. One account ascribes the divorce to the effects of a furious gale from the east, about 1700, which in one night closed up the channel, and raised an impenetrable barrier of sand. So complete and sudden was the calamity, that a vessel which was then lying at anchor in the estuary is said to have been permanently imprisoned. The river, which had previously been known as the Water of Rattray—from the little village at its mouth—when thus dammed up and enlarged became the Loch of Strathbeg. That the accident, however, had occurred at an earlier period, or that the river-mouth at least had been previously much contracted, appears from the account supplied by Robert Gordon of Straloch, who wrote in 1656, 'Jam littora incipiunt in meridiem deflectere, ubi exiguus sinus est Strabeg, olim porta nobilis, nunc arenis penis obrutus; manent hic oppidi Ratray vestigia, quæ nunc portus fortunam sequuntur.' *When* 'Strabeg' had been 'porta nobilis' is not known; but it would be curious should further research prove that the storm which 'overblew' the parish of Forvie was the same which destroyed the port of Ratray. Mr. Pratt, indeed, ascribes the former event to the year 1688—a year when a good many other things and people were 'overblown'—but he forgets that the Countess of Errol, who, he says, wrote about 1680, refers to the buried parish as at that time a noticeable curiosity. If these dates are accurate, Forvie must have been destroyed several, probably many, years before Lady Anne's time, else she could not have referred to it in the way she does, as a catastrophe well known and widely celebrated.

This parish of Forvie—which in the age we are describing belonged to the Knights of Jerusalem—furnishes a most striking illustration of the disasters which a single fall of the light sand-flakes can inflict. Beneath these wind-swept hills a populous community once flourished; now the shrill complaint of the sand-snipe, or the melancholy wail of the curlew, serves only to heighten the sense of a mysterious desolation. The Italian poet, aware of the impressiveness of such scenes, makes the virgin-pilot direct Rinaldo's attention to the spot where Carthage stood—'Carthage, now a dead city, whose grave is barely to be guessed.'

Giace l'alta Cartago: appena i segni
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba.
Moiono le città, moiono i regni:
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba;
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.
Oh nostra mente cupida e superba!

La Gerusalemme Liberata, xv. 20.

But though the most signal, the destruction of Forvie was not an isolated catastrophe in the district. The Comyn's Castle of Rattray, by the blowing of the sand in the neighbourhood, has been for a long period covered with a deep soil, and now—the swords of the warlike house beaten literally into ploughshares—'produces crops of grass and grain.' The old chapel of Pittulie is quietly interred; though the lines of the building may still be traced during the summer-heat 'by the lighter ridges of the grass.' In the Bay of Cruden, where the Danes were crushed in a great battle fought between them and King Malcolm, a church was piously erected by the King in memory of the northern nobles who had died. 'The kirk that was biggit to this effect,' says Bellenden, 'as aftimes occuris in thay partis, was ouircassin be violent blast of sandis.' In a manuscript written above a hundred years ago, it is said that the sands of Foveran were 'formerly flowery meadows.' It was probably the rim of land skirting the shore that was first cultivated, and that at one time had been most closely peopled; and this, by the potent assault of a subtle and impalpable enemy, has been entirely destroyed. The great sand-hills along the eastern seaboards of Moray and Aberdeenshire

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may thus preserve—unhappily beyond reach of the most congenial Dryasdust—many unique records of a perished society.*

Of the Commonalty who occupied this fertile land, we have already briefly spoken. Most of them, many of them at least, were shepherds employed in herding the flocks of cattle and sheep that pastured in the woodland. We read of 'the sheep-cotes of Allathan,' in one of the earliest charters extant, granted by Earl Fergus to 'John, the son of Uthred.' The disturbed state of the country had formerly forced the people to collect in small communities under the shelter of the monastery and the castle, and even in a more settled age the association was retained. In the old Scotch village the *brewery* always formed the most conspicuous object. Beer in that age was among the lower classes quite as much a Scotch as an English beverage; and must have been very largely consumed; for the number of these establishments, when compared with the size and importance of the places where we find them, is often not a little startling. The castles of the great men were built principally along the shore—the Comyns especially retaining their Norland relish for the sea—and were numerous, spacious, and strong. The first Earl Comyn brought together a few of his favourite Cistercians, and placed them in the midst of a desolate marsh on the Ugie. The ruins of the ancient house which he built for their reception, and where his bones were interred, are still preserved among fertile fields—preserved with care, taste, and fitting respect—to attest the ancient wealth and worth of the monks of the Abbey of Deer. The Abbey was founded early in the thirteenth century, under the direction of Jourdan Comyn, a son of the Earl, and the ancestor of the family of Coulter. On a stone above the doorway of the Castle of Inverallochy this distich, it is said, could be read until the beginning of last century—

> I Jourdan Comyn,
> Indwaller here,
> Gat this house and lands
> For biggin the Abbey of Deer.

But long before the erection of the Abbey the Catholic organization had penetrated into Buchan. It has not been ascertained at what period the old Church of Deer was founded; but it is known that it was one of the *Ecclesiæ Matrices* of the district, that it was never subject to the neighbouring abbey, and that its site was selected in obedience to a spiritual injunction—the supernatural visitant employing apparently the vernacular of the district—

> It is not here, it is not here,
> That ye're to big the kirk o' Deer,
> But on the tap of Tillerie
> Where mony a corp sall efter lie.

But even older than the Church of Deer is the church which still stands at Gamry, beyond the Tor of Troup. The environment is singularly striking, and cannot fail to remind the Italian tourist of many scenes he must have witnessed along the lovely skirts of the Riviera—the blue seas, the snowy sands, the villages clinging to the face of the cliffs or nestling among their eaves; and far aloft, above the strife of men and the contention of the waves, the 'auld kirk' itself, a simple but most venerable structure! It was built, according to the inscription on the lintel, in 1004, about the time perhaps when Macbeth, sitting on the Scottish throne, was haunted by the apparition of a long line of kings, not of his, 'of

* The damage caused by sand-storms threatened at one time to become so serious that it attracted the attention of Parliament. In 1695, an Act for the 'preservation of medows, lands, and pasturages, lying adjacent to sandhills,' was passed. The preamble sets forth, that 'our Sovereign Lord considering that many lands, medows, and pasturages lying on the sea-coasts, have been ruined and overspread in many places of this kingdom by sand driven from adjacent sandhills, the which has been mainly occasioned by the pulling up by the root of bent, juniper, and broom bushes, which did loose and break the surface of the sand-hills; and particularly considering that the Barony of Corobin, and house and yards thereof, lying within the sheriffdom of Elgin, is quite ruined and overspread with sand, the which was occasioned by the foresaid bad practice of pulling the bent and juniper;' and the Act then proceeds to enact that whoever is found guilty of the crime of pulling these plants be fined 'ten pounds of penalty' or imprisoned.

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Banquo's issue;' it has seen that house, the *sæva Pelopis domus*, perish from off the earth; and still it waits on, calm, patient, unpretending, amid its guardian rocks and its attendant graves. The site was not unfitly chosen. It was not unmeet that the wild race of fishers who dwelt around, and whose rude craft were dragged across the beach below, should, when their stormy voyages were finished, sleep within hearing of the sea. Many men indeed of finer temperament have fancied that they might find refuge in such a restingplace.

> Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
> Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
> Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
> Whom once a day with his embossèd froth
> The turbulent surge shall cover.

It was probably the European reputation of a later Earl that obtained for the 'Count of Buchan' a place among the Scottish auxiliaries of Charlemagne—

> Quell' avoltor, che un drago verde lania,
> El' insegna del Conte di Boccania—

but long before John Steuart was born, the Comyns had appropriated the name, and made it famous in Scotland. For two centuries the chiefs of this great house were among the *Magnates Scotiæ*. Not many families of the same importance have been more utterly swept away. Some chance reference in an old chronicle, a brief and confused page of the Scottish Peerage, a few crumbling ruins along the shores of the Northern Sea, are all that remain to us of a house that was once more powerful than the Crown.

This illustrious family—whose greatness in Scotland, says Buchanan, was never equalled, either before or since—was remotely of Norman extraction. William Comyn, the grand-uncle of the first Earl Buchan of the name, was a pushing ecclesiastic, who came to Scotland from Northumberland early in the twelfth century, and was made Chancellor by David I. His nephew Richard received from the Crown Prince the first heritable estate which the Comyns held in the north—the manor of Linton Roderick, in Roxburghshire. This gift was obtained about 1150, and in less than a century thereafter the possessions acquired by different members of the family—the great district of Badenoch, the princely estates of Athol and Menteith, and the ancient heritage of the Earls of Buchan—had made it the most opulent in the kingdom. Richard married the Countess Hexeld, the grand-daughter of Donald-Bain; thereby becoming allied with the reigning dynasty of Scotland, and acquiring pretensions which his descendants afterwards attempted to enforce. The favourite minister of William the Lion, he shared the misfortunes and secured the gratitude of his master. On their return from the Falaise captivity, the King rewarded him, along with other substantial gifts, by making him Justiciary, at that time the most influential office in the kingdom. His son William, who was born in 1163, twice married. Who his first wife was is not known; his second was Margaret, in her own right Countess of Buchan. Richard and Walter, the fruits of the first marriage, were both men of note in their day, and contrived—the latter especially—to extend still more widely the renown and influence of the family. In 1230 he became Lord of Badenoch, and during the following year obtained, with the heiress, the ancient honours and vast possessions of the Menteiths. He died without issue—poisoned by his Countess, it was said—and the family of his elder brother succeeded to his estates. For many years the Lords of Badenoch were more powerful than the Kings of Scotland. Their properties extended from the Moray Frith to the Solway; they monopolized the great offices of government; they conducted the war, the diplomacy, and the intrigue of the State; at their extinction in 1306, by the dagger of Bruce, more than thirty Scotch knights of the name claimed kindred with the house. Black John of Badenoch, the father of the Red Comyn, was appointed, on the death of the Maid of Norway, one of the six guardians of the kingdom, and was undoubtedly the most conspicuous and

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sagacious statesman of his age. He came forward as a claimant during the competition for the Crown—his pretensions being founded upon his descent from the grand-daughter of Donald-Bain; but he quickly withdrew, and in favour it is said of John Balliol, whose sister he had married—an unlucky connexion for the race, as it induced them to espouse and maintain the English suzerainty, a disposition fatally confirmed by the slaughter in the Church of the Minorites.

Through his second wife, Marjory, William Comyn succeeded to the earldom of Buchan. Marjory was the only daughter of the last of the ancient Thanes, and inherited from her father, and bestowed on her husband, a more than royal patrimony. In the Sutherland Peerage cause of the last century—a celebrated cause, which, under the conduct of Wedderburn and Adam Fergusson, proved the means of casting a flood of light on many obscure passages in our earlier annals—the succession of Marjory was among those relied on to show that by the ancient law and practice of Scotland a title could descend to females. The advocate for Sir Robert Gordon answered that it was quite as likely that the title on the death of Fergus had devolved on the Crown, and been of new conferred upon William Comyn. The retort for the Countess was ingenious, but one more conclusive might have been obtained. For not only did Marjory (who survived her husband) continue to grant lands and other subjects in her own name—chiefly to the Cistercian clergy, after the fashion of the Comyns—but her son Alexander did not succeed to the *title* till after his mother's death. This Earl, who united in his own person the offices of Constable and Justiciary, lived to an advanced age, and was succeeded by John, the third and last Comyn who retained the earldom of Buchan. Earl William was thus the common ancestor of the Comyn houses of Badenoch and Buchan. At the extinction of the family during the war of independence, the Buchan branch was represented by his grandson, the Black Earl; the Badenoch by his great-great-grandson, the Red Comyn.

The policy of the Comyn faction during the period of its supremacy has been generally condemned. It is said to have been rapacious, ambitious, and selfish. Its chiefs were hateful to the old nobility, whom they insulted; hateful to the common people, whom they oppressed. We may be permitted to doubt whether this estimate be altogether well founded. It cannot at least be denied that during many years the Comyn was considered in Scotch politics the national, in opposition to the English party. Whenever Buchan or Badenoch lost his place at Court, it was noised abroad that English intrigue had proved successful; whenever they were restored, that the English ambassador had been foiled. The ambition and sagacity of Menteith were successfully opposed to the crafty arts of the third Henry. No doubt the powerful Earl was often as dangerous to his own as to the English monarch. When in 1254 the youthful Alexander III. returned from England, Menteith haughtily declined to deliver up the castle of Edinburgh. In conjunction, moreover, with the other leaders of the faction—Buchan, Athol, and Mar—he refused to render any account of his government during the absence of the royal minor; and when proceedings were commenced against him and his friends he stayed them in a characteristic way. Seizing the boy-king at Kinross, he carried him a prisoner to Stirling, where he kept him until the matter was compromised. Alexander III., a proud-spirited man, probably resented this outrage; but on coming of age he was forced to pardon it, and take the Comyns again into favour, 'by reason of the greatness of the family.' Towards the close of the war of independence, indeed, they became the firm allies of the English king. But this is to be attributed rather to personal animosity against Bruce than to any change in their political creed. The Red Comyn himself had taken no undistinguished part in the campaigns of Wallace; though Wyntoun says that the house 'welle lowed not William the Wallace;' and that at Falkirk in especial,

For despite and gret envy
The Comyn's kin all halyly
First left the field.

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After that great captain's overthrow the Red Comyn, as Regent, 'took the keeping of Scotland,' and gained several victories over the English—three in one day at Roslin—on which occasion the Prior of Lochleven puts into his mouth a noble and patriotic address to his men—

> We are all commin of Auld lineage,
> Of lords of fee and heritage,
> That had nothing mair ugsome
> Than to live in Thraldom;—

but with the proverbial fickleness or faithlessness of his race, he continued to coquet with either party until the dagger of the Earl of Carrick ended his indecision.

> The blow
> That on the slippery altar-steps
> Laid the Red Comyn low,

raised against Robert Bruce the bitter and relentless hostility of the race. They pursued him like sleuth-hounds. One or other of the clan was always upon his track. With their aid the English reduced the castle of Kildrummy, and captured the chivalrous young brother to whom Bruce was attached by ties of almost womanly tenderness. There is something peculiarly touching in the grant made by the dying King, twenty years after that brother was in his bloody grave, to an hospital in the neighbourhood, 'in puram et perpetuam eleemosynam pro animæ Nigelli de Bruys, fratris nostri,'—the memorial of an undying regard! At Kingsland they routed his army, and on several occasions nearly succeeded in taking him prisoner. But at length the tide turned in the King's favour. Twice the Earl of Buchan met him at Inverury. Barbour has described the meetings in that rugged old chronicle of his—rugged indeed, yet animate in every page with poetic and chivalrous fire. The Red Comyn had been slain:—

> Thiddir he raid, but langer let
> And with Schyr Johne the Cumyn met,
> In the Freris, at the hye Awter,
> And schawt him, with lauchand cher
> The endentur; syne with a knyff
> Richt in that sted, hym reft the lyff,—

and the Earl had vowed vengeance:—

> 'And yarnys mair, na ony thing,
> Wengeance of you, Schyr King, to tak
> For Schyr Jhone the Cumyn his sak
> That quhilum in Dumfress wes sleyn.'
> The King said, 'Sa our Lord me sayn
> I had gret causs him for to slay.
> And giff it fall that thai will fycht,
> Giff they assaile we sall defend,
> Syne fall eftre quhat God will send.'

But when he came to Inverury a deadly sickness fell upon the King. Hearing of this mishap the Earl assembled his kinsfolk, Mowbray, Brechin, and their retainers, and marched upon the diminished encampment:—

> To the Slenauch* with all thair men,
> For till assaile the king then,
> Was liand in till his seckness.
> This wes eftyr the Martymes,
> Quhen snaw had helyt all the land.

During three days the armies looked at each other, the archers only being engaged in incidental skirmishes, until the royalists thought it prudent to retire to the hill-country. So they placed the sick King in the midst of his captains, and bearing him upon a litter marched steadily with resolute countenance past the enemy, who could not muster courage to attack that serried array of desperate soldiers. The picture, as painted by Barbour, is fine and striking. The tumultuous crowd of eager enemies awed into sudden fear—the slow and mournful, but undismayed march of the hardy veterans—the rude litter, with the pale King stretched motionless upon it, like some knightly effigy with clasped hands upon the tomb—sick unto death as it seemed, but even in his winding-sheet a great, resolute, and awe-inspiring man!

The King and the Earl met again in the same place next spring, when the latter was utterly routed. 'This victory,' says Bellenden, 'wes sa plesand to King Robert that he gat his heil thairthrow.' Barbour asserts that Comyn fled from the battle-field straight to the English Court—

> Till Inglond fled the erle of Bowchquane,
> Schyr Jhone Mowbray is with him gane;
> And wer resett with the King.
> Bot thai had baith bot schort lesting;
> For thei deyt sone eftre syne.

* 'In this paroch (Drumblade) is the Park of Sliach, noted for being the place where King Robert Bruce encamped in his sickness before the battle of Old Meldrum, where he defeat the Cummins.'—*Collections on the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff*, p. 476. Spalding Club.

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This account, however, is barely correct; for the Earl retreated at first into his own country, where he was followed by Edward, the King's brother. At Aiky Brae, near Old Deer, the Comyn fought his last fight. This Aiky Brae had already proved an unlucky spot for the race. The second earl was killed there when out hunting, by a fall from his horse. He had ridiculed Thomas of Ercyldoune, and the soothsayer had predicted his doom:—

> By Aiky-side thy horse shall ride,
> He shall stumble, and thou shalt fa';
> Thy neck-bane shall break in twa,
> And maugre all thy kin and thee,
> Thy own belt thy bier shall be.

And now upon the same steep declivity, with its blasted rocks and wintry pines and stunted heather, the final discomfiture of the great house took place. The Earl himself escaped to England, but his clan was almost extirpated.

The King took indeed signal vengeance. The Comyns were his most bitter enemies; and he probably hated them not only on account of their unappeasable animosity, but because he had done them a cruel wrong which lay heavy upon his conscience. So he wasted their country with fire and sword—

> He gert his men bryn all Bowchane
> Fra end till end, and sparyt nane;
> And heryit it then on sic maner
> That eftre that weile fifty year,
> Men menyt 'the Herschip of Bowchane.'

The inhabitants were put to the sword. More than thirty of the clan were beheaded in one day, and buried together in 'the grave of the headless Comyns.' The great woods of oak were burned. To this hour the desolation and nakedness of the district attest the cruel severity of the punishment that was inflicted. The name of Comyn was proscribed. Those of the race who had adhered to Bruce were forced to adopt different designations. The ancestor of the family of Achmacoy is said to have been a son of the Earl, and to have remained true to his allegiance. He took the name of Buchan, a name still honourably transmitted. Their possessions were confiscated and bestowed on the partisans of the monarchy. So complete was the destruction, that 'of a name,' says a chronicle of the age, 'which numbered at one time three earls and more than thirty belted knights, there remained no memorial in the land, save the orisons of the monks of Deer.' Nor were these 'orisons' apparently long continued. For the superior of their once favoured abbey was present at the Parliament held at Cambuskenneth in 1314; and we learn that he affixed his seal to the celebrated ordinance then directed against the Comyns. This crowning ingratitude might surely have been spared.

Thus did the good King Robert triumph over his enemies—not unaided, as the Scottish writers believed, by more than mortal auxiliaries. On the day of the battle of Bannockburn, 'ane knicht with schinand armour' appeared to the people of Aberdeen, and discoursed to them of the great victory that was being gained over the Englishmen.

> It is said (remarks Hector Boece), in the nicht afore this battal, II. men, of uncouth habit, come to the Abbot of Glassinbery in Ingland, for it was ane abbay of hospitalite, and desirit luging. The abbot ressavit thame pleasandly; and, quhen he had demandit thame quhat thay war, and quhare thay war passand to, they schew, that thay war servandis of God, and send be him to help the Scottis at Banockburn. On the morow, the abbot fand tham away or evir the yetis wer opnit, and thair beddis standing in the same array as they war left. It was belevit, thairfore, that thay war angellis, send, be provision of God, to defend the Scottis in their just materis, againis the tyranny of Inglishmen.

The Earls of Buchan were among the earliest families in Scotland who added supporters to their armorial bearings; and those chosen by Earl John were, as we learn from Balfour, 'two snakes or vipers.' The device, if selected to illustrate the character of the house, was not perhaps inappropriate. The popular judgment at least undoubtedly attributed to the Comyns hereditary treachery and faithlessness. They were described as a smooth, false, fickle, implacable race. The monkish annalists indeed tell us quaintly that 'they were *addicted* to religion;' and the number of religious houses they endowed in Buchan attests the magnificent patronage they bestowed

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upon the church. But the fanaticism of the devotee was not unfrequently in those ages combined with the treacherous vices of the tyrant; nay, so frequently was the spectacle exhibited, that the union at length became proverbial. We must not forget, however, that the accounts which have been transmitted to us proceeded from hostile pens, from writers who lived under the rule of their great enemy, from writers who themselves witnessed the terrible retribution that had fallen upon the illustrious and ill-fated house. The truth would seem to be that while the Comyns were often arrogant, ambitious, and unscrupulous, they were yet in the main men of virtue, courage, and resource. Their great abilities cannot be denied. For three generations the houses of Badenoch and Buchan produced a succession of astute politicians and sagacious statesmen. No doubt the policy of the leaders was often dictated by personal considerations, but as a whole it displayed felicity of resource and breadth of view; and in one conspicuous particular—in their firm adherence, namely, through good report and ill report, through good fortune and evil fortune, to the patriotic or national party—we are entitled to claim for men whose interests and sympathies were in many respects identified with an English monarchy and a Norman King, the virtues of courage and disinterestedness.

Their domestic administration of Buchan at all events appears to have been wise and beneficent. When the Scottish monarchy was reestablished, men looked back regretfully to the golden age that preceded the English wars. Nowhere could this sentiment have been felt more strongly than in the district which the Comyns ruled, where a rich, fertile, and nobly wooded plain had been turned into a desolate morass. The number and magnificence of their churches and castles cannot but excite our astonishment. During their brief reign religious houses, splendidly endowed, were erected at Foveran, at Deer, at Turreff, and other places; and every rocky pinnacle along that barren coast was covered with castellated works. The hoarse chant, which grew louder and harsher as the sails of uncouth pattern gathered stealthily out of the horizon, no longer startled the peaceful warders. The northern pirates found the familiar landing-place vigilantly guarded, and were often attacked on their own element* by the well-appointed 'galleys' of the Earl. The Castle of Kinedar, the family seat of the Comyn, commanded the fertile valley of the Deveron. Dundarg was literally built among the waves. The shattered but massive walls of Slains cling to the rocks that overhang the bay where the Viking fought his last battle on Scottish ground. The light sand has drifted across the lonely keep and chapel of Rattray; but Inverallochy and Cairnbulg—fragments of antique strength and comeliness—still rise above the desolate bents, no longer populous as of yore, and silent, save for the curlew or the plover. All these—Kinedar, Dundarg, Slains, Rattray, Inverallochy, Cairnbulg—were strongholds of the great house, and were built, it is believed, during the century of their supremacy.

Upon the ruins of the Comyn estate various Buchan families of note arose. It is not, however, precisely known in what way the division was effected. One account asserts that Alicia and Margaret, the two daughters of the last Earl, married sons of the Earl of Ross and of Keith the Marischal, and that the estate was divided between their husbands. Cairns, it is added, were erected on three conspicuous eminences that intersect the district—Parcock, Mickle Crichie, and the hill at Pitfour—to indicate the line of march between the properties. A ballot followed, when the land on the east of this line fell to the Keith; on the west of it to the Ross.

* A statute of King James I. enacted 'that all barons and lords having lands and lordships near the sea, on the north and west parts, and especially among the isles, should have galleys, and maintain them *according to their ancient tenour;* and all the lands which lie within six miles of the coast should contribute to their maintenance.'

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Other authorities say that John, Earl of Buchan, died childless, and that it was a daughter of his brother Alexander who married Sir John Ross. This account can only be supported on the hypothesis, of which there is no proof, that Alexander succeeded his brother in the earldom, for in the title of the charter granted by Robert Bruce to the son of the Earl of Ross, it is said that Margaret is 'doghter to the Earl of Buchan.' Nor is the other explanation more reliable. Alicia at least did not marry a Keith: she was the wife of Sir Henry de Beaumont. Wyntoun ('Prior Prioratus insule Sancti Servani infra Lacum de Levin,' as he calls himself), the most painstaking of poetical genealogists, says:

> Schyr Henry de Beaumont his douchter fayre
> He weddit, because that she was heir
> Of all the Earldome of Buchane;

and Sir John Ross married the younger sister, receiving from the King on the proscription of the Comyns one half of the Buchan property. Beaumont, having adhered to the English party, was held to have forfeited the share which he had acquired in right of his wife. He returned to Buchan in 1334, during the temporary successes of the younger Balliol, and kept possession of his old stronghold of Dundarg until Sir Andrew Moray, the Regent, compelled him to surrender.* It would appear, therefore, that while 'half of the Earl's haile lands within Scotland' were given 'in tocher' with Margaret, the other half was distributed among several families, the King's zealous partisan Sir Gilbert Hay, of Errol—the Hays also, it may be noticed, were connected by marriage with the Comyns—receiving the lion's share. From this time forward the Errol family becomes 'the great family' of the district.

The story of the patriarch Hay at Luncarty—the old husbandman and his two stalwart sons barring with their plough-yokes the pass through which the retreating Scots have to pass, and forcing the worsted army upon unwilling victory—is now considered a romance of history. As related, however, in the old chronicles—Scotch, English, and French—it formed an exceedingly simple and striking legend, a legend which fascinated the youthful imagination of Milton, and probably furnished Shakspeare with the framework of his most charming pastoral. The plot of *Cymbeline* was derived from it: at least, the action of the drama curiously resembles the incidents of the legend. Shakspeare indeed, with the high-bred sympathies of his age, ascribed to the fugitives in that primitive retreat an illustrious descent. His hearers would have been scandalized had he made them the children of unknown parents. The nobleness which they displayed must be transmitted and hereditary. The valour and virtue were in the *blood*, and might be traced back through a period of dimness and obscurity to the air of a palace and the fine courtesy of kings.

> Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
> In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
> As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
> Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough
> Their royal blood enchaf'd as the rud'st wind
> That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
> And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
> That an invisible instinct should frame them
> To loyalty unlearned, honour untaught,
> Civility not seen from other, valour
> That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
> As if it had been sow'd!

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* The assault on the castle is thus described by Wyntoun:

> De Warden gert his Wrychtis syne
> Set up rycht stoutly his Engyne,
> And warpyd til thare Towre a stane.
> The first kast that it kest, but ane,
> It hit the Towre a mery strak
> That the mast Gest of that Towre brak.—viii. 31, 125.

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It is one crowning attestation of Shakspeare's supremacy, that though he thus adopts in form the associations of his age and the traditions of his contemporaries, he still contrives to impress the reader with the conviction that it is the truly and purely human which has the strongest interest for his mind—that to him, as to a later poet and another age,

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that.

If Milton had written his contemplated drama—unless perchance in that season of his 'sweet youth' when fair Italian dames crowned the sleeping poet with melodious sonnets—he would no doubt have depicted the Hays as they are represented in the legend. They would have become plain husbandmen—in puritanic doublets perhaps; and in their career the bard would somewhat too consciously have vindicated certain highflown democratic moralities. But it may be doubted whether the broad, genial, and catholic spirit of human life would have come out as vividly in the Puritan poem as in the play of his 'aristocratic' progenitor.

In opposition to those who assert that the incidents of this beautiful legend are purely mythical, it has been urged that the insignia immemorially borne by the family of Errol clearly allude to such an event. The three figures on the shield represent the father and his two sons; the shield is supported by two naked savages, who carry the bloody plough-yokes which the victors bore on their shoulders when they marched at the head of the royal army into Perth; the motto, below the falcon crest, is *Serva Jugum*. No doubt the armorial bearings of noble families were frequently derived from the memorable exploits in which they had borne part; but they were as frequently, as in the case of the Comyns, who carried for their feudal ensigns three garbs or sheaves of the herb *cummin*, taken from the *name* of the family; and the mediæval herald exhausted his fantastic ingenuity in devising an appropriate symbolism. The Hays being of Norman origin, we must look at the meaning of the Norman word, and we believe that 'La Haïe' is still in the local patois of Normandy the name for the yoke or beam of the plough. If we are forced to give up the legend of Luncarty, this solution seems to us more natural, and more in accordance with historic probability and heraldic practice, than any other that has been suggested.

But, however acquired, the broad acres of Errol belonged at an early period to the Hay family; and to these, as a reward for the gallant services of Gilbert de la Hay, King Robert added the barony of Slains. Their possessions in Buchan were at one time very great. Robert Gordon says that they extended from Buchanness to the Ythan—twelve miles as the crow flies—and a curious document reprinted by the Spalding Club, proves that the Burn of Invernettie, which falls into the sea two miles south of Peterhead, formed, about the era of Flodden, the march between them and the Keiths. The shepherd of the 'gudeman of Invernetye' had 'biggit ane sheip cott' upon the south side of the stream; hearing of which, Earl William rode over, and demanded by whose authority and on whose land the sheiling was built. 'The sheiphird answerit that land was the Erle of Errollis, and his maister, the Laird of Monquhallis, had causet in hamelenes put up the cott for saftie of his sheip in evil wedder upon his lordschippis ground. It was answerit be the said Erle, gif he had said otherwyis he suld causit hang him upon the back of the said hous,'—a curious glimpse into the arbitrary feudalism of the age. This princely patrimony, with the exception of the remnant that skirts the Bay of Cruden, no longer belongs to the family; and the lands of Errol were parted with to defray the lavish expenditure incurred on the occasion of a royal wedding.

> While the mistletoe bats on Errol's aik,
> And that aik stands fast,
> The Hays shall flourish, and their good gray hawk
> Nocht flinch before the blast.

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> But when the root of the aik decays,
> And the mistletoe dwines on its withered breast,
> The grass shall grow on Errol's hearth-stane,
> And the corbie roup in the falcon's nest.

So said Thomas the Rhymer, and the oak and the estate are alike gone.

The Earls of Errol are marshalled by Ariosto with the Earls of Buchan among the ranks of the Scottish chivalry:—

> Et ha il Conte d'Erelia a destra mano
> Che porta in campo verde una lumiera;

and the courtly and comely Hays, the handsome and short-lived race, have always filled a conspicuous and favourite place in the pages of our national annalists. Holding the hereditary office of Lord High Constable, the Earl was prominent on every occasion of state, ceremony, or war. In virtue of his office he had authority in all crimes committed within twelve miles of the king's dwelling; he rode, baton in hand, on the sovereign's right hand in time of parliament and battle; and he placed the crown upon his head at the coronation. Tradition relates that they particularly excelled in the performance of the princely courtesies which became their office. Nor were they undistinguished in the discharge of the sterner duties of war; 'the Hay! the Hay!' was a word of evil omen to the English archers; and the war-song attributed to 'the red race of the Tay' rings like steel:—

> MacGaradh, MacGaradh! red race of the Tay,
> Ho gather, ho gather, like hawks to the prey!
> MacGaradh, MacGaradh, MacGaradh come fast,
> The flame's on the beacon, the horn's on the blast;
> The standard of Errol unfolds its white breast,
> And the falcon of Loncartie stirs in her nest;
> Come away, come away, come to the tryst,
> Come in, MacGaradh, from east and from west.

But in war, like the royal house they served, they were perhaps more brave than happy. Two great calamities, at least, on different occasions, overtook and threatened to destroy the family. In 1333, Sir William Hay, the grandfather of the first Earl, lost his life at Dupplin, together with the whole gentlemen of his name; or, in the words of Bellenden, 'with all his kin sa halelie, that wer it nocht his wife wes deliveret of ane sone, al his surname had been al utterlie destroyit.' As in the case of the Frasers at Kinlochlochie, a posthumous child served to restore and perpetuate the honours of the race. Again, on the field of Flodden, the disasters of that disastrous day fell heavily on the Hays. The Earl himself was slain, and eighty-seven gentlemen of the name fell around their chief.

The Errols lived hard by the sea; the castle of Slains being built so near that, according to the Countess from whose narrative we have already quoted, 'the waves many times blow over the house.' But though the fragments of the old keep are picturesque and massive, and the modern castle is spacious and stately, it is the remarkable conformation of the rocks in the vicinity that makes their sea-line so striking. When Dr. Johnson was in Scotland he received an invitation from Lord Errol to visit him at Slains, or the Bowness, as his residence was then termed; and when there the great old Tory saw the Bullers of Buchan. But there was something in sublime scenery that displeased and perplexed that shrewd, utilitarian, unromantic intellect; and after a page or two of sententious admiration the Doctor 'feels glad when the circuit is completed.' He would have been in a very different frame at 'the Club.' Throughout the whole of his Scottish wanderings there evidently lurks in the great man's mind a pathetic reminiscence of Fleet-street.

Though the 'Buller,' or Boiler, is the most peculiar in its formation, Dunbuy, celebrated by Sir Walter, and the crags around the 'Bloody Hole,' are much more grand and striking. The 'Bloody Hole' is a deep ravine or chasm, up which the sea makes its way for two or three hundred yards. The precipitous ledges on either side are covered

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with the nests of gulls and guillemots, and on a giddy pinnacle near the top a pair of peregrines have maintained their eyrie beyond mortal memory. On the seaward side of the passage a noble arch rises sheer out of the water—the bases of its pillars dipped in the shining sea, like the pillars of the dome in the polished floor of St. Mark's. Around this centre arch the rocks congregate in quaint and fantastic groups. There are beacon-towers on which the raven enacts the warden, and croaks hoarsely at the falcon as she swims leisurely along the cliff; airy belfries, where in lack of dirge and chime, 'the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry;' sportive columns and giant buttresses; spacious domes, grand, gloomy, and massive as the Byzantine, and spires that spring lightly, and are fashioned as if by women's fingers, into tender shapes of beauty—tender, yet sinewy to withstand unscathed the wear and tear of the consuming centuries! An antique catholic city, let us say, with dome, and campanile, and via sacra, and campo santo, and cloistered passage, and studious cell. But the art of the Middle Ages never ventured to realize so splendid and daring a caprice. Venice itself has no monuments that can vie in sportive grace and delicate quaintness with the stormy architecture of the rude-handed waves.

During the summer these rocks shelter a populous community. The seal oars its way among the inland bays, or on the margin of some sea-girt island dries its fur in the sunshine. The porpoise emits its curious guttural snore as it rolls lazily along the surface of the water. The peregrine screams with bitter shrillness, and the raven—'the stately raven of the saintly days of yore'—croaks hoarsely in chorus. Razor-bills and rare black and speckled guillemots float buoyantly in small detachments near the base of the cliff, and within easy distance of their nests; the sea-parrot displays its purple bill, and the delicate snowy plumage on its breast, at the mouth of its rabbit-like warren; golden plovers breed among the heather on the summit; and multitudes of kittiwakes, terns, sea-maws, and skurries, 'sweep past us on billowy pinions,' and scold each other in a very Babel of discordant tongues.

The more inland rocks afford cover to colonies of adventurous rabbits, who may be seen picking their way along the slippery ledges, and were once much infested by foxes and other vermin, now rarely met with. Another kind of vermin, however, has unfortunately appeared, to which, when Boethius wrote, the climate of Buchan was supposed to prove fatal. 'Nae rattonis,' says Bellenden, 'ar sene in this cuntre; and als sone as thay ar brocht thair, thay de.' The Countess of Errol enumerates several of the curiosities for which the cliffs were then noted. 'The sea casts up here the bone called the cuttle-bone, and that blackish or brown shell or nut wherein they ordinarily use to keep snuff.' We do not know what shell formed the antique 'mull'; but the bones of the cuttle-fish are still abundant, and are often discovered in spots to which they must have been conveyed by gulls or other sea-birds—beyond the high-water mark and the *carry* of the most powerful wave.

During the winter season the rocks are deserted, and the sandy bays become animated and populous. The great Northern diver—the strongest and most beautiful of the Arctic divers—follows its prey through the wintry waves with arrow-like rapidity. The speckled loon, a miniature model of the other, coquets with its red-throated mate, or dives swiftly among the sea-weed along the beach. The Arctic Anatidæ assemble in full force. The lovely eider-drake lies all day on its pillow of peerless down. The Northern Harald is present too—armed, like a Scaldic crusader, in mail, and bearing the Cross upon his knightly buff. The pintail, the widgeon, and the golden-eye frequent the river mouth, where the fresh water mingles with the sea; while the scoters ride boldly outside among the white surf on the shore.

Among the sheltered coves and natural bays formed by the crags, the villages of the Buchan fishermen nestle snugly. The fishers are a peculiar people. No community,

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not even the gipsy, is more completely isolated. It retains in the midst of the ordinary population the characteristics and peculiarities of a distinct tribe. The two races never intermarry. A son of the sea would consider it degrading to contract an alliance with the peaceful tillers of the soil. When he weds he chooses one of the rosy-cheeked damsels from the village where he has been born and bred; or if more ambitious, from some neighbouring colony of his people. Certain Danes, it is said, were shipwrecked here in the twelfth or thirteenth century; and having established themselves among the crofters who then inhabited the coast, taught their new allies the art of fishing. The bold, rash, danger-loving Buchan fisherman of to-day is thus perhaps as pure a representative of the old Norse Viking as can anywhere be found. For his entire isolation—an historic characteristic noted for centuries—has preserved not only the purity of the descent, but many of those strange observances and eccentric habits which he inherited from his Norland ancestor, and which he has transmitted untainted into the midst of our modern civilization.*

The fish which they caught along their wild coasts were everywhere very popular at an early period. The Rattray codling was a noted favourite, and still continues to maintain its renown. The pearls found in the rivers, moreover, were once held in high repute. Drummond of Hawthornden, with 'fertile Spey' and 'loud-bellowing Clyde,' classes the 'pearly Don;' and Alexander Ross, the Latinist, dwells on the same characteristic—

> Donaque baccatas quæ volvitur inter arenas.

In the same connexion Drummond alludes to the Ythan—

> Ythan, thy pearly coronet let fall;

and during the reign of Charles I. its fishings were considered so valuable that they were specially regulated by Act of Parliament. The top jewel in the crown of Scotland was found in this river at a spot near its confluence with the little burn of Kellie; and for 'colour, shape, and quantitie,' its pearls were said to rival the Bohemian, then considered the finest found in Europe. The horse-muscle continues abundant in the Ythan; but the pearls are now poor in size and small in number. An interesting notice, drawn up nearly two centuries ago by a Laird of Troup—Peter or Francis Garden—proves that other revolutions have taken place among the finny tribes along the Buchan coast. The clam and the great black cockle, which have now entirely disappeared, were then frequently obtained. The fishers gathered these and other shellfish for bait during the low spring tides, and sowed them, as is still their custom, in more accessible positions. The cod-fishing commenced in February, and was prosecuted until the middle of summer, when the dog-fish, prized for the oil it afforded, made its appearance. 'This fish,' says the writer, 'fortie years agoe was not known on this coast.' It is curious that the herring, which the dogfish follows, should not be included in the enumeration. The laird speaks indeed of a fish called 'carp,' then taken for the first time, and coming with the mackerel towards the end of July, the date at which the earliest herring shoal now appears. The Countess of Errol, who wrote somewhat later, describes Peterhead as a good station 'for every kind of fish except the herring; and,' she continues, 'they have a singular skill in fishing, so that their fishes are a proverb in the nation.' It is thus probable that the shoals follow different routes at different periods, and that the spot famous in one

* Aberdeenshire is not by any means famous for a high standard of morality. Among the lower classes it is quite the reverse indeed, the average of illegitimate births being somewhere above fourteen, and in certain of the rural parishes reaching to something like fifty, per cent.; in other words, every *second* child born in these districts is *born* illegitimate, though no doubt many of them are legitimated *per subsequens matrimonium*, that papal prerogative having been appropriated by Scotch jurisprudence. In this respect the fisher community is an honourable exception; and the registrar's returns unexpectedly illustrate, by a fact hitherto overlooked, the completeness of the separation between the two classes described in the text.

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age is quite deserted during another.

Watson Gordon's capital portrait of 'The Provost of Peterhead,'—the Doge of a wintry Venice—has recently given that bustling seaport a continental repute. It is one of Sir John's most characteristic portraits—characteristic of the shrewd intelligence, honest integrity, homely vigour, and kindly sympathies of a most genuine Scotsman.

With the exception of Wick, Peterhead is at this moment the port where the herring fishing is most extensively carried on. About the beginning of July, from the surrounding villages, and even from the distant coasts of Forfarshire and Fife, the bulky herring-boats—each loaded with the goods and chattels of the fisherman, dogs, cats, pots, pans, sails, nets, blankets, blunderbusses, and swarms of children—begin to crowd the harbour; and throughout the season a fleet of three hundred boats, bearing on board more than a thousand seamen, nightly quits the shore. Seen from the pier-head, the departure of the boats presents a most picturesque and animated spectacle. The rough, weather-beaten figures of the sturdy tars, the monotonous beat of the long oars, and the heavy lurching of the craft when they first meet the swell outside the harbour-bar, the slow upheaving of the ponderous mast and sail, until by the united efforts of the crew the canvas has been made 'taut' and 'snug' and 'sicker,' and the inert monster, roused into sudden life, digs its keel into the hissing foam, and meets proudly the chill kiss of the autumnal breeze which freshens the water, and deepens the frosty green on the sky, and drives away the slanting gleams of the sunset. Even more striking is the abrupt return of the fleet at night before an anticipated storm. Gradually, one by one, the craft gather indistinctly out of the thick darkness which lies all around—across the housetops and the spires of the town-hall, and the church, and the white angry line of surf along the shore — until the harbour-light touches the twice-reefed sail and lights up the still composed faces of the crew, who answer cheerily as they pass the anxious greetings of the crowd. Ah! that wild waste of waters out yonder in the stormy gloom—what hopeless struggles and gallant toils and terrible throes of anguish does the darkness veil on such a night!

Such are the natural characteristics of the barren and inhospitable sea-board where the Hays were planted by King Robert, where within hearing of the salt-waves they were taught honour, loyalty, and the polished courtesies of the ancient gentleman, and where the bloody traditions of Dupplin and of Flodden have been 'ouercassen' by happier fortunes and more peaceful memories.

After the fall of the Comyns their estates were divided, as we have said, among different families besides the Hays; and on the annals of these families, had time served, we should have been pleased to dwell. The Cheynes and the Keiths settled upon the fertile banks of the Ugie; the Frazers dispersed along the northern sea-board; the Lindsays and the Urquharts appropriated the bleak high-lying moors in the interior; the race of Huntley, descending from Strathbogie, seated themselves among the braes of Gicht, and along the picturesque valley of the Ythan. The memorials of these houses still cover the land. The crag and the castle of Inverugie belonged to the united families of Cheyne of the Crag and Keith of Inverugie, and were at length acquired in marriage with Mariot Keith by her cousin the Earl Marischal, who at the close of the sixteenth century was reckoned the wealthiest earl in Scotland. No inconsiderable portion of his immense property, however, had been acquired at the Reformation out of the *débris* of the monastic estates; and the doom reserved for the spoilers of the Church was popularly supposed to hang over his house. The defiant and contemptuous words,

> THEY HAIF SAYD:
> QHAT SAYD THEY?
> LAT THEM SAY,

scrawled on the lintel stone of most of the places they built, are supposed to have had reference to the priestly anathema; 'an unavailing

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defiance;' for the last Earl Marischal joined the Chevalier in the '15, when the whole of his vast estate fell to the Crown, and was afterwards purchased by the merchant company to which it now belongs. The prediction of the Rhymer has thus been literally fulfilled:—

> Ugie, Ugie, by the sea,
> Lairdless shall thy land be;
> And underneath thy hearth-stane
> The tod shall bring her bairns hame.

The castle of Feddrat belonged to the Lindsays; Craigston is still the residence of an Urquhart. The Braes of Gicht, the heritage of those 'gay Gordons' from whose blood sprang a great poet of our generation, are remarkably picturesque and romantic. The blackened ruin of the grand old castle, the precipitous and richly wooded banks, the slumberous reaches of the lazy river, where the kelpie watches and the great bull-trout attains a fabulous size, form together an exquisite picture, none the less striking from the strangeness of finding this wild alpine fissure in the midst of a level and monotonous plain. The scenery around the neighbouring castle of Fyvie is not so grand; but the castle itself is a remarkable building; *amœna et magnifica arx*, Robert Gordon calls it; and it is certainly, without exception, the most perfect specimen of baronial architecture in Scotland. Its historical associations are numerous; the last is not the least picturesque. Cumberland, when on the track of Prince Charles, passed through the grounds of Fyvie. The widowed Countess of Aberdeen placed herself by the roadside to witness, with her infant son, the passage of the English army. The Duke spoke to her, asked her who she was. 'The sister of the Lord Lewis Gordon,' she replied, fearlessly,—'Lewie Gordon,' famous in history and song, being at that time one of the chief captains in the royal or rebel army. It is to be hoped that the Duke appreciated the heroism of the reply, and did not answer a lady, as he sometimes did, with an oath.*

The Revolution formally put an end to Episcopacy as a State institution in Scotland, but it was long before the people of Buchan could be reconciled to the change. The most recent incidents of historic importance that occurred in the district were the 'rabblings' connected with the attempt to intrude Presbyterian pastors upon prelatic congregations; and even to the present day Aberdeenshire continues the stronghold of the High Church party. In the other counties Episcopacy is now the religion of the upper classes alone (the bonnet, according to the proverbial saying, going to the chapel, the 'mutch' to the kirk): in this county it is still, in a sense, the religion of the whole people. Many expressions yet current indicate a catholic or episcopal origin. The great autumnal market at Ellon, held on the Nativity of the Virgin, is 'Marymas Fair;' the equinoctial gales that occur before Easter are known among the fishermen as 'the Passion Storm.' But even here, under these unusually propitious influences—as if it were impossible

* Mr. Pratt says (p. 267),—'On the death of Sir James de Lindsay, the castle and estates fell to his son-in-law, Sir Henry Preston, whose name appears among those that fought at Otterburne.' In reference to this statement, an obliging correspondent writes us—'Sir Robert Preston acquired the property in virtue of a charter from Robert III., specially as a reward for his conduct at the battle of Otterburn, and "in lieu of the body of Ranalf or Ralf de Percy," whom Sir Henry had taken prisoner. The other Percy was taken by a Montgomerie, ancestor of the Eglinton family, and he also got an estate for the same season. It is true that Lord Lindsay had afterwards to concur in the grant to Sir Henry Preston, as it turned out that his brother-in-law, Robert II., had gifted Fyvie to him a few years before; but that Preston got the estate for the reason mentioned there can be no doubt—an extract of the original charter is at Fyvie Castle, and has been frequently in my hands. My impression is that Lord Lindsay got an equivalent for giving up Fyvie, and that this equivalent is what is called Crawford Priory, near Cupar, in Fife.' The anecdote of the Lady Anne Gordon, mentioned in the text, is probably quite authentic; the tradition of the district, however, we are informed, transfers the *locale* from the grounds of Fyvie to the neighbouring glen of Rothiebrisbane, through which the old north road from Aberdeen to Inverness passed.

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for the system to take any firm root on this uncongenial soil—Episcopacy does not spread. Of course where Episcopacy was rampant, Jacobite traditions flourished vigorously. The Chevalier landed in the '15 at Peterhead, and the whole 'fencible men' of the town, including 'Mistress Walker, Janet Dickie, Widow Brown, and Widow Bodie,' formed themselves into a civic guard. Not a few, moreover, of the beautiful and stirring ballads, in which the unhappy chivalry of a doomed house found its most pathetic expression, were composed in Buchan, written many of them by men of lowly origin and humble life, who yet

> —— through days of labour,
> And nights devoid of ease,
> Still heard in their souls the music
> Of wonderful melodies.

John Skinner was one of the most tuneful of these rustic poets, and his life, if rightly read, is an idyll in itself—true, simple, and patriarchal. He was a brave and honest gentleman, genial and easy tempered as a singer should be, yet with a quiet firmness of character and conviction that would have nerved him to die, had it been required of him, for what he deemed to be the church of God. To our perspiring politicians we commend the burden of his cheerful and tolerant philosophy:

> 'What signifies't for folks to chide
> For what was done before them;
> Let Whig and Tory all agree
> To drop their Whig-mig-morum;
> Let Whig and Tory all agree
> To spend the night wi' mirth and glee
> And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
> The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

SHIRLEY.

CONCERNING HURRY AND LEISURE.

OH what a blessing it is to have time to breathe, and think, and look around one! I mean, of course, that all this is a blessing to the man who has been overdriven: who has been living for many days in a breathless hurry, pushing and driving on, trying to get through his work, yet never seeing the end of it, not knowing to what task he ought to turn first, so many are pressing upon him altogether. Some folk, I am informed, like to live in a fever of excitement, and in a ceaseless crowd of occupations: but such folk form the minority of the race. Most human beings will agree in the assertion that it is a horrible feeling to be in a hurry. It wastes the tissues of the body; it fevers the fine mechanism of the brain; it renders it impossible for one to enjoy the scenes of nature. Trees, fields, sunsets, rivers, breezes, and the like, must all be enjoyed at leisure, if enjoyed at all. There is not the slightest use in a man's paying a hurried visit to the country. He may as well go there blindfold, as go in a hurry. He will never see the country. He will have a perception, no doubt, of hedgerows and grass, of green lanes and silent cottages, perhaps of great hills and rocks, of various items which go towards making the country; but the country itself he will never see. That feverish atmosphere which he carries with him will distort and transform even individual objects; but it will utterly exclude the view of the whole. A circling London fog could not do so more completely. For quiet is the great characteristic and the great charm of country scenes; and you cannot see or feel quiet when you are not quiet yourself. A man flying though this peaceful valley in an express-train at the rate of fifty miles an hour, might just as reasonably fancy that to us, its inhabitants, the trees and hedges seem always dancing, rushing, and circling about, as they seem to him in looking from the window of the flying carriage; as imagine that, when he comes for a day or two's visit, he sees these landscapes as they are in themselves, and as they look to their ordinary inhabitants. The quick pulse of London keeps with him: he cannot, for a long time, feel sensibly an influence so little startling, as faintly flavoured, as that of our simple country life. We have all beheld some country scenes, pleasing but not very striking, while driving hastily to catch a

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train for which we feared we should be too late; and afterwards, when we came to know them well, how different they looked!

I have been in a hurry. I have been tremendously busy. I have got through an amazing amount of work in the last few weeks, as I ascertain by looking over the recent pages of my diary. You can never be sure whether you have been working hard or not, except by consulting your diary. Sometimes you have an oppressed and worn-out feeling of having been overdriven, of having done a vast deal during many days past; when lo! you turn to the uncompromising record, you test the accuracy of your feeling by that unerring and unimpeachable standard; and you find that, after all, you have accomplished very little. The discovery is mortifying, but it does you good; and besides other results, it enables you to see how very idle and useless people, who keep no diary, may easily bring themselves to believe that they are among the hardest-wrought of mortals. They know they feel weary; they know they have been in a bustle and worry; they think they have been in it much longer than is the fact. For it is curious how readily we believe that any strongly-felt state of mind or outward condition—strongly-felt at the present moment—has been lasting for a very long time. You have been in very low spirits: you fancy now that you have been so for a great portion of your life, or at any rate for weeks past: you turn to your diary,—why, eight and forty hours ago you were as merry as a cricket during the pleasant drive with Smith, or the cheerful evening that you spent with Snarling. I can well imagine that when some heavy misfortune befals a man, he soon begins to feel as if it had befallen him a long, long time ago: he can hardly remember days which were not darkened by it: it seems to have been the condition of his being almost since his birth. And so, if you have been toiling very hard for three days—your pen in your hand almost from morning to night perhaps—rely upon it that at the end of those days, save for the uncompromising diary that keeps you right, you would have in your mind a general impression that you had been labouring desperately for a very long period—for many days, for several weeks, for a month or two. After heavy rain has fallen for four or five days, all persons who do not keep diaries invariably think that it has rained for a fortnight. If keen frost lasts in winter for a fortnight, all persons without diaries have a vague belief that there has been frost for a month or six weeks. You resolve to read Alison's valuable *History of the French Revolution* (I take for granted you are a young person): you go at it every evening for a week. At the end of that period you have a vague, uneasy impression, that you have been soaked in a sea of platitudes, or weighed down by an incubus of words, for about a hundred years. There is indeed one signal exception to the law of mind which has been noticed: the law, to wit, that if your present state is one that is strongly felt, you naturally fancy that it has lasted much longer than it has actually done. Month by month you receive with gratitude a certain periodical whose name it is unnecessary further to particularize. You sit down to read it, having first cut its leaves. You fall into an ecstasy of interest in what you read. And when you return to a state of perception of the outward world, you fancy you have been reading for about ten minutes. You consult your watch: you have been reading for three hours! Need that monthly magazine's name be mentioned?

Every human being, then, who is desirous of knowing for certain whether he is doing much work or little, ought to preserve a record of what he does. And such a record, I believe, will in most cases serve to humble him who keeps it, and to spur on to more and harder work. It will seldom flatter vanity, or encourage a tendency to rest on the oars, as though enough had been done. You must have laboured very hard and very constantly indeed, if it looks much in black and white. And how much work may be expressed by a very few words in the diary! Think of Elihu Burrit's 'forged fourteen hours, then Hebrew Bible three hours.'

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Think of Sir Walter's short memorial of his eight pages before breakfast,—and what large and closely-written pages they were! And how much stretch of such minds as they have got—how many quick and laborious processes of the mental machinery—are briefly embalmed in the diaries of humbler and smaller men, in such entries as 'after breakfast, walk in garden with children for ten minutes; then Article on 10 pp.; working hard from 10 till 1 p.m.; then left off with bad headache, and very weary?' And don't fancy, reader, that the ten pages thus accomplished are ten pages of the magazine: they are ten pages of manuscript, probably making about three of print. The truth is, you can't represent work by any record of it. As yet, there is no way known of photographing the mind's exertion, and thus preserving an accurate memorial of it. You might as well expect to find in such a general phrase as *a stormy sea* the delineation of the countless shapes and transformations of the waves throughout several hours in several miles of ocean, as think to see in Sir Walter Scott's *eight pages before breakfast* an adequate representation of the hard, varied, wearing-out work that went to turn them off. And so it is, that the diary which records the work of a very hard-wrought man, may very likely appear to careless, unsympathizing readers, to express not such a very laborous life after all. Who has not felt this, in reading the biography of that amiable, able, indefatigable, and overwrought man, Dr. Kitto? He worked himself to death by labour at his desk: but only the reader who has learned by personal experience to feel for him, is likely to see how he did it.

But besides such reasons as these, there are strong arguments why every man should keep a diary. I cannot imagine how many reflective men do not. How narrow and small a thing their actual life must be! They live merely in the present; and the present is only a shifting point, a constantly progressing mathematical line, which parts the future from the past. If a man keeps no diary, the path crumbles away behind him as his feet leave it; and days gone by are little more than a blank, broken by a few distorted shadows. His life is all confined within the limits of to-day. Who does not know how imperfect a thing memory is? It not merely forgets; it misleads. Things in memory do not merely fade away, preserving as they fade their own lineaments so long as they can be seen: they change their aspect, they change their place, they turn to something quite different from the fact. In the picture of the past, which memory unaided by any written record sets before us, the perspective is entirely wrong. How capriciously some events seem quite recent, which the diary shows are really far away; and how unaccountably many things look far away, which in truth are not left many weeks behind us! A man might almost as well not have lived at all as entirely forget that he has lived, and entirely forget what he did on those departed days. But I think that almost every person would feel a great interest in looking back, day by day, upon what he did and thought upon that day twelvemonths, that day three or five years. The trouble of writing the diary is very small. A few lines, a few words, written at the time, suffice, when you look at them, to bring all (what Yankees call) the *surroundings* of that season before you. Many little things come up again, which you know quite well you never would have thought of again but for your glance at those words, and still which you feel you would be sorry to have forgotten. There must be a richness about the life of a person who keeps a diary, unknown to other men. And a million more little links and ties must bind him to the members of his family circle, and to all among whom he lives. Life, to him looking back, is not a bare line, stringing together his personal identity; it is surrounded, intertwined, entangled, with thousands and thousands of slight incidents, which give it beauty, kindliness, reality. Some folk's life is like an oak walking-stick, straight and varnished; useful, but hard and bare. Other men's life (and such may yours and mine, kindly reader, ever be), is like that oak when it was not a stick but a

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branch, and waved, leaf-enveloped, and with lots of little twigs growing out of it, upon the summer tree. And yet more precious than the power of the diary to call up again a host of little circumstances and facts, is its power to bring back the indescribable but keenly-felt atmosphere of those departed days. The old time comes over you. It is not merely a collection, an aggregate of facts, that comes back; it is something far more excellent than *that:* it is the soul of days long ago; it is the dear *Auld lang syne* itself! The perfume of hawthorn-hedges faded is there; the breath of breezes that fanned our grey hair when it made sunny curls, often smoothed down by hands that are gone; the sunshine on the grass where these old fingers made daisy-chains; and snatches of music, compared with which anything you hear at the Opera is extremely poor. Therefore keep your diary, my friend. Begin at ten years old, if you have not yet attained that age. It will be a curious link between the altered seasons of your life; there will be something very touching about even the changes which will pass upon your handwriting. You will look back at it occasionally, and shed several tears of which you have not the least reason to be ashamed. No doubt when you look back, you will find many very silly things in it; well, you did not think them silly at the time; and possibly you may be humbler, wiser, and more sympathetic, for the fact that your diary will convince you (if you are a sensible person now), that probably you yourself, a few years or a great many years since, were the greatest fool you ever knew. Possibly at some future time you may look back with similar feelings on your present self: so you will see that it is very fit that meanwhile you should avoid self-confidence and cultivate humility; that you should not be bumptious in any way; and that you should bear, with great patience and kindliness, the follies of the young. Therefore, my reader, write up your diary daily. You may do so at either of two times: 1st. After breakfast, whenever you sit down to your work, and before you begin your work; 2nd. After you have done your indoors work, which ought not to be later than two p.m., and before you go out to your external duties. Some good men, as Dr. Arnold, have in addition to this brought up their history to the present period before retiring for the night. This is a good plan; it preserves the record of the day as it appears to us in two different moods: the record is therefore more likely to be a true one, uncoloured by any temporary mental state. Write down briefly what you have been doing. Never mind that the events are very little. Of course they must be; but you remember what Pope said of little things. State what work you did. Record the progress of matters in the garden. Mention where you took your walk, or ride, or drive. State anything particular concerning the horses, cows, dogs, and pigs. Preserve some memorial of the progress of the children. Relate the occasions on which you made a kite or a water-wheel for any of them; also the stories you told them, and the hymns you heard them repeat. You may preserve some mention of their more remarkable and old-fashioned sayings. *Forsitan et olim hæc meminisse juvabit:* all these things may bring back more plainly a little life when it has ceased; and set before you a rosy little face and a curly little head when they have mouldered into clay. Or if you go, as you would rather have it, before them, why, when one of your boys is Archbishop of Canterbury and the other Lord Chancellor, they may turn over the faded leaves, and be the better for reading those early records, and not impossibly think some kindly thoughts of their Governor who is far away. Record when the first snowdrop came, and the earliest primrose. Of course you will mention the books you read, and those (if any) which you write. Preserve some memorial, in short, of everything that interests you and yours; and look back each day, after you have written the few lines of your little chronicle, to see what you were about that day the preceding year. No one who in this simple spirit keeps a diary, can possibly be a bad, unfeeling, or cruel man. No scapegrace or blackguard could keep a diary such as that which has been described. I am

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not forgetting that various blackguards, and extremely dirty ones, *have* kept diaries, but they have been diaries to match their own character. Even in reading Byron's diary, you can see that he was not so much a very bad fellow, as a very silly fellow, who thought it a grand thing to be esteemed very bad. When, by the way, will the day come when young men will cease to regard it as the perfection of youthful humanity to be a reckless, swaggering fellow, who never knows how much money he has or spends, who darkly hints that he has done many wicked things which he never did, who makes it a boast that he never reads anything, and thus who affects to be even a more ignorant numskull than he actually is? When will young men cease to be ashamed of doing right, and to boast of doing wrong (which they never did)? 'Thank God,' said poor Milksop to me the other day, 'although I have done a great many bad things, I never did, &c. &c. &c.' The silly fellow fancied that I should think a vast deal of one who had gone through so much, and sown such a large crop of wild oats. I looked at him with much pity. Ah! thought I to myself, there *are* fellows who actually do the things you absurdly pretend to have done; but if you had been one of those I should not have shaken hands with you five minutes since. With great difficulty did I refrain from patting his empty head, and saying, 'Oh, poor Milksop, you are a tremendous fool.'

It is indeed to be admitted that by keeping a diary you are providing what is quite sure in days to come to be an occasional cause of sadness. Probably it will never conduce to cheerfulness to look back over those leaves. Well, you will be much the better for being sad occasionally. There are other things in this life than to put things in a ludicrous light, and laugh at them. *That*, too, is excellent in its time and place: but even Douglas Jerrold sickened of the forced fun of *Punch*, and thought this world had better ends than jesting. Don't let your diary fall behind: write it up day by day: or you will shrink from going back to it and continuing it, as Sir Walter Scott tells us he did. You will feel a double unhappiness in thinking you are neglecting something you ought to do, and in knowing that to repair your omission demands an exertion attended with especial pain and sorrow. Avoid at all events *that* discomfort of diary-keeping, by scrupulous regularity: there are others which you cannot avoid, if you keep a diary at all, and occasionally look back upon it. It must tend to make thoughtful people sad, to be reminded of things concerning which we feel that we cannot think of them; that they have gone wrong, and cannot now be set right; that the evil is irremediable, and must just remain, and fret and worry whenever thought of; and life go on under that condition. It is like making up one's mind to live on under some incurable disease, not to be alleviated, not to be remedied, only if possible to be forgotten. Ordinary people have all some of these things: tangles in their life and affairs that cannot be unravelled and must be left alone: sorrowful things which they think cannot be helped. I think it highly inexpedient to give way to such a feeling; it ought to be resisted as far as it possibly can. The very worst thing that you can do with a skeleton is to lock the closet door upon it, and try to think no more of it. No: open the door: let in air and light: bring the skeleton out, and sort it manfully up: perhaps it may prove to be only the skeleton of a cat, or even no skeleton at all. There is many a house, and many a family, in which there is a skeleton, which is made the distressing nightmare it is, mainly by trying to ignore it. There is some fretting disagreement, some painful estrangement, made a thousand times worse by ill-judged endeavours to go on just as if it were not there. If you wish to get rid of it, you must recognise its existence, and treat it with frankness, and seek manfully to set it right. It is wonderful how few evils are remediless, if you fairly face them, and honestly try to remove them. Therefore, I say it earnestly, don't lock your skeleton-chamber door. If the skeleton *be* there, I defy you to forget that it is. And even if it could bring you present quiet, it is no healthful draught, the water

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of Lethe. Drugged rest is unrefreshful, and has painful dreams. And further; don't let your diary turn to a small skeleton, as it is sure to do if it has fallen much into arrear. There will be a peculiar soreness in thinking that it is in arrear; yet you will shrink painfully from the idea of taking to it again and bringing it up. Better to begin a fresh volume. There is one thing to be especially avoided. Do not on any account, upon some evening when you are pensive, down-hearted, and alone, go to the old volumes, and turn over the yellow pages with their faded ink. Never recur to volumes telling the story of years long ago, except at very cheerful times in very hopeful moods:—unless, indeed, you desire to feel, as did Sir Walter, the connexion between the clauses of the scriptural statement, that *Ahithophel set his house in order and hanged himself.* In that setting in order, what old, buried associations rise up again: what sudden pangs shoot through the heart, what a weight comes down upon it, as we open drawers long locked, and come upon the relics of our early selves, and schemes and hopes! Well, your old diary, of even five or ten years since (especially if you have as yet hardly reached middle age), is like a repertory in which the essence of all sad things is preserved. Bad as is the drawer or the shelf which holds the letters sent you from home when you were a schoolboy; sharp as is the sight of that lock of hair of your brother, whose grave is baked by the suns of Hindostan; riling (not to say more) as is the view of that faded ribbon or those withered flowers which you still keep, though Jessie has long since married Mr. Beest, who has ten thousand a-year: they are not so bad, so sharp, so riling, as is the old diary, wherein the spirit of many disappointments, toils, partings, and cares, is distilled and preserved. So don't look too frequently into your old diaries, or they will make you glum. Don't let them be your usual reading. It is a poor use of the past, to let its remembrances unfit you for the duties of the present.

I have been in a hurry, I have said; but I am not so now. Probably the intelligent reader of the preceding pages may surmise as much. I am enjoying three days of delightful leisure. I did nothing yesterday: I am doing nothing to-day: I shall do nothing to-morrow. This is June: let me feel that it is so. When in a hurry, you do not realize that a month, more especially a summer month, has come, till it is gone. June: let it be repeated: the *leafy month of June*, to use the strong expression of Mr. Coleridge. Let me hear you immediately quote the verse, my young lady reader, in which that expression is to be found. Of course you can repeat it. It is now very warm, and beautifully bright. I am sitting on a velvety lawn, a hundred yards from the door of a considerable country house, not my personal property. Under the shadow of a large sycamore is this iron chair; and this little table, on which the paper looks quite green from the reflection of the leaves. There is a very little breeze. Just a foot from my hand, a twig with very large leaves is moving slowly and gently to and fro. There, the great serrated leaf has brushed the pen. The sunshine is sleeping (the word is not an affected one, but simply expresses the phenomenon) upon the bright green grass, and upon the dense masses of foliage which are a little way off on every side. Away on the left, there is a well-grown horse-chestnut tree, blazing with blossoms. Why, by the way, does Mr. Albert Smith mention that when a lot of little Chineses had a passage of English dictated to them, they all wrote it out with perfect accuracy except one of them, who spelt chestnut wrong by introducing the central t? Does not Mr. Smith know that such is the right way to spell the word, and that *chesnut* without the t is wrong? In the little recesses where the turf makes bays of verdure going into the thicket, the grass is nearly as white with daisies as if it were covered with snow, or had several tablecloths spread out upon it to dry. Blue and green, I am given to understand, form an incongruous combination in female dress; but how beautiful the little patches of sapphire sky, seen through the green leaves! Keats was quite right;

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any one who is really fond of nature must be very far gone indeed, when he or she, like poor Isabella with her pot of basil, 'forgets the blue above the trees.' I am specially noticing a whole host of little appearances and relations among the natural objects within view, which no man in a hurry would ever observe; yet which are certainly meant to be observed, and worth observing. I don't mean to say that a beautiful thing in nature is lost because no human being sees it; I have not so vain an idea of the importance of our race. I do not think that that blue sky, with its beautiful fleecy clouds, was spread out there just as a scene at a theatre is spread out, simply to be looked at by us; and that the intention of its Maker is baulked if it be not. Still, among a host of other uses, which we do not know, it cannot be questioned that one end of the scenes of nature, and of the capacity of noting and enjoying them which is implanted in our being, is, that they should be noted and enjoyed by human minds and hearts. It is now 11·30 A.M., and I have nothing to do that need take me far from this spot till dinner, which will be just seven hours hereafter. It requires an uninterrupted view of at least four or five hours ahead, to give the true sense of leisure. If you know you have some particular engagement in two hours, or even three or four, the feeling you have is not that of leisure. On the contrary, you feel that you must push on vigorously with whatever you may be about; there is no time to sit down and muse. Two hours are a very short time. It is to be admitted that much less than half of that period is very long, when you are listening to a sermon; and the man who wishes his life to appear as long as possible can never more effectually compass his end than by going very frequently to hear preachers of that numerous class whose discourses are always sensible and in good taste, and also sickeningly dull and tiresome. Half an hour under the instruction of such good men has oftentimes appeared like about four hours. But for quiet folk, living in the country, and who have never held the office of attorney-general or secretary of state, two hours form quite too short a vista to permit of sitting down to begin any serious work, such as writing a sermon or an article. Two hours will not afford elbow-room. One is cramped in it. Give me a clear prospect of five or six; so shall I begin an essay for *Fraser*. It is quite evident that Hazlitt was a man of the town, accustomed to live in a hurry, and to fancy short blinks of unoccupation to be leisure,—even as a man long dwelling in American woods might think a little open glade quite an extensive clearing. He begins his essay on *Living to One's-self*, by saying that being in the country he has a fine opportunity of writing on that long contemplated subject, and of writing at leisure, because he has *three hours good before him*, not to mention a partridge getting ready for his supper. Ah, not enough! Very well for the fast-going high-pressure London mind; but quite insufficient for the deliberate, slow-running country one, that has to overcome a great *inertia*. How many good ideas, or at least ideas which he thinks good, will occur to the rustic writer; and be cast aside when he reflects that he has but two hours to sit at his task, and that therefore he has not a moment to spare for collateral matters, but must keep to the even thread of his story or his argument! A man who has four miles to walk within an hour, has little time to stop and look at the view on either hand; and no time at all for scrambling over the hedge to gather some wild flowers. But now I rejoice in the feeling of an unlimited horizon before me, in the regard of time. Various new books are lying on the grass; and on the top of the heap, a certain number of that trenchant and brilliant periodical, the *Saturday Review*. This is delightful! It is jolly! And let us always be glad, if through training or idiosyncrasy we have come to this, my reader, that whenever you and I enjoy this tranquil feeling of content, there mingles with it a deep sense of gratitude. I should be very sorry to-day, if I did not know Whom to thank for all this. I like the simple, natural piety, which has given to various seats, at

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the top of various steep hills in Scotland, the homely name of *Rest and be thankful!* I trust I am now doing both these things. O ye men who have never been overworked and overdriven, never kept for weeks on a constant strain and in a feverish hurry, you don't know what you miss! Sweet and delicious as cool water is to the man parched with thirst, is leisure to the man just extricated from breathless hurry! And nauseous as is that same water to the man whose thirst has been completely quenched, is leisure to the man whose life is nothing but leisure.

Let me pick up that number of the *Saturday Review*, and turn to the article which is entitled *Smith's Drag*.* That article treats of a certain essay which the present writer contributed to the June number of this Magazine; and sets out the desultory fashion in which that essay wanders about. I have read the article with great amusement and pleasure. In the main it is perfectly just. Does not the avowal say something for the writer's good-humour? Not frequently does the reviewed acknowledge that he was quite rightly pitched into. Let me, however, say to the very clever and smart author of *Smith's Drag*, that he is to some extent mistaken in his theory as to my system of essay-writing. It is not entirely true that I begin my essays with irrelevant descriptions of scenery, horses, and the like, merely because I know nothing about my subject, and care nothing about it, and have nothing to say about it; and so am glad to get over a page or two of my production without *bonâ fide* going at my subject. Such a consideration, no doubt, is not without its weight; and besides this, holding that every way of discussing all things whatsoever is good except the tiresome, I think that even Smith's Drag serves a useful end if it pulls one a little way through a heavy discussion; as the short inclined plane set Mr. Hensom's aerial machine off with a good start, without which it could not fly. But there is more than this in the case. The writer holds by a grand principle. The writer's great reason for saying something of the scenery amid which he is writing, is, that he believes that it materially affects the thought produced, and ought to be taken in connexion with it. You would not give a just idea of a country house by giving us an architect's elevation of its *façade*, and showing nothing of the hills by which it is backed, and the trees and shrubbery by which it is surrounded. So, too, with thought. We think in time and space; and unless you are a very great man, writing a book like Butler's *Analogy*, the outward scenes amid which you write will colour all your abstract thought. Most people hate abstract thought. Give it in a setting of scene and circumstances, and *then* ordinary folk will accept it. Set a number of essays in a story, however slight; and hundreds will read them who would never have looked twice at the bare essays. Human interest and a sense of reality are thus communicated. When any one says to me, 'I think thus and thus of some abstract topic,' I like to say to him, 'Tell me where you thought it, how you thought it, what you were looking at when you thought it, and to whom you talked about it.' I deny that in essays what is wanted is results. Give me processes. Show me how the results are arrived at. In some cases, doubtless, this is inexpedient. You would not enjoy your dinner if you inquired too minutely into the previous history of its component elements, before it appeared upon your table. You might not care for one of Goldsmith's or Sheridan's pleasantries, if you traced too curiously the steps by which it was licked into shape. Not so with the essay. And by exhibiting the making of his essay, as well as the essay itself when made, the essayist is enabled to preserve and exhibit many thoughts, which he could turn to no account did he exhibit only his conclusions. It is a grand idea to represent two or three friends as discussing a subject. For who that has ever written upon abstract subjects, or conversed upon them, but knows that very often what seem capital ideas occur to him, which he has not had time to write down or to utter before he sees an answer to them, before he

* June 4th, 1859, pp. 677–8.

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discovers that they are unsound. Now to the essayist writing straightforward these thoughts are lost; he cannot exhibit them. It will not do to write them, and then add that now he sees they are wrong. Here, then, is the great use—*one* great use —of the Ellesmere and the Dunsford, who shall hold friendly council with the essayist. They, understood to be talking off-hand, can state all these interesting and striking, though unsound views; and then the more deliberate Milverton can show that they are wrong. And the three friends combined do but represent the phases of thought and feeling in a single individual: for who does not know that every reflective man is, at the very fewest, 'three gentlemen at once?' Let me say for myself, that it seems to me that no small part of the inexpressible charm which there is about the *Friends in Council* and the *Companions of My Solitude*, arises from the use of the two expedients; of exhibiting processes as well as results, of showing how views are formed as well as the views themselves; and also of setting the whole abstract part of the work in a framework of scenes and circumstances. All this makes one feel a life-like reality in the entire picture presented, and enables one to open the leaves with a home-like and friendly sympathy. Do not fancy, my brilliant reviewer, that I pretend to write like that thoughtful and graceful author, so rich in wisdom, in wit, in pathos, in kindly feeling. All I say is that I have learned from him the grand principle, that abstract thought, for ordinary readers, must gain reality and interest from a setting of time and place.

There is the green branch of the tree, waving about. The breeze is a little stronger, but still the air is perfectly warm. Let me be leisurely; I feel a little hurried with writing that last paragraph; I wrote it too quickly. To write a paragraph too quickly, putting in too much pressure of steam, will materially accelerate the pulse. *That* is an end greatly to be avoided. Who shall write hastily of leisure! Fancy Izaak Walton going out fishing, and constantly looking at his watch every five minutes, for fear of not catching the express train in half an hour! It would be indeed a grievous inconsistency. The old gentleman might better have stayed at home.

It is all very well to be occasionally, for two or three days, or even for a fortnight, in a hurry. Every earnest man, with work to do, will find that occasionally there comes a pressure of it; there comes a crowd of things which must be done quickly if they are done at all; and the condition thus induced is hurry. I am aware, of course, that there is a distinction between haste and hurry—hurry adding to rapidity the element of painful confusion; but in the case of ordinary people, haste generally implies hurry. And it will never do to become involved in a mode of life which implies a constant breathless pushing on. It must be a horrible thing to go through life in a hurry. It is highly expedient for all, it is absolutely necessary for most men, that they should have occasional leisure. Many enjoyments—perhaps all the tranquil and enduring enjoyments of life—cannot be felt except in leisure. And the best products of the human mind and heart can be brought forth only in leisure. Little does he know of the calm, unexciting, unwearying, lasting satisfaction of life, who has never known what it is to place the leisurely hand in the idle pocket, and to saunter to and fro. Mind, I utterly despise the idler—the loafer, as Yankees term him, who never does anything —whose idle hands are always in his idle pockets, and who is always sauntering to and fro. Leisure, be it remembered, is the intermission of labour; it is the blink of idleness in the life of a hard-working man. It is only in the case of such a man that leisure is dignified, commendable, or enjoyable. But to him it is all these, and more. Let us not be ever driving on. The machinery, physical and mental, will not stand it. It is fit that one should occasionally sit down on a grassy bank, and look listlessly, for a long time, at the daisies around, and watch the patches of bright-blue sky through green leaves overhead. It is right to rest on a large stone by the margin of a river; to rest there on a summer day for a long time, and to watch the lapse of the water as it passes away, and to listen to

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its silvery ripple over the pebbles. Who but a blockhead will think you idle? Of course blockheads may; but you and I, my reader, do not care a rush for the opinion of blockheads. It is fit that a man should have time to chase his little children about the green, to make a kite and occasionally fly it, to rig a ship and occasionally sail it, for the happiness of those little folk. There is nothing unbecoming in making your Newfoundland dog go into the water to bring out sticks, nor in teaching a lesser dog to stand on his hinder legs. No doubt Goldsmith was combining leisure with work when Reynolds one day visited him; but it was leisure that aided the work. The painter entered the poet's room unnoticed. The poet was seated at his desk, with his pen in his hand, and with his paper before him; but he had turned away from *The Traveller*, and with uplifted hand was looking towards a corner of the room, where a little dog sat with difficulty on his haunches, with imploring eyes. Reynolds looked over the poet's shoulder, and read a couplet whose ink was still wet:—

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child.

Surely, my friend, you will never again read that couplet, so simply and felicitously expressed, without remembering the circumstances in which it was written. Who should know better than Goldsmith what simple pleasures 'satisfy the child?'

It is fit that a busy man should occasionally be able to stand for a quarter of an hour by the drag of his friend Smith; and walk round the horses, and smooth down their fore-legs, and pull their ears, and drink in their general aspect, and enjoy the rich colour of their bay coats gleaming in the sunshine; and minutely and critically inspect the drag, its painting, its cushions, its fur-robes, its steps, its spokes, its silver caps, its lamps, its entire expression. These are enjoyments that last, and that cannot be had save in leisure. They are calm and innocent; they do not at all quicken the pulse, or fever the brain; it is a good sign of a man if he feels them as enjoyments: it shows that he has not indurated his moral palate by appliances highly spiced with the cayenne of excitement, all of which border on vice, and most of which imply it.

Let it be remembered, in the praise of leisure, that only in leisure will the human mind yield many of its best products. Calm views, sound thoughts, healthful feelings, do not originate in a hurry or a fever. I do not forget the wild geniuses who wrote some of the finest English tragedies—men like Christopher Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, Dekker, and Otway. No doubt *they* lived in a whirl of wild excitement, yet they turned off many fine and immortal thoughts. But their thought was essentially morbid, and their feeling hectic; all their views of life and things were unsound. And the beauty with which their writings are flushed all over, is like the beauty that dwells in the brow too transparent, the cheek too rosy, and the eye too bright, of a fair girl dying of decline. It is entirely a hothouse thing, and away from the bracing atmosphere of reality and truth. Its sweetness palls, its beauty frightens; its fierce passion and its wild despair are the things in which it is at home. I do not believe the stories which are told about Jeffrey scribbling off his articles while dressing for a ball, or after returning from one at four in the morning: the fact is, nothing good for much was ever produced in that jaunty, hasty fashion, which is suggested by such a phrase as *scribbled off*. Good ideas flash in a moment on the mind: but they are very crude then; and they must be mellowed and matured by time and in leisure. It is pure nonsense to say that the *Poetry of the Anti-jacobin* was produced by a lot of young men sitting over their wine, very much excited, and talking very loud, and two or three at a time. Some happy impromptu hits may have been elicited by that mental friction; but, rely upon it, the *Needy Knife-Grinder*, and the song whose chorus is *Niversity of Gottingen*, were composed when their author was entirely alone, and had plenty of time for thinking. Brougham is an exception to all rules: he certainly did write his *Discourse of Natural Theology* while rent asunder by all

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the multifarious engagements of a Lord Chancellor; but, after all, a great deal that Brougham has done exhibits merely the smartness of a sort of intellectual legerdemain; and that celebrated *Discourse*, so far as I remember it, is remarkably poor stuff. I am now talking not of great geniuses, but of ordinary men of education, when I maintain that to the labourer whose work is mental, and especially to the man whose work it is to write, leisure is a pure necessary of intellectual existence. There must be long seasons of quiescence between the occasional efforts of production. An electric eel cannot be always giving off shocks. The shock is powerful, but short, and then long time is needful to rally for another. A field, however good its soil, will not grow wheat year after year. Such a crop exhausts the soil: it is a strain to produce it; and after it the field must lie fallow for a while, —it must have leisure, in short. So is it with the mind. Who does not know that various literary electric eels, by repeating their shocks too frequently, have come at last to give off an electric result which is but the faintest and washiest echo of the thrilling and startling ones of earlier days? *Festus* was a strong and unmistakeable shock; *The Angel World* was much weaker; *The Mystic* was extremely weak; and *The Age* was twaddle. Why did the author let himself down in such a fashion? The writer of *Festus* was a grand, mysterious image in many youthful minds: dark, wonderful, not quite comprehensible. The writer of *The Age* is a smart but silly little fellow, whom we could readily slap upon the back and tell him he had rather made a fool of himself. And who does not feel how weak the successive shocks of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens are growing? The former, especially, strikes out nothing new. Anything good in his recent productions is just the old thing, with the colours a good deal washed out, and with salt which has lost its savour. Poor stuff comes of constantly cutting and cropping. The potatoes of the mind grow small; the intellectual wheat comes to have no ears; the moral turnips are infected with the finger and toe disease. The mind is a reservoir which can be emptied in a much shorter time than it is possible to fill it. It fills through an infinity of little tubes, many so small as to act by capillary attraction. But in writing a book, or even an article, it empties as through a twelve-inch pipe. It is to me quite wonderful that most of the sermons one hears are so good as they are, considering the unintermittent stream in which most preachers are compelled to produce them. I have sometimes thought, in listening to the discourse of a really thoughtful and able clergyman—If you, my friend, had to write a sermon once a month instead of once a week, how very admirable it would be!

Some stupid people are afraid of confessing that they ever have leisure. They wish to palm off upon the human race the delusion that they, the stupid people, are always hard at work. They are afraid of being thought idle unless they maintain this fiction. I have known clergymen who would not on any account take any recreation in their own parishes, lest they should be deemed lazy. They would not fish, they would not ride, they would not garden, they would never be seen leaning upon a gate, and far less carving their name upon a tree. What absurd folly! They might just as well have pretended that they did without sleep, or without food, as without leisure. You cannot always drive the machine at its full speed. I know, indeed, that the machine may be so driven for two or three years at the beginning of a man's professional life; and that it is possible for a man to go on for such a period with hardly any appreciable leisure at all. But it knocks up the machine: it wears it out: and after an attack or two of nervous fever, we learn what we should have known from the beginning, that a far larger amount of tangible work will be accomplished by regular exertion of moderate degree and continuance, than by going ahead in the feverish and unrestful fashion in which really earnest men are so ready to begin their task. It seems, indeed, to be the rule rather than the exception, that clergymen should break down

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in strength and spirits in about three years after entering the church. Some die: but happily a larger number get well again, and for the remainder of their days work at a more reasonable rate. As for the sermons written in that feverish stage of life, what crude and extravagant things they are: stirring and striking, perhaps, but hectic and forced, and entirely devoid of the repose, reality, and daylight feeling, of actual life and fact. Yet how many good, injudicious people, are ever ready to expect of the new curate or rector an amount of work which man cannot do; and to express their disappointment if that work is not done! It is so very easy to map out a task which you are not to do yourself: and you feel so little wearied by the toils of other men! As for you, my young friend, beginning your parochial life, don't be ill-pleased with the kindly-meant advice of one who speaks from the experience of a good many years, and who has himself known all that you feel, and foolishly done all that you are now disposed to do. Consider for how many hours of the day you can labour, without injury to body or mind: labour faithfully for those hours, and for no more. Never mind about what may be said by Miss Limejuice and Mr. Snarling. They will find fault at any rate; and you will mind less about their fault-finding, if you have an unimpaired digestion, and unaffected lungs, and an unenlarged heart. Don't pretend that you are always working: it would be a sin against God and Nature if you were. Say frankly, There is a certain amount of work that I *can* do; and *that* I *will* do: but I *must* have my hours of leisure. I must have them for the sake of my parishioners as well as for my own; for leisure is an essential part of that mental discipline which will enable my mind to grow and turn off sound instruction for their benefit. Leisure is a necessary part of true life; and if I am to live at all, I must have it. Surely it is a thousand times better candidly and manfully to take up *that* ground, than to take recreation on the sly, as though you were ashamed of being found out in it, and to disguise your leisure as though it were a sin. I heartily despise the clergyman who reads *Adam Bede* secretly in his study, and when any one comes in, pops the volume into his waste-paper basket. An innocent thing is wrong to you if you think it wrong, remember. I am sorry for the man who is quite ashamed if any one finds him chasing his little children about the green before his house, or standing looking at a bank of primroses or a bed of violets, or a high wall covered with ivy. Don't give in to that feeling for one second. You are doing right in doing all that; and no one but an ignorant, stupid, malicious, little-minded, vulgar, contemptible blockhead will think you are doing wrong. On a sunny day, you are not idle if you sit down and look for an hour at the ivied wall, or at an apple-tree in blossom, or at the river gliding by. You are not idle if you walk about your garden, noticing the progress and enjoying the beauty and fragrance of each individual rose-tree on such a charming June day as this. You are not idle if you sit down upon a garden seat, and take your little boy upon your knee, and talk with him about the many little matters which give interest to his little life. You are doing something which may help to establish a bond between you closer than that of blood; and the estranging interests of after years may need it all. And you do not know, even as regards the work (if of composition) at which you are busy, what good ideas and impulses may come of the quiet time of looking at the ivy, or the blossoms, or the stream, or your child's sunny curls. Such things often start thoughts which might seem a hundred miles away from them. That they do so, is a fact to which the experience of numbers of busy and thoughtful men can testify. Various thick skulls may think the statement mystical and incomprehensible: for the sake of such let me confirm it by high authority. Is it not curious, by the way, that in talking to some men and women, if you state a view a little beyond their mark, you will find them doubting and disbelieving it so long as they regard it as resting upon your own authority; but if you can quote anything that sounds like it from any printed

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book, or even newspaper, no matter how little worthy the author of the article or book may be, you will find the view received with respect, if not with credence? The mere fact of its having been printed, gives any opinion whatsoever much weight with some folk. And your opinion is esteemed as if of greater value, if you can only show that any human being agreed with you in entertaining it. So, my friend, if Mr. Snarling thinks it a delusion that you may gain some thoughts and feelings of value, in the passive contemplation of nature, inform him that the following lines were written by one Wordsworth, a stamp-distributor in Cumberland, regarded by many competent judges as a very wise man:—

Why, William, on that old grey stone,
  Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
  And dream your time away?

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
  When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
  And thus I made reply:

The eye,—it cannot choose but see;
  We cannot bid the ear be still:
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
  Against or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers,
  Which of themselves our minds impress:
That we can feed this mind of ours,
  In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum,
  Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
  But we must still be seeking?

Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
  Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
  And dream my time away!

Such an opinion is sound and just. Not that I believe that instead of sending a lad to Eton and Oxford, it would be expedient to make him sit down on a grey stone, by the side of any lake or river, and wait till wisdom came to him through the gentle teaching of nature. The instruction to be thus obtained must be supplementary to a good education, college and professional, obtained in the usual way; and it must be sought in intervals of leisure, intercalated in a busy and energetic life. But thus intervening, and coming to supplement other training, I believe it will serve ends of the most valuable kind, and elicit from the mind the very best material which is there to be elicited. Some people say they work best under pressure: De Quincey, in a recent volume, declares that the conviction that he *must* produce a certain amount of writing in a limited time has often seemed to open new cells in his brain, rich in excellent thought; and I have known preachers (very poor ones) declare that their best sermons were written after dinner on Saturday. As for the sermons, the best were bad; as for De Quincey, he is a wonderful man. Let us have elbow room, say I, when we have to write anything! Let there be plenty of time, as well as plenty of space. Who could write if cramped up in that chamber of torture, called *Little Ease*, in which a man could neither sit, stand, nor lie, but in a constrained fashion? And just as bad is it to be cramped up into three days, when to stretch one's self demands at least six. Do you think Wordsworth could have written against time? Or that *In Memoriam* was penned in a hurry?

Said Miss Limejuice, I saw Mr. Swetter, the new rector, to-day. Ah! she added, with a malicious smile, I fear he is growing idle already, though he has not been in the parish six months. I saw him, at a quarter before two precisely, standing at his gate with his hands in his pockets. I observed that he looked for three minutes over the gate into the clover field he has got. And then Smith drove up in his drag, and stopped and got out; and he and the rector entered into conversation, evidently about the horses, for I saw Mr. Swetter walk round them several times, and rub down their forelegs. Now *I* think he should have been busy writing his sermon, or visiting his sick. Such, let me assure the incredulous reader, are the words which I have myself heard Miss Limejuice, and her mother, old Mrs. Snarling Limejuice, utter more than once or twice. Knowing the rector well, and knowing how he portions out his day, let me explain to those candid indi-

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viduals the state of facts. At ten o'clock precisely, having previously gone to the stable and walked round the garden, Mr. Swetter sat down at his desk in his study and worked hard till one. At two, he is to ride up the parish to see various sick persons among the cottagers. But from one to two he has laid his work aside, and tried to banish all thought of his work. During that period he has been running about the green with his little boy, and even rolling upon the grass; and he has likewise strung together a number of daisies on a thread, which you might have seen round little Charlie's neck if you had looked sharply. He has been unbending his mind, you see, and enjoying leisure after his work. It is entirely true that he did look into the clover field and enjoy the fragrance of it, which you probably regard as a piece of sinful self-indulgence. And his friend coming up, it is likewise certain that he examined his horses (a new pair), with much interest and minuteness. Let me add, that only contemptible humbugs will think the less of him for all this. The days are past in which the ideal clergyman was an emaciated eremite, who hardly knew a cow from a horse, and was quite incapable of sympathizing with his humbler parishioners in their little country cares. And some little knowledge as to horses and cows, not to mention potatoes and turnips, is a most valuable attainment to the country parson. If his parishioners find that he is entirely ignorant of those matters which they understand best, they will not unnaturally draw the conclusion that he knows nothing. While if they find that he is fairly acquainted with those things which they themselves understand, they will conclude that he knows everything. Helplessness and ignorance appear contemptible to simple folk, though the helplessness should appear in the lack of power to manage a horse, and the ignorance in a man's not knowing the way in which potatoes are planted. To you, Miss Limejuice, let me further say a word as to your parish clergyman. Mr. Swetter, you probably do not know, was Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. He chose his present mode of life, not merely because he felt a special leaning to the sacred profession, though he did feel that strongly; but also because he saw that in the Church, and in the care of a quiet rural parish, he might hope to combine the faithful discharge of his duty with the enjoyment of leisure for thought; he might be of use in his generation without being engaged to that degree that, like some great barristers, he should grow a stranger to his children. He concluded that it is one great happiness of a country parson's life, that he may work hard without working feverishly; he may do his duty, yet not bring on an early paralytic stroke. Swetter might, if he had liked, have gone in for the Great Seal; the man who was second to him will probably get it; but he did not choose. Do you not remember how Baron Alderson, who might well have aspired at being a Chief Justice or a Lord Chancellor, fairly decided that the prize was not worth the cost, and was content to turn aside from the worry of the bar into the comparative leisure of a puisne judgeship? It was not worth his while, he rightly considered, to run the risk of working himself to death, or to live for years in a breathless hurry. No doubt the man who thus judges must be content to see others seize the great prizes of human affairs. Hot and trembling hands for the most part, grasp these. And how many work breathlessly, and give up the tranquil enjoyment of life, yet never grasp them after all!

There is no period at which the feeling of leisure is a more delightful one, than during breakfast and after breakfast on a beautiful summer morning in the country. It is a slavish and painful thing to know that instantly you rise from the breakfast-table you must take to your work. And in that case your mind will be fretting and worrying away all the time that the hurried meal lasts. But it is delightful to be able to breakfast leisurely; to read over your letters twice; to skim the *Times*, just to see if there is anything particular in it (the serious reading of it being deferred till later in the day); and then to go out and saunter about the garden,

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taking an interest in whatever operations may be going on there; to walk down to the little bridge and sit on the parapet, and look over at the water foaming through below; to give your dogs a swim; to sketch out the rudimentary outline of a kite, to be completed in the evening; to stick up, amid shrieks of excitement and delight, a new coloured picture in the nursery; to go out to the stable and look about there;—and to do all this with the sense that there is no neglect, that you can easily overtake your day's work notwithstanding. For this end the country human being should breakfast early; not later than nine o'clock. Breakfast will be over by half-past nine; and the half hour till ten is as much as it is safe to give to leisure, without running the risk of dissipating the mind too much for steady application to work. After ten one does not feel comfortable in idling about, on a common working-day. You feel that you ought to be at your task; and he who would enjoy country leisure must beware of fretting the fine mechanism of his moral perceptions by doing anything which he thinks even in the least degree wrong.

And here, after thinking of the preliminary half hour of leisure before you sit down to your work, let me advise that when you fairly go at your work, if of composition, you should go at it leisurely. I do not mean that you should work with half a will, with a wandering attention, with a mind running away upon something else. What I mean is, that you should beware of flying at your task, and keeping at it, with such a stretch, that every fibre in your body and your mind is on the strain, is tense and tightened up; so that when you stop, after your two or three hours at it, you feel quite shattered and exhausted. A great many men, especially those of a nervous and sanguine temperament, write at too high a pressure. They have a hundred and twenty pounds on the square inch. Every nerve is like the string of Robin Hood's bow. All this does no good. It does not appreciably affect the quality of the article manufactured, nor does it much accelerate the rate of production. But it wears a man out awfully. It sucks him like an orange. It leaves him a discharged Leyden jar, a torpedo entirely used up. You have got to walk ten miles. You do it at the rate of four miles an hour. You accomplish the distance in two hours and a half; and you come in, not extremely done up. But another day, with the same walk before you, you put on extra steam, and walk at four and a half miles an hour, perhaps at five. (*Mem.*: people who say they walk six miles an hour are talking nonsense. It cannot be done, unless by a trained pedestrian.) You are on a painful stretch all the journey: you save, after all, a very few minutes; and you get to your journey's end entirely knocked up. Like an overdriven horse, you are off your feed; and you can do nothing useful all the evening. I am well aware that the good advice contained in this paragraph will not have the least effect on those who read it. *Fungar inani munere.* I know how little all this goes for with an individual now not far away. And, indeed, no one can say that because two men have produced the same result in work accomplished, therefore they have gone through the same amount of exertion. Nor am I now thinking of the vast differences between men in point of intellectual power. I am content to suppose that they shall be, intellectually, precisely on a level: yet one shall go at his work with a painful, heavy strain; and another shall get through his lightly, airily, as if it were pastime. One shall leave off fresh and buoyant; the other, jaded, languid, aching all over. And in this respect, it is probable that if your natural constitution is not such as to enable you to work hard, yet leisurely, there is no use in advising you to take things easily. Ah, my poor friend, you cannot! But at least you may restrict yourself from going at any task on end, and keeping yourself ever on the fret until it is fairly finished. Set yourself a fitting task for each day; and on no account exceed it. There are men who have a morbid eagerness to get through any work on which they are engaged. They would almost wish to go right on

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through all the toils of life and be done with them; and then, like Alexander, 'sit down and rest.' The prospect of anything yet to do, appears to render the enjoyment of present repose impossible. There can be no more unhealthful state of mind. The day will never come when we shall have got through our work: and well for us that it never will. Why disturb the quiet of to-night, by thinking of the toils of to-morrow? There is deep wisdom, and accurate knowledge of human nature, in the advice, given by the Soundest and Kindest of all advisers, and applicable in a hundred cases, to 'Take no thought for the morrow.'

It appears to me, that in these days of hurried life, a great and valuable end is served by a class of things which all men of late have taken to abusing,—to wit, the extensive class of dull, heavy, uninteresting, good, sensible, pious sermons. They afford many educated men almost their only intervals of waking leisure. You are in a cool, quiet, solemn place: the sermon is going forward: you have a general impression that you are listening to many good advices and important doctrines, and the entire result upon your mind is beneficial; and at the same time there is nothing in the least striking or startling to destroy the sense of leisure, or to painfully arouse the attention and quicken the pulse. Neither is there a syllable that can jar on the most fastidious taste. All points and corners of thought are rounded off. The entire composition is in the highest degree gentlemanly, scholarly, correct; but you feel that it is quite impossible to attend to it. And you do not attend to it; but at the same time, you do not quite turn your attention to anything else. Now, you remember how a dying father, once upon a time, besought his prodigal son to spend an hour daily in solitary thought: and what a beneficial result followed. The dull sermon may serve an end as desirable. In church you are alone, in the sense of being isolated from all companions, or from the possibility of holding communication with anybody: and the wearisome sermon, if utterly useless otherwise, is useful in giving a man time to think, in circumstances which will generally dispose him to think seriously. There is a restful feeling, too, for which you are the better. It is a fine thing to feel that church is a place where, if even for two hours only, you are quite free from worldly business and cares. You know that all these are waiting for you outside; but at least you are free from their actual endurance here. I am persuaded, and I am happy to entertain the persuasion, that men are often much the better for being present during the preaching of sermons to which they pay very little attention. Only some such belief as this could make one think, without much sorrow, of the thousands of discourses which are preached every Sunday over Britain, and of the class of ears and memories to which they are given. You see that country congregation coming out of that ivy-covered church in that beautiful churchyard. Look at their faces, the ploughman, the dairy-maids, the drain-diggers, the stable-boys: what could *they* do towards taking in the gist of that well-reasoned, scholarly, elegant piece of composition which has occupied the last half-hour? Why, they could not understand a sentence of it. Yet it has done them good. The general effect is wholesome. They have got a little push, they have felt themselves floating on a gentle current, going in the right direction. Only enthusiastic young divines expect the mass of their congregation to do all they exhort them to do. You must advise a man to do a thing a hundred times, probably, before you can get him to do it once. You know that a breeze, blowing at thirty-five miles an hour, does very well if it carries a large ship along in its own direction at the rate of eight. And even so, the practice of your hearers, though truly influenced by what you say to them, lags tremendously behind the rate of your preaching. Be content, my friend, if you can maintain a movement, sure though slow, in the right way. And don't get angry with your rural flock on Sundays, if you often see on their blank faces, while you are preaching, the evidence that they are not taking in a word you say. And don't be en-

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tirely discouraged. You may be doing them good for all that. And if you do good at all, you know better than to grumble, though you may not be doing it in the fashion that you would like best. I have known men, accustomed to sit quiet, pensive, half-attentive, under the sermons of an easy-going but orthodox preacher, who felt quite indignant when they went to a church where their attention was kept on the stretch all the time the sermon lasted, whether they would or no. They felt that this intrusive interest about the discourse, compelling them to attend, was of the nature of an assault, and of an unjustifiable infraction of the liberty of the subject. Their feeling was, 'What earthly right has that man to make us listen to his sermon, without getting our consent? We go to church to rest: and lo! he compels us to listen!'

I do not forget, musing in the shade this beautiful summer day, that there may be cases in which leisure is very much to be avoided. To some men, constant occupation is a thing that stands between them and utter wretchedness. You remember the poor man, whose story is so touchingly told by Borrow in *The Romany Rye*, who lost his wife, his children, all his friends, by a rapid succession of strokes; and who declared that he would have gone mad if he had not resolutely set himself to the study of the Chinese language. Only constant labour of mind could 'keep the misery out of his head.' And years afterwards, if he paused from toil for even a few hours, the misery returned. The poor fisherman in *The Antiquary* was wrong in his philosophy, when Mr. Oldbuck found him, with trembling hands, trying to repair his battered boat the day after his son was buried. 'It's weel wi' you gentles,' he said, 'that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a freend; but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer!' We love the kindly sympathy that made Sir Walter write the words: but bitter as may be the effort with which the poor man takes to his heartless task again, surely he will all the sooner get over his sorrow. And it is with gentles, who can 'sit in the house' as long as they like, that the great grief longest lingers. There is a wonderful efficacy in enforced work to tide one over every sort of trial. I saw not long since a number of pictures, admirably sketched, which had been sent to his family in England by an emigrant son in Canada, and which represented scenes in daily life there among the remote settlers. And I was very much struck with the sad expression which the faces of the emigrants always wore, whenever they were represented in repose or inaction. I felt sure that those pensive faces set forth a sorrowful fact. Lying on a great bluff, looking down upon a lovely river; or seated at the tent-door on a Sunday, when his task was laid apart;—however the backwoodsman was depicted, if not in energetic action, there was always a very sad look upon the rough face. And it was a peculiar sadness—not like that which human beings would feel amid the scenes and friends of their youth: a look pensive, distant, full of remembrance, devoid of hope. You glanced at it, and you thought of Lord Eglintoun's truthful lines:—

From the lone shieling on the misty island,
  Mountains divide us, and a world of seas:
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
  And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,—
But we are exiles from our fathers' land!

And you felt that much leisure will not suit *there*. Therefore, you stout backwoodsman, go at the huge forest-tree; rain upon it the blows of your axe, as long as you can stand; watch the fragments as they fly; and jump briskly out of the way as the reeling giant falls:—for all this brisk exertion will stand between you and remembrances that would unman you. There is nothing very philosophical in the plan, to 'dance sad thoughts away,' which I remember as the chorus of some Canadian song. I doubt whether that peculiar specific will do much good. But you may *work* sad thoughts away; you may crowd

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morbid feelings out of your mind by stout daylight toils; and remember that sad remembrances, too long indulged, tend strongly to the maudlin. Even Werter was little better than a fool; and a contemptible fool was Mr. Augustus Moddle.

How many of man's best works take for granted that the majority of cultivated persons, capable of enjoying them, shall have leisure in which to do so. The architect, the artist, the landscape-gardener, the poet, spend their pains in producing that which can never touch the hurried man. I really feel that I act unkindly by the man who did that elaborate picking-out in the painting of a railway carriage, if I rush upon the platform at the last moment, pitch in my luggage, sit down and take to the *Times*, without ever having noticed whether the colour of the carriage is brown or blue. There seems a dumb pleading eloquence about even the accurate diagonal arrangement of the little woollen tufts in the morocco cushions, and the interlaced network above one's head, where umbrellas go, as though they said, 'We are made thus neatly to be looked at, but we cannot make you look at us unless you choose; and half the people who come into the carriage are so hurried that they never notice us.' And when I have seen a fine church-spire, rich in graceful ornament, rising up by the side of a city street, where hurried crowds are always passing by, not one in a thousand ever casting a glance at the beautiful object, I have thought, Now surely you are not doing what your designer intended! When he spent so much of time, and thought, and pains in planning and executing all those beauties of detail, surely he intended them to be looked at; and not merely looked at in their general effect, but followed and traced into their lesser graces. But he wrongly fancied that men would have time for that; he forgot that, except on the solitary artistic visitor, all he has done would be lost, through the nineteenth century's want of leisure. And you, architect of Melrose, when you designed that exquisite tracery, and decorated so perfectly that flying buttress, were you content to do so for the pleasure of knowing you did your work thoroughly and well; or did you count on its producing on the minds of men in after ages an impression which a prevailing hurry has prevented from being produced, save perhaps in one case in a thousand? And you, old monk, who spent half your life in writing and illuminating that magnificent Missal; was your work its own reward in the pleasure its execution gave you; or did you actually fancy that mortal man would have time or patience—leisure, in short—to examine in detail all that you have done, and that interested you so much, and kept you eagerly engaged for so many hours together, in days the world has left four hundred years behind? I declare it touches me to look at that laborious appeal to men with countless hours to spare: men, in short, hardly now to be found in Britain. No doubt, all this is the old story: for how great a part of the higher and finer human work is done in the hope that it will produce an effect which it never will produce, and attract the interest of those who will never notice it! Still, the ancient missal-writer pleased himself with the thought of the admiration of skilled observers in days to come; and so the fancy served its purpose.

Thus, at intervals through that bright summer day, did the writer muse at leisure in the shade; and note down the thoughts (such as they are) which you have here at length in this essay. The sun was still warm and cheerful when he quitted the lawn; but somehow, looking back upon that day, the colours of the scene are paler than the fact, and the sunbeams feel comparatively chill. For memory cannot bring back things freshly as they lived, but only their faded images. Faces in the distant past look wan; voices sound thin and distant; the landscape round is uncertain and shadowy. Do you not feel somehow, when you look back on ages forty centuries ago, as if people then spoke in whispers and lived in twilight?

A. K. H. B.

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A BUNCH OF SONG-FLOWERS.

I.

Blaavin.

O WONDERFUL mountain of Blaavin,
How oft since our parting hour
You have roared with the wintry torrents,
You have gloomed through the thunder-shower!
But by this time the lichens are creeping
Grey-green o'er your rocks and your stones,
And each hot afternoon is steeping
Your bulk in its sultriest bronze.
O sweet is the spring wind, Blaavin,
When it loosens your torrents' flow—
When with one little touch of a sunny hand
It unclasps your cloak of snow.
O sweet is the spring wind, Blaavin,
And sweet it was to me—
For before the bell of the snowdrop,
Or the pink of the apple-tree—
Long before your first spring torrent
Came down with a flash and a whirl,
In the breast of its happy mother,
There nestled my little girl.
O Blaavin, rocky Blaavin,
It was with the strangest start
That I felt, at the little querulous cry
The new pulse awake in my heart.
A pulse that will live and beat, Blaavin,
Till, standing around my bed,
While the chirrup of birds is heard out in the dawn,
The watchers whisper, 'He's dead.'
O, another heart is mine, Blaavin,
Sin' this time seven year,
For Life is brighter by a charm,
Death darker by a fear.
O Blaavin, rocky Blaavin,
How I long to be with you again,
To see lashed gulf and gully
Smoke white in the windy rain—
To see in the scarlet sunrise
The mist-wreaths perish with heat,
The wet rock slide with a trickling gleam
Right down to the cataract's feet;
While toward the crimson islands
Where the sea-birds flutter and skirl,
A cormorant flaps o'er a sleek ocean floor
Of tremulous mother-of-pearl.

II.

The Well.

The well gleams by a mountain road,
Where travellers never come or go,
From city proud, or poor abode
That frets the dusky plain below.
All silent as a mouldering lute
That in a ruin long hath lain;
All empty as a dead man's brain—
The path untrod by human foot,

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That, thread-like, far away doth run
To savage peaks, whose central spire
Bids farewell to the setting sun,
Good-morrow to the morning's fire.
The country stretches out beneath,
In gloom of wood, and grey of heath;
The carriers' carts with mighty loads
Dark-dot the long white dusty roads;
The stationary stain of smoke
Is crowned by spire and castle rock;
A silent speck of vapoury white,
The train creeps on from shade to light;
The river journeys to the main
Throughout a vast and endless plain,
Far-shadowed by the labouring breast
Of thunder, leaning o'er the west.

A rough uneven waste of grey,
The landscape stretches day by day;
But strange the sight when evening sails
Athwart the mountains and the vales:
Furnace and forge, by daylight tame,
Uplift their restless towers of flame,
That cast a broad and angry glow
Upon the rain-cloud hanging low.
As dark and darker grows the hour,
More wild their colour, vast their power,
Till by the glare, in shepherd's shed,
The mother sings her babe a-bed,
From town to town the pedlar wades
Through far-flung crimson lights and shades.
As softly fall the autumn nights,
The city blossoms into lights;
Now here, now there, a sudden spark
Sputters the twilight's light-in-dark;
Afar a glimmering crescent shakes,
The gloom across the valley breaks
A bank of glowworms. Strangely fair,
A bridge of lamps leaps through the air
To hang in night; and sudden shines
The long street's splendour-fretted lines.
Intense and bright that fiery bloom
Upon the desert of the gloom;
At length the starry clusters fail,
Afar the lustrous crescents pale,
Till all the wondrous pageant dies
In grey light of damp-dawning skies.

High stands the lonely mountain ground
Above each babbling human sound;
Yet from its place afar it sees
Night scared by angry furnaces;
The lighting-up of city proud,
The brightness o'er it in the cloud.
The foolish people never seek
Wise counsel from that silent peak,
Though from its height it looks abroad
All-seeing as the eye of God,
Haunting the peasant on the down,
The workman in the busy town;
Though from the closely-curtained dawn
The day is by the mountain drawn,

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Whether the slant lines of the rain
Fill high the brook and shake the pane,
Or noon-day reapers, wearied, halt
On sheaves beneath a blinding vault
Unshaded by a vapour's fold—
Though from that mountain summit old,
The cloudy thunder breaks and rolls
Through deep reverberating souls;
Though from it comes the angry light,
Whose forky shiver sears the sight,
And rends the shrine from floor to dome,
And leaves the gods without a home.

And ever in that under world
Round which the weary clouds are furled,
The cry of one that buys and sells,
The laughter of the bridal bells
Clear breaking from cathedral towers,
The pedlar whistling o'er the moors,
The sunburnt reapers, merry corps,
With stooks behind, and grain before,
The huntsman cheering on his hounds—
Build up one sound of many sounds,
As instruments of divers tone,
The organ's temple-shaking groan,
Proud trumpet, cymbal's piercing cry,
Build one intricate harmony:
As smoke that drowns the city's spires
Is fed by twice a million fires;
As midnight draws her windy grief
From sob and wail of bough and leaf;
And on those favourable days
When earth is free from mist and haze,
And heaven is silent as an ear
Down-leaning, loving words to hear,
Stray echoes of the world are blown
Around those pinnacles of stone
That hold the blue of heaven alone—
The saddest sound beneath the sun,
All human voices blent in one.

And purely gleams the crystal well
Amid the silence terrible.
On heaven its eye is ever wide
At morning and at eventide.
And as a lover in the sight
And favour of his maiden bright
Bends, till his face he proudly spies
In the clear depths of upturned eyes—
The mighty heaven above it bowed
Looks down, and sees its crumbling cloud,
Its round of summer blue immense,
Drawn in a yard's circumference;
And lingers o'er the image there
Than its own self more purely fair.

Whence come the waters garnered up
So clearly in that rocky cup?
They come from regions higher far,
Where blows the wind and shines the star.
The silent dews that heaven distils
At midnight on the lonely hills;

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The shower that all the mountain dims,
On which the lordly rainbow swims;
The torrents from the thunder-gloom,
Let loose as by the stroke of doom,
The whirling waterspout, that cracks
Into a hundred cataracts,
Are swallowed by the thirsty ground,
And day and night without a sound
Through banks of marle and belts of ores,
They filter through its million pores,
Losing each foul and turbid stain:
And fed by many a trickling vein,
The well, through silent days and years
Fills slowly, like an eye with tears.

III.

Return.

Ah me! as wearily I tread
The winding hill-road, mute and slow,
Each rock and rill are to my heart
So conscious of the long-ago.
My passion with its fulness ached;
I filled this region with my love;
Ye listened to me, barrier crags,
Thou heard'st me singing, blue above.
O never can I know again
The sweetness of that happy dream,
But thou remember'st, iron crag,
And thou remember'st, falling stream!
O look not so on me, ye rocks,
The Past is past and let it be;
Thy music, ever-falling stream,
Brings more of pain than joy to me.
O cloud, high dozing on the peak;
O tarn, that gleams so far below;
O distant ocean, blue and sleek,
On which the white sails come and go—
Ye look the same; thou sound'st the same
Thou ever falling, falling stream—
Ye are the changeless dial-face,
And I the passing beam.

IV.

Blaavin.

As adown the long glen I hurried,
Like the torrent from fall to fall,
The invisible spirit of Blaavin
Seemed ever on me to call;
As I passed the red lake fringed with rushes,
A duck burst away from its breast,
And before the bright circles and wrinkles
Had subsided again into rest,
At a clear open turn of the roadway,
My passion went up in a cry,
For the wonderful mountain of Blaavin
Was heaving his huge bulk on high,
Each precipice keen and purple
Against the yellow sky.

Alexander Smith.

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HOLMBY HOUSE:
A Tale of Old Northamptonshire.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' ETC.

Chapter XXIII.

'THE TRUE DESPOTISM.'

'NEVER to bear arms against the Parliament!—never to be a soldier again!—scarcely to have a right to draw a sword! Ah, Mary! life would be dear at such a price, were it not that *you* had offered it; were it not that *your* will, your lightest word, is omnipotent with me. But oh! how I long to hear the trumpets sounding a charge again, and to see the sorrel in head-stall and holsters shaking his bit as he used to do. He's too good for anything but a charger. Oh, if I could but ride him alongside of Prince Rupert once more!'

Half ashamed of his enthusiasm, the speaker's colour rose, and he laughed as he glanced almost timidly at the lady he addressed.

She was tending some roses that drooped over the garden bench on which he sat. There was this attraction about Mary Cave that perhaps endeared her to the imagination more than all her wit and all her beauty—she was constantly occupied in some graceful womanly task, and fulfilled it in such a graceful womanly way. Were she writing a letter, or threading a needle, or engaged in any other trifling occupation, her figure seemed to take insensibly the most becoming attitude, her rich brown hair to throw off the light at the exact angle you would have selected for a picture, the roseate bloom to deepen into the very tint that accorded best with her soft winning eyes. It was not her intellect, though that was of no inferior class; nor her form and features, though both were dangerously attractive: it was *her ways* that captivated and enslaved, that constituted the deadliest weapon in the whole armoury of which, womanlike, she knew so well the advantage and the use.

As she pruned the roses and trained them downwards from their stems, shaking a shower of the delicate pink petals into the sun, she looked like a rose herself—a sweet, blooming moss-rose, shedding its fragrance on all that came within its sphere; the type of pure loveliness and rich, bright, womanly beauty.

He thought so as he looked up at her, and his heart thrilled to the tones of her melodious voice. It was all over with him now—

> Inch thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears,—a forked one.

She knew her power, too, and made no sparing use of it. They must be either slaves or tyrants, these women; and like fire, they make good servants but bad mistresses.

'You are better here than wasting your life in Gloucester gaol,' answered Mary, 'and you can serve the King as well with your head as with your hands. Any man with the heart of a man can be a soldier; there is not one in a million that will make a statesman. Do you think I would have taken such care of you if I had thought you fit for nothing better than the front-rank of one of Prince Rupert's foolhardy attacks?'

She asked the question with an inexpressibly mischievous and provoking air. She could not resist the temptation of teasing and irritating him on occasion; she loved to strike the keys, so to speak, and evoke its every sound, at whatever cost of wear and tear to the instrument itself. He winced, and his countenance fell at once, so she was satisfied, and went on.

'If you cannot serve the King on the sorrel's back, do you think you are of no use to the Queen at her need here in Exeter? That poor lady, with her infant daughter, has but few friends and protectors now. A loyal and chivalrous gentleman always finds his post of honour in

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defending the weak. If you seek for danger you will find enough, and more than enough, in doing your duty by your Royal mistress—in fulfilling the orders, Major Bosville, that I shall have the honour of conveying to you.'

She laughed merrily and made him a grand courtesy as she spoke, spreading out her white robes with a mock and playful dignity. Mary did not often thus unbend, and he could not but confess to himself that she was inexpressibly charming so; yet would he have been better pleased had she been in a more serious mood too.

He rose from the garden-bench and stood by her, bending down over the roses, and speaking in a low grave tone—

'I am ready, as you know, none better, to sacrifice life and all for the King's cause. Do me the justice to allow that I have never yet flinched a hair's-breadth from difficulty or danger. I desire no better fate than to shed my blood for his Majesty and the Queen. If I may not draw my sword with my old comrades, I may yet show them how to die like a Cavalier. My life is of little value to any one,' he added in a somewhat bitter tone, 'least of all to myself; and why should I be regretted when so many that were nobler and wiser and better are forgotten!'

It was a random shaft, but it quivered in the bull's-eye. She shot a sharp quick glance at him. Did he mean it? Was he too thinking, then, of Falkland? No! that pained, sorrowing countenance forbade the suspicion of any *arrière pensée*. Her heart smote her as she scanned it. She looked kindly and fondly at him.

'Are you nothing to *me?*' she said. 'Should not I miss you and mourn you, and oh! do you think *I* could do without you at all? Hush! here comes Lady Carlisle.'

In effect that lady's graceful figure, with its courtly gait and rustling draperies, was seen advancing up the gravel path to put an end to the *tête-à-tête*. Such interruptions are the peculiar lot of those who have anything *very* particular to communicate; but we do not take upon ourselves to affirm that Mary's quick ear had not caught the sound of a door opening from Lady Carlisle's apartments ere she permitted herself to bestow on Humphrey such words of encouragement as made the June sunshine and the June roses brighter and sweeter than roses and sunshine had ever seemed before.

With his loyal heart bounding happily beneath his doublet, and a light on his handsome face that Lady Carlisle—no mean judge of masculine attractions — regarded with critical approval, he followed the two ladies into the antechamber of his Royal mistress, now seeking with her new-born baby an asylum in the still faithful town of Exeter, one of the few strongholds in the kingdom left to the Royal cause; and yet, alas! but a short distance removed from the contamination of rebellion, for Essex was already establishing his head-quarters at Chard, and but two-and-twenty miles of the loveliest hill and dale in Britain intervened between the stern Parliamentary General and the now vacillating and intimidated Queen.

It was a strange contrast to the magnificence of Whitehall, even to the more chastened splendours of Merton College, that quiet residence of majesty in the beautiful old town—the town that can afford to challenge all England to rival it in the loveliness of its outskirts and the beauty of its women. Exeter has always particularly plumed itself on the latter qualification; and many a dragoon of the present day, whose heart is no harder under its covering of scarlet and gold than was that of the chivalrous Cavalier in buff and steel breastplate, has to rue his death-wound from a shaft that penetrated all his defences, when shot deftly home by a pair of wicked Devonshire eyes. Of the pic-nics in its vicinity, of the drives home by moonlight—of the strolls to hear 'our band play,' and the tender cloakings and shawlings, and puttings on of goloshes afterwards (for in that happy land our natural enemies likewise enjoy the incalculable advantage of an uncertain climate and occasional showers), are not the results chronicled in every parish register in England?—and

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do not the beadle at St. George's, Hanover-square, and other hymeneal authorities, know 'the reason why?'

The Queen occupied a large quiet house, that had formerly been a convent, on the outskirts of the town. Its roomy apartments and somewhat secluded situation made it a fitting residence for Royalty, particularly for Royalty seeking privacy and repose; while the large garden adjoining, in which the holy sisters had been wont to stroll and ponder, yearning, it may be, for the worldly sunshine they had left *without* the walls, formed a pleasant haunt for the Queen's diminished household, and a resort on the fine June mornings of which Mary and Humphrey, who were both early risers, did not fail to make constant use.

Their duties about the Queen's person had of late been unusually light. The birth, under circumstances of difficulty and danger, of a daughter, whose arrival on the worldly stage seemed to augur the misfortunes that, beautiful and gifted as she was, dogged her to her grave, had confined Henrietta to her chamber, and precluded her from her usual interference in affairs of State. The instincts of maternity were in the ascendant, and what were crowns and kingdoms in comparison with that little pink morsel of humanity lying so helplessly in her bosom? Well is it for us that we cannot foresee the destinies of our children; merciful the blindness that shuts out from us the long perspective of the future—the coming struggles we should none of us have courage to confront. Could Henrietta have foretold that daughter's fate, bound in her beauty and freshness for a weary lifetime to the worst of the evil dukes who bore the title d'Orleans, would she have hung over the tiny treasure with such quiet happiness? Would she have neglected all besides in the world at the very faintest cry of the little new-born Princess?

We must return to Humphrey Bosville and Mary Cave, and the terms of close friendship, to call it by no softer name, on which they now found themselves. Since his rescue from imminent death by her exertions, his devotion to her had assumed, if possible, a more reverential character than before. To owe his life to a woman for whom he had felt a slight attachment, would have been an obligation rather galling and inconvenient than otherwise; but to owe his life to *the* woman whom alone of all on earth he had loved with the deep absorbing fervour of which such a nature was capable, brought with it a sensation of delight which was truly intoxicating. It was such an additional link to bind him to her for ever; it made him seem to belong to her now so thoroughly; it was such a good excuse for giving way to her most trifling caprices, and obeying her lightest whim. Come what might, he felt that they could never now be entirely independent of each other; so he entered the Queen's service immediately on his return to Oxford, giving up his commission in the royal army, and resigning his right to wear a sword, as indeed the terms of his *parole* enjoined, with as little hesitation as he would have displayed in jumping with his hands tied into the Isis, had Mary only told him to do the one instead of the other.

It was no small inducement either to serve his Royal mistress assiduously, that his situation in her household brought him into close and daily contact with his ladye-love. Probably at no period of his life before had Humphrey been so happy as during the few golden weeks of Henrietta's confinement at Exeter. To meet Mary day by day in the performance of his duty; to see her in every phase of courtly life, from the strict observance of etiquette to the joyous moments of relaxation, over which, nevertheless, the atmosphere of Royalty shed a certain refinement and reserve; to admire her ready tact and winning bearing in all the different relations of a courtier's life; and above all, to walk with her morning after morning in those happy gardens, feeling that she too enjoyed and counted on their half-hour of uninterrupted conversation, and was little less punctual at the trysting-place than himself; all this constituted an existence for which it was

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very seldom he repined that he had bartered his life's ambition, his visions of military distinction and renown. Mary, too, whose knowledge of human nature was far deeper than that of the generality of her sex, whose organization forced her to be calculating, so to speak, and provident even in her affections, Mary felt herself day by day losing much of the hard, stern, practical force of character that had encrusted and petrified her woman's heart. She was often surprised in her moments of reflection (for Mary was a rigid and severe self-examiner) to find how little interested she was comparatively in the progress of the Royal Cause—how satisfied she could be to remain idle week after week at Exeter—how happily she could bask away her time in the summer sunshine, wandering, but not alone, through those shady gardens. She was ashamed—yes, *ashamed*—to confess to herself how often the image of a certain kindly, handsome face, with its long love-locks and dark drooping moustaches, rose between her mental vision and all considerations of duty, loyalty, and interest—aye, even between her deep sorrow and the memory of the dead. Yet the shame had in it a burning, thrilling happiness too; and though she threw up her haughty head, and a scornful smile curled her full lips as she pondered, she would not have had it otherwise if she could.

But she ruled him, nevertheless, with an iron hand. It is unnecessary to admit that the prominent and chief fault in this lady's character was that destructive quality which, forming, as it does, a principal ingredient in the noblest spirits, is yet perhaps the cause of more sorrow and suffering than all the cardinal vices (if such there be) put together—Pride, the bane of that resplendent being whom the angels themselves called 'the Son of the Morning;' the awful and eternal curse of him who made his election 'rather to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven.' Pride was with Mary Cave as the very air she breathed. It prompted her to conceal and stifle, nay, even to mock at, the better feelings of her nature; to grudge the man that loved her the full and free confession to which, if he deserved anything at all, he was fully entitled, and which would have made him the happiest Cavalier in England; to check and warp even his kind feelings, overflowing as they did with a fond and chivalrous devotion, that would have made a humbler woman's heaven, that she herself would have felt it a weary blank to be without; to embitter for him many a moment that but for this would have been tinged with golden hues; and to goad and madden him for no fault of his own when most he needed soothing and repose.

He too had his share of pride, which she never seemed to acknowledge; but in his singleness of heart he sacrificed it to hers, as he did everything else he had. She never knew, and he would never tell her, the long hours and days of grief that she had cost him. If he was sad, he suffered uncomplaining by himself. The kind look was always there to greet her; she never read reproach in the fond, frank eyes. She was his first love and his last, that was enough for him. It was a brave, confiding nature, this young gentleman's; simple and honest, and one that it had been a pity to see delivered over to bitter disappointment, reckless guilt, and wild remorse.

He did not understand women, poor boy! God forbid he ever should!

A council had been assembled, and the increasing hopelessness of the Royal Cause had called up a rueful expression of dismay on the faces of the Queen's advisers as they stared blankly at each other. Jermyn had returned with but little encouragement from the King. Charles was hardly the man to see the shortest way out of a difficulty, and had been so accustomed to rely upon his Queen for advice and assistance, that when he found himself in turn applied to by his wife, he was more than usually helpless and undecided. The Queen's own advisers consisted but of the refuse of her party. Jermyn and a few subordinate courtiers were scarcely a crew to weather the storm when the ship was so crazy and the navigation so intricate. Goring's pregnant brain and reckless hand might

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have been useful now; but Goring was far away, drinking and counter-marching in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Ashburnham had retired from Weymouth before 'the Coming Man,' whose Ironsides had ere this perfected their drill on many a stricken field. Prince Maurice had lost so many men in the siege of Lynn, he could show no front to the dreaded and determined Essex. The enemy was near, aye, even at the very gates, and what was to be done?

At this crisis, weakened in body and disheartened in mind, Henrietta's royal spirit gave way. The determination was arrived at to sue the Parliamentary General for mercy, and on the most plausible grounds of common courtesy and chivalrous forbearance towards a woman, to entreat Essex to tamper with his duty towards the Parliament, and to forfeit his own character by conniving at the Queen's escape. Like many another measure of policy, this step originated, not in the council but in the bedchamber.

Supported by a few of her weeping ladies, the Queen came to the resolution of thus humbling herself before the Parliamentary General; and of those frightened and despairing women, among whom even Lady Carlisle had lost heart and courage, there was but one dissentient voice to this humiliating proposition. Need we say it was Mary Cave's?

'I would rather take my child in my arms,' said she, when called on by her Majesty to give her unbiassed opinion, 'and placing myself at the head of our garrison here, march at once upon Essex's headquarters. I would cut my way through them, or leave my body on the field. If we succeeded, we should make a junction with the King in the north, and maybe restore the *prestige* of the Royal arms; if we failed, 'tis but an honourable death after all, and one right worthy of a Queen.'

The old Bourbon blood rose for an instant to Henrietta's cheek, and she almost wavered in her purpose; but it ebbed back again chill about her heart as she thought of her helpless condition and her little crying child.

'It could not be,' she said; 'there was a limit to all things, even the courage of a Queen. No; she would send a flag of truce to Essex, and a message he could not refuse to consider. But whom to send? Which of her courtiers would undertake the task? Savage reprisals were now the daily custom of the war; the white flag did not always secure the life of its bearer. Who would risk himself in the lion's den?'

'Perhaps Mrs. Mary will go herself?' suggested Lady Carlisle in her soft, smooth tones. 'She fears nothing, so she says, but dishonour. She would be safe enough, methinks, with Essex.'

Mary smiled proudly. 'I have been in the rebel camp ere this,' she said, 'and it was your ladyship's self that bade me go; for that counsel I shall always feel grateful. Your Majesty has one servant at least that will be proud to execute your will.'

She glanced as she spoke to where Bosville, with another gentleman of the chamber, stood in attendance in the next room. The Queen smiled faintly, and stretched her thin hand towards Mary with a gesture of caress.

'He is a *preux chevalier, mámie*,' she said, 'and would go to the death, I believe, for you or me; though I think I know which is the queen that owns all *his* loyalty. I have watched him often, Marie, and I *know*.' She nodded her head with something of her old playful air, but she sighed after she spoke, and relapsed into the melancholy silence that was becoming habitual to her.

Was she thinking that, Princess and Sovereign though she were, in the bloom of her beauty and the hey-day of her prosperity, she had never enjoyed such an unqualified dominion as was possessed by her undemonstrative waiting-woman, proud Mary Cave?

Chapter XXIV.

'Farewell.'

Effingham had ere this made considerable progress in the favour of the party he had espoused. His knowledge of his profession, coupled with a certain reckless daring of

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temperament, had won him the good opinion of Cromwell, whilst his readiness of resource, deep reflection, and powerful intellect rendered him indispensable to Essex, Fairfax, and such of the Parliamentary Generals as cherished liberal views of policy and an unselfish desire for the liberation of their countrymen. He had fought his way in a short space of time to the colonelcy of a regiment of Pikes, and was now advancing with Essex on Exeter at the head of some five hundred stout hearts, such as have made British soldiers from time immemorial the best infantry in the world. Proud of his command, conscious of doing his duty, rising rapidly in his profession and in the opinion of those who were in the fair road to guide the destinies of England, there was yet in Effingham's bearing a restlessness and a reserve that denoted a mind ill at ease with itself—an unquiet sadness that spoke of some deep anxiety — some bitter disappointment. His friendship with Simeon had grown to a close intimacy, and he seemed to derive much consolation and refreshment from the conversation of that stern enthusiast.

They were walking up and down in front of Essex's head-quarters at Chard—a square brick house in the centre of the village, from which the proprietor had been ejected with as little ceremony by the Puritan General as he could have been by any one of his noisy Cavalier opponents. They formed a strange contrast, that pair, as they paced to and fro, buried in deep discourse—the stalwart iron-looking soldier, with his tall figure and warlike air and dress, thus listening with such respectful deference to the soberly-clad divine, whose eager gestures and speaking countenance betrayed the flame of enthusiasm that consumed him, body and soul.

The guard was being relieved, with the customary noise and pomp of all military proceedings, not to be dispensed with even by the staid and sober Puritans; but the pair heeded not the clash of arms nor the clang of trumpets, and pursued their walk and their conversation regardless of aught but the topic which seemed to engross their whole attention.

'There is yet a black drop in thy heart, my brother,' said Simeon, in his deep impressive tones; 'there is yet one jewel left that thou hast grudged to cast into the treasury—and if thou givest not thine all, of what avail is thy silver and gold, thy flocks and herds, thy raiment of needle-work and thy worldly possessions? The daughter of the Canaanite is a fair damsel and a comely, but the children of the congregation have no dealings with the heathen, and she must henceforth be to thee as the forbidden food, and the plague-spot of leprosy—unclean! unclean!'

'It is hard,' answered Effingham, and his voice betrayed how bitterly hard it was—'it *is* hard to give up my only dream of earthly happiness—the one bright ray that has lightened my existence all these weary months — that has cheered me in the bivouac, and encouraged me in the field. I am not like you, Simeon; would that I were! I cannot hold to the future alone, and resign this world and all it contains without a pang. I fear I am of the doomed—predestined to guilt — predestined to punishment. Lost! lost!'

He shuddered as he spoke, and yet something of the old Titan instinct, the daring of despair that bade the sons of Earth confront the power of Heaven, in those old days when good and evil bore gigantic fruit here below—made him rear his head more proudly, tower above his comrade more erect and bold, as he seemed in his rebellious imagination to 'stand the shot.'

'Whom He loveth He chasteneth,' was Simeon's answer. 'I tell thee, brother, once and again, it is not so. Thy fight is a stern and severe conflict, but it has been borne in upon me that thou shalt be victorious; and to him that prevaileth is given the crown of glory. I have wrestled for thee long and earnestly, and I shall not fail. Thou art as the drowning man, whose struggles serve but to drag down into the depths the friend that would save him from perdition. I tell thee, watch and pray!'

'I can watch,' answered Effing-

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ham, bitterly; 'none better. Sleep seldom visits my eyelids, and my waking is sad and painful indeed; but I can *not* pray!'

It was even so. The stubborn human will might be bent and warped from that which was, after all, a holy and God-given instinct, though fanaticism and superstition might vote it folly and sin; but the poor aching human heart could not force itself to supplicate at the throne of Mercy for that forgetfulness which it felt would be a more bitter curse than all the pain it was now becoming inured to bear. Fallible sons of men! Simeon *felt* he was right; Effingham thought himself to be wrong. Both were arguing foolishly and presumptuously from strong human passions interpreted by fanaticism into revelations from on high.

George had struggled on wearily for months. In occupation and danger he had been striving hard to forget. He thought he was making sufficient progress in the lesson, when the sight of his old friend Bosville riding into Essex's camp under a flag of truce reawakened all those feelings which he had fondly hoped were stifled, if not eradicated, and made him too painfully conscious that time and distance were not quite such effective auxiliaries as he had hoped.

The General had called in some of his principal officers to aid him in his deliberations; nor could he, according to his custom, come to any decision without the assistance of one or two Puritan divines. Caryl had already been sent for; and ere long a grim orderly trooper, who had been expounding to his comrades a knotty text of scripture with interpretations peculiarly his own, was despatched to summon Simeon to the Council, and Effingham was left to pursue his walk and his meditations alone.

He did not remain uninterrupted for long. A bustle at the door of Essex's quarters, the clash of arms as the sentries saluted their departing officers, and the roll of a drum mustering a regiment of foot for inspection, announced that the Council was over; and Bosville, who contrary to his expectation had found himself treated with all the respect and consideration due to the bearer of a flag of truce, advanced toward his old comrade with his hand extended, and a frank air of greeting upon his face.

He looked somewhat flushed and disconcerted too—a thought angry, perhaps, and a little discontented besides, as he cast a soldier's eye up and down the ranks of an efficient battalion of pikemen, and thought he must never measure swords with the Roundheads again; but he was glad to see Effingham, nevertheless; and the latter's heart leapt within him, for many reasons, to grasp a 'Malignant' by the hand once more.

'I thought not we should ever have come to this, George,' observed Bosville, half bitterly half laughingly, after their first greeting was over. 'When thou and I rode through Ramsay's pikes at Edgehill side by side, and drove them pell-mell right through their reserve and off the field, I little thought I should live to see myself a messenger of peace fit to be clad only in bodice and pinners—for i'faith 'tis but a woman's work, after all—and thee, George, a rank rebel, openly in arms against the King. And yet, 'slife, man, were't not for thy company, I could find it in my heart to envy thee too. They behave well, these pikemen—hey, George? Dost remember how close the knaves stood upon the slope at Newbury?'

Effingham smiled absently. He was chafing to ask a hundred questions of his old comrade; and yet, bold stout soldier as he was, his heart failed him like a girl's.

Bosville, too, was indignant at the ill success of his embassy; in the presence of Essex he had had the good taste and prudence to dissemble his generous wrath, but it required a vent, and blazed up afresh as he took the Parliamentary Colonel by the arm, and they strolled out of ear-shot of the listening escort, already under arms to conduct the embassy back to his own lines.

'There is no chivalry amongst thy new friends, George,' he proceeded, the blood rising to his handsome face. 'You can fight, to do you justice, but there's no-

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thing more of the lion about you than his courage. And as for your ministers! men of peace are they? More like croaking ravens and filthy birds of prey. Don't be offended, George; I am like a woman, you know, now, and the only weapon I have to use is my tongue. 'Faith, my blood boils when I think of the last hour's work. Essex is a gentleman, I grant you—I always thought so. We have both of us seen him walk his horse coolly along his line under a raking fire from our culverins; and he received my message with all the courtesy due to the emissary of a queen. It was not much we required. A safe-conduct for herself and child to Bath, or maybe Bristol, for her health's sake. She has suffered much, poor lady, and looks so thin and weak—so unlike what she was when we saw her at Merton, George, whilst thou wert *honest*. Well, he seemed to entertain the proposal at first; and one of his Generals, a stout bluff-faced man—Ireton, was it?—voted point-blank in her favour, with some remarks, I am bound to admit, not flattering to the stability of our party, or the efficiency of her Majesty's defenders. Had my position allowed it, I had taken leave to differ with him on that point, but I thought the bowl seemed to trundle with the bias, so I held my peace. Then his lordship turned to a spare pale man in a Geneva band and black cassock, and asked him what he thought of the matter. Was that Caryl? So, I wouldn't be in *his* cassock, when the charity that covereth a multitude of sins is wanted to ward off punishment from *him!* My hands were bound, so to speak, or no man living, minister or layman, should have applied such terms to my royal mistress. Jezebel was the best name he called her; and if blasphemy and indecency be religion, my service to Dr. Caryl! Goring hasn't a match for him among his "hell-babes" for piety! They seemed to believe in him devoutly, though, for all that; and I saw Essex waver as I can see *thee*, George, wince. Well, one ecclesiastic I suppose wasn't enough, for there came in another knave, without his ears too; would the hangman had done his work yeomanly when he was about it, and cut his tongue out as well. They asked his advice, man (grant me patience), as he had been a bishop! And what said the Crop-ear in reply? "Go see now this cursed woman," quoth he, "and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." And again—"What peace so long as the witchcrafts of Jezebel are so many?" The devil can quote holy writ, we all know; but it was well they turned me out, to deliberate with closed doors, for I was almost beside myself with passion.'

The Cavalier paused to take breath. His listener gazed at him wistfully, with a sort of pitiful interest.

'And what was the result of their deliberations?' he inquired. 'I see they came to a speedy conclusion, for the escort is waiting even now to take you back.'

'When I returned,' answered Bosville, 'the General looked grave and stern, I thought a little pained and grieved too. "Tell those that sent you, Major Bosville," he said, in a slow, deliberate voice, "that if her Majesty pleases, I will not only give her a safe-conduct, but wait upon her myself to London, where she may have the best advice and means for the recovery of her health; but as for either of the other places, I cannot obey her Majesty's desires without directions from the Parliament. We will not blindfold you," he added, courteously. "You are welcome to take note, and report to their Majesties on the men and munitions of war that you find in my camp." So he dismissed me civilly enough. George, my mind misgives me, that I have come on a sleeveless errand.'

'It is even so,' answered Effingham, solemnly. 'The Truth is great, and it shall prevail. But tell me, Humphrey, of those you have left behind. We have but few minutes to spare, and perhaps we may never meet again, unless it be on a stricken field. What of those who were once my friends, who ministered to me in the house of bondage? What of Mistress Cave—of Sir

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Giles Alloaby—of—of—his daughter?'

For reasons of his own Effingham hesitated as he put the question, the latter part of which alone, for reasons of *his* own, Bosville thought worthy of a reply.

'Sir Giles is hearty and busy as usual,' he answered. 'He has raised a large force of cavalry, and is with the King. Mistress Grace is anxious and ill at ease. As far as I can learn they say she grows pale and thin, and has lost her bright looks and joyous ways. God forbid she should be really ailing, for if aught should befal her, it would go nigh to break old Sir Giles's heart.'

He spoke without the slightest change of voice or colour, and looked frank and straight into his companion's eyes, which nevertheless refused to meet his glance. It was hard to say whether grief, or joy, or anxious fear, was uppermost in Effingham's being at that moment.

'If you should chance to see her, Humphrey,' he said, with a quivering, broken voice, 'or to write to her mayhap, tell her that I sought tidings of her welfare, and Sir Giles, you know; and that—that—though I am a rebel, and a Roundhead and all, I have not for that forgotten them; and if ever the time comes that I can serve them, I will. Fare thee well! fare thee well!' he added, grasping Humphrey warmly by the hand as the latter mounted to depart. 'Would that thou, too, couldst be brought to see the truth; but God bless thee, lad! Forget not George Effingham altogether, whatever comes uppermost.'

He gazed wistfully after the horseman's retreating figure as the escort closed round their charge and disappeared. It was his last link with the old life that shone back in such glowing hues. A tear glittered on his shaggy eyelashes as he strode off towards his quarters.

'Weak! weak!' he muttered. 'Unworthy, unprofitable servant. And yet perhaps even now she is not lost to me entirely and for ever!'

Bosville was destined to bring with him sad dismay into the mimic Court at Exeter. Like all weak minds in extremity, Henrietta had fully persuaded herself that the last card she played must win her the game; that this extreme measure of entreaty and humiliation could not but produce the result she so much desired. When it failed she was indeed at the utmost of her need. Indignation, too, mingled with alarm; and like some bitter tonic, helped to brace her mind into a sufficiently vigorous frame to come to some definite resolution. Impeached as she was of treason by both Houses of Parliament, this proposal of Essex thus to carry her into the very jaws of her enemies was almost tantamount to an insult; and the queenly spirit, not yet thoroughly broken, felt and resented it accordingly. The foe, too, was in far too close proximity to be pleasant. Exeter was no longer a secure refuge, and she must depart. But whither? To join the King without bringing him supplies of men or money, was but to clog the sinking monarch's efforts at extrication, and to drag him deeper and deeper into the slough of his difficulties.

No part of England was safe from the dreaded Parliamentary army, numbering as it now did amongst its formidable soldiery such tacticians as Fairfax, and such strategists as Cromwell. There was but one haven left, and that was her native country. We may imagine the struggle in the mind of that proud though vain and frivolous nature, ere she could bring herself to return as a homeless suppliant, to the land she had left in her maidenhood a prosperous and queenly bride. She was altered, too, in her very person, and this to a woman added no inconsiderable ingredient to the bitterness of her cup. Sorrow and anxiety had hollowed the fair cheeks and clouded the brilliant complexion that in girlhood with fine eyes and delicate features had constituted such an attractive countenance; and the fresh bloom of her spring-time had withered sadly and prematurely ere 'twas May. It was with galling self-consciousness that she used to avow no woman could have any pretensions to beauty after two-and-twenty.

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So the daughter of Henry of Navarre, and the wife of England's King, must fly for her very life to the sea-board of her adopted country, must embark from Falmouth in a Dutch man-of-war, attended by sundry lighter craft, to the speediest of which it might prove necessary to entrust the destinies of a queen; must sustain the insult of being fired on by her own navy—for Warwick's squadron, stationed in Tor-bay, actually gave chase to the Royal lady—and must land in poor and desperate plight on the shores of her brother's kingdom, to seek the repose and safety denied her in her own.

All these events, however, are matters of history; and except in so far as they affect the proceedings of those subordinate dolls whose strings in our puppet-show we have undertaken to pull, they will bear neither relation nor comment at the humble hands of the mere story-teller, who can only flutter to and fro *tenui pennâ* through the shaded gardens of Fiction, but dare not trust his feeble pinions to soar aloft into the dazzling sunshine of Fact.

Mary Cave followed her Royal mistress to the very shallop in which she left the British shore. It was but a small household she carried with her from England; and though Mary would fain have accompanied her, it was agreed that her talents could be more usefully employed at home, and that living quietly in retirement here she might still aid the Royal cause with all the energies of her astute and far-seeing intellect, whilst she could keep a watchful eye on the state of public opinion, and communicate constantly and unreservedly by means of their own cipher with Henrietta in France.

To one of the household, this arrangement was the only consolation for a parting which he felt far more painfully than even *he* had expected. By Mary's wish he had consented to follow the fortunes of his Royal mistress, who was nothing loth to retain the services of one who had already proved himself so willing and devoted; but it was with a heavy heart, and a foreboding of evil by no means natural to his temperament, that Humphrey took leave of his ladye-love on the morning of the embarkation at Falmouth.

He was saddened, too, to think that for the last few days her manner to him had been colder and more reserved than it usually was. She had studiously avoided every chance of a private interview, had apparently wantonly and unfeelingly neglected every hint and allusion that he had ventured to make as to his wish of seeing her alone once more to bid her 'farewell;' and had shown, to his thinking, an amount of heartlessness and carelessness of his feelings which grieved him as it would have angered another.

Humphrey, though a young man, was no inexperienced soldier. He had assisted ere this at the scaling of many a rampart, the assault of many a beleaguered town; yet it never occurred to him that the last efforts of the besieged are desperate in proportion to their extremity—the resistance never so obstinate as on the eve of surrender. The weak are sometimes cruel, and a stern front is often but the mask that hides a failing heart.

He was leaving the Queen's apartments to make preparations for her Majesty to go abroad. He walked moodily and sadly, for he thought he should not see Mary again, and he was wondering in his simple faith how he could have offended her, and why she should thus think it worth while to grieve him, when perhaps they might never meet again. Like a child unjustly punished, he was less irritated than spirit-broken. Alas! like many a brave and gallant man, he was a sad coward, if only attacked in the right place.

A door opened in the gallery of the hostelry honoured by the presence of royalty. Mary advanced towards him, holding out her hand.

'I am come to wish you good-bye,' she said in her kind, frank tones. 'I looked for you an hour ago in the gallery. Humphrey,' she added, her voice trembling as she marked his whole countenance flush and soften, 'I have used you ill. Forgive me. I did not mean it—at least I did not mean to make you so unhappy,' and she gave him ever so slight a pressure of that

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warm soft hand—that hand which only to touch he would at any time have given a year of his life.

He was a sad coward in some things we have already said. He bent over the white hand without speaking a word, but she felt the hot tears dropping on it as he lifted his head and tried to smile unconcernedly in her face.

They were both silent. Had any eavesdropper been watching them in that long gallery, he would have thought the gentleman a strangely uncourteous gallant—the lady a dame of wondrously stiff and reserved demeanour.

Humphrey spoke at length, scarcely above a whisper.

'It is no use,' he said. 'I am a bad dissembler. Mary, you know all. Only give me one word, one kind word of hope, before I go. I will treasure it for years!'

Again that faint, scarcely perceptible pressure of the hand he had never relinquished.

'The task must be accomplished first,' she murmured. '"Loyalty before all."'

He raised her hand to his lips, and imprinted on it one long passionate kiss. Either by accident or design a bow of pink ribbon which she wore on her sleeve had become detached. Somehow it remained in his grasp when she was gone.

The wind blew fresh off-shore, and the Dutchman made gallant way, whilst Humphrey stood on deck, and watched the dim headlands of his home with a strange wistful glance that was yet mingled with triumph and joy.

Had he not won his decoration? And was not his heart beating against the ribbon of his Order?

Chapter XXV.

NASEBY FIELD.

The undulating prairie of rich grazing ground which stretches far and wide round Market Harborough was blooming a brighter green in the declining rays of a hot June sun, sinking gradually to tip the wooded crests of Marston Hills with gold. Beeves of huge proportion and promising fatness, all unconscious of the dangerous proximity of two hostile armies, grazed contentedly in the sunlight, or ruminated philosophically in the shade. Swarms of insects quivered in the still warm air; the note of thrush and blackbird, hushed during the blaze of noon, was awakening once more from tangled hedgerow, leafy coppice, and deep woodland dell, dense and darkling in the rank growth of midsummer luxuriance. Anon the quest's soft, plaintive lullaby stole drowsily on the ear, from her forest home amid the oaks of Kelmarsh, or the tall elm-grove nodding on Dingley's distant hill. It was a scene of peace, prosperity, and repose. What had they to do there, those burnished headpieces and steel breastplates, flashing back the slanting sunbeams, and glittering like gold in all the pomp and panoply of war?

It was a goodly sight to see them, too, as they wound slowly along the plain, those stalwart troopers on their tall chargers, with their dancing plumes and their royal guidons waving above the track of yellow dust that floated on their line of march. To mark their military air, their practised discipline, their bold bronzed faces, and the stately form of their commander with his white moustache and his keen blue eye. 'Tis the vanguard of the royal army, now, in consequence of the King's counter-march from Daventry, forming its rear. These are the flower of Prince Rupert's cavalry, the survivors of the rout of Marston Moor—the remnant of Sir Giles Allonby's brigade—the swordsmen that will follow that daring old man, as long ago he trusted they would at Oxford, 'through and through a stand of pikes once and again on a stricken field.' They have fought, and bled, and conquered, and retreated since then. Sir Giles looks a thought older and more worn about the face, the beard is whiter and the locks thinner, but the spare form, the gallant seat on horseback, lithe and erect as ever.

See! a noble-looking Cavalier, followed by a toiling aide-de-camp, who has tired two horses to-day in attending the hasty movements of his chief, dashes up at a gallop from

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the rear. Sir Giles salutes him with military precision and an air of frank admiration he is at no pains to conceal. With all his recklessness, there is but one cavalry officer in the world, so thinks Sir Giles, and that is Rupert.

The Prince's words are short, peremptory, and to the point.

'Throw forward an outpost on Naseby village, Sir Giles. The scout-master reports no enemy within sight, but Fairfax cannot be far off—best to make sure. Send young Dalyson in command. I owe him a chance for Marston Moor—bid him double his picket and mind his videttes! Good even to you!'

The Prince had already turned his horse's head to depart. Sir Giles hesitated, Dalyson was but a boy—bold as a lion, but wild as a hawk; his nineteen summers had hardly given him experience for so critical a duty, and though at Marston Moor, his maiden field, he had behaved like a hero, Sir Giles mistrusted the 'young one' might be out-manœuvred by some of those Parliamentary veterans ere he was aware.

'Lieutenant Dalyson is a very inexperienced officer,' hazarded Sir Giles; but the Prince, turning a deaf ear, was already on the gallop, and the old soldier knew his duty too well not to obey orders, at whatever cost to his own private apprehensions. With no slight misgivings, he gave the delighted young officer his instructions, lavishing on him all the stores of caution and experience he had to bestow. He called out, moreover, a grim, ancient-looking personage from his own especial escort, and accosting him by the name of Sergeant Dymocke, bade him accompany the party, adding in a low tone, 'I think I can trust *you* not to be surprised.'

It needed but the grim smile with which the compliment was accepted to identify our old acquaintance, who, having left the service of Major Bosville, temporarily, and under protest, during the latter's absence in France, was now doing a turn of soldiering to keep his hand in. He was yet too young, as he told the expectant Faith, to settle permanently in life.

Sir Giles, pursuant to his orders, held on with the main body for Market Harborough, whilst the party he had detached, striking into a sharp trot, made the best of their way for Naseby village.

The dews of evening were falling heavily, and the twilight darkening into night, ere they reached their destination. For the last mile or two, under the sergeant's influence, great caution had been observed, flankers thrown out, and an advanced and rear-guard detached from the little party, till, as Dalyson laughingly observed, 'there was nothing left to form the main body but himself and his trumpeter.'

Still there seemed to be no vestige of the enemy, the few peasants that could be questioned at that late hour were either too ignorant or too stupid to give any intelligence, and on arriving at the village, the young officer's first care was rather to refresh his men and horses, than to pry about in the darkness, looking for that which did not seem to exist.

In the Royalist army so many born gentlemen rode in the ranks as simple privates, that there was but a narrow line of demarcation drawn between officers and men. It was therefore no breach of etiquette, though it argued culpable negligence for the officer to dismount his party in the small hostelry at Naseby, calling for the best, after the fashion of Royalists, and making his men welcome as they dropped in after seeing their horses fed, and drew round the old oak table, which bears to this day the marks of many a wild carousal dinted on its surface. He would have unsaddled, had it not been for the expostulation of the sergeant, who with difficulty persuaded three or four of the troopers to forego their suppers and accompany him on his look-out.

The rest of the party were drinking 'The King,' or 'The Ladies,' or some such customary toast, when a couple of shots ringing through the still night air, within two hundred paces, and the warning of the trumpeter pealing out the alarum of 'boots and saddles,' startled them from their carouse. Alas! too late. Ireton's troopers were upon them! Dymocke and his scouts galloping in upon their comrades, would cer-

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tainly have been shot by mistake had the Cavaliers been a little more on the alert. It was the sergeant's pistols that had given the alarm.

The royalists, half of them dismounted, and all unformed, were ridden down like sheep by the disciplined Parliamentarians. Such as accepted quarter were taken prisoners, but Dalyson paid for his negligence with his blood. He had doffed his steel morion and his breastplate. Alone, with his head bare and his buff coat open, he sustained the shock of the leading files and the points of some half-dozen thirsty blades. He was dead ere he fell from the saddle, and of all his followers not one escaped save the wily sergeant, who with his usual imperturbability, when he saw all was lost, turned his bridle and rode for his life. The darkness of the night and his own familiarity with the country (for in happier times he and his old master had hunted and hawked over all that wide champaign, till they knew it every inch) favoured his escape, and he set his horse's head straight for the old Hall at Lubenham, where Charles lay sleeping in fancied security.

That locality is celebrated for its exhaustive properties on the equine race. We question, nevertheless, if it ever witnessed a steed more thoroughly jaded and overdone, than the panting animal that shook its reeking sides at Lubenham gate, as Hugh banged and shouted at the fastened door to arouse the sleeping inmates of the Hall.

Though we dwell not habitually in king's houses, we take the privilege of the story-teller's ubiquity to peep at Charles Stuart in his humble sleeping-room at old Lubenham Hall.

The face on which the night-lamp throws its shaded rays looks careworn and anxious even in slumber. The *doomed* expression which he has borne all his life comes out more strongly now on the haggard brow, and the features sharpened by suspense and toil. Yet, sleeping or waking, there is a certain trustful confidence on that face still, the inner light of a pure unspotted nature breaking through the clouds of vacillation and incompetency. That breast on which in its deep-breathing heaves a golden locket containing his Queen's hair, his Queen, who has forgotten him already, whom he has not seen for more than a year, whom he shall never see on earth again—that breast may and does ache with sorrow, but it knows not the sting of remorse. Not even now, though the perspiration starts upon his forehead, and his white hands clench themselves rigidly in the agony of his dream. And this was Charles's dream the night before Naseby field:—

He stood with Strafford in the condemned cell. The cell in his own royal Tower of London, which he had never seen, and yet it seemed strangely familiar in its hideous arrangements and its gloomy security. The minister sat in his splendid dress of state, yet there were handcuffs on the slender wrists under his lace ruffles, and the jewelled garter at his knee contrasted with the heavy clanking fetters of the condemned nobleman. He knelt before his sovereign, but it was not to plead for pardon or reprieve. Those entreaties were not to save Strafford, but the King. He implored his master not to trust to arms, at least, not now.

'To-morrow,' said he, 'I die on Tower-hill. I beseech your Majesty to accept the sacrifice. I give back your Majesty's generous promise of interference. I die willingly for the Crown; but I can foresee the course of destiny at this my last hour, and I implore your Majesty that mine may be the only blood spilt under to-morrow's sun!'

The royal impulse was stronger in the sleeping monarch at Lubenham, than it had been in his waking earnest in the day of power at Whitehall, and he seemed to strive with the futile efforts of a dreamer to unclasp the fetters of his councillor and his friend.

'I will save you,' quoth Charles, in his vision. 'Are these not my walls, my gaolers? Is not this my own royal Tower of London?'

And he beat with bruised hands and noisy blows against the iron door of the doomed man's cell. In the struggle he awoke, and the awe-stricken monarch, sitting up in bed

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to listen, with a pale, wet face, was aware that the noise of his dream was not entirely the work of fancy, but that an express with important information was even then battering for admittance at the door.

We pass over Dymocke's cool and concise report, as unmoved in the presence of royalty as when galloping for his life from Ireton's deadly troopers. The King, dressing himself hastily, and accompanied only by two or three startled gentlemen of his household, was in the saddle ere his informant had answered half his questions, and rode at a gallop into Harborough, to his nephew's quarters, where he summoned a hasty council of war to assemble on the spot. The early summer morning of the 14th of June, was already breaking, when Rupert, Digby, Ashburnham, Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and a few others met to decide the fate of the Royal cause. The hot Prince, for all his haste and bold impetuous bearing in a charge, was no mean strategist, and contrary to his wont, counselled retreat. Digby and Ashburnham, reckless at the wrong time, opposed him strongly, and urged an immediate engagement. The King, flushed with the late news of Montrose's victory a month before at Auldearne, and prompted by his unaccountable instinct always to choose the most injudicious course, decided on battle. The gallant Rupert, perhaps for the first time in his life, made ready to go into action with an unwilling heart.

Leaving the Royal column marching in the cool prime of the bright June morning over the hills towards Naseby, eager and anxious to meet the enemy, whose movements they have been dodging and watching so many weary days, we must take a glimpse at the Parliamentary army, now a compact, well-disciplined, and numerous force, taking up the strong position which they held so stubbornly during the day; and from the selection of which, and his consequent victory, he who led their right wing found himself ere another lustre had elapsed, the occupant of a throne.

Cromwell had effected his junction with Fairfax the evening before, bringing to that commander the efficient aid of his own cool resolution and his formidable well-trained Ironsides, by this time the best cavalry in Europe. When Ireton's advanced guard had driven in the Cavalier outpost on the previous evening, they had discovered that the plain in front of Naseby village was still unoccupied. With grim satisfaction and practised skill, the Parliamentary General took up the strongest position that the ground admitted of—Fairfax, throwing forward his left, and lining the thick boundary hedge which divides the manors of Sulby and Naseby with dismounted dragoons, thus doubly protecting his baggage (drawn up in battle order behind his left), his communications and line of retreat if necessary and his rear, occupied the centre in person, where he had placed the bulk of his heavy guns on a commanding slope to the north of the village, whence they could play upon any attacking column advancing up the hill, and open an enfilading fire on any flank movement of the enemy, should he show himself above the crest of the opposite eminence. Cromwell, as Lieutenant-General of the Parliamentary Horse, commanded the right wing, composed chiefly of his own invincible Ironsides, supported, as was the practice in those days, by a stout and trusty *tertia** or two of foot. His extreme right, again, rested on an abrupt declivity and a succession of broken ground, which must effectually discomfit any attempt at turning his flank, whilst the downward slope in front of him, and the open nature of the plain, offered a tempting opportunity for one of those irresistible charges with which, when once *the pace is in them,* cavalry sweep all before them. Skill and experience had done their utmost to make the best of that position on the celebrated arena where the decisive struggle was fought out between the King and his Parliament.

To return to the humble actors in our drama. Effingham, commanding his trusty regiment of

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* Equivalent to a battalion.

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Pikes, was placed in support of Ireton's Horse on the left wing—a duty which his previous experience rendered peculiarly suitable to the old officer of Royalist cavalry. With a critical eye he reconnoitred the ground upon his flanks and front, taking advantage of a few wet ditches and a marshy surface to render his position less assailable by cavalry, and retiring somewhat to afford greater protection to Bartlett's waggon-train in his rear. He had scarcely made his arrangements, and was in the act of emptying his havresack of his frugal breakfast, when a horseman rode rapidly up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, pointed to the dark columns of the Parliamentarians deploying slowly into line along the crest of the acclivity on his right, and preparing to pour their masses with every advantage of ground into the plain.

'Brother,' exclaimed the horseman, 'the armies are gathering to the slaughter. Lo! the eagles are already hovering over the plain of Armageddon. Verily it is the day of the Lord.'

Effingham looked up astonished. The voice was that of Simeon, but the armed figure in buff and breastplate, and morion, sitting so soldier-like upon his horse, was a strange contrast to the preacher in his black gown and Geneva band, to whose exhortations he had himself listened patiently on the eve of battle the day before.

The divine marked his surprise with a grim smile. 'The harvest indeed is ripe,' said he, 'but the reapers are few, therefore have I, Simeon the persecuted, entreated permission of the man of destiny, even Cromwell, that I might this day cast in my lot with his men of war, and charge, brother, through and through the Amalekites in the front rank of his Ironsides! Horse and armour have been provided for me even as the ravens provided Elijah with food, yet lack I still a sword. I put not my trust in the arm of the flesh; but methinks, with a long straight basket-hilted blade of keen temper I could do somewhat to further the good work. Hast thou such an one by thee, to lend for an hour or so?'

Effingham could not help smiling as he sent a sergeant to the rear, where, amongst his baggage, such a weapon was indeed to be found. Pending its arrival the soldier-divine and the commandant of pikes, sharing their frugal meal, watched the movements of the enemy with an increasing interest.

Already the King's baggage and rearguard had taken up their position, just beyond the opposite eminence of Broad-moor, whence, though not a mile distant, the gradual rise of the ground prevented their discerning more than an occasional standard or the fluttering pennon of a lance. The plain between was still unoccupied; but gradually troop after troop of horse wound slowly into sight, extending themselves towards their proper right, where those green impervious hedges concealed the deadly musketeers, and supported by dark masses of infantry, above whose serried forest of shafts the steel pike-heads flashed dazzling in the morning sun.

'I can make out no guns,' observed Effingham, straining his eyes till they watered. 'And by the standard, I judge Charles himself occupies the centre. What a force of cavalry he must have: I can see them swarming by the young plantation on his far left. This will be a heavy day for England, Simeon!'

'Rather say a day of wrath and retribution for the ungodly,' replied the fanatic, poising and examining with a critical eye the heavy blade which had just been put in his hands. '"For this day shall the wine-press be trodden out, and blood shall come out of the wine-press, even to the horse bridles." Fare thee well, my brother! Lo! I gird my sword upon my thigh, and go my ways even into the forefront of the battle!'

As he spoke he set spurs to his charger, and galloping along the rear made the best of his way to where Cromwell was marshalling his cavalry on the extreme right. Effingham, gazing after his retreating figure, marvelled to note the warlike air and consummate horsemanship of the formidable divine.

He had little leisure to observe him, though, for a dropping fire

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flashing from the masking blackthorn hedge announced that the Royalist right was advancing, whilst the heavy 'boom' of Fairfax's ordnance proclaimed that ere long the action would be general along the whole line.

A few detached skirmishers dotting the plain, and reckless of the withering fire they sustained, dashed boldly out to clear the boundary hedge of its dangerous occupants, and succeeded so far as to drive the dismounted musketeers back upon their supports. Ireton, fearing a panic, which might endanger his whole left, ordered a brigade of cavalry to their assistance; and Rupert's eagle eye spying the flank movement at a glance, the Prince seized the opportunity, and advancing his whole wing at a gallop, gave the word to 'Charge!'

The Royalist trumpets ring out merrily as the best blood of man and horse in England comes sweeping down the slope. There is Rupert, with his short red cloak floating on the breeze, three horses' lengths in front of Britain's proudest chivalry, waving his sword above his head, and shouting 'God and Queen Mary;' 'For the King! for the King!' There is his brother Maurice, with calm, indomitable energy and stern knitted brows; ever and anon glancing warily behind him at the line of which, even at the moment of contact, he hopes to preserve the even regularity. There is gentle Northampton, like a Paladin of romance, with a hero's arm, a lion's heart, and a woman's smile upon his face. There is fierce Sir William Vaughan, grim and unmoved in the onset of battle as in the manœuvres of parade; and old Sir Giles, swaying so easily to the long regular stride of that good sorrel horse, the property of one who would fain have been on him now—his eye sparkling with delight and a cheerful smile curling his moustaches as he thinks of his pet brigade behind him, and chuckles to reflect how he will have the knaves through a stand of pikes yet; for he sees the grim steel-headed forest dark and lowering between the squadrons of the enemy. Every man has his favourite theory, and Sir Giles holds that cavalry properly led ought to break any infantry in the world. He is spurring to its demonstration even now.

Ireton is too good an officer not to rectify his mistake. He forms line like lightning, and advances to meet them; but the Royalists are irresistible, and although the hill is somewhat against them, those gallant horses fail not in their pace, and they ride down the wavering Roundheads with the very impetus of their charge.

In vain Ireton shouts and gesticulates and curses, Puritan though he be, both loud and deep. A pistol-shot disables his bridle arm, and a sabre-cut slashes his brave stern face. 'God with us!' gasps the General—for the rebels, too, have their battle-word—and he cleaves the last assailant to the brisket: but he is faint and exhausted, and his share of the battle is well nigh lost. Through and through the Roundhead horse ride the maddened Cavaliers, shouting, striking, spurring wildly on, every heart afire to follow to the death where the short red cloak flashes like a tongue of flame through the dust and smoke of the encounter.

But the torrent is checked—the tide is turned at last. Sir Giles Allonby, catching sight of Effingham's regiment, calm and immovable like a rock amongst the breakers, shouts to his men to follow him, and makes a furious dash at the enemy. Another voice, clear and full as a trumpet-blast, rings above the confusion of the *mêlée*.

'Steady, men!—form four deep! Advance your pikes!—stand to your pikes!' are the Colonel's confident orders; and the resolute veterans he commands know only too well that, if once broken, they have nothing to hope for. They have met Prince Rupert before: so they set their teeth and stand shoulder to shoulder, fierce and grim, like the old 'Die-hards' they are. The wet ditches and yielding nature of the ground, sapped by springs of running water, destroy the impetus of Sir Giles's charge, and the fiery old soldier can but reach his enemy at a trot. Nevertheless, so good is the sorrel, so resolute his rider, and so well backed up by a few of his gallant followers, that the

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old knight, striking madly right and left, forces his way completely through the front rank of the pikemen, and only finds himself unhorsed and bleeding in the very midst of the enemy, when it is too late to do aught but meet the death he has so long tempted, fearless and unshrinking, like a man.

A dozen pike-heads are flashing round the prostrate Cavalier; a dozen faces with the awful expression, not of anger, but of stern, pitiless hatred, are bending their brows and setting their teeth for the death-thrust, when Effingham's arm strikes up the weapons, and Effingham's voice interposes to the rescue.

'Quarter, my lads,' exclaims the colonel. 'For shame, men!—spare his grey head. He is my father!'

If ever falsehood counted to the credit side of man's account, surely this one did; and it speaks well for Effingham's control over his men and their affection to his person, that even at such an appeal they could spare a foe red-handed.

'Sir Giles,' whispered the Colonel, 'with me you are safe. Your wounds shall be looked to. You are my prisoner, but I will answer for your life with my own. We shall stand our ground here, I *think;*' then added in a louder tone to a sergeant, 'Catch that sorrel horse! 'Tis the best charger in England, and I would not aught should befal him for Humphrey's dear old sake!'

Sir Giles sat ruefully on the ground, and uttered not a word, for he was pondering deeply. He was wounded in two places, and the blood streamed down his white locks and beard, but of this he seemed utterly unconscious. At last he spoke, in the thoughtful tone of a man who balances the *pros* and *cons* of some knotty argument:—

'It was those wet ditches that did it,' quoth the old Cavalier, with a sigh. 'They broke our stride and so disordered us; otherwise, if we'd come in at a gallop, I still maintain we should have gone through!'

The check sustained by Sir Giles's brigade had meantime somewhat damped the success of the Royalist wing. Half the horses were blown, and from the very nature of cavalry it is impossible to sustain the efficiency of a charge for any lengthened period. Some horses tire sooner than others; men get excited and maddened; some go too far—others have had enough;—all separate. And that which, half a mile back, was an irresistible and well-ordered onset, becomes a mere aimless and undisciplined rush, like a scatter of beads when the string breaks.

Ere Rupert had reached the baggage under Naseby village, he found himself accompanied by scarce half his force. The baggage guard, entrenched behind their waggons, met him with a dropping fire. They presented a resolute and formidable front; the example of their comrades encouraged them to resistance, and their defences and position rendered them a dangerous enemy for blown and disordered cavalry to attack. The Prince summoned them to surrender.

From the centre of his fortress rose the grim reply, in Bartlett's loud fearless tones—

'God with us! Make ready, men, and fire a volley!'

A few Cavalier saddles were emptied. The Prince knew well that he had gone too far. With voice and gesture he strove to rally his followers, who had now got completely 'out of his hand;' and wheeling the small body that he could retain in his command rapidly along the eminence, he turned to see how fared the battle in the plain below.

Rupert was a thorough soldier. It needed no second glance to satisfy him that the day was indeed lost; and that all he could now do was to hasten back with his division on the centre, where the King himself commanded in person, and endeavour to cover that retreat which was fast degenerating into a rout.

The same courage, the same dash and mettle of man and horse, that had demoralized Prince Rupert's division, had, when tempered by discipline, crowned the Ironsides with victory. The future Protector, advancing his cavalry by alternate brigades, and retaining a strong reserve to turn the tide in the event of any unforeseen catastrophe, moved steadily upon the left wing of the enemy almost at the same

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moment that the corresponding onset of the Royalists sustained its first check from the grim resistance of Effingham's pikemen. Cromwell's thorough familiarity with cavalry manœuvres enabled him to take every advantage of the ground, and his leading squadrons came down upon Sir Marmaduke Langdale's division with the force and velocity of a torrent. Regardless of a withering volley from Carey's musketeers, placed in support of the Royalist cavalry, he drove the latter from their position, and their further movements being impeded and disordered by the nature of the ground into which he had forced them—a treacherous rabbit warren and a young plantation—they fell back in confusion upon their supports, consisting of two regiments of North-country horse, whom they carried with them to the rear, despite of the efforts and entreaties of the gallant Sir Marmaduke and the Yorkshire officers. Cromwell saw his advantage, but was not to be led away by the brilliancy of his success into a departure from those tactics which he had studied so long and so effectually. Despatching a less formidable brigade in pursuit, he kept the Ironsides well in hand; and perceiving an advance of the King's centre, already checked and disordered by the heavy fire of Fairfax's ordnance, let them loose upon the flank of the Royalists at the happy moment when their cavalry were wavering and their infantry deploying into line.

Now came the fiercest of the carnage. The famous 'Blue Regiments,' forming with Lord Bernard Stuart's Life Guards the flower of the King's cavalry, sustained the charge of the rebels with their usual devoted courage and gallantry. Half the noblest names in England were striking for their lives—ay, and more than that, their honour and their order, and their King! The gentle Norman blood was flowing free and fast, as it has ever flowed when deeds of chivalry and daring have been required; but the stubborn Saxon element was boiling too in the veins of many a stalwart freeman; and those iron-clad warriors, in their faith and their enthusiasm, and the flush of their success, were *not* to be denied. Hand to hand and steel to steel, it was the death-grapple of the war; and he who played his bold stake to win a kingdom on that ghastly board spared not his own person in the encounter. Wherever blows were going thickest, there was Cromwell's square form and waving arm; there was the eagle eye, the loud confident voice, the cool head, unmoved and resolute on the field as in the Council; while not a lance's length behind him, smiting like a blacksmith on the anvil, and pouring with every blow a prophet's malediction on the enemy he struck to earth, Simeon the persecuted took ample vengeance on the Royalists for the inhumanity of their Star Chamber and his own cruel mutilation.

Like all non-combatants, when his blood was really up he fought as madly as a Berserkar; and many a goodly warrior, many a practised swordsman, went down to rise no more before the sweeping arm and the deadly thrust of him who represented a teacher of that religion which has longsuffering for its foundation, and mercy for its crown.

And now the Ironsides are almost upon the King's centre, where, pale yet firm, the monarch rides in person, longing, for all his stately demeanour and enforced reserve, to strike in amongst the fray. With the one exception of his father, not a Stuart of the line ever shrank from personal danger; and had Charles's moral courage been equal to his physical, the grazier's son had not been now within a hundred paces, stretching with bloody grasp at his Crown.

A desperate rally is made by the Cavaliers, and Colonel St. George, recognising Cromwell, deals him such a sabre stroke on the helmet as knocks the morion from his head and leaves him bare and defenceless, but cool and courageous as ever. The effect upon his Ironsides is encouraging rather than the reverse; they believe him to be under the especial protection of Heaven, as they believe themselves to be the veritable saints that shall inherit the earth. A reversion they seem well content to fight for to the

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death; the enthusiastic Simeon perceives his plight, and bringing his horse alongside of him, unfastens his own helmet and forces it on his chief. In the hurry Cromwell places it reversed on his head, and thus armed, fights on more fiercely than before. Does no secret sympathy tell him he is battling over his very grave?—not to-day, bold unswerving man; not till thou hast fulfilled thy destiny, and, to use thine own language, hast 'purged the threshing-floor and trodden out the wine-press,' shalt thou lie down on Naseby Field to take thy rest!

In the dead of night, in secresy and apprehension, shall he be brought here again who was once more than a king; and the man who ruled for years the destinies of England shall be buried in shame and sorrow, like some obscure malefactor, on the spot where the grass grows thick and tangled, because of the crimson rain that fell so heavily on the field of his greatest victory.

And Simeon, bareheaded and maddened, fights fiercely on. His devotion costs him dear. The goodly headpiece would have saved him from that swinging sabre-stroke that lays open cheek and temple, and deluges neck and shoulder with the hot red stream. His arm flies aimlessly up, and the sword drops from his grasp. The battle swims before his eyes ere they seem to darken and fill with blood; he reels in his saddle; he is down amongst the wounded and the dying, and his horse gallops masterless out of the *mêlée*.

And now Charles sees with his own eyes that all is lost. His right is scattered and disordered. Rupert is returning with but the shattered remnants of his glorious force. His left is swept from the field and flying in hopeless confusion nearly to Leicester. His centre is broken and dismayed; his very baggage unprotected and at the mercy of the enemy. The blood of a king rises for the effort; he will put himself at the head of his reserve and make one desperate struggle for his crown, or die like a Stuart in his harness. He has drawn his royal sword, and waves his last devoted remnant on.

'Od's heart, sire!' exclaims the Scottish Earl of Carnewath; 'will ye go upon your death in an instant?' and turns the King's bridle out of the press. Degenerate earl! it was not thus thy steel-clad ancestor backed his father's great-grandsire at Flodden! But the deed is done! the King turns round; the rout becomes a flight, and, save the wounded and the dead, the helpless women and the dogged prisoners, not a Royalist is left upon the field.

Effingham's regiment of Pikes has ere this moved to the very centre of the plain. When Fairfax saw and seized the opportunity to advance his whole line, the Colonel moved with the rest of the infantry in support of a large cavalry reserve, and thus reached the spot the King had so recently quitted, where the fight had been deadliest and the carnage most severe. Marching in close column, and still keeping Sir Giles and the sorrel in the centre of his Pikes, Effingham took up a position where the dead lay thick in heaps, and at the spot from whence the track of the distant flight might be marked by the rising dust and the occasional shots fired by the pursuers, he placed Sir Giles once more upon his horse, and bade him escape in the confusion.

The old Cavalier grasped him heartily by the hand. 'I wouldn't have believed it of thee, lad,' said Sir Giles. 'I never thought much of thee after thou changed sides; but faith! thou'rt a good lad still, I see, though thou be'st on the winning side, and a murrain to it! Well, well, I've lived long enough when I've seen the coil of to-day. I wouldn't care to be there with many an honest fellow,' pointing to a heap of corpses, 'were't not for Grace's sake.'

'It is for Grace's sake,' answered Effingham, and squeezing him by the hand, bade him ride for his life.

Sir Giles turned his horse's head, but checked him for one last word. 'I think I could have broken in, too, lad, if I'd come up at a gallop,' said he, argumentatively.

In another minute he was striding away amongst pursuers and pursued over the plain.

A deep groan caused Effingham to start as he looked down. Simeon

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lay dying at his feet. 'Too late, my brother,' gasped the enthusiast, as the Colonel propped him on his knee, and strove to stanch the gaping death-wounds. 'Fare thee well, my brother: we meet no more on earth.' Then, faintly pushing away the flask George pressed to his lips, and pointing to a dying Cavalier, murmured, 'If thine enemy thirst give him drink;' and so, his features setting and darkening, his lips muttering faint words and texts of Scripture, in which George caught the accents of self-reproach and regret, and the awful emphasis of fear on the words, 'Whoso smiteth with the sword shall perish by the sword;' and 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' the soul of the enthusiast passed to its account. George stood and gazed upon the ghastly harvest gathered in on Naseby Field, and not for the first time a shudder of horror seemed to chill his very soul as the thought swept across it, 'Can this be true religion, after all?—the religion of peace on earth and good will amongst men?'

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE FJELD.

'AND so you mean to cross the Fjeld, and fish down the Tana? Well; no doubt you'll have plenty of sport, but you will be obliged to rough it.' Of course we should have to rough it; what else did we expect; what else had we brought our tent for, our elegant service of tin plates and pewter spoons, and all the wonders of that pocket museum, the camp-kettle—not to mention certain preparations of ineffable virtue from the repository of Fortnum and Mason.

We were about to undertake a journey on foot across the northern extremity of that high table-land which stretches in almost unbroken desolation through eleven degrees of latitude from Lindesnæs to the North Cape. Rumour had spoken of a great river, swarming with salmon of fabulous size, which rising in the central mountains of East Finmark, runs from south to north for some two hundred miles, forming the boundary between Norway and Russia, and finds its home at last in the twilight bosom of the Arctic Sea. A long way to go for salmon which would not, if caught, be carried home to England; an incredible journey, the end of which was the pleasure of flogging a river with line of treble gut. So reasoned the Norwegians, and we wrote them down a simple and inquisitive folk. People who continually offered to buy your shoes, to enter into a mercantile arrangement to deprive you of the whole of your stock of flies, to swop certain valuable native produce for your pet gun, could not be supposed, said we, to appreciate an Englishman's motives for travelling. We flattered ourselves we had high authority for thinking that 'Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,' and felt rather inclined to pity than able to enlighten the many inquirers why Englishmen are so fond of roving. But there are many things worth seeing and remembering between Christiansand and the North Cape for the naturalist, the geologist, and above all, for the artist and sportsman; in fact, for any except the mere lounger, who may more easily combine the advantages of foreign travel with the amenities of British civilization by a trip up the Rhine as far as Homburg or the Baths. It elevates one from a tourist to a traveller to have ventured beyond the orbit of Murray, and to have passed the limit of the Handbook-system in these days when no man can be a Columbus until balloons have become the common vehicles of locomotion.

The consolatory sentence quoted above, the sum of information we could glean concerning the route, was contributed at Bosekop, a station on the Alten Fjord, in which neighbourhood the roaming Briton is surprised and delighted after four days' sail within the Arctic circle to happen on a little colony of compatriots, most of them ardent disciples of the fly, who for several seasons past have rented the fishing of the Alten river. None of them,

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however, had been to the Tana, and little was known with certainty of that mysterious river. In fact, the Fjeld along the whole length of Norland and Finmark presents a barrier which effectually separates the Norsemen of the western coast, with its network of islands and inlets, from the inhabitants, mostly wandering Lapps, of those vast tracts which slope east and southwards to the Gulf of Bothnia. As there are no roads the travelling is done entirely in the winter, when the universal snow smooths over all inequalities, and enables the Finn to drive with his rein-deer and sledge to the several fairs and markets at which his fur-goods can be disposed of to the Norwegian and Russian merchants.

It was now near the end of July, and the weather was intensely hot. There are few things that give a ruder shock to one's geographical preconceptions than the climate of Finmark. That compact theory which would make it colder by regular stages the further you go from the equator, has much to answer for, in belying the genial spring and warm summer of this most distant province of Norway. We found fields of grass and grain, moors covered with a thick carpet of moss and berries, currants and strawberries growing untended in the woods, and wild flowers that might be the envy of many a sunny southern slope. The Fjords never freeze, except those to the eastward of Varanger, Vadsö being the last harbour that remains open all the winter, and on that account said to be greatly coveted by Russia. This mildness is attributed to the thawing influence of the Gulf Stream, which brings drift-wood and warm water from the Gulf of Mexico as far as the dreary strand of Spitzbergen.

The Finn guide, David—pray call it Dahveed, for the mincing meagreness of the English vowels would by no means give an adequate idea of his importance—had been waiting about the house several hours. He had been summoned the previous day from his summer retreat among the neighbouring mountains. A few pounds of smoked salmon, stowed away with some chips of rein-deer meat and a couple of black loaves in the capacious bosom of his dress, comprised his provision for the journey. He was a grotesque little fellow, between forty and fifty years old, with the swagger of a youthful giant, and clothed, after his kind, in a Pesk. This is a garment reaching to the knee, made of rein-deer skin, with the hair outside. It is put on by slipping it over the head, and then bound round the waist by a broad leather girdle, from which dangles a knife of all-work. When once on it is seldom taken off again, as it serves equally well for walking, sleeping, and driving; and although the accumulation of dirt and smell in a Pesk of advanced age is considerable, this is not looked upon as an unbearable evil by the uncivilized or natural man. A fur-rimmed cap, with a four-cornered baggy top of scarlet cloth, was thrust down upon his unkempt hair; his legs were encased in skin leggings, bald with use; and his feet were shod with kamargas. These are a kind of mocassin, turning up in a peak at the toe, constructed, as all the rest of the dress is, of rein-deer skin. Instead of stockings, the kamarga is stuffed with senegræs (*Nardus stricta*), which gives to each foot the appearance of a pudding in a bag, somewhat swelled in the boiling; but being warm and soft to the sole, they increase the endurance without retarding the pace of the itinerant Œdipus. They are fastened by gaily coloured bands, wound half a dozen times round the ankle, and terminating in a jaunty tassel. Among both Lapps and Finns the costume of the two sexes is alike, except that instead of the cushioned cap, the head of the female is adorned with a red cloth cap of tinsel border, fitting tight to the skull, tied beneath the chin, and surmounted by a curved crest, which gives it a resemblance to the helmet of Achilles. Knowing the sinister fame of the Fjeld-folk for sorcery, I propitiated our future leader by a bottle of pale ale, with which he seemed much softened, and continued afterwards to address me as 'dear man,' or 'dear friend,' especially when he had a favour to ask.

The rest of the force took a longer

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time to get ready. We had hired three horses to carry the baggage, and these had to be caught before they could be used. One required shoeing, an operation which he seemed inclined to resent. Like all other foreigners, the Norwegians consider two men necessary to the shoeing of one horse—the first to hold his foot, the second to hammer the nails, while six are not too many to look on. But the grand business of the day was the packing. The Norsemen are justly fond of their good-tempered active little ponies, and their tenderness to the animal is only exceeded by their clumsiness in loading him. A great parade was made of dividing the luggage into small parcels, of weighing them separately and collectively, and adjusting them with sage impartiality in the frames of open wicker-work which hung on each side of the horse's back. Yet after all, the most business-like of our packages was the pair of canvas saddle-bags which we had conveyed with us from England. The first beast of burden being declared ready, was launched accordingly, and within ten yards contrived to run foul of a stack of timber and successfully capsize his freight. I know he did it on purpose, and a far-sighted manœuvre it was, for on re-inspecting our stock and retrenching wherever it was possible—we had bound each other beforehand to a limited number of articles of clothing, there being a great temptation to smuggle in a white shirt or two—the vote was passed to have an additional horse. After a time the steed was caught, brought, and loaded, and about two in the afternoon we started with all our impedimenta. The train fell directly into Indian file or the *πρόβατα* fashion of marching, I and my comrade bringing up the rear.

The first two miles lay through a forest, whose roof protected us from the sun, while its long arcades were filled with the rich incense of fir and pine. Of these trees we do not find many further north, birch and willow being the only species that thrive in a higher latitude. On the left hand were spread out the shining levels of the Alten Fjord, alive with acres of sey or coal-fish, whose ranks were so crowded that they seemed to be pushing the topmost layer out of water. Above them hovered a perfect snowstorm of sea-birds, one of which would swoop down from time to time on the ill-starred fish, amid the screams and cheers and wrangling of its companions. As far as Alten Gaard, the residence of the Roman-catholic priest, there is a very good road which terminates abruptly in the river.

It was rather soon to unpack, but there was no help for it, as the slender barks, in shape between a canoe and a Shannon-cot, that lay drawn up on the beach, were not capable of carrying a horse. While the unloading went on, a Quain man and two damsels emerged from a neighbouring hut, one of whom ferried us across. Behind us we towed a couple of horses, sneezing and looking half frightened and half pleased at the fun: however, they made straight for the grass on landing, and began to eat as if the bath had whetted their appetite. A second boat brought David and the other quadrupeds, and two trips more landed the luggage. After leaving the river we entered a birch wood, and following the windings of a narrow path, reached a torrent spanned by a bridge of timber. A Norwegian cottage, with a mill, stood on the other side in a nook sheltered by overhanging rocks. This was the last sætter or outlying farmhouse, and being now about to leave the haunts of men, we gratefully accepted the hospitality of the Bonde's wife, who brought us milk and cakes and other delicacies. The cattle in the mean time were making the most of the halt, by cropping the rich grass and laying in a store for the journey. Refreshment over, the cases that would draggle were rearranged, the proper balance was restored between the ham on one side and the keg of biscuits on the other, and means taken to preserve unanimity between the camp-kettle and the powder magazine.

Amid cries of 'lykkelig reise,' 'pleasant journey to you,' from the family at the farm, we set out again, and commenced ascending at once. The path soon disappeared, and we had to make our way over stones of most inconvenient shape and size,

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cemented together with moss which concealed the most dangerous ankle-traps. Frequently large trees lay across our course, but after a time we conceived a just contempt for those phantom barricades, as we found that they generally crumbled like mummies at the touch. The tough live birches were a much greater annoyance, as they seldom let the loads go by without endeavouring to detain them, especially the boxes containing the fishing-rods, for which possibly they had a feeling of kindred. As we ascended the ground became more precipitous and the scenery more extensive. From one rocky brow we could trace the windings of the Tver Elv for many miles along a wooded valley from whence it first issued from the clefts of the hills. Beneath us on many levels still lakes lay glistening: on some of the nearer ones could be descried the wake of water-fowl, but at too great a distance to make out their species. Behind we saw the green strip through which we had climbed, the low lands about the mouth of the Alten which still looked provokingly near, the fir-clothed promontory ending at Elv bakken, and the Fjord stretching northwest by walls of rock and grey craggy headlands towards the open waters of the ocean. High above in the deep blue was poised an eagle, so motionless that he must have been making observations requiring the greatest nicety on the country which lay like a map beneath him. He was too far up for us to disturb his serene contemplation, and so we passed on. The trees now became more scattered, and winding around a cliff we came upon the first patch of snow. After the uphill work this was a most refreshing sight.

'Why shouldn't we have some iced punch?' exclaimed Harry, wiping his brow.

'Oh, by all means, if you can make it with snow, Irish.'

'I can easily get at the cognac, the lemons, and the sugar,' pursued my sanguine friend, 'and what more is wanted for a brew?'

The ingredients were produced and the beverage made, which proved excellent, and had none of the ill-effects that might have ensued from recklessly imbibing neat snow.

We had seen the last of the Western sea; we had scaled the barrier and entered on the lone region of the Fjeld. Viewed by imaginative dwellers in the low lands, this mountain rampart concealed a fairy land behind it. Mellowed by distance it seemed the wall of Paradise; but if so, I can venture to say the Eden lies not on the upper side. Fold upon fold of dreary brown moorland stretched away beneath a low sky before and around, until there seemed to be no end to it; and far, far away rose a line of blue hills streaked and capped with white, but never a tree, and the grass dry and reedy, lean blades that grew by sufferance. And this was really the chosen realm of Asathor and Odin, the home of Trolds and Elves and Ogres, and all the gruesome spectres named in the dark mythology of Scandinavia. They need have been of sterner mood than that other dynasty who boasted to be from Jove and had Olympian houses, albeit both alike showed a divine indifference to comfort and cultivation. Our trusty Finn, swinging along at his imperturbable three miles an hour, was a fitting Mercury to this land of fable. After all, it wasn't such bad travelling, and now that all was bare to the horizon, we could venture to stray a little in search of the ventriloquist plover that were calling from all quarters. After missing a couple, I began to join in the misgiving of the poet that they, like the cuckoo, were not indeed birds, but only a wandering voice: their wailing was sad enough for souls in pain; but the third shot reproved my scepticism and helped to make provision for the larder.

'How in the world do those Finn fellows find their way across these idle deserts?' I was tempted to ask on seeing our train wheeling off at a sharp angle without any perceptible reason.

'Well, the features of the landskip *are* somewhat monotonous,' said my companion, scanning the expanse. 'I suppose, however, they have some landmarks. Perhaps those great boulders to the right serve in the humble capacity of signposts: they don't appear to be useful for much else up here.'

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'I have read that the natives know by the lichen on the rocks which way the prevailing wind blows, and calculate the points of the compass from that,' said I, endeavouring to be philosophical.

'Don't you think it more likely,' said Harry, 'that living so near the North Pole they have imbibed some of the properties of the loadstone, and act as their own compasses?'

For fear of an argument I pretended to acquiesce in this crude theory, but nevertheless stole off to inspect the stones in question. They were masses of gneiss that suggested the friction of glaciers long ages ago, but gave no information with respect to the route. To my eyes the lichen on them grew anyhow. They might have been the Bauta Stone of some hero gone to Valhalla, but I looked in vain for any Rune on their blank faces.

'Holloa! there's one of the horses down,' said Harry, pointing to the group some quarter of a mile ahead; and sure enough Mustang, as they called him, had dropped under his load. I was filled with compassion at first, but seeing that there was a greener patch within a few hundred yards of the spot he had chosen for tumbling, and remembering his cunning at the start when his burden disagreed with him, I concluded at once that this was a mere ruse of the wily animal, who was quite as strong as the rest of his four-footed companions. As it was now nearly ten o'clock, we determined to halt and give him the benefit of his sagacity. The beasts were no sooner unloaded than they made off to the grassy bottom, through which ran a snow-born rivulet fringed with low willow bushes. David and his companions, two men and a boy attached to the horses, lost no time in producing their stores, which they ate on the bleak hill-side where the stoppage took place. Our preparations for the bivouac were more elaborate.

'Of course you'll go in for a hot supper,' suggested Harry, while we were lifting the saddle-bags off.

'With pleasure,' I replied; 'not that I see much fuel to cook it withal.'

'How, then, shall we prove our superiority over the barbarian?' said he, jealous of his attainments in the cooking art. 'If we can't have a warm collation in the wilderness, one might as well have been a born Finn. Besides, I perceive some old stumps of trees down in the hollow yonder.' Visions of a festive board instead of a passover of black bread and goats'-milk cheese devoured apart quickened our activity. We chose a snug spot near the brook, and collecting there a heap of heather and dry branches, soon had a bright blazing fire. The eatables were then produced—sausages, portable soup, and biscuits, and my ingenious friend was soon busy with a frying-pan, while I performed the less responsible office of stirring the soup. Our men, meanwhile, had thrown themselves, as their manner is, face downward on the ground, and with caps pulled down and collars pulled up, were endeavouring to get a comfortable nap. I was searching about lower down the hill for wood when I was recalled by the announcement, 'Supper is ready.' This cut short my foraging, and we were soon comfortably seated on our rugs beside the fire enjoying an excellent repast. Then followed a pipe and a long chat, of bygone scenes, and travels together in other lands; of old college friends scattered 'like leaves in wintry weather;' some in India, called by their fate to be 'competition Wallahs;' some lounging at home after a campaign in the Crimea; some, alas! still mouldering on that bleak Chersonese; and some who would well like to be with us now.

It was past midnight, the sun had set for us, but the clouds were still red. The attendants having been attracted by the fire were snoring within a few paces of us, and the concert was completed by the murmur of the brook, and the tinkling of the horses' bells as they grazed in the hollow below. Not feeling sleepy, I tried to sketch the scene. By the time I had finished, the cattle had grazed their way up to us; and the Finn, awakening from his slumbers, arose and shook himself, looked at the sky, and hinted that we might as well prepare to start. The horses were soon caught, and their different burdens assigned to them. Experience had taught us

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to put each thing into its proper place, so that the job did not take long this time. It was somewhat alarming to find that the arsenical soap which we had brought for the purpose of preserving bird-skins had escaped from its jar, and was endeavouring to become familiar with the compressed vegetables, but we relegated the sly poison to the other pannier before any mischief was done.

'Kjære Ven,' said David, who was proud of his Norwegian, 'dear friend, may we have "en leeten schnapps?"' 'Polite savage,' answered the dear friend, 'of course you shall, as the morning air is rather fresh, and it may do you good. Call the other men, and they shall have a nipper each.' The horn cup was brought out, and filled from the little keg with glass ends, which has been the puzzle of so many Norwegians during our travels. When it was discovered on board the steamer, the first impression always was that it was a telescope, and the inquirer would lift it to his eye. No remarkable optical result following, the experimentalist would turn his attention to the smell. 'Brandtviin,' beyond a doubt. On this discovery the theoretical would decide that it must be a spirit level; the practical part, that it contained something to drink. But the inevitable questions followed, 'How much does it cost? Will you sell it for an ort?' Having our own use for the barrel, and being, moreover, somewhat piqued at the offer of tenpence for what cost more than ten times as much, although one bidder was willing to throw a score of lucifer match boxes into the bargain, we were obliged to state that we were not in that line, in fact, not kjöbmænd or hucksters at all.

The Fjeld is not so black as they paint it, thought we, as we set off in the fresh morning to circumvent some ducks which we espied sailing about on a tarn some distance out of our line of march. The sun returned before the clouds had lost their glow—'the lights of sunset and of sunrise mixed in that brief night,' and as long as the air remained cool nothing could be more enjoyable. Presently, however, the effects of straggling, the want of sleep, and the sun's heat, began to tell, and instead of following the summer snipe and plover, we only accommodated them with a shot when they became more than ordinarily pressing, and stopped to drink at the water-courses more often than was consistent with brisk marching. By this means we lost sight of our company, and for an hour had to steer by guess. The country presented a succession of broad undulating hills, varied by swampy hollows and small lakes. The slopes were covered with a coarse vegetation, but the tops and high flats were guiltless of any kind of verdure. Sometimes we had to walk over plains floored with small sharp-edged stones, sometimes along miles of natural causeway, raised above the surrounding level, and ending in a most sudden and purposeless manner. The composition of these embankments was of doughy earth, that looked as if it had run, after the manner of the mortar tanks which masons make, and was only partially set. Innumerable stones and splinters of rock were stuck in it, like plums in a pudding, and the whole mass seemed to be in process of hardening. Altogether this vast plateau had a forlorn, naked, half-finished air. But nature could not be expected to clothe her work until it was completed, and this corner of the globe is likely to be postponed indefinitely; for before the ground has time to recover from the melting of last year, comes the snow again, and leaves it where it was before. To a tired tramper this kind of country is tedious, for he constantly expects a change of prospect from the next ridge, and having gained it, is constantly disappointed by seeing one precisely similar in front. It was with no slight pleasure that we descried from one of these heights our train, which had apparently come to a halt. We hastened on, and found them resting in a small valley containing a sprinkling of grass, which from a distance looked like a green cloth spread in the midst of the vast area of rein-deer moss. Our exultation was soon cut short. The mosquitoes, which hitherto had troubled us only by

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dozens, increased with the heat of the day to thousands. Every one in the vast host being his own trumpeter, the welkin resounded with their martial music. Veils, coat-collars, and gloves were an insufficient shield against these free lances. We exchanged our English shooting-boots for kamargas, as being more easy for walking, and by tying the ankle-bands over our trousers, endeavoured to prevent the tiny foe from crawling up our legs. Notwithstanding this they managed to pierce our knees and elbows through every covering, and crept up and down the seams of our gloves, probing each particular needle-hole with a tact and perseverance worthy of a better cause. How they contrive to subsist when there are no warm-blooded victims about, is a question for the schools of natural science. Nature certainly does not supply them with a human sacrifice every summer. With their fi, fe, fum, they soon smelt the blood of an Englishman, and relished it as an unusual dainty. The cannibals! The news of our coming was soon bruited abroad, and they gathered to the carnage from the heaven above and the earth beneath. We lighted a fire, but were driven from it by superiority of numbers, and unable to cook, retreated under our nets, content with the impromptu bread and cheese.

After a rest of six hours, during which we had very little sleep, we set out again. This stage was not a lively one. Ridge after ridge of monotonous waste—it seemed as if we had passed the confines of the habitable world, and strayed into an odd corner of chaos, adapted for nothing particular. Instead of the cheerful life and vegetation of the lower world, nothing throve in this realm of Beelzebub but venomous flies, and a leprous grey scurf of lichen coating the spongy ground and dead stones. We trudged grimly on, relieving our feelings at intervals by wallowing in a snow drift for the behoof of our persecutors. It was sufficiently irritating to behold the swarm rise up again after one of these sudden rolls, and fall into order as if they despised our clumsy stratagem, and continue to dog us like a ghastly shadow. Late in the day we came upon some broken ground, covered knee-high with a shrub resembling the gooseberry-bush of our native isle, but without thorns. This is the dwarf birch (*Betula nana*) which grows plentifully over the Fjeld, except in the desolate region which lies highest, and together with the willows which fringe the water-courses, provides food and covert for the Ryper or Norwegian ptarmigan. Descending through the green tangled mat woven by this plant, we descried our party stationed beside a river, in a meadow partially inclosed by a fence of slanting stakes. Many years ago—for the palisade was rotten now—it had been an encampment of nomad Finns, and the circle which they had enclosed was grown over with rich green grass. I left my companion behind laying great wait for a pair of Ger-falcons that were hovering about the place. He came up presently carrying the male bird; the other had made off: luckily it wasn't much cut about, and was therefore carefully put away for preserving. While I performed the duties of Caliban in getting fuel and making a fire, Harry was engaged in plucking a brace of plover, which, when neatly trussed on skewers whittled for the occasion, looked tempting enough. The harpies, however, drove us from our anticipated banquet, and all we could do for the present was to consume our tables, as Iulus did on a similar occasion. A portion of compressed vegetables was put into the saucepan and left to simmer over the fire while we tried to snatch a few hours' sleep. I may have dreamed, but I did not sleep a wink: the incessant worry had made me too feverish. I lay and watched the creatures with a painful fascination as they kept darting their long trunks down through every mesh, in the hope of reaching my face or hands. Grim little demons they were, with hump-backs and brown fur tippets, long ungraceful limbs, grey ringed trunks, and a malignant gleam in their eyes, the index of their fierce nature. About three in the morning, the hostile troops being benumbed with cold, if not less numerous, my com-

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panion called out from his lair, 'Dash, I vote we get up and make some breakfast; I can't sleep for these devils.' Dash signified his acquiescence, and both got up, replenished the fire, and with reckless hardihood proceeded with the cooking. The birds when served up looked like pictures, and with a good cup of tea had the double effect of raising our spirits and abating our appetites. The dry, unpromising mottled cake which we had put in water before the retreat, had increased to such a bulk as to fill the pot. The several plants had resumed their original shape, hue, and bouquet. Wrinkled beans, shrunk peas, and wizened carrots had swelled into the smooth circumference of lusty vegetablehood; celery stars dawned on the horizon of the pot, among the darker green of resuscitated cabbages. To complete the miracle, we disbursed a cupfull of the savoury mess to each of the attendants, and had still enough to satisfy our own wants. Thus recruited, and snatching a dip in the stream, we felt able to face the toils of the wilderness once more.

The sun rose behind a thick mist, and until he struggled through and the vapours disappeared we had a jovial time of it. The land continued to be rugged and uneven. Our eyes were refreshed by the shiny green of the dwarf birch, a pleasing exchange for desolation viewed through a stuffy veil, a medium which made every object look ominous and blue. In a basin high up between the hills we came upon a lake, of uncertain size from its further end being hidden by the mist. Among the rushes we discovered five ducks, and having free use of our arms and eyes during this truce we thought it a good opportunity of catering for the pot. I stole round to the other side, while Harry stationed himself so as to get them between us. They saw our approach, but being perfectly uneducated ducks swam about in perplexity without taking flight until I got within range, when I fired. Four got up, two of whom fell to the second barrel, the other two escaping. Patience supplied the want of a retriever. After waiting a quarter of an hour the wind and wave had drifted them to my feet. My friend meanwhile had gone forward to keep the guide in sight, and was telegraphing from a neighbouring eminence. In the rugged ravines, which alternated with tracts of bog where the tufted cotton rush had planted its small white flag, we found numberless plover. As these birds settled confidently and conspicuously on the summits of the stones, we seldom waited for them to get up, regarding them as provisions.

In the course of the morning we forded a river running southwards between two high stony banks. This would seem to be a tributary of the Karasjok, rising among the snowy peaks of Vouriez Dudder, a high mountain half way between Alten and Assibakti, which was our landmark during a great part of the journey. Judging from the multitude of names on the map, one might be seduced into believing this to be quite a cosy neighbourhood, with lots of society, with a town here and a village there, and a farmhouse a quarter of a mile off. But alas! on reaching our morning's horizon we find them to be mere names. The 'joks' and 'dudders' and 'javres' that so plentifully people the Fjeld are like the cities of the mirage—they subside into stream and lake and mountain. We were now more than sixty miles from any human habitation, looking east and west; but a traveller so disposed might have taken a line south, without meeting anything to remind him of men, other than an occasional Lapp establishment, for seven hundred miles. The Finns who live in the country N.E. of Tromsö and the Tornea, are quite distinct from the Lapps, although both are nomadic in their tastes. They are said to be an earlier immigration from the cradle of nations eastward of the Ural Mountains. The Lapps haunt the high land south of the Tornea, between Norway and Sweden, seldom descending below the level of the rein-deer moss, and range as far as Drontheim. The former are much finer men, with more energy and intellect, and where they have settled, chiefly near the mouths of the large salmon rivers, their log houses are more

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commodious and well kept than the exaggerated ant-hills in which the Lapp patriarch and his family delight to burrow. The rein-deer is to the Lapp what the pig is to the Irishman, only having no rent to pay they can afford the luxury of a carriage, which the rein-deer draws over the snow. The herd to which a Lapp family appertains numbers, on an average, three hundred head. In the summer season they wear velvet on their horns and change their coats, during which operation, being at the same time exposed to the attacks of our old acquaintances the mosquitoes, they look very seedy, and so do their masters—the Lapps, that is to say, who really spend their lives in waiting on the inferior animal. But in the winter, I am told, both master and man are as brisk as bees. In features the Finns are more like the Norwegians, while the Lapps have flat faces, diminutive figures, and Tartar eyes. They are accounted honest, although fond of silver ornaments and money, which they bury for safety, and forgetting in some cases to transmit the secret of its locality, they leave to their descendants a legacy of poverty and a tradition. The language of both races is kindred, probably the same, but disguised by differences of dialect and pronunciation. Both belong to the Turanian family of languages. The only books one meets with are the Propagation Society's Bibles, which those who can read interpret by the light of nature. The religious sect which claims them at present are the Lutherans, who have a church at Karasjok, where a priest resides during half the year. There is another Lutheran parish at Polmak on the Tana; but all the Finns Russian subjects belong to the Greek Church, their creed depending on their geography.

Among the patches of birch and juniper we shot some Ryper (*Tetrao lagopus*), the first we had seen. These were the Fjeld-ryper, which differ from the skov, or wood-ryper, in being grey with white wings, while the other species have white wings and bodies of a bright grouse-colour.

Through watching for some ducks on a large lake that we had to pass on the right, and having made a long detour to secure my booty, I was left behind by the rest of the party. I might have sojourned in that bad neighbourhood until the little vampires had sucked my body dry, if Harry had not considerately come back to look for me. After long wandering I thought I heard a whistle: that pipe never was piped by a bird. It was a long single note, which according to our code of signals, meant 'Where are you?' I replied in the same language, sinking the oxytone of interrogation, 'Here I am,' and made for the direction of the sound. Two notes invited me to 'Come here.' Three to 'hasten,' while a 'merry call with variations,' intimated that it was 'all right.'

The noon halt this day was on a slope covered with brushwood and coarse grass, among which peeped out here and there several little flowers that I scarcely hoped to greet in this remote region. There was the pretty blue gentian, the wild veronica, the white trientalis Europœa, and the branching saxifraga, all vying to make the most of their brief summer. Prickly plants are rarely met with in Norway, and gorse is known to have been hailed by the Swedish naturalist as a tender and beautiful exotic. Further north, in the valley through which the Tana runs over sand that sparkles like gold dust in the sun, we shall come upon many a fairy terrace, cushioned with rich wild thyme, and decked with hundreds of graceful harebells. In the course of the day four wild rein-deer were descried about a mile off—one of them a white one. They stood to gaze at our train winding down the hillside, but dissatisfied with our appearance they contemptuously tossed their heads and made off. We were not in a condition to follow them; indeed it would have taken very expert stalking to surprise these wild denizens of the Fjeld, considering the small amount of covert there was in the neighbourhood.

Acheron was the name we gave to the river by which we lay that night, not without a transparent classical allusion to the woes that await the luckless wight who is

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forced to dream a midsummer night upon its banks. Not that the river was black or otherwise infernal; on the contrary, the clearest water glided over its stony bed beneath a green sloping bank, whose upper parts were covered knee-high with birch. But it was so haunted by mosquitoes that I shudder to think of the bivouac there. However, we made a cup of tea, which is more refreshing than any other drink, and were then forced to retire, severely wounded. Necessity, the mother of invention, on this occasion gave birth to a small but commodious lodging. It united the roominess of a four-poster with the lightness of a tent-bed, and, best of all, was mosquito proof. Under a frame of sticks I arranged my tea things, encased myself in a night suit of waterproof to keep out the dews, laid down one of our miscellaneous parcels for a pillow, and having cast a mosquito net over all, made it taut with heavy stones at the sides. My tormentors, except the victims inside the fortress, all of whose heads I eventually punched, could do no further harm than hiss at me through the skylights of my many-windowed house. The besiegers were mustered in great force when I awoke, and all were absolutely delirious with anger at their exclusion. They closed on me as soon as I emerged in the grey of the morning. And therefore in haste we packed up, so dismayed that no word was said of breakfast; but sullenly, with muffled heads and gnashing of teeth, we got the beasts in motion and began to ascend. On the height a cool breeze came to our aid, and effectually thinned the enemy's ranks. Some precipitous ground that the horses could not cross gave us an opportunity of resting for half an hour, while David went forward to find an accessible route. This I employed in taking a bath in a rocky brook—no bad substitute for the matutinal tub, which languid young gentlemen were having iced when I left England. I fancied that immersion in cold water rendered the bites less irritable, besides being a more pleasant specific than tar, butter, lard, almond oil, or even glycerine.

'I suppose this is what they meant by roughing it,' grumbled Harry, breaking silence for the first time, in place of his wonted morning carol of 'La ci darem la mano,' or a pathetic 'addio' to Leonora, emulous of Giuglini.

'Yes. I can't conceive anything much more wearing,' said I in earnest; 'it's enough to make one's hair turn white. I wonder how long this style of worry is going to last. Of course they'll return to the charge as soon as the wind drops. I wish we were well off this wretched Fjeld. It must be better when we get down into the low country. If they are as thick on the river, we shall have to take to our boats and drop down to the sea as fast as we can, and leave the fish to the Finns.'

As David had said it was possible to reach the dwellings of his countrymen to-day, it was resolved to make a brief midday halt, and press on without loss of time. A fair stock of game was dangling from Romsdal's back, and we longed for an opportunity of cooking some of it. It wanted a day or two of the first of August, and most of the ryper got up singly; but as the broods generally were quite old enough to be weaned, we thought ourselves justified by circumstances in shooting the old birds. And now we began to speculate on the kind of night-quarters we were likely to get. Owing to the limited medium of communication between ourselves and David—Norsk being a foreign language to all three—it was difficult to make out with precision where we should eventually turn up. Karasjok we were bound for, and that was the first inhabited place we expected to reach. But the ingenious Finn, in a fit of etymology, starting from the premiss that 'jok' means a river, went on to explain that there were two Karasjoks, a summer residence and a winter one, while to tie the tangle, the name of Assibakti appeared on the Karasjok river in this quarter. A place with such a name did not promise much accommodation for man and beast, certainly no choice of hotels, and we made up our minds for a night in the bosom of a nomad family, being not averse to take the chance of domestic ver-

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min as the lesser of two evils. David, who felt like MacGregor when his foot was on his native heath, dwelt with patriotic complacency on the fact that this was Finmark—and here he pointed to the unproductive domains of his Ugrian ancestors—that there were no Norwegians here — that we should find a land flowing with oatmeal, flat bread (Finn cakes he called them), with sour milk, and butter, and might possibly procure boats for our projected expedition down to the sea.

During a long plod across a fenny tract, about the size of an average English county, I coached up some Finsk words from the guide, who seemed not a little proud to find himself in the position of a teacher. Eschewing the complimentary phrases of *Le Parleur* and the conversational manuals as formal, and omitting all introductory remarks on the weather as superfluous—the numerals as far as ten, yes, no, and three questions respecting the hire of a boat, composed the substance of this very elementary lecture. Mile after mile of flat was left behind while Vouriez Dudder seemed still to hang over our backs, and the mountain brink in front to become no nearer. At last, quite suddenly, we found ourselves on the top of a high bank fronting the east, and saw below us a string of lakes in the bosom of a wide valley, whose opposite side was covered with trees —actual trees—full-grown birches, Harry declared them to be, after a deliberate survey through his opera-glass. Passing down a gulley where the last patch of snow was fast melting into a clear brimming rivulet, we crossed a bog, forded a river, and entered the wood.

The exchange from the open country was but a dubious gain. In addition to our old enemies, who lounged along at our pace, as if locomotion cost them no effort, or insulted us by riding on our heads, backs, and shoulders, we had now to struggle through a closely-grown wood, with the usual obstacles of rough stones, scandalous roots, recoiling twigs, and opposing trunks. There was no longer any dearth of vegetation. The ground in most places was covered deep with a luxuriant undergrowth of dwarf birch, very pretty to the eye, but tiresome to wade through, while the moister spots produced besides bilberries, a crop of delicious moltebær, a fruit much used in Norway, both fresh and preserved. It is like a yellow mulberry growing among geranium leaves, and rejoices in the technical name of *Rubus chamæmorus*. From an open patch forming the bald crown of a hill, we discovered a lake enbosomed in the perpetual birch forests, by its shape and islands reminding one of Windermere. It was somewhere on this water, David informed us, that the Assibaktians were out on a fishing expedition, the village itself being left in the occupation of the women. This lake had a dull and sombre look, as if some ancient race slept an enchanted sleep beneath its dark waves. I should have expected to catch in it golden fish, who would immediately open a conversation with their captor, and proceed to detail the story of their wrongs, ending with a formal protest against the use of the frying-pan. This is, however, a mere fancy, not warranted by fact. If there had been anything uncanny about the mere, David would certainly have mentioned it. Passing the fresh spore of a bear, in a deep dell overgrown with björnebær and hemlock, which umbelliferous vegetable Bruin uses as a salad with his autumnal repast of raw cow, for I had lain out long nights on the watch for autumn bears too many times to be fooled again, we came upon the vestiges of a path. As we were incredulous at the first, so no sooner had we accepted the notion that it was a path, than we jumped to the conclusion that our march was finished. But this was equivalent to holloaing before you get out of the wood, which the concentrated wisdom of our ancestors solemnly warns us never to do. We had wedged our way down among the trees, until we stood on a cliff overhanging a river, which to our entire discomfiture was too deep to ford. After so much walking it went against the grain to turn back, but there was no other remedy, and up we scrambled again. David, who for once was evidently astray, now tried another tack; and the

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result was that about one quarter of an hour afterwards, we beheld our best horse floundering in a quagmire, and the tent, beds, gun-cases, and other articles wrecked among the spongy islands of that treacherous archipelago. It was enough to make a saint cry. I sat down with forced resignation, and wondered what deity would come to the rescue, and in what kind of machine. The sun blazing overhead infused fresh venom into the mosquitoes, who proceeded to take an ungenerous advantage of our position. The poor horses suffered most, on whom they clustered so thickly that a smart pat left the print of your hand marked in dead bodies. The boy was tugging at his hair, and weeping with an abandonment almost Oriental. His two compatriots, usually impassive as stones, were raised to angry abuse of each other, of the guide, of the path that was no path after all, and of the *slemme myg*,—the ill-behaved midges.

'Hard lines, mate,' exclaimed a muffled voice from behind. There was no denying this oracular assertion of the veiled prophet.

In the midst of this great strait I saw three creatures in an outlandish but picturesque dress bound from rock to rock until they stood at gaze about a dozen yards from us, when I perceived that they were two Finsk girls and a boy belonging to the tribe that were fishing in the lake, who had been attracted by the unwonted sound of voices. Standing in not ungraceful attitudes on the rock ledges, they looked like the quaint spirits that wait on Oberon, although a trifle more elvish and weird-like than the slim fairies who trip it among the pasteboard precipices of the Haymarket and Lyceum. David challenged them in his own sonorous dialect, and the forms answered with animated gestures and pointing of the hands. As I caught the wondering eye of one of them, I read that they were not malicious, and began to thank heaven for sending the good people to help us in our need. They pointed out the firm ground; the horses presently emerged, and we came down upon a fording place. Then the two girls skimmed off in a canoe across the lake, probably to announce to their friends the unexpected arrivals. Once safely over the river our attendants immediately unpacked, ate their meal, and turned over on their bellies to sleep.

'I don't vote we stop here, at any rate; what do you say, Harry?'

'Oh! I say go on; our bones would be picked clean in half an hour if we stayed here. The men can have their nap and follow with the baggage, and we'll make David lead us to the village. It can't be very much further.'

Three more hours passed, nevertheless, before we espied through an opening in the forest, in which tall pines had now taken the place of birches, the valley of the Karasjok lying below us. A broad river wound along between sandy islands and shelving banks, on its way to join the Anarjok, thence, under the name of Tana, to pour their mingled waters into the most easterly of the three great Fjords that indent the northern coast. For a long time we could discover no signs of human habitation. From the river to the rampart of cliff that bounded the valley on the eastern side, the limit of a still larger Fjeld, and up and down as far as the eye could reach, was one unbroken wood. Following David down the steep path, with more than voluntary agility, we came upon a meadow where a herd of cows were pasturing under the care of a brace of Finsk boys. A few hundred yards further on we reached a cluster of log-houses of a much more advanced style of architecture than the circular-vaulted houses of the Lapps. This was Assibakti. Karasjok Marken lay two Norsk miles further down the river. Besides the dwellings there were several outhouses, raised on stone foundations four feet above the ground, scaffolds supported on tall poles for stacking hay, and a crane of Titanic height for drawing water out of a well in the centre; the whole area of a few acres being separated from the surrounding forest by the national palisade of slanting stakes. The scene put one in mind of the Indian villages described by American novelists; the squaws and children left at home, the braves out fishing; while the cradles, like shortened canoes, in

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which babies were encased up to the eyes, the kamargas like mocassins, the knives, belts, and axes, might well have formed part of the household furniture of a Mohawk or Ojibbeway. In personal appearance the Finns of this district, with their long hair and moustaches, are not unlike the ancient Britons, according to the popular conception of our respected progenitors. But although of mixed morals, they are not a bloodthirsty race; they keep the majority of the ten commandments, and subsist mainly on fish.

The women gathered in a crowd around David, asking him a thousand questions about us. During a pause in the chattering, I inquired where we could lie until the baggage came up. He consulted an old woman, who, after a long parley, led us into the paddock, and pointed to one of the lofts for storing reindeer skins, of which she opened the door. We mounted the short ladder, put our guns inside, and crept in after them. But even in that dark vault the ubiquitous mosquitoes were already humming an exultant hymn over the anticipated feast. Although very tired, we were still more hungry, and I applied for some bread and milk. Presently a flat, shallow pail of the latter, and a huge disc of oatmeal bread, appeared, which we worried in silence. Two drains emptied the pail, and two more a second.

'Well, Harry, what's your opinion of our prospects now?' said I, as soon as my tongue was at leisure.

'I think that we're jolly well in for it,' replied he, 'and I begin to wish we'd never heard of the Tana. Here we are, unable to speak six words of the language, that howling wilderness behind, and two hundred miles between us and the sea.'

Certainly things were not looking up. David would depart as soon as he had received his pay, and we should be left to our own resources; we were not sure that we could get boats or men, and we firmly believed that not an inch of habitable space between Assibakti and the Nordkyn was free from the pestilent mosquitoes. We spread a couch of rein-deer skins upon the boards of our cage, and with these reflections we fell asleep.

I was startled back into the present by David's voice at the trapdoor, announcing that the horses were arrived, and we crawled out into the solemn half-light of the morning. The baggage lay in a dark heap on the river bank, with the men like sad ghosts crouching beside it. Feeling rather cold, we thought we might as well go into the house of our Finsk hostess, and setting aside the leathery smell that pervaded the place, we found them very comfortable quarters. We ventured to unveil, finding there were not many mosquitoes inside, and in five minutes we were quite at home in the Finn family circle, playing with infant savages, talking by signs, and imbibing hot coffee tempered with candied sugar and excellent cream. It was a log mansion, containing a single apartment, about twenty-five feet square, with a large stone chimney and fireplace in one corner. It was partially lighted by the flame of a wood-fire, which gradually revealed the recumbent forms of nine natives, differing in size, and I suppose also in age and gender. They were sleeping on couches of birch twigs, laid to the depth of a foot, in pens or stalls, partitioned off from the centre space by beams running along the floor, parallel with two sides of the apartment. Besides these there were astir to receive us an old grandmother and two young women, one with a baby. This they called an English baby, which I would fain suppose was a complimentary fiction in honour of us, on learning from David that we were Englishmen. In a similar strain of politeness or policy, they omitted no opportunity of abusing their Russian kinsfolk on the opposite side of the river. 'Slem Karl Russ,' said Amoot, who subsequently became our interpreter, 'Bad fellows, those Russians;' and then he would go on to ask questions about the war in the Krim.

We sat here a couple of hours, and had almost forgotten our annoyances past and to come, when four stalwart Finns entered. We greeted them with a nod, and the usual curt insular recognition of 'How d'ye do?' to which they replied by a stare. Their greeting with

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David was more *comme il faut.* Advancing each in turn, they stood with their right shoulder touching his left. The saluting pair then raised each an arm behind the other's back until it encircled his friend's waist; and during this mimic embrace they repeated the words 'Booris, Booris,' dwelling on the 'Boo' in a tone of affectionate sympathy. With these men we bargained that they should accompany us for a month down the river, with two boats. And so terminated our journey over the Fjeld.

J. Y. S.

SWORD AND GOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY LIVINGSTONE.'

CHAPTER XIII.

I AM almost ashamed to confess how deeply the scene she had witnessed affected Cecil Tresilyan. The exhibition of Keene's fierce temper ought certainly to have warned if it did not disgust her. She could only think—'It was for my sake that he was so angry; and he yielded to my first word.'

There is rather a heavy run just now against the 'physical force' doctrine. It seems to me that some of its opponents are somewhat hypercritical. For many, many years, romancists persisted in attributing to their principal heroes every point of bodily perfection and accomplishment; no one thought then of cavilling at such a well-understood and established type. That most fertile and meritorious of writers, for instance, Mr. G. P. R. James, invariably makes his *jeun premier* at least moderately athletic; so much so, that when he has the villain of the tale at his sword's-point, we feel a comfortable confidence that virtue will triumph as it deserves. As such a contingency is certain to occur twice or thrice in the course of the narrative, a nervous reader is spared much anxiety and trouble of mind by this satisfactory arrangement. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Modern refinement requires that the chief character shall be made interesting in spite of his being dwarfish, plain-featured, and a victim to pulmonary or some more prosaic disease. Clearly we are right. What is the use of advancing civilization if it does not correct our taste? What have we to do with the 'manners and customs of the English' in the eighteenth century, or with the fictions that beguiled our boyhood? Let our motto still be 'Forward;' we have pleasures of which our grandsires never dreamt, and inventions that they were inexcusable in ignoring. We are so great that we can afford to be generous. Let them sleep well, those honest but benighted Ancients, who went down to their graves unconscious of 'Aunt Sally,' and perhaps never properly appreciated *caviare!*

It is true that there are some writers—not the weakest—who still cling to the old-fashioned mould. Putting Lancelot and Amyas out of the question—I think I would sooner have 'stood up' to most heroes of romance than to sturdy Adam Bede. It can't be a question of religion or morality; for 'muscular *Christianity*' is the stock-sarcasm of the opposite party: it must be a question of good taste. Well, ancient Greece is supposed to have had some floating ideas on *that* subject; and she deified Strength. It is perfectly true, that to thrash a prize-fighter unnecessarily, is not a virtuous or glorious action; but I contend that the *capability* of doing so is an admirable and enviable attribute. There are grades of physical as well as of moral perfection; and, after all, the same Hand created both.

Have I been replying against the critics? *Absit omen!* They are more often right, I fear, than authors are willing to allow; for it *is* aggravating to have one's pet bits of pathos put between inverted commas for the world in general to make a mock at (we could hardly

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write them down without tears in our eyes), and to have our story condensed into a few clever pithy sentences (all in the present tense), till its weakness becomes painfully apparent. More than this, our candid friends are impalpable. Real life can furnish us with enough substantial opponents for us not to trouble ourselves about Junius. Neither in war nor love is it expedient to grasp at shadows. Ah! Mr. Reade, why were you not warned by Ixion?

One thing is certain: however sound your arguments in depreciation of personal prowess may be, you will never gain an unanimous feminine verdict. It must be an extraordinary exhibition of mental excellence that will really interest the generality of our sisters, for the moment, as deeply as a very ordinary feat of strength or skill. It is not that they cannot thoroughly appreciate rectitude of feeling, brilliancy of conversation, and distinguished talent; but remember the hackneyed quotation—

Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

If you want a proof of the correctness of Horace's opinion, go up to 'Lord's' this month, and watch the flutter among the fair spectators, just after a 'forward drive' over the Pavilion; or, better still, the next time the 'Grand Military' comes off at Warwick, mark the reception that the man who rides a winner will meet with in the Stand. Conventionality has done a good deal, but it has not refined away all the frank, impulsive woman-nature yet. The knights are dust, and their good swords rust; but dame and demoiselle are very much the same as they were in the old days, when the Queen of Scots could sing—

How they revelled thro' the summer night,
And by day made lanceshafts flee,
For Mary Beatoun, and Mary Seatoun,
And Mary Fleming, and me.

Will this long, and rather rash *tirade* in the least excuse Cecil Tresilyan? Of course not. My poor heroine! It was very unnecessary—that advertisement that she was not superior to the weaknesses of her sex; for it seems to me, with every chapter, she has been growing more fallible and frail. She was utterly incapable of being at all demonstrative or 'gushing;' but her preference for Royston Keene was now quite undisguised.

Mrs. Danvers was bitterly exasperated. It would be unjust to deny that she was greatly actuated by a sincere interest in her *ci-devant* pupil's welfare: but other feelings were at work.

It is very remarkable how a perfectly well-principled woman will connive at what she cannot approve, so long as she is taken unreservedly into confidence: but when once one secret is kept back, the danger of her antagonism begins: the magic draught that has lulled the vigilant Gryphon to sleep loses its potency; the guardian of the treasure awakes—more savage because conscious of a dereliction in duty—and woe to the Arimaspian! The cold, pale, chaste Moon comes forth from behind the cloud, determined to reveal every iota of transgression: no further chance of concealment here—*Reparat sua cornua Phœbe.*

So, to the utmost of her small powers, Bessie did endeavour to thwart and counteract the adversary. Her line was consistently plaintive. In season and out of season, she whined and wept profusely. This was the last resource of her simple strategy: when the enemy was getting too strong to be met in open field, she adopted the Dutch plan of opening the sluices and trying to drown him. It is painful to be obliged to state that the inundation did not greatly avail. As she had done from the first, Cecil declined to make any confidences, or indeed to discuss the question at all.

Mr. Fullarton, too, felt keenly the defection of a promising proselyte. Since that unfortunate afternoon, Miss Tresilyan had been perfectly civil, but always very cold; and he could not but be aware that he had lost ground then that he never could hope to regain. The divine must have been very desperate, when he ventured to attack that impracticable brother. It was not a judicious move; nor would any one

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have tried it who knew Dick Tresilyan. It was not only that he liked and admired Royston Keene, but he had a blind confidence in his sister that nothing on earth could disturb: the evidence of his own senses would not have affected it in the least. 'Whatever *she* does is right,' he thought; and he clung to that idea, as many other true believers will do to a creed that they cannot understand. So when the question was broached he was not very angry (for he did *more* than justice to the chaplain's sense of duty), but he stubbornly declined to enter upon it at all. Mr. Fullarton was so provoked that he was goaded into a taunt that he ought to have been ashamed of.

'Perhaps you are right,' he said; 'Major Keene is so formidable an adversary, that it is hardly safe to interfere with him.' (These 'men of peace'—*quand ils s'y prennent!* I believe the most exasperating man in England, at this moment, to be an influential Quaker.)

Dick Tresilyan took a long time (as was his wont) in finding out what was meant; when he did, even his limited intellect appreciated its bad taste and absurdity. A hundred sarcasms would not have disconcerted the Pastor so completely as his honest hearty laugh.

'Ah! you think I'm afraid of him? No—they don't breed cowards where I come from. I never heard that idea but once before: that was at the Truro fair. I wasn't in very good company, and they "planted" a big miner on me at last. He wanted me to wrestle, and when I wouldn't, he said—just what you did. But I remember all the others laughed at him. They know *us* in those parts, you see. He'd better have kept quiet; for though he puzzled me at first with a "back-trick" he had, I knew more than he did, and he got an awkward fall: I don't think he'll ever do a good day's work again.' He paused, and his brow darkened strangely, and all his face changed, till it resembled more closely than it had often done the portraits of some of the 'bitter, bad Tresilyans.' 'I suppose you mean well, Mr. Fullarton, but I'm not going to thank you. We can manage our affairs without your meddling; and if you're wise you'll leave us alone.' It will be seen that the chaplain did not take much by his motion.

Neither was Fanny Molyneux well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken lately. That poor little 'white witch' was really alarmed by the unruly character of the spirit that she had been anxious to raise: she did not know the proper formula for sending it back to its own place; and, if she had, the stubborn demon would only have mocked at her simple incantations. Though she loved Cecil dearly, she was too much in awe of her to venture upon remonstrance or warning; indeed, the few mild hints that she *did* throw out had not met with such success as to tempt her to follow them up. So she was, perforce, reduced to an unarmed neutrality.

Her husband was perhaps the most thoroughly uncomfortable of the party. He knew the circumstances and bearings of the question better than any one else, and would have sacrificed a good deal ('his right hand,' I believe, is the proper phrase) to have averted the probable result. But he had not sufficient strength of mind to take the decided measures that might have been of some avail; in fact, he had a vague idea, that to act on the offensive against his old comrade, would be unpardonable treachery. Arguing with the latter was simply absurd; for this reason, if for no other, that from the moment his feelings became really interested, no amount of diplomacy would have induced him to enter upon the subject. Harry went about with a miserable, helpless sense of complicity weighing him down, which was much aggravated by a few words which dropped one morning from Dick Tresilyan.

Dick had been dining *tête-à-tête* with Keene, on the previous evening, after a hard day's snipe shooting, and bore evident traces about him of a heavy night—a fact which he lost no time in alluding to, not without a certain pride, like the man in Congreve's play, who exults in having 'been drunk in excellent company.' 'We had a very big drink,' he said, confidentially, 'and the Major got more than his

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allowance. He didn't know what he was talking about at last; and he told me more of his affairs than most people know, I think: of course, I'm as safe as a church;' and Dick made a gallant but abortive attempt to wink with one of his swollen eyelids.

Molyneux shrank away from the speaker, with something very like a suppressed groan—he had heard *that* said before, and remembered what came of it. Credulity was as dangerous, when men thought Royston Keene had lost his head, as when women flattered themselves he had lost his heart.

Chapter XIV.

If you will be good enough to look back on the one Romance in which, like the rest of the world, you probably indulged yourself, you will remember, perhaps more distinctly than any other feature, the *presentiment* which haunted you from the very beginning. We were absurdly sanguine and hopeful in those days—full of chivalrous resolves and unlimited aspirations; but still the feeling would come back—if indeed it ever left us—that in the dim background there was difficulty and danger. We were not surprised when the small white speck rose out of the sea, and it needed no prophet to tell us then, that the heavens would soon be black with clouds, and that there would be a great rain (which indeed was the case, for there ensued a long continuance of wet weather; it was a very tearful season). Oddly enough, that same presentiment did not make us particularly melancholy or uncomfortable, but seemed rather to give a zest to our simple pleasures, relieving them from any tinge of sameness or insipidity. When the *dénouement* came we did not exactly see things in the same light certainly, and it took some time to settle thoroughly down into our present theory, that 'it was all for the best.'

It is the old story of Thomas the Rhymer over and over again (we were all Rhymers once). The lover knows that there is peril in the path, but not the less joyously he strides on by the side of the beautiful Queen. How sweetly they ring, the silver bells on the neck of the milk-white palfrey; not so sweetly though as her low, musical tones. So on they fare, till the world of realities is left far behind, and they find themselves at their journey's end. It is very happy, that year spent in Her kingdom; but so like a dream, that he does not appreciate its pleasures so well at the moment as he will in the weary after-years. Yet the waking came too soon. The sojourner had not half grown tired of his resting-place; the bloom has not faded on the wondrous fruits and flowers; the strangely sweet wine has not lost its savour, when it is time for him to be gone, for a dreadful whisper runs through the company that to-morrow the teind to Hell must be paid. Well, the black Tax-gatherer is baulked by a day, and the wanderer is back at Ercildoune again. Very dreary looks the grey, bare moorland. Do they call that foliage on the stunted fir-trees? It is only the ghost of a forest. The trim parterres have no beauty or fragrance for one that has lingered in more glorious gardens and plucked redder roses. Tabret and viol jangle harshly in the ears that have rioted in melodies made by fairy harpers. The village maidens may be comely, but they are somewhat clumsy withal; the earthen floor trembles under their feet when they lead their simple dances; very different from the steps that kept time to a wild, weird music, stirring but scarcely bending the grass blades. There is no colour in their flaxen locks, and little light in their pale-blue eyes; these will not bear comparison with the smooth braided tresses that glistened like blue-black serpents, or the glances that rained down liquid fire through the twilight of the forests of Elf-land. Slowly the discontented dreamer realizes the fact that the spell is still upon him—riveted when he stole that first fatal kiss in despite of his mistress' warning. Nothing is left for him now but to expiate his folly in the loneliness of the grey old tower, and to look forth, hoping to see the grass-green robe gleam again against the setting sun, and to hear the

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silver bells chime once more in the still evening air. Vain—worse than vain. With stiffened limbs and grizzled hair, we are not worth beguiling.

This is essentially a masculine illustration, and only applies to Cecil Tresilyan — thus far. She was sensible of the influence that strengthened its hold upon her every day, and did not now wish or try to resist it, but she grew proportionately doubtful and uneasy about the event. A feeling, very strange and new to one of a temperament like hers, began to creep over her now and then. At such times she owned that her eyes were the more eagerly and steadfastly fixed on the Present, because they did not dare to look into the Future. Yet, as far as she knew, there was no ground for much apprehension.

It is always so. Only when we are carrying something rare and precious do we appreciate the possible perils of the road. How much steeper the hills are now, how much deeper and darker the ravines, how much more frequent the crags that might so easily conceal a marauder, than when we passed them some months ago, chanting the reckless roundelay of the *vacuus viator*.

We said, you remember, before, that Miss Tresilyan had one subject of self-reproach, for which she had never gained her own absolution. The whispers that had never been quite silenced, began to make themselves heard unpleasantly often; and now they just hinted at—Retribution. As our poor Cecil must come to confession some time or another, it seems to me this is a convenient season.

At the country-house where she was spending Christmas, three years before the date of our story, she met Mark Waring. She knew his antecedents: how, when sudden troubles came upon his family, he gave up diplomacy, which he had entered upon, and took up the law —hating it cordially—simply because a fair opening was given him there of securing to his mother and sisters something better than bread. He never pretended to feel the slightest interest in his profession, but went on slaving at it resolutely and successfully. He made no merit of it, either; but always spoke, and I believe thought of it, as the merest matter of course—the right thing to do under the circumstance. There was a hardihood of principle about all this which Cecil rather admired; and his frank bold bearing, and simple straightforward way of putting thoughts that were worth listening to into terse, strong language, aided the first favourable impression. She determined to make Mark like her; and when she had a fancy of this kind she was apt to carry it out without much consideration for the comfort or convenience of the person destined to the experiment. She had no deliberate intention of doing anybody any harm; but those innocent little whims and projects of amusement do more mischief sometimes than the most systematic machinations of Devil-craft. Why, when you begin even to *write* a chapter, it is very difficult to say where it will end; when you begin to talk it or act it, it is harder still to prophesy aright. A character or a sentence, or an idea, which looked quite insignificant at first, assumes perfectly portentous dimensions and importance before we have done with it; so that the alternate effect is nearly as startling when realized as that produced by Alice's conjuration—

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand,
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand.

So while Cecil was drawing on Mark Waring to talk about his daily life—sympathizing with him about his hard distasteful work, and pitying his loneliness, she never guessed how her words were being branded, one by one, on the earnest steadfast heart, that her own lofty nature was not worthy to understand. In a week after their first meeting she had drawn from him all the love he had to give; and men of Mark Waring's mould can only find room for one love in a lifetime. Such characters are exceptional, fortunately: for they are very impracticable and difficult to get on with; and their antiquated notions are perpetually contrasting and conflicting with the established prejudices of polite and well-organized society—sometimes even checking

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the same, for an instant, in its easy conventional flow. They *wont* see that of all ways of spending time and thought, the most absurdly unprofitable is to waste them on a Memory. Yet—O mine excellent friend and cynical preceptor! to whom, for sage instruction, I owe a debt of gratitude that I never mean to repay—I beseech you, consort not too much with these misguided men. They are not likely to infect you with their pestilent doctrines and principles; but they may, in an unguarded moment, make you do violence to your favourite maxim—*Nil admirari.*

With all his strong commonsense, Mark was lamentably deficient in worldly wisdom. He never saw the obstacles that would have daunted others. Could anything be more improbable than that the most triumphant beauty of the season should seriously incline to share the long up-hill struggle of a rising barrister? Those dull Temple-chambers are lucky enough if the sun condescends to visit them at rare intervals in his journey westward. But Waring's own singleness of purpose beguiled him more effectually than the most inordinate vanity could have done. Putting character out of the question, he thought a woman could only derogate by allying herself to one of inferior birth; and he knew his own blood to be nearly equal to Miss Tresilyan's. He was right so far—if she had only loved him, she would have subscribed readily to every article of his simple, knightly creed. The last idea that entered his mind was, that she could have stooped so low as to trifle with him. It was the old mistake. We measure other people's feelings by the intensity of our own, and think it hard when we meet with disappointment. Yet a certain misgiving, that he did not like to analyse, kept him from bringing the question to an issue till the day before his departure. Then he told her frankly what his prospects were, and asked her to share them.

Now, 'the Refuser' was so used to seeing men commit themselves in this way on the very shortest notice, and without the faintest encouragement, that the situation had ceased to afford her much excitement: a proposal no more made her nervous, than file-firing does a thoroughly-broken charger. For once, however, she felt uncomfortable and vexed with herself, though she did not guess the extent of the harm she had done. Nothing could be kinder or gentler than her answer, but nothing could be more decisive. On the cold smooth rock there was not a cleft or a trailing weed for despair to cling to in its drowning agony. So the hope of Mark Waring's life went down there without a cry or a struggle—as it is fitting the hope of a strong heart should die—into the depths of the Great Sea that never will give up its dead.

The lover of the present day is rather a curious study immediately after he has encountered a defeat or disappointment. Sometimes the phase is a mild melancholy. I remember a case of this sort not very long ago. The reflections on things in general that flowed constantly from that man's lips for the space of about a fortnight, were incredible to those who knew him well. They were so calmly philosophic—so pleasantly ironical, without a tinge of bitterness—so frequently relieved by the flashes of keen humour—that to listen to them (the weather being intensely hot) was soothing and refreshing in the extreme. Everybody was sorry when he was consoled; for, since that time he has never made an observation worth recording. She was a very clever woman who reduced our friend to this abnormal state, though she grossly maltreated him; and from close association, some of her conversational talent, perhaps insensibly, had got into his constitution; but it could not thrive in such an uncongenial soil, where there was nothing to nourish it. Some men, again, take the reckless and boisterous line, plunging for awhile into all sorts of demoralization, with an evident contentment in having a fair excuse for the same in their disappointment. Certainly it is rather a luxurious state of things—to satisfy one's vengeance whilst gratifying one's appetites—and to know that people are saying all the time—'Poor Charlie! He's very

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much to be pitied. It's entirely Fanny Grey's fault. He is dreadfully altered since she behaved to him so shamefully.' Others—probably the majority—go for complete indifference; and succeed creditably on the whole. A few, *very* few, know that their happiness has got its death-wound, and are able to take it bravely and silently. It is of one of these last we are speaking.

Mark Waring was too honest to affect insensibility; he was not of the stuff out of which accomplished actors are made. He walked quickly to the window, that his face might not betray him, and did not turn round till he thought he had disciplined it thoroughly. It was but a half victory after all; for when Cecil met his eyes, her cheek became the paler of the two. She read there enough to make her wish that she could give up all her former triumphs, and undo this last success. She tried to tell him that she was deeply grieved and repentant; but the words would not come. Mark forgot his own sorrow when he saw large drops hanging ready to fall on the dark, long eyelashes.

'Pray do not distress yourself,' he said, quite steadily; 'such presumption as mine deserves harsher treatment than it has met with from you. You are not answerable for my extravagant self-delusions. I would ask you to forgive me for having been so precipitate—only I know, now, that if I had waited seven years, your answer would have been the same. Let us part in kindness; it will be very long before we meet again; but I do not think I shall forget you; and I hope you will remember me if you ever want a hand or head to carry out any one of your wishes or whims. It would make me very happy if I could so serve you. Now, good-bye. It is only going this afternoon instead of to-morrow. I must try and make up for lost time, too, by working a little harder.'

The smile that accompanied those last words haunted Cecil for many, many days. She knew already enough of Waring to be certain that he would never sink into maudlin sentimentality; it saddened her inexpressibly to fancy him—alone in his gloomy chambers, when the night was waning, chained to those crabbed law-papers from a dreary sense of duty, but without a hope or an interest to cheer him on: he had given up ambition long ago. (There are many clocks that keep time to a second, when their striking part is ruined utterly.) She felt angry, then and afterwards, that she could find no words to say the least appropriate or expressive: she held out her hand timidly, pleading for forgiveness with her eyes. He just touched it with his lips before he let it go. That kiss of peace was a more precious tribute than any of her hundred vassals had offered to the proud Tresilyan. So they parted.

Cecil's conscience was disagreeably uncompromising, and for a long time, declined to admit any valid excuse for the mischief she had done; but time and change are efficient anodynes; and her penance was nearly completed when she came to Dorade. Of late, however, the reproachful vision had presented itself oftener than ever. She realized more completely the pain that Mark Waring must have endured, as she guessed what would be the bitterness of her own feelings, if it should prove that she had mistaken Royston Keene. That sorrowful memory seemed to rise before her like a warning spectre, waving her back from the path she had begun to tread. Truly, Cecil Tresilyan *was* different from the generality of her sex; or, when her own heart was sorely imperilled, she would never have found time to think so often, and so regretfully, of one that she had broken. But, when a woman has once determined to set her whole fortunes on the turn of a die, where is the monitor that will teach her prudence or self-restraint? She will hardly be persuaded 'though one rose from the dead.'

Chapter XV.

Royston Keene had indeed good reason to augur ill of the ending of his love-dream: but it was in his nature always to walk straight on to the accomplishment of his pur-

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pose, overlooking the obstacles that lay between and the dangers that lay beyond. This partly accounted for his utter insensibility to ordinary inconveniences and annoyances. His own words to Molyneux one day, when the latter remarked on this peculiarity, though somewhat allegorical, expressed his theory and practice fairly: 'Hal, when we are travelling, we always remember where we change our large notes; but life is not long enough to recollect how the thalers and piastres go.' His companion thought this rather a brilliant illustration, especially as it squared with his own ideas of existence. But in reality, between the two men there was a marked distinction. A genial kindliness in the one, and a hard unscrupulous determination in the other, worked out nearly the same results.

Royston liked Cecil Tresilyan better than any woman he had ever seen, and he made up his mind to win her. It is more than doubtful if he took the probable consequences to either into consideration at all. Foot by foot he was gaining ground till he felt almost sure of success; but this confidence never made him for an instant less vigilant in watching the chances, less careful in scoring every point of the game. He had played it long enough to know these right well.

Yet to him, too, the Past brought its warning. He was rarely troubled or favoured with dreams; but one night was an exception to the rule. To understand it you must look back once more, and bear with me while we moralize yet again. *Excusez du peu.*

There is a regret that has power to move and torment the coldest Stoic that vegetates on earth: it comes when our own hand or act has slain the one living thing that loved us best of all. We may have done the deed unwittingly or unwillingly; we may have been unconscious of the love that was borne us till it was too late for acknowledgment; we may never in thought or word or act have injured our victim before that last wrong of the death-blow;—well for those who can plead so fair an excuse; yet even this, with all the rest, the inexorable Nemesis laughs to scorn. I wonder that poets and dramatists have not oftener selected this saddest theme. It may be true that the last murmur from the lips of the Llewellyn, when his life was ebbing away in the Pass of the Ambush, syllabled the name, not of wife or child or friend, but of a stanch wolf-hound; and perhaps tears less bitter have been shed over the graves of many exemplary Christians than those that sprinkled the turf under the birch-trees where Gelert was sleeping. It could not free the Ancient Mariner from the remorse that clung to him like a poisoned garment till it made him a 'world's wonder,' because, when he shot the albatross, he thought he was benefiting his fellows. Not less accusingly did the voices of the sea wail in the ears of the desolate Viking, because, when the bitter arrow went aside, he was fighting hard to save Oriana. Nothing could be more correct than the conduct of Virginius, or more creditable to a Roman Father; but when he harangued in the Forum in after days, I doubt if the commons thronged so densely, as to shut out from the demagogue a vision of fair hair dabbled in blood, gleaming awfully in the sunlight, and of dark-blue eyes turned upon him in a wondering horror till that look froze in them for evermore. I doubt if the cheers of his partisans were so noisy, as to drown the memory of a certain choked shivering moan: in the long, lonely winter nights at least, be sure those sights and sounds visited the Tribune's hearth, often enough to satisfy the savage spirit of the doomed Decemvir.

It was this remorse which had stricken Royston Keene sorely, even through his armour of proof, as he knelt, not very long ago, by the side of a death-bed. A woman lay there, scarcely past girlhood, and fair enough to have been the pride of any English household, as daughter or sister or wife. You shall not read unnecessarily an episode of sin and bitter sorrow, and of shame that was not less heavy to bear because the eyes of the world were blinded and saw it not. It is enough to say that the blood of Emily Carlyle was as certainly on her tempter's head as that of any one

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of those whom he had slain in open fight with shot or steel. This is what she answered when he asked her to forgive him: 'My own, I have forgiven you long ago! I could not help it if I would. I cannot reproach you either, for though I have tried hard to repent, I fear, if all were to come over again, I should not act more coldly or wisely. But listen! I know you will be able, if you choose it, to make others love you nearly as well as I have done—and you *will* choose it. Darling, promise me that, for my sake, you will spare *one*. I could die easier if I thought my intercession had saved another's soul, though I was so weak in guarding my own. It might help me too, perhaps—if anything can help me—where I am going.' Even Royston Keene shivered at the low terror-stricken whisper in which these last words were spoken. He gave the promise though, and remembered it occasionally till—the time for keeping it came.

The Major had been spending the evening with Cecil Tresilyan, making arrangements for a picnic that was to take place two days later. He had had a passage-of-arms or two with Mrs. Danvers, wherein that strong-principled, but weak-minded enthusiast had been utterly discomfited, and routed with great slaughter. Altogether it was very pleasant entertainment; and he went to his rest in a state of great contentment and satisfaction. He woke (or seemed to wake) with a sudden start and shudder; for he was aware of the presence of Something in the room, that was not there when he laid down.

Out of the black darkness a face slowly defined itself, bending over the pillow, and creeping close to his own—only a face—he could not distinguish even the outline of a figure. He knew it very well; and the eyes, too—but there was an upbraiding there that, while she lived, he had never seen in those of gentle Emily Carlyle; and a reproach came from the white lips, though they did not move to give it passage. 'All forgotten! I—the promise, too. And yet—I suffer—I suffer always.' The sad, pleading expression of the face and eyes vanished then; and a strange, pale glare, not like the moonlight, that seemed to come from within, lighted them up—fixed and rigid, yet eloquent, of unutterable agony: there, was written plainly the self-abhorrence of a heart conscious of the coils of the undying worm—the despair of a soul looking far into Futurity, yet seeing no end to the wrath to come. Then the darkness swallowed up all; and, before Keene thoroughly roused himself—with a smothered cry—he knew that he was alone again.

A cold dew lingered on the dreamer's forehead, as if a breath from beyond the grave had lately passed over it; but terror was not the predominating feeling. He had ruled that timid, trusting girl, too long and too imperiously, to quail before her disembodied spirit. But a strange sadness overcame him as he pondered upon all that she had endured—and might still be enduring—for his sake: a glimmer of something like generosity and compassion flickered for a brief space over the surface of the cast-steel heart. He rose, and leant out into the steady, outer moonlight, musing for several minutes, and then began muttering aloud. 'It would be as well to clear off one debt at least. I did pass my word. She deserves this sacrifice, if it were only for never complaining: let her have her way. By G—d, I'll go off to-morrow evening; and I'll tell Cecil so, as soon as I can see her. Bah! what is a man worth if he cannot forget? Besides, I don't know ——' The rest of his doubts and scruples he confessed—not even to the stars.

Climate has a great deal to answer for. A sudden tempest, or an opportune mist, has turned the scale of more battles than some of the most successful generals would have liked to own. If the next morning had broken sullenly, things might have gone far otherwise. But it was one of those brilliant days that make even the invalids not regret, for the moment, that they have given up all English comforts and home-pleasures, for the off-chance of wringing another month or two of life out of the wreck of their constitution. Everything looked

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bright and in holiday-guise, from the wreaths of ivy glistening on the brows of the shattered old castle, down to the ἀνηρίθμον γελάσμα of the turquoise-sea. Under the circumstances, it was very unlikely that Royston would keep to his virtuous resolutions. The first half of them he carried out perfectly: he did go straight to Cecil Tresilyan, and tell her of his intentions to depart. She did not betray much of her disappointment or surprise; but she argued with so fascinating a casuistry against the necessity of such a sudden step, that it was no wonder if she soon convinced her hearer of the propriety of, at least, delaying it. In a case like this an excuse of 'urgent private affairs' that would suffice for the most rigid martinet that ever tyrannized over a district or a division, sounds absurdly trivial and insincere. When a proud beauty does condescend to plead, a man who really cares for her must be very peculiarly constituted, if he remains constant in denial.

The vision of the night had faded away already. Those poor ghosts! They have no chance—the mystics say—against embodied spirits, if the latter only keep up their courage, and choose to assert their supremacy. Besides, they must, perforce, fly before the dawn. And what dawn was ever so bright as The Tresilyan's smile, when she guessed from Royston's face, without his speaking, that she had won the day?

So the picnic came off according to the arrangement. The weather and everything else looked so promising, that even the vinegar in Bessie Danvers' composition, was acidulated; and, when Keene greeted her at the place of *rendezvous*, she favoured him with just such a smile as one of the grim Puritan dames, in a rare interval of courtesy, may have granted to Claverhouse or Montrose—the right of reprobation being reserved. It is greatly to be feared that the Malignant did not appreciate the condescension: his attention was so entirely taken up in another quarter.

Cecil Tresilyan was perfectly dazzling in the splendour and insolence of her beauty: the calm self-possession that usually distinguished her, seemed changed into almost reckless high spirits: even her dress betrayed a certain intention of coquetry; and her splendid violet eyes flashed ever and anon with a mischievously mutinous expression, that made their glance a challenge. Such a frame of mind the Scotch describe, when they speak of a person being 'fey,' holding it to be a sure presage of impending disaster.

O guileless maidens! be warned, and trust not to attractive appearances. Lo! there is not a cloud in the sky that smiles over the Nysian vale; all round the roses and lilies are blooming, till the air is faint with their perfume; merry and musical rings the laugh of Persephone, as she goes forth with her comrades a-Maying: but worse things than serpents lurk beneath the waving grass. We, who have read the ancient legend, listen already for the roll of the nether thunder: we know that, in another minute, the earth will disgorge Aïdoneus, the smart ravisher, with his iron chariot: then will come a struggle of the dove in the clutch of the falcon—a cry for help drowned in a hoarse growl of triumph—shrieks and wild disorder amongst the flying nymphs: but the loveliest of the land will rejoin them never any more. Demēter (like other careful chaperones), when she is most wanted is far away, tending her corn-lands or revelling in the odours of sacrifice. Finding her after long baffled search, she will hardly recognise her innocent child in the pale Queen of Shades, that seems worthy of her awful throne far-gleaming through the leaden twilight: the little hand that used to weave garlands so deftly, sways the golden sceptre right royally; but the deep, solemn eyes have forgotten how to smile. She who once wept bitterly over her pet-bird when it died, listens, unmoved, to the clank of Megæra's scourge, and to the wail of a million spirits in torment. Her beauty is more magnificent than ever; but it is tinged with the austere and dreary majesty that befits the consort of the King of Hell. Ah, woeful mother! desist from intercession, and dry those

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unavailing tears: it is too late now to tempt her to follow you, even if Hades will let its empress depart for a season: the pure, natural fruits of your upper earth have lost all savour for the lips that once have tasted the fatal pomegranate.

Mr. Fullarton and his family completed the party, which was confined to the Molyneux's set. The Chaplain was strangely nervous, fussy, and important: it seemed as if the possession of some weighty secret that he was eager, yet afraid, to divulge, had disturbed his phlegmatic complacency. He took the first opportunity of beseeching Miss Tresilyan to be allowed to act as her escort: it was customary on all these expeditions that each dame and demoiselle, besides the professional muleteer, should be attended by at least one 'dismounted skirmisher.' Cecil was rather puzzled by the petition, and by the earnest way in which it was preferred; but she was too happy to deny anybody anything just then; besides which she felt conscious of having visited her Pastor of late with a certain amount of neglect, not to say contumely. So she consented, graciously; but the sidelong glance at Keene, asking for his sympathy, did not escape her reverend cavalier.

It was evident that Mr. Fullarton had something on his mind that he intended to impart to his companion; but it was equally clear that he did not see his way to the confidence. The path turned abruptly across the line of hills; and while he was hesitating and looking about for a fair opening, it got so steep and rugged that it soon left him no breath for the disclosure. Before they had gone half a league the divine was decidedly in difficulties; he rolled hither and thither, panting painfully, like one who has already endured all the burden and heat of the day. Still he clung obstinately to Cecil's bridle-rein, rather assisted than assisting, till they reached a point where the road resembled greatly a flight of garret stairs, without any regularity in the steps thereof. The mule and its leader stumbled together; the former recovered itself cleverly after the fashion of its kind; but such a *tour de force* far exceeded the exhausted energies of the pursy pastor. He was fairly 'down upon his head.'

Since the cavalcade started, Major Keene had not attempted to disturb the order of march; at first he walked by the side of Fanny Molyneux, and did his best to amuse her; when the path became too narrow for three abreast, he resigned the charge to Harry (who never, willingly, when *en voyage*, abdicated the charge of his *mignonne*), and went on by himself, just in the rear of Miss Tresilyan and her clerical escort. He presented, in truth, a striking contrast to that over-tasked pedestrian — going, easily, within himself, without a quickened breath, or a bead of moisture on his forehead. *Shikari* of the Upper Himalayas, gillies of Perthshire and the Western Highlands, chamois-hunters of the Tyrol, and guides of Chamounix or Courmayeur, could all have told tales of that long, slashing stride, to which hill or dale, rough or smooth, never came amiss; before which even the weary German miles were swallowed up like furlongs. He sprang quickly forward when he saw the mishap of his front rank; Miss Tresilyan was quite safe, so he only gave her a smile in passing, and then raised the fallen ecclesiastic, with a studied and ostentatious tenderness that would have aggravated a saint.

'I hope you are not severely hurt, Mr. Fullarton? You really should be less rash in over exciting yourself. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is—somewhat "short of work." May I relieve you of your responsibility till you have recovered your wind?'

In spite of his own sacred character, and the proprieties of time and place, had Keene been weak and of small stature, it is within the bounds of possibility that the Pastor might have assaulted him, there and then.

If it had not been for that unfortunate sense of the ridiculous which was perpetually offering temptations to Miss Tresilyan, she would have undoubtedly on this occasion espoused the losing side; but she exhausted all her powers of self-control in expressing (with decent gravity) her sorrow, that her guide should have come to grief in her

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service. She had none left wherewith to concoct a rebuke for the Cool Captain. Considering the circumstances, Mr. Fullarton's laugh, and attempt at a jest on his own discomfiture, did him infinite credit. With the smothered expression that half escaped his lips as he fell to the rear, the chronicler has no earthly concern.

As the other two moved onwards, Royston spoke, his dark eyes glittering scornfully—

'I wonder if women will ever get tired of deriding us, or we of ministering to their amusement? It must have been a great satisfaction to Anne of Austria to see Richelieu dance that saraband. (But Mazarin paid her off for it. I am very glad that the Cardinal was avenged by the *charlatan*). Now, how could you allow the Shepherd to be so rash? Consider that he has a large and increasing family totally dependent on him for support. If I were Mrs. Fullarton, I would bring an action against you. It is a necessity that his successor should quote *something*; and he really did bring to my mind the description of the White Bull of Duncraggan, who started up-hill so vigorously—

But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikemen's goad,
And when we came to Dennan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow.'

'I shouldn't like to be the child, though,' he added, meditatively, with a backward glance at the object of his remarks, who indeed did present a very 'dissolving view.'

The tone and manner of his speaking showed how much, within the last few weeks, the relations of the two had altered: the scale was already wavering, and ere long might be foretold a change in the balance of power.

His beautiful companion shook her head till the soft curling plumes that nestled round her hat danced again; but the effect of the reproving gesture was quite spoilt by the laugh that followed it, suppressed though clear as a silver bell.

'I will not be made an accomplice in your irreverent comparisons; I don't admit the resemblance; if there were one, it was too bad of "the pikemen" not to be more considerate. You always try to impute malicious motives to the most innocent. How could I guess that Mr. Fullarton would suffer so for his devotion to my interests? I will give you back your quotation in kind. See! if I were as mischievous as you insinuate—

My loss may pay my folly's tax;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe.'

The ivory handle of her parasol (the same that had been rescued from Duchésne) chanced to be entangled in the bridle when the mule stumbled, and the jerk snapped the frail shaft in two. Keene took the fragment from her, and looked at it for an instant.

'Poor thing!' he said compassionately; 'so it was fated to be short-lived? It was hardly worth while saving it from the wrath of the sinner, if it was to be sacrificed so soon to the awkwardness of the saint.'

'Not at all,' Cecil replied. 'It was my fault, for being so heedless. But I cannot afford another misadventure to-day. Will you take great care of me?'

Her soft caressing tones thrilled through Royston's veins till the blood mounted to his forehead; but he made no answer in words, only looking up earnestly into her face with his rare smile.

I have tried throughout to avoid inflicting on you a dialogue that does not bear in some way on the incidents of our tale; on this principle we will not record the conversation that occupied those two till they reached the crown of the pass. It was probably interesting to *them*, for it was long before either forgot a word that was spoken. But the imagination or the memory of the reader will doubtless fill up a better fancy-sketch than the one omitted here.

There was a general halt on the brow of the hill. Indeed the view was worth a pause. From below their feet the tract of low woodland rolled right down to the edge of the sea, like a broad tossing river, swelling into great billows of grey, or dark green, where the taller olives or fir-trees grew, and broken here and there with islets of many-coloured stone. With the rest, came up the Chaplain, who had recovered

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by this time his breath, and, to a certain extent, his equanimity. While the others stood silent, he saw one of those openings for improving the occasion professionally of which he was ever so ready to avail himself. So, casting his hand abroad theatrically, he declaimed,

How glorious are thy works, Parent of Good!

The words came oozing out in the oiliest of his unctuous tones; and the elocutionist's expansive glance fell first on the landscape patronizingly, then on the bystanders encouragingly. It was as though he said, 'You may fall to, and admire now. I have asked a blessing.' Nothing more occurred worthy of note till they reached their destination in safety.

Of course, 'there never was such a place for a picnic;' but, as that has been said of about three hundred different spots in every civilized country of Europe, it is certainly not worth while describing this particular one. The luncheon went on very much as such things always do when the arrangements are perfect, the commissariat unexceptionable, and the guests hungry and happy.

Mr. Fullarton, however, applied himself so assiduously to champagne-cup that his sober-minded helpmate (the only person who took much notice of his proceedings) was filled with an uncomfortable wonder. At last, during a pause in the general conversation, he addressed Royston abruptly — there was a strange huskiness in his voice, and his lower lip kept trembling—

'I heard from Naples this morning. My friend mentions having met Mrs. Keene there.'

The Major looked up at the speaker with the cool, indifferent glance that had often irritated him. 'Indeed! I was not aware that my mother had got so far south yet. She wrote last from Rome.' The other tossed off his glass with an unsteady hand, and set it down sharply. 'I never heard of your mother, sir,' he said; 'I was speaking of—*your wife*.'

ALISON'S 'HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1815 TO 1852.'*

In one of the Colloquies of Erasmus an inquiring youth holds converse with Echo, who, in spite of her limited vocabulary, replies with the most pithy and pungent wit. When the student exclaims 'Decem annos jam trivi in legendo Cicer*one*,'—'I have spent ten years in reading Cicero'—the tail of his own sentence ("Ονε, Ass!) conveys the rebuke due to such misguided zeal. Had the ingenious Hollander belonged to our own times, he might have been tempted to substitute Alisone for Cicerone, thereby stigmatizing with richly-deserved contempt the folly of a generation which has bought and admired the work we propose to discuss.

From Cicero and Erasmus to Sir A. Alison is a transition which, if not altogether free from *bathos*, is yet excusable, seeing that the Scotchman, viewed from a certain point, is the greatest writer of the present day. For on no other of his contemporaries has the British pocket rained such a Danaë shower of nuggets—to none has the British gentleman so joyfully opened his library-shelves—to none has the British ear lent itself with so much patience and so much faith. By the ignorant and unthinking many—with whom success is the sole measure of merit—these will be hailed as suicidal admissions for a hostile advocate, who, in truth, can make but idle pleading in a court where facts are not evidence, and prejudice alone is proof—where no argument is so potent as a Grub-street invoice—where, if once an 'intelligent public' can be shown to have absorbed so many tons of the debated book, criticism, like the wolf baying at the moon, may howl itself at leisure into ineffectual bronchitis.

* *History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon, in* 1815, *to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in* 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L. Eight volumes. Octavo. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1854—59.

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But such is not the court before which we desire to protest against one of the greatest scandals that has ever disgraced any literature and language. Our appeal is to those who love to *reflect*, and are not content to *repeat*, and who dare to despise the noise of vulgar applause. With them, unless our optimism deceive us, the popularity of a great literary name will often breed suspicion rather than trust, and raise the presumption that the favoured one is neither prophet of wisdom nor teacher of truth. And they may, perhaps, be led to inquire whether the golden opinions so cheaply gained be other than sympathies of the baser sort, won from the weakness, ignorance, and folly of the age; whether, to the majority of minds, there be any unction so flattering as habitual staleness in thought tricked out with casual felicity of expression: whether, in short, a better appreciation of the stupid, the mediocre, and the deformed, might not help to the understanding of that law, hitherto so mysterious for us, which sends to a *Course of Time* more readers than to a *Faery Queen*, to a *Proverbial Philosophy* more buyers than to an *In Memoriam*, to a Talking Fish more visitors than to Raphael's cartoons.

But here the avenues of doubt open out on every side, and there are still curious questions in reserve—as, for instance, when the public pet has printed his thousands and his tens of thousands, are these wagon-loads of *pabulum* actually assimilated so as to come to form part and parcel of the mental tissues? *or* are they stored in a spare Mudie-stomach for future rumination, and even for future vomit? Also, what diagnosis of the state of public digestion is hence to be inferred? Is the general demand a natural appetite, or a diseased craving for impure food, or a fictitious hunger stimulated by well advised puffing?

Of that offensive *analogue* of the dirt and pebbles which the judicious hen introduces into her gizzard, therewith grinding down matters otherwise unmanageable for her—of the functions and effects, we say, of *puffing*, there is an exhaustive analysis by Lord Macaulay in his review of the poems of Mr. Satan Montgomery. From the warnings there conveyed Sir A. Alison has not profited, since, as may be seen by whoever will consult the advertisements, he allows his nurses to swaddle him in eulogies which would be fulsome if applied to the greatest and wisest of his contemporaries. It pains us to find an author so careless of his own dignity as to consent that his works shall be served up after the manner of a quack nostrum; for though we hold Sir A. Alison's capacity and performance somewhat cheap, we certainly do rate it higher than a box of Parr's Life Pills or a bottle of Rowland's Macassar Oil.

Of such puffs characteristic specimens shall be forthcoming in the proper place; what concerns us next is suggested by a remark of a great writer: 'In all my poor historical investigations,' says Carlyle, 'it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after.'* In obedience to this hint we have collated a Regent-street photograph of Sir A. Alison, with an engraved bust prefixed to one of the editions of his former *History*, and of his physical appearance we are bound to make most favourable mention. As our path must henceforth lie far enough from the flowers of compliment, we gladly indulge in this small amenity, to which, let us add, that such features, form, and presence by no means assist us to realize Sir A. Alison's favourite nightmare of the downfall of England and the degeneracy of her sons.

Extraneous sources tell us little more of this historian than of the authors of the Homeric poems or the *Nibelungen Lied*. He has, however, his 'periods of disturbance,' as when, by an inscrutable provision of the Tories, he is raised to the dignity of the Bloody Hand; or when, *haud præter solitum*, the inevitable appeal from

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iv. p. 330.

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some magisterial decision of his involves the Scottish law courts in an inextricable puzzle; or when, tempering the blow to the shorn lamb, he defends the ill-used directors of an Edinburgh and Glasgow bank, and crushes the paltry pleas of the beggarly and impatient shareholders. Fortunately for us, the present work affords intrinsic evidence on the author's relations to the men and events of his time. He has access to 'gilded saloons;' for 'the Earl of W——, then Lord B.'* has been at Possil House, 'the Duke of N——' has given useful information, and '*Two* ladies of high rank' have supplied an anecdote of Lamartine. In his acquaintance with literary stars, Sir A. Alison seems to have been less prosperous: it is a curious fact, vouched for by his own mouth,† that his visits to or interviews with Byron, Scott, Jeffrey, Sir H. Davy, and others, were *never* repeated. From this a malicious reader may infer that those worthies found Sir A. Alison an awful bore, and acted accordingly: Tommy Moore, in fact, was positively rude, for he received his guest 'sub Jove frigido,' and rather than ask him in, spent a whole night in the Place Vendôme. Nor can we say much more for the manners of Sir E. Lytton, who has never proposed a *second* visit, although Sir A. Alison gives a *detailed* description of Knebworth, with dimensions and upholstery *ad libitum*.‡ These μειρακυλλία χελιδόνων carry one back to the time—fortunately a century distant—when, if their dedications tell the truth, books were usually published 'at the desire of an illustrious and right honourable friend.' Sir A. Alison however, though verdant, is not vulgar. His impertinences are, we think, unintentional, and he can speak of persons of quality in the tone of an independent gentleman.

But while Sir A. Alison's muse is neither a lickspittle nor a snob, she is a sluttish, slipshod wench, with ungartered stockings and uncombed locks, clad in tawdry patchwork and glittering with flashy gewgaws. A more untidy and more foolish virgin has never borrowed the crinoline of Clio. That this incorrigible dunce must needs remain an 'inheritor of unfulfilled renown,' might be guessed, *à priori*, from the character of some of the authorities she relies on. For although the skilled hand of historic alchemy may transmute base material into pure metal, it is at the price of long and weary toil with the crucible and the alembic—by the exercise of an industry and an intelligence which are far enough from the laboratory of Sir A. Alison. We find, for instance, that men like Lamartine and Louis Blanc are quoted *en bloc*, and without suspicion or examination, as if they were the last court of appeal in matters of which it must obviously be impossible for them to speak without prejudice and passion. Then, works that never pretended to more than an *interêt de circonstance*, or to be anything but compilations at second or third hand, are taken as a substitute for those original authorities which it would have been far too much trouble to collect and collate; while a whole navy of *canards* cruise about this History in the shallows congenial to them.

We shall not preface our examination of Sir A. Alison's last and worst work by any historical or philosophical reflections of our own. We shall merely set down the results of a superficial skimming of a certain proportion of his pages. Whenever we have taken a random reading of his book we have stumbled on blunders which are, as we believe, unparalleled in modern literature. The field of these blunders extends in every possible direction, and we have attempted to classify our selection. When our readers have given us a hearing they will, we are certain, be of opinion that few persons amongst their acquaintance perpetrate, even in careless conversation, one tithe of the errors both of omission and commission which Sir A. Alison deliberately consigns to print as

* Vol. iv. pp. 51—2, note.
† Chapter on English Literature, *passim*.
‡ Loc. cit.

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the joint product of his books and brains. We regret to have to use such strong language about an author who, as we are informed, possesses many private titles to sympathy and esteem: but ours is a public duty, and we cannot effectually discharge it if we shirk the maxim of Shakspeare—

Be Kent unmannerly when Lear is mad.

We proceed at once to the consideration of two Chapters to which the author has challenged particular attention, and which he very justly calls 'Features.'

FRENCH.

To say that Sir A. Alison's knowledge of French is superficial, is a *euphemism:* his translations are so full of internal evidence on this score, that to compare them with their originals is a work of supererogation. As a sample of his treatment of words, we may take the following: 'La (!) organization de travail'; 'suppl*i*ans' ('second candidates,' as he says, zero, as we fear); emport*e* (!) comme une femme'; 'Cloistre de St. Meri', and 'Cloister de St. Méri', (for Cloitre). and even

Aid*ez* toi et le ciel t'aidera.

Sir A. Alison speaks of the 'chaos of the human mind torn up from its ancient moorings,' and any one curious to realize this intellectual phase—may read with profit the chapter on French literature from 1815 to 1852. It is impossible to dip into our author's pages without fancying oneself on the trail of some of the Earl of Malmesbury's model *attachés*, for the mere spelling is everywhere at fault. It may sound incredible, but Augustin and Amedée Thierry are several times† twisted into August*e* and Am*a*dée, while an imaginary work on 'the Princes of the *Carlovingian* Race,' is attributed to *Amadée*—such being Sir A. Alison's approximation to the 'Recits des temps *Merovingiens*' of *Augustin* Thierry! Again, Am*a*dée is 'eminently Christian in his ideas,' and has directed his powers to the illustration of 'the blessings which Christianity has conferred on mankind'—remarks equally applicable to the *Navy List* or *Bell's Life*, and fair samples of the temerity of an author who criticises books without previously ascertaining their names and subjects. Another 'devout' pair are Capefigue and Lame*n*ais (minus an *n*): Capefigue, well known as the most ultra réactionnaire author of recent French literature, is stated to be '*tinged with ultra-liberal opinions*,'‡ and Lame*n*ais, who refused the sacrament on his deathbed, is a '*sincere Catholic*,' and has '*all the warmth of a true believer*.'§

Victor Cousin's religious faith enjoys the peculiar property of being a reaction against the infidelity and sins of the Revolution, and at the same time a 'sort of dreamy rationalism.'

However that may be, it is notorious that this eminent man has dedicated a life to the study of morals and metaphysics, and that his various productions, to say nothing of authors translated and edited, are no less voluminous than valuable. Ignoring the whole of these remarkable works, Sir A. Alison cites in their stead, and that incorrectly, a *pièce d'occasion* on a special matter, an absurdity which might, perhaps, be equalled by describing Gibbon as the author of the *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick*, or Rossini as the author of *L'inganno felice*. So with Cuvier. In vain did that great founder of the science of comparative anatomy publish his *Histoire des Poissons*, and even his *Règne Animal*, for our author's inscrutable wisdom speaks of him as '*disregarding the species of man and animals which are now to be found upon the earth*.'||

But Sir A. Alison would be untrue to himself were he to catalogue the writers 'during and after the Restoration' without slipping in a few names belonging to another epoch. Accordingly a paragraph is given to Ginguéne,¶ who was born in 1748 and died in 1816, and another to Delille,** who was born in 1738, and died in 1813. We are next informed that between 1815 and 1852 '*two poets only* during

† Vol. iii. 616—618. ‡ Vol. iii. 624. § *Ib.* 637.
|| Vol. iii. 642. ¶ *Ib.* 639. ** *Ib.* 645.

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the whole period *have attained any note,'** one of them being positively the very Delille who died in 1813! and the other Béranger; while Lamartine, Delavigne, de Musset, de Vigny, and Victor Hugo being suppressed *en masse*, a theory is set up to account for the *decline* of French poetry! This theory is hideous to behold: it teaches that '*the full development of popular institutions' is unfavourable to poetry* (witness, *e.g.* the Greek tragedians, and our own poets from Byron to Longfellow and Tennyson); that '*when fame and fortune attend the efforts of oratory or prose composition, the temple of the Muses is apt to be neglected;*'† witness—but it is an insult to our readers to suppose that they cannot steer without our aid through this shallow and tasteless tisane.

Béranger is guessed at with average success. Those brilliant rollicking *chansons*, balmy with the breath of Bohemia, in which every Alfredo has a weed in his mouth, and every Violetta has a *crochecœur* curl—his *chansons*, we say, are likened to the Odes of Campbell, Schiller, Freiligrath, whose stately and metaphorical muses are said to be the counterparts of this daughter of Mabille.‡ Victor Hugo, unknown to Sir A. Alison as a poet, is mentioned amongst the novelists in these terms, 'His works are extremely voluminous, and considered as pictures of the manners and ideas of successive eras of French history, extremely interesting. The author of *Notre Dame* has given an equally graphic account of many other periods of French history.'§ Now, *voluminous* is precisely what Hugo is *not*, for he has written but three novels, and neither *Han d'Islande* nor *Bug-Järgal* have anything to do with French history. It may very well be doubted if ever Sir A. Alison has read a line of the authors thus rolled forth from his critical mangle.

ITALIAN.

A glance at the Italy of Sir A. Alison reveals the existence of the most powerful light we have ever heard of—one, viz., with rays three centuries long:—'The era of Michel Angelo, Ariosto, and Tasso (A.D. 1500—1570), *threw a radiance over the expiring strife of the Crusades.*'|| (A.D. 1200—1270). As a pendant to which electric blaze, it may be proper to observe, that Boccaccio, far from being the author of the well known naughty tales, was a person whose *specialité* lay in '*the terrible and the pathetic.*' Perhaps such tripping should be forgiven an author whose Italian is a mere philological diluvium, in which one may detect the débris of many tongues, *e.g.*, of Latin *qui* for *chi*, as in '*Qui* non sa dissimulare non sa regnare;'¶ of French *en* for *in* and *de* for *di*, as 'demo*n*strazione *en* piazza,** and 'Piazza *de* Spagna;†† not to speak of Gioberti's *o* being dropped, and Sclopis' *c* being changed into *el*, while in '*Comte di* Balbo' we get a mixture of French title and Italian preposition.

GERMAN.

As several critics have read through Chapter XXVIII. without stumbling, it is fair to compliment the author on the accuracy with which he has guaged his public. And far from siding with those who have rudely rated him for presumption, ignorance, and folly, we congratulate Sir A. Alison on his ingenious use of a Teutonic expedient—on the skill with which he has plunged into the depths of his moral consciousness, and constructed therefrom the Idea of German Literature. The nature and extent of this skill will, we venture to think, be more or less appreciable on a glance at the few ears we have gleaned in a harvest field where any one may bind up sheaves enough to fill a garner.

Proper names and words in general are subjected by Sir A. Alison to the usual assimilating process. Rückert, the poet, digests into '*Ruckhart;*' Kiss and Rauch, the sculptors, into *Kist*‡‡ and *Rausch;* Friederich into *Frederich;* 'Der

* Vol. iii. 645. † Vol. iii. 645. ‡ Vol. iii. 646. § Vol. iii. 650.
|| Vol. i. p. 420. ¶ Vol. v. p. 669. ** Vol. vii. p. 643.
†† Vol. iii. p. 646. ‡‡ Vol. i. p. 501.

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Sohn der Wildniss' into *Der Sohn der Waldniss;** and many an unfortunate *u* is robbed of its ¨. Again, 'Wahlverwandschaften' (Goethe's *Elective Affinities*) is done into *Relatives by Affinity:*† Bürger's *Wilde Jäger* (Wild Huntsman) into '*Cruel* Huntsman:'‡ while the unlucky Wieland is made to say:—

> Vermess sich kerner untugendlich,
> Diess schwertes anzumuthen sich;
> Treugeht über alles
> Untrue schandet alles.§

And another unfortunate is thus quoted—

> Was ist Liebe, ich der sage?
> Zwei Seelen. Ein gedanke,
> Zwei herzen einer Schlag.

These series of inarticulate sounds must have been devised for the special edification of 'Mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.' The first quotation, be it noted, is *bilingual*, and whoever succeeds in adapting the English version|| to its gibberish equivalent, will make short work of the Eugubine Tables and the inscriptions of Mount Sinai.

'Genius,' says Sir A. Alison, in his ungrammatical way, 'is shown as much in what is rejected as what is retained in history.' Sticking to this text, he has hauled a miraculous draught of lumber, and shot it into seventy pages of moonstruck pica, where Classicists, Romanticists, Storm-and-Pressure-ers, and Philistines, jostle one another without regard to date or school: and of such and such-like terms, the understanding of which is indispensable to the merest outline of German literature, no hint is given!—Then if authors long forgotten—as Grillparzer—others who have never existed at all—as F. Salom—or mediocres as Hacklander, get admittance to the Alisonian Walhalla, a Novalis, a Hoffmann, a Fouqué, a Swedenborg, a Neander, a Hegel, a Grimm—yes, even a Humboldt and a Heine, make no sign!

First in this bear-garden is LESSING, who (alike great in the philosophy of religion and art, in poetry and in criticism) founded the national drama of Germany, and, in the words of Carlyle, '*first exploded the pretensions of the French theatre.*' Tant pis pour les faits. The works of Lessing, says Sir A. Alison, '*are chiefly critical:*' his essays have '*great merit,*' but '*little original genius.*' '*His dramas are still more mediocre;* FETTERED BY THE RULES OF THE FRENCH STAGE, THEY ARE AN IMITATION OF VOLTAIRE!'¶ WIELAND was fond of '*treating of subjects on the confines of propriety!*' en révanche, in most other respects '*he may fairly be said to be unrivalled by any author in ancient or modern times.* * * * *In his works as in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, we see an epitome, brilliantly coloured, of the creations of human fancy from the dawn of imagination to the present time.*'** Beautiful language!—now let the reader, bearing in mind that Wieland *preceded* Bürger in date, try to reconcile these two dicta:—

BÜRGER.††

He *first* opened to the general mind the idea of the magic of feudal imagery, and of that blending imagination with the events of the dark ages, &c. &c.

WIELAND.‡‡

(Exhibits) the chivalrous spirit of heart-stirring incidents of the feudal ages.

GOETHE is liberally treated, for he becomes not the *translator* but the *author* of a work vulgarly ascribed to another person and another age. '*His life of Benvenuto Cellini shows he was capable of writing an interesting biography.*'§§ In the description of Goethe's genius, Sir A. Alison starts by '*hedging*' (a common trick of his, as we shall see hereafter) thus:—

* This blunder occurs *twice*. Vol. i. p. 153, and vol. v. p. 118. This drama is attributed to Grillparzer, who never wrote anything of the kind, and also to Salom, who has never existed. See also the next note.

† Vol. v. p. 106. ‡ Ib. 124. § Vol. ii. p. 736.

|| Scatheless held by virtue's shield,
Dare alone this sword to wield;
God shall bless the faithful hand—
Ruin waits the faithless brand.

¶ Vol. v. p. 102. ** Ib. 103. †† Ib. 124.
‡‡ Ib. 102. §§ Ib. 107.

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*Some of his works, in particular Iphigenia in Tauris, demonstrate that he was familiar with the literature and images of antiquity. . . . His mind was not, like that of Wieland, stored with the mythology and imagery of the classical times.**

And these are *consecutive* sentences!

In another place the author ingeniously says, '*the most minute scrutiny will not detect in the whole of his voluminous works a single repetition of the same idea,* or *one expression twice repeated;*'† and, no less amazing to read, '*Certain it is that he not only disbelieved in Christianity, but had a fixed aversion to its precepts and its very name.*'‡ Lastly, as amends for the utter oblivion of Goethe's scientific discoveries, let us take a pair of fine frenzies:—

1. He was at bottom a sensualist, and not merely so in the sense in which *it* is generally understood, but in the gratification of all the senses!§

2. He is the most striking example that ever occurred of the *versatility of the highest class of intellect,* and of the truth of Johnson's observation, 'that what is called original genius is nothing but strong natural parts accidentally turned *in one direction.*'||

After the reason has been thus severely disciplined, it may feel itself disposed to assent to any proposition whatever—*e. g.*, that SCHILLER did not study human nature in real life, that his works are '*a historic gallery, into which none are admitted but the illustrious of former days. . . . We shall look in vain in his pages for a picture of the secret workings of vanity in the female, of selfishness in the masculine heart.*'¶ Truly a valuable comment on the *Robbers, Cabale und Liebe,* and *Fridolin;* on Franz Moor, Lady Milford, and the huntsman Robert.

OEHLENSCHLAEGER gives rise to some remarks, which though *à propos des bottes* are, to borrow a term from Mr. Ruskin, 'very precious.' Having stated that *Love* was unknown in ancient literature, Sir A. Alison goes on to speak of its being with the Greek dramatists a 'wild passion bordering on insanity!' After this trifling paradox he asserts that Oehlenschläger has delineated love *better than any other writer,* and winds up an analysis of the tender feeling with a burst of spasmodic emotion so true, so original, so refined, as to lead us to regret that Sir A. Alison should not have absorbed, on his own behalf, the superlatives expended on the Dane. He says:—

It is neither the fierce passion of the harem, which, thirsting for pleasure, perishes with enjoyment; nor the heartless vanity of the drawing-room, which, faithless to every one, seeks gratification in an endless succession of conquests.**

GRILLPARZER is classed with the Dane (probably because both their names end in *er*), compared with Sophocles and Ariosto, and otherwise exalted to the skies. According to Carlyle, Menzel, and Co., this is a washy playwright who has written, *inter alia,* a tragedy in the vein of the *Mysteries of Udolpho,* than which nothing can be conceived more utterly unlike the *Prometheus Vinctus* or the *Œdipus Rex.* Thereupon, says Sir A. Alison, the '*Ahnfrau* is perhaps the most perfect drama on the Greek model, though without the chorus, which modern literature has produced;'†† which outrageous compliment, equally applicable to *Box and Cox,* had on a previous page been paid to Schiller's *Bride of Messina.*

With Mr. SALOM‡‡ we have no acquaintance: we believe that no author of that or any similar name has ever existed, and that he is a mere subjective quiddity.

As the comparatively pure Wieland was lectured for bordering 'on the confines of propriety,' what rod must not be pickling for the gross and grovelling KOTZEBUE? Alas! even the 'Virgin of the Sun' is passed over 'with dry foot.' *Au reste,* the account of Kotzebue would do well enough for TIECK, who when Alisonized is no longer the great romanticist, the creator of the 'Popular Tales,' the inventor of demon literature. The only positive assertions about him are, that 'when he leaves *fairy* tales and comes to

* Vol. v. p. 104. † Ib. 104. ‡ Ib. 106. § Ib. || Ib. 107. ¶ Ib. 110. ** Ib. 116, 117. †† Ib. 117. ‡‡ Ib. 118.

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real life, it is life in a small German town which alone is portrayed;' also that 'he first introduced from the *Animali Parlanti* of Pulci the system of making animals speak.'* That any person with pretensions to the education of a gentleman should perpetrate the enormous blunder of this last sentence is nothing less than miraculous. We do not expect Sir A. Alison to have heard of the legends of Germany and other countries, of Reineke Fuchs, of the lays of the Minnesingers, of the Hitopadesa; but we do marvel that he should know nothing of the fables of Æsop and Phædrus, where the four-footed population is so eloquent and cunning that the silliest of beasts can pass himself off as a lion, until an indiscreet bray reveals the imposture of the borrowed mane and hide.

Equally incredible things are said about the prose writers; and the better a book is known in England, by translation or otherwise, the more surely Sir A. Alison fires off at it a double-barrelled blunderbuss of ignorance. RANKE, as may be learnt from any catalogue, is the author of a *History of the Papacy during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* This work is described as a *complete* history of the Popes down to the present day. Witness the following sentence:—

> The extraordinary growth of the Reformation, its subsequent stationary condition *during two hundred and fifty years,* and the renewed vitality of Catholicism *in these times,* are portrayed.†

Of NIEBUHR we are told that there is scarcely one of his reputed discoveries '*which is not to be gathered from Livy or Cicero.*' HEEREN's concise, business-like *Manuals* are turned into *graphic and vivid Histories*, and till we open them, '*we are wholly unaware what treasures we really possess in regard to the early ages of the world.*'‡ Of HERDER's *Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Man,* we read 'his *Philosophy of History* has no pretensions to that character;' and that author's *Spirit of Hebrew Poetry* is called Poetry of the Jews. F. Schlegel's *Philosophy of History* ('*little more than a clear and succinct abridgment of universal history for the use of schools and colleges*') and *Æsthetics* are attributed to his brother, A. W. Schlegel,§ while Bunsen's *Hippolytus and his Age* becomes the *Life of Hippolytus.* Where every criticism is in the same vein, it is invidious to select: we end with Jean Paul, of whose gifts and productions some report might have been expected to cross the Tweed. RICHTER—that small-paper edition of our own Carlyle —is one of the greatest names of German literature; his imagination, fancy, humour, and satire, are alike luxuriant; he ranges over the whole field of human life and knowledge, and talks a language no less original in words and structure than in thought, so that his countrymen find him a puzzling author, even when helped by the lexicon specially devised for their benefit. On Jean Paul, then, has the historian of Gotham descended in this wise:—

> HIS LANGUAGE IS TOO HOMESPUN, his ideas are too much *localised. He has observed, and painted, and philosophised with great ability within a certain sphere, but his vision has not gone beyond it.* Life and MANNERS IN A PROVINCIAL GERMAN TOWN, *and the caustic observations of a sage upon them, constitute the staple of his productions.*‖

O tempora, O mores! Such are the Bœotian orgies of the writer whom you have delighted to honour: such is the Jack-o'-lantern by which grave critics have advised you to shape your course.

As the chapter on English literature has been already dissected by an abler pen,¶ we shall only say that Sir A. Alison deserves, on its score, whatever credit may be due to the human being who has most successfully solved this problem— Given one hundred octavo pages, to infuse into the same a *maximum* of twaddle. We have no space for telling how Byron wrote in order to please the high-born dames of London, nor how *Don Juan* cannot be made the subject of conversation with the other sex—nor how Mr.

* Vol. v. p. 122. † Ib. 137. ‡ Ib. 132. § Ib. 137, 151. ‖ Ib. 147.
¶ *Fraser's Magazine,* May and August, 1856.

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Malthus treated of Economics, and Davy enabled the miner to pursue '*his darksome toil, while the perilous blast, pregnant with death, played innocuous round the lambent flame that rested on his forehead*'*—nor how Lord Macaulay has written '*Legends of Rome*'—nor how Hallam rejoices in '*fervent eloquence and poetic expression*'—nor how, in the seductive saloons of Whiggery, '*Moore sang his bewitching melodies with still more bewitching right honourables.*' That and much more —*similibus similia*—may be found in Sir A. Alison's first volume. Let the reader ponder thereon in a Christian spirit, with doubts as to whether the performance be not rather creditable to one who has so little knowledge of our literature as to change Gray's well-known lines into

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read *his* hist'ry in a nation's eyes,†

so little taste as to place Lady Blessington's *Byron Conversations* on an absolute level with Boswell's *Johnson*.‡

LATIN.

The Latin quotations of a writer who calls Ammianus Marcellinus A. *Marcellian*, are of course often incorrect; and their misapplication is usually so flagrant that a second-hand origin is at once betrayed. He thus gives Ovid, or rather the Eton grammar—

Ingĕnŭās dēdĭcisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros: §

After breaking the metre of the hexameter with *dē*, he proceeds to discuss the propriety of putting 'prāvos' for 'fĕros,' which would at once dispose of the pentameter. An equally fatal emendation is made by the interpolation of an *s* in the well known

Tu ne cēdēs mălīs sed contra audentior ito;

and elsewhere we get a genitive in *a*—'bon*a* mentis soror est paupertas.'‖

Yet is this profound scholarship compared to the treatment of Horace, of whom Sir A. Alison knows no more than of Hafiz. By one of the most flagrant anachronisms ever perpetrated, he supposes Horace to have been acquainted with the modern conjecture of a connexion between Japhet and the Titanid Iapetus. He positively changes 'Audax Iapeti genus' into 'Audax *J*apeti genus';¶ and far from being aware that the expression thus twisted into a pun is synonymous with the entire human race, he sees in it a special allusion to the Indo-Germanic family.

No less marvellous is the author's classical geography.

Algiers, he says (times without number), is '*the Libya of the ancients*.'** The force of blundering could no farther go: a child just out of the 'As in præsenti,' knows that the *Libya* of classical authors was either the whole continent of Africa, or else a small district west of Egypt, as far from Algiers as Timbuctoo—which might with equal propriety have been termed 'Libya.' Then 'the Sarmatia of the ancients' has, in Sir A. Alison's hands, been subjected to a subtrahend of about two hundred and fifty per cent.; for he tells us that it answered to the Poland of the Czar Nicholas,†† whereas Sarmatia stretched on every side far beyond the limits of Poland—viz., from the Baltic to the Black Sea and the Caucasus, from the Vistula to the Volga. Other fictions in the classical department will be noticed under their proper heads.

GEOGRAPHY.

Not even the Russian war could teach Sir A. Alison this science, and he says of Constantinople:—

The *Volga* (wafts to its walls) the agricultural riches of the Ukraine and the immense plains of Southern Russia.‡‡

Any book of nursery geography would tell Sir A. Alison that the Volga runs into the *Caspian*, and that it is *several hundred* miles from the Ukraine. If any one be charitable enough to suggest that this is a misprint, we must reply in the words of Horace—

* Vol. i. p. 460. † Vol. vii. p. 5. ‡ V. 141.
§ Vol. v. p. 679. ‖ Ib. 134. ¶ Vol. vi. p. 403.
** Vol. vii. p. 555, and everywhere.
†† Vol. iv. p. 612. ‡‡ Vol. iii. p. 36.

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Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum:

to which conclusion we are led by a passage in Sir A. Alison's former History, which also conducts the Volga into the Black Sea. But there is more and still better game at hand. *Persia*, we learn,* by the treaty of Toorkmanchai in 1827, ceded to Russia—what? Teheran? no. Well, then, *Anapa*. This fortress is, as we all know, on the Black Sea, many hundred miles from the Persian frontier, and was then a possession of *Turkey*, by which country it was ceded to Russia in 1829 under the treaty of Adrianople.

Again, Russia after 1815 '*stretched its mighty arms almost to the torrid zone, numbered the Vistula, the Amour, the Danube, and the Euphrates among its frontier streams.*'† The map will show the ludicrous nature of these statements; the most southern *nail* on the finger of the 'mighty arms' is in the latitude of Malta, the general run of them being above the latitude of London. Of the rivers, the Danube alone was a '*frontier stream*,' the Amour having become so but the other day; the Vistula and the Euphrates then, as now, comfortably watering the plains of Prussia and Mesopotamia. After this why not say that *Italy* 'stretches its mighty arms almost to the torrid zone, numbering the Po, the Danube, and the Rhine among its frontier streams?'

The erratic proceedings of Alpheus and others, of which we moderns cannot read without a twinge of disbelief, have thus been fully realized by Sir A. Alison. And the recent attempt of certain publicists to expand the territory of the German Confederation to the banks of the Mincio and Adige is a highly logical conclusion by the side of the violence done by Sir A. Alison to a Potamos no less esteemed, albeit more savoury, than our own Thames.

To appreciate the deed we must consider the hydraulic and other revolutions in the *Holy Land*—where are '*Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, both of which run parallel to the Mediterranean, and which are separated by a deep valley (Cœle-Syria), in the bottom of which the Jordan flows.*' Unfortunately our maps tell us that the Leontes or Litany runs through the valley of Cœle-Syria, with which the Jordan has no more connexion than the Rhine. Then '*the southern extremity of this range rises to the enormous peak of Mount Cassius,*' which has absolutely nothing to do with Lebanon, and stands near Antioch, some hundred miles *north* of it. In connexion with these and fifty other blunders which will be obvious to whoever consults the text, there is much declamatory vapour about Cambyses, Jupiter Ammon, and Sesostris, which is repeated some fifty pages further on, where we read, '*Syria is composed of a huge mass of rocky and precipitous mountains, which under various names, of which the Taurus, Lebanon, Anti-Lebanon, and Mount Sinai are the most remarkable, projects into the sea between the Euxine and the Levant, and severs the two continents from each other.*'‡ Unless we grossly err, many a charity-boy knows that the Taurus is in Asia Minor, and no more in Syria than the Alps; that Sinai is in Arabia, and no more in Syria than Plynlymmon; that Syria does not, any more than China, lie between the Euxine and the Levant.

Our author's ignorance is shown not only in such statements as the above, but also in his nomenclature. Although Physical Geography has become a popular science, here is an historian whose descriptions would be discreditable to a fashionable novel. He is unaware that mountains, plains, plateaux, rivers, &c., have now a vocabulary of their own, by the use of which precision may be ensured; and he submerges the earth beneath a sea of frippery epithets, whose maelstrom whirl sucks down the few facts that might otherwise have lived. His Indian geography, in particular, is a mere gargle of parts of speech; and of the residue of it, after due filtering and evaporation, we now decant a modicum.

According to Sir A. Alison, savage

* Vol. iii. p. 69. † Vol. ii. p. 124. ‡ Vol. v. p. 552.

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Asiatic warriors from the north are constantly threatening India. '*PERSIA is the first and most powerful barrier of Hindostan against the irruptions of these northern barbarians. No considerable army can enter India by land but through its territory.*'*

A Rubruquis or a Marco Polo might have written thus, when a Ghengis Khan was at hand with his Tartars, when a Tamerlane governed on the Oxus, or a Baber ruled in Ferghana. But it is simple nonsense so to speak in this year of grace 1859, when two or three miserable little armies in Turkestan, and a few tribes of rambling Usbecks and Kirghiz, are the only 'savage warriors' between Russia and British India. Moreover, if the Khans of Khiva and Kokan, say even the problematical rulers of Cushgar and Yurkund, together with 'the whole barbarians' (as Sir A. Alison would express it) 'that dwell beyond the realms of space,' should take it into their brains to invade India, in what conceivable sense would *Persia* be 'a barrier' against them, seeing that they have a capital pass of their own—the Bamian—which would bring them over the Hindoo Koosh into Affghanistan? As well might Sir A. Alison call Spain a 'barrier' of Italy against France.

What follows makes one feel as if Donati's comet had swept through one's brain:—

> The Tartars have burst through the snowy barrier *of the Himalaya,* and descended upon the plains at their feet. . . . The transit of the stony girdle of the globe which separates its (Persia's) lofty plains from Hindostan, difficult and dangerous at all times, is only practicable to the power which has subdued or is in alliance with Persia. Only two roads practicable for artillery or carriages are to be found in the vast snowy ridge, varying from eighteen thousand to twenty-five thousand feet in height, which shuts in, over its whole northern frontier, the plains of Hindostan. All the Asiatic conquerors, accordingly, who have aspired to or effected the conquest of India, have commenced with the regions of Khorassan, and either the passage of the Bamian Pass, or that which leads from Herat to Candahar. . . . This wild and mountainous region (Affghanistan), part of the offshoots of the vast Himalaya range, is for the most part situated to the south of the crest of the ridge. . . . Such is the rugged and impracticable nature of the country, that it can be traversed only in a few valleys, the waters of which descend from the summit of the ridge towards Hindostan, and which from the earliest ages have constituted the well-known and only routes from the northward into its burning plains.†

And elsewhere—

> The British guns were heard in the Khyber Pass, *amid the Himalaya snows.*‡

Also—

> Even *the Himalaya* was pierced by the battalions of Britain.§

In the opinion, then, of Sir A. Alison, invaders have crossed the Himalayas, which, be it known by these presents, do not separate India from Thibet, but from Persia: that instead of the mere goat paths described by Moorcroft and Trebeck, the Stracheys, &c., there are roads over the Himalayas practicable for artillery; that the Kyber does not lead from the Punjab through the Soliman Mountains to Cabul; but is a pass over the Himalayas; that the Bamian Pass is not across the Hindoo Koosh from Bulkh into Affghanistan, but over the Himalayas; that the same Bamian likewise leads from Khorassan to Cabul; that Affghanistan does not lie N. and S. between the Hindoo Koosh and Beloochistan, but between the Himalayas and Hindostan.

On Geology,

Sir A. Alison's ideas are very remarkable, *e.g.*, '*the enormous forests of cedar once stood coeval with the first work of creation.*'|| A more absurd observation could not be conceived, for the cedars of the Lebanon are on the *cretaceous* formation (the most recent of the secondary series),¶ which was only elevated during the tertiary period. However, its ignorance is capped in the chapter on English Literature, where the reader is treated to a discourse on Buckland, Professor Sedgewick, &c.,

Whose school has made earth reveal

* Vol. vi. p. 558. † Vol. vi. pp. 557—559, passim. ‡ Ib. 689.
§ Vol. iii. p. 52. || Vol. v. p. 479. ¶ Ib. 452.

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the secret of its formation anterior to the race of man, by the remains embedded in its bosom. A more fascinating inquiry never was presented to the investigation of the philosopher; and it derives additional interest to the Christian believer from the *confirmation which it affords at every step of the Mosaic account of creation* and the truth of Holy Writ.*

If the earth has revealed *her secret* to Sir A. Alison—if he possesses proofs of the accuracy of *the Mosaic account of creation,*—he has the absolute monopoly of such knowledge.

It is perhaps on the strength of 'personal information' that he asserts Russia to have '*no minerals or coal,*' while the vulgar mind fancies that the Altai produces immense quantities of gold; that the Urals are rich in iron; that there are vast beds of coal and anthracite in the basin of the Don and Donetz; that the southern steppes abound in salt; that mica, lapis lazuli, platinum, silver, &c., are largely found in other parts of the Russian empire. It is lucky, then, that Sir A. Alison has stated the facts in such categorical fashion—as he has also done in regard to a point of meteorology:

> Snowy mountains in every part of the torrid zone furnish the only reservoirs for perennial supplies of water; *and it is for this purpose that the stony circle of the globe has been placed in these regions.* . . . Another boon has been given by nature to Southern India, *which is peculiar to that portion of the globe. The* monsoon, *which blows for six months in the year over the Indian Ocean,* strikes on *the Ghauts* or range of precipitous mountains, which, like the Andes in America, form its western boundary, and from whence many of the chief rivers of *Central* and Southern India flow in long and devious courses to the Eastern Ocean. The periods when the rivers, fed by the monsoon rains, are swollen, are *those when the reservoirs of the Himalaya are not unlocked by the rays of a vertical sun;* and when the streams flowing from the snowy mountains begin, like the waters of the Nile, to rise, *the moisture of the monsoon ceases to swell those rivers which are nourished by it.* Thus northern and southern India is, *each in its season,* provided with the means of irrigation.†

If a man *will* describe natural phenomena in the language of fustian, no wonder he comes to grief, especially when he knows nothing at all about his subject. One need not be a Humboldt or a Daniell to see that every sentence in the above quotation contains some signal error; that here is Falstaff's ratio of 'but one halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack,' with the bread wanting. However, it is something new to find a man who presumptuously asks himself 'the reason why' Providence made the globe in this or that manner, and who thinks to solve the mysteries of the Unknown in terms of ignorance of the known. The first fact and illustration given by Sir A. Alison are alike unfortunate, for it is precisely in the torrid zone that the melting of the snow or mountain chains is a secondary source of water as compared with the rains, while the Himalaya is in the *temperate* and not in the torrid zone. Again, so far from the phenomenon being peculiar to Southern India, one monsoon region stretches from Africa to Japan, others occurring on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of Mexico and on the Gulf of Guinea.

Then, as regards India, instead of Sir A. Alison's *single* monsoon there are *two,* the west, from April to October, the east, from October to April; instead of a single chain of Ghauts there are *two,* one on the Malabar and one on the Coromandel coast. By this halving process the phenomenon Sir A. Alison is attempting to describe becomes *simply impossible;* not to mention that he tears from their beds 'the chief rivers of Central India,' and assigns them new sources in the W. Ghauts, from which they are separated, amongst other little obstacles, by the chain of the Vindhyas. Further, the monsoon described operates *precisely at the very time* when the snow is melting in the Himalayas, viz., from April to October, so that the author's last sentence does not contain a word of truth. Moreover, instead of Northern and Southern India having each their special source of irrigation, the influence of the monsoon mentioned

* Vol. i. p. 452.

† Vol. vi. p. 462.

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extends up to and beyond the Himalaya range, and causes the great rivers to overflow *before* the melting of the snows has begun to swell their volume.

Sir A. Alison, after the manner of Herodotus and Gibbon, is fond of disquisitions extraneous to the facts of his history. 'Omniscience,' to adopt a saying once applied to an eminent philosopher, 'is his foible;' he is the Dulcamara of modern literature, a 'Dottore Encyclopedico,' no less veritable than he whose lofty pretensions have received such splendid illustration from the genius of Ronconi and Lablache. Just as Mr. Buckle winds up a chapter on civilization with a few suggestions on the liver, so Sir A. Alison propounds original views in botany, embryology, geology, biology, not to mention many arts and sciences of which he seems himself to have laid the first stone. We read:—

> *Planted originally by nature in the mountains of Peru,* the potato possesses the qualities which distinctly mark it as the destined food, in part at least, of a large portion of mankind. *It flourishes in nearly every climate except the very warmest and the coldest*; more sensitive to frost than even the dahlia or geranium, *it is to be seen in perfection in every region of the globe except the tropics or the Arctic circle.**

These are remarkable words of a remarkable botanist. A Decandolle, a Robert Brown, a Lindley, have long puzzled over the original habitat of the *Solanum tuberosum;* but where 'angels fear to tread,' there Sir A. Alison must needs 'rush in' with a decision which, in this instance, is entirely original, for Humboldt and others have doubted whether the plant in question be a native of Peru at all; and there is *not the slightest* ground for supposing that country to have been the centre from which it spread. Again, to say nothing of the wonderful logic of the second sentence, Sir A. Alison's gardener can tell him that the potato is *not* 'more sensitive to frost than *even* the dahlia or geranium;' and these last are *not*, as the '*even*' implies them to be, more sensitive than scores of other exotics. Then there *are* regions, and those exceedingly vast, neither within the tropics or Arctic circle, where the potato is *not* cultivated, and consequently cannot be seen in perfection; also, the potato *does* flourish within the tropics, *e.g.* at Lima, Bahia, the Mauritius, Candy, &c. &c. Lastly, if Sir A. Alison knew anything about the vegetation of the frigid zone, he would not have been at the pains to inform us that the potato does not thrive there: the fact is undeniable, and so would be an assertion that the potato does not flourish on the top of Mont Blanc, or in the crater of Etna.

What Sir A. Alison says of *birds* is presumably the result of 'personal observation' of the *Aves* of Lanarkshire, which, we think, ought to form a kingdom apart. In that country they have a bird called *the heath-fowl*, and a plover which plays the most fantastic pranks. When, says Sir A. Alison, the fields, now rich with wavy corn, are thrown out of cultivation, and when the British nation has flocked from its cradles to its graves—viz., from the country to the towns—the said fields will 'return to the domain of the *heath-fowl* and the plover.'

But why not the earwig and the mackerel? and why coin a name unknown to naturalists and gamekeepers? Let us, however, suppose heath-fowl to mean grouse, and we shall still find ourselves in a charming predicament, for arable thrown out of cultivation would by no means harbour the grouse and the plover. These birds delight in fens, moors, and mountains, and Sir A. Alison is a greater than Papageno, if he succeeds in making his Lanarkshire pets alter their manners and exchange their natural *habitat* for deserted fields. When the plover *does* show itself at a distance from its normal abode, it is because attracted by the operations of the ploughman and sower, and it is precisely the cessation of crops which will put an end to the visits of that delectable bird. The same remarks apply to the 'heath-fowl,' that ingenious addition to the genus *Tetrao*.

If we now proceed to look, with Sir A. Alison, through *the Microscope*,

* Vol. vii. p. 165.

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we shall find our vision dimmed by a most indifferent eyepiece. Every one knows that the function of this instrument, when in the hands at least of a Raspail, an Ehrenberg, an Owen, is to reveal the existence and structure of minute objects; and that, in particular, it has enabled botanists to detect in the potato the presence of the destroying fungus, of which and its ravages, elaborate drawings have been published, so that we have a perfect knowledge of the morbid anatomy of the tuber. Sir A. Alison might have learnt so much from any of the books he quotes. Yet he says, in the usual 'King Cambyses' vein,'

The plague thus introduced was, literally speaking, 'the pestilence which walketh in darkness.' It was so minute that it eluded the powers of the finest microscope, so mysterious that it defied the *researches* of the most *searching* philosophy.'*

FORTIFICATION.

Sir A. Alison's battles and sieges have of course great weight in certain quarters; and who knows whether the study of them may not have inspired the strategy of Magenta and Solferino? A sample of the way in which this history treats of guns and ramparts will be within the comprehension of the tyro. It is a positive fact that *casemates* (a device as old, say, as the castle of St. Angelo), are spoken of as '*the new Russian fashion*' of fortification, while mantelets and other 'means of protecting the mouth of the gun' (which were used in the Middle Ages), are said to have been *discovered* by 'the skill of the Russian engineers.' And we read,

It is certain that a powerful three-decker of one hundred or one hundred and twenty guns can concentrate a weight of metal, in her broadsides, superior at short range of one hundred or one hundred and twenty yards, to any battery, even of three tiers, which can be brought to bear upon it, and that the splintering of stone from ordinary embrasures is more dangerous to life than from the wooden sides of a ship.

This is absurd. There is no conceivable reason why a battery in tiers should not have fifty or one hundred guns, all bearing on a single point; and as a matter of fact Risbank, at Cronstadt, can fire a heavier broadside than the *Royal Albert*, not to speak of Fort Menzikoff, with its eleven-inch guns. Then, to say nothing of the 'splintering' theory, which is untrue, the above paragraph is absolutely devoid of application to the matter it is intended to illuminate; for the batteries may be so placed as to rake the channel of approach, as in the case of the Blockhouse at Portsmouth, Forts Paul and Nicholas† at Sebastopol, and Fort Menzikoff at Cronstadt. When an enemy's ship, coming as she must, *stem on*, shall with the fire of her pivot gun and bridle ports silence one of the above named forts, and advance within a hundred yards of it, may Sir A. Alison and ourselves be there to see. May we also be there to see when in Japan or elsewhere is discovered a fortress, '*with the guns entirely covered save at the mouth, and three guns of the same calibre lying under cover beside each, to replace such as may be disabled.*'‡ This is no doubt Sir A. Alison's private plan of fortification, though he modestly calls it 'the new Russian fashion.' How, in the name of fortune, artillerymen could work a battery choked up with four times as many guns as it could possibly contain—and why, under this stupendous system, the number of guns in reserve must be exactly *three*—these are problems which the ghosts of Carnot and Cortmontaigne would find it hard to answer. But here is something still more curious:—The place itself had 'no outworks, and none of the outer salient angles which in Vauban's system *expose each face to a raking fire from the adjoining one.*'§

With every wish to be civil, we cannot avoid saying that this last sentence is unmitigated nonsense, and that a glance at the lines of that instructive pebble—the Fortification Agate—will suffice to convince the unlearned of the writer's profound ignorance of the subject.

* Vol. vii. 168.

† An anachronism for illustration's sake.

‡ For all these statements *vide* vol. vi. pp. 29—32.

§ Vol. iii. 273.

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Of the fine arts Sir A. Alison affects a special knowledge, and both in the way of allusion and of criticism, he lets fall æsthetic hints worthy of the sale catalogue of a provincial auctioneer. In SCULPTURE his taste is of the New-road monumental-urn style—Rule Britannia, without a crinoline, holding on to the mane of a very dolorous lion, whose tearful eyes a sailor in marble pantaloons is gently wiping with the meteor flag of England—this would form a group of exquisite pathos. In his opinion the monuments of the Peninsular heroes in St. Paul's '*began that noble circle of sepulchral sculpture which now adorns that sublime cathedral, and which, having been commenced at a period when taste was comparatively pure,*' is very superior to the '*conceit and bad taste*' of Westminster Abbey.* As for CHANTREY, he has *invented* the pathetic in sculpture: '*in this he is unrivalled: above all Greek, above all Roman fame.*' FLAXMAN would have produced '*a frieze worthy of Phidias himself.*'† KIS's 'Amazon combating the Tiger' (elsewhere called *Kist's* 'Amazon and Lion'), is equal to 'the finest Metopes of the Parthenon.' DANNEKER proves 'that it is in the north we are now to look for the successors of Phidias;' and his stark strapping wench, taking her airing on an immense cat, has seduced Sir A. Alison into this remarkable judgment—'his "Ariadne seated on the Panther" has *all the delicacy and beauty of the antique*, while at the same time it is *quite original.*' Decidedly Phidias, Praxiteles, Scopas, and Michel Angelo, (the last of whom, it appears, '*dealt in bizarre and sometimes grotesque conceptions*') have fallen from their palmy states. Perhaps this catastrophe is not undeserved, for we are taught that '*the Greeks copied in the outset from the Persians and Egyptians; the marbles of Lycia and Ægina preceded the Parthenon!*'‡ The blunders of this sentence are too evident to need ventilation, but the delicious geographical logic is worthy of a special note. Sir A. Alison has outdone Fluellen—'There is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth'—there is an E in Ægina and an E in Egypt.

ARCHITECTURE is another point to which Sir A. Alison has given his attention, and he has struck out at least one brilliant light before which Mr. Ruskin's lamps must pale their ineffectual fires. '*It is undoubtedly true that more effect will often be produced, at least in architecture, by the repetition of ugliness than the variety of beauty. Avenues of colossal* TOADS *might become sublime!*'§ On this showing, the Strand and the Edgware-road ought to be gorgeous streets, especially if one could add a mile or two of colossal toading, with additional toads on Northumberland House, on the Nelson column, and on the Marble Arch. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know that '*St. Paul's is in the interior only second*—in the exterior superior—to the *fane of the Vatican, the dome of St. Peter's.*' And let us no longer depreciate the sylvan beauty of Ulster-terrace, the varied pathos of the shop-fronts of Lewis and Allenby, and Cramer and Co., for '*Regent-street exhibited a splendid and varied scene of architectural decoration and mercahtile opulence; Regent's-park showed long lines of pillared scenery, surmounting its glassy lake of umbrageous foliage; and Waterloo Southwark, and London bridge. bestrode the floods of the Thames, with arches second to none in the world in magnificence and durability.*'‖

On the subject of PAINTING one would expect Sir A. Alison to agree with Dr. Johnson, who said, with his usual frankness: 'Sir! I would rather see a likeness of a dog that I know than all the allegories in the world.' But such a notion would be unfounded, for our author would fain be a Waagen in acumen, a Ruskin in paradox. He thinks that in *landscape* 'the *German* masters have attained an eminence *beyond their contemporaries in any other country of Europe*, and in some respects on a level with the finest remains of *ancient* art,'¶ and that

* Vol. i. p. 130.
† Vol. i. p. 500.
‡ Vol. v. p. 99.
§ Vol. v. p. 136.
‖ Vol. i. p. 493.
¶ Vol. v. p. 162.

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their manner is that of Claude, Poussin, Salvator, and Ruysdael. *En révanche,* Sir A. Alison absolutely ignores such great historical painters as Overbeck, Cornelius, and Kaulbach. In the same way we have a so-called *resumé* of modern French art, which contains an average amount of folly, and is limited to the mention of Vernet and Le Gros, to the exclusion of such men as Delaroche, Delacroix, Decamps, and Ingres.* His notices of English painters are in the usual 'wind-bag' style, and though, for anything we know to the contrary, seriously meant, might pass for parodies of the fashionable criticism of the day, with its earnestness, its emotionalism, and its slang. Sir T. LAWRENCE's female portraits '*often resemble an angel peeping out of the clouds.*' And, still more marvellous to tell, '*In minuteness of detail' Claude is before Turner,* who again is behind Copley Fielding in 'polish of finishing,' on which rock it seems all our artists split when weighed in the balance with 'Poussin and Salvator.' SWINTON, however, '*represents female elegance so well, because, by living with it, he has learned in what it consists. Many of his portraits of the most lovely of our female nobility are beautiful pictures as well as striking likenesses.*'† WILKIE too has a most remarkable characteristic, for 'his paintings, *even of the humblest scenes,* may be looked on by the most delicate female without pain.' Mr. THOMSON and Mr. WILLIAMS are also highly spoken of, a dead silence being observed as to the merits of Brown and Robinson, with their compeers Stanfield, D. Roberts, Harding, Prout, Lewis, D. Cox, &c., and the pre-Raphaelites one and all. Then the great beast painter, Snyders, becomes *Schneider,* and Titian is made to advise 'that the greater part of every picture should be in *mezzotint,* and a small portion only in deep shade,'‡ although Sir J. Reynolds is elsewhere said to observe 'that in Titian's painting, two-thirds is in shade and only one-third in bright light;' and again, 'that he would advise every young painter to take a brush dipped *in deep shade* and go over three-fourths of the figures in his picture.'§ After such ludicrous misuse of simple technical terms, it is quite natural that Sir Joshua|| should not be spoken of as the painter of 'Nelly O'Briens' and 'Strawberry Girls,' but as an artist whose *forte* lay in the terrible and pathetic; of which style he is quoted as an example.

(*To be continued.*)

* Vol. iii. p. 662, 3. † Vol. i. p. 497. ‡ Vol. i. p. 482.
§ Vol. i. p. 499. || Vol. v. p. 134.

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THOUGHTS ON RESERVED PEOPLE.

By a Candid Man.

WHEN, enveloped in a cloud, folded up by the tender care of his Goddess Mother, that pious hero Æneas, hidden from his friends, enjoyed the privilege of watching all their proceedings, he was tasting the pleasures of a reserved character; they standing in the light to him and he in the dark to them. He knew all that they were about, and they knew nothing about him. Nay, they did not even know that they knew nothing; for though they were aware that their eyes did not behold him, they were not aware that he was near enough to them in the relations of space to admit of the possibility of his being seen. He was experiencing the delight without the danger of a reservation; for he was not suspected of withholding himself. Had he been suspected—had there entered into the mind of any one of that troop of friends the dimmest, remotest, faintest notion of the cloud that concealed him, what efforts would have been made to rend it, what cries, what clamours, what supplications to the goddess to unveil him before the appointed time; for human nature has a detestation of concealment—a detestation which proceeds from many causes. There is curiosity, in itself a strong impulse; there is pride, and there is suspicion. Curiosity longing to peep behind the curtain, pride resenting the absence of confidence, and suspicion suggesting that where the lock is so rigidly secured, there must be some blue chamber with its unpleasant contents behind it. The reserved man, therefore, is an object of dislike and distrust; but he is also a subject of interest. He repels confidence, but he excites attention; and he has the whole enjoyment of his own individuality. He rejoices in the superiority of an unimparted knowledge. Is it not agreeable from a high window to survey the movements of a crowd below?—dancing, laughing, leaping, fighting, crying, kissing—to analyse their agitations—to smile at their disturbances—to be yourself secure and still—a looker-on who is not looked at—to be audience to a drama, and to criticise the actors who cannot criticise you?

This is the privilege of the reserved man.

He conceals his emotions, he buries his feelings, he masks his passions. He controls his features: every muscle is under his command; there is no such thing with him as a spontaneous movement. He revels in a continual victory. He baffles curiosity, he defeats expectation, he destroys hope. He wears his shroud before he is in his tomb. The inquisitive crowd will pluck at it, but will draw back shivering when they feel how cold it is.

They wonder, they fear, they admire—and they admire with good reason. The power of concealment is in itself worthy of admiration; the man who wears so strong an armour must needs be a strong man, and it is the consciousness of a valuable possession that suggests the necessity for a defence.

The habit of reserve has most often its origin in a disbelief in sympathy, in the existence of some qualities or some emotions with which those who are classed as fellow-creatures are not likely to have any fellow feeling.

There is in such characters, it may be, a sensibility fine and true, that sinks itself deep; too delicate to mix with vulgar streams. If you would taste the purity of this water you must dig laboriously for it. There is, it may be, a passionate power, fervent and concentrated; too full to dribble out; too strong to dissipate itself in petty phrases and agreeable expressions of sentiment; or perhaps an intelligence high and extended, to which views are granted infinitely beyond the horizon of the general eye.

Cassandra knew too much. She was not reserved; and she was therefore thought to be mad. In her mental agony she struggled with the persecuting Phœbus.

Why didst thou send me here?
Here in this city of the blind to dwell,
With sight too darkly clear?

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It was part of her penalty that she was obliged to express herself.

Men have been distinguished from beasts, say the loquacious, proudly, by the gift of speech. True; but have they not also been distinguished by the gift of silence? They are not constrained to purr, or to wag their tails when they are pleased, or to howl and caterwaul when they are in extremities; they are allowed to reserve their emotions. The human countenance, the most delicate indicator of feeling, the dial that may with its record fix the shadow of every flitting passion, can silence its indications at will, and become a mere blank. A decent gravity of expression may cover anger; tenderness may hide itself securely behind the wall of compressed lips; exultation may bury itself under downcast eyelids; a movement of joy may shelter itself beneath the wrinkles of the brow, or the whole features in combination may be ordered by the commanding officer to stand at ease in a position of total repose while the thoughts are full of war and tumult. No other creature but man has this power; it is a high privilege which must be used by all men more or less.

Those who use it the less are recognised as the frank and open; those who use it the more as the reserved and close.

The two characters are sometimes combined, and the skilful diplomatist is he who maintains his reserve under a free liberal semblance, whose smile is ready, whose hand is extended, whose words flow easily, but whose mind is locked up.

'Right humanitie,' says the wise Lord Burleigh in a letter to his son, 'takes such deep root in the minds of the multitude, as they are easilier gained by unprofitable curtesies than by churlish benefits.'

Now, the unprofitable courtesy is not incompatible with reserve, although the disposition of the reserved man will frequently incline him to the practice of its opposite. The very summit of exterior politeness may be reached without any revelation from within; and the Frenchman who in the bitterness of impending suffocation could not forget the polite phrase, and gasped out to his host while he struggled with his mortal foe—'Sir, I have the honour to have a bone in my throat'—may have been as reserved in character as any Englishman. Reserve, indeed, is rather an aristocratic characteristic. 'The prince of *darkness* is a gentleman.' And it is the ill-bred, coarse-mannered man who is the most often garrulously given, who is glib and oily, who noises his sentiments and enters into the details of his domestic life, of his small afflictions, and of his personal history, as soon as he makes your acquaintance. Such a man will talk to you of his diseases and of his remedies, of his troubles with his servants, and of his quarrels with his wife, with unlimited and undesired freedom, if he do but meet you in a railroad-carriage. Such a man is too full of himself ever to doubt the full sympathy of his hearer.

It is not, however, with the mere gentlemanly civility that friendship can be satisfied—politeness belongs to the early stages of acquaintance, and the courtesies that friendship asks are of a different kind. Friendship will ask for a soothing, kindly tenderness; and when trouble comes, will claim some demonstration of gentle charity, some drops of sacred pity; but the reserved man will not give them. Much else he may give, but not that; and if you attempt in such a sort to draw upon his sympathies, your bill will be dishonoured.

His atmosphere is incapable of radiation: the heats of emotion may travel to his heart, but they will not flow back again; they will not pass out in either words or looks. As lamps in sepulchres, they remain unseen; yet not, as those, useless. They will light the way to the act of sacrifice and self-denial; for the same man who is so much a miser in expression will be prodigal in action; will, with that noblest self-denial which denies its own existence, pour out his generous assistance. Let there be a definite, tangible good to give, and he will give it at any cost to himself. Devotion of time, of strength, of money, of thought; the sacrifice of his own pleasure, of his own comfort, his own desires—the secret sacrifice—these things

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may come from him in good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over: he will shrink from no service but that of admitting an acknowledgment of his service. He is a friend in ambush.

In the moment of danger and anguish when you are about to be cut down, he starts from his hiding-place to your rescue. Your gratitude overflows, you fling yourself before him and pour it out; you lay at his feet the rich abundance of your love—to have it kicked away. He will not stoop to pick it up; his glance is averted, and he turns his back upon you; disappearing again among those mists in which it is his pleasure to dwell, though for a moment he emerged from them, and stood in that clear light of affection which made him look so radiant.

But if it be his pleasure to shroud himself again, why should you complain? What just grievance have you? Is the very nobleness of his nature to serve as a plea against him? Because he has made one sacrifice are you to claim another? Do you give him your love and then exact a penalty in return, calling upon him to give up in exchange his dear impenetrability? Should affection be a matter of barter? Should you not rather check for him the fulness of your own utterance, and do homage to his virtue by your self-restraint?

There are certain crystals which contain within them a hidden fire. Cold and silent for long, long centuries they may remain, but if you subject them to the action of heat they will gleam with a quick light—and every particle will show like a glow-worm in the night. The fire within them is only elicited at a raised temperature; they must be warmed into life. So it is with some hearts. Their vitality is only to be recognised under the influence of a sudden glow—to be recognised only so, at least, by the general eye; but to the skilled and delicate observer, the symptoms of that vitality are to be detected even in their normal condition. The philosopher understands the secret sign, and through the subtle structure he discerns the mystery of that complex nature. He discerns it with a deep and loving wonder.

It is remarkable how the impulsive nature will cling to the controlled, how the eager and flowing will do homage to the superiority of a compressed calm.

Shakspeare's Horatio is an essentially reserved man, cool and constant in exterior—a man of few words. Hamlet, impulsive, eager, swayed by contending passions, amazed with doubts, and thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls, turns to him with trust, feels a security in his repose, a dependence on his quiet judgment.

> Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
> As e'er my conversation coped withal.
> * * * * *
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.

Such a man Horatio is, till the last dire extremity arrives, when at the fatal moment of his friend's advancing death, the secret passion of his nature is revealed. The silent depths of his sensibility are disclosed—the affections rise in revolt against the despotic rule—the emotions defy the master hand, and the man, distracted, clutches at the poisoned cup.

> I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;
> Here's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet arrests him:—

> As thou art a man, give me the cup—
> Oh God, Horatio, what a wounded name,
> Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story.

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Horatio obeys. The obedience is evidently consistent with the whole character; but the momentary triumph of an intense suffering is not less so. Hamlet loved in Horatio, not an insensible man, but a man whose sensibilities were under a fixed control.

It was natural that he should appeal to such a man to be the vindicator of his fame. The silent, reserved, just man, would speak only to convince, he would not waste his force, he would live to tell the story truly and faithfully, and his story would be believed.

Hamlet appeals in the first instance to that strong manhood, which he with his more passionate and feminine characteristics clings to; but in the next, to the self-denying tenderness which his own fine susceptibilities have been able to recognise. And so we see Horatio survive to fulfil the last wish, to take upon himself the sacred office (and what is more sacred than this?) to defend the dead from slander, to keep the name that remains pure from taint as the life was that is gone—to preserve a high reputation from the attacks of the base, from the rust and moth that corrupt, and from the thieves who break through and steal—to instruct, with a view to this end, the yet unknowing world how these things came about, not when the blow has once fallen passing into the extravagances of grief and mourning, but entering immediately upon a plain recital of facts, and addressing himself to Fortinbras with the settled composure which is becoming to a faithful messenger.

Particular qualities distinguish families, races, and nations; the northern races are the more restrained, the southern the more demonstrative. The English are noted at once as a reserved and as a poetical people.

'La nation Anglaise,' says M. Ch. de Rémusat, with a just acknowledgment of our national qualities rare in a French writer, 'est loin d'être un peuple sans imagination. Quel pays moderne plus fertile en grands poëtes?'

The French, with their profuse words, their love of attitude, their natural tendency to display, diffuse their emotions over a wide surface, and their writers are sentimental and epigrammatic rather than passionate and poetical.

The sang froid Anglais, which, being truly translated, is English reserve, is at once a theme for the satire and the respect of the French authors. The well got-up English gentleman in French comedy is ludicrous in his composure. With a sandy wig, sandy whiskers, an eye-glass, and a stoop of the neck, he walks quietly through the most agitated scenes, never hurrying his step nor altering his favourite position. And when things have reached their dramatic climax, in the general torrent and whirlwind of passion, continuing to take his cool observation of proceedings, and uttering nothing more than these two monosyllables, 'Oh! yes.'

But the most eloquent, ardent, and imaginative of French writers has chosen a calm Englishman for the hero of her romance. While Lord Nevil is sailing away in serene dignity, Corinne is beating her head against a stone.

The impulsive nature is undoubtedly the more popular, but the reserved commands a higher and a deeper love. The impulsive, ardent in profession, eager in expression, in action can do no more than keep pace with promise, and more commonly falls below it; while the reserved and self-contained, making no promise, holding out no hope, is ever in advance of his own word, and the smallest act of kindness comes from him like a deed of grace. 'Dark, and true, and tender is the north,' says the poet; and 'fierce, and false, and fickle is the south.'

But this is rather in semblance than in fact.

The cold and silent north seems true by refraining from speech; the hot and forward south seems fickle, by speaking too much; for it is certain that no human being is altogether constant and consistent; only as long as he suppresses his opinions and feelings, the changes they undergo are not found out, while those who are given to much speaking, furnish the record of their own fluctuations, and are judged or misjudged accordingly, being often accused of insincerity

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where they should be the rather praised for their candour in admitting the error of a preconceived opinion, too great a haste in publication being the only fault of which they are really guilty.

The danger of the ready speaker lies in an expenditure of force. He runs the risk of being satisfied with the good word, to the neglect of the good deed; while the reserved man runs the risk of totally extinguishing the fire that he seeks to hide; for affection at last will languish to death for want of expression—and life of all kinds will lose itself in darkness.

If a nature be nobly stamped, is it not a pity to call in art to alter its face? Let vice have recourse to the screen, let the deformed visage be thickly covered, but let virtue show us something of the fairness of her aspect, and let the veil she wears be delicate, that we may discern through it the sweetness of her countenance.

Reserve is often mistaken for shyness, and sometimes for pride; with shyness it has in truth no kindred. Shyness is a timidity, an embarrassment in the presence of others, which proceeds rather from the physical condition of the nerves, than from any peculiar mental quality. Reserve is a mental effort. A baby may be shy, but a baby cannot be reserved. Reserve is steadfast and not troubled; and except where the emotions are called into play, does not affect the flow of social intercourse. With the reserved man, so long as you remain in the regions of taste and fancy, you may walk pleasantly through sunny paths and meadows, and pull sweet flowers as you go. It is only when you would enter upon the avenues of feeling that you run against the high closed gate.

Wordsworth in describing a poet has described a reserved man:—

> He is retired as noontide dew,
> Or fountain in a noonday grove;
> And you must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love.
> The outward shows of sky and earth,
> Of hill and valley he has viewed,
> And impulses of deeper birth
> Have come to him in solitude.

But how, cries the hasty reader, can a poet be reserved? Is it not the business of his life to proclaim his passion, to detail to the public all the conflicts, struggles, and agonies of his fighting soul? Does he not confide his griefs, and open the inner shrine of his heart, to printer and publisher?

It is true, and yet he could not do it to a friend. He can address a public whom he does not see, but not the friend whom he does see, because he knows the exact boundary of his friend's sympathies; while in that large mass of unknown, there are unsounded depths of sensibility to appeal to, and to them, as the player to his audience, he may make his soliloquy aloud.

The height and depth of the love cherished towards the reserved has been spoken of. It is so deep, because we admire the more reverentially whatever is beyond the extent of our perception. 'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter yet.' And there is 'the unknown joy that knowing kills.' Is not the fascination of the difficult and the dark entrancing in its kind? See how navigators are pressing on constantly to the north pole, at the risk of being ice-bound, wrecked, and miserably starved, merely because there is something to be discovered.

This affection is so high, so exalted, because it is free from the taint of self-love, and does not venture to ask for a return; content with the happiness of esteeming a true excellence and of giving without expecting to receive.

The impulsive man trusts his friend too much: the reserved man trusts only himself. The impulsive man may be despised, but cannot be hated. The reserved man may be hated, but cannot be despised. He occupies the fortress; he holds the strong, impregnable position. He is behind the walls, and our shots whiz past him. He reveals no front to the foe. He will tire out the besieger. Only let him take care that while he makes his lines of defence against the enemy so strong he does not also close the way to friendly supplies.

All virtues may be carried into an excess which converts them into faults; and reserve, which is, after all, control, may pass into a repelling

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stoicism. Such a danger attends its constant exercise. And yet, if the present writer could be transported by the touch of a wizard's wand back into childhood, and then be asked by too indulgent parents what he would wish to be in after life, he would unhesitatingly reply, 'a reserved man,' in order to taste those peculiar pleasures, that timid homage, that proud sense of impenetrability, which have here been described. There is no wizard's wand; and no such choice is offered to him; he has nearly run his course out, and there is no turning back. He cannot disguise from himself (not being apt at disguise) that he has not been hitherto a reserved man; but he may do his best with the little space that remains; and in writing at the present moment, he is conscious of viewing himself with a respectful satisfaction for the concealment that he practises while he holds back his name.

ALPINE LITERATURE.

THE library of works relating to the scenery, geography, and natural history of the Alps has now attained such dimensions that it is time to take stock, so to speak, of the mass of literature devoted to these subjects, and classify it, if only for the benefit of that army of tourists that will before many days are over occupy Switzerland, and whose arrival is looked forward to by the patriots of that country with an interest no doubt quite as deep and sincere as that which attended the advent of a certain other liberal army a few weeks ago on the other side of the Alps. The tourist may well feel an *embarras des richesses,* and be puzzled as to what he should read, take, and avoid, when he sees the number of books that are recommended as being 'a most useful and almost necessary appendage to the traveller's outfit,' or 'a trustworthy and invaluable companion for those who visit the land where nature appears in her grandest and most eccentric moods.' It may be of some assistance to him, therefore, if we analyse the pile before us, which is composed of what seem to be the most noteworthy of the books that relate to Alpine travel. It is a goodly pile to look at, and it must be confessed most of the volumes composing it are got up in a style that makes the fate in store for them seem a sad one by force of contrast. What will be the condition in October next of these elegant and luxurious tomes? Where will be all their bravery of blue, and buff, and pink, and gold, after a couple of months spent for the most part in the society of boots and brushes and other chance companions in the bag or portmanteau; not to speak of the horny thumbs of vigilant officials, who will pounce upon them, hoping to catch a Bible in disguise, or an edition *de luxe* of *Napoléon le Petit?* One or two, to be sure, have a chance of escape, their dimensions being suggestive of a displacement rather greater than many old travellers will consent to, but still one cannot help thinking, as Gilderoy's wife thought of her husband's being hung, that it is a hard fate for sic handsome books.

There is another reflection which the sight suggests—viz., how thoroughly English all this is, and how indicative of that rambling, scrambling, exercise-loving disposition which makes foreigners fancy, with the first grave-digger in *Hamlet,* that insanity is the normal condition of mind in this kingdom. French, Americans, and Germans are to be met with in numbers every summer in Switzerland, but we shall have to wait a long time before we see such a library of books on this subject produced by the combined forces of the three nations. It is not that we are naturally more given to bookmaking; the percentage of authors in the general population is not so much larger here than in America, and in all probability is smaller than in France or Germany. The truth is, perhaps, that we take a peculiar, and it may be insular, view of Switzerland and its attractions. It is not, to the majority at least of English travellers, a mere outlying Baden-Baden,

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or remoter Homburg, where striking scenery gives a zest to lounging, and forms an agreeable adjunct to the pleasures of the *table-d'hôte;* but a country to be walked, ridden, or driven over—a country for active rather than passive enjoyment—a kind of gymnasium for mind as well as body, out of which we must try and get as much benefit as our time may permit. It may be no doubt national vanity that makes us think so, but still there certainly seem to be reasons for supposing that we do succeed; and that we enjoy Switzerland more thoroughly than our neighbours, either through having a keener relish for nature, or being better adapted, physically and constitutionally, for making the necessary exertion a pleasure. Even the German, who on occasion is quite as enterprising and enthusiastic a mountaineer, never seems to enjoy himself among the Alps in the way an Englishman does. As you look at him, it is hard to help fancying that he is trying to settle in his own mind the source of his pleasure, whether it be an appeal from nature to his inner consciousness, or the operation of the all-pervading world-spirit. Whereas the other, glum as he may look, is obviously serenely content and satisfied that everything is all right, which we take to be a state of mind much more in harmony with the dignity and purpose of nature. However, laying aside the unsatisfactory question of national distinctions, let us come back to facts. We have here some half dozen books addressed especially to Swiss tourists, and all professing to give advice as to the routes to be chosen, places to be visited, things to be observed, modes of travelling to be adopted, and other essential points. That there happen to be so many is to a great extent due to the fact that the genus Swiss tourist is capable of subdivision into several species. Provision must be made for the requirements of lady and family tourists, who, however enthusiastic about glaciers and snow-mountains, must nevertheless allow considerations of hotels and roads to enter largely into their plans. Then there are tourists *en garçon*, who in the main have a sincere respect for personal comfort, though they do not object to roughing it occasionally on sufficient cause being shown. There are also the knapsacked pedestrian, who, in Galway phrase, takes the country as God made it; the explorer who studiously avoids the beaten tracks, and always prefers to break new ground; the mountain climber, for whom a new ascent or an untried pass has charms independent of novelty or scenery; the scientific traveller, to whom the natural phenomena, geology, botany, or zoology of the Alps are sources of pleasure. For each of these classes there is something in the heap of books before us.*

Place aux dames. *A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa*† is intended to show how a lady, without undergoing any greater hardships than the not very luxurious accommodation of an humble inn, and an occasional scrambling walk or mule ride over a rough path, can explore a part of the Alps which has hitherto been generally left to pedestrians, and thus enjoy some of the very sublimest scenery in the world at the cost of as little inconvenience — supposing that to be an object—as would be entailed by a tour in the Highlands or in Connemara. Persons who are not familiar with the Alps, and with Monte Rosa in particular, will perhaps wonder how the circuit of a mountain can by any courtesy of language be dignified with the title of 'tour,' and how it could possibly furnish materials for an octavo volume of four hundred pages. A glance, however, at any tolerably good map of Switzerland will convince them that after all it may not be such a trifle as they imagine. They will perceive that from Mont Blanc to far to the eastwards of Monte Rosa there stretches, not a succession of mountains with deep valleys between them, but a chain,

* Murray's *Handbook*, or that excellent little book, the *Practical Swiss Guide* (Longman and Co.), or perhaps both, every traveller, no matter to what class he belongs, will find indispensable, therefore we do not include them.

† *A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa.* London: Longman and Co. 1859.

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capped with snow that lies almost unbroken throughout the whole length of the range, and suggests an ascent of at least nine or ten thousand feet above the sea level, before a passage from one side to the other can be effected. Of this range Monte Rosa is, next to Mont Blanc, the highest peak, and as the extension of its base is proportioned to its altitude, it follows that to make the tour round it one must go a good way round. Beside which, the mere approach to the mountain is by no means so simple a matter as it seems to be on the map. It is wonderful how easy map-travelling is in Switzerland. On the map, from this point to that often seems just such a nice little excursion as one might make of an afternoon, and be in time for dinner at the end of it; but how different is the real thing. That little valley suggesting a pleasant stroll up winding paths through fir-woods broken by patches of pasture, where mountain stream and cattle-bell tinkle in rivalry, is perhaps filled with a glacier, a wild mass of tumultuous ice-blocks at the bottom, a labyrinth of yawning crevasses in the middle, and a slope of deceitful snow at the top. That table-land above is no breezy mountain plain; you will meet no goats filing soberly homewards at milking time as you enter upon that dreary expanse; no bee will hum across your path up there. It is a great sheet of blinding whiteness, avoided even by the chamois and the marmot, crossed by no living creature but man and the lämmergeier, and swept by a wind compared with which the black North-Easter of Mr. Kingsley is a zephyr. The gentle hill-side by which you propose to descend is, ten to one, a combination of inclined planes of ice at an angle of sixty, and precipices which, even if practicable, shed rocks upon your head freely; and when at last you do succeed in reuniting yourself with the human species, you find it to be a humanity that has not advanced beyond the rudest of chalets for a habitation, the sourest of milk and bread for food, and hay for bed and bedding. These, of course, are things which on occasion may be not only endured but enjoyed, but which, if you are not prepared for them, are inconvenient, if not insurmountable.

With respect to Monte Rosa, no matter how plain the sailing may seem according to the map, there is but one approach from the north for those who are not willing to face some, if not all, of the difficulties just mentioned. To get near Monte Rosa from the Valais side and keep even the semblance of a path under your feet the whole way, you must go by the valley of St. Nicholas. At the head of this valley lies Zermatt, from which, or rather from the heights immediately above it, the only good views of this side of Monte Rosa are to be obtained. Very likely the traveller who has trudged or ridden that seven-and-twenty miles from Visp will be somewhat disappointed with the Queen of the Alps. As seen from the neighbourhood of Zermatt, at least from the more practicable points, her claims to the title do not strike one as being incontestable. For example, in that noble panorama which surrounds the spectator as he stands on the Görnergrat, Monte Rosa does not play a very conspicuous part. Its vast breadth is certainly striking, but it does not seem to overtop much, if at all, the nearer masses of the Lyskamm and Breithorn; while to the right the Matterhorn, the grandest mountain in the grandest mountain-land in the world, and further round, the graceful cone of the Weisshorn, are infinitely more impressive. The fact is, that to see Monte Rosa aright you must either reach a great height on the Swiss side, or else cross over to the Italian side. There are just three passes by which the latter object may be effected immediately from Zermatt. There is the St. Theodule, leading into the Val Tournanche, which, although over ice and perpetual snow, and more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea at its highest point, is neither dangerous nor difficult, and may in fine weather be travelled almost throughout its entire length on horse or mule-back.* Nearer to Monte

* The St. Theodule is of at least respectable antiquity as a pass, for we find it

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Rosa is the Schwarz Thor, crossing the ridge between the Breithorn and Lyskamm, and descending by the glacier of Ayas to the village of the same name; and on the other side of Monte Rosa is the Weiss Thor, leading to Macugnaga at the head of the Val Anzasca. For ladies the two last are wholly impracticable. The latter has indeed been once crossed by a lady; but as that lady was Miss Forman, who has triumphantly proved that no Alpine difficulty was too great for her, the case can hardly be considered a precedent, and we rather suspect that in this instance few of her sex would relish following her example. As to the Schwarz Thor, it is an expedition to be attempted by first-rate mountaineers alone. Indeed, since its discovery by Mr. Ball in 1845, it has not, as far as we are aware, been successfully attempted by any one except Mr. Davies, a gentleman who has reached more than one of the 'inaccessible' peaks of the Alps. There remains, therefore, only one pass, the St. Theodule, by which the south side of Monte Rosa can be reached directly from Zermatt by ladies or persons who are not prepared to encounter what the guides call a 'grande course.' In the route recommended by the authoress of the *Lady's Tour*, the St. Theodule pass is reserved for the return into Switzerland, and the passage into Italy effected by the Monte Moro from Saas to Macugnaga. This route has several advantages. In the first place, there is no near view of Monte Rosa comparable to that obtained from the heights above the last named village; indeed there is scarcely any other spot where you can come to such close quarters with one of the giants of the Alps, or where the grim splendour of the snow mountain and the green and gold of an Italian valley are seen in such close contact. From the col of the Monte Moro you look, as it were, into the heart of Monte Rosa. Far down beneath you, on the one hand, are the chesnuts and walnuts of the Val Anzasca, and, higher than these are low, upon the other hand, rises an amphitheatre of glittering ice precipices. Elsewhere Monte Rosa, with a royal carelessness, lets her robe of snow flow where it will: here she seems to draw herself up and gather it about her feet, lest the chilly hem of her garment should check the warmth of that glorious valley over which she presides with such a stern satisfaction. For Monte Rosa is, as the name suggests, more properly an Italian than a Swiss mountain. In scorn of her northern rivals, she turns her back upon Switzerland, and looks to Lombardy and Piedmont for homage to her diadem of peaks.

Another advantage is, that the Monte Moro being a pass which necessarily enters into a tour of Monte Rosa, it is much less fatiguing to ascend from Saas and descend to Macugnaga than to do the contrary, owing to the greater steepness of the Italian side. Once in Italy, the route to be adopted becomes in a measure a matter of taste. Some will go southward by Varallo, or even as far as the Lago d'Orta. Others, clinging to the Alps, will turn westward by the Turlo and Col d'Ollen, in either case making ultimately for Chatillon and the Val Tournanche so as to reach Zermatt by the St. Theodule. This of course is merely the main plan of a tour of Monte Rosa. It may be easily varied and extended, and

ranked with the St. Gothard and Simplon as one of the 'itinera per Alpes celebriora,' in a little book, which is perhaps the earliest work extant exclusively devoted to the Alps and their topography and inhabitants. 'Per juga Montis Sylvii,' says this *Vallesiæ et Alpium Descriptio*, 'quem nostri Gletscher vocant, duo sunt itinera, unum ad Salassos, alterum in vallem Sessitis fluvii ad Varallum oppidum ducit, à quo deinde Novariam descenditur: hujus itineris Jovius meminit et Merula, atque hic quidem à Sessite incipere ait Alpes summas, quarum finis sit ad Verbanum.'—Josiæ Simleri *Vallesiæ et Alpium Descriptio*. Elzevir. 1633. The Mons Sylvius is of course the Matterhorn, still Monte Sylvio in Italian; and the duo itinera are the two routes between which the traveller may decide on reaching the Val Tournanche: that to the east being most likely over the Col d'Ollen into the Val Sesia ('in vallem Sessitis fluvii'), a route no doubt once much used by pilgrims to the Monte Sacro, at Varallo; that to the west leading into the Val d'Aosta, formerly the stronghold of the Salassi.

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for judicious variations and extensions the reader must be left in the hands of the pleasant guide to whom we have introduced him.

Mr. King's *Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps** is a book somewhat similar in purpose to the preceding. The hints given apply to the same class of tourists, for all through the excursions described the author was accompanied by a lady; but they refer to a much greater extent of country, and to districts even less known than those traversed in the *Lady's Tour*. Altogether it is a much more pretentious work, being even erudite upon occasion, especially where the author enters at length into the *vexata quæstio* of Hannibal's passage of the Alps—whether it was by the Little St. Bernard, the Mont Genevre, or any of the other passes that claim the honour. Mr. King, with the majority of those who have considered the matter, gives his voice in favour of the Little St. Bernard, and on the whole the arguments on his side are more likely to prove convincing than those brought forward by Signor Antonio Gallenga to support the Mont Genevre theory. The route here described extends from the southern side of Mont Blanc to the Lago Maggiore, and includes an exploration of the Val de Cogne, a digression to Turin, and a return into Switzerland by the Gries pass.

The remaining books of our collection are addressed rather to the pedestrian, the explorer, and the man of science; and the fact that they are two to one of the former class is very suggestive of the number of Swiss tourists who are to be included under one or all of the above descriptions. By right of seniority and valuable services the post of honour among these is due to Professor Forbes's *Tour of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa.*† This is perhaps the only book of the whole set which is really suitable for the knapsack. Its chief qualifications are that it is of the most modest dimensions, being smaller than even Murray's *Handbook;* that it refers for the most part to regions about which little or no information can be found in other works; that it contains by far the best map extant of that maze of glaciers which forms the main attraction of Chamouni, and that it is a compact mine of curious observation touching the physical phenomena of the Alps. It would be scarcely too much to say that no one should go upon a glacier until he has read Professor Forbes's preliminary chapter on 'Glaciers and their Scenery.' Looked at carelessly, a glacier seems to answer more exactly than anything else in the world the description of a freak of Nature. It seems as if she had started with the intention of doing something with that mass of ice—of moulding it into some graceful form, or letting it hang like a motionless cascade down the mountain side, but that, failing in the attempt, she madly tore up her materials, and dashing them down in a fury, relapsed into a grim tranquillity. Beyond this chaos are things less insane but quite as eccentric. There are slender pillars of ice supporting broad slabs of rock; colossal ant-hills of gravel; crevasses with blue and white stripes upon their ghostly walls; weird cups and rivulets of preternaturally bright water; long ridges of stone and rubbish branching in different directions or stretching away into the distance, as if they were the preliminary embankments of a mad railway projected by a board of directors composed of lunatic gnomes. But all this apparently random and purposeless profusion of phenomena may be traced to the simplest and most every-day causes; and the alphabet, so to speak, once acquired, you may read the glacier as easily as the fairest Aldine or Elzevir print. The first thing to be learned and remembered is that that cold, solid mass which seems to lie sleeping upon its rocky bed is in reality a restless body, ever crawling slowly and steadily from the snowfields

* *The Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps.* By the Rev. S. W. King. London: Murray. 1859.

† *The Tour of Mont Blanc and of Monte Rosa.* Abridged from the Author's *Travels in the Alps of Savoy.* By James D. Forbes, D.C.L., F.R.S. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1855.

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above down to the pastures below. If you want a proof of this you have only to look at those ridges of stone and gravel, and if they do not explain the matter sufficiently clearly, you may demonstrate it to your own satisfaction by a homely but persuasive experiment. Take a pinch of snuff and a lump of putty, and while you draw the latter out slowly, suffer the former to fall grain by grain upon it. The result will be an elongated piece of putty and a line of snuff extending along its upper surface, which may be taken as convenient representatives of the glacier and its moraine. While the glacier moves slowly onwards the rocks above it keep up a perpetual discharge of fragments upon its surface. But fragment No. 1 has moved on by the time that fragment No. 2 has come down to meet it, and as this process is repeated pretty regularly at every spot, the consequence is a chain of fragments running parallel with the boundary of the glacier. Before long, however, glacier No. 2, coming down from some other snow-field, joins glacier No. 1, upon which the two club their resources and in a manner carry on between them a joint-stock moraine composed of the contributions each has received in its downward course. There is yet another puzzle. That vast elongated mound running down the middle of the united glacier cannot be the mere result of the *débris* of the mountain side. It is almost a mountain in itself. To settle this question you have only to turn over one of the stones composing it, when you find that the moraine, instead of being internally a mass of stones or gravel, is simply a ridge of ice coated with stones, which hints at another feature in glacier economy—viz., that it suffers a perpetual waste of its surface under the rays of the sun, and nowhere, as you find to your cost, does the sun beat down more fiercely than upon a glacier. The fact is, the height of the moraine represents the level the glacier in general would have preserved had it not been for the sun, and is due to the protection from his beams which its stony covering afforded to the ice beneath. The pillars of ice supporting tables of stone before alluded to are illustrations of the same action on a smaller scale. A slab of rock, either falling from a height greater than ordinary, or rebounding from some crag with unusual violence, alights on the glacier beyond the limits of the lateral moraine. But for this hard luck it would have enjoyed the company of its kin all the way down to the valley below. But see the compensating kindness of Nature. While the ice all around it perspires away daily in countless streamlets, that portion which lies immediately beneath it is sheltered and does not waste, so that in time this protected ice forms a column, on the top of which the accommodating slab is borne along in solitary but imposing state. Of course, if it overweighs the amount of protection it gives, the ice cannot be expected to act in a disinterested manner; and if it should be so small as to afford no protection at all, but on the contrary to transmit instead of absorbing the heat of the sun, it has only to take the consequences, which are, that it sinks gradually beneath the surface, and leaves a crystal cup filled with water so clear and cold that your thirsty soul blesses the kindly pebble that produced it. As to the veined structure of the ice, all we know about it is, that in fact we know nothing about it, for none of the theories as yet proposed can be said to be satisfactory. Whether it be the result of a species of stratification of the ice, or the consequence of cleavage or partial liquefaction by extreme pressure, are still unsettled questions, and we suspect that if ever a solution is obtained it will be by careful examination of the relative properties of the blue and white ice, and ascertaining by the microscope, and by comparison of their specific gravities and refracting power, to what extent they are to be considered as different conditions of the same body.

With respect to the viscous and plastic theories the controversy may be considered to be at an end, and to have produced mainly this result, that the difference between plasticity and viscosity is now once and for all established. The difference between the two theories is now merely one of words, and indeed it was little more at any

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time. Professor Forbes appears to have been inexact in his language, and to have treated 'viscous' and 'plastic' as synonymous, preferring perhaps the former because it served to illustrate his view more forcibly than the latter. Professor Tyndall's objection was, in essence, dialectical rather than scientific, but once put could not fail to be allowed, and Professor Forbes himself seems disposed to recognise the distinction, and to admit that viscous is not the proper term to apply to a body undergoing the combined action of fracture and regelation, while plastic is. In fact the issue may be summed up in the language of the Irish advocate of universal equality: the one word is as good as the other and better.

The books of Messrs. Wills and Hinchliff* are written more with a view to giving information on the topography than on the natural philosophy of the High Alps; but though indefatigable climbers and clearly partial to the regions of ice and perpetual snow, the authors are not unmindful of their weaker brethren, and suggest many excursions which do not require any of the preparations or qualifications of a regular mountaineer. Mr. Wills, for instance, deserves the thanks of visitors to Interlaken for having called their attention to the view from the Harder, the mountain immediately behind that nest of boarding houses, and also to that from the Gumihorn on the opposide side of the valley, both of which may be enjoyed by any tourist who has triumphed over the ascent of the Rigi; and Mr. Hinchliff may fairly claim the title of the discoverer of the Ober Simmenthal, a happy valley with a jovial innkeeper instead of Rasselas in it, and easily reached from Thun or from the valley of the Rhone. But the greater part of these two books is occupied with accounts of expeditions of greater magnitude. In Mr. Wills's the most notable are his description of the Col du Géant, and of the passage from Saas to Zermatt by the Findelen Glacier, which, in honour of the famous curé of Saas, he proposes to call the 'Col Imseng.' But his grandest achievement was the ascent of the Wetterhorn, a feat which he and his party were the first to accomplish. His account of the last steps of that ascent, of their finding themselves at length beneath a cornice of ice 'that curled over towards us like a wave,' and of their bursting through this obstruction into a new world, reads almost like a bit out of Sindbad's adventures. Perhaps the reader is curious to know what the top of one of the High Alps is like, and what you see when you get there:

> It was a saddle, or more properly, a kind of knife-edge, of ice; for I never sat on so narrow-backed a horse. We worked ourselves along this ridge, seated ourselves in a long row upon it, and untied the ropes. After a few minutes, when we had become more accustomed to the situation, I ventured to stand upright on that narrow edge—not four inches wide—and then, at length, I became fully aware of the extent and magnificence of the panorama. To the east and south lay a boundless sea of mighty peaks, stretching from the great Ortler Spitz, and his giant companions of the Tyrol, in the solemn distance, past the fine group of the Monte Leone, the many summits of Monte Rosa, and the sharp peak of the Weisshorn, towards the Western extremity of the Pennine chain. Mont Blanc was hidden behind the mountains of the Oberland, whose stupendous masses looked but a stone's throw from us. Between us and the far off snows of the Ortler Spitz, lay group behind group of the mountains of the Grisons and of Uri, green at the base, dark and craggy above, and capped by broken patches of glacier and snow, intersected by numerous deep and narrow valleys, at the foot of which tortuous mountain torrents and glacier streams glittered like silver threads.

Mr. Hinchliff's crowning exploit was an ascent of Monte Rosa, of which he gives a quiet, unexaggerated, but uncommonly graphic account. What a vision that must have been when Sardinia and Lombardy lay spread out like a map beneath the feet—when the Lago Maggiore showed as a long narrow pond in the foreground, with, just

* *Wanderings among the High Alps.* By Alfred Wills. London: Bentley.
Summer Months among the Alps, with the Ascent of Monte Rosa. By Thomas W. Hinchliff. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

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beyond it, a city, in the centre of which a shining white mound represented the marble Duomo of Milan.

We meet both of these gentlemen again among the contributors to that collection of papers by members of the Alpine Club, which has just been published under the title of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers.** This is by far the most sumptuous and luxurious book of the set, and it is almost a pity that it is so, for were it not for its size, and a feeling that it is too handsome to be knocked about, the temptation to make a travelling companion of it would be almost irresistible. In the first place, it contains a series of nine maps—all admirably executed, and under the superintendence of persons thoroughly familiar with the localities—which embraces just those portions of the Alps where the want of an accurate and convenient map is most likely to be felt; and then it is full of a kind of information which is not to be found in ordinary tourists' books, and gives a number of valuable hints as to what ought to be observed, and what is the best way of observing it. Besides all this, it is well calculated to be a grand resource against the tedium of a wet day in Switzerland. Without particularizing invidiously, we would especially call the attention of those who contemplate a tour in the High Alps this season, to the chapter in which the editor, Mr. Ball, offers certain 'Suggestions for Alpine Travellers,' founded on his own experience, and also to the papers of Professor Tyndall and Mr. Ramsay, on the 'Séracs of the Glacier du Géant,' and 'The Old Glaciers of Switzerland and Wales.' The idea of glaciers in Britain will no doubt be a novel one to persons who have never considered the matter seriously, and will perhaps seem inconsistent with the traditional rightness and tightness of that island. They should recollect, however, that glaciers do not absolutely require mountains of Alpine magnitude for their support. The conditions necessary to their existence are merely fields or plateaux of perpetual snow, and steep, descending ravines, in which, in its attempt to reach the valley below, the snow is squeezed, jammed, and compacted into ice. The latter we have still, the former happily we have not; but we know that our predecessors, man or beast, once enjoyed a climate under which such things could be. Our glaciers have gone the way of all ice (at a temperature exceeding 32 Fahrenheit), but their traces remain; and as in the case of the idle boys of modern times, you can always know that they have descended a certain staircase by the characteristic handwriting on the wall.

Before we conclude, it may be as well to say a word about the nature and objects of the Alpine Club. To any one undertaking an important Alpine expedition, companionship is always desirable, and in most cases absolutely necessary. A party of four or five will be more likely to succeed in a difficult enterprise than two or three, from the more effectual assistance they will be able to give each other. The expenses, too, are much less to each individual. Men who undertake excursions out of the common routes are more dependent upon each other for information and assistance, than those who can trust to the guide-book for all they want; besides which, a similarity of taste and object is of course a strong bond of union. A tendency to fraternize, therefore, naturally sprang up among those tourists whose summer and autumn rambles were devoted to the portions of Switzerland lying beyond the beaten tracks, and who were consequently more thrown into each other's society than ordinary Swiss travellers. Year by year fresh members were introduced, so that at last, in the spring of 1858, it was proposed to enrol the fraternity formally, under the title of the Alpine Club. 'It was thought,' to quote the words of the preface, 'that many of those who have been engaged in similar undertakings, would willingly avail themselves of

* *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: a Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club.* Edited by John Ball, M.R.I.A., F.L.S., President of the Alpine Club. London: Longman and Co. 1859.

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occasional opportunities for meeting together, for communicating information as to past excursions, and for planning new achievements; and a hope was entertained that such an association might indirectly advance the general progress of knowledge, by directing the attention of men, not professedly followers of science, to particular points in which their assistance may contribute to valuable results.' These expectations have been fully realized. The club at the present moment we believe numbers more than a hundred members, a fact which speaks for the prevalence among the travelling English, not only of a love of science, scenery, and enterprize, but also of energy and physical vigour, for it has been determined, and wisely, we think, to require from each candidate for admission, a proof, literary, scientific, or pedestrian, that he is one who will co-operate in and further the objects of the club, and not one of those who go to Switzerland merely to cluster like summer flies round such sweet spots as Interlaken or Lucerne.

Thus the reader will perceive that the Alpine Club is to a very great degree scientific in its nature, but even were it less so, it would be scarcely less entitled to consideration as an institution. It is true there are a good many people who profess a profound contempt for mountain climbing, and ridicule those who indulge in it as the victims of a kind of lunacy. The reason they generally give is a perfectly rational and satisfactory one. They 'cannot understand what pleasure you find in it.' Of course they cannot, seeing they have never tried by actual experiment; but that does not prove that there is no pleasure to be found in it; while on the other hand, that there is some attraction about the pursuit, is shown by the fact that no one who has once tried a grand mountain excursion has ever been heard to express a disinclination to repeat the experiment, and many who used to sneer at such things as being work only fit for idiots, have, after once tasting the pleasures of the High Alps, taken kindly and even enthusiastically to the Alpenstock. As to what these pleasures really are, it would be difficult to give an exact idea. Properly speaking mountaineering, *per se* and apart from its objects, is a new sport, and, as in all sports, a vast deal of the pleasure it gives lies in the excitement consequent on combating a difficulty by means of skill, pluck, and endurance. These three are necessary to any sport that deserves to be called a sport. Even fishing brings them out, as any one will admit after a hard day's thrashing with a heavy rod, enlivened by brisk races with a fresh-run ten pounder, and sundry plunges waist deep into the eddies of a March flood, and mad jumps from boulder to boulder, the whizzing reel all the while singing in your ear 'keep moving.' But in none, not even in fox hunting, is there such a demand for them as in Alpine excursions. It should be borne in mind also that there are things to be seen at great altitudes which can be seen there alone, and of which those who cling to the valleys can have no idea, not merely extensive and magnificent views, but marvellous bits of ice and snow scenery, which derive an additional charm from the solemn silence and desolation that reigns all around. The active exercise, the fresh mountain air, and the feeling of animal vigour and buoyancy of spirit they produce are important elements. Even the bustle and formalities of the preparation and start for an expedition are enjoyable. The scene is generally some airily perched little hotel, like those on the Æggisch-horn or Riffelberg, which from the valley below looks like a white speck on the mountain side. All over the house there is a sound and smell as of vigorous roasting going on, suggestive of the vast quantities of cold meat to be consumed on the morrow under the combined influence of keen air and hard work. The guides are for the most part taking it wonderfully coolly, but their employers, at least those who are not old hands, are in a great state of nervousness about the weather, always running in to look at the barometer, and out again to look at the moon, and asking whether that haze does not look ugly? and whether those clouds do

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not promise fresh snow? to all which inquiries the guides, who in such cases are a sanguine race, invariably reply that there will be 'schaynes watter.' You don't feel a bit inclined to go to bed, and would sit up all night — rather till the period of it, two or three o'clock, which is fixed as time for getting under weigh—were it not from a sense of the duty you owe to yourself, and the recollection that once off, you will have no rest for fifteen or sixteen hours at least.

Therefore you go to bed and delude yourself for hours with the notion that you are going to sleep. At length you do drop off—that is, you begin to climb an imaginary precipice which tumbles down with you every time you get to the top, and after you have been so employed for about twenty minutes, as it seems, your guide comes in with your boots ready greased and spiked, and tells you it is time to get up. The people of these hotels never sleep, unless by snatches in the day. When you retired they were running about the house getting your dinner ready, and now they are running about the house getting breakfast. At last your party is assembled in marching order, and what with the stars blinking overhead and the cold night air and the rawness and bleakness of everything round, a sort of feeling seems to be induced that it is a very serious business and very like turning out to be hanged, a notion which is rendered the more vivid by the fact of a coil of rope being slung behind the knapsack of one of the guides. Some Stoic, however, lights a pipe, and his example is generally followed: with a soul soothed by tobacco and limbs warmed by exercise you wind up the mountain side, and somehow the funereal-looking cavalcade begins to turn into a very jovial party. As you get on you see—but we must not trench on the province of the writers whose works are before us. The things you will see are they not written in the Alpine Club book and in the volumes of Messrs. Wills and Hinchliff? As to the dangers in store for you, we might plead a sort of confession and avoidance, first, that it is all right that there should be dangers; and secondly, that there are none, which is very fair legal pleading, and with tolerable truth represents the real state of the case. The fact that there are possible dangers which when met with coolness, pluck, and endurance almost cease to be dangers at all, is, constituted as we are, one of the great attractions of the excursion, and the thing which of all others would make the High Alps the best of training grounds for a rifle volunteer. But these dangers have been very much exaggerated, not, we suspect, by those who have much experience in the matter, for your true mountaineer is not given to bombast or superlatives, but by those who have seen a little and fancied the rest. Thus we read of the traveller being in positions where a single slip or false step would have been instant destruction. Why, as much might be said of crossing Fleet-street. A single slip or false step in front of a Pickford's van or a Royal Blue omnibus would be instant destruction for all practical purposes just as much as a descent of five thousand feet on the ice pinnacles of a glacier. Nor is there any occasion to slip or make a false step in the one case more than in the other. Of course it is another thing if a man cannot depend on his hands and feet; and if he feels any doubt on this point he has no business on the High Alps; but if he has a well-placed confidence in his head, in his hands, and in his feet, he is just as safe standing on one ledge of a precipice and holding on by another as he would be in his arm-chair, for nothing short of an act of volition can remove him. Then the dangers of falling into crevasses or slipping on ice-slopes are reduced to a minimum by the use of the rope, without which no expedition is now ever undertaken. These are not the dangers which those accustomed to the Alps stand in fear of. These can be always provided for; but not so fogs which may come on and render retreat or advance, surrounded as you are by precipices, equally impossible; or the sudden fall of masses of overhanging ice or snow; or the descent of rocks upon your head as you scramble along the face of some crumbling precipice, or even when you fancy yourself so far removed

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from its base as to be out of range. We could not illustrate this sort of danger, or bring this paper to a conclusion, better than by an extract from Mr. Hinchliff's very graphic description of the Trift pass, which, better than anything we could say, will give an idea of the delights and dangers of an excursion in the High Alps:

The continuous exertion and great excitement of the three hours and a half since leaving the Col were admirably calculated to put the whole party in a high state of satisfaction at coming to so smooth an anchorage, and in the highest spirits we prepared to improve the occasion to the uttermost. The provision knapsacks were emptied and used as seats; bottles of red wine were stuck upright in the snow; a goodly leg of cold mutton on its sheet of paper formed the centre, garnished with hard eggs and bread and cheese, round which we ranged ourselves in a circle. High festival was held under the deep blue heavens, and now and then, as we looked up at the wondrous wall of rocks which we had descended, we congratulated ourselves on the victory with a quiet nod, indicative of satisfaction. M. Seiler's beautiful oranges supplied the rare luxury of a dessert, and we were just in the full enjoyment of the delicacy when a booming sound, like the discharge of a gun far over our heads, made us all at once glance upwards to the top of the Trifthorn. Close to its craggy summit hung a cloud of dust, like dirty smoke, and in a few seconds another and a larger one burst forth several hundred feet lower. A glance through the telescope showed that a fall of rocks had commenced, and the fragments were leaping down from ledge to ledge in a series of cascades. Each block dashed off others at every point of contact, and the uproar became tremendous; thousands of fragments making every variety of noise according to their size, and producing the effect of a fire of musketry and artillery combined, thundered downwards from so great a height that we waited anxiously for some considerable time to see them reach the snow-field below. As nearly as we could estimate the distance, we were 500 yards from the base of the rocks, so we thought that, come what might, we were in a tolerably secure position. At last we saw many of the blocks plunge into the snow after taking their last fearful leap; presently much larger fragments followed, taking proportionably larger bounds; the noise grew fiercer and fiercer, and huge blocks began to fall so near to us that we jumped to our feet, preparing to dodge them to the best of our ability. 'Look out!' cried some one, and we opened out right and left at the approach of a monster, evidently weighing many hundred-weight, which was coming right at us like a huge shell fired from a mortar. It fell with a heavy thud not more than twenty feet from us, scattering lumps of snow into the circle where we had just been dining; but scarcely had we begun to recover from our astonishment when a still larger rock flew exactly over our heads to a distance of 200 yards beyond us. The malice of the Trifthorn now seemed to have done its worst; a few more blocks dropped around us, and then, after an incessant fire for about ten minutes, the falling masses retired in regular gradation till nothing remained *in transitu* but showers of stones and small *débris* pouring down the side of the mountain; the thundering noise died away into a tinkling clatter; and, though clouds of dust still obscured the precipice, silence was soon restored.

We resumed our seats on the knapsacks now bespattered with snow, and lighted the pipe of tranquillity, all agreeing that we had never before seen such a sight, and wondering at the force which could project such masses for six or seven hundred yards through the air at a single bound. Even Cachat looked somewhat bewildered, and with a most comical expression of face he exclaimed, 'Ah! si ma femme pouvait savoir où je suis à présent! Je lui ai dit en partant de Chamouni que j'allais voyager avec des messieurs qui étaient les plus tranquilles du monde, et—me voici!' The fact was that the fall had taken place too near to the line of our descent for the remembrance of it to be altogether pleasant.*

* *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers.*

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THE LEGEND OF ARETHUSA.

To the Right Honourable Arethusa, M—— G——.

A SHEPHERDESS of Arcadie,
In the days hight olden,
Fed her white flock close to the sea;
'Twas the age called golden.

That age of gold! yet nought availed
To save from rudeness,
To keep unsullied—unassailed
Such gentle goodness.

The calm composure of a life
Till then unchequered,
What rude attempt befell? 'tis rife
In Ovid's record.

Poor shrinking maid—despairing, left
Without reliance;
Of brother's, father's aid bereft,
She called on Dian's.

'Queen of the spotless! quick, decree
The boon I ask you!
To die—e'er I dishonoured be!
Speed to my rescue.'

Sudden beneath her footsteps oped
The daisied meadow;
The passionate arms that wildly groped,
Grasped but a shadow.

Forth from the soil where sank absorbed
That crystal virgin,
Gushed a bright brook—pure, undisturbed—
With pebbly margin;

And onwards to the sea-shore sped,
Its course fulfilling;
Till the Ægean's briny bed
Took the bright rill in.

When lo! was wrought for aye a theme
Of special wonder;
Fresh and untainted ran that stream
The salt seas under.

Proof against every wave's attempt
To interfuse it;
From briny mixture still exempt,
It flowed pellucid.

And thus it kept for many a mile
Its pathway single;
Current, in which nor gall nor guile
Could ever mingle.

And all day long with onward march
The streamlet glided;
And when night came, Diana's torch
The wanderer guided;

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Till unto thee, sweet SICILY,
From doubt and danger,
From land and ocean's terrors free,
She led the stranger;

And there gushed forth, the pride and vaunt
Of SYRACUSA,
The bright, time-honoured, glorious fount
Of ARETHUSA.

O ladye, such be thy career,
Such be thy guidance;
From every earthly foe and fear
Such be thy riddance!

Safe from the tainted evil tongue
Of foes insidious;
Brineless the bitter waves among
Of 'friends' perfidious.

Such be thy life—live on, live on!
Nor couldst thou choose a
Name more appropriate than thine own,
Fair ARETHUSA!

F. M.

THE PEACE OF VILLAFRANCA.

IT used to be said of England some forty years ago, more especially in reference to the proceedings of the late Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna—that what our country had gained by the sword she lost in negotiation, chiefly from the maladroitness and bungling of her diplomatists. But though there might be some grain or two of truth in this accusation, yet in the main it was destitute of foundation. Lord Castlereagh, indeed, did not effect at Vienna by any means all that might have been accomplished in the interests of our commerce, or mercantile marine, and he left many other things undone which he might have performed, but he was not obnoxious to the sneers and censures which the late Lord Holland and the *coterie* of Holland House used to cast upon him; and it was a malignant calumny to assert, as Napoleon I. asserted at St. Helena, that the English Minister was bribed by the great military monarchs confederated against France. Too much of complacency the British plenipotentiary may have shown at Vienna toward Austria and Russia, and now and again he may have fallen into the tone of thought of Metternich, as asserted by Mr. Stapleton in a late biography;* but on the whole, Lord Castlereagh's bearing was manly and dignified; and although he did not assert himself with the thorough British spirit which Canning would have undoubtedly exhibited, yet his efforts on behalf of Poland, and generally in favour of the weak and oppressed, are creditable to his memory.

The settlement of Europe discussed in 1814, and finally determined in 1815, was canvassed by accredited ministers and envoys armed with plenary powers, who debated every proposition on its proper and peculiar merits. The results of the discussions and deliberations were recorded in protocols; and the reasons for and against any particular course are for ever open to the inspection of future diplomatists, or to general students of the laws and comity of nations. Irrespective of this, the basis on which the plenipotentiaries proceeded, was known to, and generally approved of, by all Europe.

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* *George Canning and his Times.* By G. A. Stapleton.

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Each disputed question, too, was vigorously, if not exhaustively debated by some twenty gentlemen, all of them men of intelligence and education, and some of them men of first-rate ability and experience in the handling of affairs. This resort to fact and argument, and to the sanctions of public law and authority, gave to the deliberations of the Congress of Vienna a peculiar weight, authority, and gravity. Sentiments of equity and justice, and considerations founded on right, reason, and a desire for stability and order, for the most part prevailed. Three of the great monarchs were present in the city in which the Congress was held, and a number of smaller princes and potentates crowded the streets and ante-chambers of Vienna. But the opinions or the wishes of these imperial and royal personages, however occasionally deferred to, were not considered as laws which the Congress as a whole, sitting *in plenum*, as it is called, was bound to obey. Far indeed from it. The will of the highest and most powerful monarch among them all was subordinated to the general interest. Hence, with all its faults and shortcomings, the settlement of Vienna has in the main stood the test of time. For forty years, ending with 1854, it had been little impinged on, and for a similar period there was European peace.

As affairs are now conducted, we have not the same securities. A hasty speech uttered in January last led to misgivings and to distrust, to preparations for war, and ultimately to actual war itself. Two first-rate European Powers found themselves face to face in Italy at the beginning of the month of May, not for any cause of direct quarrel between Austria and France or between France and Austria, but because of the attitude of a smaller Power—the kingdom of Sardinia. After having battled for two months for and in alliance with Sardinia with unvarying success against Austria, the Emperor of the French, secretly and suddenly, without consulting his ally, determined, for inscrutable reasons, best and indeed only known to himself, to make an instantaneous peace. To this end he addressed himself to th[e] Emperor, lately his bitter[est foe,] whom he had no direct quarrel, and of his own m[otion] and without consulting — Senate, Legislative Assembly, or any other responsible authority whatever in France or in Europe, proposed a programme of peace as different from the programme of war laid down in April and May, and adhered to in June and even in July, as light is from darkness. Before starting for the army in May, the Emperor of the French explained in more than one document the motives and objects of the Italian war. In a proclamation dated from the Palace of the Tuileries on the 3rd of May, and addressed by Napoleon III. to the French people, it was stated 'that Austria had violated treaties and justice; that she had brought matters to such an extremity that her dominion must either extend to the Alps or Italy must be free to the Adriatic.' The Emperor then went on 'boldly to avow his sympathy for a people whose history was mingled with that of France, and who groaned beneath foreign oppression.' The people of France were then further told in sonorous language that 'when the French nation drew the sword it was to liberate;' and the army was informed 'that it was going to seek upon classic ground illustrated by victories the footsteps of its fathers and grandfathers.' Finally, France was reminded in this swelling proclamation 'that Providence would bless the efforts of the French army; for the cause which rested on justice, humanity, love of country, and independence,' it was somewhat profanely announced, 'is holy in the eyes of God.' With such sounding professions Napoleon III. departed for the army, and the affairs of Montebello and Palestro, as well as the more sanguinary battles of Magenta, Malegnano, and Solferino, the last fought so late as the 24th of June, seemed to crown all the French Emperor's hopes. But in the midst of victories, and while actually investing Peschiera, the programme of May being not one half, nor even one quarter completed, the Emperor of the French secretly opened communications with the Emperor of Austria, and these two

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uncontrolled and irresponsible monarchs, wielding the destinies—to speak in round numbers—of eighty millions of their own subjects, agreed on the preliminaries of a peace affecting the well-being and happiness of the people of Sardinia, of Lombardy, of Tuscany, of Naples, of Parma, of Modena, and of the Papal States, comprising a population of about twenty-eight millions of human beings. Nor was this the only effect of this sudden, secret, and irresponsible resolve of two monarchs. Europe and the world at large is directly and indirectly affected by such a strange and unexpected proceeding; and there is no civilized country in Europe or out of Europe whose press will not inquire into and rigidly canvas the causes and consequences of this act, equally unforeseen, unexpected, and, we may add, unexplained. What, it may be asked, are the principal provisions of this new treaty or armistice to which the Emperor of Austria so readily agreed on the 11th of July? First, there is to be an Italian Confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope; secondly, the Emperor of Austria cedes, it appears, his rights over Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who, without obtaining livery of seizin or entering on his domain as in fee, by some sleight of hand known only to Imperial and Royal conveyancers, transfers the right and title which never once vested in him to the King of Sardinia, who it is supposed will accept the gift, whether as an 'instalment' (to use the language of the late Mr. O'Connell) of a larger grant yet to come, or in complete satisfaction of his loftier expectations, does not very clearly appear. Having thus ceded a portion of his territory, it is, thirdly, provided by the armistice that the Emperor of Austria shall keep Venetia, which is to form a portion of an Italian confederacy yet to be formed.

4thly. It is agreed between the high contracting parties that the Dukes of Modena and Tuscany are to be restored; and 5thly, it is provided that a general, a universal amnesty shall be granted. On these impossible conditions we will make a few remarks in the order in which we have set them down.

The creation of a confederation in the most peaceable and well-disposed States of Europe has always been a work of difficulty. In Poland, as every reader of history is aware, confederations only led to rivalries, animosities, jealousies, to armed resistance, and finally to anarchy, followed by military despotism. We need merely refer to the Confederations of Leopol, of Sandomir, of Tarnogorod, and of Bar, to prove our position. Even in generally peaceful, industrious, and manufacturing Switzerland, the Helvetic Confederation has not always been harmonious in its action, or satisfactory in its results. Within a very few years, notwithstanding the best efforts of the Confederation, we have seen *Bâle ville* and *Bâle campagne* in sanguinary encounter; and Switzerland nearly rent asunder by the intrigues of the Jesuits and the proceedings of the *Sunderbund*. If we look to another Confederation—the creation of a Bonaparte also—the Confederation of the Rhine, the positive results are still more unsatisfactory. Though sixteen Princes of the Empire, among whom were the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg (who, in virtue of their services to France, were created kings), acceded to the Confederation of the Rhine, yet the first person to threaten and destroy the creation of his own brain was the Emperor Napoleon himself. By a decree of the 10th December, 1810, he deprived the Confederation of the Rhine of 532 square miles of territory, and of 1,133,000 inhabitants, who by a stroke of the pen were united to France.* The Confederation of the Rhine, in truth, was equally ephemeral and vicious. It did not embrace all, or anything like a majority of the German States—it excluded from its body the two principal German Powers, Austria and Prussia, and based itself on a false and anti-national principle—viz., dependence on a great foreign Power, that Power being the French Empire.

* Pfister, tom. v. p. 657.

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If we look to the German Confederation, which comprises within its body all Germany, possessing as it does a Federal army and Federal fortresses, we shall find its action always cumbrous and dilatory, and not seldom unsatisfactory. If this be so in a federation all whose elements and interests are pretty fairly represented in thirty-eight votes, what must be the result in an Italian Confederation with an honorary President, six of whose members, out of eight or nine, are not likely to join in the *Bund*. Independently altogether of the difficulties of inducing Italians of different States to agree in a course of common action, there is the more formidable difficulty of placing at the head of the Federation an *honorary* President. An honorary President, if the words have any meaning whatever, imports a President who will not act, but merely lend his name. It is generally believed that the Pope will not act, and if he does not act, is it likely he would lend his name? On the contrary, is it not certain that he will not lend his name to proceedings which he can neither regulate nor control? Supposing his Holiness, however, to lend his name, and to act, the very fact of his presence in the Confederation must be antagonistic to Sardinia, for whose especial benefit this sanguinary, most unnecessary and useless war was made. Can the Pope preside in a Federation, a member of which he has minaceously threatened with his thunder, if not already actually excommunicated? Can Pius IX. willingly see aggrandized a Monarch and a State with whom and which he has been waging a spiritual war on many grounds since 1848? The names of Fransoni, Santa Rosa, Siccardi, and Caterini forbid such a supposition. It is by no means certain that under any circumstances Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia would form a member of this Confederation. But certainly he cannot form a member of it if the Pope take an active part in its deliberations. It is also certain that the most considerable Sovereign of Italy, the King of the Two Sicilies, who has been neutral during the war, and who reigns over nine millions of Italians, will have nothing to do with this new scheme of the Emperor of the French.

The Dukes of Modena and Tuscany are not yet restored, either peaceably or by force of arms. But supposing their restoration to be safely accomplished, is it likely, we ask, that either would join the Confederacy unless in obedience to the will and wish of Austria? What Austria wishes is the law for these Princes, and by joining the representative of Venetia in the Diet they would have a plurality of votes. For, the Pope and Naples being absent, the Duchies of Tuscany and Modena, combined with Venetia, would out-vote Sardinia and the Republic of San Marino without the aid of the Duchess of Parma. The Duchess, even if restored by Louis Napoleon or the House of Austria, is likely to take an independent course. She may refuse to enter the Confederation altogether, or entering it, she may pursue a *via media* equally removed from the extreme courses of Austria and Sardinia. Supposing the machinery of such a Confederation to be workable, and this is admitting a great deal more than ought to be conceded, we have the Pope and Naples probably standing aloof—Sardinia discontented—Parma independent and expectative, and Venetia, Modena, and Tuscany banded together in a common bond of union. Can such a Confederation control Italy, or liberate her soil from the Alps to the Adriatic? Should France and Austria be the protectors of this still-born confederation, this circumstance will open out a new arena of intrigues. France, for her own purposes of Imperial influence and government, will encourage and foster dissension—will create a French in opposition to an Austrian, and still more to a National party, and between the two big bottle-holders, the interests, the independence, and the liberties of Italy will assuredly go to the wall. Even the constitutionalism of Sardinia can hardly survive. It is not likely that the protector of Sardinia will tolerate free chambers and a free press within thirty hours' journey of his capital of Paris. This would be to subject his acts as

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an Emperor to the criticisms of disapproving or hostile deputies. The Cavours and Brofferios, as well as the ultra-royalists, such as Solar de Margarita, would all combine against one who had so maltreated and deceived their common country.

So much for the Princes of Italy in respect to the Confederation.

If we turn from the Princes to the people, how will the news of this Confederation be received—how, indeed, has it been already received from the walls of Turin and Genoa to the gates of Florence, from the quays of Leghorn and Pisa to the arcades of Bologna—from Rome, Tivoli, and Frascati to Palermo, Catania, and Syracuse? The first feelings were those of incredulity and amazement; to these succeeded disappointment and disapprobation; and when the full extent of the calamity was thoroughly known and fully believed, the indignation and exasperation of all classes of Italians knew no bounds. Sardinians, Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans, who seldom agree in opinion, with wonderful unanimity declared that they had been shamefully deceived and betrayed. The portrait of the Emperor of the French was removed from all public places and private dwellings, whilst that of Orsini was substituted. This seems ominous, and would indicate that the populace of Sardinia, Tuscany, and the Legations are animated with a *vendetta* spirit against a ruler who, it would seem, excited their hopes only to deceive and disappoint them. The despair of so many millions of men of quick and excitable temperaments, and of great tenacity of purpose, is a fearful distemper when turned into frenzy against one ruler who has done them wrong. There is no nation on earth which treasures up vengeance with more hoarded venom than the Italian. In all the vicissitudes of their hard fate, in the alternations of exaltation and dejection to which southern races are liable, they never lose sight of their deadly aims, however indefensible these aims may be pronounced by the united judgments of religion and morality, and the universal indignation and horror of all mankind. Europe saw a great crime expiated in 1858. But in the present temper of the Italian mind, notwithstanding the horror and indignation of the universal world, we may again see the day,

> When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
> The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away.

Nor is it only the populace and middle classes of Italy who are indignant. The educated intellect of Italy—her statesmen, her politicians, her nobles, her men of letters, her lawyers, her men of science, her poets, and her historians—all denounce the truce of Villafranca as a great international crime.

The Tuscans, the Modenese, the Parmesans, the inhabitants of the Legations, and the Marches, who have been incensed and raised to action by French agents and Sardinian coadjutors, now feel that they have been and are irreparably compromised with their former rulers for no good purpose whatever. A hundred thousand lives have been lost, and thousands of families have been committed only to strengthen and secure the position of Austria in Italy. It is not therefore wonderful that the Sardinian Commissioner, Buoncompagni, has retired from Tuscany—that Farini has left Modena—that d'Azeglio has quitted the Legations—and that Vigliani, the Governor of Milan, has resigned his appointment. These patriotic and sensible men see that the real principal in the war, the Sardinian King, is no party to an impracticable, nugatory, and inexcusable peace. They see that Italy cannot be dragooned into a Confederation against her will, unless by the union of Austrian and French bayonets; and even though she were dragooned, Venetia, Naples, Modena, and Tuscany would, by their preponderant voices in the Italian Diet, agree to stifle that cry of suffering—that '*grido di dolore*,' to use the words of the King of Sardinia on the 10th January, which reaches Europe from so many parts of Italy. Let it also be remembered that there are still Italians with arms in their hands. Mezzocapo and Ulloa are at the head of the Tuscan and Roman contingents, and Garibaldi

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has still under his banner youths and men from all parts of Italy. There are besides several thousand Hungarians, and Poles, and Swiss, some of them deserters from the Austrian army, who may still continue the contest, at however unequal odds, in guerilla fashion. Who is to put these men down? Is it France, who stimulated and excited them to madness, and who sent that bravest of her warriors, who never yet turned his back on a foe—Prince Napoleon—to organize and drill them? If France thus turns on those whom she has raised, what will Europe think of her gratitude? If she commits the task of repression to Austria, or looks tamely on while her rival and late enemy executes vengeance, what opinion will the world entertain of the justice, magnanimity, chivalry, and courage of Imperial France?

The cession of his rights over Lombardy by Francis Joseph to the Emperor of the French, is, so far as Sardinia is concerned, a perfectly nugatory cession. For though Lombardy had been conquered nearly up to the Mincio by the allies, the fortresses still remained in the possession of Austria; and he who possesses the Quadrangle can always, when he pleases, supposing the French army to be out of Italy, be master of Milan. The Mincio is no more effectual barrier against Austria than the Ticino was four months ago. The portion of Lombardy annexed to Sardinia is not separated from Venetia by any powerful natural barriers, by mountains, gorges, or any great fortress or difficult passes. There are nothing but imaginary lines between Francis Joseph with his 600,000 men, and Victor Emmanuel with his 60,000 or 70,000 men, which imaginary lines may be overpassed whenever favouring circumstances may tempt Austria to regain that which she has temporarily ceded rather than wholly lost. Austria still possesses, too, the iron crown of Lombardy. It may be well doubted also whether Milan is, under existing circumstances, contented with her lot. Some of the Milanese nobles longed doubtless for a change of masters, but the great body of the people were indifferent. The nobles of Lombardy will never permit Milan to be secondary to Turin, and Victor Emmanuel will have henceforth to parcel out his residence between the two cities. Neither will be contented with this divided duty. When it is remembered also that the portion of Lombardy ceded to Sardinia will be saddled with a quota of Austrian debt amounting to 800,000,000 lire, in addition to Sardinian taxation, we shall not be surprised to find the Lombards after a while discontented with a change which has had the doubly disastrous effect of increasing their taxation while reducing their material prosperity.

The contemptuous mode in which the Emperor of the French bestowed this bootless gift of part and parcel of Lombardy on his vassal, is not likely to be forgotten or forgiven either by the Milanese or by Victor Emmanuel. The Sardinian King may from the lips outwardly talk of his 'high-souled and gallant ally,' but it is neither a gallant nor a high-souled thing for a Potentate who promised to wrench Italy from the hands of Austria, and 'to drive out the Austrians from the Alps to the Adriatic,' to leave four fortresses dominating Lombardy and threatening Italy in the hands of the Emperor Francis Joseph. It is the idlest of all idle things to say that the struggle assumed gigantic dimensions out of all proportion with the interests of France. The proportions of the struggle are now exactly of the same length and breadth which they were in January last when the vehement speech to M. Hübner was spoken, or as on the 3rd of May when the French people were told that 'Italy must be free to the Adriatic,' and that France must 'draw the sword to liberate.' In the discussions antecedent to the war, and in the French Government pamphlets put forth by subservient senators, there was much talk of the necessity of sustaining 'nationalities;' but Austria still remains in Venetia, and the four fortresses which she possesses are chiefly garrisoned not by Italian but by German, Bohemian, Moravian, and Hungarian troops. Early in May,

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too, there was published in Paris, with the cognizance of the French Government, a volume extending to nearly 500 pages, and containing the history of the crimes and delinquencies of the Austrian Court and Government. This compilation formed a regular bill of indictment against the Austrian Kaiser and his councillors. Every imaginable crime committed for the last three centuries, was imputed to the House of Hapsburgh. The family was described as a set of monsters equally cold, callous, and cruel, without the least touch of humanity, and France and Europe were called upon to put down their sway in the Peninsula, and to relieve Italy from this abominable and unbearable tyranny. This work, patronized by the French Imperial Government, was spread far and wide, and men looked on it as a manifesto indicating Imperial and Buonapartist intentions. Now the *Histoire Secrete du Gouvernement Autrichien* is no longer spoken of in high places, for it suits the present purposes of the French Emperor to come to a private personal understanding with a House described in this work as unprincipled, dishonest, sanguinary, and tyrannical.

In like manner too Pius IX. was, as well as Francis Joseph, denounced in January in the *Moniteur;* and *La Question Romaine*, written, it is said, to order by Edmund About, was admitted into France on the 1st of May by express order of the highest personage. Yet before July the monarch who patronized a book showing up the stupidities, the injustice, and the odious tyrannies of the Papal sway, wrote a missive to Pius IX. assuring the Pontiff of his protection and succour, and promising that whatever else might be remodelled in Italy the patrimony of St. Peter should not be remodelled. This playing in a double sense may be thought clever by politicians of the school of Louis XI., but the time has come when these duplicities are out of date. Such practices might be tolerated in the days of Ferdinand of Aragon, but 'a man who truly comprehends his era' would, to use the words of Napoleon III., not resort to them now. When Louis XII. complained that the King of Aragon deceived him three times, 'The drunkard lies,' replied Ferdinand, 'for I deceived him more than ten times.' Monarchs were then proud of their perfidy, and were also shameless enough to make a parade of their insincerity and dissimulation. But that era of the ignorance and brutality of the many and of the unimaginable licence, falsehood, and deceit of the few is long passed, it may be hoped for ever.

The truce or armistice provides that the Dukes of Modena and Tuscany are to be restored. He who wills the end ought to will the means. But the means for the restoration of these princes are not provided. Tuscany and Modena, thanks to French emissaries and Sardinian commissioners, are both yet recalcitrant, and the general public are by no means disposed to receive at Florence the Grand Duke, Leopold II., who is not a bad but only a weak man, and whose government of his States was neither cruel nor sanguinary. Still less are the people of Modena, Massa, Carrara, Guastalla, &c., disposed to receive back on any terms Francis V., a field-marshal of Austria, the colonel and proprietor of the 32nd regiment of Austrian infantry, an Archduke of the Empire, and a man imbued with the most repressive principles of the Viennese Imperial system. The real fact is, that measures had been, before the peace of Villafranca, hastily taken to administratively annex both Tuscany and Modena, if not Parma, to Sardinia; and it will be strange if the King of Sardinia surrenders a people and a territory who are willing to combat for incorporation with his Government. Should King and people prove restive, who is to coerce them? Can it be France, who has sounded the signal for revolt and annexation? Can it be Austria, who was to be chased out of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic? If so, why were 120,000 Frenchmen sent into Italy to cooperate with 65,000 or 70,000 Sardinians, and why were 80,000 French and Sardinian lives sacrificed in five engagements, beginning with Montebello and ending with Solferino? Have 80,000 precious

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lives and £50,000,000 of money been squandered, not to annihilate the Austrians, but to render their position in Italy more inexpugnable? We are told by a great authority 'that Austria is on the point of becoming a nation.' If so, it is an Austro-Italian nation; and a nation composed not of Austrians and Italians only, but of Austrians, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Italians. 'I was happy,' said Louis Napoleon, in addressing the Pope's Nuncio on the 21st of July, 'to conclude a peace as soon as the honour and interests of France were satisfied.' But if we have read any of the French State Papers aright from the 24th of April to the 24th of June, the date of the battle of Solferino, France went into Italy, not to support the honour and interests of France, but to support Sardinia against Austria, and to drive Austria out of Lombardy, to drive her out of Venetia back into the recesses of Germany. These magniloquent promises have not been performed, and no provision is made in the truce, armistice, or imperfect treaty of Villafranca, for the abolition of those private family and secret treaty arrangements which Austria has concluded for the last five-and-forty years with the Houses of Modena, Parma, and Tuscany, with the Court of Rome, and the Bourbons of Sicily. It is these treaties which have given Austria such a firm hold on Italy, and which more than anything else have contributed to perpetuate bad government at Modena, Rome, and Naples. When Francis V., Pius IX., and the Neapolitan Bourbons feel and know that they have a firm friend at Schönbrunn who can in a few days transport 150,000 or 200,000 men into Italy to stifle discontent, to maintain the temporal authority of the Pope, and to encourage Francis II., lately Duke of Calabria, in his resistance to all reform in Naples, is it likely these princes will of their own motion introduce those reforms of which the Emperor of the French speaks so confidently?

It is one of the conditions of the truce, too, that there is to be a general amnesty. How are the means to be provided to execute this provision? Who is to compel Francis Joseph to amnesty Kossuth, Klapka, and Teleki, or those Italians and Hungarians who have deserted from the Austrian army? Who is to compel the Pope to amnesty such of his officers and guards as have crossed the frontier into Tuscany? Who is to compel the Grand Duke of Tuscany to amnesty his whole army, with the military and civil officers who have gone over to the national cause? Who is to amnesty those Tuscans, Modenese, Parmesans, Romans, and Neapolitans who are serving with Garibaldi, with Mezzocapo, and Ulloa the Spaniard, in the service of Piedmont? Who, it may be also asked, is to revive Constitutional Government in Sardinia, now that Cavour has resigned, and that La Marmora and another general occupy the most influential posts in the Sardinian Cabinet? If the condition of Italy was precarious and full of danger at the beginning of the year, it is a thousand times more dangerous now in the commencement of the month of August. Italy, in fact, is pregnant with combustible matter; and we shall be surprised indeed if the Peninsula be not the centre of a civil war before a year is over. Possibly the festival of Christmas may see all Italy in hostile occupation by Austrian and Italian armies; and the two great bottle-holders may then divide the stakes to their own profit. France renounced all territorial aggrandizement in the State Papers and manifestoes of April and May. France was to take nothing for securing the independence and liberty of Italy, and for driving the Austrians out; but France never pledged herself to decline territorial compensation for putting down anarchy, and stifling revolution.

Two or three things appear clearly from this short, sanguinary, and bootless war, and from this ignominious truce. One is that the military organization of France, commanding, in the neutrality of Great Britain, the sea, is far superior to that of Austria, partly from the homogeneity of its people, and the unity and nationality of its army, and partly from the superiority and celerity of its administrative sys-

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tem. The French soldier is also more intellectual, active, independent, and enterprising than the Austrian soldier, and less the slave of routine. But he is in no respect a better or a braver soldier, and if the Austrian troops had been as well handled as the French, and as well provided with a commissariat, the results of the campaign might have been different. There was but one supreme will guiding and governing the French army from the first week in May; whereas the Austrian army was commanded first by Gyulai, next by Schlick, next by Hess, and lastly by the Emperor in person. Gyulai was frequently thwarted by irresponsible authority, and Schlick and Hess were both interfered with and counteracted by the Emperor himself. But notwithstanding prodigious blunders, the military prestige of Austria is not seriously damaged. Her soldiers fought well and bravely, and had one competent marshal held the supreme command from the beginning, the French might never have passed the Mincio, notwithstanding their rifled cannon and their arms of precision. The allied armies were 40,000 more numerous than the Austrians, who numbered only 140,000 men, whilst there were 120,000 French and 60,000 Sardinians in the field. The losses of the French and Sardinian armies in men were very nearly, if not fully equal to the losses of the Austrians. It is computed that between 75,000 and 80,000 French and Sardinians were put *hors de combat* in Italy. We know little of the losses or disasters of the French army, for Louis Napoleon allowed no details to be published but such as he himself issued.

The number of guns lost by the Austrians was only, however, thirteen, and but one flag was taken. On the whole, then, there have been no very decisive or overwhelming military successes on the part of the French. They have won measuring-cast victories, more by promptness, celerity, and unity of action, and the command of the sea, than by any superior skill, science, or bravery. No great military genius has appeared on either side; and the general chiefly conspicuous for energetic bravery midst an army of gallant men was MacMahon. Measuring-cast victories, it is true, rarely command splendid or successful treaties; but the treaty of Villafranca is not a moderate or a tolerable treaty, but a capitulation to Austria, in which the interests of Italy are sacrificed. The treaty is not merely an awful blunder and a mistake, but it is a crime fraught with future woes for Italy and for Europe. The Emperor of the French, by his own headstrong wilfulness, has deliberately rushed into this dark pitfall, and he must extricate himself as he best can. Hitherto we have held aloof from the carnage; let us not now mix ourselves up with the dirty diplomatic intrigues and imbroglios, in which we may tarnish our own fair fame without benefiting the liberty and independence of Italy.

An uncertain and inconsiderate truce leaves the question of the future of Europe so undecided that it is our own duty in England to be prepared for any and every eventuality. First among our obligations is the obligation of self-defence. The increase of our fleet and our army, and the placing of our coasts in security, cannot be effected without additional taxation, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has properly laid an additional fourpence in the pound on the income-tax for the current half-year. This is a small premium for security; a premium to be cheerfully paid by every good citizen and subject.

Advice to unhappy Italy may be appropriately offered in the words of Byron:—

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
  They have a king that buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks
  The only hope of freedom dwells.

A. V. K.

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SEPTEMBER, 1859.

MACHIAVELLI AND HIS *PRINCE* EXPLAINED AND ILLUSTRATED.

WHETHER Machiavelli was a good Republican and an honest man, and his *Prince* a satire on rulers, or whether the principles of that celebrated work were advanced in seriousness, and the author as bad as he is proverbially reputed, are points yet undetermined, notwithstanding Lord Macaulay's *Essay*. This uncertainty was to be expected. People are more gratified by a plausible and striking falsehood than they are with a dry and probable truth. When a 'wonder' has got possession of the popular mind, it is extremely difficult to drive it out, the untruth continuing as it were by traditional succession, and its removal requiring some consideration of evidence and independent thought. Perhaps Baron Macaulay's genius is not the best fitted to settle a question of this kind, his lordship's turn being rather for the brilliant verisimilitude than the less startling verity. The subject of Machiavelli and his *Prince* is therefore open to inquiry in order to solve a curious literary and moral problem. In attempting this solution it will be necessary to consider the nature, position, and objects of the man, as well as the character of his age. It may be further necessary to glance at some theoretical politicians of other ages, for depend upon it there are at all times a good many men with Machiavellian ideas, though, either from less boldness of nature, or from living in more straitlaced days, they may lack his directness of speech. Indeed the reputation of the book is evidence of this last notion. Without a preponderance of truth, or at least of reality, no work would have attained the celebrity and permanence of the *Prince*. Mere villany cannot compass such eminence—though the book is talked about a good deal more than it is read.

Lord Macaulay begins his estimate of the work by a powerful exaggeration of what might be the popular idea of the author, if the people read him.

> It is (says he) scarcely possible for any person not well acquainted with the history and literature of Italy to read without horror and amazement the celebrated treatise which has brought so much obloquy on the name of Machiavelli. Such a display of wickedness, naked yet not ashamed—such cool, judicious, scientific atrocity—seemed rather to belong to a fiend than to the most depraved of men. Principles which the most hardened ruffian would scarcely hint to his most trusted accomplice, or avow without the disguise of some palliating sophism even to his own mind, are professed without the slightest circumlocution, and assumed as the fundamental axioms of all political science.

With the exception of the nakedness and the absence of 'circumlocution,' all this is not so much exaggerated as untrue. Machiavelli *invents* little or nothing. What he has really done is to reduce the politic practice of successful and unscrupulous politicians, not only of his own time but of all ages, to the form of principles, or, as schoolboys would say, to 'rules.'

> The very head and front of his offending
> Hath this extent, no more.

Every man, whether in public or private life, who craftily pursues his ends without regard to moral conse-

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quences, is a disciple of Machiavelli, or rather a practitioner of the art Machiavelli professed to deduce from actual examples. Those who have brought to the reading of history a moral judgment of human actions without reference to the position or *entourage* of the actors, will not need to be told that the Florentine political philosopher has to mention a good many doings that will not pass muster with the rigid moralist, and which, told shortly and plainly as he propounds them, look much more offensive than they would do if dressed in the splendid or specious garb of the rhetorical historian or apologist. Indeed, we believe it is less the matter than the manner of the *Prince* that has brought so much obloquy upon its author. He does not shroud his meaning in fine phrases or a circuitous form of words. Machiavelli does not, with M. Thiers and others, term a murder 'a tragical revolution at the palace,' or disguise other 'deplorable events' by inflated language. He simply says that the man was strangled, or as the case may be. Neither are the criminal suggestions in his work so numerous as might be supposed from its evil name. It is true that one murder is sufficient to constitute a murderer, so that it is no defence of the *Prince* to say that the suggestions of what the world at large in its quiet average mood (not in fits of warlike fury, or its reaction of superhuman philanthropy) calls public crime, are comparatively few in number, or that few as they are they are not recommended on moral grounds, but on the contrary are morally censured, though enforced as necessary in the practice of princes. Still it is curious to note how few the doctrines really are that would shock people if met with in any other writer. Except the singular chapter on the question, Whether Princes should keep their faith, which the author concludes they should only do when it answers their purpose, but which maxim, however, he morally qualifies by observing 'that if all men were good, this precept would not be good, but since all men are wicked, and will not observe faith towards you [the prince], you need not towards them;' and the equally singular narrative of the doings of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, which he tells so coolly, there are hardly a dozen really Machiavellian maxims in Machiavelli, while some of those are scarcely peculiar to him, as instances will show. Speaking of the ease with which newly-acquired territories may be annexed to an old dominion when they are contiguous and the inhabitants speak the same language as the conqueror's subjects, Machiavelli intimates 'that it greatly facilitates their retention, *if the line of the old princes has been extinguished.*' This sounds and is bloody; yet few writers on the great English Civil War censure the laconic advice of Essex to the managers of Strafford's impeachment—'Stone dead hath no fellow.' Upon its profound policy Louis Philippe perhaps reflected in his later years, when he remembered his own timid, crafty, or clap-trap lenity towards a conspirator and rebel whom he held deservedly at his mercy. In speaking of settling a conquered territory after the fashion of the ancient Romans, Machiavelli observes, 'Colonies cost the Prince but little; and they are in their consequences injurious only to those who deserve punishment, or to the enemies of the Prince, *who have been dispossessed of their lands and houses for the assistance and accommodation of the new colonists.*' Few would avow this maxim now, but in Machiavelli's days such proceedings were recognised as one of the legitimate rights of war. It is probably acted upon by Americans, by the English (it is said) in India, by the French in Algeria, and by Russians in various places. A similar observation may be made on one of Machiavelli's three maxims as to the way of retaining in subjection a newly conquered people accustomed to liberty (by which he means a republic). 'The first is, *to ruin them,*'—a maxim not openly avowed, but which would have been acted upon without scruple till of late, and perhaps even now, by any other people than by us of England. It was Machiavelli's opinion that the cowardice and treachery of merce-

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nary troops had been the destruction of Italy, and he omits no opportunity of enforcing this conclusion. Thus, in his chapter in the *Prince*, treating of the various kinds of troops, he travels from modern history to Syracusan story to illustrate their worthlessness, and to hint a short mode of dealing with them. The quotations here and elsewhere are from the translation of the *History of Florence* and the *Prince*, in Mr. Bohn's library, a translation which possesses the freshness of an original work. There is also a primitive homeliness in the style which, if not a true reflex of Machiavelli's manner, suggests the idea of an olden time. The translator, however, is too inclined to paraphrase, not only losing the vivid directness and dramatic spirit of the Florentine, but sometimes missing his precise shade of meaning.

I wish to confine myself to examples drawn from the modern history of Italy; but that of Hiero of Syracuse, of whom I have already spoken, is so strongly in point, that it should not be omitted. That city had confided to him the command of its troops, which were composed of foreigners in its pay. But the general soon found how very little he could depend upon these mercenaries, the conduct of whose generals was nearly on a par with that of our present Italians. And seeing that he could not without danger either employ or disband them, he determined to have them all massacred (tutti tagliare a pezzi), and afterwards carried on the war with his own troops only.—pp. 448, 449.

'Naked,' and without 'circumlocution,' beyond all question. There was, however, a similar massacre in this century which has not received universal censure from those who have noticed it; on the contrary it has been generally praised, for the persistent purpose with which the idea was pursued, and the vigour and decision with which it was at last effected,—the massacre of the Janissaries by the late Sultan is the deed alluded to. Machiavelli's advice to a prince touching his vices, is very cool, like the rest of the work; but it is only the coolness of a thorough man of the world, the conclusion amounting to this—'A prince *must* subdue the vices that would ruin him; and other vices if he can. If he cannot, he may disregard the mere scandal.' His remarks on cruelty may be quoted less for themselves, than as showing how Machiavelli is often in the habit of throwing in an intellectual perception of morality. He does not advance his doctrines as right, but as necessary to princes who would increase their power, and hold what they acquire. It is quite untrue to assert with Lord Macaulay—'We doubt whether it would be possible to find, in all the many volumes of his compositions, a *single* expression indicating that dissimulation and treachery had ever struck him as discreditable.' The fact is, Machiavelli knew as much about morality theoretically as Macaulay, and perhaps in his critical judgments practised more:

It may seem strange that Agathocles, and others of the same stamp, should be able not only to support their power so long at home, but to defend themselves against the attacks of foreign enemies, without being in danger of conspiracies from their fellow-citizens, notwithstanding their many acts of perfidy and violence (tradimenti e crudelta), whilst the cruelties of others have rendered them unable to secure themselves in their usurpations, even in times of peace, to say nothing of war. This seems to me to have happened accordingly as their cruelty was well or ill applied. I say well applied (if we may indeed speak well of what is evil), when it is only once exercised, and that too when it is dictated by the absolute necessity of self-preservation, and even then converted as much as possible to the benefit of the public. But it is ill applied when, though practised with caution and reserve in the commencement, it increases instead of diminishing with time. The proceedings of the former have sometimes been suffered to prosper both by God and man, of which Agathocles is an example. But in the latter case self-support becomes impossible.

Whence I conclude that the usurper of a state should commit all the cruelties which his safety renders necessary at once, that he may never have cause to repeat them. . . . If from bad counsel or timidity he takes another course, he must ever have a poniard in his hand, and he can never rely on his subjects, whose confidence he has destroyed by new and repeated attacks. Matters of severity, therefore, should be finished at one blow.—p. 434.

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The instances we have mentioned contain about the worst examples of Machiavelli; for it should be observed that some of his maxims, like those of Rochefoucauld, are as discreditable to men in general as to the author. The Florentine advises that it is sometimes better to punish by death than confiscation, as men sooner forgive the loss of their relations than their estates; which, if true, reflects more discredit upon mankind than upon Machiavelli, who has only observed the trait, not produced it. But in reality, if the Machiavellian maxims were all expunged from his book, it may be questioned whether his character would not remain as distasteful, if not so odious, as it is now. As already remarked, it is less the matter than the manner which offends readers. Nearly all that he recommends might have been recommended in substance, and would have passed as political philosophy—deep, if unscrupulous—had he thrown more of warmth into his style, and exuberance into his diction; in short, had his spirit been less coolly official, which is the most offensive of any spirit. Many persons on their first visit to a court of law have been startled by the cool, business-like way in which moral actions, or the dearest interests of life, are treated, or rather disregarded, save as they bear upon the 'business' in hand. A similar mental shock is experienced when we first encounter any public functionaries from a department of State to a parish vestry. There is about the members of such bodies so masterly an insensibility to the feelings or interests of people in general; their imperturbable coolness contrasts so strongly with the eagerness of novices;

> The great globe itself
> And all which it inherit,

are so evidently deemed subordinate to the routine and habits of the department, that it operates like cold water suddenly thrown over you. A feeling analogous to this attends the perusal of Machiavelli. The most important questions of State policy—the power of princes, the liberties and well-being of the people (as Machiavelli understood them)—the 'removing,' to use Iago's phrase, of dangerous or obnoxious individuals—and the treatment of inherited, acquired, or conquered dominions—are handled, not indeed lifelessly in the sense of readableness, but with as much brevity and as little warmth as if the author were explaining some question in abstract science. It is not that Machiavelli is, for an Italian, unimpassioned, and concise or rather curt: his immobility and shortness would be remarkable in any one. As envoy to Louis XII. of France, to the infamous Borgia, and to other potentates, or as Secretary to the Council of Ten, he must have exhibited more copiousness of speech than in the *Prince*, if only to conceal his thoughts. In the subordinate offices he held in early life, he must have displayed less of utter indifference of manner to applicants, or he would surely have lost his place.

This calm indifference or superiority to the feelings of common men, doubtless originated in his official training in an age when watchful caution was necessary to ensure safety, much less success, operating upon a nature singularly cold and dry. But Machiavelli is remarkable rather for the degree in which it possessed him than for the characteristic itself. Statesmen, politicians, lawyers, authors who, like Thiers and Guizot, have been engaged in public life, and men of the world, all display more or less of the same quality. Listen to their speeches, read their State papers or their books, hear their conversation, and deeds which in their real character would make the blood of the unsophisticated or impulsive boil, will often be mentioned or recounted as matters of course, to be expected though not to be praised. Another thing that renders the *Prince* so offensive to western nations, is the Italian character that pervades much of it. We do not mean the intellectual difference as Macaulay puts it; the different appreciation, for example, of the character of Othello and Iago—types, he says, of the northern and Italian mind—though Othello, by

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the bye, is less northern than Iago—but the practical difference, the difference in action between the western and Italian nations. It was, and is, a principle with the so-called barbarians, 'to do no contriv'd murder,' and to meet an enemy on equal terms. Instances of treachery and assassination may, no doubt, be found readily enough in tramontane history, but they are exceptions. Trick, treason, or assassination always injured a man's repute and damaged his interests with western nations, if it did not, as it frequently did, defeat the object for which the crime was perpetrated, by the odium its perpetration excited. Such was not the case in Italy, where cleverness and success alone were looked to. And yet when we read the actions of the first Napoleon and his satellites, and observe the proceedings of the second, it seems scarcely just to limit this last remark to Italy.

Macaulay and the friends of Machiavelli point in favour of his public character to the sentence of banishment and deprivation of civil rights passed against him (though afterwards modified); and to the torture and imprisonment he underwent for a plot against the Medici. If guilty, it seems he could only have escaped the torture by betraying his confederates, which the political honour of that age did not allow. If innocent, it does not seem that he could have escaped any of the punishments; he underwent them because he could not help it. Notwithstanding his sufferings, he lost the confidence of zealous Florentine Republicans by his subsequent attempts to cultivate, and not altogether unsuccessfully, the favour of the Medici. He advised Leo X.; he wrote the history of Florence under the patronage of Cardinal Julius de Medici, afterwards Clement VII.; he dedicated the *Prince* to Lorenzo de Medici, grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and at the time of the dedication ruler of Tuscany. This party apostacy, in times when party fidelity was about the only fidelity expected from an Italian, naturally offended the political friends of his early life. It does not, however, appear that Machiavelli was worse than the average of other public men, and he might plead that his poverty, not his will, consented. His family was very ancient, the pedigree commencing, it is said, in 850 A.D.; but his branch of it had become very poor. Machiavelli appears to have had little or nothing to subsist upon save his salary; and he had fallen upon times when, as he occasionally intimates, it was impossible to be virtuous and live in the world.

Indeed the position of Machiavelli when writing the *Prince*, and his immediate object in producing it, are important points in judging of the book. In 1512, when Machiavelli was forty-three, the short-lived Republic of Florence, as re-established after the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in 1492, was overthrown by the order and arms of Spain, and the Medici reinstated in authority. Machiavelli soon after was pounced upon, with others, as an opponent or conspirator, tortured and imprisoned, as already mentioned, and when released was in a state of utter poverty. The only mode of living apparently open to him was that public employment in which he had passed his previous life. One of the means by which he sought that employment, was by writing the *Prince*. This work (which was not published till after his death) was addressed to the Lorenzo de Medici who was then master of Tuscany by the grace of the Spanish arms. The object of Machiavelli was not the honours of publication, but the profits of a place. To have inculcated theories of good government upon the Prince who then ruled in Florence, would have been about as rational as for a mercantile lecturer to propound Cicero's decisions on honesty in mercantile questions for imitation to a class of free-traders assembled to learn how to 'buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market.' The author of the *Prince* was a practical man, his book was designed for a practical use, and it was necessary for his object to impress upon the mind of his patron, that the writer was a person of experience in affairs, and, in

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the words of our advertisements under similar circumstances, 'had no objection to make himself useful.' This characteristic of the work should always be borne in mind in perusing it, for not only does it throw a light upon the whole composition, but it indicates a drift in parts which scarcely seem to have any unless a personal reference to Lorenzo is assumed. Nor is this opinion merely matter of inference. In the fifteenth chapter, the author distinctly announces that he is not promulgating theories.

> As I write only for those who possess sound judgment, I thought it better to treat this subject as it really is in fact, than to amuse the imagination with visionary models of Republics and Governments which have never existed. For the manner in which men now live is so different from the manner in which they ought to live, that he who deviates from the common course of practice, and endeavours to act as duty dictates, necessarily ensures his own destruction. Thus a good man, and one who wishes to prove himself so in all respects, must be undone in a contest with so many who are evilly disposed. A Prince who wishes to maintain his power, ought therefore to learn that he should not be always good, and must use that knowledge as circumstances and the exigencies of his own affairs may seem to require.—pp. 452, 453.

This is naked enough, and shocking enough in its nakedness, but like many other views in the *Prince*, it is less an opinion of Machiavelli's own, than a deduction from historical facts; and, sad to say it, the conclusion is true, in the sense of reality, even to our day. It is exceedingly difficult to discern the benefit which his goodness was to Louis XVI., or the injury that has accrued to Louis Napoleon from his princely policy, or 'well' applied 'severity,' using the word 'well' with the qualification already quoted.

This dark opinion, that virtue and goodness cannot succeed in this world, or even hold their own against opposition, seems to have been an article of faith with Machiavelli. It is continually welling out, and in other works besides the *Prince*, and probably produced that bitterness and cynicism which we conceived to have caused his evil repute, as much as his philosophy. That the character of his times had a potent influence upon the character of Machiavelli and his works, is a self-evident proposition. But, beyond the Italian practice already alluded to, of treachery and assassination as received means to an end, society in Italy was not worse than in other places, perhaps not so bad, as not being so violent or so coarse. A full consideration of the social condition of civilized Europe may go some way towards accounting for the degrading opinion of Machiavelli as to the disadvantage of virtue in a struggle with the world, and the practical (*not* theoretical) preference of the *utile* to the *honestum* which he undoubtedly displays.

The two centuries that intervened between the revival of learning and our Great Rebellion, or perhaps a little later than the last, was the worst period in the annals of the world for the comfort of educated, thoughtful, and independent minds, unless we include a period of the Roman Empire in the same category. Intellect awakening from its long slumber of a thousand years, had for pabulum the revived classics of Greece and Rome, and the fresh wonders of new worlds which the discoveries of the Portuguese and of Columbus and his followers were opening; while the invention of printing gave a means for the intercommunication of ideas which no previous age had possessed. In these days we are overwhelmed with books till books become a bugbear; all but masters over time and space, we are so fed with novelty that novelties cease to attract beyond the moment of announcement; familiar with the wonders of nature, informed of the laws on which they rest, and pretty well knowing the boundaries to human science, we have reached the *nil admirari*, and are unable to realize even in fancy the ardent admiration, the earnest thirst for knowledge, and the glowing hopes which animated and sustained the enthusiasm of scholars, poets, and speculators some three or four centuries ago, or the disappointment to which they were doomed. In

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the world of thought all was bright and promiseful. In the world of fact, all was ignorant, mean, repressive, or bloody. During peace, brute force, indeed, was not in perpetual presence with the undisputed privilege it possessed in the darker ages. But during hostilities 'the rights of war' were exercised with as much brutality as ever, except that unresisting persons—men, women, or children—were not (from the want of a market) seized and sold as slaves. Station and wealth might not have much more influence than they have now; but they had more power, and could exercise it much more nakedly and truculently. What was worse than all, the mind was enslaved, and could not with any regard to its safety utter its free thoughts. Authority, from the prince to the parish parson or the parish beadle, brooked no opposition, granted no toleration, while the prejudices of a 'tyrant majority' were as dangerous in their way as personified authority, even if the new opinion tended to that majority's benefit. In those days bold, enthusiastic scholars of a religious nature and a fluent speech resorted to the pulpit, trusting to the support of a religious party to defend them; or, failing that, prepared to die for their convictions. Men of a more retiring disposition, and with less popular gifts, published their opinions, and sometimes perished for them, especially if they had but few disciples, or ran strongly counter to general notions. The few loftier and independent minds, in an intellectual sense, who had no turn for martyrdom, and addressed, not sects or parties, but mankind at large, were driven to express their opinion of nature and society in general terms; for specific censure would have caused injury, and perhaps such destruction as overtook Servetus. Authority with its abuses, and the obvious evils of society, have given rise to startling speculations and strange remedies in earnest minds of various ages, taking a limited view of the ills before them. Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* had some such origin, and how he escaped for his reflections on contemporary abuses is a marvel; so had the schemes of colonization contemplated by Coleridge and Southey, nearly seventy years ago. The great French Revolution professed to make 'these odds all even;' the plans of Godwin and Shelley hoped to accomplish 'human perfectibility' in the early part of this century; and communistic notions that are ever floating about doubtless arise from the same source. With some of the greater geniuses, during what may loosely be called the Tudor century, 1485-1603, the social evils and the despotic misdoings of authority they saw around them, seem to have raised a doubt in their minds as to whether 'eternal justice ruled the ball;' while prudence directed covert modes of promulgating their opinions, indicating the philosophy rather than expounding it. It has been thought that this was the real source of the atheism attributed to Marlowe. The defiant or injurious language put into the mouths of some of the Elizabethan dramatis personæ might originate in the same cause; as might also the stupendous crimes the poets of that period ascribe to princes and the powerful. Shakspeare himself has not escaped the charge of this kind of scepticism. Indeed, a volume has been published by a Mr. Birch to prove Shakspeare's irreligion by the induction of particular passages, play by play. A dissatisfied and depressing idea of human society, and the world's government, if not of life itself, is certainly visible through the melancholy of Hamlet and the madness of Lear; and may be found in many passages of other plays.

Some such view seems to have possessed Machiavelli, modified of course by his hard and practical nature as a man, and his nation as an Italian. He could not rise to the wide and lofty speculations of the Elizabethan poets, or attain their grand musical utterance; but he could see as clearly as Iago himself that 'Preferment goes by letter and affection;' and like him, would make the most of things as they were, without incurring trouble and odium in vain attempts to mend them. In his place and times it

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was not safe to openly advocate irreligion, but he might insinuate scepticism indirectly, or express it in a dramatic form. An entire disbelief in the success of justice or goodness in this world could be more securely asserted, and he frequently advances that idea. There is a very remarkable passage in his *History of Florence* which is worth quoting, as it seems to contain the pith of his philosophy, though it is put dramatically into the mouth of another. In this history, Machiavelli, after the manner of the ancients, introduces speeches of his own composition, which he attributes to some person of the period. The sentiments of these discourses are appropriate enough, and the form is oratorical, but the matter and spirit are disquisitional—rather the philosophical comment of a writer on the affairs he is narrating, than the practical address of a man engaged in them. The speech from which we are about to quote is supposed to be delivered by a member of one of the 'minor arts' (or guilds) of Florence during a civil commotion, when the 'plebeians' rose against the government and nobles, making their politics, it would appear, a cloak for incendiarism and plunder. A pause had taken place, and some of the rioters appeared disposed to submit. On this Machiavelli's orator is represented as addressing one of the assemblies of the 'plebeians' held during the night. The policy of the discourse, and its moral or immoral philosophy, look Machiavellian. The socialistic and equality doctrines might belong to the time, and were not peculiar to Florence. They were held by the Jacquerie in France. The sermons of John Ball, Wat Tyler's coadjutor or chaplain, inculcated doctrines deduced from the text of

> When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
> Where was then the gentleman?

And all these popular outbreaks occurred within one generation: the Jacquerie commencing in 1358, the Florentine commotion occurring in 1379, and Wat Tyler's insurrection taking place in 1381. However, to the speech. The orator, after warning the revolters of the danger they have already incurred, and that the magistrates and the Seignory were even then organizing some plan to subdue them, proceeds thus—

'We ought therefore to keep two things in view, and have two points to consider; the one is to escape with impunity for what has been done during the last few days, and the other to live in greater comfort and security for the time to come. We must therefore, I think, in order to be pardoned for our old faults, commit new ones; redoubling the mischief, and multiplying the fires and robberies; and in doing this to have as many companions as we can; for when many are in fault few are punished; small crimes are chastised, but great and serious ones are rewarded. When many suffer, few seek vengeance; for general evils are endured more patiently than private ones. To increase the number of misdeeds will therefore make forgiveness more easily attainable, and will open the way to secure what we require for our liberty. And it appears evident that the gain is certain, for our opponents are disunited and rich; their disunion will give us the victory, and their riches, when they have become ours, will support us. Be not deceived about that antiquity of blood by which they exalt themselves above us; for all men having had one common origin, all are equally ancient, and nature has made us all after one fashion. Strip us naked, and we shall all be found alike. Dress us in their clothing, and they in ours, we shall appear noble, they ignoble—for poverty and riches make all the difference. It grieves me much to think that some of you are sorry inwardly for what is done, and resolve to abstain from anything more of the kind. Certainly if it be so, you are not the men I took you for; because neither shame nor conscience ought to have any influence with you. Conquerors, by what means soever, are never considered aught but glorious. We have no business to think about conscience; for when, like us, men have to fear hunger and imprisonment or death, the fear of hell neither can nor ought to have any influence upon them. If you only notice human proceedings, you may observe that all who attain great power and riches make use of either force or fraud; and what they have acquired either by deceit or violence, in order to conceal the disgraceful methods of attainment, they endeavour to sanctify with the false title of honest gains. Those who, either from imprudence or want of sagacity, avoid doing

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so, are always overwhelmed with servitude and poverty; for faithful servants are always servants, and honest men are always poor; nor do any ever escape from servitude but the bold and faithless, or from poverty but the rapacious and fraudulent. God and nature have thrown all human fortunes into the midst of mankind; and they are thus attainable rather by rapine than by industry, by wicked actions rather than by good. Hence it is that men feed upon each other, and those who cannot defend themselves must be worried. Therefore we must use force when the opportunity offers, and fortune cannot present us one more favourable than the present.—pp. 129-30.

These doctrines, as it seems to us, are as mischievous as anything in the *Prince*, from the great extent of their application, but being put into the mouth of a Communistic demagogue they appear dramatically appropriate, and pass without attracting attention to the author. It appears easy, however, to imagine that a man whose observations and experience had imbued him with such opinions, who was baffled in his political hopes of Republicanism, who had been tortured and imprisoned, who was reduced to utter poverty, and was at work upon a task that would cause his former friends to look upon him with distrust, if they had not began to do so already—it is, we say, easy to conceive that such a man in such an age might in cynical indifference compose a work like the *Prince*, not in satire (for we think with Lord Macaulay, that the notion of the book being satirical is untenable, though advanced by Bacon), but in very callousness.

But the true explanation of the *Prince*, if not the defence of Machiavelli, is to be found, as indicated at the outset, in the congeniality of the doctrines with the practice of mankind in public life. At all events, if the reader will examine history, he will find Machiavellian principles reduced to practice on most opportunities; and on the rare occasions when some good men have resisted the temptation of preferring the *utile* to the *honestum* they are 'damn'd with faint praise' if they fail. If they succeed, there is no end to the panegyrics on the originality of mind that could deviate from received practice and appeal directly to the sense of right that lurks inherent in the human mind. Acts, however, are not the test to which we would bring the question of the *Prince*. The *character* of a man of action may be judged of from his conduct with more certainty than may his principles. He is compelled to act at the moment; the pressure of temptation or necessity sometimes induces such men to commit crimes, though they may commit them unwillingly and regret them afterward. There is no such excuse for writers. In the first place, there is rarely any compulsion on them to write at all; they are not compelled to decide on the instant, and having ample time for consideration, the propositions they advance, and the principles those propositions contain, must be held to be theirs. Direct approval of Machiavelli's doctrines is not to be looked for, though justification and even praise of Machiavellian actions may readily enough be found. Yet even this is not the test to which it is proposed to bring writers with a moral repute the very opposite to that of Machiavelli. A truer touchstone will be the unconscious acquiescence in the politics of the *Prince* by eminent writers of this generation, who cannot plead in excuse as its author could the state of morals and opinion in Italy three centuries and a half ago. The instances selected as illustrations will be Buonaparte's invasion of Egypt and his seizure of the crown of Spain; and the occupation of Ancona by Louis Philippe or rather Casimir Périer. The authors whose writings we shall adduce will be Walter Scott, and four distinguished living historians, namely, Thiers, Guizot, Alison, and Napier. The illustrations could easily be multiplied, but these will suffice as samples.

The invasion of Egypt by Buonaparte, in 1798, was the most nefarious violation of public law and public morality upon a large scale that has been witnessed since the commencement of the modern European system. It cannot be excused by the religious fanaticism of the

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middle ages, which held that the Egyptians, as infidels, were the rightful prey of every Christian strong enough to spoil them. The plea which has been advanced to justify so many atrocities, that the people upon whom they have been perpetrated were beyond the pale of public law, is not available in this case. Egypt was a province of Turkey, and Turkey had been an ally of France from the times of Francis I. and Solyman the Magnificent, and was then at perfect peace with the French Republic. The only pretence of complaint was the alleged treatment of certain Frenchmen by the Mamelukes formerly; but the Mamelukes were not *de jure* rulers of Egypt, and no remonstrance was preferred either to them or to the Porte. The expedition was a mere piratical adventure. The greatest secresy was observed respecting it, and when secresy was no longer possible, every art of cajolery was attempted to deceive the Divan. So clear is the case to the eye of the moralist, that Robert Hall, in one of his spirit-stirring sermons delivered in the early part of the century, advanced this invasion as a conclusive instance of Napoleon's criminality: 'Recollect for a moment his invasion of Egypt, a country which had never given him the slightest provocation, a country so remote from the scene of his crimes that it probably did not know that there was such a man in existence. Happy ignorance, could it but have lasted!'

Yet beyond a passing doubt mildly expressed by Scott, as to whether intended improvements justify 'usurpation,' the public immorality of this invasion is altogether ignored by Scott, Thiers, and Alison; though at least two of the historians often interrupt their narrative by lengthy reflections intended to be moral. Each of the three writers at starting takes an historical survey of Egypt, and, somewhat servilely, as it strikes us, re-echoes from other authors its immense geographical importance, as if grand objects were a sufficient excuse for grand robberies; the glowing visions of historic greatness that filled the youthful mind of Buonaparte, promising him fame and empire rivalling those of Alexander and Tamerlane, are next unctuously alluded to, as if the 'phantasmagoria of a delicious reverie,' to borrow the idea of Thiers, was a justification of any war, however unfounded; while Scott, not wasting a thought as to the right or wrong, describes Napoleon as escaping from the European difficulties (in the way of his then seizing supreme power) by 'turning his eyes and thoughts eastward, and meditating in the distant countries of the rising sun a scene worthy of his talents, his military skill, and his ambition.' Alison agrees with all this, and more of the same semi-poetical kind, but is troubled because so grand a scheme should have been carried out by Falstaff's expedient of 'robbing the (Swiss) Exchequer.' He declares that 'it is *painful to think* that this *celebrated undertaking* should have been preceded by so flagrant an act of spoliation (as the seizure of the Switzer's money); and that the desire to provide for the charges of the enterprise out of the savings of the Swiss confederacy during more than two hundred years, should have been one motive for the attack on that inoffensive Republic.'

A like indifference to public immorality is shown in the coolness with which such matters as Buonaparte's assumption of Mahometanism are noticed, or the falsehoods by which he and his diplomatic agents tried to impose upon the Turkish Government, or the military cruelties he often exercised upon his vanquished enemies. And yet it is singular to contrast this moral insensibility of the Scotchmen and Frenchman, upon what may be called war and politics, with the attention they pay to any event that seems to concern men in their individual nature, rather than their public capacity. As long as matters remain in the mass or abstract, as it were, and follow a received course, the worst treacheries and cruelties do not seem to disturb them more than they would Machiavelli, perhaps not so much. When the public man merges in the individual,

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and personal conduct or personal faith comes into question, the Westerns are attentive enough to what the Italian might have thought a secondary matter, or considered in reference to politic effects. The historians who have not a word for the original injustice of the war, and its consequent miseries and atrocities, pause and lucubrate over the execution of the Turkish prisoners at Jaffa, and the alleged poisoning of the sick French troops at the same place. Thiers is, as usual, in discussion the briefest of the trio, and exhibits the critical freedom which distinguishes him when treating of the individual Buonaparte, and not the chief of the French nation. As becomes a quondam minister of state, he does not display much feeling. However, he terms the massacre 'une mesure terrible;' and says of its author that 'transporté dans un pays barbare, il en avait involontairement adopté les mœurs.' Scott is fuller in his censure of the act, but puts in a kind of excusatory plea for the actor. 'His army was small; it was his business to strike terror into his numerous enemies, and the measure to be adopted seemed capable of making a deep impression on all who should hear of it;' as if the *Prince* contains anything worse than this! Alison alone comes out clear and strong. He is exuberant in his picture, his denunciation, and the morals he labours to point. The charge of poisoning Thiers dismisses curtly and with some contempt, though he cannot deny that the proposition was made. Scott examines it fully, and arrives at the conclusion which Thiers, in following him, came to, that the opium was not administered after all. The extreme number of the sick Scott fixes at thirty. This, Alison, with his usual love of the marvellous, raises to nearly four hundred, and poisons them all; but he concludes after an examination, that the act was not criminal. 'Those who could not be removed,' he coolly writes, 'were poisoned by orders of the general; their numbers did not exceed four hundred; and as the Turks were within an hour's march of the place, their recovery hopeless, and a cruel death awaiting them at the hands of those barbarians the moment they arrived, the painful act may perhaps be justified, not only on the ground of necessity, but of humanity.'

The invasion of Egypt was not the only act of Napoleon which passed beyond the limit that the law of nations, lax as it is in practice, permits to conquerors. The seizure of the Spanish crown was a still more iniquitous proceeding. The King of Spain was a neighbour, an ally, and a friend, in whose family affairs Napoleon professed to interest himself. In a strictly moral sense it was not worse perhaps than the invasion of Egypt; because when a man has once seized a thing that does not belong to him in a treacherous way, he has reached the superlative degree, and is at the *ne plus ultra*. But to the European world the Spanish business looked worse than the Egyptian for several reasons. The *personal* interest was prominent. In the seizure of Egypt the Sultan was a long way off, lost sight of in the seraglio at Constantinople; Charles IV. and his son Ferdinand stood, as it were, visibly before the European world. There was also a dramatic personification in the family group, and a dramatic action in the mean and wicked intrigues by which the object was attained, that were wanting in the Egyptian expedition, which in its outward form looked merely a military operation. The Spanish affair came more home to the business and bosoms of European princes and statesmen, 'since in another's fate they see their own.' Then the moral consequence has impressed itself upon every mind, for the exiled tyrant truly declared, 'the Spanish ulcer destroyed me.' Men trained in civil and political life, and accustomed to trace events to their causes, could not escape the impression of these things. Scott, though bred in a century altogether less scrupulous than ours, pronounced the Spanish business 'a usurpation executed under circumstances of treachery perfectly unexampled in the history of Europe.' Alison ex-

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presses a similar opinion, with of course more emphasis—'perhaps in the whole annals of the world, abounding as they do in deeds of wickedness, there is not to be found a more atrocious system of perfidy, fraud, and dissimulation, than that by which Napoleon won the kingdoms of the Spanish peninsula.' Thiers, in his elaborate account of these transactions, displays his usual partiality for Napoleon as the French chief, and his systematic unfairness when dealing with events that may effect the national glory, by colouring, cloaking, or perverting truth as best serves the occasion. But the training of the scholar, the parliamentary orator, the historian, and even the minister, compels even Thiers to form a true conclusion on the proceedings. Numerous isolated passages of blame might be quoted, but the historian sums up the 'beginning of the end,' the seizure of the crown and the kidnapping of the Spanish royal family, by a censure of the past and an anticipation of the future, in which he touches, however mildly, on the inevitable law of consequences.

Il fut entrainé ainsi de la ruse, à la fourberie, et ajouta à son nom la seconde des deux taches qui ternissent sa gloire. Il lui restait pour l'absoudre, le bien à faire à l'Espagne, et par l'Espagne à la France. La Providence ne lui reservait pas même ce moyen de se laver d'une perfidie indigne de son caractère.

Mais ne devancons pas la justice des temps. Les récits qui vont suivre montreront bientôt cette justice redoutable, sortant des événements eux-mêmes, et punissant le génie, qui n'est pas plus dispensé que le médiocrité elle-même, de loyauté, et de bon sens.

This community of civilian opinion is very faintly echoed by Sir William Napier in his *History of the Peninsular War*. The words 'fraud,' 'violence,' 'injustice,' are indeed dropped in, as of course; but the admiration and professional sympathy of the soldier-author for Napoleon pervades the whole. The military historian speaks of the seizure of Spain pretty much as Machiavelli might have done; that is, as a mere political question, whose management was alone the subject for consideration.

There are many reasons (said the then Colonel Napier) why Napoleon should have meddled with the interior affairs of Spain; there seems no good one for his manner of doing it. His great error was that he looked only to the court, and treated the people with contempt. *Had he taken care to bring the people and their government into hostile contact first*, instead of appearing as the treacherous arbitrator of a domestic quarrel, he would have been hailed as the deliverer of a great people.

The breaking into Ancona by night, under Louis Philippe and Casimir Périer, was a low and wretched affair—a burglarious entry, not an invasion. Its small objects and mean mode are not, however, a bad measure of the difference between the men of 1789 and of 1830, or for that matter, between the Bourbons and the Buonapartes. In principle it was as bad as the seizure of Egypt, indeed worse; for Egypt belonged to the Turks, whereas Ancona was a city of the Pope, and Louis Philippe was his 'eldest son.' The motives, too, were as mean and empty as the end aimed at was theatrical. In the second volume of his *Memoirs*, M. Guizot gives a full account of the whole business, he having 'aided and abetted' the affair as a volunteer orator in the assembly. But throughout his long exposition not only does he refrain from censure, but seems quite insensible to the character of the transaction he is recording, which stood briefly thus.

Middle-aged politicians will remember the excitement throughout Europe caused by the French and Belgian revolutions of 1830, and the insurrection of Poland that followed. The dread of further outbreaks rising to wars of propagandism, with results impossible to foresee, directed the attention of diplomatists to a few states where explosion was most likely to take place, and which states, be it said, could not resist the 'Great Powers.' Rome was then, as now, an especial object of attention on account of its wretched misgovernment. The five Powers in conjunction pressed internal reforms upon the Pope. The ideas thrown out for the consideration of his Holiness were not of a very radical nature, though one of them,

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'the admission of *lay* candidates to judicial and administrative employment,' seemed to strike at his principle of hierarchical government. However, no good resulted from the proposals of the Conference. M. Guizot says that Metternich was indifferent, the Emperor of Russia (Nicholas) hostile. The Pope, left to himself, promulgated 'reforms' that were utterly valueless. Disappointment inflamed dissatisfaction, and the people rose. The Pope's troops slew the revolters rather than put down the revolt. In his difficulty his Holiness appealed to the Austrians, who marched troops into his territories. The Austrians were rather welcomed than otherwise by the people, as a protection against the soldiery of their Holy Father; and the insurrection subsided.

Now, here unquestionably was a French diplomatic failure. France had looked to establish an influence in the Papal States that should equal or exceed that of Austria; luck had gone against her, and she had lost the game. But ill fortune does not justify violence. Apprehended danger from another State, is, according to the laws of nations, as justifiable a ground of war as actual danger. But the danger must be tangible, not fanciful. In this case, however, there was no danger at all; or, if any, it was only danger to M. Périer's ministry, originating in the mortification of French susceptibility; French policy had been crossed purely by the event, but French vanity was hurt and must be salved, at the certainty of wrong, and the risk of war. Here is the pith of the case, as given by the author of the Spanish Marriages; the matter is worse than anything in the *Prince*, because weaker; but it is more disguised by a flowery and phraseful style.

The Italian question then presented itself under a new form. The concurrent action of the powers had failed. France, whose policy, at the same time liberal and anti-revolutionary, appeared to be adopted by Europe, had not been able to render it triumphant in Italy, or to reestablish through that channel harmony between the Pope and his subjects. It was Austria, and the policy of physical repression, that prevailed. If we had paused there, if the French Government had not shown itself sensible of this check, and ready to repair it, it would no longer have possessed either consideration or influence in Italy. . . . . On that specific point (the question as between the Austrians, Romans, and the Pope) France had no direct or material interest; but it involved a question of national dignity and importance, perhaps also of internal tranquillity. The peace policy was humbled and compromised. M. Casimir Périer was not the man to submit coldly and inactively to this position. The King agreed with his opinion, and the expedition to Ancona was decided on.

It was well known with what rapidity and vigour that measure was executed. Leaving Toulon on the 7th of February, 1832 . . . . . the small French squadron arrived in sight of Ancona on the 22nd. *During the night at two o'clock the frigate 'Victory' entered the harbour* under full sail. The troops disembarked in silence, the gates of the city were forced; and on the following morning, without shedding a single drop of blood, the town and citadel were occupied by French soldiers. . . . In France as in Italy, and throughout all Europe, the surprise was great. . . . . . At Rome, Naples, and Florence, neither the French agents nor the Italian politicians believed in this sudden landing—this unlooked-for and armed invasion of a Roman city. *The act seemed too much opposed to public rights, and too rash, to have been committed during perfect peace*, and without the consent either of the Pope or of the allies of France.—*Memoirs to Illustrate my own Time*, vol. ii. p. 279—282.

This, in Lord Macaulay's language, is 'naked and not ashamed' with a vengeance. Even M. Guizot's friend, M. de Barante, the envoy at Turin, who had got an inkling of the project, never anticipated it would be executed as it was. He wrote to Guizot—'We imagine here that in spite of the profound displeasure which this occupation must give to Austria and the Holy See, *their consent has been obtained*.' The Prussian ambassador, the Baron de Werther, aptly asked Casimir Périer 'if there was still such a thing as public European right?' Beyond all question it was as flagitious a piece of violence and treachery as ever was perpetrated by Italian prince or armed adventurer in Machiavelli's time, or in the evil days before it, though fortunately

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not attended by blood, strife, or cruelty, which was the mere accident of luck. Yet M. Guizot describes it with as much coolness and satisfaction as the Florentine politician could have shown had the matter been of a solidity to challenge his consideration.

These examples could readily be multiplied. Indeed a not incurious book might be written under the title of the *Prince continued, or Policy explained by the Practice of Politicians.* The English in India might contribute some instances; and their descendants, the Americans, various examples. The essential doctrine of Machiavelli is to seize an advantage without regard to the morality involved, *except* as it may react upon you. Whether this principle is seated in individual man we will not undertake to assert, but it is deeply seated in the public conviction, if we may judge by the public conduct. In this country, for example, 'the expectancy and rose' of the whole world, a large class, professing moreover religion and liberality, continually charge persons who differ from them with a design to plunge the nation into war in order to make a profit by it, or to divert attention from home reforms. And the charge is made not as if the alleged thing were a very wicked thing, but a recognised proceeding, a kind of political matter-of-course. In America similar charges or worse are promulgated at every presidential election. Some needless war, or some territorial robbery, seems nowadays the regular accompaniment of a ruler's inauguration, denounced as a crime by one party, and held out as a temptation by the other. Of a truth, Machiavelli seems but a type of politicians, and has gained his evil repute in part by Italian manners and in part by his own. Still, after all, there is something in time and luck, and Machiavelli was first and has been unlucky. In Father Paul Sarpi's *Maxims of Venice*—a sort of practical handbook of ruling, drawn up by the desire and for the use of the Republic in the early part of the seventeenth century—the statesmanlike coldness is equally remarkable with that of the *Prince,* and some of the suggestions really devilish. But Machiavelli had got half a century's bad character before Paul Sarpi wrote his work, while the training of Paul as a divine gave him a professional feeling for abstract right. The brief panegyric on virtuous men which closes his first part is really eloquent, and he had enough largeness of view to advise that the public faith once pledged should be inviolable, 'without being amused by any profit that may accrue to the Republic by the breach of it.' In this judgment we may trace a great advance in public morality since the time of Machiavelli, or the moral tone of republics in those days was better than that of princes.

W. W.

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ESSAY TOWARDS AN EXPERIMENTAL SOLUTION OF THE GOLD QUESTION.

In the discussions which have taken place respecting the probable consequences of the Californian and Australian gold discoveries, there is a branch of the general question which has not yet received from economists that degree of attention, to which from its scientific importance it seems to be entitled. I allude to the effects produced by those events in the countries which have been the scene of their occurrence. In the great world of commerce, the action of the new money for the most part escapes notice among the variety and complexity of the phenomena in which it is involved. The area over which the increasing supplies have to act is immense, the extraneous incidents affecting the course of their diffusion are numerous, and the real tendency of the movement is thus in these cosmopolitan transactions not easily discoverable. But within the more limited sphere of the auriferous countries this is not the case. The gold discoveries have there been the predominant influences, and being less controlled by circumstances, the real character of the new agencies, and the results to which they are leading, come distinctly and prominently into view. California and Australia, during the period of their auriferous history, furnish us with what Lord Bacon would call 'an ostensive or predominant instance' of the action of such agencies, showing their nature (to borrow his language) 'naked and palpable, and even in its exaltation, or in the highest degree of its power—that is to say, emancipated or freed from impediments, or at least, by force of its native energy, dominating over these, suppressing and coercing them.'* By studying the effects of the gold discoveries in the immediate scene of their occurrence, we may gain a clearer and steadier view of the real nature of the causes which are at work than we are likely to obtain from the more extended and complicated transactions of general commerce. By tracing the events which are there presented, we may be guided to conclusions which (if the illustration be allowed) may serve as a sort of economic chart of the new monetary influences—a chart which, though it may be drawn upon an exaggerated scale, will the more clearly indicate the true direction of the currents and the ultimate goal whither they are bearing us.

With this view I propose in the following paper to examine the effects of the gold discoveries in Australia on its trade, industry, and pecuniary relations. The course of events in California during its auriferous history has been extremely similar, and the description of the movement in the former country will in its main features be found applicable to the latter.

Regarded in its economic aspects, the discovery of gold in Australia may be thus briefly described: It was an occurrence by which a common labourer was enabled, by means of a simple process requiring for its performance little capital or skill, to obtain about a quarter of an ounce of gold—in value about £1 sterling—on an average in the day.† This is the fundamental fact from which the remarkable series of events which we have lately been contemplating took its rise, and to which the whole movement following upon the gold discoveries is ultimately traceable. The immediate effect was a general disorganization of industry throughout the Australian colonies. The ordinary pursuits of the place were for a time entirely suspended, and the imaginations and hopes of the community outstripping even the marvellous realities of the case, the whole industrial population rushed as by a single impulse to the gold-fields. The gold fever, however, in this its first and full intensity, was not of long duration. Actual trial soon reduced the extravagant expectations raised by the first announcements to a

* *Novum Organon*, Lib. ii. Aph. 24.

† *Correspondence relative to the late Discoveries of Gold in Australia.* Presented to Parliament, February, 1852. Pages 32, 51.

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more sober and correct appreciation of the true conditions of the discovery. Those who had overrated the gain, as well as those whose constitution and habits unfitted them for the toils and exposure of gold-digging, and who did not fall victims to their mistake, returned after a short trial to their former occupations. The extraordinary excitement subsided; but in the mean time a change had taken place in the conditions of Australian industry, a new and vigorous branch of production had struck root, overshadowing all the old occupations of the country and entirely superseding many of them, and a new monetary *régime* had been inaugurated.

The immediate result of the change was a general rise of money wages throughout the country. Formerly the wages of common labour in Australia had ranged from 3*s.* to 5*s.* a day. The same labour was now, by washing the auriferous sand, capable of producing gold worth 20*s.* a day. It followed as a necessary consequence that, *cæteris paribus*, hired labourers would not work for less. Other things indeed were not equal. The toil of gold-digging was severe, its results were precarious, and the further the removal from the coast the higher was the price of provisions. All these circumstances influenced wages in different occupations and in different localities; but, making allowance for these, the standard of pecuniary remuneration in Australia was henceforth the rate of earnings on the gold-fields.

During the two years immediately following the first discoveries, this standard continued at the high point above indicated — namely, about a quarter of an ounce of gold per man each day, equal to about £1 sterling; but towards the close of 1853 a great decline in the proceeds of gold digging took place. The cream of the richest auriferous deposits had by this time been skimmed away; and it was henceforth necessary to dig deeper for materials which, when reached, proved of inferior quality. The Commissioners appointed in the following year to report on the gold-fields accordingly describe a great falling off at this time from the richness of the early returns;* and although many new gold-fields have since been opened, the high average standard of the early discoveries has not again been reached.† During the two years just passed (1857 and 1858), the rate of gold earnings per man has not exceeded on an average ten shillings a day‡—a decline of one half from the early returns. On the whole, we may say that during the first and most productive period of gold digging, the standard of money wages in Australia rose in rather more than a fourfold proportion as compared with the pre-gold times, and that during the last five years this proportion has been reduced by one half; money wages in Australia at the present time being thus rather more than double those which formerly prevailed.§

But this rise in the pecuniary remuneration of the labourer involved further consequences. The Australian employer could not continue to pay quadruple or double rates to his workmen while the commodities which he sold remained at their former price. In order to the maintenance of his profit, it was necessary that the price of Australian productions should rise in proportion as wages had risen; and this result accordingly followed in due course.

The advance, however, in money rates and prices which these circumstances necessitated, though rapid, was not instantaneous.‖ For more than a year after the gold discoveries had occurred, it was held sensibly in check by the peculiar state of the local currencies. For there was at this time no mint in Australia; the increased require-

* *Further Papers relative to the Discovery of Gold in Australia.* Presented to Parliament, February, 1856. Page 55.

† Westgarth's *Victoria* (1857), p. 171.

‡ The *Times*' Melbourne Correspondent, writing September 14th, 1858.

§ Westgarth's *Victoria* (1857), p. 150.

‖ See the Table of Prices contained in Mr. Westgarth's 'Address to the Melbourne Chambers of Council,' given in the Appendix to his *Victoria, or Australia Felix.* 1853.

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ments for coin could only be met by a transmission of bullion to London, there to be coined, and afterwards re-imported; and this process required from six to eight months at the least, for its accomplishment. Pending the arrival of the new coins, prices were not indeed prevented absolutely from rising; for numerous expedients were in their absence freely resorted to for supplying the place of the ordinary currency;* but nevertheless prices were, by the straitness of the circulation, kept very considerably under their natural level, as determined by the cost of gold—a fact which was sufficiently proved by a remarkable fall in the price of gold throughout the whole of this period.† The arrival, however, of sovereigns in large quantities from England, in the winter of 1852 to 1853, quickly put an end to this exceptional state of the markets. The price of gold, and with it the prices of other things, rose to their natural level; and pecuniary rates generally throughout the country were brought permanently into conformity with the new conditions of producing gold.

But the advance in general prices which was thus easily and rapidly effected within the limited area of the gold districts, could by no means be accomplished with the same facility amongst the great commercial populations of the world. The disturbance of industrial pursuits in the larger theatre, though resulting in an extensive emigration, was yet, in comparison with the general business of the world, inconsiderable, while the supply of gold required, in order to render possible a fall in its value over so large an area of transactions, was immense. The necessary conditions, therefore, to a rise in general prices not being susceptible of speedy fulfilment, money rates throughout the world at large did not, and could not, advance with the same rapidity with which they advanced in the gold countries. A divergence of local prices and rates in Australia from the general level of commercial countries has been the necessary consequence —a divergence which has altered fundamentally her commercial position in relation to the rest of the world, and has been followed by a series of changes in her domestic industry and foreign trade which I shall now attempt to describe.

The great staple industry of Australia has, from an early period in the history of the colony, been her cattle-farming, the advantages which the country possesses for this pursuit in her extensive open plains, covered with rich natural grass, being unsurpassed in any part of the world. The fruit of this industry is the usual pastoral products, of which butcher's meat, wool, and tallow are the principal. Until the occurrence of the remarkable events we are considering, the two latter of these constituted the leading commodities of the foreign trade of the country. For the former—butcher's meat—as it was unfit for a distant traffic, she was compelled to trust for a market to the local population, which being extremely limited, the supply of meat was with difficulty disposed of, and the article was consequently often a drug in the colonial markets. The difficulty, however, thence arising to the pastoral interest was met by the conversion of a large portion of their meat into tallow, and by the starting of an export trade in this commodity. By this means the several branches of trade connected with pastoral farming in Australia were placed upon a sound foundation, and by the beginning of 1851 were in a highly flourishing condition. But in the summer of that year the gold discoveries occurred, and the consequences which have ensued in this leading department of her industry have been not a little remarkable.

On the first outbreak of the gold mania in 1851, the pastoral interest was subjected to the same inconvenience which was felt by all other

* Of which expedients the passing of the Bullion Act by the Government of South Australia was the most important.

† A fall from £3 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, the London Mint price, to 60*s.*, 50*s.*, and, it is stated, in some instances to 40*s.* per ounce. See the Appendix to Westgarth's *Victoria, or Australia Felix.* 1853.

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occupations in Australia. The minds of shepherds and shearers were not proof to the attractions which had acted so powerfully on workmen in every other walk of industry, and the 'squatting' stations were for a time abandoned for the more enticing pursuits of the gold-fields. As the only means of obtaining the requisite supply of labour, the squatters were obliged to submit to the same advance in wages which at this time took place in all other occupations. But, as has been pointed out, a rise in money wages requires (if profits are to be maintained) a corresponding rise in the price of the commodities which the more highly priced labour produces. This necessary rise was effected without difficulty in articles produced in Australia for domestic consumption; but the chief product of the pastoral industry was wool, and the chief market for wool was Europe, in which a fourfold or a twofold rise in price—such a rise, that is to say, as would have indemnified the Australian farmer for the advance in his labour rates—was simply impossible, or at the least could only have been obtained by a curtailment of supply, which must have completely deranged the existing conditions of the wool trade, and seriously inconvenienced the consumers of wool. On the news, therefore, of the gold discoveries reaching this country, great alarm was felt for the stability of this trade.* And in truth the wool trade was at this time in serious jeopardy. It has been saved from the danger that was impending through a circumstance which, in the first excitement of the movement, escaped the attention of observers — through the influence, namely, which the same event that endangered the supply of wool has exercised on other branches of the industry to which wool belongs. The immense immigration which followed the gold discoveries created a sudden demand for butcher's meat; a more than quadruple rise in the price of meat in Australia has been the consequence—a rise which has covered the increased outlay on sheep-farming, thus providing the necessary inducement for the continuance of the supply of sheep, and therefore of wool. The wool trade of Australia has thus been preserved from extinction; but it is important to observe that it now stands upon a different footing from formerly. Previous to the gold discoveries, while wool formed the leading product of pastoral industry, the extension of sheep-farming depended principally on the extension of the demand, chiefly in Europe, for this article. But since that event wool has, in the calculation of the farmer's profits, become subordinate to meat, which is now the great support and mainstay of his trade. The progress of pastoral farming will therefore in future be governed, not by the requirements of Europe for wool, but by those of Australia for meat—in other words, by the increase of the colonial population; and as this cannot be expected to keep pace with the general demand for wool, a falling off in the rate of increase at which this branch of industry was formerly progressing may accordingly be looked for; indeed the decline has already become very apparent.†

So far as to the pastoral industry of Australia. Let us now trace the influence of the gold discoveries upon the occupation which, along with pastoral pursuits, forms in general the principal resource of young communities—agriculture.

If we are to accept the very high authority of Humboldt, the discovery of the Australian gold-fields should rather assist than hinder the progress of its agriculture. In his

* Mr. Lalor, in his work on *Money and Morals*, strongly urged upon Government the duty of assisting the emigration of shepherds, with a view to supply the necessary labour. But supposing this were done, what security was there that the emigrating shepherds would not have followed their predecessors to the gold-fields? Nothing short of a rise of wages would have retained them at their work; and this could only have been permanently possible by a rise in the price of the products of their industry. This was effected in a way which Mr. Lalor did not contemplate, through the increased demand for butcher's meat.

† See Westgarth's *Victoria* (1857), p. 118; and *Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom* (1858), p. 17.

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Political Essay upon the Kingdom of New Spain, that eminent writer thus observes:—

It cannot be doubted that, under improved social institutions, the countries which most abound with mineral productions will be as well if not better cultivated than those in which no such productions are to be found. But the desire natural to man of simplifying the causes of everything, has introduced into works on political economy a species of reasoning which is perpetuated because it flatters the mental indolence of the multitude. The depopulation of Spanish America, the state of neglect in which the most fertile lands are found, and the want of manufacturing industry, are attributed to the metallic wealth, to the abundance of gold and silver; as, according to the same logic, all the evils of Spain are attributed to the discovery of America, or the wandering race of the Merinos, or the religious intolerance of the clergy!

We do not observe that agriculture is more neglected in Peru than in the province of Cumana or Gugana, in which, however, there are no mines worked. In Mexico the best cultivated fields, those which recall to the mind of the traveller the beautiful plains of France, are those which extend from Salamanca towards Silao, Cuanaxuato, and the Villa de Leon, and which surround the richest mines of the known world. Wherever metallic seams have been discovered in the most uncultivated parts of the Cordilleras, on the insolated and desert table lands, the working of mines, far from impeding the cultivation of the soil, has been singularly favourable to it. Travelling along the ridge of the Andes, or the mountainous parts of Mexico, we everywhere see the most striking examples of the beneficial influence of the mines on agriculture. Were it not for the establishments formed for the working of the mines, how many places would have remained desert? how many districts uncultivated in the four intendancies of Guanaxuato, Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, and Durango, between the parallels of 21° and 25°, where the most considerable metallic wealth of New Spain is to be found? If the town is placed on the arid side or the crest of the Cordilleras, the new colonists can only draw from a distance the means of their subsistence and the maintenance of the great number of cattle employed in drawing off the water, and raising and amalgamating the mineral produce. Want soon wakens industry. The soil begins to be cultivated in the various ravines and declivities of the neighbouring mountains wherever the rock is covered with earth. Farms are established in the neighbourhood of the mine. The high price of provisions, from the competition of the purchasers, indemnifies the cultivator for the privations to which he is exposed from the hard life of the mountains. Thus from the hope of gain alone, and the motives of mutual interest, which are the most powerful bonds of society, and without any interference on the part of the government in colonization, a mine, which at first appeared insulated in the midst of wild and desert mountains, becomes in a short time connected with the lands which have long been under cultivation.*

It seems unquestionable that, in the manner described by Humboldt in the above passage, a discovery of the precious metals, by attracting people to a locality otherwise undesirable, or of which the other recommendations were previously unknown, may hasten the progress of agriculture over the earth, or may lead to the cultivation of districts which, but for such discoveries, might for ever have remained barren; nor will any one dispute the opinion of so competent a witness that the neglect of agriculture in some of the States of Spanish America was due in a large degree to defects in their social institutions; but accepting thus far the opinion of Humboldt, I yet venture to question the doctrine (for to this length does the passage I have quoted seem to go) that, speaking with reference to a country *in which occupation has been effected and society established,* the possession of mineral treasures is favourable, or can be otherwise than unfavourable, to the cultivation of the soil. It is one of the best established principles of economic science—the principle on which the whole theory of foreign trade is based†—that the possession by a country of any extraordinary advantage in production operates, in proportion to the extent of the advantage, as a premium against all other industrial pursuits. And the grounds of the principle are sufficiently obvious; for the possession of exceptional

* *Political Essay on New Spain,* vol. 2, pp. 405–8.

† See Mill's *Principles of Political Economy,* Book iii. chap. 17.

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facilities in production makes it clearly the interest of the country which enjoys them to satisfy its wants for other things, rather through the medium of an exchange with other nations of the article to which such special facilities apply, than by the direct production of commodities in raising which the country has no special advantage. And this being the general principle which regulates foreign exchange, it is one which, from their portability, and the universality of the demand for them, applies to the precious metals in an especial degree. I therefore find it impossible to believe that the mineral resources of the Spanish American States did not exercise on these countries an influence prejudicial to the progress of their agriculture, and that these were not among the causes which contributed to that backward state of cultivation which Humboldt notices and describes.

And this conclusion is entirely confirmed by the recent experience of Australia. It is not indeed contended that the discovery of mineral treasures in that country has not given an impulse to cultivation by hastening its general settlement, in the same manner as in the metalliferous districts of America. What I contend for is, that the country being once occupied and settled, the presence of rich gold-fields must operate unfavourably upon its agriculture, or, to put the same point differently, that the area of cultivation, under the influence of this cause, will be confined within limits short of those which it would have attained had the community reached the same stage of advance under different economic conditions; and this, I think, is sufficiently proved by the recent history of Australia—a history which exhibits the strange, and I believe unprecedented, spectacle of a country, possessing an immense unoccupied territory, and a soil of more than average fertility, importing more than one-half its food.*

I am quite aware, indeed, that other causes besides the gold discoveries are responsible for the past history of agriculture in Australia—more particularly a land system contrived with singular ingenuity to cramp and pervert the natural development of the country. But injurious in many respects as may have been, and may still be, the operation of this system—amongst others, in excluding from the possession of land, and in fact driving from the colony, a class of small proprietors whom on social grounds it would be most desirable to retain—it can scarcely be maintained that this is at present the principal cause of the failure of Australian agriculture, when we find that of the land which has been sold only a small portion has been brought under actual cultivation.† If the quantity offered in the market is insufficient for the agricultural wants of the country, this circumstance would only give an increased value for this purpose to the land which *has* been sold; and yet the greater portion of this remains as yet untilled. It appears to me that this state of things can only be explained by reference to other causes than the restraints of the land system; and what these causes are our former reasonings sufficiently indicate. Obviously they are to be found in the new money *régime* introduced by the gold discoveries. The high rate of wages thus established, being peculiar to the gold countries, places the Australian farmer, in common with other employers of Australian labour, under an exceptional disadvantage in competing in the markets of the world, and compels him, therefore, to confine cultivation to soils in which the superior richness of the natural agent compensates the cultivator for the high pecuniary charges with which he has to contend. It is thus that the gold-fields of Australia present a barrier to the development of its agricultural resources—a barrier which, after all the restrictions of the land system are removed, must continue to operate, and which will probably for many years to come render its

* The *Times* (Melbourne Correspondent), February 3rd, 1858.

† Westgarth's *Victoria* (1857), p. 81; *Further Papers*, &c., February, 1856, p. 33; *Australian and New Zealand Gazette*, December 11th, 1858, p. 568.

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richest provinces a drain upon the subsistence of over-peopled Europe, instead of what under happier conditions they might become—liberal contributors towards our already heavily taxed resources.*

The extension of agriculture in Australia has thus, though stimulated for the moment, suffered a real check from the gold discoveries; and the same influence has been felt throughout (with the exception of gold mining) every branch of industry in that country. The premium which has operated against sheep-farming and tillage has operated against every industrial pursuit. Many districts in the northern portion of New South Wales are represented as favourable to the growth of cotton. 'In Moreton Bay,' says a colonial writer, 'the cotton-tree grows most luxuriantly, and appears more inclined to assume a perennial form than in even the most favoured districts of America. But,' he adds, 'up to the present time the cost [price] of cultivation has been found too high to make the business of cotton-growing profitable.' Tin and antimony, we are told by another authority, abound in many parts of Victoria. Some of the richest tin ores in the Ovens districts have, it seems, been worked to some profit; but although antimony ore 'appears to be unlimited in quantity,' 'the value in the home market [more properly the price of raising it in Australia] will not admit of its being touched as yet by the eager fingers of commerce.'† Such has been the effect on the industry of raw-produce; and in manufacturing industry the influence of the gold discoveries has been still more complete and sweeping, nothing in the nature of a manufactured product, even of the coarsest kind, being now made in the colony, which can by any possibility be imported.‡

As a proof of the soundness of our economic knowledge, it is interesting to observe that all this has happened in strict conformity with the established principles of economic science. According to these principles the exchange of commodities among different nations is regulated, not by the absolute, but by the comparative, cost of the commodities exchanged§—not by the circumstance that the commodity imported from a foreign country may be produced with less labour in the country from which it is obtained than in the country which imports it—but by this, that it may be produced by *comparatively* less labour than some *other* commodity, which is also made the subject of exchange. Thus the essence of the gold discoveries, regarded economically, consisted, as has been said, in the reduction in the cost of raising gold which was thereby effected—a reduction which, not being shared by other countries, involved a change in the comparative costs of Australian and foreign productions. The consequence of this change has been a corresponding change in the character of her foreign trade, brought about, as we have seen, through an action on money wages. Thus Australia, instead of raising her own corn, as under ordinary circumstances she would do, imports the greater portion of it. If we ask why is this?

* It will perhaps be urged against this that agriculture has made considerable progress in California, which has already become an exporter of food. This is true, and is a striking proof of the fact to which every traveller in that country has borne testimony—the extraordinary fertility of the Californian soils—a fertility which is capable of compensating the drawback of the highest priced labour in the world. The fact, however, in no degree invalidates the principle above stated; it only proves that California enjoys over other countries an advantage in raising food up to a certain point *as great as she enjoys in obtaining gold.*

† Westgarth's *Victoria* (1857), pp. 112–13.

‡ 'We all wear imported boots and shoes,' says the *Times'* Correspondent, 'and it is cheaper to buy new than to get the old mended.'

§ See chapter on 'Foreign Trade,' Ricardo's *Works*, pp. 76–7; also Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*, Book iii. chap. 17. The reader must observe that by 'cost' is meant the *real difficulty* involved in the production of a commodity, *not the amount of money* necessary to remunerate the labour by which this difficulty is overcome. The only commodity of which the *cost* was affected by the gold discoveries was gold; but the *price* of producing everything was altered.

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we shall be told that the price of labour is there so high that she cannot afford to compete with foreign countries. This is true; but why is the price of labour so high in Australia? The answer is, because the cost of gold is so low; the rate of money wages, as we have seen, always rising and falling as the facilities of producing gold increase or diminish.* The true explanation, therefore, of the importation of corn into a country possessing abundant resources for agriculture is that she possesses *comparatively* still greater resources for the production of gold; so that she finds it profitable to obtain her corn rather through the medium of her cheap gold, than by its direct production. And the same explanation applies to every circumstance of her recent trade: *e.g.*, previous to the gold discoveries Australia produced her own cheese and butter; she now largely imports these articles.† To what is this change due? The pastures of New South Wales and Victoria offer unusual facilities for dairy-farming, and these facilities have not deteriorated since 1851: the cost of butter now is the same as then;‡ and yet, with these resources at her disposal, Australia draws her chief supplies of butter from Ireland—an old and densely-peopled country. The explanation of this singular commerce is that which has just been given. The natural facilities possessed by Australia for raising butter, superior though they are to those which we in this country possess, are yet not so much superior as her facilities of raising gold are superior to our means of commanding it. It therefore manifestly becomes her interest to turn her capital and labour to gold-mining, rather than to dairy-farming, and to satisfy her requirements for butter through the medium of that commodity in which her advantage is pre-eminent. By following this course she enjoys the same, or nearly the same, advantage over other countries, in obtaining her butter, which she enjoys in obtaining her gold, and strange as it may seem, secures this commodity at less cost—at a smaller sacrifice of ease and leisure—than its production exacts from the Irish farmer who raises it.§

The importance of thus conceiving the commercial effects of the gold discoveries is, that it enables us at once to perceive the precise nature and bounds of the advantage which Australia and California reap from their gold-fields. By means of them they are enabled to obtain their gold at rather less than one-half the sacrifice formerly necessary; and therefore, unless so far as the purchasing power of the metal has since declined, they can, through the medium of it, obtain all their other commodities on terms proportionally easier. We have seen that, as regards domestic productions, these have all risen in price in the same proportion as gold has fallen in cost, whence it follows that, so far as *this* portion of their consumption is concerned, the gold countries derive no advantage from their cheap gold. They obtain in return for a given sacrifice, twice as much gold as formerly, but they also pay twice as much for every domestic production. With their foreign trade, however, it is otherwise. Prices throughout the world have not risen in the same degree as the cost of gold has been reduced; and consequently upon this portion of

* Which shows, by the way, the absurdity of attempting to measure the cost of gold, as some writers have done (See Tooke's *History of Prices*, vol. vi. p. 226), by the *pecuniary* outlay necessary to its production. The fact is that *this* (so far as *gold* is the money employed) scarcely ever varies; the gold price of producing gold representing merely the ratio of the outlay to the return, or the rate of profit, so that if *price* be taken as the criterion of *cost*, the cost of gold would never vary unless so far as the rate of profits varies.

† The sum paid by the colony of Victoria alone to Great Britain on this account in the last year reached the large amount of £800,000.—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette.*

‡ The reader will bear in mind the distinction between the *cost* and the *price* of production. See *ante*, p. 273, note §.

§ A possibility which was foreseen and pointed out by Ricardo. See his *Works*, p. 77.

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their dealings Australia and California are gainers—gainers directly in proportion to the reduced cost of their gold, modified by the rise, so far as it has taken place, in foreign prices. A given exertion of labour enables them to command, not only more gold, but more of every other thing which foreign countries can supply. It is thus exclusively in the foreign branch of their trade that the advantage of their cheap gold resides: it is only *so far as they part with their money* that they derive from it any benefit; and yet, so completely in political economy is the ostensive at variance with the real, and so inveterate, consequently, are the prejudices of mere experience, that the cry of 'Protection' has been heard even in Victoria. It might, perhaps, shake the Victorian Protectionist's faith in his doctrine, if he would reflect that his most effectual protection against the foreigner would be the exhaustion of his own gold-fields.

Such have been the results of the discovery of gold on the industry, trade, and general interests of Australia. Let us now observe the light which these conclusions throw on the more general questions connected with this occurrence. And, in the first place, as to the extent of the prospective depreciation. We have seen that, in the disturbance in the value of gold, or, what comes to the same thing, in the gold prices of commodities, which followed the discoveries, there was a point about which the fluctuations moved, and beyond which the advance or decline did not permanently pass. Prices were in the first instance forced upwards through an increased demand for commodities, the increase of demand led to an increase of supply, and this to a reaction in prices towards their former level. In the case of imported commodities this reaction was carried to the full extent of the previous rise, but in domestic products the decline was arrested at a higher point, the further fall being prevented by the check given to production through the high rate of money wages. The natural level of Australian prices, and therefore the value of gold in Australia, was thus determined by the rate of wages measured in gold, and this, as we have seen, was regulated by average earnings on the gold-fields. The rate of gold earnings, or, as this is in technical language expressed, 'the cost of gold,' is therefore the circumstance which, in the final resort, regulates the value of the metal, and sets the limit beyond which depreciation cannot permanently pass. Now we have seen that in Australia gold wages have, in consequence of the gold discoveries, risen in rather more than a twofold proportion, and since, whether gold is raised from mines or imported in exchange for commodities, gold wages, or the return to labour in gold, will always represent the cost of the metal,* it follows that the cost of gold has been reduced in Australia by the gold discoveries to the extent of about fifty per cent. Fifty per cent., therefore, gives the maximum beyond which (on the supposition that no more productive mines are discovered) the general value of gold cannot permanently fall. Further, it has appeared that, although a reduction in the cost of gold tends to cause a corresponding fall in its value, the actual realization of this result depends upon the possibility of so enlarging the circulation as to admit of this fall. Thus we have seen that the price of gold in Australia fell, pending the enlargement of the currency by the importation of sovereigns from England, which is in other words to say that the value of the currency was, during this period, maintained above its natural cost level. This disconnexion of value from cost was indeed in Australia of brief continuance, because, the local circulation being small, it required but a short time to double, quadruple, or otherwise augment it as the occasion might render necessary. But throughout the world at large, the process of augmentation, owing to the vast dimensions of its currencies, is one necessarily of slow accomplishment, and pending its fulfilment, the value of gold is of necessity maintained above its natural level. It is this which at present sustains the value

* See on this point Senior's Essay *On the Cost of Obtaining Money.*

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of gold, notwithstanding the reduction in its cost. Whether that value will ever be lowered in the same proportion, whether gold will ever fall throughout the world at large as it has fallen in the gold countries, depends upon whether the conditions which have lowered its value in them can be generally satisfied—that is to say, depends upon *whether the increased supply which such a fall would render necessary can be obtained at the present cost.* Into the further discussion of this question I do not now enter, the object of this paper being to point out the principal issues which the general problem involves, not to attempt its solution. But from the facts which have been stated, we are justified in concluding that, so long as the present want of conformity between the cost and value of gold continues, so long a constant premium will exist on its production, and so long our supply of gold will continue to increase.

But secondly, let us consider what light our conclusions respecting the gold countries throw upon a question which has been much discussed—as to the effect of this movement on the real wealth, the substantial well-being, of the world. That the gold discoveries have added to the real wealth of the inhabitants of Australia and California is indeed exceedingly apparent; but what has been their effect upon the interests of other nations? Has the cheapness of Australian or Californian gold added equally to the effectiveness of *their* industry, and extended *their* command over the comforts and enjoyments of life? The answer of some writers to this question has been very strongly in the affirmative; but, with the light which we obtain from the previous discussion, we may perhaps see grounds for arriving at a different conclusion. We have seen that the gain of Australia and California from their gold-fields is confined to that portion of their trade which they carry on with foreign countries; that it is only *so far as they part with their gold* that they derive from it any benefit. Now the world, as a whole, has no *foreign* trade; it has no means of exchanging for the productions of other planets the gold which it produces; from which it seems to follow that, regarded as a single community, the world is incapable of realizing those conditions on which the benefit to be derived from cheap money depends. The conclusion to which this consideration points is, that the operation of the new gold will be confined to causing a new distribution of real wealth in the world without affecting its aggregate amount; and that consequently the gain of the gold countries must be reaped at the expense of other nations.

This conclusion is no doubt much at variance with prevailing notions, and with the deep-seated prejudices of the 'mercantile system;' and will therefore not be easily admitted. Nevertheless, if we reflect on the character of the commerce which has arisen out of these discoveries, we may see reason for accepting its truth. The trade between the gold countries and the rest of the world is one in which consumable commodities on one side are exchanged against money, or the materials of money, on the other. A large portion of the industry of the world is, through the medium of this trade, employed in ministering to the real wants—the appetites, tastes, and other human needs—of Australia and California. Let us inquire what is the want to which these countries minister in return. It will be said the want of more gold—the want of an enlarged circulating medium. True; but what is the foundation of this want? and in what way does its satisfaction promote human happiness? Human industry is not rendered more efficient, nor human happiness more full, by the use of two coins instead of one. Why, therefore, may not the business of production and exchange be carried on upon the former terms? I apprehend that the correct answer to this question is that gold—the great medium of exchange and universal equivalent—having been cheapened in Australia and California, these countries of necessity possess an exceptional advantage in their commercial dealings with the rest of the world, until the gold prices of commodities in other countries are proportionally raised, and that to effect

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this object—to raise the prices of their productions in proportion to the diminished cost of gold—the quantity of their gold circulation must be increased. The nations of the world have thus by the gold discoveries been placed under the necessity of enlarging their currencies; and this can only be accomplished by parting with their productions in exchange for the required supply. Hence the character of the traffic which we are now witnessing—a traffic in which consumable goods are exchanged for money, and real for nominal wealth. It is therefore no natural want to which this one-sided trade is subservient—no desire, the satisfaction of which adds an iota to human enjoyment: it is merely an artificial requirement—a disagreeable and unprofitable necessity, originating in the gold discoveries, and satisfied at the expense of commercial nations.

I am aware indeed that there are writers who regard gold not simply as a convenient medium for the exchange of commodities independently produced, but as in itself a source of productive energy, as 'the motive power of all industry and commerce,'* and who accordingly consider 'an addition to the quantity of money to be the same thing as an addition to the fixed capital of a country'†—as equivalent in its effects upon industry to 'improved harbours, roads, and manufactories.'‡ According to such views the influence of the gold discoveries must be universally beneficial,—beneficial, not merely in relation to the countries which produce the cheap money, but in a still more eminent degree in relation to those which permanently retain it. But in spite of the plausibilities of the mercantile theory, common sense, no less than economic science, will continue to ask how the world is enriched by parting with its real wealth?—how the well-being of Europe and Asia is promoted by parting with the materials of well-being, receiving in return not materials of well-being—not augmented supplies of wool and tallow, corn and provisions; not those commodities which new countries are specially fitted to produce, and of which old countries are pressingly in need, but what?—increased supplies of the precious metals—a more cumbrous medium of exchange!

So singular and abnormal indeed has been the course of industrial affairs hitherto in the gold countries—so strange has been the spectacle of a country abounding in resources which she dare not touch, and drawing from other countries commodities which she is specially fitted to produce—that it has not failed to attract the attention of thoughtful observers, and to suggest the pertinent inquiry, how long is this state of things to continue? Is the development of the great and varied resources of Australia and California to be perpetually subordinated, if not indefinitely postponed, to the single pursuit of gold-mining? Are the other nations of the world destined to continue for ever labouring in the service of the gold countries, for no other than the barren reward of an addition to their circulation? These questions have been frequently put, but I am not aware that they have yet been satisfactorily answered. The writers who have started them have, indeed, correctly enough, connected the present condition of Australian industry with the high price of labour in that country, but they do not seem to perceive very clearly upon what the maintenance of this high price of labour depends. It is commonly spoken of as resulting from the scarcity of workmen, and the inference appears to be made that it will gradually disappear as population increases; but this mode of reasoning arises from confounding the temporary with the permanent causes which regulate wages. India is a less densely peopled country than Great Britain, but the rate of wages in India is only one-sixth the rate of wages in Great Britain. The fact is the average rate of money wages in a country is regulated, not by the movements of population, but by the causes which determine for it the cost of its

* Seyd's *California and its Resources*, p. 5.
† Tooke's *History of Prices*, vol. vi. p. 46. ‡ Ibid.

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money.* In the gold countries, as we have seen, these causes are the productiveness of industry in raising gold; and therefore, so long as the present productiveness of the gold-fields is maintained, the rate of wages in Australia and California cannot fall permanently below its present level. How long this rate of productiveness is likely to last, is a question the discussion of which would carry me entirely beyond the necessary limits of this paper, but on the supposition of its being maintained, we can have no difficulty in discovering the condition on which the industrial development of the gold countries depends.

That condition is briefly this—that prices throughout the world should rise in proportion as the cost of gold in the gold countries has fallen. So long as the present pecuniary rates of the gold countries are *exceptional,* so long Australian and Californian producers (with the single exception of gold miners), will labour under a disadvantage in their competition with foreigners; and so long their non-monetary exports to foreign countries will be limited to that small class of commodities, in which their advantage over other countries is as great as it is in their command of gold. But with the advance of gold-prices in foreign markets, this class of commodities will be extended; it will become more profitable to raise and export other things; it will become less profitable to raise and export money; and a larger share of the whole labour and capital of the country will consequently be turned to the former purposes. We may illustrate the principle by an actual case. For several years subsequent to the gold discoveries, timber was largely imported into Australia from the Baltic; and I perceive that it is still upon the list of her imports. But during all this time there have been within a few miles of the localities where this Baltic timber has been used, extensive forests of gum-trees, inviting the axe of the pioneer, capable of affording timber perfectly suited to the purposes for which timber in the mining districts is principally required. Indeed this gum-tree timber has been freely employed where it could be obtained close to the spot where it was wanted, but rather than go fifty miles to cut it, the Australian workman prefers to import it from the other side of the globe. The explanation of this conduct is the low comparative cost of Australian gold. A day's labour employed in crushing quartz or in digging auriferous clay, enables the Australian to obtain more timber than the same labour employed in felling trees. Every rise in prices, however, in foreign markets, will diminish the cost of gold to the foreigner, and thus lessen the comparative advantage of gold digging: the domestic production will gradually gain upon the foreign trade, and the area over which timber-cutting is profitable will be extended. This process has already taken place to some extent, partly through the rise in the cost of gold, with the exhaustion of some of the richer deposits, partly through the advance in the price of timber in foreign markets; and it will doubtless continue. It is obvious that the same principle will operate equally in the case of every commodity which the gold countries are capable of producing. With every rise in gold prices throughout the world, gold will become a less profitable remittance, other commodities will become more profitable, and this will continue until either prices throughout the world rise in proportion to the reduction in the cost of gold—that is to say, to double their present amount, or until, through the exhaustion of the present gold-fields, gold can no longer be produced at its present cost.

It will not be till one or other of these contingencies happens, that the industrial development of the gold countries can be fully accomplished, or that the world can derive from their commerce that contribution to its real well-being and happiness, which their great and varied resources render them so competent to yield.

JOHN E. CAIRNES.

* See Senior's Essay *On the Cost of Obtaining Money.*

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HOLMBY HOUSE:

A Tale of Old Northamptonshire.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

'THE WHEEL GOES ROUND.'

THE cultivated enclosures round Naseby village have been reaped and sown once and again. The grass on the wide expanse of Naseby-field, so poached and trodden down scarce two short years ago, has yielded one heavy crop, and promises again to enrich the peasant with its luxurious produce. In certain spots the sheep refuse to feed, so rank and coarse grows the herbage where the earth has been fattened with the blood of her children. The shepherd tending his flocks, or the herd watching his drowsy cattle, scarce stoops to notice sword or helmet, pike-head or musket-barrel, stained with rust, and protruding from the surface of the moor, so thickly are they strewn, these implements of slaughter that flashed bravely in the summer sun when he shone on the great battle only the year before last. Nay, there are ghastlier tokens than these of man's goodly handiwork and the devil's high festival. Bones of horse and rider still lie bleaching on the slopes, and skulls of the half-buried combatants grin at the labourer as he passes, whistling cheerfully, to his work. He heeds them not. Why should he? What though yon mouldering sphere of bone, with its broad white teeth and vacant sockets, was once the type of manly beauty and divine intellect, was once so fair and gallant, with its love-locks flaunting under its burnished head-piece, was once tended so carefully, and prized so highly, and kissed so fondly by lips that are even now perhaps writhing in their misery at the thought of the loved one lying where he fell on Naseby-field—why should the labourer care? He has his daily toil to urge, his daily pittance to receive, his daily wants to provide for. He turns the skull over with coarse raillery and a kick from his heavy boot. A peasant's jest is the epitaph of him who died with his blood a-flame for victory and renown, his heart beating high with the noblest impulses of chivalry and romance. What matter? Were he any better lapped in lead, under a marble monument, side by side with his knightly ancestors in the old church at home, than lying here under the wide changing sky, to rot, a nameless skeleton on Naseby-field?

Time takes no note of human life and worldly changes. The old mower works steadily on, stroke by stroke, and furrow by furrow; when he reaches the end of the ridge he pauses not to wipe the toil-drops from his brow, but turns and applies him to his task unchecked and unwearied, sparing the shrinking wild flower no more than the tall rank weed, and sweeping down all indiscriminately, level with the short close sward.

And yet Destroyer though he be, he is the great Restorer too—at least in the natural world. Where the storm of civil war has passed over merry England, sullying many a fair scene and blighting many a happy homestead, the lull of even one short twelvemonth has done much to bring back fertility to the meadow and comfort to the hearth. Spring has thrown her fair green mantle over the horrors of many a battle-field; and the daily recurring hopes and fears of Life have choked the pangs of sorrow, and dried the tears of many a weeping mourner. All but the few desolate ones that refuse to be comforted by Time, trusting, not unwisely, in the sure consolation of Eternity. The months that have passed over since the battle of Naseby have indeed been pregnant with great events; but ever since that fatal struggle the Royal Cause has been hastening step by step to its final downfall. The flame has

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flickered up in the north and west with a fitful and delusive flash, but in middle England a sombre and melancholy apathy seems to brood over the land. It is peace where there is no peace—a fusion of opposite interests into a hollow truce, a stifling under the strong hand, of discontent that rankles now, and will burst into hatred hereafter.

Still the Northamptonshire peasant goes to his work unstartled by the tramp of squadrons or the clash of steel—undisturbed by the apprehension that his best team-horse may be taken from him to drag a gun, or himself snatched rudely away from wife and supper to act as a trembling guide, strapped behind some godless trooper, and stimulated to the better exercise of his local faculties by the cold circle of a pistol-barrel pressed ominously against his temple. The traders of Northampton's goodly town can ride abroad in security with their comely dames mounted on pillions or reclining in litters, without fear of exposure to scurrilous jests or rude insolence from Rupert's troopers and Goring's 'hell-babes.' Although the knaves mourn the decrease of the unnatural stimulus given to trade by the war, and the consequent waning of their own profits, they cannot but congratulate themselves on the combination of advantages offered to their town by the protection of a strong Parliamentary government, and the return of their own lawful Sovereign to their neighbourhood at his Royal Palace of Holmby.

Yes, the old oak at Holmby spreads its gaunt arms again over the plumed heads and rich dresses of courtly gallants, and puts forth its fresh green leaves to rest the aching eyes of a weary monarch who will see but one more earthly spring.

Charles is holding mimic state in his own fair palace; and although he is to all intents and purposes a prisoner, the outward semblances of royalty are faithfully preserved, and the pleasant fiction still adhered to, that even in acts of coercion and opposition on the part of the Commons, it is his Majesty's Parliament which, under the authority of his Majesty, makes arrangements for the security of his Majesty's person; nay, actually denounces under pains of treason those who should harbour or conceal that sacred property, and, in truth, sets a price on his Majesty's head.

The game is indeed lost now. After the flight from Naseby, when camp-followers and baggage and all fell into the hands of the conquerors, even Charles's private cabinet did not escape. His letters were made public by the Parliament, and the sacred motives of a bigoted though conscientious nature, warped by the influence of an injudicious wife and constantly acted on by the opinions of selfish and intriguing statesmen, were submitted to the judgment of the English people—perhaps of all people in the world the least disposed to make allowances for motives, and the most prone to decide entirely from results. It may be questioned whether such a defeat even as that of Naseby inflicted so deadly a blow on the Royal Cause as the publication of these papers. It never again held up its head till the atonement had been made in a king's blood. Meantime, disaster after disaster marked its decline and fall. Bridgewater surrendered to Fairfax without a blow. Even Rupert counselled peace; and as though the very counsel had unmanned him, lost Bristol at the first assault. At Rowten Heath, the King narrowly escaped with his life, and saw his favourite cousin, the gallant Earl of Lichfield, struck down by his very side. Then came misunderstandings and heartburnings; even faithful Rupert made terms for himself to abandon the sinking ship, though he returned in compunction to throw himself at the royal feet and demand forgiveness for his dereliction. Monmouth and Hereford, Wales and all the north-country, were lost; Chester, Newark, and Belvoir besieged; Glamorgan's treaty with the Irish Catholics discovered, and that faithful scapegoat bearing his imprisonment and attainder on the charge of high treason with loyal resignation. Gallant old Astley, the last remaining prop, was beaten and taken prisoner at Stow-in-the-Wold, and Charles was compelled to make

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preparations to deliver himself up to the victorious Parliament.

Then came the negotiations with the Scottish people, conducted through the intervention of the French agent, Montreuil; the consequent escape of the King and Lord Ashburnham from Oxford, and their arrival at the quarters of the Scottish army—an army that, to their eternal disgrace, fairly and literally sold the person of their Sovereign for the amount of arrears of pay due to them. Four hundred thousand pounds was thus established to be the market value of an English monarch's head. Some of the grim old northern Covenanters hugged themselves over their bargain, whilst the Independent party south of the Border doubtless esteemed Charles Stuart very dear at the money. Nevertheless, the sale was concluded, and the King, accompanied by certain Parliamentary Commissioners, journeyed in royal state, though *de facto* a prisoner, to take up his temporary residence in Holmby House.

With politic clemency the Parliament had granted the most liberal terms of amnesty and forgiveness to the vanquished Royalists. Lives were spared, estates rarely sequestered, and but few fines imposed on the 'Malignants,' who indeed had by this time little ready money left. The adherents of Charles Edward suffered far more severely from the tender mercies of the House of Hanover than did the Cavaliers of the most unfortunate of his unfortunate line at the hands of the stern Parliamentarians whom they had encountered on so many battle-fields. The adviser of the ruling party was as subtle a politician as he was a skilful soldier, and Cromwell possessed not only the daring intellect that can seize a Crown, but the consistent wisdom which keeps it firm on the head.

Far and near the inhabitants of Northamptonshire flocked to Holmby to pay their respects to their Sovereign. Peasants cheered him as he walked or rode in the neighbourhood of his palace. Honest yeomen and sturdy farmers, who had ridden not so long ago in 'buff and bandeliers' to the sound of his trumpets, sent in their humble offerings of rural produce to his household; and the gentry, flaunting in as much state as their reduced circumstances would allow, crowded in their coaches and on horseback to pay their last tribute of loyalty to a monarch in whose cause many of them had sacrificed all they loved best on earth.

What was the charm about these Stuarts that men would thus pour out before them their treasure as readily as their blood, would offer up to them their liberties as ungrudgingly as their lives? Is it a peculiarity in their race that has thus served them? or is it simply the fact of their misfortunes? simply that they have been the only family who have found it necessary to draw upon the loyalty of the English people, whose drafts that people have never suffered to be dishonoured? Let the materialist scoff as he will, this same loyalty, like many another abstract sentiment, is a glorious quality, and has originated some of the noblest deeds which human nature can boast.

'I never thought to see him again,' soliloquized Sir Giles Allonby, as he reined in the well-broke sorrel, and looked back at a huge swinging vehicle, splashing and lumbering through Brampton ford. 'Never again! at least in courtly state like this. How pleased those foolish wenches will be too. Oh, if it be only not too good to last!'

Sir Giles sits in the saddle gallantly enough still, but the defeat on Naseby-field, to say nothing of the accompanying hard knocks and subsequent reverses, has aged the bold Cavalier sadly. The blue eye is dim now, the furrows deep and numerous on his sunken face, and the hand on which Diamond is still encouraged to perch trembles till her bells and jesses ring and jingle again. Nevertheless he loves a hawk, a hound, and a horse as dearly as of old;—nor was Humphrey's sorrel ever better taken care of than in the stable at Boughton, where he is fed and littered by his former attendant, Hugh Dymocke, and regaled with many a choice morsel by two indulgent ladies, each of whom pays her visit to his

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stable at an hour when her friend is otherwise engaged.

They have not forgotten his master, though they rarely speak of him now. He has been long absent in France and elsewhere; no tidings have reached them for many a weary month. He has done his duty nobly by the Queen, that is all they know, and that is surely enough. Grace is satisfied, and so ought the loyal Mary to be, and so she affirms with unnecessary energy she is; yet her cheek looks a shade paler, her manner is a thought less stately and more restless than her wont.

The two ladies are decked out in the utmost splendour of Court dress, and roomy as is the interior of the old coach, they occupy the whole of it. Notwithstanding its four horses driven in hand, with a postilion and pair in front of these, they make but a slow five miles an hour, for the roads even in summer are rough and treacherous; while divers sturdy serving-men, armed to the teeth—of whom our friend Hugh is not the least prominent—cling to the outside of the vehicle. They are about to pay a visit of state to their sovereign, and should be overloaded accordingly.

Two handsomer specimens of English beauty were hard to be met with than the fair inmates of the coach. Grace, rejoicing in the elasticity of youth, has recovered her health and spirits. She has got her father safe back from the wars, and this is a wonderful cordial to poor Gracey. Moreover, she is at that period of life when every year adds fresh charms to the development of womanhood; and the long months that with their attendant anxieties have tarnished ever so little the freshness of her companion's beauty, have but rounded the lines of Grace's bewitching form, deepened the colour on her cheek, and brightened the lustre of her eye.

The dress she wears, much like the Court costume of the present day, is peculiarly adapted to her charms. For a description of this voluminous fabric of lace, brocade, tulle, transparency, and other dangerous materials, we must refer our reader to the columns of that daily organ of fashionable life which describes in glowing colours and accurate detail the costly armour decorating our enslavers at any of her Gracious Majesty's drawing-rooms. If a gentleman, let him peruse the inventory therein set forth of the articles of clothing worn on such high festival by the prettiest woman of his acquaintance; if a lady, by the rival for whom she entertains the most cordial aversion (probably it may be the same individual in both cases), and let each profit accordingly.

Mary contemplates her friend, and wonders in her own heart how any man can resist the attractions of that beautiful young face. To do her justice, the element of jealousy lies deep below the surface in Mistress Cave's character. Like many a woman of strong intellect, high courage, and a somewhat masculine turn of thought and ideas (an organization that is apt to be accompanied by the utmost womanly gentleness of bearing and refinement of manner), she is above the petty feelings and little weaknesses that disfigure the generality of her sex. She can and does admire beauty in another without envy or detraction. She does not at first sight set down to the worst of motives every word and action of an attractive sister; nay, she can even pardon that sister freely for winning the admiration of the opposite sex. Conscious of her own worth, and proud it may be in her secret heart to know of a certain shrine or so where that worth is worshipped as it deserves, she can afford to see another win her share of incense without grudging or discontent. In the abstract she is not of a jealous disposition. Individually, as she is never likely to have cause, God forbid she should ever become so! Such a passion in such a nature would work a wreck over which devils might smile in triumph, and angels weep for very shame.

Despite the jolting of the coach, it would be unnatural to suppose that an unbroken silence is preserved between the two. Far from it. They talk incessantly, and laugh merrily enough at intervals. Whatever may be the subject lying deepest at their hearts—whatever

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hopes or fears, secrets or intrigues, private or political, may be nestling in those sanctuaries, we are bound to confess that their dialogue is frivolous as the veriest woman-hating philosopher could imagine. It turns upon dress, ribbons, courtly forms, and such trivial topics. Even now, as they jingle down into the ford, though each is thinking of a certain return from hawking that took place at this very spot some few years ago, and the consequent introduction of a young Cavalier officer, who has since occupied a large share of each lady's thoughts, neither reverts by word or sign to the reminiscence; and to judge by their conversation and demeanour, it would be supposed that neither of those fair heads contained an anxiety or an idea beyond the preservation of their curls and dresses from that untidy state which is termed 'rumpled' in the expressive language of the female vocabulary.

'I wish they would mend the bridge,' observed Grace, as a tremendous jolt over a stone under water brought a ludicrous expression of dismay to her pretty features; 'father says it's not safe for a coach since the parapet tumbled down; but they will surely repair it now the King's come.'

'I wish they would, indeed!' assented Mary; 'it's hardly fit for horse-folk now, and Bayard and I have many a quarrel about going so near the edge. It's wide enough for a coach too,' she added, 'and I dread the water coming in every time we go through this treacherous ford. Of all days in my life, I wouldn't have a fold out of place to-day, Grace. I should like to make my courtesy to him in his reverses with more ceremony than I ever did at White'——

The word was never finished. Another jolt, accompanied by much splashing, struggling, and a volley of expletives from Sir Giles, who had turned his horse back into the water, and was swearing lustily by the carriage window, interrupted the speaker, and announced that some catastrophe had taken place.

It was even so. A spring had given way in the ford, and on arriving at the further bank it was moreover discovered that an axle was injured so much as to necessitate a halt for the repair of damages. Sir Giles dismounted, the ladies alighted; and Dymocke, who was provided with the necessary tools—without which indeed none ever dreamed of travelling—commenced his operations; the party, congratulating themselves on the fine summer's day which, notwithstanding their Court dresses, made half an hour's lounge in the pleasant meadows not even an inconvenience. In the seventeenth century such trifling mishaps were the daily concomitants of a morning's drive.

'Woa, my man!' said Sir Giles, who was holding the sorrel by the bridle, whilst Mary patted and smoothed his glossy neck, and Grace gathered a posy of wildflowers by the river's brim. The horse erected his ears, snorted and neighed loudly, fidgeting, moreover, despite of Mary's caresses and Sir Giles's impatient jerks, and describing circles round the pair, as if he would fain break from his restraint and gallop off.

'The devil's in the beast!' quoth Sir Giles, testily, as a shabbily-dressed man with a rod and line, apparently intent upon his angling, moved slowly down the river bank to where they stood, and the horse whinnied and pawed, and became more uneasy every moment.

The fisherman was clad in a worn-out suit of coarse brown stuff, his hat was slouched completely over his eyes; the upper part of his face—all that could be seen, however—was deadly pale; and the unsteadiness of his hand imparted a tremulous motion to his angle, which seemed either the result of inward agitation or the triumph of manual art.

Sir Giles was a brother of the craft—as indeed in what department of field-sports had the old Cavalier not taken his degree? Of course he entered into conversation with the angler despite the restlessness of his charge.

'What sport, master?' quoth Sir Giles in his cheery, boisterous tones; 'methinks the sun is somewhat too bright for your fishing to-day, and indeed the weight of your basket will scarce trouble you much if you have not better luck after

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your morning's draught. Zounds, man! have you caught never a fish since daybreak?'

The basket, as Sir Giles could see, was indeed open and—empty!

Thus adjured the fisherman halted within ten paces of the knight, but apparently he was so intent on his occupation that he could not spare breath for a reply. He spoke never a word, and the sorrel was more troublesome than ever.

Sir Giles's wrath began to rise.

'The insolent Roundhead knave!' muttered the old Cavalier; 'shall he not answer when a gentleman accosts him thus civilly? Let me alone, Mistress Mary; I will cudgel the soul out of him, and fling him into the river afterwards, sweetheart, as sure as he stands there!'

Mary suggested that the poor man might perhaps be really deaf, and succeeded in pacifying her companion; whilst the angler, slouching his hat more than ever over his face, fished on, apparently quite unconscious of their presence.

Sir Giles and the sorrel—the latter most unwillingly—strolled off towards the coach, and Mary remained watching the fisherman's movements with a sort of dreamy satisfaction; she had become subject to these idle absent fits of late, and something about this man's coarsely-clad figure seemed to embark her thoughts upon a tide of pleasing associations that carried her far, far back into the past.

Psha! this dreaming is a pernicious habit, and must be broken through. She would accost the fisherman and ascertain if he remained as deaf to a lady's voice as he had been to that of old Sir Giles. Just then, however, Grace called to her to say the carriage was ready, and Mary with a heavy sigh turned slowly to depart.

The fisherman's line trembled as though a hundred perches were tugging at it from the depths of the sluggish *Nene*. He watched her retreating figure, but never moved from his position. She reached her party, and they mounted once more into the coach, compressing as much as possible their spreading dresses to make room for Sir Giles, who was easily fatigued now, and who handed over the still refractory sorrel to the care of Dymocke, and proceeded to perform the rest of the journey on wheels.

As the coach lumbered heavily away, it passed the very spot where the angler still stood intent on his fishing. Both ladies glanced at his ill-dressed form as they drove by, and watched long afterwards from opposite windows the unusual proceedings of the sorrel, who, instead of suffering Dymocke to mount him quietly as was his wont, broke completely away from that attendant, and after a frolic round the meadow trotted quietly up to the stranger, and proceeded to rub his head against the brown jerkin with a violence that threatened to push its wearer bodily into the water.

The last the ladies saw as they ascended the hill towards the small hamlet of Chapel-Brampton was their serving-man in close conversation with the angler whom they had erroneously inferred to be deaf. Though it must have struck each of them as a strange circumstance, it is remarkable that neither expressed an opinion on the subject, and a silence broken only by the snores of Sir Giles, who always went to sleep in a carriage, reigned between them for at least two miles. At the termination of that distance however, Grace, rousing herself from a fit of abstraction, addressed her no less absent companion: 'Did you notice that fisherman's dress, Mary?' was her innocent and appropriate observation. 'Shabby as it was, he had got a knot of faded pink ribbon under his doublet. I saw it quite plain when he lifted his arm to throw his line. Wasn't it strange?'

Mary grew as white as the laced handkerchief in her hand, and in proportion as the blood forsook her cheeks her companion flushed to the very temples. Each turned to her own window and her own thoughts once more. Despite the jolting, Sir Giles slept on. Dymocke, too, overtook the carriage; but it would have been indeed hopeless to question that functionary, whose gravity and reserve became deeper day by day, and who, since his interview with the King the night before Naseby, was never known to unbend even under the influence of the strongest potations.

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Sir Giles snored comfortably on, and thus, without another word being exchanged, the Royalists arrived to pay their respects to their unhappy sovereign under the sheltering roof of Holmby House.

Chapter XXVII.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

On the fairest site perhaps in the whole fair county of Northampton stand to this day the outward walls, the lofty gates, and an inconsiderable remnant of what was once the goodly edifice of Holmby House. The slope of the ground which declines from it on all sides, offers a succession of the richest and most pastoral views which this rich and pastoral country can afford. Like the rolling prairie of the Far West, valley after valley of sunny meadows, dotted with oak and elm and other noble trees, undulates in ceaseless variety far as the eye can reach; but unlike the boundless prairie, deep dark copses and thick luxuriant hedgerows, bright and fragrant with wildflowers and astir with the glad song of birds, diversify the foreground and blend the distance into a mass of woodland beauty that gladdens alike the fastidious eye of the artist and the stolid gaze of the clown. In June it is a dream of Fairyland to wander along that crested eminence, and turn from the ruins of those tall old gateways cutting their segments of blue out of the deep summer sky, or from the flickering masses of still tender leaves upon the lofty oaks, yellowing in the floods of golden light that stream through the network of their tangled branches, every tree to the up-gazing eye a study of forest scenery in itself, and so to glance earthward at the fair expanse of homely beauty stretching away from one's very feet. Down in the nearest valley, massed like a solid square of Titan warriors, and scattered like advanced champions from the gigantic array profusely up the opposite slope, the huge old oaks of Althorpe quiver in the summer haze, backed by the thickly wooded hills that melt in softened outlines into the southern sky. The fresh light green of the distant larches blooming on far Harlestone Heath, is relieved by the dark belt of firs that draws a thin black line against the horizon. A light cloud of smoke floats above the spot where lies fair Northampton town, but the intervening trees and hedgerows are so clothed in foliage that scarce a building can be discerned, though the tall sharp spire of Kingsthorpe pierces upward into the sky. To the west, a confusion of wooded knolls and distant copses are bathed in the vapoury haze of the declining sun, and you rest your dazzled eyes, swimming with so much beauty, and stoop to gather the wildflower at your feet. Ah, 'tis a pleasant season, that same merry month of June! Then in December—who doth not know and appreciate the merits of December at such a spot as Holmby? Of all climates upon earth, it is well known that none can produce the equal of a soft mild English winter's day, and such a day at Holmby is worth living for through the gales of blustering October and the fogs of sad November, with its depressing atmosphere and continuous drizzle. Aye, these are rare pastures to breathe a goodly steed, and there are fences too hereabouts that will prove his courage and your own! But enough of this. Is not Northamptonshire the very homestead of horse and hound, and Pytchley but a synonym of Paradise for all who delight therein?

Lord Chancellor Hatton—he whose skilful performances in the dance so charmed our Royal Elizabeth, and whose 'shoestrings green,' 'whose bushy beard and satin doublet'

> Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
> Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it—

seems to have been a nobleman of undoubted taste in architecture as well as a thorough master of the Terpsichorean art. At a sufficiently mature age he built the fair palace which was destined hereafter for the residence of a king, to be, as he coxcombically expressed it, 'the last and greatest monument of his youth.' Its exterior was accordingly decorated with all the quaint ins and outs, mullioned windows, superfluity of chimneys, and ela-

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borate ornaments which distinguish the 'earlier and lesser monuments' of the agile Lord Keeper. A huge stone gateway, with the Hatton arms carved on a shield above their heads, admitted our coach and its occupants into a large court-yard, around two sides of which extended the state and reception-rooms of the palace. This court itself was now filled with officers of the King's household and other personal retainers of a peaceful character; there were even a few goodly beef-eaters, but no clash of swords nor waving of standards; none of the gallant troop of Life Guards that seemed so appropriate to the vicinity of a sovereign. Alas, how many of them were sleeping where they fell, a couple of leagues away yonder, where the flat skyline of Naseby-field bounds the horizon to the north. Not even a blast of trumpets or a roll of kettledrums aroused Sir Giles from his slumbers, and Grace was forced to wake him with a merry jest anent his drowsiness as they lumbered in beneath the archway, and sent their names on from one official to another, waiting patiently for their turn to alight, inasmuch as the forms and ceremonies of a court were the more scrupulously observed the more the fortunes of the monarch were on the wane, and an old family coach of another country grandee was immediately before them. The disembarkation of these honest courtiers was a matter of time and trouble. Loyalty and valour had deprived them of their coach-horses, six of which had failed to save one of the King's guns in the flight from Naseby, and four huge unwieldy animals from the plough had been substituted for the team of Flanders mares with their long plaited tails and their slow but showy action. One of these agricultural animals, a colt, who seemed to feel that neither by birth nor appearance was he entitled to the position he now occupied, could in no wise be induced to face the glories of the royal serving-men who crowded round the door of reception. In vain the coachman flogged, the grooms and running-footmen kicked and jerked at the bridle, the ladies inside screamed, and the Cavalier in charge of them swore a volley of the deepest Royalist oaths, the colt was very refractory, and pending his reduction, Sir Giles had ample time to look around him at the walls he knew so well, and reflect how unaltered they were when everything else was so changed.

Many a cup had he emptied here with gentle King Jamie, who to his natural inefficiency and stupidity added the disgusting tendencies of a sot. Many a jest had he exchanged with Archie Armstrong, the King's fool—like others of his profession, not half such a fool as his master. Many a rousing night had he passed in yonder turret, where was the little round chamber termed the King's Closet, and many a fair morn had he ridden out through this very gateway to hunt the stag on the moorlands by Haddon, or the wild hills of Ashby, far away with hound and horn to Fawsley's sheltering coverts, or the deep woodland of distant Castle-Dykes. Aye, 'twas the very morrow of the day when Grace's mother had made him a certain confession and a certain promise, that he saw the finest run it was ever his lot to enjoy with an outlying deer that had escaped from this very park, and though he killed his best horse in the chase, it was the happiest day in his life. He looked at Gracey, and the old man's eyes filled with tears. Sir Giles was getting a good deal broke now, so his neighbours said.

The country grandees are disembarked at last. The succeeding coach lumbers heavily up to the palace-door, and as their names are passed from official to official, Sir Giles and his two ladies stand once more under the roof of their sovereign, who, despite all his reverses, still holds royal state and semblance in his own court. They like to think so and to deceive themselves and him, if only for an hour.

As far as actual luxury or pleasure was concerned, Charles's daily habits, wherever he was, partook of a sufficiently self-denying and ascetic character to make his enforced residence at Holmby no more secluded than had been his life in the full flush of his early prosperity at Whitehall. The King was always, even in his youthful days, of a remarkably studious turn of mind, regular in his

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habits, and punctilious of all such small observances on the part of his household as preserved that regularity in its most unbroken course. The hours of devotion, of study, of state, of exercise, and of eating, were strictly portioned out to the very minute, and this arrangement of his time enabled the monarch, even in the midst of his busiest and most pressing avocations, to devote his leisure to those classical studies of which he was so fond. From his warlike ancestors—who indeed had been used to keep their crown with the strong hand, and who, thanks to Armstrongs and Elliotts on the border, not to mention a refractory Douglas or two nearer home, never left off their mail and plate, or forgot to close steel gauntlet on ashen spear for many months together—he had inherited a certain muscular energy of body and vigour of constitution which he strove to retain by the regular observance of daily exercise. 'It is well worth our observation,' says his faithful chronicler, worthy Sir Thomas Herbert, 'that in all the time of his Majesty's restraint and solitude he was never sick, nor took anything to prevent sickness, nor had need of a physician, which, under God, is attributed to his quiet disposition and unparalleled patience, to his exercise (when at home walking in the gallery and privy garden, and other recreations when abroad), to his abstemiousness at meat, eating but of few dishes, and, as he used to say, agreeable to his exercise, drinking but twice every dinner and supper, once of beer and once of wine and water mixed, only after fish a glass of *French* wine; the beverage he himself mixed at the cupboard, so he would have it. He very seldom ate and drank before dinner, nor between meals.'

Thus did the captive monarch keep himself, so to speak, in training, both of body and mind, for whatever exercises either of effort or endurance might be required of him; and thus perhaps rendered more tolerable that period of restraint and *surveillance* which is so calculated to enervate the physical as well as the intellectual powers, and to resist the effects of which requires perhaps a combination of nobler qualities than to conquer armies and subjugate empires with the strong hand.

But the Stuart, though in reality worsted, conquered, and in ward, was permitted to enjoy all the outward semblance of royalty; was served with all the strict observances and ceremonious etiquette due to a sovereign. He had a household, too, and a Court, though neither were of his own choosing; and Court and household vied with each other in respectful deference to their charge. The Parliamentary Commission, stated, in the document which gave them their authority, to be his Majesty's *loyal* subjects, was composed, partially at least, of noblemen and gentlemen who were not personally obnoxious to their Sovereign, and who had for long supported him in his claims, till their better judgment convinced them those claims were unconstitutional and subversive of real liberty. The Earls of Pembroke, of Denbigh, and Lord Montague, were no violent Roundheads; whilst of the inferior members who represented the Lower House, Major-General Browne was an especial favourite with the King; and Sir James Harrington came of a family on whose loyalty the slightest imputation had never hitherto been cast.

It rested with the discretion of this Committee to nominate the principal officers of his Majesty's household; and the list of their selection, including as it does the name of Herbert, afterwards Sir Thomas, who filled the post of Groom of the Chambers to the King, and attended him, an attached and faithful servant to the last, betrays at least a respect for Charles's prejudices, and a consideration for his comfort. Dr. Wilson was retained as the Royal physician; and the accustomed staff of cup-bearers, carvers, cooks, and barbers, were continued in their offices, with the single proviso, that such alone should be dismissed as had borne arms against the Parliament. The duties of roasting, boiling, filling, serving, and shaving, being of no warlike tendency, it is not to be supposed that this exception would weed the household of more than a very few familiar faces; and

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Charles found himself at Holmby surrounded by much the same number and class of domestics that would have been eating his Royal substance at Whitehall.

With a liberality that does credit to the rebellious Parliament, we find in their records a sumptuous provision for the maintenance of the King's table, and the payment of his attendance here. The roll of officials indispensable to a Court, comprises a variety of subordinates charitably presumed to be necessary to the daily wants of royalty; and the 'clerks of green cloth, clerks of the assignment, of the bakehouse, pantrie, cellar, butterie, spicerie, confectionary, chaundrie, ewrie, landrie, and kitchen,' must have had but little to do, and plenty of time to do it, in the rural retirement of this Northamptonshire residence. Cooks—head and subordinate—'turn-brouches, porters and scowrers, with knaves of the boiling-house, larder, poultrie, scaulding-house, accaterie, pastrie, woodyard, and scullerie,' help to swell the hungry phalanx; nor must the 'gate-ward' be forgotten, and another functionary termed the 'harbinger,' who, like the 'odd man' of modern times in large establishments, was probably the deliverer of messages, and did more work than all the rest put together.

'It is conceived that there be a number of the guard proposed to carry upp the King's meat,' quoth the record; and for this purpose was daily told off a goodly detachment, consisting of two yeoman-ushers, two yeoman-hangers, and twenty yeomen of the guard; when to this numerous force was added the swarm of 'pages of the bed-chamber and back-stairs, gentlemen-ushers, gentlemen of the privy-chamber, cup-bearer, carver, server, and esquire of the body, grooms of the robes and privy-chamber, daily wayters, and quarter wayters, pages of the presence, and the removing wardrobe, grooms of the chamber, messengers of the chamber, physician, apothecary, barber, chirurgeon, and laundresse,' the King's household in his captivity will, we submit, bear comparison with that of any of his Royal brethren in the full enjoyment of their power,

Thirty pounds sterling a day for his Majesty's 'diet of twenty-eight dishes,' was the very handsome allowance accorded by the Parliament; and the amount of expenses incurred by the Royal household at Holmby for the twenty days commencing on the 13th February, and ending on the 4th of March, reaches the large sum of £2990, between £50,000 and £60,000 a-year.

There being a deficiency, too, of plate for the Royal table, that article of festive state having been long ago converted into steel, horse-flesh, gunpowder, and such munitions of war, it was suggested by the inventive genius of the Committee, that the communion-plate formerly set on the altar of his Majesty's chapel of Whitehall—consisting of 'one gilt shyppe, two gilt vases, two gilt euyres, a square bason and fountain, and a silver rod'—should be melted down to make plate for the King's use at Holmby, there being none remaining in the jewel-office fit for service; and this somewhat startling, not to say sacrilegious, proposal, seems to have been entertained, and acted on accordingly.

For the bodily wants of the Sovereign no demand seems to have been considered too exorbitant, but for his spiritual needs the Parliament would not hear of any but their own nominees, and instead of the Bishops of London, Salisbury, or Peterborough, or such other divines as his Majesty desired to consult, they substituted the bigoted Marshall and the enthusiastic Carroll to be the keepers of the King's conscience, and trustees for the welfare of his soul. Perhaps this arrangement was of all the most galling to Charles's feelings, and the most distasteful to the very strong tendency which he had always shown for casuistry and controversial religion. Though these chaplains preached alternately, in the chapel attached to the palace, every Sunday morning and afternoon to the Commissioners and the Royal household, the King, while he permitted such of his retinue to attend as were so disposed, preferred to perform his own devotions in private, rather than sanction with his presence the Presbyterian form

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of worship to which he was so opposed; and even at his meals the conscientious Monarch invariably said 'grace' himself rather than accept the services of either chaplain, both of whom were nevertheless always in close attendance upon his Majesty.

The King's daily life at Holmby seems to have been studious and regular to a degree. An early riser, he devoted the first hours of the morning to his religious exercises, praying with great fervour in his closet, and there studying and reading such works of controversial divinity as most delighted his somewhat narrow intellect and formal turn of mind. At the same hour every morning a poached egg was brought him, and a glass of fair water; after which, accompanied either by the Earl of Pembroke or General Browne, he took his regular exercise by walking to and fro for an allotted time, in fair weather, up and down the green terraces which lay smooth and level to the south of the palace, and in wet, through the long corridors and spacious chambers which adorned its eastern wing. At the expiration of the exact period, the King again retired to his own private apartments, where such public business as he still conceived himself empowered to undertake, the study of the classics, and the prosecution of a correspondence which indeed seldom reached its destination, occupied him till the hour of dinner, in those days punctually at noon. This meal, we need hardly say, was served with great state and ceremony. Ewer-bearers with napkin and golden bason, ushers with their white wands, preceded the entrance and presided over the conclusion of the banquet. No form was omitted which could enhance the stately nature of the ceremony; and the King dined on a raised dais six inches above the level floor of the dining-hall. After dinner a quarter of an hour exactly was devoted to conversation of a light and frivolous character, the only period in the day, be it observed, that such conversation was encouraged, or even tolerated, by the grave Charles; but anything approaching to levity, not to say indecency, was severely rebuked by that decorous Monarch, who could not endure that a high officer of his household should once boast in his presence of his proficiency in hard drinking, but inflicted on him a caustic and admonitory reprimand for his indiscretion. What a contrast to his successor!

A game at chess, played with the due attention and silence which befit that pastime, succeeded to this short space of relaxation; and we can imagine the reflections that must have obtruded themselves on the Monarch's mind when the ivory king was reduced to his last straits, cooped up to the three or four squares which formed his only battle-ground—his queen gone, his bishops, knights, and castles all in the hands of the adversary—now checking him at every turn, and the issue of the contest too painfully like that catastrophe in real life, which he *must* have seen advancing to meet him with giant strides.

At the conclusion of this suggestive pursuit, it was his Majesty's custom, when the weather permitted, to ride out on horseback, accompanied by one or more of the Commissioners, and attended by an armed escort, which might more properly be termed a guard. The King's rides usually took the direction of the Earl of Sunderland's house at Althorpe, or that of Lord Vaux at Boughton, at either of which places he could enjoy his favourite diversion of 'bowls;' for the green at Holmby, though level and spacious enough, did not run sufficiently true to please the critical eye and hand of so eminent a performer at this game as was Charles I.

The evening passed off in the like formal and somewhat tedious routine. An hour of meditation succeeded the ride, and supper was served with the same observances as the noonday meal. Grave discourse, turning chiefly upon the Latin classical authors, and studiously avoiding all allusion to those political topics which probably formed the staple of conversation in every other household in the kingdom, furbished up the schoolboy lore of the Commissioners, and gave the Royal pedant an opportunity of

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exhibiting his superiority to his keepers in this department of literature. The King's devotions then occupied him for a considerable period in his closet, and he retired to rest at an early hour, with a degree of languid composure surprising to witness in one so circumstanced, and which never seems to have deserted him even in the last extremity.

Such was the daily life of the vanquished King, varied only by such a public reception as the present, when his earlier glories seemed to flicker up once more in an illusive flash ere they were quenched in darkness for ever.

We have left Sir Giles and his fair charges in an inner-hall, which led directly to the presence of Royalty.

This chamber, lined with beautifully carved oak, and adorned with escutcheons and other heraldic devices, presented a quaint and pleasing appearance, not out of keeping with the rustling dames and plumed gallants that crowded its polished floor. In its centre stood three carved pyramids, of which the middle overtopped its two supporters by several feet; and around this shrine of heraldry were emblazoned the different coats of arms of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding districts.

At the further extremity of the hall stood a high wooden screen, such as in cathedrals portions off the altar from the nave, wrought into elaborate and fantastic ornaments, in which the grotesque nature of the imagery was only equalled by the excellence of the carving; and as the recess behind this framework communicated directly with the Presence-chamber, Maxwell, the Usher of the Black Rod, was here stationed to announce the names of those loyal gentlefolks who came to pay their respects to his Majesty.

'It reminds one of Whitehall,' whispered Mary to Sir Giles, as the latter delivered their names in the subdued and reverential whisper becoming the atmosphere of a Court, 'only there are some ludicrous figures amongst the ladies' dresses,' she added, womanlike, with a downward glance of satisfaction at her own well-chosen costume, and another of admiration at her companion's beautiful figure.

Sir Giles did not answer. He was thinking of the many Royal receptions he had attended during the troubles, and how each after each seemed thinner of the old familiar faces, the hearty friends and good blades that had hedged their Sovereign round with a wall of steel in vain; whose bones were strewed far and wide over the surface of merry England; whose estates were gone, their families scattered, their hearths desolate. How few were left now! and those few, like himself, rusty, worn-out, disused, yet retaining the keen temper of the true steel to the last.

'Welcome, Sir Giles,' whispered Maxwell, a courtier of forty years' standing, who had spent many a merry hour with the old knight under this very roof in days of yore, and who, albeit a man of peace from his youth upward, showed the marks of Time as plainly on his wrinkled face and snowy locks as did his more adventurous comrade, without however attaining the dignified and stately bearing of the veteran warrior. 'Welcome! The King spoke of you but yesterday. His Majesty will be indeed glad to see you. Fair ladies, you may enter at once. The dragon that watched over the gardens of the Hesperides neglected his post under the dazzling rays of beauty, whilst he was but Jupiter's Usher of the Black Rod!'

Maxwell esteemed himself only second to his royal master in classical lore, and piqued himself on two things in the world—the whiteness of his laced ruffles and the laborious pedantry of his compliments.

Grace smiled. 'What a formidable dragon!' she whispered, with an arch-glance at the ancient courtier, that penetrated through brocade and embroidery—aye, and a flannel bulwark against rheumatism—to his susceptible old heart. Such shafts were never aimed at him in vain, but invariably reached their mark. Need we add that Maxwell was a confirmed bachelor of many years' standing?

Grace pursed up her pretty mouth into an expression of the gravest decorum, for she had now entered

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the magic circle, of which the centre was the King.

It was indeed a sad contrast to the assembly she remembered so well at Merton College. Where were the Newcastles, the Winchesters, and the Worcesters?—the brilliant aristocracy that had once formed the brightest jewels of the Crown? Where was Ormond's sagacious courage and Rupert's ready gallantry? Lichfield's goodly person and Sir Jacob Astley's fine old war-worn face? Where were the nobility and the chivalry of England? Alas! not here in Holmby, rallying round their king; and therefore dead, scattered, and swept away from the face of the earth.

Constrained and gloomy countenances surround him now, instead of those frank haughty fronts that quailed not before a Sovereign's eye, but ever greeted him with manly looks of loyalty and friendship—faces in which he could confide, and before which it was no shame even for a monarch to unbend. His manner, always stately, has now become gloomy and reserved to the extreme of coldness. He cannot but be aware that every word of his lips, every glance of his eye, is watched with the utmost vigilance, noted down, and in all probability reported for the behoof of his bitterest enemies; yet must he never betray his consciousness of *surveillance*—must never for an instant lose his judgment and self-command.

'Twas but this very morning that, taking his accustomed exercise abroad, accompanied by Major-General Browne and the devout Carrill, whose zeal to convert his sovereign never suffered him to be absent a moment from his side, a poor squalid woman, carrying a child in her arms, marked and scarred with that scrofulous disease which, though its superstitious remedy has been long ago discarded, bears to this day the name of 'king's evil,' approached the person of her Sovereign, and begged him, in tones of piteous appeal, only to touch her child, that it might be healed. Poor woman! she had watched and waited, and dodged the park-keepers, and stilled her own panting heart many a weary hour, ere she could penetrate to the King's presence; and she pleaded earnestly now, for she had implicit faith in the remedy.

Charles, ever merciful, ever kindly, and, like all his family, ever *good-natured*, listened patiently to the poor woman's tale; and whilst he bestowed on her a broad piece or two, borrowed from the General for the occasion, stretched forth his own royal hand to heal the whining infant of its malady.

'Hold, woman!' exclaimed Carrill, indignantly interposing his person between the royal physician and the little sufferer. 'Wouldst thou blaspheme before the very face of a minister of the Word? Who can heal save He alone, whose servants we are? And thou, sire!' he added, turning roughly upon the King, 'what art thou that thou shouldest arrogate to thyself the issues of life and death? Thou—a man! a worm!—a mere insect crawling on the face of the earth! Away with thee, Charles Stuart! in shame and penitence, lest a worse thing befal thee! Have we not read the Scriptures?—do they not enjoin us to "fear God?"'

'And "honour the king,"' added Charles, very quietly, and passing his hand gently over the child's forehead. Carrill sank back abashed, and the Major-General gave vent to his indignation in a volley of stifled oaths, which, Parliamentarian though he was, his military education called up at this instance of what he was pleased to term in his mutterings, 'a conceited parson's insubordination, worthy of the strappado!'

The King's gloomy countenance, however, broke into a melancholy smile when he recognised the honest face of Sir Giles Allonby advancing into the presence. He made a step forward, and extending both hands as the old Cavalier sank upon his knee, raised him to his feet, and led him a little aside from the surrounding throng, as though anxious to distinguish him by some especial mark of his royal favour. The devoted Royalist's whole face brightened at this instance of his Sovereign's condescension, and Sir Giles looked ten years younger for the moment as he basked in

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the rays of this declining sun of royalty.

'Express to good Lord Vaux our sympathy and sorrow for his malady, which confines him thus to his chamber. He must indeed be ill at ease when he fails to attend our Court, as well we know. Tell him that we will ourselves visit him ere long at his own good house at Boughton. Hark ye, Sir Giles! I have heard much of the excellence of your bowling-green yonder; we will play a set once more for a broad piece, as we did long ago, in days that were somewhat merrier than these are now.'

He sighed as he spoke; and Sir Giles professed himself, as indeed he was, overpowered at the condescension of his sovereign.

The King warmed to the subject. He could interest himself in trifles still.

'The green below these windows,' said he, 'is so badly levelled that the bowl runs constantly against the bias. Even my Lord Pembroke can make nothing of it, and you and I can remember him, Sir Giles, many a point better than either of us. ''Tis a game I love well,' added Charles, abstractedly; 'and yet methinks 'tis but a type of the life of men—and kings. How many are started fair upon their object with the surest aim and the best intentions; how few ever reach the goal. How the bias turns this one aside, and the want of force lets another die out in mid career, and an inch more would make a third the winner, but that it fails at the last hair's-breadth. That is the truest bowl that can best sustain the rubs of the green. 'Tis the noblest heart that scorns to escape from its crosses, but can *endure* as well as face the ills of life—

Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam,
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.'

'Very true, your Majesty—quite correct,' observed the delighted Sir Giles, whose Latin had been long effaced by far more important pursuits. 'Everything shall be ready for your Majesty and in order. We cannot thank your Majesty enough.'

The old Cavalier was quite overcome by his emotion.

'And this is your daughter,' pursued Charles, gravely and courteously saluting the young lady, who followed close upon her father's steps; 'a fair flower from a stanch old stem; and Mistress Mary Cave too, whom I rejoice once more to welcome to my Court.' But a cloud passed across the King's brow as he spoke, and the deep melancholy expression darkened his large eyes as Mary's face recalled to him the light of happier days and the image of his absent Queen. He turned from them with a sigh, and they passed on, whilst a fresh arrival and a fresh presentation took their place. His great-grandfather or his son would have detained somewhat longer in conversation the two fairest ladies that adorned the Court; but Charles I. was as insensible to female beauty as James V. and Charles II. were too dangerously susceptible of its attractions.

The party from Boughton sauntered through the lofty apartments of the palace, and entered into conversation with such of their friends and acquaintance as had passed through the Presence Chamber. Then the heavy coach once more lumbered through the courtyard, and they returned the way they came.

Sir Giles was in high spirits at the anticipation of his Majesty's visit, and talked of nothing else the whole way home. Mary, contrary to her wont, looked pale and tired, whilst Grace seemed somewhat abstracted and occupied with her own thoughts.

As they traversed Brampton-ford they both looked for the strange fisherman, but he was nowhere to be seen. The river stole on quiet and undisturbed, its surface burnished into gold by the hot afternoon sun, and rippled only by the kiss of the stooping swallow, or the light track of the passing water-fly.

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SOME REMARKS ON MR. BUCKLE'S 'HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.'

To the Editor of 'Fraser's Magazine.'

SIR, — The following remarks, drawn up soon after the publication of Mr. Buckle's work, have been laid by ever since. It was presumed that they would prove unnecessary; that justice would be done to the special topics which they regard by those critics who should undertake the entire work. Under a mixed impression that this has not been done; that it ought to have been done; and that these observations result from sincere convictions, the author gives them their present place.

Of the views in Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization in England* which have been called in question, there are three fundamentally important, on which it appears to me that some further comment than any that I have yet seen is somewhat urgently asked for. These I may briefly describe as Mr. Buckle's views on the question of free will; on the applicability of metaphysics to the study of mental laws; and on the comparison of moral and intellectual laws in respect to the effect produced by each on the progress of civilization. The first and third of these views have a direct relation to ethical philosophy. The second has at least an indirect one, so far as metaphysics, in the sense in which I use the term, are applicable to the discovery of moral laws.

It will be my lot to differ much from Mr. Buckle, but not in the first of these three heads; and if those who have attacked him on that part of his doctrines had treated him fairly, I should not have thought it worth while to make any addition to his own admirable statement of his views. But this has not been the case; and while his treatment of the subject has an immediate reference to the most valuable feature of his work, namely, his contradiction of those 'who affirm that the facts of history are incapable of being generalized,' the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* vie with each other in abuse of him for entertaining the doctrines subservient to this proof. But in truth the difficulties attending an attempt, in our present state of knowledge, to reconcile the regularity of human actions with freedom of the will, ought not to be laid to Mr. Buckle's charge; they are long pre-existent to Mr. Buckle, and independent of his speculations; they neither originate with him nor are they increased by him; he does not make, he finds the quarrel between predestination and free-will; but because the uniformities of human action constitute the very basis on which his theory of history is built, as furnishing its laws, it became unavoidable that he should distinctly affirm these uniformities and their results in general laws. With these laws he anticipates increased acquaintance as our knowledge increases; and he naturally and most logically avails himself in this direction of those singular discoveries, through statistical research, which are virtually impugned by his anonymous assailants. In truth, Mr. Buckle's desire to avoid the speculative difficulties appertaining to these views is sufficiently expressed in the following very guarded paragraph:—

> Fortunately for the object of this work, the believer in the possibility of a science of history is not called upon to hold either the doctrine of predestined events, or that of freedom of the will; and the only positions which, in this stage of the inquiry, I shall expect him to concede, are the following: That when we perform an action we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the results of some antecedents; and that therefore if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents, and with all the laws of their movements, we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate results. This, unless I am greatly mistaken, is the view which must be held by every man whose mind is unbiassed by system, and who forms his opinions according to the evidence actually before him.—pp. 16–17.

The doctrine conveyed in the above passage is borrowed from Mr. John Stuart Mill's invaluable work *On Logic;* and surely if this be the amount of Mr. Buckle's require-

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ments from his readers, he can scarcely deserve to be accused of 'allowing people to infer that there is, in his opinion, in the nature of things, a provision for the suicide of about two hundred and forty persons annually in London;' and 'that this law is a curb to freedom.' Yet such is the class of readers for whom the Edinburgh Reviewers conceive that Mr. Buckle should furnish more ample defences against errors arising out of his views than are contained in the above-quoted paragraph of his work. I will venture to affirm that minds capable of such errors cannot be defended against them. The case is hopeless.

The laws which govern that progress which it is Mr. Buckle's purpose to develop, will, he observes, necessarily be physical and mental; discoverable in the influence of external nature on man, and of man on external nature. But while an exhaustive consideration of the subject leads him to the above division, he finds himself compelled, by the limitation which he has assigned himself in his present purpose, to have regard mainly to the influence of man upon external nature, *i.e.*, to mental laws. The inquiry contained in his second chapter, which furnishes his grounds for 'separating Europe from other parts of the world,' admirable as it is, I leave untouched, as it neither explains away nor complicates the difficulties to which I now claim attention.

Mr. Buckle denies the applicability of metaphysics to the discovery of mental laws, and founds this denial upon 'an examination of the method employed by metaphysicians in examining such laws.' Now, in the sense in which Mr. Buckle uses the term metaphysics, I entirely agree with him as expecting from them 'no real advance towards acquiring a knowledge of the laws of the human mind.' The matter comprehended in his sense of the term being 'that vast body of literature which is constructed on the supposition that the laws of the human mind can be generalized *solely* from the facts of individual consciousness.' I accept indeed his general conclusion on this point, though disposed to believe that *individual* consciousness is a somewhat unfair expression of that which the metaphysicians of this class presuppose themselves to rely upon. At any rate, I believe there is a method of acquiring laws of the human mind, according to which the consciousness of the individual may be successfully compared with the consciousness of others, calculated to obtain a reasonable amount of success. It is true such a process neither holds out such a promise of successful generalization as if an appeal could be effectually made to individual consciousness, nor can its results be tested by the method of statistical enumeration; but I wish to place it on its deserved footing as supplying an important source of our knowledge of mind; and I ask Mr. Buckle to bear in mind that the logical instruments, which we apply to the purposes of research, must suit the materials which constitute our subject matter. In this case, if he should fail to establish a true science of history, he will give to the subject at least the advantages of an empirical science. By the method which I here allude to, I mean no other than the one of which Professor Dugald Stewart was an eloquent expositor, whereby he proposed to gain acquaintance with what he terms 'the intellectual powers;' the phenomena resulting from which 'are,' he says, 'every moment soliciting our notice, and offer to our examination a field of discovery as inexhaustible as the phenomena of the material world.' I may admit that Dugald Stewart erred in supposing that his inquiries in this domain of metaphysical research could lead to the amount of certainty which is conferred by *experimental* induction, and yet I may regret that he did not systematically carry out his unpretentious views into a series of long continued observations framed on some well conceived hypothesis, wherein he was, I think, deficient. Since Dugald Stewart's time, a process analogous to that which he thus proposed in reference to mind, but applied to its material organ, the brain, has obtained much currency; and it is to be regretted that the national admirers of Dugald Stewart, instead of duly appreciat-

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ing the advantages which an inquiry directed at the phenomena of the mind from *this side* of the subject might communicate to the whole pursuit, were the first to commence fierce war upon the German school of Gall. For myself, I have always conceived that the laws of mind might receive much elucidation from a comparison of phenomena referable to its material and immaterial element, even while I have been compelled to dissent from the excessive views entertained in his favour by his eminent admirer, M. Auguste Comte.

I am well aware that this method of proof does not correspond with the requirements of Mr. Buckle's standard; but I would guard his admirers against the error of neglecting a source of knowledge because it is inferior in kind to another source. To ignore that form of metaphysics which I have ventured to advocate, would be to withdraw the only means which we possess of progress towards the discovery of ethical laws.

And these remarks bring me to the third point, on which I am anxious to clear up some difficulties occurring to my own mind out of Mr. Buckle's speculations. I allude to his comparison of moral and intellectual laws in respect to the effect produced by each on the progress of civilization; or, as he expresses it, of 'the twofold progress, moral and intellectual; the first having more immediate relation to our duties, the second to our knowledge.' For I am much mistaken if his anxious wish to produce a science of history has not induced him to throw the more difficult of these elements, so far as the investigation of its laws is concerned, out of the axis of his vision, and to deal with it as merely subordinate to the other. However this may be, Mr. Buckle undoubtingly believes that he has obtained proof 'that the relative energy of the intellectual component is greater than that of the moral component;' and having, as he imagines, made this point good by arguments which I shall presently notice, proceeds 'to treat them according to' what he terms 'the usual plan for investigating truth;' that is to say, 'to look at the produce of their joint action as obeying the laws of the more powerful agent, whose laws are casually disturbed.' But I will quote the whole paragraph in which these words occur.

A question now arises of great moment: namely, which of these two parts or elements of mental progress is the more important. For the progress itself being the result of their united action, it becomes necessary to ascertain which of them works more powerfully, in order that we may subordinate the inferior element to the laws of the superior one. If the advance of civilization, and the general happiness of mankind, depend more upon their moral feelings than on their intellectual knowledge, we must of course measure the progress of society by these feelings; while if, on the other hand, it depends principally upon their knowledge, we must take as our standard the amount and success of their intellectual activity. As soon as we know the relative energy of these two components, we shall treat them according to the usual plan for investigating truth; that is to say, we shall look at the product of their joint action as obeying the laws of the more powerful agent, whose operations are casually disturbed by the inferior laws of the minor agent.—p. 159.

Before I discuss this important passage, it seems expedient to quote another equally expressive one from Mr. Buckle's work, in which he draws out and explains his view of the relative importance of these two components of the mental progress.

All the great moral systems which have exercised much influence have been fundamentally the same; all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different. In reference to our moral conduct, there is not a single principle now known to the most cultivated Europeans, which was not likewise known to the ancients. In reference to the conduct of our intellect, the moderns have not only made the most important additions to every department of knowledge that the ancients ever attempted to study, but besides this, they have upset and revolutionized the old methods of inquiry; they have consolidated into one great scheme all those resources of induction which Aristotle alone dimly perceived, and they have created sciences, the faintest idea of which never entered the mind of the boldest thinkers antiquity produced.

These are, to every educated man, re-

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cognised and notorious facts; and the inference to be drawn from them is immediately obvious. Since civilization is the product of moral and intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing, it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent; because, when surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect. The only other agent is the intellectual one; and that this is the real mover may be proved in two distinct ways; first, because, being, as we have already seen, either moral or intellectual, and being, as we have also seen, not moral, it must be intellectual; and secondly, because the intellectual principle has an activity and a capacity for adaptation, which, as I undertake to show, is quite sufficient to account for the extraordinary progress that, during several centuries, Europe has continued to make.—p. 165.

Of the two paragraphs which I have here quoted from Mr. Buckle's work, the first contains an exposition of the method by which the 'moral component' of mental progress is to be treated in reference to the advance of civilization, supposing this advance be proved to depend less upon that element than upon the intellectual one; the latter paragraph contains his reasons for adopting this supposition as correct. It is difficult, I think, to overstate the importance of the subject matter here discussed.

Now the point at which I am at issue with Mr. Buckle in the first quoted paragraph, is his hypothesis as to what he terms 'the usual plan for investigating truth,' which leads him to consider 'the product of the joint action as obeying the laws of the more powerful agent;' this obedience moreover being construed by him as involving *absolute or nearly absolute* subordination. I regret the necessity of using indefinite terms; but it is forced upon me. Now, I conceive, on the other hand, that in such a case, prior to any special ground being alleged, the two acknowledged components may more fairly be considered as obeying the laws proper to each, in proportion to their respective potency, either as separate or as co-operating. At all events, he who in such a case affirms that the minor component is so profoundly subordinate to the major as to be 'a mere casual disturber,' is bound to adduce proof. How does Mr. Buckle achieve this task in the present case?

For an answer to this question we must resort to the second paragraph above quoted from him; and not to that only, but to his adjacent reasoning. And here I must protect myself from the imputation to which I am liable, of garbling Mr. Buckle. I extract passages from his great work, not under the impression that they exhaust his views, but under a conviction that their clearness and expressiveness defies any successful account of them in other terms than his own. Now, the principles on which, in this second paragraph, Mr. Buckle maintains the extreme subordination of the moral to the intellectual component of the mental progress, are twofold; viz., the stationary character of morals, contrasted with the progressiveness of intellect and the sufficiency of the intellectual component, 'in its activity and capacity for adaptation, to account for the extraordinary progress that during several ages Europe has made.' Now civilization being confessedly the product of moral and intellectual agencies, where does Mr. Buckle obtain his proof that the changing component, to which this epithet is doubtless applicable, must be subordinated to *what he calls* the stationary one? The fact is that he unintentionally misrepresents this agent in calling it stationary, and argues on this misrepresentation. The state of morals can no more be stationary than that of intellect, while civilization is progressive. The arbitrary meanings which he attaches to the terms stationary and progressive, as applicable to conditions of the intellect and morals, are the source of this apparent but unreal contrast. Progress, it is true, is not made in the department of morals, in the same sense of the word, as that in which it is made in the intellectual department. The progress incidental to morals, consists generally in the formation of habits, and the antagonism of properties. Now, I am at a loss to understand how Mr. Buckle can entertain the opinion that an ethical improvement in

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these respects has not been progressing in Europe, though not at a uniform rate of progress, during the period through which his inquiries extend. Unless, indeed, he determine to refer this improvement to intellectual agencies alone; and this would be to beg the question justly raised by those who decline to subordinate the moral to the intellectual agencies. The burthen of this proof rests with Mr. Buckle; and until it has been undertaken and made good, I may demand that this presumption shall not be adopted as a ground for changing reciprocity of action, which really characterizes the moral and intellectual elements, into subordination of the former to the latter, in any discussion which requires the adjustment of their claims.

The best defence which can be set up for the moral hypothesis in question, is to be found in that constitution of the human mind according to which intellect measures, as it were, and estimates (terms implying an intellectual operation) both itself and morals, and thus seems to possess a kind of judicial position with respect to the latter, or perhaps I may say that it keeps a register of the movements of both. Hence it may easily happen that great mental operations, of which the credit ought to be participated between our ethical and intellectual departments, come to be referred exclusively to the latter. Thus in respect to discoveries, the relation between the use of the intellect and honesty, or a love of truth in the use of it, is often ignored by the intellect, which transmits to posterity achievements as its own, as if its important colleague had had no share in them, or one absolutely subordinate in value.

In appealing against the unprogressive character assigned to morals by Mr. Buckle, I have in some degree rested my argument upon the acceptance of the terms progressive and stationary in a sense different from that assigned to them by him. But, in truth, progress may be predicated of morals in the same sense as that in which it is predicated intellect, so far, at least, as to destroy the antagonism presumed to exist between these causes of civilization. Nor does the following singular remark, quoted by him in a note from the Life of Sir James Mackintosh in support of his opinion, similarly affect my judgment:—'Sir James Mackintosh,' says Mr. Buckle, 'was so struck by the stationary character of moral principles, that he denies the possibility of their advance, and boldly affirms that no farther discoveries can be made in morals. Morality admits of no discoveries. . . . . More than three thousand years have elapsed since the composition of the Pentateuch; and let any man, if he is able, tell me in what important point the rule of life has varied since that distant period.'* Certainly no one could have better supplied the information asked here by Sir James Mackintosh, than that philosopher himself. The progress made in those three thousand years is indeed implied in his own pregnant apothegm: 'had conscience power, as it has right, it would govern the world.'† This requisite strength certainly has not yet been given; but the right here affirmed is at least one all-important discovery, which distinguishes the morals of Aristotle, of the Christian revelation, of Butler, and of Mackintosh himself, from the morals of the Pentateuch. That code of morals is the response to direct appeals to the personal fears, or to those enlivened by the moral *instincts* of the nation addressed; and nothing more. Neither the nature of the benevolent affections, nor the supremacy of conscience, had been discovered; and in the absence of those solid elements, the 'rule of life' was nothing better than a 'leaden' rule in all that concerns our social relations.

There is a point of view in which stationariness in respect to mind is estimated by Mr. Buckle, which does not properly concern my present argument, because it equally affects both the moral and intellectual component of the progress. Still the consideration of it can scarcely be dispensed with. 'There is no evidence,' he says—I quote

* *Life of Mackintosh*, edited by his Son.

† *Ethical Philosophy*, p. 194.

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from the Index—'that the natural faculties of man improve.' And in the text Mr. Buckle's meaning is most clearly, as always, set forth in the following paragraph and its contexts:—

Whatever the moral and intellectual progress of men may be, it resolves itself not into a progress of natural capacity, but into a progress, if I may say so, of opportunity; that is, an improvement in the circumstances under which that capacity after birth comes into play. Here, then, lies the gist of the whole matter. The progress is one, not of internal power, but of external advantage. The child born in a civilized land is not likely, as such, to be superior to one born among barbarians; and the difference which ensues between the acts of the two children will be caused, so far as we know, solely by the pressure of external circumstances; by which I mean the surrounding opinions, knowledge, associations, in a word, the entire mental atmosphere in which the two children are respectively nurtured.—p. 162.

The confident tone of this passage, combined with the importance of the doctrine, gives it peculiar claims to our attention. But I do not think all the other readers of Mr. Buckle's work will agree with him, any more than I can, in opinion, 'that the child born in a civilized land is not likely, as such, to be superior to one born among barbarians.' On the contrary, I believe that the moral and intellectual faculties have become in the advance of civilization naturally more acute and more trustworthy than they were formerly; though I agree with him as to the fact that 'this has never been proved.' I will proceed in his words to the end of this paragraph:—

It may be that, owing to some physical causes still unknown, the average capacity of the brain is, if we compare long periods of time, becoming gradually greater; and that therefore the mind, which acts through the brain, is, even independently of education, increasing in aptitude and in the general competence of its views. Such, however, is still our ignorance of physical laws, and so completely are we in the dark as to the circumstances which regulate the hereditary transmission of character, temperament, and other personal peculiarities, that we must consider this alleged progress as a very doubtful point.—p. 160.

It *is* a doubtful point; but I wish to suggest to Mr. Buckle, that he has advanced no argument in support of that antecedent improbability, which he predicates of the moral and intellectual progress of men, as one of 'internal power.' The question is one to which statistics are scarcely applicable, but which ought to be made the subject of more extended induction by *observation*, than has hitherto been applied to it: the laws of our social state forbid a systematic adoption of the only *experimental* proof by which it can be settled. But some amount of those untranscendental metaphysics above recommended by me which direct our attention to the groups of phenomena constituting character, would go far towards supplying practical considerations. The phenomena of breeding in the animal creation need not be entirely lost sight of.

Having considered Mr. Buckle's invidious comparison of morals and intellect, the first as a stationary element of civilization, the second as in one sense a progressive one, I proceed to the other point suggested by Mr. Buckle in the same important paragraph, and viewed by him as implying a farther reason why he should subordinate morals to intellect as components of the progress of civilization. From the comparison thus made, and from the admitted greatness of which intellectual wealth is capable, he gains his proof that 'the intellectual agent is the *real mover* in the progress of European civilization.' He proceeds to affirm that it is the *exclusive* agent on another ground, namely, 'that the intellectual principle has an activity and capacity for adaptation, which,' he undertakes to show, 'is quite sufficient to account for the extraordinary progress that during several centuries Europe has made.' Now there are in this case notoriously and confessedly two factors, whatever be their relative power, and Mr. Buckle need not be told that the sufficiency of one of them can be a ground for affirming its exclusiveness only where induction by the method of difference has been feasible—in other words, where we can prove not only that it may

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be, but that it *is* the exclusive cause. It may be difficult to estimate the relative force of intellect and morals in determining action, and it is considerably more easy to measure the influence of discoveries than to appreciate that of impulses, principles, passions, and affections; but the experience of life affords us ample proof how large must be the latter province. Neither do I see any ground for expecting that these laws should, if discovered, turn out to be minor laws to those of the intellect, still less that they should be subordinated as mere elements of 'perturbation' to the latter laws, which on the contrary they may correct and limit in their operation. To take individual cases, we find even the moral property of indignation as modified by the supposed impartial spectator of Adam Smith's theory, may be a salutary ingredient in the motives of men. It subordinates the conduct dictated by the calculations of pure intellect, to impulses which guarantee both public and private interests against the chilling and paralysing influence of such calculations unmodified and uncombined. Benevolence, again, as co-operating with, not as 'disturbing,' the operations of the intellect, produces social effects which the latter never would attain alone; surely this is a co-operative, not a perturbatory procedure. It is observed by Junius in one of his attacks of indiscriminating ferocity on Lord Mansfield for some act of imputed meanness after one of apparent kindness, 'It is thus that a Scotchman's understanding corrects the errors of his heart!' How often, on the other hand, does the heart correct the errors of the understanding? No doubt the passions and affections may be classed under our moral nature, and it is equally certain that they must be viewed as in some sort 'a perturbatory' influence under which the properties of the intellect may be put out of gear. But this perturbation is to be rectified not by a hypothesis which subordinates our whole moral to our whole intellectual nature, but by one which analyses the *moral* division into its two components, the one empowered by nature to govern and control, the other to obey. This division has escaped Mr. Buckle, and it is very important. Morals are a generic term; as rightly conceived by Mr. Buckle they 'have a more immediate relation to our duties;' but this relation is established through two channels—the virtues on the one hand, the passions and affections on the other; the first intended by our truest nature to govern, the latter subordinately to co-operate. These, if not under such subordination, are the perturbating elements of the human mind; but the philosopher is in error who assigns the regulation of them mainly to the intellect, or places them under its immediate jurisdiction. If intellect could keep the passions in order, those of Cæsar Borgia and Tiberius might have been as well regulated as Fénélon's.

Such are the grounds on which the subordination of morals to intellect may safely be contravened, while they authorize, on the other hand, the assumption that these powers are truly co-ordinate. But it has happened ere now, and it may happen again, that the influence of one powerful mind shall for a time disturb their relations; and I cannot close my eyes to the fact that, as a natural sequence from Mr. Buckle's views on this subject, the more they are cultivated and accepted in society, the more will moral sentiments be practically subordinated to intellect. The latter will become, as far as the constitution of the human mind may permit it, the motive power, the universal principle of action; the former, a species of perturbation, safe only when it is employed to please and relieve the imagination in the intervals of the business of life, and strongly repressed and modified at other times. Thus, in conversation with one eminent advocate of the views which I am criticising, I heard him express approbation of the verdict of acquittal, in a late trial, given by the jury in favour of Dr. Bernard, not on the supposition that they thought his complicity in the murderous act unproved, but because it would have been highly unwise to give the French colonels ground for affirming that England had been intimidated into a contrary verdict.

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Such were the movements of the pure intellect of some of the most enlightened sons of France which led to that revolution which Mr. Buckle contemplates in the retrospect with a satisfaction almost as great as was the prophetic horror infused by it into Mr. Burke. Mr. Burke saw it perhaps through a medium in which feeling and sentiment were blended in somewhat excessive proportions with intellect, and erred in the opposite direction to Mr. Buckle. But how stands the case with France itself relatively to the progress of her civilization in the last seventy years? She has arrived through seas of blood at that condition involving a practical *reductio ad absurdum,* which I believe will generally be arrived at in the conduct of life, whether of individuals or nations, where intellect is unpurified by moral sentiment; and freedom having been to her the type of social progress, she is now only too happy in having attained the control of a powerful dictator, but is liable at any moment to be replunged into her disturbed state, if the attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon should be repeated with success. It is no answer to these remarks to say that the excesses of the French Revolution were occasioned by the interference of neighbouring States with a procedure, to which the French had acquired a right under the manifold defects of their government. In some degree it had become necessary that *we* should interfere, for in England the spirit of proselytism was gaining ground, and the counter-irritant of war had become an almost necessary resource.

Such are the remarks elicited from a friend of Mr. Buckle by the first part of his magnificent contribution to the literature and philosophy of the age. One of the most seductive points in his ethical doctrines, and which his own case remarkably illustrates, is, that it rarely enlists in its service men whose character does not guarantee them against the suspicion of being personally actuated by their avowed notions on the subject of morality. The bad dare not avow such notions; they will be afraid to take up the gauntlet in defence of views which are liable to be imputed to their own freedom from moral impulses and restraints. The good can afford to talk pure utilitarianism. If I am not deceived as to the force of my remarks, they make out an omission in Mr. Buckle's theory of the human mind, which involves one of two results; either he must undertake to reconsider the subject of morals in relation to the discovery of their laws; or he must concede the points, that of the two great causes of European civilization, as connected with the operations of the human mind on external nature, one only has obtained from him an amount of consideration adequate to its requirements as a social agent. Finally, let me remind him that the view which he adopts in some degree militates against his lucid exposition of that twofold division—the one head determining knowledge, the other duty—on which he rests it, unless he supplies the latter element with a new definition. According to the generally received definition of morals, he has, I am inclined to think, only one mental cause of civilization. He speaks indeed of morals as well as of intellect, but not in the sense of the word in which enlightened men are agreed to use it. The moral faculty of Mr. Buckle *cannot* decide without a consideration of consequences. For what but that can he mean by the two agents, morals and intellect being so related that the one *must* obey the laws of the other, or become merely a source of perturbation to its authority? Hitherto it has been the province of a justifiable casuistry to determine the points at which the right must occasionally be disentangled from the expedient, or cease to be right. But the view with which I am at issue, enables intellect at once to cut these knots; or, to use another metaphor, the court at which morals could formerly be heard *versus* intellect, is abolished, if these views prevail.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MAYO.

August, 1859.

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*IDYLLS OF THE KING.**

IN the fragment of an epic, of which King Arthur's death was the subject, published in Mr. Tennyson's earliest collection of poems some five-and-twenty years ago, are to be recognised many of the finest features of his poetry. Musical verse, and warmth and fulness of imagination, combined with a passionate pathos and a particular force of expression to give a character of singular and masculine beauty to those few pages of narrative called the *Morte d'Arthur*. These qualities are developed into a more complete perfection, with a more definite and finished outline, and with a more exact symmetry of proportion, in the volume bearing on the same fabulous period of history just now given to the world.

In these Idylls we find the abstract character of woman exhibited in its distinct aspects—the first and last of the series standing out in strong contrast, forming a complete antithesis, representing, as it were, the opposite poles of the circuit.

Enid, the subject of the first tale, is the pure submissive wife, whose patience will undergo all trials, supported by the strength of her love and reverence for a suspicious and almost brutal husband. Guinevere, the detection of whose course of guilty passion is the groundwork of the last story, is the impure and disloyal wife, false to a lord incapable of wrong, or of a thought of wrong to her.

The second and third Idylls, the connecting links between these extremes, show a cunning wanton, by name Vivien, practising her wiles to entrap the old sage Merlin; and an innocent maiden, Elaine, dying of love for Sir Lancelot, the paramour of the guilty Queen.

Although each of these poems may be read singly, as being perfect in itself, they are yet interwoven, so that each gains something by being read in conjunction with the other. And the fatal influence of Guinevere's crime is to be traced throughout the action of the histories. It is the taint of her foul fault that spreads the jealous poison in the heart of Enid's lord; the same taint sends Arthur forth in a vexed mood, and inspires in Vivien the hope of winning him; baffled in which scheme she spins her web to catch Merlin, by way of redeeming her lost credit. The same locks Lancelot's heart in bondage, and kills the sweet Elaine; the same at last brings down upon the King his bitter doom, and consigns the wretched perpetrator of the sin to a late but avenging remorse. This pervading sorrow, this impending fate, makes of these separate Idylls one poem, and transfuses through them each and all the deep sensation of an abiding regret. In the first Idyll it lends some interest to, it furnishes some excuse for the suspicions of Sir Geraint, whose story otherwise could lay little claim to our sympathy. Through all the splendour and dignity, through all the devotion and trust that surround and guard the Queen, he discerns her frailty. The knowledge is a load upon his heart: his peace is disturbed: his faith in virtue is shaken. He had thought to trust his Enid to the keeping of that majestic lady, but he withdraws her from her presence as from a great infection. He becomes a prey to foreboding fears and doubts, and surpasses Othello and even Leontes in the foolishness of jealousy. His wife, in her meekness, emulates that Griselda who is the subject of Chaucer's only tiresome poem, with its artificial contrivances of trial and its unnatural exhibition of obedience; and that of Enid might well compete with it in this regard but for some redeeming passages of singular beauty, and for that skill with which the musician has struck the chords which bring it into harmony with the general tone and passion of his theme. To the hurried and impetuous reader who loves to get over the ground quickly, in whose eyes the beauties of the scene must glance and flash or he does not see them, this Idyll will appear a tedious work. The

* *Idylls of the King.* By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. London: Moxon and Co. 1859.

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manner of the narration will seem languid and flat, and it will be speedily condemned as failing in interest of character, and as deficient in any strong appeal to the common sympathies of humanity. But to the intent thinker, to the man who knows how to enjoy the quiet journey, who loves to pause by the wayside and ponder, the poem will reveal many charms; much of delicate and felicitous expression; much of beauty.

The following passage deserves to be well considered as a remarkable instance of condensed thought, of clear and melodious English, and of perfect imagery :—

> And while he waited in the castle court,
> The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
> Clear thro' the open casement of the Hall,
> Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,
> Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
> Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
> That sings so delicately clear, and make
> Conjecture of the plumage and the form;
> So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;
> And made him like a man abroad at morn
> When first the liquid note beloved of men
> Comes flying over many a windy wave
> To Britain, and in April suddenly
> Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,
> And he suspends his converse with a friend,
> Or it may be the labour of his hands,
> To think or say, 'there is the nightingale;'
> So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
> 'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.'

The quantity of incident suggested by these few lines, the exactness of the poet's observation, the wideness of its range, and the small compass of words into which it is pressed, call to mind the peculiar power for which Dante, beyond all other poets, is celebrated. We would note especially the eight concluding lines, where we have place, time, circumstance, and sound all at once brought before us. The note of the nightingale, the manner in which it is prized, the far seas over which it flies, the country, the season, the vernal adornment of the coppice in which it is heard—the attention that it awakens shown by the suspended conversation of two friends, or the suspended work of the labourer—and the return from this to the starting point—the voice of Enid heard at the open casement—pleasant to the ear as the voice of the singer coming back after devious warblings to the original melody—

> So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
> 'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.'

In his mastery over language, in his keenness of perception, in his power of concentration, and in the intensity of his passion in its highest moods, Tennyson resembles Dante, but he is less restrained, and therefore less majestic. He is an essentially passionate poet; more skilled in the description of passion than in the construction of story and character, he is greater in the lyric than in the epic. He can sound the depths of a powerful emotion; he is master of the storms working from within; with the turbid, contending struggles of the soul he holds an intimate and privileged intercourse. In the analogies suggested by sentiment, emotion, passion—between the outward visible world of nature, and the being of man, moral or physical—he is abundant, original, and true. His knowledge of nature is both vast and detailed, and in dealing with her various characteristics, his variety, like her own, is infinite. His 'Two Marianas' may be quoted as fine examples of his power in this way; but to know it in its perfection, the reader should make the volume of *In Memoriam* his careful study. Here the blending of the movements of external with internal life, the influences of his emotion upon nature, and of nature upon his emotion, make the very essence of the poem.

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One regret, a single grief, is the subject of the volume, but its changing phases, the varying aspects of the universe seen through them, the gradual transition of the affection from a dark despair to a divine hope, give to this elegy an interest deep as that of the noblest epic or of the most moving drama. Because of his close sympathies with nature, Tennyson has frequently been compared with Wordsworth; but a comparison must rather tend to set forth the difference than the likeness between them. They are very unlike. Wordsworth is diffuse: Tennyson is compact. Wordsworth's meditation is still, philosophical, and serene: Tennyson's is swift, agitated, and rousing. Wordsworth withdraws himself into the silent recess and contemplates the quiet face of nature, till he gathers peace: Tennyson invests her with his own passion. Wordsworth's is the constant rumination, the still devotion, the brooding thought; and the tendency of his works is soothing and elevating, rather than stirring and penetrating: Tennyson heats the imagination, kindles the quick sense, and leaves the mind of his reader strained to the highest possible degree of tension.

'Nature,' says Wordsworth, 'never does betray the heart that loves her.' And so he sits down in a sweet and solemn sadness, to spend his pensive hour, lending himself to the affections of a scene of stillness, and leading his reader to share with him a tranquil hope. Wordsworth persuades: Tennyson constrains you to sympathy.

In Tennyson's poem of *Maud*—the passion of which, whatever adverse criticism may say, is strong and true—the variations that nature undergoes, according to the varying moods of the lover's mind, are not to be numbered. The flowers, the stars, the breezes, the rivulets, become convulsed with the convulsions of his individual existence, and change with the changing gusts of his passionate fancy.

The vigour of the poet's sensations is in none of his poems to be more strongly felt than in this, the most unhappy, the most tempestuous of love stories. The strange, gloomy asperity of a suspicious heart, the growth within it of a new tenderness, the increase of that tenderness into an overwhelming passion, and its passage on to a fatal termination, are conducted with the utmost skill; a skill which must have been universally acknowledged but for the reflections on the political aspect of the time, and the unwelcome disquisitions on social evil which interrupt the flow of the narrative and disfigure the work. Let the reader ponder upon the lines that follow, extracted from *Maud;* they occur immediately after the lover's acceptance. What an ecstasy of passion, what a wealth of imagery they contain:—

I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood,
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long wished-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurel's pattering talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of heaven are closed, and she is gone.

There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the south, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,

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> And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
> And over whom thy darkness must have spread
> With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
> Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
> Shadowing the snow-limbed Eve from whom she came.

Mr. Spedding, in his few pages of preface to Bacon's *De Sapientia Veterum*,—pages which contain much philosophical thought, expressed in a style that makes philosophy what Milton tells us it always ought to be,—has a passage which may fitly be extracted here in illustration of some of the characteristics of Tennyson's poetry:—

Even within the last ten years (says Mr. Spedding) an instance has occurred of the simple language of poetic passion being translated out of poetry into mythology. Alfred Tennyson speaks, in *In Memoriam*, of returning home in the evening—

> Before the crimson-circled star
> Had fallen into her father's grave,

not thinking at all of any traditional pedigree, no more than when he speaks of

> Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun,
> And ready thou to die with him;

but expressing by such an image as the ancient Elian might have resorted to, his sympathy with the pathetic aspect of the dying day. Critics, however, asked for explanations: what star, whose daughter, what grave? And it turns out curiously enough that all these questions can be answered out of Greek mythology quite satisfactorily. 'The planet Venus' (says a Belgravian correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 1851, iii. 506), 'when she is to the east of the Sun, is our evening star, and as such used to be termed Hesperus by the ancients. The evening star in a summer twilight is seen surrounded with the glow of sunset, crimson-circled. . . . Venus sinking into the sea, which in setting she would appear to do, falls into the grave of Uranus, her father, according to the theory of Hesiod. . . . . I would not indeed have any one remember this explanation when he is reading the poem, for it is fatal to the poetic effect; but the coincidence of the expression with the mythic tradition is curious, and might almost make one think that Tennyson, while merely following the eternal and universal instincts of the human imagination and feeling, had unconsciously reproduced the very image out of which the tradition originally grew.'

Tennyson's meaning is, in fact, always definite, though his imagery is not unfrequently far-fetched and difficult to follow, and his sense strained and obscure. His thought is so condensed, shut up in so narrow a space, that you must, as it were, unpack in order to get at it.

This is true also of Dante and, though in a less degree, of Goethe, and thence arises the necessity of labour for the student who aims at anything like an adequate understanding of their works. Some indolent readers will hardly suffer the poet to demand any exertion of the faculties, and in the pages of a grave critic the present writer has actually met with a sentence defining poetry to be 'Any metrical composition, from which we *can receive pleasure without a laborious exercise of the understanding*.' If we accepted this interpretation, we should at once reject the three great poets whom we have just mentioned, and certainly Shakspeare and Milton also; nor is there, we will venture to assert, any real poet who does not insist upon some labour of the mind to arrive at the appreciation of his genius; but let it not be supposed that an involved sense is in itself a merit, and let young poets beware of fancying themselves in a Tennysonian atmosphere when they surround themselves with a mystic fog, thinking to look large through it. The notion of size afforded by this vagueness of outline is soon dissipated; the reader becomes troubled and oppressed, and longs for the sight of day. Tennyson himself is never vague; if he is dark, his darkness is such as you find in the pictures of Rembrandt, where, if you look well into them, you discern through their deepest shadow the most exquisite exactness of design and elaborate finish of execution.

In the poems, however, more especially at the present moment under our consideration, there occurs hardly one obscure line. The narrative moves on smoothly, the thoughts are uninvolved, the language is a fine example of clear and beautiful English. But in the poem of Enid there is in

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many passages a sense of labour with some overweighting of small matters; and there are one or two forced similes, as in the description of Sir Geraint asleep, when we are told of

> The massive square of his heroic breast,
> *And arms on which the standing muscle sloped*
> *As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone*
> *Running too vehemently to break upon it.*

And surely an undue proportion is given to the effect of dress when we are told that Geraint was ever saying to himself,

> O, I that wasted time to tend upon her,
> To compass her with sweet observances,
> *To dress her beautifully and keep her true.*

However impressive to the feminine reader that obedience in a wife may appear which consents to wear an old gown at court when a husband requests it, and however satisfactory it may be to learn that Queen Guinevere afterwards herself attires her in a more becoming robe, we doubt whether even a woman will read without surprise that the first suggestion of a husband's jealous fury is to bid his wife put on her 'worst and meanest dress,' and that a profligate lover finds in this unsuitable suit such a proof of marital neglect as to hold out an encouragement to himself for the expression of a passion dishonourable at once to the woman who is made to hear it and to the man who avows it. But the progress of this disclosure is full of poetical beauty:

> Then rose Limours and looking at his feet,
> Like him who tries the bridge he fears may fail,
> Crost and came near, lifted adoring eyes,
> Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisperingly:
>
> 'Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,
> Enid my early and my only love,
> Enid the loss of whom has turn'd me wild—
> What chance is this? how is it I see you here?
> You are in my power at last, are in my power.
> Yet fear me not: I call mine own self wild,
> But keep a touch of sweet civility
> Here in the heart of waste and wilderness.
> I thought, but that your father came between,
> In former days you saw me favourably.
> And if it were so do not keep it back:
> Make me a little happier: let me know it:
> Owe you me nothing for a life half-lost?
> Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all you are.
> And, Enid, you and he, I see it with joy—
> You sit apart, you do not speak to him,
> You come with no attendance, page or maid,
> To serve you—does he love you as of old?'
> For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I know
> Tho' men may bicker with the things they love,
> They would not make them laughable in all eyes,
> Not while they loved them; and your wretched dress,
> A wretched insult on you, dumbly speaks
> Your story, that this man loves you no more.
> Your beauty is no beauty to him now:
> A common chance—right well I know it—pall'd—
> For I know men: nor will you win him back,
> For the man's love once gone never returns.
> But here is one who loves you as of old;
> With more exceeding passion than of old:
> Good, speak the word: my followers ring him round:
> He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;
> They understand: no; I do not mean blood:
> Nor need you look so scared at what I say:
> My malice is no deeper than a moat,
> No stronger than a wall: there is the keep;
> He shall not cross us more; speak but the word:
> Or speak it not; but then by Him that made me

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The one true lover which you ever had,
I will make use of all the power I have.
O pardon me! the madness of that hour,
When first I parted from you, moves me yet.'

At this the tender sound of his own voice
And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,
Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd his eyes,
Moist as they were, wine-heated from the feast.

The subject of Vivien, the second in succession, is skilfully treated, but beyond all measure painful to dwell upon: the honeyed artifices and bold advances of a bad woman, and the gradual subjugation of an unfortunate old philosopher falling into her clutches, detailed with circumstantial minuteness, surpass the proper limits of the disagreeable, and are only the more revolting from the accuracy with which they are described. The painting is astonishingly clever, but it is impossible to look at the picture without aversion. We pass on willingly to the more pleasing pain of Elaine's story. As far as the course of the narrative is concerned, it differs very little from that contained in Sir Thomas Mallory's *History of King Arthur*. But the character of Elaine's love is refined and elevated by the poet, and claims as much sympathy as an unrequited feminine affection ever can do. Its purity and constant tenderness are grateful to the feelings, opposed to the guilty tumults of Lancelot and the Queen; and it is only a pity that the more innocent affection is not the less humiliated, and that the compassion excited for its victim is somewhat shadowed by contempt.

Miss Austen has named as the only cure for a disappointed heart, 'another lover;' and Shakspeare is of the same opinion when he gives Juliet to Romeo in exchange for Rosalind.

'I pray thee,' says Romeo to the friar, who being not a man of the world wonders at his change,

Chide not: she whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

And such is no doubt the course of comfort that human nature takes when it is in its senses; but Elaine was transported altogether beyond the region of judgment into exile and slavery under the unrelenting despotic dominion of the one passion, and therefore when Lancelot offered his reasonable suggestions for her consolation, she was incapable of admitting their truth, and swooned away. The love that moved her is sweetly spoken:

And she said
'Not to be with you, not to see your face—
Alas for me then, my good days are done.'
'Nay, noble maid,' he answer'd, 'ten times nay!
This is not love: but love's first flash in youth,
Most common: yea I know it of mine own self:
And you yourself will smile at your own self
Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life
To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age:
And then will I, for true you are and sweet
Beyond mine old belief in womanhood,
More specially should your good knight be poor,
Endow you with broad land and territory
Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,
So that would make you happy: furthermore,
Ev'n to the death, as tho' you were my blood,
In all your quarrels will I be your knight.
This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,
And more than this I cannot.'

While he spoke
She neither blush'd nor shook, but deathly-pale
Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied;
'Of all this will I nothing;' and so fell,
And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Elaine came to her death by this fatal love; but still more fatal it appears in the life of the other three prominent characters in the poem.

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The blindness of Arthur in his dishonour, the treachery of Lancelot, and the continued sinning of the Queen, are far more grieving spectacles. Lancelot, better than the partner of his iniquity, not having the vital principle of honour wholly extinct within him, undergoes, *before the dread of detection comes*, the stings of conscience, and the dark interior of his mind is finely indicated to us in the following lines:

> He spoke and ceased: the lily maid Elaine,
> Won by the mellow voice before she look'd,
> Lifted her eyes, and read his lineaments.
> The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
> In battle with the love he bare his lord,
> Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.
> Another sinning on such heights with one,
> The flower of all the west and all the world,
> Had been the sleeker for it: but in him
> His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
> And drove him into wastes and solitudes
> For agony, who was yet a living soul.
> Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest man,
> That ever among ladies ate in Hall,
> And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
> However marr'd, of more than twice her years,
> Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on the cheek,
> And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
> And loved him, with that love which was her doom.

Here we follow the divided current of the two hearts in their deep emotion. The touches descriptive of Lancelot's person worn and marred, and suggestive to Elaine of his heroic prowess, bring the reader into sympathy with the spirit in which she beholds him, while those floods of remorse which roll over his soul in wastes and solitudes bear on with them in their high tide our strong compassion. Elaine makes no resistance to an affection that brings with it sensations of reverence and devotion pleasing to a gentle nature and free from all semblance of harm:

> And all night long his face before her lived,
> As when a painter, poring on a face,
> Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and colour of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children, ever at its best
> And fullest; so the face before her lived,
> Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
> Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.
>
> * * * *
>
> And peradventure had he seen her first
> She might have made this and that other world
> Another world for the sick man; but now
> The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,
> His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
> And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

So crime brings down its heavy forfeitures, making the life of the innocent the sacrifice. So Ophelia's tragedy was wrought by Gertrude's vice; and so Aspatia's, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, by Evadne's. Tennyson, in spirit, often reminds us of our great Elizabethan dramatists, though he does not affect those tricks of language by which some writers hope to arrive at a resemblance of them, and though he is not in any single instance an imitator. We may be suffered here to dwell for a moment on the picture of Aspatia in *The Maid's Tragedy*, as a graceful image of a rejected love; and no scorn may mingle with the pangs of her disprized affection, for she was not won unsought, but sued and conquered in the legitimate way, and then cast off. She is described as

> Heart stricken;
> Her watery eyes are ever bent to earth,
> She carries with her an infectious grief
> That strikes all her beholders. She will sing

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The mournfull'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies in their happy moods
Tell mirthful tales in course, she will bring forth
A story of the silent death of some
Forsaken virgin, in such phrase and with
So sad a look, that ere she end, alas!
She'll send them weeping one by one away.

Tennyson's piercing insight into the affections of the human heart in its uneasy fluctuations, in its secret shiftings, in its hidden palpitations, is powerfully exhibited in the quarrel between Lancelot and the Queen, when the Queen is stirred by false rumours afloat at court concerning the manner of his acquaintance with Elaine. Some notion of the passionate fervour of the poetry may be given by the accompanying extract, though the necessity for curtailment in these pages is a serious injury to the poet:—

All in an oriel on the summer side,
Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,
They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter'd, 'Queen,
Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy,
Take, what I had not won except for you,
These jewels, and make me happy, making them
An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,
Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's
Is tawnier than her cygnet's . . . .'

* * * * * * *

While thus he spoke, half turn'd away, the Queen
Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine
Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,
Till all the place whereon she stood was green;
Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand
Received at once and laid aside the gems
There on a table near her, and replied.

'It may be, I am quicker of belief
Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.
Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.
This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,
It can be broken easier. I for you
This many a year have done despite and wrong
To one whom ever in my heart of hearts
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these?
Diamonds for me! they had been thrice their worth
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's. Not for me!
For her! for your new fancy. Only this
Grant me, I pray you: have your joys apart.
I doubt not that however changed, you keep
So much of what is graceful: and myself
Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy
In which as Arthur's queen I move and rule:
So cannot speak my mind. An end to this!
A strange one! yet I take it with Amen.
So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls;
Deck her with these; tell her, she shines me down;
An armlet for an arm to which the Queen's
Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck
O as much fairer—as a faith once fair
Was richer than these diamonds—hers not mine—
Nay, by the mother of our Lord himself,
Or hers or mine, mine now to work my will—
She shall not have them.'

Saying which she seized,
And, thro' the casement standing wide for heat,
Flung them, and down they flash'd, and smote the stream.
Then from the smitten surface flashed, as it were,

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Diamonds to meet them, and they past away.
Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disgust
At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,
Close underneath his eyes, and right across
Where these had fallen, slowly past the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away
To weep and wail in secret; and the barge,
On to the palace-doorway sliding, paused.

The floating of the barge, bearing the dead body of Elaine, beneath the window from which Lancelot leans and looks, across the same spot where the rejected jewels are flung by the Queen's hand, is impressive; the sounding movement of the storm is lulled, and solemnly and reverently we pass on with 'that dark freight, a vanished life,' into a deep quiet where we hear only the self-upbraiding murmurs of Lancelot's conscience. With these repentings the story of Elaine is fitly closed; and thence we are led by a natural transition to the Idyll of Guinevere, when, where the guilt is, the great axe falls; when in the sinful heart of the Queen that trouble begins to work which is the fruit of the fear of detection; when the fact that the eyes of a jealous foe have been upon her in one of her unwary moments strikes into her soul, and she begins to eat her meals in fear, and to feel that it were better to be with the dead. The retribution of this hour is not softened by the grace of repentance. We cannot accord to the disturbances of terror the charity that is due to the better relentings of conscience. It may be that conscience can be roused to life by fear, but that is the nobler part of conscience which is called into existence by higher motives, and which acts independently of the dread of discovery. Lancelot's nature is, as we have before said, less depraved than the Queen's; he is haunted by the sense of wrong, he suffers the sorrow of transgression before the chance of exposure appears; and his temptation is the greater. Neither is the amount of his treachery so enormous; he is not wedded to another; he is not keeping up the semblance of another love. His honour rooted in dishonour stood, but still it *was* a kind of honour, and we see with pity the advancing strides of the Nemesis that is to crush him. But as the same Nemesis moves on to overtake the Queen, the action of pity is suspended by the sense of justice. The retribution is a work of necessity; it would be impossible to let her depart in peace. The majesty and the beauty that crowned her, the homage and the reverence that attended her, must be seen in degradation. The illusion of her life must be dispelled: she must learn what she is.

Make but the offender better (says Mr. Babbage in the chapter on the nature of future punishments in his *Bridgewater Treatise*), and he is already punished. Memory, that treacherous friend but faithful monitor, recalls the existence of the past to a mind now imbued with finer feelings, with sterner notions of justice than when it enacted the deeds thus punished by their recollection.

And there is much truth in this. The scourge, the brand, the bitter fast, may be hard to bear, but they are not so hard as the pangs within—not so hard as the dealings of the soul when it rises in strife against itself. In the greatest work of our greatest poet, when the spirit of Hamlet's father charges him to speak daggers, but to use none, he knows this; he knows how that miserable mother, rank and gross though she be in nature, must be appalled when her vice is set plainly before her eyes—when the words of another shall take the part that conscience should have taken, and force her to look upon her iniquity. Words indeed they are when spoken, so terrible to hear, that the poisoned cup seems a sweet potion after them; and Gertrude's forfeit is paid in that awful scene of her life rather than in her death. 'Oh, Hamlet, speak no more,' cries the unhappy woman, in her inward struggles:

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> Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
> And there I see such black and grained spots
> As will not leave their tinct.

Shakspeare has not invested the character of Gertrude with any poetical beauty. There is no idea suggested by her presence but that of feebleness and vice, and as she is addressed by her son she becomes an object of utter disgust. The words in which he describes her course of life are such as make it loathsome to every sense—there is no strain of sentiment sung over her transgression. She is made the subject of unpitying contempt. The audience or the reader turns from her with a fixed aversion, not falling into the death-like trance of compassion, into the

> Oh lasso!
> Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio
> Menò costoro al doloroso passo,

with which Dante is subdued by the celebrated history of the fall of Francesca da Rimini. But Dante was compassionate not without reason. Francesca was the victim of fraud, and cruelty, and strong temptation; the deceived rather than the deceiver—her punishment, the second circle of the *Inferno;* her revenge, the sympathy of the whole civilized world. No less a sympathy has the poet obtained for her. In the space of eighteen lines he tells the story, and those eighteen lines have been translated into every European tongue. They have been read and quoted till they have been heard even where they could not be read, and the

> ——Nessun maggior dolore,
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria,

associated with that sad history, may be said to have passed into a proverb.

This story is not the finest passage in Dante's work, but it is undoubtedly the most popular; for though not without some exercise of the imagination, some labour of the thought, its essentially poetical characteristics may be duly prized, it bears with it, independently of those, a sentiment and a passion, which are easy to understand. It is, then, not the admirable skill, not the exquisite combinations of the poet in his working out of this scene, that the general reader cares for. He does not pause to analyse; he simply acknowledges the sway of passion and of suffering. Many a frail and foolish woman may have entered in her diary the passionate phrases of Francesca's history without the remotest notion of their true value; and there is no doubt that the effect of the punishment upon the mind is far inferior to that of the passion; the punishment being received as fiction, and the passion recognised as truth.

How far the poet is answerable for the moral influences of his work in all its bearings, is a matter of grave consideration, which it would occupy too long a space to discuss here; but it is certain that a kind of moral government is demanded by the reader, and that we require to see the condemnation of crime in the development of the poem. The poet must act as judge, and sentence his criminals, or we are left unsatisfied. He must be the Minos of his own circle. He is not required to point a moral; if he attempts that indeed he ceases to be a poet; but he *is* required to assume the complete dominion of the world of his own creation, and to let us feel in the final dispensation of events that he is a righteous ruler.

Clytemnestra and Medea, Lady Macbeth and Gertrude, Richard, Macbeth, Othello, and Iago, must make the immediate sacrifice for their crimes to their audience; and the sacrifice must be sufficient or the sense of justice is insulted.

Tennyson's Guinevere is condemned—the sentence is pronounced. She is cast down from her high estate—she is divided for ever from the object of her sinful love, and renounced by the sovereign lord whom she learns to reverence too late. She embraces the only resource left in life, and enters a convent. A severe fate for such a woman—dull, cold, monotonous—tedious nuns and petty cares. A woman whose nature could not find much delight in prayer, and whose past life must have made the fruits of meditation

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bitter. We are told that she made a good abbess, but soon died, and it is quite natural that she should die soon.

She has no son, like Clytemnestra and Gertrude, to rise and avenge the injured father.

But she has disgrace; the walls of the nunnery are not strong enough to shield her from contumely; and the sound of public opinion reaches her through the voice of a little novice at the convent. Afterwards her soul is pierced to its inmost core by the magnanimity of Arthur in the hour of his just wrath.

Nothing can be finer than this scene between the two; and the figure of Arthur rises here into significance and grandeur. Let the reader pause long upon the extracts here given, upon the imperfect repentings of the Queen, the erring thought that even in the hour of penance wanders back to the lawless pleasure, the blow struck at that moment of guilty indulgence by the arrival of the great King, his exhortations, just, strong, and Christian in their spirit; the sense of abasement in the unhappy woman that follows from them, and the tardy recognition of his true nobility, of his crowning virtue, of the heroic proportions of his character, dwarfing those of Lancelot by comparison, and bringing with it the sternest retribution. All these things are conceived and executed with such a thought, and with such a hand as are to be matched only in the greatest scenes of the greatest dramatist the world has yet seen. The passion is, in the highest sense of the word, dramatic—the movement is majestic—the picture is presented to the mind in colours that cannot die; the pathos is true, tender, and solemn:—

But help me, heaven, for surely I repent.
For what is true repentance but in thought—
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us:
And I have sworn never to see him more,
To see him more.'

And ev'n in saying this,
Her memory from old habit of the mind
Went slipping back upon the golden days
In which she saw him first, when Lancelot came,
Reputed the best knight and goodliest man,
Ambassador, to lead her to his lord
Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving, they,
Rapt in sweet talk or lively, all on love
And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for the time
Was maytime, and as yet no sin was dream'd,)
Rode under groves that look'd a paradise
Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth,
And on from hill to hill, and every day
Beheld at noon in some delicious dale
The silk pavilions of King Arthur raised
For brief repast or afternoon repose
By couriers gone before.

* * * *

But when the Queen immersed in such a trance,
And moving thro' the past unconsciously,
Came to that point, when first she saw the King
Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find
Her journey done, glanc'd at him, thought him cold,
High, self-contain'd, and passionless, not like him,
'Not like my Lancelot'—while she brooded thus
And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again,
There rode an armed warrior to the doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, 'the King.' She sat
Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet

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Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovell'd with her face against the floor:
There with her milkwhite arms and shadowy hair
She made her face a darkness from the King:
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her; then came silence, then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed the King's.

'Liest thou here so low, the child of one
I honour'd, happy, dead before thy shame?
Well is it that no child is born of thee.
The children born of thee are sword and fire,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
The craft of kindred and the Godless hosts
Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea.
Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm,
The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
Have everywhere about this land of Christ
In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
And knowest thou now from whence I come—from him,
From waging bitter war with him: and he,
That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
He spared to lift his hand against the King
Who made him knight: but many a knight was slain.

* * * *

Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the King should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purposes of my life.
Bear with me for the last time while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.

* * * *

I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's sake,
To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:
For being thro' his cowardice allow'd
Her station, taken everywhere for pure,
She like a new disease, unknown to men,
Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps
The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!
Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart
Than thou reseated in thy place of light,
The mockery of my people, and their bane.'

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice, and he spake again.

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
The doom of treason and the flaming death,

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(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.
And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
But how to take last leave of all I loved?
O golden hair, with which I used to play
Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
And beauty such as never woman wore,
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine.

* * * *

But hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,
Farewell!'

* * * *

Then she stretch'd out her arms and cried aloud
'Oh Arthur!' there her voice brake suddenly,
Then—as a stream that spouting from a cliff
Fails in mid air, but gathering at the base
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the vale—
Went on in passionate utterance.

It seems a pity to interrupt such a scene by a comment, and yet we must call upon the reader to consider the perfect beauty of this simile.

'Gone—my lord!
Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answer'd his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,
My own true lord! how dare I call him mine?
The shadow of another cleaves to me,
And makes me one pollution: he, the King,
Call'd me polluted: shall I kill myself?
What help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
No, nor by living can I live it down.
The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months,
The months will add themselves and make the years,
The years will roll into the centuries,
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.
I must not dwell on that defeat of fame.
Let the world be; that is but of the world.
What else? what hope? I think there was a hope,
Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope;
His hope he call'd it; but he never mocks,
For mockery is the fume of little hearts.
And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God. Ah great and gentle lord,
Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
Among his warring senses, to thy knights—
To whom my false voluptuous pride, that took
Full easily all impressions from below,
Would not look up, or half-despised the height
To which I would not or I could not climb—
I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
That pure severity of perfect light—
I wanted warmth and colour which I found
In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another' . . . .

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With this extract we may well conclude our notice. As we have proceeded in it, how has our labour been rewarded by an increasing delight; how has the knowledge of the poet, growing with the meditation on his pages, brought with it added sense of beauty; added love.

> 'Intanto voce fu per me udita;
> Onorate l'altissimo poeta.'

Upon a noble work such should ever be the effect of an attempt at criticism, acting as the glass which directed to the heavens, wins from their far depths new revelations of moving, shining worlds unseen by the common eye. But the same glass will also show the dark spots in the sun. We have endeavoured to use our instrument of observation honestly. Just homage is not servility. Lavish and indiscriminate praise may be grateful to those who can possess little without it; but to the great poet, the most welcome reverence must be the reverence of truth.

NOTES ON THE NATIONAL DRAMA OF SPAIN.

BY J. R. CHORLEY.

Chapter III.

PRINCIPLES.

THE last chapter having shown some of the outlines of Spanish Comedy, we now proceed to examine what is special in its inner structure,—as embodying certain peculiarities, social and moral. That it gives a view of life widely differing from our own, has already been observed; it will presently be seen to what essential points this difference extends. It has been too much slighted by those who have hitherto written on the subject;* and, as I believe, some chief errors, both of those who admire and of those who depreciate, have arisen from not sufficiently regarding it. The former are apt to forget that the sympathies they have acquired cannot be awakened at first sight in those to whom it presents the image of a strange world. The latter, finding it strange, are prone to condemn, as wild or unpleasing, what they would have found alive with spirit and sense, had they first become familiar with the relations, habits, and ideas on which it turns.

On every stage, the measure of power and effect is found in conformity with the manners and notions of the time and place to which it belongs. Wherever similar conditions prevail, everything depends on the ability of the poet; to whom the hearer listens without impediment, standing, as it were, face to face with him. The force of his conceptions, the special character of his genius and fancy, and the art with which he fashions known materials, may be enjoyed as freshly as when they first appeared. Were it thus in the present instance, difference of language alone would be no great obstacle; and we might follow the performance in the closet nearly as well as a Castilian reader, at least, of the seventeenth century. But it is not and cannot be thus. The dramatist does not only speak in a foreign language: his very thoughts, as well as the elements with which he deals, are mostly foreign to us; for every sentence he requires an interpreter. Before we can barely understand, even, we must study the complexion of his ideas: before we can enjoy, we must learn to sympathize with him. And the necessity and difficulty of the process are both in proportion to the distance that separates his world from ours.

It has been urged, indeed, that this world of his never had a real prototype. We are to believe that

* The all but entire omission of any express reference to what is peculiar in this respect to the Spanish drama, is the only important defect of Von Schack's excellent work.

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the life and ideas which it portrays are a poetic invention, either based on traditions of things long past, or altogether arbitrary and phantasmal; the furniture of a conventional Utopia, in short, got up for stage uses only, with no more of local truth than that travesty of classic fable which forms the mythology of Italian opera. Its stories and its ethics are alike romantic and false.* You cannot conceive a mode of society admitting of the events or subsisting on the principles exhibited in Spanish Comedy.

Even were this true, it would still be indispensable to study the notions that animate the imaginary scene, if it be worth while to approach it at all. The system, whatever its origin, is as consistent and positive as any reality could be; and is so interwoven with every fibre of this body of poetry, that there is no fair alternative between tracing out its several threads, and discarding the whole as a tissue of absurdities. The modern ideas that we bring to a first reading of these plays, so far from sufficing to the true conception of their merits, will often lead us directly to misconceive them: so that we must set the glass to a new focus, suited to the original point of vision, if we care to see what the poet really meant, or wish to partake of such pleasure as his work was intended to give. This indeed is the golden rule of profit in all works of art, of what kind soever: and it would apply to the present case, even were the image set up on the stage as mere a phantom as sceptical critics believe it to have been.

The belief, however, is unfounded. The slightest glance, indeed, at the history of this Drama, might of itself convince candid and intelligent minds that it must be erroneous. No truly national theatre—no institution, I will say, whatever, whether for use or for pastime, created and kept alive, not by the whimsies of a few, but by the cordial suffrage of all—ever was or ever will be made up of moonshine. That Spanish Comedy was popular to its core—that it was, beyond all that have ever flourished, a child and fondling of the universal national will—has never, I believe, been denied. And to suppose a thing thus begotten and fostered a mere painted doll, a toy of romantic invention, like nothing actually extant; or even to imagine it at best a caricature of life, in which some features of the time are distorted, some of an older time revived, others belonging to no time or place at all, added,—thus making a mixed monstrosity like that of Horace's lecture to the Pisos;—this, I say, on any fair reference, *à priori*, to the law of the case, will be found a presumption than which perhaps none more extravagant has ever been advanced.

On that law I must not dilate; but this at least it will be proper to say. The first absolute rule for a popular stage is this:—whatever it shows must accord with the present consciousness of the spectators; in other words, it must speak to their minds, as well as to their ears, in a known language. Not that the exhibition is bound to be a literal transcript of what is done and felt every day by every one. On the contrary, its virtue lies in the art with which familiar elements are recomposed and filled up, so as to appear in new and heightened forms, with a perfection unseen in common life, but developed on a common principle: thereby fulfilling what Bacon defines as the office of poetry in general, 'accommodating the shows of things to the desires of the mind.' All, I say, is rounded, coloured, and expanded; but so that all harmonizes with the ruling tone of opinion and belief. Incidents, characters, and passions are permitted or required to go beyond the range of ordinary experience—never to run counter to it. They cannot be such as every one has seen, but are such as every one may conceive. And this conception, when any large public is in question—not to say an obstinate self-occupied Spanish public of the seventeenth century—can only be drawn from the general feeling and observation of all.

* This, with respect at least to some of its prominent features, seems to be Ticknor's opinion. See *Hist. of Spanish Literature*, ii. 364-5.

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Thus, while every true drama gives, not the very acts and words of a people, but an image of what they think possible and praiseworthy, presented in action and speech —the quintessence, so to speak, rather than the raw material of their existence—this image, ideally raised above the plain level of fact, can only be sustained on a basis of essential truth recognised by the audience. The deeds and qualities extolled are such as they are prone to admire. They will hear nothing reproached but what they regard with aversion: the morals enforced or implied they have learned to respect, if they do not always practise. In the choice and treatment of incidents more latitude is allowed. But even this license is controlled by the general conceptions of the public; and where the scene is domestic and of their own time, the bounds of probability cannot be safely transgressed.

Such, in brief, is the law of the case, wherever the drama exists as a living form of poetry.* A theatre, the exhibitions of which are merely fantastic or artificial, may for a while be the amusement of a class, but will never be the lasting delight of an entire people: *incredulus odit.*

An objection may be raised on this point which must not pass unanswered. The rule, like all that concern men, not mathematics, is given as an expression of what is true in the main, minor qualifications notwithstanding. Of such, two only in the present case seem to require notice.

1. The delight in impossible fictions, found among the ignorant at all times, and not unfelt during the prime of the Spanish drama.

2. The growth, on every stage that flourishes long, of conventions purely theatrical, which gradually encroach on, and may at last entirely supersede, the types of actual life.

As to the first, the contradiction is more apparent than real. In seasons apt for the birth of scenic art, the people are neither learned nor sceptical. Imagination is in advance of judgment; and fancy, when excited, can hardly take wing without finding itself at once in a region of wonder, that encompasses the limited world of present knowledge. Beyond that narrow sphere there is nothing to define the bounds of the possible and impossible; no limit, practically, to belief, because no comparison with what is known: of the unknown men have not yet learned to doubt. Yet even here, so far as their positive notions can reach, no violation of nature will please. It is in events and phenomena which they are unable to test, that the marvellous is displayed; the motives and manners on which it acts are always human and familiar. In the wildest forms of popular fable you find the personages liking and disliking, wishing and wondering, just as they would in the common ways of life: however far their fancies may fly, their feelings are still at home. False motives and sentiments find no favour out of the nursery. The liberties taken with matter of fact, who can arraign, when no limit to probability has yet been discovered? But of men's desires and emotions, every man can judge; and in these, accordingly, fable always clings to nature.

Herein lies a distinction, the meaning of which has escaped our censors of the popular love of fable. That imagination is credulous in the dawn of positive knowledge, need not be denied; but this, if

* Although this law acts most promptly on the stage, there is no class of poetry exempt from its operation. Amadises and Astræas flourish so long only as fine letters belong exclusively to idle nobles and courtiers. As soon as other classes begin to take part in the enjoyment, literature becomes less artificial, and Fancy, divorced from Nature, loses credit. As the circle expands, the more earnest tendency, aided by the process itself that opens the field to a wider public, constantly gains ground, and at last so far predominates that imagination, if not suppressed, is constrained to serve as the handmaid of reality. The transition, always gradual, may be a work of centuries; its more rapid or tardy consummation, however, will be found mainly to depend on the rate of advance from partial to general culture; and this movement, wherever it occurs, may be seen producing the same effect, according to the stage of progress, in the literature of all nations.

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justly weighed, is no proof that at any season there is in men, however rude, a natural relish for what they feel to be incredible. The very contrary may fairly be maintained on the grounds here indicated.

As to the second head, there can be no doubt of the proneness of long stage habit to beget a merely histrionic system, which, as it tends to grow more and more artificial, so will nature ever further recede into the background. Nor can it be denied that this tendency is a radically false one; the first symptom of which is decline, and its prevalence dissolution. It is in this way, indeed, that the fate which seems to allow but a limited space to any class of art, plainly declares itself on the stage. The admitted vice of the propensity, therefore, implies no contradiction to what has been said of the living drama. For it is no condition of life; but a disease, that weakens, and, in the absence of other causes of decay, would of itself destroy it. By the time that audiences have become content with a mimic world of actors, with empty stage traditions existing on the boards only, dramatic art has already given place to a mode of composition essentially mechanical; and from thenceforth the theatre—whether it grow mean or splendid, whether old master-works be wholly cast away, or partially survive among other unrealities, after they have become obsolete—can no longer be truly described as popular or national.

On general principles, then, it might be concluded that what is set forth on a stage such as we know the Spanish was, must have had a real prototype in the Spain of its day; and if so, the more singular its features, the more closely would they deserve to be studied; and this, where the manners of a nation are in question, might be urged on behalf of purposes graver than those of just criticism or genial enjoyment. But the conclusion does not rest on hypothesis alone. Although, as already remarked, there is no other picture of this curious social phasis so lively as that which the drama gives,—while many expressive, and most of the minor traits, are now to be found in its sketches only—still, on essential points, we have other authentic records, sufficient to attest its substantial life-likeness.

The evidence has been collected by modern industry from various quarters. It lies scattered at large over many obscure tracts of Spanish literature; much of it imbedded in masses of foreign matter: and where found in a simpler form, the details are rarely so complete as could be desired. Of such materials it would be impossible to give even a cursory description. I must content myself with naming some of the more accessible authorities in a note:* adding, without fear of contradiction on inquiry, that there is now *bonâ fide* proof, extant and producible, showing that, due allowance made for the scenic mode, this drama, in all that determines its special character, truly reflected the image of its time—tinged, of course, by the medium through which it passed, as are all poetic representations.

* In the fourth volume of Hartzenbusch's excellent edition of Calderon (*Bib. de Autores Españoles*), see the Appendix, which contains many illustrative extracts from contemporary sources. Cabrera's *Relaciones de la Corte*, Madrid, 1857, I have already cited. His notices of manners are many and valuable, the more so because of the cursory manner in which he sets them down. The *Avisos de Pellicer*, a kind of contemporary newsletter of the period, have been printed by Valladares in the *Semanario Erudito*, of Madrid. Some illustrations will be found in Aarsen v. Somerdyk's *Voyage d'Espagne*, Cologne, 1666; more in the three volumes with the same title by Mᵉ D'Aulnoy, who visited Spain at a later period (4th edit., La Haye, 1705). Her testimony is of importance because so late; since if such traits as she describes were still prominent at a time when the old manners were far gone in decay, it may be conceived what they must have been while in full life. I say nothing of the novelists, who paint the same manners, because their stories were addressed to a more limited public than the dramatists', and they are a weaker authority. I will only observe that where all, in whatever department, conspire in descriptions of a certain class, it requires more than ordinary courage to maintain the paradox that all are in a conspiracy to deceive.

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This, on due evidence, we find in Spanish comedy; and not a mere Utopia, as some have imagined. It is strange enough, no doubt, to modern notions, often directly opposed to them. Nor can any one familiarize himself at once with a scheme of life involving various propositions which would now be considered monstrous. Above all, it is hard for persons of a certain cast of mind to admit that a code so foreign to their habits of thinking can ever have really been in force. I can only repeat that if so, the only rational course would be to keep altogether aloof from a thing which it can serve no good purpose to approach. To criticise on such an assumption—not to speak of enjoying—is an untoward attempt, the result of which must be a failure. Persons of liberal cultivation may be invited to take a less peremptory attitude. The testimonies to which I have alluded will authorize them in so doing; and by proceeding in a reasonable course of observation they will best arrive at an understanding of this strange region.

Here the points in which it differs from others are chiefly to be regarded; for here the difficulty lies. In dwelling upon these, moreover, the outlines, for the sake of clearness, must be drawn in stronger relief, it may be, than appears in any single example;—the object being to give the total effect of many several instances. These conditions the reader will bear in mind, as well as the purpose for which, on this occasion, the light is thrown on a part only of the structure of Spanish comedy. It would be most unfair to take the dissection of certain organs as a demonstration of the whole body. The mould of the skeleton and the lines of the muscles determine the character of the living form; but between a display of these and the body itself,—alive, with all its warm flesh and blood, with colour, breath, and motion,—how infinite is the distance!

The root of all that is in question may, I think, be traced down to a ground of intensely self-conscious individualism, which seems to underlie all that is peculiar in Spanish character. In earlier times it presents itself without disguise, in the form of personal independence and fiery self-assertion; and from its action on the general ideas of worth and duty diffused throughout Europe by the development, on the feudal basis, of the institution of chivalry, may be deduced the qualities involved in the Castilian type of honour—overweening self-assertion, punctilious resentment of offence, jealous maintenance of privilege in title and office; the importance attached to purity of blood, and the high sense of the obligations annexed to the claims of nobility. On this ground the mighty influences, political, social, and moral, let loose by the turn in Peninsular affairs that began in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, have, at the period which concerns us, now been working for more than a century; and a strange work they have made! What was once rude, simple, and vigorous, has become in some respects fancifully refined, in others altered or weakened, in all vastly complicated. It is a combination in which relics of the ferocity of warlike ages, and of the wild ways of personal independence, are mingled with the courtesies and caprices of a time of luxury and ostentation, and forced into unnatural shapes by the high pressure of despotism in State and Church.

In no respect has the new order of things gone farther than in regard to the throne. It would be impossible to raise the idea of Royalty above the place it holds in the drama. The older notion of kingship was high enough. As the summit and supreme type of nobility, the sovereign was looked up to with a feeling of devotion, mingled with pride, by his Cavaliers, to whom nobility was all in all; although this feeling by no means implied submission in cases where the privilege of the vassal was crossed by the power of the Crown. Nor does it appear that the theory of allegiance was then understood to imply more than an obligation which was to a certain extent reciprocal. Even so understood, the obedience of the nobles, down to the middle of the fifteenth century and later, was by no means a constant virtue. The

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'loyalty' which some writers ascribe to them will hardly be found in the records of history. On the contrary, it may be asserted that personal claims and interests take the foremost place throughout this period. There were not wanting, even, pretensions in the first class (*ricos hombres*) to rank, in the essentials of nobility, on a par with the Sovereign; conceding a superiority in virtue of his office only. The form in which the peers of Aragon asserted this equality on the coronation of their kings, is well known;* and the spirit, if not the letter, seems to have been the same among those old Asturian families who traced their pedigree from the days of Pelayo. Between the tenth and fifteenth centuries the great Crown vassals, often openly at war with the throne, always appear as if standing on their guard against it: and as the lesser gentry were for the most part attached to one or other of the high nobles, their loyalty was apt to be intercepted, if not absorbed, by their immediate chiefs. Nor is this impression effaced by individual acts of devotion, which occur rather as exceptions than as examples; such, for instance, as the memorable deed of Guzman the Good. It may be questioned, even in that case, whether the hero did not regard his personal honour, as pledged to maintain a post he had undertaken to guard, rather than any general obligation to serve the King at such a terrible cost.† On the whole, I apprehend that the Spanish gentleman of those days thought far more of what was due to himself, than of what he owed to the monarch.

Very different is the idea of the relation between subject and king in the period now before us. It must have been rapidly developed by the destruction of the national liberties by the Crown, seconded by the teaching of the Church,—whose sudden increase of power, in alliance with the throne, dates from the same epoch. This and other influences, which it would lead us too far to trace out, have at last established a theory of royal absolutism, the most naked and thoroughgoing, perhaps, that modern times have heard of. Divine right in the office, unlimited despotism in the authority, and something beyond human sanctity in the person of the king,‡ are now asserted —with more than the emphasis of Imperial law,—as an article of religious faith no less than of political obligation. And it is noticeable that this servile creed has come to be regarded as the glory, not the disgrace, of a chivalrous nation. The cavalier of the seventeenth century is as proud of his irresponsible monarch as of his infallible church.

There is nothing the king may not do; no law restrains his will, or rather his will is the sole law. The property and life, nay, the honour, dearer than both, of every subject, is at his mercy. It is not pretended that he can do no wrong; but no wrong he may do can or ought to be resented. The sense of disgrace or injury, so delicate and vindictive in all other cases, is mute in the presence of a royal offender. The loyal Spaniard takes in hard earnest what a French poet § of his day merely invents for some tyrant whom he wishes to make odious:—

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* '*Nos, que valemos tanto como vos, os hacemos nuestro Rey y Señor, con tal que nos guardays nuestros fueros y libertades, y sino, No.*' The authenticity of this has been disputed, as resting solely on the citation of the formula by Antonio Perez (*Relaciones, &c.*, Ginevra, 1676, i. 143); but were this so, I see no reason to doubt his accuracy, considering the time and circumstances of his public appeal to the alleged practice.

† The version of this tragical story by the dramatists (Guevara, *Mas pesa el Rey que la sangre*, and De la Hoz, *El Abraham Castellano*) of course make the loyalty of the sacrifice the prominent object; but this merely shows that the notion of a subject's duty was such as is described in the text at the period in which those plays were written.

‡ So the high priest concludes (in the play by Aznar Velez, *El sol obediente al hombre*):

Que al fin son Dioses
los monarcas en la tierra.

§ Scudéry. *L'amour tyrannique.* (1638.)

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Les rois sont au dessus des crimes :
Toutes choses sont légitimes
Pour les princes qui peuvent tout.

On the same principle, the king's commands must be obeyed without question. Whatever crime, cruelty, or injustice he may be pleased to order, ceases to be such in the eyes of a good subject; or at all events must be performed by him as zealously as if it were an act of virtue, when the monarch requires it. Nay, it is the duty of the agent, at the cost of all that is dearest to him in life, to assume the responsibility of any such deed; he endures its worst consequences in silence, should the king wish his part in the matter to remain a secret.

It is no surprise, after this view of royal omnipotence, to observe that the aspect in which it commonly appears to the public mind is of the sternest character. Fear rather than affection encompasses the person of the king; and the prevailing idea of his office is its rigorous severity. To inspire awe, indeed, is regarded as the most becoming attribute of sovereign power; it is as the terror of his enemies, the abaser of misproud nobles, the scourge of guilt, that the king looks greatest in the eyes of his subjects. Beneficence and mercy hardly seem to be considered as indispensable ornaments to a crown; at all events, they are jewels but charily exhibited. On the other hand, the idea of royal justice is scarcely to be distinguished from cruelty; indeed, that quality itself in a monarch is rather imposing than odious. The peculiar feeling on this subject does not, however, regard the sovereign only; it pervades the national character, and comes out in other relations, to some of which I shall advert presently. Meanwhile, it will suffice to add, as a corollary to what has been said, that no cruelty, wickedness, or wrong that a king can commit, is allowed to efface the devotion of his subjects, or to impair his full claim to their allegiance; and that treason is a blot on the honour of a gentleman as foul and indelible as cowardice.

With these enormous powers and immunities, there are, however, obligations of corresponding weight attached to royalty. A king is bound to sacrifice himself wholly to the duties of his office; to quell every natural impulse, to silence all human emotions that may contend with them. The claims of friendship, love, and kindred,—nay, the holiest family ties,—have no place when reason of state is in question. '*No hay de ser padre siendo rey*.'*

That the virtue of royal blood is ineffaceable as well as irresistible, is a belief which does not regard the monarch only; this gift properly belongs to all of noble extraction, and is one of the marks that distinguish gentlemen from plebeians. But it will be seen that, as the idea of royalty became exalted, a corresponding excess of this innate merit would accrue to the offspring of a princely sire. He has a specific excellence of nature, that the utmost degradation and neglect can neither extinguish nor hide. The high-born foundling or outcast, although swaddled in rags, bred as a peasant, and destitute of every chance of improvement, discovers himself by the spontaneous display of all the gifts proper to his true rank. His courage, chafed by low restraints, breaks out in daring exploits and fiery arrogance. Impatient of servile labour, he betakes himself eagerly to the chase, and longs for cities and camps. Like the warhorse in Job, he is roused by the sight of arms, and shows an untaught skill in wielding them. Though without culture, he is a marvel of intelligence, wit, and sagacity. In all manly exercises his force and dexterity are unequalled: his native right to command declares itself in the subservience of his rustic companions. In the midst of want he is liberal; in spite of vulgar example, his manner is gallant, stately, and courteous. In a word, though reared in a hovel, he is ready, on the instant of discovery, to adorn a palace. Such is the marvellous birthright of the noble! It reaches the supreme

* The title of a play by Roxas, in which this view of royal duty is enforced without mitigation.

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point, as I have said, in scions of a princely stock; but in all of generous race it prevails in the like manner, beyond control or disguise. It is their nature: however outcast or suppressed, *usque recurret.*

As it is obvious that a virtue thus derived from the sire cannot be impaired by illegitimacy, the assumption agrees with, if it does not wholly account for a peculiar indulgence* in the treatment of noble bastards. Where the rank of the father is high, spurious descent seems hardly to attach any stigma whatever: and the distinction between natural children and the legitimate family, except in temporalities, is often scarcely perceptible; little more, indeed, than between the eldest son, as heir of the *mayorazgo,* and his brothers. The origin of this consideration may be traced back to the Visigothic customs. Its descent to later times was no doubt favoured by the kindness with which all were disposed to view transgressions caused by love.

> Que los yerros por amores
> Siempre son de perdonar.

But the main support of the *status* of natural children lay, I think, in the indelible virtue of the father's blood. How this was esteemed by the Castilian gentry, has been more than once shown in the highest examples. Spain alone of modern nations could complacently trace her reigning line from the illegitimate son of Leonor de Guzman: and it is not improbable that what happened in the fourteenth century might have been repeated at a later day, in default of lawful heirs to the crown. The chances, had such a contingency fallen out in the sixteenth century, would have been greatly in favour of the first Don Juan of Austria, the gallant bastard of Charles V.: and it is not unlikely that the second of the name, Philip IV.'s natural son (doubtful though his paternity were)† would have been the favourite for the crown, against both Austrian and French pretenders, had he survived his imbecile brother Charles.

Second only to the king, the great nobles claim and exercise little less than regal power over retainers and dependents of lower rank; and have all but absolute authority with plebeian tenants of their estates, and inhabitants of the towns which they possess in seigneury. Indeed, from the mere vulgar at large, even where no connexion of property exists, the noble exacts a deference, the right to which is an unquestioned attribute of his birth and title; a right apt to be frightfully abused in various ways by ill-conditioned members of the privileged class. But the abuse is not in this, as in the king's case, without control or redress. The noble is not, in the first place, above the law. If a peasant is wronged, or a vassal maltreated by his feudal superior, and his legal right, as will often happen, is overborne by threatening or favour, he still can appeal directly to the king; who is always glad of an occasion to curb such insolent offenders; having no relish for any tyranny but his own. It is in this light, as the scourge of a mutinous and oppressive nobility, and as such always ready to take part with the people against titled wrong-doers, that the national

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* This is said in reference to times beyond the darker ages; all the Northern races having been indulgent on this head during their early development in Europe, and none more so than the Spanish Visigoths, as may be seen by their laws (Schäfer, *Gesch. v. Spanien,* ii. 447-54); but all this had given place in other countries to the more modern view of the stain of illegitimacy, long before any sensible change appeared in Spain.

† His mother, the pretty actress, Maria Calderon, had many admirers; and scandal hinted that Don Juan's real father was a friar. See the lively pasquinade, quoted at full length in the *Mém. de la Cour d'Espagne* (by Mᵉ D'Aulnoy) La Haye, 1691, i. 68), beginning,

> Un frayle y una corona,
> un Duque y un cartelista,
> anduvieron en la lista
> de la bella Calderona, &c.

The author, according to Casiano Pellicer, was no less a personage than the Almirante D. Alonso Enriquez (*Tratado sobre las Comedias, &c.,* ii. 93).

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drama — expressing the national sense—portrays that king whom history, led by chroniclers of the privileged class, has branded with the title of 'the Cruel.' Those who have known Pedro in that aspect only, will be struck to find him appear on the stage, not as the savage and treacherous monster of annals and romances, but as the Justiciar; the Avenger: severe but righteous, a valiant destroyer of grievances in high places, and the shield of the poor against the powerful.

In relation to each other, whatever be the differences of rank and power, all gentlemen are equal in the quality and claims of honour. This is as fiery and nice in the poorest *hidalgo* as in the titled *grande* of the first class; and endures no affront (*agravio*) without instantly seeking to avenge it; if it may be, by fair fighting; if not, by any other way of taking life. The essential thing is that the offence shall be wiped out; and this, in grave cases, nothing can efface but the blood of the offender. If he be too strong or too high in rank to be challenged openly, you must not the less pursue him to the death; here it is lawful to take your enemy at any advantage; and if your own hand cannot reach him, it is not forbidden to employ others; —call it not assassination, but just vengeance—no other being available. This view of the duty and privileges of offended honour pervades all its transactions in the drama, and must never be lost sight of. Where the contest can suitably take place on equal terms, generosity in an injured party may be admired, even when the injury is flagrant; but the rule clearly is in such cases to think first of the vengeance to which you are entitled: which cannot be relinquished without loss of honour. In chance encounters, too, as well as in formal duels on slighter grounds of quarrel, it is highly becoming in a cavalier to forbear when he has the advantage, and in all respects to show the fairest play to his adversary. But it is quite otherwise when you have received an aggravated insult. No terms are to be kept in such circumstances that may at all interfere with the supreme duty. Indeed, to chastise without personal risk or failure a foe too powerful or wary to be directly assailed, will redound to your credit, as a man not less prudent than implacable.

The chief virtues proper to nobility, besides this of honour, have already been touched in a former paragraph. They are taken for granted as the merit of pure blood; a presumption the effect of which in the drama must not be overlooked. It will be seen what facilities are given to the commerce of high life by the currency of birth at a fixed standard of value. The stranger, if noble, requires no other credential to invest him with the qualities desired in a friend: you credit him at sight, in virtue of his descent, as fully as if he were an acquaintance of years. The system of freemasonry thus settled makes easy on the Spanish stage a variety of combinations,—such as abound in every comedy of manners, but which, without a medium like this, always seem forced and unnatural.

On the other hand, it must be said that the standard so accepted is not a high one. The qualities already described as innate in the true gentleman,—to which gratitude and fidelity might perhaps be added, —are all that seem to be viewed as indispensable to the well-born. Others are praised as becoming and ornamental; and to the making of a *perfect cavalier* no doubt there must conspire all noble arts and accomplishments, as well as every moral excellence. But a man of pure blood may be an unquestionable gentleman, wanting any or all of these, save only such as I have named; and it does not appear that he will absolutely forfeit the consideration due to his rank by anything he may commit but treason,*

* I speak here of opinion, not of law. Corruption of blood is the legal penalty everywhere; but this sentence is not generally enforced by the moral verdict of society, which, if it do not absolutely lean towards the offender, does not at least, as in Spain, deem his offence dishonourable.

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heresy, cowardice (including tameness in bearing affronts of whatever kind), and perhaps drunkenness; this last being so uncommon among Spanish gentlemen, that the evidence concerning it is imperfect. But I shall have more to say on this subject presently.

In the plebeian, as such, honour and bravery are not expected; if indeed they are possible.* The merely base-born are regarded as servile by nature, as well as in condition. They are a lower kind of creatures, whose inferiority of race is shown in dulness of mind and ungracefulness of body, no less than in the absence of all generous dispositions; and this vice of blood, like the virtue of the noble, no accident of nurture or fortune can efface or hide. The clown in purple is a peasant still. But this description does not apply to all of the humble and laborious sort. There are not a few of the class of rustics, in the older kingdoms of Spain especially, who, although not noble, are of pure Christian descent (*bien nacidos*); and, while owing allegiance to the lords of the soil, are far from being servile, either in condition or in character.

In this fine race of men, not altogether unlike the old yeomanry of England, there is a high sense of personal dignity; courage sedate, but terrible when roused; true courtesy in a homely form, and a copious vein of sagacity and unlettered wisdom. Many of these, possessors of fair acres, live in much rural state and abundance; the patriarchs of a tribe of dependents, and head men in their villages. Their virtues and humours, plainly drawn from the life, are a favourite theme of the elder dramatists, especially of Lope; and have furnished some of the most pleasing character-pieces in any language. But the qualities we admire belong to them as '*honourable* men, although labourers;'—your mere villeins, as I have said, are forbidden by nature to aspire to such advantages.

There is, however, a condition yet lower than theirs. Not a few of the inferior class, domestics in the towns chiefly, are still slaves; and these not only, or perhaps mostly, negroes. The Moslem coasts, from Turkey to Morocco, furnish numbers; all prisoners of war, as well as any captives that can be snatched up on sudden land forays, or taken at sea, incur this fate in Spain as well as in Algiers. Some row in the galleys; others, men and maidens, are sold in open market; and, branded with the purchaser's mark (*herrados*), serve in wealthy houses. Of these, not a few of mixed origin, born, it may be, of Moors and Christian captives,† are in complexion as fair as any Spaniard south of the Tagus; and the dramatist does not fail to profit by this circumstance on occasions where love or danger makes a servile disguise convenient.

So much for the material degrees of society: turn now to its finest moral expression in woman,—who represents in each the gradations of all, from sovereign to slave. As hers is the dominant aspect in every modern comedy of manners, so in the Spanish above all she is professedly the supreme figure; *ince-*

* The epithets *bajo y cobarde* are constantly linked together in reproach of the low born, the meaning of both being in practice so nearly identical, that the phrase becomes a mere pleonasm. Our *base*, in Elizabeth's day, had the same sense. But note that here even your Feeble, 'a woman's tailor,' will 'scorn to bear a base mind.' It was one of the happiest distinctions of England that her nobles, from an early period, could not pretend to engross all the manly courage of the nation, as in other countries, where between gentleman and villein there stood no intermediate rank. But the lessons of Crecy and Agincourt were unheeded elsewhere—at what cost the world has since discovered.

† There would also at this period be still a remnant of the race of those Spanish Moors who were sold into domestic slavery in the war of the Alpujarras. (See Marmol Carbajal, quoted by Prescott, *Phil. II.*, iii. 29 and 226). It is moreover likely that many women and children were retained in this state on the final expulsion of the Moriscos by Philip III. They seem to have been in general not worse treated than other servants; but that they were cruelly used at times is proved by the special severities invented for their punishment. See Covarrubias in voc. *Pringar*, and Lope's plays, *Los melindres de Belisa* and *El acero de Madrid*, for references to the practice in question.

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dens regina, with an air conscious yet condescending. At the first glance, you see the idol of the scene only. Except in the gravest of sacred pieces, she is the beginning and end of all. The pursuit and possession of her love is the main business of the stage; whatever else arises, is sure, during its progress, to connect itself with some affair of the heart; and in the great majority of plays this, properly speaking, is the only interest. It is impossible to exceed the lip-worship, the ingenious flattery, passionate homage, and prostrate subservience with which Castilian lovers seem to treat their ladies. Saving honour, what sacrifice, danger, or misfortune can be imagined, which one smile of beauty will not overpay? In the mere hope of her favour the cavalier gladly provokes the most deadly risks, or submits to the hardest penance. Such zealous adoration, such imperial power, was never enjoyed by woman before.

Yet on looking steadily through this cloud of incense, and raising the flowery veil which envelops the fair image, a sense of the *amari aliquid* steals over the mind. You discover by degrees that between profession and faith there may be a wide interval; that the worship is more selfish than sincere; and that its deified object is by no means exempt from accidents altogether human. Of those which are known to the love-lore of all countries, I do not speak, being here concerned with such only as are in some way peculiar to the position of the sex in Spain.

There is one that may not at first strike the eye; but on nearer inspection it will be found running like a dark thread along the whole line of female destiny. The supreme, if not the sole, quality that makes woman adorable, is beauty. This alone is an efficient and imperative cause of love, the sovereign virtue of the sex, and the secret of its power. Other graces and merits may be praised, but this is the one thing worshipped.

Honour, of course, which every lady, above all, every noble woman (*muger principal*) must cherish, is essential, but not as an affair of love at all; it is exacted on grounds quite independent of, and often openly at variance with it. In short, beauty is the consummation of merit;* personal charms, if they do not include, dispense with the want of, all others. Whatever the sex can deserve, of distinction, devotion and attachment, is due to her whom nature has made sufficiently handsome.

This, which you find is the central idea of feminine worth, whether concealed in poetic compliments, or frankly declaring itself in the hurry of passion—a notion not the less earthly because it is clothed in the ethereal style of chivalrous romance—may be paralleled with that of the old Greek world, which paid divine honours to beauty, and made a religion of its influence. But the resemblance does not hold throughout; not, at least, if we accept the philosopher's view of the sense in which it was adored by the ancients. To them it was a visible type of inward harmony; the seal which nature loved to impress on a creation in every way perfect; so that what was outwardly fair could not be other than intrinsically good.† The Spanish idea seems to have been

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* To Lope this seems so natural, that he makes one of his female characters describe it as:

> Lo mejor que las concedó
> naturaleza piadosa
> porque estimadas fuesen.—(*Hermosa Fea.*)

Yet he of all the dramatists has the tenderest regard for woman; and shows on many occasions a sense of her claim to respect and forbearance on higher grounds, which, as we know from his friend and disciple Montalvan, was no fictitious sentiment. In his enumeration of certain things which the poet could not bear, we find 'those who spoke in dispraise of women, knowing that to them they were indebted for existence.' (*Fama Postuma, &c.*; in the *Obras Sueltas* de Lope. tom. xx.)

† The heroic age, however, knew nothing of such refinements. It is Helen's physical beauty that Homer's old men (*Iliad*, γ. 155-7) think enough to justify all the mischief she has done. Little else seems to have been prized in woman

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nearly the reverse of this. A prevailing opinion, at least, is to the effect that the gifts of nature, as of fortune, are so rarely united that the possession of one almost necessarily implies the want of the others. To the principle of which this is one example, I shall have to advert presently; only noting here how it tends to lower the tone of a worship which confines itself to mere bodily attractions.

From any point of view, indeed, this mode of love, however disguised, is seen to be essentially an affair of the senses, more an appetite than a sentiment; and as such it is likely to be selfish and fickle. That it does not consist with a true regard for womanhood in its best attributes, is evident. Indeed, the poets in general,* with all their flattery of the sex, do not profess much concern for anything but its personal charms; and their notions are as far as possible from the Platonic. Their brightest pictures of love are, perhaps unconsciously, painted on a ground thoroughly material.

As the passion blazes out at the first sight of beauty, so its fire, which possession only can quench, is apt thereupon to expire as suddenly as it was kindled. Constancy, in a happy lover, is a rare virtue, reserved for equal ties and noble natures only; nor is it always found even in these. Throughout the wider warfare of the sexes, the *varium et mutabile* belongs not to woman only: in the light skirmishes of gallantry, indifference soon succeeds to fondness; while in casual amours, especially where the conquest of an inferior is in question, the rudest change from desire to aversion is all but inevitable.† Notable exceptions will occur in all these cases; but they seem to excite surprise as well as admiration. The unquenched passion of King Alfonso for his fair Jewess of Toledo was imputed to witchcraft; and Pedro's fidelity to Ines de Castro is sung as a miracle of heroic attachment. In short, whenever we are shown a picture of constancy in a successful lover, there is always something to remind us that the rarity of the exhibition is not the least of its merits.

In this relation, if comedy may be trusted, the women, to the disgrace of cynical proverbs, are less variable on the whole than their lovers. The poets, indeed, do not forget the time-worn complaints of the sex's fickleness, but their stories are more complimentary than their maxims; and in them you shall hardly find one coquette for every three Lotharios. It lies in the nature of the case that the lady will be the most capricious in the dawn of an intrigue, the gallant when its noon is over. But through every stage of the 'lover's progress,' the women, in the drama at least, are far oftener found on the losing side than their admirers.

Where such is the risk of the

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throughout a great part of the old world (Sparta and Republican Rome perhaps excepted), until a higher notion of feminine worth came to light, in the German forests, and in the Christian religion, nearly at the same period. Tacitus, had he known it, might have written of the one as well as of the other. The coincidence from such remote points is worth noting.

* I have already excepted Lope.

† So Tirso (*Venganza de Tamar*), whose lines Calderon transferred to his play of *Los Cabellos de Absalon*, with the whole act to which they belong:

> un amor
> desatinado, si es fuego,
> solo deja en galardon
> cenizas que lleva el aire.

And again:

> que al fin son
> enemigas declaradas
> la esperanza y posesion.

I refrain from citing stronger expressions of the same idea, which constantly recurs in the comedies of intrigue. Its significance is obvious; the Spanish Lothario, of whatever age, being prone to that perverse revolution of taste which the Stagyrite supposed peculiar to the novice only. *Διά τί οι νέοι. ὅταν πρωτον ἀφροδισιάζειν αρχωνται. αἷς ἀν ὁμιλήσωσι μετα την πραξιν μίσουσιν; Problem: κεφ. ὅσα περὶ ἀφροδ. ι.*

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mistress, the wife may well tremble for the faith of a husband; and her fears too often prove true. But this mischance of marriage belongs to the comedy of all nations. The Spanish gentleman perhaps is not more cold to his spouse than are the husbands of other countries; but his domestic views give something of an original character to his pursuit of adventures elsewhere.

For observe: though, admiring his neighbour's wife, the cavalier neglects his own, woe to her, if, forsaken and tempted, she accepts consolation from any one else! The rule then is, to resent as the worst outrage, and pitilessly punish, the very thing which at the same moment you are yourself doing elsewhere. With regard to woman, married or maid, this is the man's law, as laid down in the code of Castilian love and honour. As for my own sister, wife, or daughter—if she allows the clandestine wooing of any one, it is my duty as a person of honour, no less than a becoming natural impulse, to take the lives of both on the instant of discovery, unless the case admits of a redemption of the offence by an immediate marriage. While thus vigilant and remorseless against contraband at home, I give my inclination the rein, and enhance my credit as a man of fashion, by the pursuit of every kind of illicit amour abroad. There is always some lady of another house at whose lattice I am sighing —to whom, in a word, I make love on terms that, did I find any lady of my own permitting, I should kill her on the spot. This is not all. As a true soldier of Cupid—and such is every cavalier —I war with the sex in general for nothing less than complete victory; at the same time, the distant approach, even, of a wooer who intends marriage, to my own particular womankind, if concealed from me, is not to be permitted or pardoned. Here there is no safety for honour but in absolute non-intercourse; all secret commerce between the sexes, however reserved, being *ipso facto* guilty.

Such a game of cross purposes—all playing at once—every man's hand against his neighbour, every man with some neighbour's hand against him—must, without certain safeguards, have come to a speedy end, by the mere destruction of all concerned. That this did not happen, was mainly due to a set of rules and usages, which to some extent diminished the perils of the system, although they must have multiplied its confusions. Nor was it always possible by these to prevent the occurrence of desperate tragedies; since all artificial defences are liable to give way under a strain, at the moment when they are most wanted.

The danger is greatest to ladies errant out of doors. Here the 'unprotected female' has one safeguard in an article of dress (the *manto*) which enables her to conceal her face (*taparse*) at will. Another is the general understanding that a gentleman, old or young, is bound to take the part of any lady thus disguised who asks his protection; and to defend her, at the cost of life, if needful, against any one whom she may fear or wish to avoid.

A gentlewoman, whether wife or maid, ought not, indeed, to be seen abroad unless in her coach, without due attendance; consisting, when not escorted by a gentleman of her family, in a *dueña* of suitable gravity and an *escudero* or ancient squire of dames, beside her own waiting-woman, and may be a page. These guardians will usually suffice to keep intruders at a distance; although, with good will and address on both sides, approaches even then are not impossible; and not only signs, but notes, and it may be a tender word or two, can be exchanged in crowded places,—say at the church door, which is the great *rendezvous* of gallants when the ladies are coming from the morning mass. But besides these lawful occasions, young ladies in love, or merely bent on a frolic, will steal out at unsuspected times, with no attendant but a trusted serving-maid. On such illicit rambles a strict *incognita* is necessary, and the truants go closely muffled; one eye, at most, being visible. Thus concealed, one fashion and colour of dress being common

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to all,* a lady cannot well be found out unless she is forced to unveil: avoiding this, she is tolerably safe. But this is precisely what she has to fear, if she happens to fall in with an Argus who fancies he recognises a well-known gait or figure, and who, if not confident enough to seize her on the spot, will at least follow closely, so that she cannot reach home or a friend's house without detection, unless the pursuer is stopped. Perhaps he is the relative to whom she is accountable for her conduct, or the rival of a favoured lover,—one whom she is engaged to marry against her will: or it may be that in mere sport she has exchanged words in the dusk with a strange *caballero*, with whom she has no intention of going further; and though courtesy in such a case requires him to desist when requested, he will not always refrain from trying to discover whither she is bound.

On all these occasions, reputation at least, if not life, is in jeopardy, if the pursuer cannot be eluded or stayed.

There are but two chances of escape when the chase is hot. One is, to run into the nearest open door. If there be a female friend living near at-hand, so much the better; where no rivalry exists, her fellow-feeling may be relied on. If the house be a stranger's, any gentleman to whom it belongs is called upon to shelter the fugitive, shield her against all comers, and when the coast is clear, see her safely home. But when no harbour is within reach, and danger presses, the first cavalier you meet must be entreated to keep the enemy at bay, at least until you are out of sight. This, as I have said, it is his duty to do; by civil remonstrance, if that will serve, if not, at the sword's point. By this 'peculiar domestic institution,' the risk which a system of joint license and jealousy would otherwise have thrown so terribly on the weaker sex, recoils to a certain extent on its male authors; a retribution in which there is a touch of poetical justice. The encounters, alarms, hidings, and homicides to which it gave rise, are the inexhaustible subjects of a class of plays called *de capa y espada*, which some have imagined the only form of Spanish comedy. Such incidents are rife in dramatic effects, some pathetic, others amusing. It may happen, for instance, that the fair runaway is given in charge to her own father, by some friend of his to whom she has run for protection; and you see the old gentleman gravely escorting to the house of a third party, there to hide, till the storm has blown over, one whom, if he could peep under her *mantilla*, he would certainly sacrifice on the spot.

Altogether, the ladies' lot, however relieved, must be called a hard one; and no gloss of the varnish can wholly conceal the reproach implied in it. They are, in fact, distrusted, if not, however unconsciously, despised; and the presumption which counts them all frail alike may at least bear half the blame of their fragility. Herein the Castilian, proud though he be of his northern blood, *sangre de Godos*, shows nothing of his ancestors' faith in woman, which formed the virtues it imputed. On the contrary, in this dearest part of life he is all but Oriental; although it is a point of his religion to abhor the race whose notions he adopts. He acts as if he thought, with the Turk, that woman is never safe but when locked up; total seclusion from the other sex being the only security for her virtue. Hence, the single resource of honour, in this tenderest point, is to prevent opportunity. If, in spite of precaution, an interview should happen, you proceed on the assumption that a culpable advantage has been taken of it. The lady is lost, unless the person with whom she may have been alone, though but for a few seconds, can marry her. And if this cannot be, the man whom her levity would disgrace can only retrieve his honour by slaying both

* Howell (whom, however, I should be sorry to quote as an authority for more than could be seen by the most cursory observer), says, 'All women going here veiled, and their habit so generally alike, that one can hardly distinguish a countess from a cobbler's wife.'—*Fam. Letters* (1623), book iii. lett. 32.

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offenders:* for offence is taken as proved, if merely possible. Indeed, the general opinion is, that even where compromise is allowable, it is, on the whole, the handsomest settlement of the affair, to close it by blood-letting.

Even in mutual love, however fond and happy, there runs an under-current of the same distrustful feeling, which bursts forth, on the faintest breath of suspicion, in all the bitterness of jealousy. This passion, which rages in Spain with a violence quite endemic, has a source of its own, and does not directly flow from a disbelief in feminine virtue; though it is naturally inflamed by it. There is specific a proneness to take fire at trifles, flying at once from the mere shadow of a doubt to the worst certainty—which, while affecting to show the height of amorous passion, in truth only reveals the low estimate of its object.

Thus woman might well be pitied, had she merely to contend with the persuasion of her weakness in those nearest to her. But this is not all. The slightest thing that may cast a reflection on her in the public eye, exposes her to extreme danger, although her innocence be as clear as day to all whom it really concerns. They may be satisfied; but honour exacts more. The public will still whisper; and this murmur can only be silenced in many cases by some act of violence.

Hence confidence between the sexes is impossible. The purest maid or matron, when importuned, has no friend at home to whom she dares appeal for protection. It is not safe to confess that she has been admired at all; and she has to hide an impertinence as if she had invited a crime. A lady, however annoyed, never dreams of complaining, because she has no chance of escaping suspicion but by concealment; while that very precaution doubles her risk if discovered. A woman of virtue, if handsome enough to be noticed, may thus be condemned to drink the bitter dregs of clandestine love, without having tasted its sweets: and the vestal, with no shield but her own modesty, and untrained in the arts of intrigue, is less safe than a coquette, familiar with deceit, and armed with ready wit and assurance. This awkward position, be it said, is in no wise due to a motive which often imposes silence on modest women in our own day. The Castilian lady has not the slightest scruple about involving her protector in a duel.† Were this all, nothing would be simpler than to complain and claim his interference. She knows that gentlemen will fight on far less provocation: we have seen that she does not hesitate to ask the first stranger she meets to draw his sword for her, when the occasion is pressing; how much less one of her own family! It is not this fear that ties her tongue, but the knowledge that she may suffer for the faults of others as severely as for her own. The chances are terribly against her satisfying a husband or father; but this done, the point of honour may still remain unsatisfied, craving the expiation, not of a disgrace, but of the possible scandal of one.

The victims of such a system as this, one would say, must live in constant alarm and anxiety. But it is pleasant to see how kindly, on the whole, Spanish womanhood accepts its conditions—nay, plays with them, rising gaily and fearlessly to 'the height of the situation.' The perils which environ every indulgence of amorous fancies, merely seem to enhance their delight, and call forth a whole array of brilliant defences. When love has once found its own way to one of these caged beauties, her naturally bright wit and ardent temper are kindled into a perfect glow of vivacity and resolution. There is no net from which she cannot escape, no adventure she

* This rule may be traced back to the Visigothic period. By the law of Burgos, for instance (see Schäfer, *Gesch. v. Spanien*, ii. 432), a husband who had spared his wife, wreaking his vengeance on the paramour only, was sentenced to an ignominious death by the halter.

† The only lady I remember who conceals an affront from pure reluctance to make a quarrel, is Leonarda, in *El Premio del bien hablar* (tom. iii.); but this sweet generous creature is a *dama de Lope*.

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will not hazard; in the most unexpected emergency she is seldom at a loss; danger may blanch her cheek, but it cannot confound her presence of mind. When surprised in a fit of emotion, her instant self-command is marvellous: she can smile and speak with graceful composure, while her bosom is heaving with aversion or torn with grief; nay, she can even—*rem prorsùs inauditam!*—be silent when needful, under the cruellest suspense or provocation. In short, she is mistress of every art of self-defence inherited by the sex in common, and has a little armoury of weapons peculiarly her own. Thus kindly does nature provide for the fulfilment of her universal law—making the power of resistance equal to the pressure! With all her dangers the Castilian beauty sports as lightly as a butterfly hovering over a torrent: unconscious of alarm while heart-free, and as brave as she is fond when once fairly enamoured. Viewed in the dramatic mirror, she is a lovely, spirited, and somewhat wilful creature; devoted and exacting; often generous to our sex, rarely true to her own; radiant and amiable in her pacific moods, but apt to be terribly fierce and vindictive when provoked or injured; above all, quite uncontrollable when stung by jealousy.

This jealousy—*zelos*—in Spanish known as a noun only in the plural, is in all other respects intensely singular. In the drama it is an indispensable motive, keeping in a perpetual whirl the lover's wheel of fortune; on which, as I have said, Spanish comedy for ever turns.

In all ages and climates, jealousy has been the bane of lovers. But the Castilian sort differs from every other, both in nature and in degree. Here it is not an accident, but of the very essence of love, which is otherwise inconceivable; you might almost say, not only its constant sign, but its chief attribute. Nothing can prevent its attack; the merest nothing provokes it; its doubts are certainties, and its penalties unlimited. The surest proofs of affection, years of tried constancy, sacrifices without measure,—all have not a feather's weight in the scale against a single grain of jealous umbrage. And this the Castilian theory accepts, not as a disease, but as the normal condition of love,—at least, in all of noble and gentle kind.

Thus omnipresent, and easily provoked, its effects are as violent as they are sudden. Once moved, it carries all before it: reason and tenderness alike disappear, and all is 'chaos come again.' Nor is this only, like the anger of moralists, a brief fury; the most lasting fits may be excited by trivial or temporary causes. To men in love, it allows no respect of persons or motives, being solely intent on the exclusive possession of a desired object. It matters not who or what may be to blame, when the loss of a mistress is in question—whether she is an unwilling victim of paternal force, or wilfully breaks her vow—the misfortune is alike resented as an offence, and reproachfully visited on her head. How can a lover thus hag-ridden be calm enough to inquire whence the evil comes? He is deaf to expostulations, and rages against his fellow-sufferer, as if she were the sole cause of his misery. Yet the very injustice of his passion is viewed as the brightest proof of its sincerity.

With women, it is, if possible, worse: at least, the distance looks wider between feminine softness and fury. The fair creature who but a minute since was a perfect image of trustful fondness, with every thought of self absorbed in devotion to her lover, is changed on the sudden into a Tisiphone, breathing mere hatred and revenge, by the slightest hint of a rival in his affections. In such a paroxysm, there is nothing, however wild, cruel, or scandalous, of which you would not imagine her capable. She seems to thirst for the life which just now was dearer than her own;* her reputation, even, she will risk for the sake of vengeance:

* In Lope's *Locos de Valencia*, Erifila, in a paroxysm of this sort, betrays a fatal secret of her lover's, and loudly denounces him as a fugitive from justice, with the express purpose of delivering him to death. A few minutes later, all being suddenly cleared and reconciled by a happy discovery, Floriano, whose life has

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in short, while the fit lasts—and no slight remedy will cure it—it is dangerous to approach her—*longè fuge*—she is no more herself; the turtle-dove being utterly lost in the termagant. Meanwhile, it is to be understood that the one character is not less feminine and becoming than the other. All is still love, and of the right stamp: you only see on these occasions how a cross stroke of passion is apt to turn up the wrong side of the medal.

The display of this headstrong impulse, however vividly painted and rich in dramatic effect, is at first sight more startling than attractive to strangers. Viewed alone, the petulance and perversity of jealous quarrels—too often a 'much ado about nothing'—might be termed essentially puerile. But when the circumstances of time and place begin to be felt, the impression is altered, and the effect becomes moving, if not serious. It has been shown that an amour in Madrid was no child's play on either side. Your cavalier can only approach his mistress with his life in his hand; ready at any moment to justify his suit, or dispossess a rival at the sword's point. In what jeopardy the lady listens to him, has been told. Amidst such perils—which were no poetic fiction—however eccentric the moves of the game may appear, it is played with too high stakes to be called frivolous. One may wonder, but will as often be tempted to sigh as to smile, at its extravagances.

(This chapter will be concluded next month.)

SWORD AND GOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY LIVINGSTONE.'

Chapter XVI.

To quarrel with a man over his cups, or in anywise to molest him in his drink, is an offence against the proprieties that even the goodnatured Epicurean cannot find it in his easy heart to palliate or pardon. On this point he speaks mildly, but very firmly:—

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est. Tollite barbarum
Morem: verecundumque Bacchum
Sanguineis prohibete rixis.

The ghost of Banquo was an uncivilized spectre, or—strong as was the provocation—it would have confronted Macbeth in any other place sooner than the banqueting-hall. The worst deed in the life of a cruel, false king was the setting on of the black bull's head before the doomed Douglases; and perhaps Pope Alexander, though singularly exempt from all vulgar prejudice, found it hard to obtain his own Pontifical absolution for the poisoned wine in which he pledged the Orsini and Colonna. In these, and a hundred like instances, there was certainly the shadowy excuse of political expediency or necessity; but what shall we say of that individual who interrupts the harmony of a meeting solely to gratify his own private pique or pleasure? Truly, with such enormities, Heaven 'heads the count of crimes.' I consider the most abominable act of which Eris was ever guilty, was the selection of that particular moment for the production of the golden apple. If she was bound to make herself obnoxious, she might have waited till the Olympians were sitting in conclave, or at least at home again; it was infamous to disturb them while doing justice to

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been thus endangered, embraces his appeased mistress with unqualified rapture: the very malice of her jealousy only proves the ardour of her love. Even the crimes suggested by jealous revenge will be counted virtues on certain occasions. Thus, in Boyl's *Marido Asegurado*, the heroine Menandra, whose trial by a suspicious husband is the subject of the play, is tempted, amongst other things by the pretence of a rival, and her endeavour to poison the cause of her jealousy, instead of revenging herself by listening to a lover, is represented as the crowning display of her virtue.

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the talents of Peleus's *cordon-bleu.* I wish very much, that injured and querulous Œnone had met her somewhere on the slopes of Ida, and 'given her a piece of her mind.'

On these grounds, I venture to hope that all well-regulated readers will concur with me in pronouncing Mr. Fullarton's conduct totally indefensible. It would have been so easy to have communicated his intelligence to any that it might concern, discreetly, at a fitting place and time, instead of casting it into the midst of a convivial assembly like a fulminating ball. Under other circumstances he would probably have taken the quieter course; but he had been smarting for some time under a succession of provocations, real and fancied, from Royston Keene, and his own misadventure that morning had filled the cup of irritation brimful. It was the old exasperating feeling—

Earl Percy sees my fall.

Whatever might be the cost, he could not make up his mind to let slip so fair a chance of embarrassing his imperturbable enemy; there is no saying what he would have given to see that marvellous self-command for once thoroughly break down. It is unfortunate that the best laid plans cannot always ensure a triumph. The Chaplain certainly did succeed in producing a 'situation,' and in reducing most of the party to that uncomfortable frame of mind which is popularly described as 'wishing oneself anywhere;' but the person who seemed most completely unconcerned was the man at whom the blow was levelled.

The Major shook his head with a quick gesture of impatience, just as if some insect had lighted on his forehead; beyond this, for any evidence of his being annoyed by it, Mr. Fullarton's last remark might have related to missionary prospects or Chinese politics. The steady colour on his swarthy face neither lost nor gained a shade; there was not a sign of anger, or shame, or confusion in his clear, bold eyes; and when he answered, there was not one fresh furrow on the brow that, at lighter provocation, was so apt to frown.

'I give you credit for being utterly ignorant of what you are talking about, Mr. Fullarton. You could not possibly guess how disagreeable the subject would be to me. As it can't be in the least interesting to any one else, suppose we change it?'

Just the same cold, measured voice as ever, with only a slight sarcastic inflexion to vary the deep, grave tones; but a very close observer might have seen his fingers clench the handle of a knife while he was speaking, as if their gripe would have dinted the ivory.

It was hardly to be expected that the rest of the party would emulate the *sang-froid* of the Cool Captain. Sailing under false colours is a convenient practice enough, and productive sometimes of many prizes; but divers penalties attach to its detection on land as well as on sea. Indeed it involves the necessity of *somebody's* appearing as a convicted impostor. On the present occasion —as the actor for whom the character was cast utterly declined to play it—the part fell to poor Harry Molyneux, who certainly looked it to perfection. In all his little difficulties and troubles, when hard pressed, he was wont to fall back upon the reserve of *la mignonne,* sure of meeting there with sympathy, if not with succour. He dared not do so now. He dared not encounter the reproach of the beautiful, gentle eyes that had never looked into his own otherwise than trustfully, since they first told the secret that she loved him dearly. The half-smothered cry that broke from Fanny's lips when the Chaplain made his disclosure, went straight to the heart of her treacherous husband: he felt as if he deserved that those pretty lips should never smile upon him again.

O all my readers!—masculine especially—whose patience has carried you thus far, remark, I beseech you, the dangers that attend any dereliction from the duty of matrimonial confidence. What right have we to lock up the secrets of our most intimate friends, far less our own, instead of pouring them into the bosom of the βαθύκολπος ἄκοιτις, which is capacious enough to hold them all, were they tenfold more

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numerous and weighty? Such reticence is rife with awful peril. In our folly and blindness we fancy ourselves secure, while the ground is mined under our guilty feet, and the explosion is even now preparing, from which only our *disjecta membra* will emerge. Of course some cold-hearted caviller will begin to quote instances of carefully planned and promising conspiracies, which miscarried solely because the details reached a feminine ear. It may have been so; but I don't see what business conspiracies have to succeed at all. Long live the Constitution! Truly, such delightful confidences must be something one-sided; for the mildest Griselda of them all would be led as a 'Martha to the Stakes,' sooner than concede to her husband the unrestricted supervision of her correspondence. I have indeed a dim recollection of having heard of *one* bride of seventeen, who, during the honeymoon, was weak and (*selon les dames*) wicked enough, to submit to profane male eyes epistles received from the friends of her youth, in their simple entirety, instead of reading out an expurgated edition of the same. She had been brought up in a very dungeon of decorum by a terrible grandmother, a rigid moralist whom no man ever yet beheld without a shiver; and during those first few weeks after her escape she was probably intoxicated by the novel sense of freedom; besides which she was perfectly infatuated about 'Reginald;' but all this could not exculpate her when arraigned before her peers. She lived long enough to repent and to reassert, to some extent, her lost matronly dignity; but she died very young—let us hope in fair course of nature. She had violated the first law of a guild more numerous and influential than that of the Freemasons: examples are necessary from time to time; and though the *Vehme-gericht* may pity the offender, it may not therefore linger in its vengeance. Nevertheless, my brethren, our course is clear. Let us resign to the chatelaine the key of the letter-bag and the censorship thereof. If, after due warning, our light-minded friends *will* write to us in terms that mislike that excellent and punctilious inspectress, they must abye it in the cold looks and bitter inuendoes which will be their portion when they come to us in the next hunting season. Our conscience, at least, will be pure and undefiled, and we shall pass to the end of our pilgrimage *sans peur*, though, perchance, even then not *sans reproche*. 'Servitudes,' as Miggs, the veteran vestal, remarked, 'is no inheritance;' but there are natures who thrive rarely in this tranquil and inglorious condition. Such men live, as a rule, pretty contentedly, to a great old age, and die in the odour of intense respectability. Salubrious, it seems, as well as creditable to the patient, is a *régime* of moderate hen-pecking; only it is necessary, that he should be of the intermediate species between Socrates and Georges Dandin.

Mrs. Danvers would certainly have indulged openly in that immoderate exultation to which all minor prophets are prone when their predictions chance to be verified, but this was checked by her constitutional timidity. She was horribly afraid of the effect that the revelation might have on her patroness. Therefore what precise meaning was implied by the complicated contortions of her countenance no mortal can guess or know. Her sensations probably resolved themselves into an excess of admiration for the Pastor in his new character of a denouncer of detected guilt, and champion of imperilled innocence; added to which was a vague desire to launch her own Anathema Maranatha at Royston Keene.

Dick Tresilyan took the whole thing with remarkable coolness, not to say complacency. He nodded his head, and smiled, and winked cunningly aside at Molyneux, as if to intimate that he had known all about it long ago; and indeed so far he had been admitted into the Major's confidence on the night when the latter was supposed to have 'lost his head.' By what sophistries Royston had succeeded in masking his purpose and making his case good, even to such an unsuspicious mind and easy morality, the devil could best tell, who in such schemes had rarely failed him.

We have left Cecil to the last.

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My proud, beautiful Cecil—was she not born for better things, than to be made the prize of all those plottings and counter-plottings—to surrender the key of her heart's treasures to one who was unworthy to kiss the hem of her robe—and now, to have her self-command tried so cruelly, to gratify the wounded vanity of a weak, shallow enthusiast?

She did not flinch or start when Mr. Fullarton's words caught her ear, but a heavy, chill faintness stole over her, till she felt all her limbs benumbed, and everything before her eyes grew misty and dim. The numbness passed away almost immediately, but still the figures around her appeared distorted and fantastically exaggerated; they seemed to be tossing and whirling round one steadfast centre, as the dead leaves in winter eddy round the marble head of a statue; that single centre-object remained, throughout, distinct and unaltered in its aspect, while all else was confused and uncertain—the face of Royston Keene. The sight of that face—not defiant or even stern, but immutable in its cold tranquillity—acted on Cecil as a magical restorative: it seemed as though he were able, by some mesmeric influence, to impart to her a portion of his own miraculous self-control. Before his reply to the Chaplain was ended, she threw back her proud head with the old imperial gesture, as if scorning her own momentary weakness; no mist or shadow clouded the brilliant violet eyes; she might speak safely now, without risking a false note in the music. It was no light peril that she escaped; the betrayal of emotion under such circumstances would have weighed down a meeker spirit than The Tresilyan's, with a sense of ineffaceable shame; for remember—however marked her partiality for Keene might have been—there had been no suspicion of an engagement between them. Had she broken down then, she would not have forgiven Royston to her dying day: she never *did* forgive the Chaplain. As it was—by a strange anomaly—at the very moment when she became aware of having been deluded and misled, in intention if not by actually spoken words—when she had most reason to hate or despise the 'enemy who had done her this dishonour'—she felt his hold upon her heart strengthened, as though he had justified his right to command it. Not to women alone, but to all beautiful, wild creatures, the ancient aphorism applies: the harder they are to discipline, the better they love their tamer. Cecil thought, 'there is not another man alive whose eyes could meet mine so daringly;' and the haughty spirit bowed itself, and did obeisance to its suzerain. Different in many respects as Good can be from Evil—in one, those two were as fairly matched as Thiodolf and Isolde. Who can tell what wealth of happiness might have been stored up for both, if they had only not met—too late?

These two words seem to me the most of any that are written or spoken. They strike the key-note of so many human agonies, that they might form a motto, apter than Dante's, for the gates of Hell. Very few may hear them without a melancholy thrill; well—if they do not bring a bitter pang. Like those awful conjurations that blanched in utterance the lips of the boldest Magi, they have a fearful power to wake the dead. Lo! they are scarcely syllabled when there is a stir in the grave-yard where sad or guilty memories lie buried; the air is alive with phantoms; the watcher may close his eyes if he will: not the less is he sensible of the presence of those pale ghosts that come trooping to their vengeance. Many, many hours must pass before the spell is learned that will send them back to their tombs again.

Not long ago I heard a story that bears upon this. The man of whom it was told lost his love after he had fairly wooed and won her. It matters not what suspicion, or misconception, or treachery parted them; but parted they were for eight miserable years. Then the lady repented or relented, and came to her lover to make her confession. When she had done speaking, she looked up into his face: she saw no light of gladness or welcome there—only a deepening and darkening

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of the weary look of pain: the arms whose last tender clasp she had not forgotten yet, never opened to draw her to his breast. He bent his head down upon his shaking hands, and the heavy drops that are sometimes wrung from strong men in their agony began to trickle through his fingers. In old days he could never bear to see her sad for a moment; now, he sat as though he heard her not, while she lay at his feet, wailing to be forgiven. When he could perfectly control his voice he said—

'More than once, in my dreams, I have seen you *so*, and I have heard you say what you have said to-day. I answered then as I answer now—I never can forgive you. I do not know that you would not regain your old ascendancy: I believe you are as dangerous, and I as weak, as ever. But I do know that, the more fascinating I found you, the harder it would be to bear. Thinking of what I had missed through that accursed time of famine, would drive me mad soon. I have got used to my present burden: I wont give you the chance of making it heavier. Those tears of mine were selfish as well as childish: they were given to the happiness and hope that you killed eight years ago. Stay—we parted with a show of kindness then: we will not part in anger now.'

He laid his lips on her forehead as he raised her up—a grave, cold, passionless kiss, such as is pressed on the brow of a dear friend lying in his shroud. They never met alone again.

It is exasperating to think how long I have taken to describe events and emotions that passed in the space of a few minutes; but to place all the *dramatis personæ* in their proper positions does take time, unless the stage-manager is very experienced. Will you be good enough to imagine the pic-nic broken up (*not* in confusion), and the 'strayed revellers' on their way to Dorade? Nothing worthy of note occurred on the spot; a commonplace conversation having been started and maintained in a way equally creditable to all parties concerned.

Chapter XVII.

All the inquiries that the Chaplain had 'felt it his duty' to make respecting the antecedents of Royston Keene had failed to elicit anything more discreditable than may be said of the generality of men who have spent a dozen years in rather a fast regiment, keeping up to the standard of the corps. Doubtless graver charges might have been imputed to him, if the whole truth had been known; but the living witnesses who could have proved them had good reasons for their silence. Whether successful or defeated, the Cool Captain was not wont to take the world into his confidence. As for betraying his own or another's secrets—his lips were about as likely to do *that* as those of an effigy on a tombstone.

Naples was a cover that the reverend investigator had not drawn; so he was considerably startled by the following words in a letter from thence, received that morning:—'I meet a lady constantly in society here, of whose history I am curious to know more. She is the wife of Major Keene, the famous Indian *sabreur;* but has been separated from him for several years. She never makes an allusion to his existence; it was by the merest chance that I heard this, and also that her husband is spending the winter at Dorade. Perhaps you can throw some light on the cause of the "separate maintenance?" People are not particular here, and have no right to be; still, one would like to know. I fancy it cannot be her fault: she is perfectly gentle in her manner, but rather cold—very beautiful too, in a placid, statuesque style.' It is not worth transcribing the writer's further speculations. If a silent, but ultra-fervent benediction can at all profit the person for whom it is intended, very few people have been so well paid for epistolary labour, as was, then, Mr. Fullarton's correspondent. The reason why has already been explained.

Well, he had made his great *coup* without carefully counting the cost—that financial pleasure was still to come. He could not help feeling that it had been rather a *fiasco*.

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The man whom he had purposed utterly to discomfit had throughout been provokingly at his ease; the best that could be made of it was, a drawn battle. A disagreeable consciousness crept over the Chaplain of having made himself generally obnoxious, without reaping any equivalent advantage or even satisfaction. No one seemed to look kindly or admiringly at him since the disclosure, except Mrs. Danvers; and, glutton as he was of such dainties, the adulation of that exemplary but unattractive female began rather to pall on his palate. He was clear-sighted enough to be aware that Miss Tresilyan was probably offended with him beyond hope of reconciliation, but this did not greatly trouble him. He had been sensible for some time of the decay of his influence in that quarter. Last of all rose on his mind, with unpleasant distinctness, Cecil's warning—'If I were a man, I should not like to have Major Keene as my enemy.' He had thrown the lance over that enemy's frontier, and it was now too late to talk of truce; a dread of the consequences overcame him as he thought of the reprisals that might be exacted by the merciless and unscrupulous Guerilla. True, it was not very evident what harm the latter could do him; nevertheless, he could not shake off a vague, depressing apprehension. More and more, as he strolled on moodily musing, far in the rear of the rest, he felt inclined to appreciate the wisdom of the ancient proverb, 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' Years afterwards he remembered with what a startled thrill, raising his eyes at a sharp angle of the path, he found himself face to face with Royston Keene.

For some seconds they contemplated each other silently—the Priest and the Soldier. A striking contrast they made. The one heated and excited and nervous, both in appearance and manner, looking more like a culprit brought up for judgment than a pillar of the Established Church: the other outwardly as undemonstrative as the rock against which he leant;—just a shade of paleness telling of the sharp mental struggle from which he had come out victorious;—his whole bearing and demeanour precisely what might have been expected if he had been sitting on a court-martial.

The absurdity of the position struck the Chaplain as soon as he collected himself from the first surprise. It never would do for *him* to look as if he had anything to be ashamed of; so, summoning to his aid all the dignity of his office and his own self-importance with a great effort, he spoke steadily—

'I presume you wish to talk to me, Major Keene? I shall be glad to hear anything that you may have to communicate or explain. It is my duty as well as my desire to be useful to any member of my congregation, however little disposed they may be to avail themselves of their privileges. Interested, as I must be, in the welfare of all committed to my charge, I need hardly say that the course you have chosen to pursue here has caused me great pain and anxiety,—I own, not so much for your sake, as that of others, to whom your influence was likely to be pernicious. What I heard this morning makes matters look still worse. I wish I could anticipate any satisfactory explanation.'

The old *ex cathedrâ* feeling came back upon him while he was speaking: his tone, gradually becoming rounder and more sonorous, showed this. Was he so besotted by sacerdotal confidence, as to fancy that he could win that grim penitent to come to him to be confessed or absolved?

Since the Chaplain first saw him, Royston had never changed his attitude. He was leaning with his shoulder against the corner of rock round which the path turned, standing half across it, so that no one could pass him easily. The dense blue cloudlets of smoke kept rolling out from his lips rapidly but regularly, and his right hand twined itself perpetually in the coils of his heavy brown moustache. That gesture, to those who knew his temper well, was ever ominous of foul and stormy weather. He did not reply immediately; but, taking the cigar from his mouth, began twisting up the loose leaf in a slow deliberative way. At last he said—

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'You did that rather well this morning. How much did you expect to get for it? My wife is liberal enough in her promises sometimes, when she wants to make herself disagreeable; but she don't pay well. You might have driven a better bargain by coming to me. I would have given you more to have held your tongue.' His tone was such as the other had never heard him use—such as most people would be loth to employ towards the meanest dependant. No description can do justice to the intensity of its insolence; it made even Mr. Fullarton's torpid blood boil resentfully.

'How dare you address such words to me?' he cried out, trembling with rage; 'if it were not for my profession——'

'Stop!' the other broke in, rudely, 'you need not trouble yourself to repeat that stale clap-trap. You mean to say that, if I were not safe from your profession, I should not have said so much. It isn't worth while lying to yourself, and I have no time to trifle. The converse is the truer way of putting it. You know better than I can tell you, that, if you had been unfrocked, you would never have ventured half what you have done to-day. You don't stir from hence till this is settled. Do you suppose I'll allow my private affairs to be made, again, an occasion for indulging your taste for theatricals?'

The Chaplain flushed apoplectically; he just managed to stammer out—

'I will not remain another instant to listen to your blasphemous insults. If you mean to prevent me from passing, I will return another way.'

> Scornfully
> He turned; but thrilled with priestly wrath, to feel
> His sacred arm locked in a grasp of steel.

A bolder man might have got nervous, finding himself on a lonely hill-side, face to face with such an adversary; reading, too, the savage meaning of those murderous eyes. Remember that Mr. Fullarton held Royston capable of any earthly crime. His own short-lived anger was instantly annihilated; the sweat of mortal terror broke out over all his livid face; his lips could hardly gasp out an unintelligible prayer for mercy.

The soldier's stern face settled into an expression of contempt; in his gentlest moods he could find little sympathy for purely physical fear.

'Don't faint,' he said; 'there is no occasion for it. Do you think I shall 'slay you as I slew the Egyptian yesterday?' Well, I have scanty respect for your office, especially when its privileges are abused. If it were not for good reasons, I would serve you worse than I did that drunken scoundrel who frightened you almost to death down there among the vines. But that don't suit my purpose. Listen—if you dare to interfere again, by word, or deed, or sign, in the affairs of me and mine, I know a better way of making you repent it.'

As soon as he saw that there was no real danger to life or limb, the Chaplain's composure began to return; he launched forth immediately into a gallant, though incoherent defiance. Royston's features never for an instant changed, or softened in their scorn.

'Fair words,' he retorted, 'but I'll make your bubbles burst. You don't monopolize *all* the resources of the Private Inquiry Office;' and, stooping down, he whispered a dozen words in the other's ear. They related to a charge brought against Mr. Fullarton, years ago—so circumstantial and difficult to disprove, that, with all the advantages of counter-evidence at hand, it had well nigh borne him down. He knew right well, that if it were once revived here abroad, where the lightest suspicion is caught up and used so readily, the consequences would be nothing short of utter ruin. He was a poor man, with a large family; no wonder if he quailed.

'You know — you know,' he gasped, 'that it is a vile, cruel falsehood.'

To do him justice, he spoke the simple truth there.

With a cold, tranquil satisfaction, the Major contemplated his victim's agony.

'I choose to know nothing about

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it, except that it carries more probability than most stories one hears. The world in general is, fortunately, not incredulous, and I have seen a man "broke" on lighter evidence. Well, you will take your own course; and I shall take mine. I fancy we understand each other—at last.'

By a superhuman effort the unlucky ecclesiastic did contrive to mutter something about his 'determination to do his duty.' Royston listened to him with his worst smile.

'I'll take my chance about that,' he said; 'I feel tolerably safe. Now, I'll leave you to settle the affair between your interest and your conscience.'

He turned on his heel, and strode away without another word. Long after he was out of sight, the Chaplain stood fixed in the same attitude of panic-stricken, helpless despondency. By my faith! even in these degenerate days, we have petrifying influences left, that may match the Head of the Gorgon.

Meanwhile, the others were wending slowly homeward; truly, in a very different mood from that in which they had gone forth that morning. Even as no man can be pronounced happy till the hour of his death, so can no excursion or entertainment be called successful till night has fairly closed in; caprice of climate is only one of the many sources of disappointment; and the event justifies so seldom our sanguine predictions, that we have little right to complain of false and fallible barometers. It is worthy of remark how often these trifles illustrate that trite and time-honoured simile of Life. The vessel starts gaily enough; heeling over gracefully to the land-wind, in the old approved fashion—'Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm'—there is not a misgiving in the heart of any one of the passengers; they cannot help pitying those left behind on the shore; what a cheery adieu they wave to the friends who come down to wish them 'good speed.' After a voyage more or less prolonged, the same ship drifts in slowly shorewards, over the harbour-bar, under the calm of the solemn sunset. Even the deepening twilight cannot disguise the evidences of a terrible 'sea-change.' Not a trace of paint or gilding remains on the wave-worn shattered timbers; sails rent, and cordage strained, tell tales of many storm-gusts, or, perchance, of one tornado; and, see—her flag is flying half-mast high; the corpse of the Pilot is on board. Let us stand aside, lest we meet the passengers as they land; it were worse than mockery to ask how the yachting trip has sped.

Miss Tresilyan rode somewhat in advance of the rest, under her brother's escort. Dick was a model in his own line, and other brothers-of-beauties might well imitate his moderation and discretion. He never thrust himself into the conversation or into her presence, when there was a chance of his intrusion being ill-timed; but was always at hand when he was wanted: the slightest sign, or even a glance from Cecil, brought him to her side; and there he would march for hours, in silent but perfect satisfaction. On the present occasion he seemed disposed to be unwontedly talkative, and to indulge in certain speculations relative to the intelligence they had just heard. It was true, he knew it before; but nothing had been disclosed to him beyond the simple fact, that Royston was married, and married unhappily. Cecil checked him gently, but very decidedly.

'I had rather not hear or say one word on the subject; it ought not to interest either of us. In good time, I suppose, we shall be told all that it is fitting we should know; meanwhile, it would be very wrong to make conjectures. No one has any right to pry into Major Keene's affairs if he chooses to keep them secret. I do not believe any one ever did so, even in thought, without repenting it. I daresay Mr. Fullarton will find this out, soon; and I shall not pity him in the least. A person *ought* to be punished who tries to startle people in that disagreeable way. Did you hear Fanny's little shriek? I have not had time to laugh at her about it, yet; the path is too narrow for two to ride abreast.'

The light tone and manner of her last words might have deceived a closer observer than honest Dick

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Tresilyan. He lapsed into silence; but, after some time, his meditations assumed a cheerfully roseate hue, as they resolved themselves into the fixed idea, that Royston was lingering behind 'to have it out with the parson.'

Some distance in the rear walked Harry Molyneux, holding dutifully his wife's bridle-rein. It was very touching to see the diffidence and humility with which he proffered his little attentions, which were accepted, as it were, under protest. The truth was, that *la mignonne* had forgiven him already, and it was with great difficulty she refrained from telling him so, by word or smile. Her soft heart melted within her at the sight of the criminal's contrition, and decided that he had done penance enough during the last half-hour to atone for a graver misdemeanour. But she deferred asking for explanations till a more convenient season, when there should be no chance of interruption; and meanwhile, on grounds of stern political necessity, *elle le boudait.* (If any elegant scholar will translate that Gallicism for me literally, I shall feel obliged to him.)

Fancy the sensations of a man fighting his frigate desperately against overwhelming odds, when he sees the outline of a huge 'liner,' with English colours at the main, looming dimly through the smoke, close on the enemy's quarter; or those of the commander of an untenable post, when the first bayonets of the relieving force glitter over the crest of the hill, and you will have a fair idea of Harry's relief as he looked back and saw Keene rapidly gaining on them with his swift slashing stride. As he fell back and yielded his post to Royston, this was written so plainly on his face that the latter could not repress a smile; but there was little mirth in his voice when he addressed Fanny—she had never heard him speak so gently and gravely—'I know that you are angry with your husband as well as with me for keeping you in the dark so long. I must make his peace with you, even if I fail in making my own. He could not tell you one word without breaking a promise given years ago: if he had done so, in spite of the excuse of the strong temptation, I would never have trusted him again. Ah, I see you have done him justice already: that is good of you. Now for my own part: why I did not choose to let you into the secret as soon as I began to know you well, I can hardly say. Hal will tell you all about it; and you will see that for once I was more sinned against than sinning. So, I was not afraid of your thinking worse of me for it. Perhaps the last thing that a man likes to confess is his one arch piece of folly, especially if he has paid for it as heavy a price as attaches to most crimes. I think I am not sorry that you were kept in the dark till now: the past has given me some pleasant hours with you that might have been darkened if you had known all. I wish you would forgive me. We have always been such good friends; and, in your sex at least, I can reckon so few.'

If he had spoken with his ordinary accent, Fanny would scarcely have yielded so readily; but the strange sadness of his tone moved her deeply. A mist gathered in her gentle eyes, as she looked at him for some moments in silence, and then held out a timid little tremulous hand.

'I should not have liked you worse for knowing that you had been unhappy once,' she whispered; 'but I ought never to have been vexed at not being taken into confidence. I don't think I am wise or steady enough to keep secrets; only I wish—I do wish—that you had told Cecil Tresilyan.'

He answered her in his old cool, provoking way, 'I know what you mean to imply; but you do Miss Tresilyan less than justice, and me too much honour. What right have you to infer that I look upon her in any other light than a very charming acquaintance, or that she feels any deeper interest in to-day's revelation than if she had heard unexpectedly that any one of her friends was married? Surprises are seldom agreeable, especially when they are so clumsily brought about. I am sure she has not told you anything to justify your suspicions.'

Fanny was the worst casuist out. She was seldom certain about her

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facts, and when she happened to be so, had not sufficient pertinacity or confidence to push her advantage. Her favourite argument was ever *ad misericordiam.* 'I wish I could quite believe you,' she said, plaintively; 'but I can't, and it makes me very unhappy. You must see that you ought to go.'

Her evident fear of him touched Royston more sharply than the most venomous reproach or the most elaborate sarcasm could have done; but he would not betray how it galled him. 'Three days ago,' he replied, 'I had almost decided on departure; now it does not altogether depend on me. But you need not be afraid. I shall not worry you long; and while I stay, I have no wish, and, I believe, no power, to do any one any harm.' She looked at him long and earnestly, but failed to extract any further confession from the impenetrable face. Keene would not give her the chance of pursuing the subject, but called up Harry to help him in turning the conversation into a different channel and keeping it there. Between the two they held the anxieties and curiosities of the oppressed *Mignonne* at bay till they entered Dorade.

They were obliged to pass the Terrasse on their way home: there, alone, under the shadow of the palms, sat Armand de Châteaumesnil. The invalid's great haggard eyes fixed themselves observantly on Cecil Tresilyan as she went by. He laid his hand on the Major's sleeve when he came to his side, and said, in a hoarse whisper, 'Qu'as tu fait donc, pour l'atterrer ainsi?' The other met the searching gaze without flinching, 'Je n'en sais rien; seulement—on dit que je suis marié.' If the Algerian had been told on indisputable authority that Paris and its inhabitants had just been swallowed up by an earthquake, he would only have raised his shaggy brows in a faint expression of surprise, exactly as he did now. 'Tu es marié?' he growled out. 'A laquelle donc des deux doit on compâtir—Madame ou Mademoiselle?' Yet he did not like Keene the worse for the impatient gesture with which the latter shook himself loose, muttering, 'Je vous croyais trop sage, M. le Vicomte, pour vous amuser avec ces balivernes de romancier.'

Fanny Molyneux and Cecil passed the evening together *tête-à-tête.* That kind little creature had a way of taking other people's turn of duty in the line of penitence and apology. On the present occasion she was remarkably gushing in her contrition, though her own guilt was infinitesimal; but she met with scanty encouragement. She had found time to extract from Harry all the details of the matrimonial misadventure, and wished to give her friend the benefit of them. Miss Tresilyan would not listen to a word. She did not attempt to disguise the interest she felt in the subject, but said that she preferred hearing the circumstances from Royston's own lips. With all this her manner had never been more gentle and caressing: she succeeded at last in deluding Fanny into the belief that everybody was perfectly heart-whole, and that no harm had been done, so that that night *la mignonne* slept the sleep of the innocent, no misgivings or forebodings troubling her dreams. Those brave women!—when I think of the pangs that they suffer uncomplainingly, the agonies that they dissemble, I am inclined to esteem lightly our own claims to the Cross of Valour. How many of them there are who, covering with their white hand the dagger's hilt, utter with a sweet calm smile, and lips that never tremble, the falsehood holier than most outspoken truths—*Pætus non angit!*

When Cecil returned home Mrs. Danvers was waiting for her, ready with any amount of condolence and indignation. She checked all this, as she well knew how to do; and at last was alone in her own chamber. Then the reaction came on; with natures such as hers, it is a torture not to be forgotten while life shall endure.

There were not wanting in Dorade admirers and sentimentalists, who were wont to watch the windows of The Tresilyan, as long as light lingered there. How those patient, unrequited astronomers would have been startled, if their eyes had been sharp enough to penetrate the dark recess where she lay writhing and prone—her stricken

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face veiled by the masses of her loosened hair—her slender hands clenched till the blood stood still in their veins, in an agony of stormy self-reproach and fiery longing, and injured pride; or if their ears had caught the sound of the low, bitter wail that went up to Heaven like the cry from Gehenna of some fair, lost spirit, 'My shame—my shame!'

Under favour of the audience, we will drop the curtain here. One of our puppets shall appear, to-night, no more. When a heroine is once on the stage, the public has a right to be indulged with the spectacle of her faults and follies, as well as of her virtues and excellences; yet I love the phantasm of my queenly Cecil too well to parade her, discrowned and in abasement.

Chapter XVIII.

Other eyes besides Cecil's kept watch through the night that followed that eventful day. Royston's never closed till the dawning. Sometimes sitting motionless, sunk in his gloomy meditations, sometimes walking restlessly to and fro, and cooling his hot forehead in the current of the fresh night-air, he kept his mind on a perpetual strain, calculating all probable and improbable chances; and the dull red light was never quenched, that told of perpetually renewed cigars.

I fancy I hear an objection, springing from lips that are wont to be irresistible, levelled against such an atrocious want of sentiment. Fairest critic! we will not now discuss the merits or demerits of nicotine, considered as an aid to contemplation or an anodyne; but do you allow enough for the force of habit? Putting aside the case of those Indian captives, who are allowed a pipe in the intervals of torment (for these poor creatures have had no advantages of education, and are beyond the pale of civilized examples), do you not know that men have finished their last weed while submitting to the toilette of the guillotine? We are told that a Spaniard has begged of his confessor a light for his *papelito* within sight of a freshly dug grave, when the firing-party was awaiting him one hundred paces off with grounded arms.

Only when the sky was grey did Royston lie down to rest; but he slept heavily late into the morning. His first act, when he rose, was to send a note to Cecil Tresilyan, begging her to meet him at a named place and time: she did not answer it. Nevertheless, he felt certain she would come. Assignations were no novelties to him; but he had gone forth to bear his part in more than one stricken field, where the chances of life and death were evenly poised, without any such despondency or uncertainty as clung to him then on his way to the appointed spot. He arrived there first; but he had not waited long when Cecil came slowly along the path that led into the heart of the woodland. As she drew near, Keene could not help thinking of the first time his eyes had lighted on her, mounting the zig-zags of the Castle-hill. There was still the same elasticity of step, the same imperial carriage of the graceful head; but a less observant eye would have detected the change in her demeanour. The pretty petulance and provocative manner which, contrasting with the royalty of her form and feature, contributed so much to her marvellous fascinations, had departed, he feared, never to return.

Many instances occur daily where that same painfully unnatural gravity exasperates us, when its cause cannot be traced up to either guilt or sorrow. Ah, Lilla! there are many who think that your wild-flower wreath was a more becoming ornament than that diamond circlet—bridal gift of the powerful Baron. Sweet Eugenia! faces that were never absent from your *levées* in old times, you have missed at your court since you wedded Cæsar.

Both were outwardly quite calm; but who can guess which of those two strong hearts was most conscious of tremor and weakness, when Royston and Cecil met? His hand at least was the steadier, for her slight fingers quivered nervously in his grasp. He did not let them go till he began to speak.

'Whatever your decision may be after hearing me, I shall always thank you for coming here. It was

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like you—to give me the chance of speaking for myself. At least no falsehood or misconception shall stand between us. Will you listen to my story?'

'I came for no other purpose,' Cecil said, and she sate down on the trunk of a fallen olive: she knew there would be need to husband all her strength. Thinking of these things, in after days, she never forgot how carefully he arranged his plaid on the branches behind her, so as to keep off the gusts of wind that ever and anon blew sharply. At that very instant, as if there were some strange sympathy in the elements, the sun plunged into the bosom of a dull leaden cloud, and there came a growl of distant thunder.

'I shall not tax your patience long,' Royston went on. 'It shall only be the briefest outline. But do not interrupt me till I have ended; it is hard enough to have to begin and go through with it. I cannot tell you why I married. Many people asked me the question at the time, and I have asked it of myself often since; but I never could find any satisfactory answer. The woman I chose was then very beautiful, and it was not a disadvantageous match; but I had seen fairer faces and fortunes go by without coveting them. I think a certain obstinacy of purpose, and an absurd pleasure in carrying off a prize (such a prize!) from many rivals, was at the bottom of it all. In six months I began to appreciate the inconveniences of living with a statue; but I can say it truly, I never dreamt of betraying her. Yet I had temptations: remember I was not yet twenty-two, and one does not bear disappointments well at that age. We had not been married quite a year when an officer in a native regiment died, up in the Hills, of *delirium tremens*. Do you know that, under such circumstances, there is always a commission appointed to examine the dead man's papers? I could not help seeing that, for some days past, my wife's manner had been strangely sullen and cold; but I had no suspicion of the truth. I don't think I have ever been so surprised as when the president of the commission brought me a bundle of her letters. I never saw her paramour: he must have been more fool than scoundrel to have kept what he ought to have burned. I did not thank the man who gave me those papers, and I never spoke to him again. I only read one of them—it was written soon after our marriage. I went to my wife with *this* in my hand. She listened to me in her own icy way, not denying or confessing anything; but she defied me to prove actual infidelity, either before or after my authority began. I could not do it, whatever I might think. I could only prove a course of lies and *chicanerie*, worked out by her and all her family, that would have sickened the most unscrupulous schemer alive. I told her I would never sleep under the same roof with her again. She laughed—if you could hear her laugh, you would excuse me for more than I have done—and said, "You can't get a divorce." She was right there. So it was settled that we were to live apart without any public scandal. But her people would not accept this position. They sent a brother to bully me. It was an unwise move. My temper was wilder in those days, and I had strong provocation; yet I repent that I did not keep my hands off the throat of that wretched, blustering civilian. It was all arranged peacefully at last, and I have not seen her since, though I hear of her from time to time, as I did yesterday. This happened eleven long years ago, and she has never given me a chance of ridding myself of her since. She is always carefully circumspect, and so works out a patient revenge, though I believe I did her no wrong. You have heard all I dare to tell you, and all the truth. Judge me now.'

For the last few minutes a great battle had been waging in Cecil Tresilyan's heart. Can the wisest of us—before the armies meet—prophecy aright, as to the issue of such an Armageddon?

Twice she tried to speak, and found her voice rebellious; at last she answered, in a faint, broken tone, 'I cannot say how I pity you.'

He threw back his lofty head in anger or disdain.

'I will not accept groundless

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compassion, even from you. Do not deceive yourself. I have learnt how to bear my burden; it scarcely cumbers me now. It has fretted me more in the last three weeks than it has done for years. I only wish you to decide whether I did very wrong in keeping back the knowledge of all this from you; and, if I have offended unpardonably, what my punishment shall be.'

There was something more than reproach in the glance that flashed upon him out of the violet eyes; for an instant, they glittered almost scornfully; her lip, too, had ceased to tremble; and the silver in her voice rang clear and true—

'You are not afraid to ask that question—remembering many words addressed to me, each one of which was an insult—from you? You dare not yet dishonour me in your thoughts so far as to doubt how I should have acted *at first*, if I had known your true position. Or are you amusing yourself still at my expense? I had thought you more generous.'

The gloom on Royston's face deepened sullenly: though he had schooled himself up to a certain point of humility, even from her he could ill brook reproof.

'Those insults were not premeditated, at least,' he retorted. 'Have you not got accustomed, yet, to men's losing their heads in your presence, and then talking as the spirit moved them? And you think I am amusing myself now. *Merci!* there runs something in my veins warmer than ice-water.'

His accent was abrupt, even to rudeness; yet Cecil felt a thrill of guilty triumph as she heard it, and marked the shiver of passion that shot through the colossal frame from brow to heel. A more perfect specimen of immaculate womanhood might not have been insensible to that acknowledgment of her power. But she shook her head in sorrowful incredulity.

'You do less than justice to your self-control. But it is too late for reproaches. I forgive you for any wrong that you may have done me, even in thought or intention. I wish the past could be buried. For the future, I can say only this—we must part, and that instantly; it is more than time.'

Keene had expected some such answer, and it did not greatly disconcert him. After pausing a second or two he said—

'I did not ask you for your decision without meaning to abide by it. But it would be well to pause before you make it final. Remember—we shall not part for days, or months, if you send me away now. At least, you need not fear persecution. Yet it is difficult to reconcile oneself to banishment. Will you not give me a chance of making amends for the folly you complain of? I cannot promise that my words shall always be guarded, and my manner artificial; but I think I would rather keep your friendship than win the love of any living woman; and I would try hard never to offend you. Let us finish this at once. You have only to say "leave me," and I swear that you shall be obeyed to the letter.'

On that last card hung all the issue of the game that he would have sold his soul to win; yet he spoke, not eagerly, though very earnestly; and waited quietly for her reply, with a face as calm as death.

Cecil ought not to have hesitated for an instant: we all know that. But steady resolve and stoical self-denial, easy enough in theory, are often bitterly hard in practice. It is very well to preach to the wayfarer, that his duty is to go forward and not tarry. But fresh and green grow the grasses round the Diamond of the Desert; pleasantly over its bright waters droop the feathery palms. How drearily the grey arid sand stretches away to the sky-line! Who knows how far it may be to the next oasis? Let us rest yet another hour by the fountain.

From any deliberate intention to do wrong, Cecil was as pure as any canonized saint in the roll of virgins and martyrs; but, if she had been a voluptuary as elaborate as La Pompadour, she could not have felt more keenly that her love had increased tenfold in intensity since it became a crime to indulge it. The passionate energy that had slumbered so long in her tempera-

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ment was thoroughly roused at last, and would make itself heard, clamorously enough to drown the still small voice, that said, 'beware and forbear.' Her principles were good, but they were not strong enough to hold their own. O pride of the Tresilyans! that had tempted to sin so many of that haughty house, when you might have saved its fairest descendant, was it the time to falter and fail? She looked up piteously in her great extremity; there was a prayer for help in her eyes; but between them and Heaven was interposed a stern bronze face, not a line of it softening.

At length the faint, broken whisper came—'God help me! I *cannot* say it.'

There was a pause, but not a stillness, for the beating of her companion's heart was distinctly audible. Then Cecil spoke again in her own natural caressing tones.

'You will be good and generous, I know. See how I trust you!'

The thought of how their continued intimacy might touch her fair fame, never seemed to suggest itself for an instant. Yet, remember The Tresilyan was no longer a guileless, romantic girl, believing and hoping all things:—she knew right well what scandals and jealousies lurk under the smooth surface of the society in which she had borne so prominent a part; she knew that there were women alive who would have given half their diamonds to have her at their mercy, and torment her at their will. Was it likely that such would let even a slander sleep? Let the *Rosière* of last season lay this reflection to her heart, to temper the immoderation of triumph—'For every one of my victories, I have made one mortal enemy.' Not only, while in supremacy, is the potentate obnoxious to conspiracies; the dagger is most to be dreaded when the dignity is laid down. All dethroned and abdicating Dictators have not the luck of Sylla.

Silently and unreservedly to accept such a sacrifice, while the offerer was resolved not to count the cost, transcended even the cynicism of Royston Keene. He grasped her arm as though to arrest her attention, and almost involuntarily broke from his lips words of solemn warning.

'Let me go on my way alone, while there is time. It is hard to touch pitch and keep undefiled. Child, you are too pure to estimate your danger. If you remained as innocent as one of God's angels, the world would still condemn you.'

Her slender fingers twined themselves round his wrist, so tenderly!—and she bent down her soft cheek till its blush was hidden on his hand. Then she looked up in his face with a bright, trustful smile.

'Great happiness cannot be bought without a price. I fear no reproach so much as that of my own conscience. Do not think I delude myself as to the risk I am incurring. But if I am innocent, I shall never hear or heed what the world may say; if I am guilty—I have no right to complain of its scorn.'

Hardened unbeliever as he was, Royston could have bowed himself there, and worshipped at her feet. But he would not confess his admiration; still less, betray his triumph. He raised the little white hand that was free, gently, to his lips. Not with more reverent courtesy could he have done homage to an Anointed Queen.

'I wish I were worthier of you,' he murmured; and no more was said then.

As they walked slowly homewards, the sullen clouds broke away from the face of the sun: but a weather-wise observer could have told that the truce was only treacherous. The tempest bided its time.

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CONCERNING FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.*

THERE is a peculiar pleasure in paying a visit to a friend whom you never saw in his own house before. Let it not be believed that in this world there is much difficulty in finding a new sensation. The genial, unaffected, hard-wrought man, who does not think it fine to appear to care nothing for anything, will find a new sensation in many quiet places, and in many simple ways. There is something fresh and pleasant in arriving at an entirely new railway station, in getting out upon a platform on which you never before stood; in finding your friend standing there looking quite at home in a place quite strange to you; in taking in at a glance the expression of the porter who takes your luggage and the clerk who receives your ticket, and reading there something of their character and their life; in going outside, and seeing for the first time your friend's carriage, whether the stately drag or the humbler dog-cart, and beholding horses you never saw before, caparisoned in harness heretofore unseen; in taking your seat upon cushions hitherto unpressed by you, in seeing your friend take the reins, and then in rolling away over a new road, under new trees, over new bridges, beside new hedges, looking upon new landscapes stretching far away, and breaking in upon that latent idea common to all people who have seen very little, that they have seen almost all the world. Then there is something fresh and pleasant in driving for the first time up the avenue, in catching the first view of the dwelling which is to your friend the centre of all the world, in walking up for the first time to your chamber (you ought always to arrive at a country house for a visit about three quarters of an hour before dinner), and then in coming down and finding yourself in the heart of his belongings; seeing his wife and children, never seen before; finding out his favourite books, and coming to know something of his friends, horses, dogs, pigs, and general way of life; and then after ten days, in going away, feeling that you have occupied a new place and seen a new phase of life, henceforward to be a possession for ever.

But it is pleasanter by a great deal to go and pay a visit to a friend visited several times (not too frequently) before: to arrive at the old railway station, quiet and country-like, with trees growing out of the very platform on which you step; to see your friend's old face not seen for two years; to go out and discern the old drag standing just where you remember it, and to smooth down the horses' noses as an old acquaintance; to discover a look of recognition on the man-servant's impassive face, which at your greeting expands into a pleased smile; to drive away along the old road, recognising cottages and trees; to come in sight of the house again, your friend's conversation and the entire aspect of things bringing up many little remembrances of the past; to look out of your chamber window before dinner and to recognise a large beech or oak which you had often remembered when you were far away, and the field beyond, and the hills in the distance, and to know again even the pattern of the carpet and the bed curtains; to go down to dinner, and meet the old greeting; to recognise the taste of the claret; to find the children a little bigger, a little shy at first, but gradually acknowledging an old acquaintance; and then, when your friend and you are left by yourselves, to draw round the fire (such visits are generally in September), and enjoy the warm, hearty look of the crimson curtains hanging in the self-same folds as twenty-four months since, and talk over many old things.

We feel, in opening the new volumes of *Friends in Council*, as we should in going to pay a visit to an old friend living in the same

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* *Friends in Council:* a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. A New Series. Two Volumes. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1859.

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pleasant home, and at the same pleasant autumnal season in which we visited him before. We know what to expect. We know that there may be little variations from what we have already found, little changes wrought by time; but, barring great accident or disappointment, we know what kind of thing the visit will be. And we believe that to many who have read with delight the previous volumes of this work, there can hardly be any pleasanter anticipation than that of more of the same wise, kindly, interesting material which they remember. A good many years have passed since the first volume of *Friends in Council* was published; a good many years even since the second: for, besides various conversations which have appeared in this Magazine,* and which are not included in the present series, the essays and discourses now given to the public form the third published portion of the work. Continuations of successful works have proverbially proved failures; the author was his own too successful rival; and intelligent readers, trained to expect much, have generally declared that the new production was, if not inferior to its predecessor, at all events inferior to what its predecessor had taught them to look for. But there is no falling off here. The writing of essays and conversations, set in a framework of scenery and incident, and delineating character admirably though only incidentally, is the field of literature in which the author stands without a rival. No one in modern days can discuss a grave subject in a style so attractive; no one can convey so much wisdom with so much playfulness and kindliness; no one can evince so much earnestness unalloyed by the least tinge of exaggeration. The order of thought which is contained in *Friends in Council*, is quarried from its author's best vein. Here, he has come upon what gold-diggers call a *pocket:* and he appears to work it with little effort. However difficult it might be for others to write an essay and discourse on it in the fashion of this book, we should judge that its author does so quite easily. It is no task for suns to shine. And it will bring back many pleasant remembrances to the minds of many readers, to open these new volumes, and find themselves at once in the same kindly atmosphere as ever; to find that the old spring is flowing yet. The new series of *Friends in Council* is precisely what the intelligent reader must have expected. A thoroughly good writer can never surprise us. A writer whom we have studied, mused over, sympathized with, can surprise us only by doing something eccentric, affected, unworthy of himself. The more thoroughly we have sympathized with him; the more closely we have marked not only the strong characteristics which are already present in what he writes, but those little matters which may be the germs of possible new characteristics; the less likely is it that we shall be surprised by anything he does or says. It is so with the author of *Friends in Council.* We know precisely what to expect from him. We should feel aggrieved if he gave us anything else. Of course there will be much wisdom and depth of insight; much strong practical sense: there will be playfulness, pensiveness, pathos; great fairness and justice; much kindness of heart; something of the romantic element; and as for style, there will be language always free from the least trace of affectation; always clear and comprehensible; never slovenly; sometimes remarkable for a certain simple felicity; sometimes rising into force and eloquence of a very high order: a style, in short, not to be parodied, not to be caricatured, not to be imitated except by writing as well. The author cannot sink below our expectations; cannot rise above them. He has already written so much, and so many thoughtful readers have so carefully studied what he has written, that we know the exact length of his tether, and he can say nothing for which we are not prepared. You know exactly what to expect in this new work. You could not, indeed,

* *Fraser's Magazine*, December, 1855, and January and February, 1856.

produce it; you could not describe it, you could not say beforehand what it will be; but when you come upon it, you will feel that it is just what you were sure it would be. You were sure, as you are sure what will be the flavour of the fruit on your pet apple-tree, which you have tasted a hundred times. The tree is quite certain to produce that fruit which you remember and like so well; it is its nature to do so. And the analogy holds further. For, as little variations in weather or in the treatment of the tree—a dry season, or some special application to the roots—may somewhat alter the fruit, though all within narrow limits; so may change of circumstances a little affect an author's writings, but only within a certain range. The apple-tree may produce a somewhat different apple; but it will never produce an orange, neither will it yield a crab.

When we have sufficiently enjoyed the external and material characteristics of the volumes, we shall find ourselves among our old friends. We should have good reason to complain had Dunsford, Ellesmere, or Milverton been absent; and here they are again just as before. Possibly they are even less changed than they should have been after thirteen or fourteen years, considering what their age was at our first introduction to them. Dunsford, the elderly country parson, once fellow and tutor of his college, still reports the conversations of the friends; Milverton and Ellesmere are, in their own way, as fond of one another as ever; Dunsford is still judicious, kind, good, somewhat slow, as country parsons not unnaturally become; Ellesmere is still sarcastic, keen, clever, with much real worldly wisdom and much affected cynicism overlying a kind and honest heart. As for Milverton, we should judge that in him the author of the work has unconsciously shown us himself; for assuredly the great characteristics of the author of *Friends in Council* must be that he is laborious, thoughtful, generous, well-read, much in earnest, eager for the welfare of his fellow-men, deeply interested in politics and in history, impatient of puritanical restraints, convinced of the substantial importance of amusement. Milverton, we gather, still lives at his country-seat in Hampshire, and takes some interest in rustic concerns. Ellesmere continues to rise at the bar; since we last met him has been Solicitor-General, and is now *Sir John*, a member of the House of Commons, and in the fair way to a Chief Justiceship. The clergyman's quiet life is going on as before. But in addition to our three old friends we find an elderly man, one Mr. Midhurst, whose days have been spent in diplomacy, who is of a melancholy disposition, and takes gloomy views of life, but who is much skilled in cookery, very fat, and very fond of a good dinner. Also Mildred and Blanche, Milverton's cousins, two sisters, have grown up into young women of very different character: and they take some share in the conversations, and, as we shall hereafter see, a still more important part in the action of the story. We feel that we are in the midst of a real group of actual human beings:—just what third-rate historians fail to make us feel when telling us of men and women who have actually lived. The time and place are very varied; but through the greater portion of the book the party are travelling over the Continent. A further variation from the plan of the former volumes, besides the introduction of new characters, is, that while all the essays in the preceding series were written by Milverton, we have now one by Ellesmere, one by Dunsford, and one by Mr. Midhurst, each being in theme and manner very characteristic of its author. But, as heretofore, the writer of the book holds to his principle of the impolicy of 'jading anything too far,' and thinks with Bacon that 'it is good, in discourse and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest.' The writer likewise holds by that system which his own practice has done so much to recommend—of giving locality and time to all abstract thought, and

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thus securing in the case of the majority of readers an interest and a reality in no other way to be attained. Admirable as are the essays contained in the work, but for their setting in something of a story, and their vivification by being ascribed to various characters, and described as read and discussed in various scenes, they would interest a very much smaller class of readers than now they do. No doubt much of the skill of the dramatist is needed to secure this source of interest. It can be secured only where we feel that the characters are living men and women, and the attempt to secure it has often proved a miserable failure. But it is here that the author of *Friends in Council* succeeds so well. Not only do we know precisely what Dunsford, Milverton, and Ellesmere are like; we know exactly what they ought and what they ought not to say. The author ran a risk in reproducing those old friends. We had a right to expect in each of them a certain idiosyncrasy; and it is not easy to maintain an individuality which does not dwell in mere caricature and exaggeration, but in the truthful traits of actual life. We feel we have a vested interest in the characters of the three friends: not even their author has the right essentially to alter them; we should feel it an injury if he did. But he has done what he intended. Here we have the selfsame men. Not a word is said by one of them that ought to have been said by another. And here it may be remarked, that any one who is well read in the author's writings, will not fail here and there to come upon what will appear familiar to him. Various thoughts, views, and even expressions, occur which the author has borrowed from himself. It is easy to be seen that in all this there is no conscious repetition, but that veins of thought and feeling long entertained have cropped out to the surface again.

We do not know whether or not the readers of *Friends in Council* will be startled at finding that these volumes show us the grave Milverton and the sarcastic Ellesmere in the capacity of lovers, and leave them in the near prospect of being married—Ellesmere to the bold and dashing Mildred; Milverton to the quiet Blanche. The gradual tending of things to this conclusion forms the main action of the book. The incidents are of the simplest character: there is a plan but no plot, except as regards these marriages. Wearied and jaded with work at home, the three friends of the former volumes resolve on going abroad for a while. Midhurst and the girls accompany them: and the story is simply that at various places to which they came, one friend read an essay or uttered a discourse (for sometimes the essays are supposed to have been given *extempore*), and the others talked about it. But the gradual progress of matters towards the weddings (it may be supposed that the happy couples are this September on their wedding tours) is traced with much skill and much knowledge of the fashion in which such things go; and it supplies a peculiar interest to the work, which will probably tide many young ladies over essays on such grave subjects as *Government* and *Despotism*. Still, we confess that we had hardly regarded Ellesmere and Milverton as marrying men. We had set them down as too old, grave, and wise, for at least the preliminary stages. We have not forgotten that Dunsford told us* that in the summer of 1847 he supposed no one but himself would speak of Milverton and Ellesmere as young men; and now of course they are twelve years older, and yet about to be married to girls whom we should judge to be about two or three and twenty. And although it is not an unnatural thing that Ellesmere should have got over his affection for the German Gretchen, whose story is so exquisitely told in the *Companions of my Solitude*, we find it harder to reconcile Milverton's marriage with our previous impression of him. Yet perhaps all this is truthful to life. It is not an unnatural thing that a man who for years has settled down into the belief that he has faded, and that for him the romantic interest has

* *Friends in Council*, Introduction to Book II.

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gone from life, should upon some fresh stimulus gather himself up from that idea, and think that life is not so far gone after all. Who has not on a beautiful September day sometimes chidden himself for having given in to the impression that the season was so far advanced, and clung to the belief that it is almost summer still?

In a preliminary *Address to the Reader*, the author explains that the essay on *War*, which occupies a considerable portion of the first volume, was written some time ago, and intends no allusion to recent events in Europe. The *Address* contains an earnest protest against the maintenance of large standing armies; it is eloquent and forcible, and it affords additional proof how much the author has thought upon the subject of war, and how deeply he feels upon it. Then comes the *Introduction* proper, written, of course, by Dunsford. It sets out with the praise of conversation, and then it sums up what the 'Friends' have learned in their longer experience of life:

> We 'Friends in Council' are of course somewhat older men than when we first began to meet in friendly conclave; and I have observed as men go on in life they are less and less inclined to be didactic. They have found out that nothing is, didactically speaking, true. They long for exceptions, modifications, allowances. A boy is clear, sharp, decisive in his talk. He would have this. He would do that. He hates this; he loves that: and his loves or his hatreds admit of no exception. He is sure that the one thing is quite right, and the other quite wrong. He is not troubled with doubts. He knows.
>
> I see now why, as men go on in life, they delight in anecdotes. These tell so much, and argue, or pronounce directly, so little.

The three friends were sauntering one day in Milverton's garden, all feeling much overwrought and very stupid. Ellesmere proposed that for a little recreation they should go abroad. Milverton pleads his old horror of picture-galleries, and declares himself content with the unpainted pictures he has in his mind:

> It is curious, but I have been painting two companion pictures ever since we have been walking about in the garden. One consists of some dilapidated garden architecture, with overgrown foliage of all kinds, not forest foliage, but that of rare trees such as the Sumach and Japan-cedar, which should have been neglected for thirty years. Here and there, instead of the exquisite parterre, there should be some miserable patches of potatoes and beans, and some squalid clothes hung out to dry. Two ill-dressed children, but of delicate features, should be playing about an ugly neglected pool that had once been the basin to the fountain. But the foliage should be the chief thing, gaunt, grotesque, rare, beautiful, like an unkempt, uncared-for, lovely mountain girl. Underneath this picture:—'Property in the country, in chancery.'
>
> The companion picture, of course, should be:—'Property in town, in chancery.' It should consist of two or three hideous, sordid, window-broken, rat-deserted, paintless, blackened houses, that should look as if they had once been too good company for the neighbourhood, and had met with a fall in life, not deplored by any one. At the opposite corner should be a flaunting new gin-palace. I do not know whether I should have the heart to bring any children there, but I would if I could.

The reader will discern that the author of *Friends in Council* has lost nothing of his power of picturesque description, and nothing of his horror of the abuses and cruelties of the law. And the passage may serve to remind of the touching, graphic account of the country residence of a reduced family in the *Companions of my Solitude*.* Ellesmere assures Milverton that he shall not be asked to see a single picture; and that if Milverton will bring Blanche and Mildred with him, he will himself go and see seven of the chief sewers in seven of the chief towns. The appeal to the sanitarian's feelings is successful; the bargain is struck; and we next find the entire party sauntering, after an early German dinner, on the terrace of some small town on the Rhine,—Dunsford forgets which. Milverton, Ellesmere, and Mr. Midhurst are smoking, and we commend their conversation on the soothing power of tobacco to the attention of the Dean of Carlisle.

* Chap. iv.

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Dean Close, by a bold figure, calls tobacco a 'gorging fiend.' Milverton holds that smoking is perhaps the greatest blessing that we owe to the discovery of America. He regards its value as abiding in its power to soothe under the vexations and troubles of life. While smoking, you cease to live almost wholly in the future, which miserable men for the most part do. The question arises, whether the sorrows of the old or the young are the most acute? It is admitted that the sorrows of children are very overwhelming for the time, but they are not of that varied, perplexed, and bewildering nature which derives much consolation from smoke. Ellesmere suggests, very truthfully, that the feeling of shame for having done anything wrong, or even ridiculous, causes most acute misery to the young. And, indeed, who does not know, from personal experience, that the sufferings of children of even four or five years old are often quite as dreadful as those which come as the sad heritage of after years? We look back on them now, and smile at them as we think how small were their causes. Well, they were great to us. We were little creatures then, and little things were relatively very great. 'The sports of childhood satisfy the child:' the sorrows of childhood overwhelm the poor little thing. We think a sympathetic reader would hardly read without a tear as well as a smile, an incident in the early life of Patrick Fraser Tytler, recorded in his recently published biography. When five years old, he got hold of the gun of an elder brother, and broke the spring of its lock. What anguish the little boy must have endured, what a crushing sense of having caused an irremediable evil, before he sat down and printed in great letters the following epistle to his brother, the owner of the gun—'Oh, Jamie, think no more of guns, for the main-spring of that is broken, and *my heart is broken!*' Doubtless the poor little fellow fancied that for all the remainder of his life he never would feel as he had felt before he touched the unlucky weapon. Doubtless the little heart was just as full of anguish as it could hold. Looking back over many years, most of us can remember a child crushed and overwhelmed by some sorrow which it thought could never be got over, and can feel for our early self as though sympathizing with another personality.

The upshot of the talk which began with tobacco was, that Milverton was prevailed upon to write an essay on a subject of universal interest to all civilized beings, an essay on *Worry*. He felt, indeed, that he should be writing it at a disadvantage; for an essay on worry can be written with full effect only by a thoroughly worried man. There was no worry at all in that quiet little town on the Rhine; they had come there to rest, and there was no intruding duty that demanded that it should be attended to. And probably there is no respect in which that great law of the association of ideas, that *like suggests like*, holds more strikingly true than in the power of a present state of mind, or a present state of outward circumstances, to bring up vividly before us all such states in our past history. We are depressed, we are worried: and when we look back, all our departed days of worry and depression appear to start up and press themselves upon our view to the exclusion of anything else, so that we are ready to think that we have never been otherwise than depressed and worried all our life. But when more cheerful times come, they suggest only such times of cheerfulness, and no effort will bring back the worry vividly as when we felt it. It is not selfishness or heartlessness; it is the result of an inevitable law of mind that people in happy circumstances should resolutely believe that it is a happy world after all; for looking back, and looking around, the mind refuses to take distinct note of anything that is not somewhat akin to its present state. Milverton wrote an excellent essay on Worry on the evening of that day; but he might possibly have written a better one at Worth-Ashton on the evening of a day on which he had discovered that his coachman was stealing the corn provided for the carriage horses, or galloping these animals

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about the country at the dead of night to see his friends. We must have a score of little annoyances stinging us at once to have the undiluted sense of being worried. And probably a not wealthy man, residing in the country, and farming a few acres of ground by means of somewhat unfaithful and neglectful servants, may occasionally find so many things going wrong at once, and so many little things demanding to be attended to at once, that he shall experience worry in as high a degree as it can be felt by mortal. Thus truthfully does Milverton's essay begin:—

The great characteristic of modern life is Worry.

If the Pagan religion still prevailed, the new goddess, in whose honour temples would be raised and to whom statues would be erected in all the capitals of the world, would be the goddess Worry. London would be the chief seat and centre of her sway. A gorgeous statue, painted and enriched after the manner of the ancients (for there is no doubt that they adopted this practice, however barbarous it may seem to us), would be set up to the goddess in the West-end of the town: another at Temple Bar, of less ample dimensions and less elaborate decoration, would receive the devout homage of worshippers who came to attend their lawyers in that quarter of the town: while a statue, on which the cunning sculptor should have impressed the marks of haste, anxiety, and agitation, would be sharply glanced up at, with as much veneration as they could afford to give to it, by the eager men of business in the City.

The goddess Worry, however, would be no local deity, worshipped merely in some great town, like Diana of the Ephesians; but, in the market-places of small rural communities, her statue, made somewhat like a vane, and shifting with every turn of the wind, would be regarded with stolid awe by anxious votaries belonging to what is called the farming interest. Familiar too and household would be her worship; and in many a snug home, where she might be imagined to have little potency, small and ugly images of her would be found as household gods—the Lares and Penates—near to the threshold, and ensconced above the glowing hearth.

The poet, always somewhat inclined to fable, speaks of Love as ruling

The court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and heaven above;

but the dominion of Love, as compared with that of Worry, would be found, in the number of subjects, as the Macedonian to the Persian—in extent of territory, as the county of Rutland to the empire of Russia.

Not verbally accurate is the quotation from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, we may remark; but we may take it for granted that no reader who has exceeded the age of twenty-five will fail to recognise in this half-playful and half-earnest passage the statement of a sorrowful fact. And the essay goes on to set forth many of the causes of modern worry with all the knowledge and earnestness of a man who has seen much of life, and thought much upon what he has seen. The author's sympathies are not so much with the grand trials of historical personages, such as Charles V., Columbus, and Napoleon, as with the lesser trials and cares of ordinary men; and in the following paragraph we discern at once the conviction of a clear head and the feeling of a kind heart:—

And the ordinary citizen, even of a well-settled state, who, with narrow means, increasing taxation, approaching age, failing health, and augmenting cares, goes plodding about his daily work thickly bestrewed with trouble and worry (all the while, perhaps, the thought of a sick child at home being in the background of his mind), may also, like any hero of renown in the midst of his world-wide and world-attracting fortune, be a beautiful object for our sympathy.

There is indeed no more common error, than to estimate the extent of suffering by the greatness of the causes which have produced it; we mean their greatness as regards the amount of notice which they attract. The anguish of an emperor who has lost his empire, is probably not one whit greater than that of a poor lady who loses her little means in a swindling Bank, and is obliged to take away her daughter from school and to move into an inferior dwelling. Nor is it unworthy of remark, in thinking of sympathy with human beings in suffering, that scrubby-looking little men, with weak hair and awkward demeanour, and not in the least degree gentlemanlike, may through domestic worry and

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bereavement undergo distress quite as great as heroic individuals six feet four inches in height, with a large quantity of raven hair, and with eyes of remarkable depth of expression. It is probable, too, that in the lot of ordinary men a ceaseless and countless succession of little worries does a great deal more to fret away the happiness of life than is done by the few great and overwhelming misfortunes which happen at long intervals. You lose your child, and your sorrow is overwhelming; but it is a sorrow on which before many months you look back with a sad yet pleasing interest, and it is a sorrow which you know you are the better for having felt. But petty unfaithfulness, carelessness, and stupidity on the part of your servants; little vexations and cross-accidents in your daily life; the ceaseless cares of managing a household and family, and possibly of making an effort to maintain appearances with very inadequate means;—all those little annoying things which are not misfortune but worry, effectually blister away the enjoyment of life while they last, and serve no good end in respect to mental and moral discipline. 'Much tribulation,' deep and dignified sorrow, may prepare men for 'the kingdom of God;' but ceaseless worry, for the most part, does but sour the temper, jaundice the views, and embitter and harden the heart.

'The grand source of worry,' says our author, 'compared with which perhaps all others are trivial, lies in the complexity of human affairs, especially in such an era of civilization as our own.' There can be no doubt of it. In these modern days, we are encumbered and weighed down with the appliances, physical and moral, which have come to be regarded as essential to the carrying forward of our life. We forget how many thousands of separate items and articles were counted up, as having been used, some time within the last few years, by a dinner-party of eighteen persons, at a single entertainment. What incalculable worry in the procuring, the keeping in order, the using, the damage, the storing up, of that enormous complication of china, glass, silver, and steel! We can well imagine how a man of simple tastes and quiet disposition, worried even to death by his large house, his numerous servants and horses, his quantities of furniture and domestic appliances, all of a perishable nature, and all constantly wearing out and going wrong in various degrees, might sigh a wearied sigh for the simplicity of a hermit's cave and a hermit's fare, and for 'one perennial suit of leather.' Such a man as the Duke of Buccleuch, possessing enormous estates, oppressed by a deep feeling of responsibility, and struggling to maintain a personal supervision of all his intricate and multitudinous belongings, must day by day undergo an amount of worry which the philosopher would probably regard as poorly compensated by a dukedom and three hundred thousand a year. He would be a noble benefactor of the human race who should teach men how to combine the simplicity of the savage life with the refinement and the cleanliness of the civilized. We fear it must be accepted as an unquestionable fact, that the many advantages of civilization are to be obtained only at the price of countless and ceaseless worry. Of course, we must all sometimes sigh for the woods and the wigwam; but the feeling is as vain as that of the psalmist's wearied aspiration, 'Oh that I had wings like a dove: then would I flee away and be at rest!' Our author says,

> The great Von Humboldt went into the cottages of South American Indians, and, amongst an unwrinkled people, could with difficulty discern who was the father and who was the son, when he saw the family assembled together.

And how plainly the smooth, cheerful face of the savage testified to the healthfulness, in a physical sense, of a life devoid of worry! If you would see the reverse of the medal, look at the anxious faces, the knit brows, and the bald heads, of the twenty or thirty greatest merchants whom you will see on the Exchange of Glasgow or of Manchester. Or you may find more touching proof of the ageing effect of worry, in the careworn face of the man of thirty with a growing family and

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an uncertain income; or the thin figure and bloodless cheek which testify to the dull weight ever resting on the heart of the poor widow who goes out washing, and leaves her little children in her poor garret under the care of one of eight years old. But still, the cottages of Humboldt's 'unwrinkled people' were, we have little doubt, much infested with vermin, and possessed a pestilential atmosphere; and the people's freedom from care did but testify to their ignorance, and to their lack of moral sensibility. We must take worry, it is to be feared, along with civilization. As you go down in the scale of civilization, you throw off worry by throwing off the things to which it can adhere. And in these days, in which no man would seriously think of preferring the savage life, with its dirt, its stupidity, its listlessness, its cruelty, the good we may derive from that life, or any life approximating to it, is mainly that of a sort of moral alterative and tonic. The thing itself would not suit us, and would do us no good; but we may be the better for musing upon it. It is like a refreshing shower-bath, it is like breathing a cool breeze after the atmosphere of a hot-house, to dwell for a little, with half-closed eyes, upon pictures which show us all the good of the unworried life, and which say nothing of all the evil. We know the thing is vain: we know it is but an idle fancy; but still it is pleasant and refreshful to think of such a life as Byron has sketched as the life of Daniel Boone. Not in misanthropy, but from the strong preference of a forest life, did the Kentucky backwoodsman keep many scores of miles ahead of the current of European population setting onwards to the West. We shall feel much indebted to any reader who will tell us where to find anything more delightful than the following stanzas, to read after an essay on modern worry:—

> He was not all alone: around him grew
> A sylvan tribe of children of the chase;
> Whose young, unwakened world was ever new,
> Nor sin, nor sorrow, yet had left a trace
> On her unwrinkled brow; nor could you view
> A frown on Nature's or on human face:
> The free-born forest found and kept them free,
> And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.
>
> And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
> Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions:
> Because their thoughts had never been the prey
> Of care or gain: the green woods were their portions.
> No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
> No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
> Simple they were, not savage, and their rifles,
> Though very true, were yet not used for trifles.
>
> Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
> And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil:
> Nor yet too many, nor too few their numbers,
> Corruption could not make their hearts her soil:
> The lust which stings, the splendour which encumbers,
> With the free foresters divide no spoil:
> Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes,
> Of this unsighing people of the woods.

The essay on Worry is followed by an interesting conversation on the same subject, at the close of which we are heartily obliged to Blanche for suggesting one pleasant thought; to wit, that children for the most part escape that sad infliction; it is the special heritage of comparatively mature years. And Milverton replies:—

Yes: I have never been more struck with that than when observing a family in the middle class of life going to the sea-side. There is the anxious mother wondering how they shall manage to stow away all the children when they get down. Visions of damp sheets oppress her. The cares of packing sit upon her soul. Doubts of what will become of the house when it is left, are a constant drawback from her thoughts of enjoyment; and she confides to the partner of her cares how willingly, if it

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were not for the dear children, she would stay at home. He, poor man, has not an easy time of it. He is meditating over the expense, and how it is to be provided for. He knows, if he has any knowledge of the world, that the said expense will somehow or other exceed any estimate he and his wife have made of it. He is studying the route of the journey, and is perplexed by the various modes of going. This one would be less expensive, but would take more time; and then time always turns into expense on a journey. In a word, the old birds are as full of care and trouble as a hen with ducklings; but the young birds! Some of them have never seen the sea before, and visions of unspeakable delight fill their souls—visions that will almost be fulfilled. The journey, and the cramped accommodation, and the packing, and the everything out of place, are matters of pure fun and anticipated joy to them.

We have lingered all this while upon the first chapter of the work: the second contains an essay and conversation on *War*. Of this chapter we shall say nothing—inasmuch as it lately appeared in this Magazine*—except that it is earnest and sound in its views, and especially worthy of attentive consideration at the present time. The third chapter is one which will probably be turned to with interest by many readers; it bears the taking title of *A Love Story*. Dunsford, a keen though quiet observer, has discovered that Ellesmere has grown fond of Mildred, though the lawyer was not likely to disclose his love. Dunsford suspects that Mildred's affections are set on Milverton, as he has little doubt those of Blanche are. Both girls are very loving to Dunsford, whom they call their uncle, though he is no relation, and the old clergyman determines to have an explanation with Mildred. He manages to walk alone with her through the unguarded orchards which lie along the Rhine; and there, somewhat abruptly, he begins to moralize on the grand passion. Mildred remarks what a happy woman she would have been whom Dunsford had loved; when the lucky thought strikes him that he would tell her his own story, never yet told to any one. And then he tells it, very simply and very touchingly. Like most true stories of the kind, it has little incident; but it constituted the romance, not yet outlived, of the old gentleman's existence. He and a certain Alice were brought up together. Like many of the most successful students, Dunsford hated study, and was devoted to music and poetry, to nature and art. But he knew his only chance of winning Alice was to obtain some success in life, and he devoted himself to study. Who does not feel for the old man recalling the past, and, as he remembered those laborious days, saying to the girl by his side, 'Always reverence a scholar, my dear; if not for the scholarship, at least for the suffering and the self-denial which have been endured to gain the scholar's proficiency.' His only pleasure was in correspondence with Alice. He succeeded at last. He took his degree, being nearly the first man of his year in both of the great subjects of examination; and he might now come home with some hope of having made a beginning of fortune. A gay young fellow, a cousin of Alice, came to spend a few days; and of course this lively, thoughtless youth, without an effort, carried off the prize of all poor Dunsford's toils. You never win the thing on which your heart is set and your life staked; it falls to some one else who cares very little about it. It is poor compensation that you get something you care little for which would have made the happiness of another man. Dunsford discovers one evening, in a walk with Alice, the frustration of all his hopes:—

Alice and I were alone again, and we walked out together in the evening. We spoke of my future hopes and prospects. I remember that I was emboldened to press her arm. She returned the pressure, and for a moment there never was, perhaps, a happier man. Had I known more of love, I should have known that this evident return of affection was anything but a good sign; 'and,' continued she, in the unconnected manner that you women sometimes speak, 'I am so glad that you love dear Henry. Oh, if we

* *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1859.

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could but come and live near you when you get a curacy, how happy we should all be.' This short sentence was sufficient. There was no need of more explanation. I knew all that had happened, and felt as if I no longer trod upon the firm earth, for it seemed a quicksand under me.

The agony of that dull evening, the misery of that long night! I have sometimes thought that unsuccessful love is almost too great a burden to be put upon such a poor creature as man. But He knows best; and it must have been intended, for it is so common.

The next day I remember I borrowed Henry's horse, and rode madly about, bounding through woods (I who had long forgotten to ride) and galloping over open downs. If the animal had not been wiser and more sane than I was, we should have been dashed to pieces many times. And so by sheer exhaustion of body I deadened the misery of my mind, and looked upon their happy state with a kind of stupefaction. In a few days I found a pretext for quitting my home, and I never saw your mother again, for it was your mother, Mildred, and you are not like her, but like your father, and still I love you. But the great wound has never been healed. It is a foolish thing, perhaps, that any man should so doat upon a woman, that he should never afterwards care for any other, but so it has been with me; and you cannot wonder that a sort of terror should come over me when I see anybody in love, and when I think that his or her love is not likely to be returned.

Who would have thought that Dunsford, with his gaiters, lying on the grass listening cheerfully to the lively talk of his two friends, or sitting among his bees repeating Virgil to himself, or going about among his parishioners, the ideal of prosaic content and usefulness, had still in him this store of old romance? In asking the question, all we mean is to remark an apparent inconsistency: we have no doubt at all of the philosophic truth of the representation. Probably it is only in the finer natures that such early fancies linger with appreciable effect. We do not forget the perpetually repeated declarations of Mr. Thackeray; we did not read *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* for nothing; we remember the very absurd incident which is told of Dr. Chalmers, who in his last years testified his remembrance of an early sweetheart by sticking his card with two wafers behind a wretched little *silhouette* of her (what on earth could have led that most accomplished, genial, and acute Dr. Hanna to preserve the record of his father-in-law making such a ridiculous exhibition?). And it is conceivable that the tenderest and most beautiful reminiscences of a love of departed days may linger with a man who has grown grey, fat, and even snuffy. But it is only in the case of remarkably tidy, neat, and clever old gentlemen that such feelings are likely to attract much sympathy from their juniors. Possibly this world has more of such lingering romance than is generally credited. Possibly with all but very stolid and narrow natures, no very strong feeling goes without leaving some trace.

> Pain and grief
> Are transitory things no less than joy;
> And though *they leave us not the men we were,*
> Yet they do leave us.

Possibly it is not without some little stir of heart that most thoughtful aged persons can revisit certain spots, or see certain days return. And the affection which would have worn itself down into dull commonplace in success, by being disappointed and frustrated, lives on in memory with diminished vividness but with increasing beauty, which the test of actual fact can never make prosaic. Dunsford tells Mildred what was his great inducement to make this continental tour. Not the Rhine; not the essays nor the conversations of his friends. At the Palace of the Luxemburg there is a fine picture, called *Les illusions perdues*. It is one of the most affecting pictures Dunsford ever saw. But that is not its peculiar merit. One girl in the picture is the image of what Alice was.

The chief thing I had to look forward to in this journey we are making was, that we might return by way of Paris, and that I might see that picture again. You must contrive that we do return that way. Ellesmere will do anything to please you, and Milverton is always perfectly indifferent as to where he goes, so that he is not asked to see works of art, or to accompany a party of sight-seers to a cathedral. We will

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go and see this picture together once; and once I must see it alone.

And a very touching sight it would be to one who knew the story, the grey-haired old clergyman looking, for a long while, at that young face. It would be indeed a contrast, the aged man, and the youthful figure in the picture. Dunsford never saw Alice again after his early disappointment: he never saw her as she grew matronly and then old; and so, though now in her grave, she remained in his memory the same young thing for ever. The years which had made him grow old, had wrought not the slightest change upon her. And Alice, old and dead, was the same on the canvas still.

Dunsford's purpose in telling his love story, was to caution Mildred against falling in love with Milverton. She told him there was no danger. Once, she frankly said, she had long struggled with her feelings, not only from natural pride, but for the sake of Blanche, who loved Milverton better and would be less able to control her love. But she had quite got over the struggle; and though now intensely sympathizing with her cousin, she felt she never could resolve to marry him. So the conversation ended satisfactorily; and then a short sentence shows us a scene, beautiful, vivid, and complete:—

We walked home silently amidst the mellow orchards glowing ruddily in the rays of the setting sun.

The next chapter contains an Essay and conversation on *Criticism:* but its commencement shows us Dunsford still employed in the interests of his friends. He tells Milverton that Blanche is growing fond of him. We can hardly give Milverton credit for sincerity or judgment in being 'greatly distressed and vexed.' For once, he was shamming. All middle-aged men are much flattered and pleased with the admiration of young girls. Milverton declared that the thing must be put a stop to; that 'the idea of a young and beautiful girl throwing her affections away upon a faded widower like himself, was absurd.' However, as the days went on, Milverton began to be extremely attentive to Blanche; asked her opinion about things quite beyond her comprehension; took long walks with her, and assured Dunsford privately that 'Blanche had a great deal more in her than most people supposed, and that she was becoming an excellent companion.' Who does not recognise the process by which clever men persuade themselves into the belief that they are doing a judicious thing in marrying stupid women?

The chapter which follows that on *Criticism*, contains a conversation on *Biography*, full of interesting suggestions which our space renders it impossible for us to quote; but we cannot forego the pleasure of extracting the following paragraphs. It is Milverton who speaks:—

During Walter's last holidays, one morning after breakfast he took a walk with me. I saw something was on the boy's mind. At last he suddenly asked me, 'Do sons often write the lives of fathers?'—'Often,' I replied, 'but I do not think they are the best kind of biographers, for you see, Walter, sons cannot well tell the faults and weaknesses of their fathers, and so filial biographies are often rather insipid performances.'—'I don't know about that,' he said, 'I think I could write yours. I have made it already into chapters.'—'Now then, my boy,' I said, 'begin it: let us have the outline at least.' Walter then commenced his biography.

'The first chapter,' he said, 'should be you and I and Henry walking amongst the trees and settling which should be cut down, and which should be transplanted.'—'A very pretty chapter,' I said, 'and a great deal might be made of it.'—'The second chapter,' he continued, 'should be your going to the farm, and talking to the pigs.'—'Also a very good chapter, my dear.'—'The third chapter,' he said, after a little thought, 'should be your friends. I would describe them all, and what they could do.' There, you see, Ellesmere, you would come in largely, especially as to what you could do. 'An excellent chapter,' I exclaimed, and then of course I broke out into some paternal admonition about the choice of friends, which I know will have no effect whatever, but still one cannot help uttering these paternal admonitions.

'Now then,' I said, 'for chapter four.' Here Walter paused, and looked about him vaguely for a minute or two.

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At length he seemed to have got hold of the right idea, for he burst out with the words, 'My going back to school;' and that, it seemed, was to be the end of the biography.

Now, was there ever so honest a biographer? His going back to school was the 'be-all and end-all here' with him, and he resolved it should be the same with his hero, and with everybody concerned in the story.

Then see what a pleasant biographer the boy is! He does not drag his hero down through the vale of life, amidst declining fortune, breaking health, dwindling away of friends, and the usual dreariness of the last few stages. Neither does the biography end with the death of his hero; and by the way, it is not very pleasant to have one's children contemplating one's death, even for the sake of writing one's life; but the biographer brings the adventures of his hero to an end by his own going back to school. How delightful it would be if most biographers planned their works after Walter's fashion: just gave a picture of their hero at his farm, or his business; then at his pleasure, as Walter brought me amongst my trees; then, to show what manner of man he was, gave some description of his friends; and concluded by giving an account of their own going back to school—a conclusion that is greatly to be desired for many of them.

When we begin to copy a passage from this work, we find it very difficult to stop. But the thoughtful reader will not need to have it pointed out to him how much sound wisdom is conveyed in that playful form. And here is excellent advice as to the fashion in which men may hope to get through great intellectual labour: says Ellesmere,

I can tell you in a very few words how all work is done. Getting up early, eating vigorously, saying 'No' to intruders resolutely, doing one thing at a time, thinking over difficulties at odd times, *i.e.*, when stupid people are talking in the House of Commons, or speaking at the Bar, not indulging too much in affections of any kind which waste the time and energies, carefully changing the current of your thoughts before you go to bed, planning the work of the day in the quarter of an hour before you get up, playing with children occasionally, and avoiding fools as much as possible: that is the way to do a great deal of work.

Milverton remarks, with justice, that some practical advices as to the way in which a working man might succeed in avoiding fools were very much to be desired, inasmuch as that brief direction contains the whole art of life; and suggests with equal justice that the taking of a daily bath should be added to Ellesmere's catalogue of appliances which aid in working.

We cannot linger upon the remaining pages which treat of *Biography*, nor upon two interesting chapters concerning *Proverbs*. It may be noticed, however, that Ellesmere insists that the best proverb in the world is the familiar English one, 'Nobody knows where the shoe pinches but the wearer;' while Milverton tells us that the Spanish language is far richer in proverbs than that of any other nation. But we hasten to an essay which will be extremely fresh and interesting to all readers. We have had many essays by Milverton: here is one by Ellesmere. He had announced some time before his purpose of writing an essay on *The Arts of Self-Advancement*, and Mildred, whom Ellesmere took a pleasure in annoying by making a parade of mean, selfish, and cynical views, discerned at once that in such an essay he would have an opportunity of bringing together a crowd of these, and declared before Ellesmere began to write it that it would be 'a nauseous essay.' The essay is finished at length. The friends are now at Salzburg; and on a very warm day they assembled in a sequestered spot whence they could see the snowy peaks of the Tyrolese Alps. Ellesmere begins by deprecating criticism of his style, declaring that anything inaccurate or ungrammatical is put in on purpose. Then he begins to read:

In the first place, it is desirable to be born north of the Tweed (I like to begin at the beginning of things); and if that cannot be managed, you must at least contrive to be born in a moderately-sized town—somewhere. You thus get the advantage of being favoured by a small community without losing any individual force. If I had been born in Affpuddle—Milverton in Tolpuddle—and Dunsford in Tollerporcorum (there are such places, at least I saw them once arranged together in a petition to the House of Commons), the men of Affpuddle, Tolpuddle, and Tollerporcorum would have been proud of us, would have been true to us, and would

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have helped to push our fortunes. I see, with my mind's eye, a statue of Dunsford raised in Tollerporcorum. You smile, I observe; but it is the smile of ignorance, for let me tell you, it is of the first importance not to be born vaguely, as in London, or in some remote country house. If you cannot, however, be born properly, contrive at least to be connected with some small sect or community, who may consider your renown as part of their renown, and be always ready to favour and defend you.

After this promising introduction Ellesmere goes on to propound views which in an extraordinary way combine real good sense and sharp worldly wisdom with a parade of all sorts of mean shifts and contemptible tricks whereby to take advantage of the weakness, folly, and wickedness of human nature. Very characteristically he delights in thinking how he is shocking and disgusting poor Mildred: of course Dunsford and Milverton understand him. And the style is as characteristic as the thought. It is unquestionably Ellesmere to whose essay we are listening; Milverton could not and would not have produced such a discourse. We remember to have read in a review, published several years since, of the former series of *Friends in Council*, that it was judicious in the author of that work, though introducing several friends as talking together, to represent all the essays as written by one individual; because, although he could keep up the individuality of the speakers through a conversation, it was doubtful whether he could have succeeded in doing so through essays purporting to be written by each of them. We do not know whether the author ever saw the challenge thus thrown down to him: but it is certain that in the present series he has boldly attempted the thing, and thoroughly succeeded. And it may be remarked that not one of Ellesmere's propositions can be regarded as mere vagaries—every one of them contains truth, though truth put carefully in the most disagreeable and degrading way. Who does not know how great an element of success it is to belong to a sect or class which regard your reputation as identified with their own, and cry you up accordingly? It is to be admitted that there is the preliminary difficulty of so far overcoming individual envies and jealousies as to get your class to accept you as their representative; but once *that* end is accomplished the thing is done. As to being born north of the Tweed, a Scotch Lord Chancellor and a Scotch Bishop of London are instructive instances. And however much Scotchmen may abuse one another at home, it cannot be denied that all Scotchmen feel it a sacred duty to stand up for every Scotchman who has attained to eminence beyond the boundaries of his native land. Scotland indeed, in the sense in which Ellesmere uses the phrase, is a *small community;* and a community of very energetic, self-denying, laborious, and determined men, with very many feelings in common which they have in common only with their countrymen, and with an invincible tendency in all times of trouble to remember the old cry of *Highlandmen shoulder to shoulder!* Let the ambitious reader muse on what follows:

> Let your position be commonplace, whatever you are yourself. If you are a genius, and contrive to conceal the fact, you really deserve to get on in the world, and you will do so, if only you keep on the level road. Remember always that the world is a place where second-rate people mostly succeed: not fools, nor first-rate people.

Cynically put, no doubt, but admirably true. A great blockhead will never be made an archbishop; but in ordinary times a great genius stands next to him in the badness of his chance. After all, good sense and sound judgment are the essentially needful things in all but very exceptional situations in life—and for these commend us to the safe, steady-going, commonplace man. It cannot be denied that the great mass of mankind stand in doubt and fear of people who are wonderfully clever. What an amount of stolid, self-complacent, ignorant, stupid, conceited respectability, is wrapped up in the declaration concerning any person, that he is 'too clever by half!' How plainly it teaches that the general belief is that too ingenious machinery will break down in prac-

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tical working, and that most men will do wrong who have the power to do it!

The following propositions are true in very large communities, but they will not hold good in the country or in little towns:

Remember always that what is real and substantive ultimately has its way in this world.

You make good bricks for instance: it is in vain that your enemies prove that you are a heretic in morals, politics, and religion; insinuate that you beat your wife; and dwell loudly on the fact that you failed in making picture-frames. In so far as you are a good brick-maker, you have all the power that depends on good brick-making; and the world will mainly look to your positive qualities as a brick-maker.

After having gone on with a number of maxims of a very base, selfish, and suspicious nature, to the increasing horror of the girls who are listening, Ellesmere passes from the consideration of modes of action to a much more important matter:

Those who wish for self-advancement should remember, that the art in life is not so much to do a thing well, as to get a thing that has been moderately well done largely talked about. Some foolish people, who should have belonged to another planet, give all their minds to doing their work well. This is an entire mistake. This is a grievous loss of power. Such a method of proceeding may be very well in Jupiter, Mars, or Saturn, but is totally out of place in this puffing, advertising, bill-sticking part of creation. To rush into the battle of life without an abundance of kettle-drums and trumpets is a weak and ill-advised adventure, however well-armed and well-accoutred you may be. As I hate vague maxims, I will at once lay down the proportions in which force of any kind should be used in this world. Suppose you have a force which may be represented by the number one hundred: seventy-three parts at least of that force should be given to the trumpet; the remaining twenty-seven parts may not disadvantageously be spent in doing the thing which is to be trumpeted. This is a rule unlike some rules in grammar, which are entangled and controlled by a multitude of vexatious exceptions; but it applies equally to the conduct of all matters upon earth, whether social, moral, artistic, literary, political, or religious.

Ellesmere goes on to sum up the personal qualities needful to success; and having sketched out the character of a mean, crafty, sharp, energetic rascal, he concludes by saying that such a one

will not fail to succeed in any department of life—provided always he keeps for the most part to one department, and does not attempt to conquer in many directions at once. I only hope that, having profited by this wisdom of mine, he will give me a share of the spoil.

Thus the essay ends; and then the *discourse thereon* begins—

MILVERTON. Well, of all the intolerable wretches and blackguards——

MR. MIDHURST. A conceited prig, too!

DUNSFORD. A wicked, designing villain!

ELLESMERE. Any more: any more? Pray go on, gentlemen; and have you, ladies, nothing to say against the wise man of the world that I have depicted?

And yet the upshot of the conversation was, that though given in a highly disagreeable and obtrusively base form, there was much truth in what Ellesmere had said. It is to be remembered that he did not pretend to describe a good man, but only a successful one. And it is to be remembered likewise that prudence verges toward baseness; and that the difference between the suggestions of each lies very much in the fashion in which these suggestions are put and enforced. As to the use of the trumpet, how many advertising tailors and pill-makers could testify to the soundness of Ellesmere's principle? And beyond the Atlantic it finds special favour. When Barnum exhibited his mermaid, and stuck up outside his show-room a picture of three beautiful mermaids, of human size, with flowing hair, basking upon a summer sea, while inside the show-room he had the hideous little contorted figure made of a monkey with a fish's tail attached to it, probably the proportion of the trumpet to the thing trumpeted was even greater than seventy-three to twenty-seven. Dunsford suggests, for the comfort of those who will not stoop to unworthy means for obtaining success, the beautiful saying, that 'Heaven is probably a place for those who have failed on earth.' And Ellesmere, adhering to his expressed views, declares—

If you had attended to them earlier

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in life, Dunsford would now be Mr. Dean; Milverton would be the Right Honourable Leonard Milverton, and the leader of a party; Mr. Midhurst would be chief cook to the Emperor Napoleon; the bull-dog would have been promoted to the parlour; I, but no man is wise for himself, should have been Lord Chancellor; Walter would be at the head of his class without having any more knowledge than he has at present; and as for you two girls, one would be a Maid of Honour to the Queen, and the other would have married the richest man in the county.

We have not space to tell how Ellesmere planned to get Mr. Midhurst to write an essay on the *Miseries of Human Life;* nor how at Trèves, upon a lowering day, the party, seated in the ancient amphitheatre, heard it read; nor how fully, eloquently, and not unfairly, the gloomy man, not without a certain solemn enjoyment, summed up his sad catalogue of the ills that flesh is heir to; nor how Milverton agreed in the evening to speak an answer to the essay, and show that life was not so miserable after all; nor how Ellesmere, eager to have it answered effectively, determined that Milverton should have the little accessories in his favour, the red curtains drawn, a blazing woodfire, and plenty of light; nor how before the answer began, he brought Milverton a glass of wine to cheer him; nor how Milverton endeavoured to show that in the present system misery was not quite predominant, and that much good in many ways came out of ill. Then we have some talk about *Pleasantness;* and Dunsford is persuaded to write and read an essay on that subject, which he read one morning, 'while we were sitting in the balcony of an hotel, in one of the small towns that overlook the Moselle, which was flowing beneath in a reddish turbid stream.' In the conversation which follows Milverton says,

It is a fault certainly to which writers are liable, that of exaggerating the claims of their subject.

And how truly is that said! Indeed we can quite imagine a very earnest man feeling afraid to think too much and long about any existing evil, for fear it should greaten on his view into a thing so large and pernicious, that he should be constrained to give all his life to the wrestling with that one thing; and attach to it an importance which would make his neighbours think him a monomaniac. If you think long and deeply upon any subject, it grows in magnitude and weight: if you think of it too long, it may grow big enough to exclude the thought of all things beside. If it be an existing and prevalent evil you are thinking of, you may come to fancy that if that one thing could be done away, it would be well with the human race,—all evil would go with it. We can sympathize deeply with that man who died a short while since, who wrote volume after volume to prove that if men would only leave off stooping, and learn to hold themselves upright, it would be the grandest blessing that ever came to humanity. We can quite conceive the process by which a man might come to think so, without admitting mania as a cause. We confess, for ourselves, that so deeply do we feel the force of the law Milverton mentions, there are certain evils of which we are afraid to think much, for fear we should come to be able to think of nothing else, and of nothing more.

Then a pleasant chapter, entitled *Lovers' Quarrels*, tells us how matters are progressing with the two pairs. Milverton and Blanche are going on most satisfactorily; but Ellesmere and Mildred are wayward and hard to keep right. Ellesmere sadly disappointed Mildred by the sordid views he advanced in his essay, and kept advancing in his talk; and like a proud and shy man of middle age when in love, he was ever watching for distant slight indications of how his suit might be received, and rendered fractious by the uncertainty of Mildred's conduct and bearing. And probably women have little notion by what slight and hardly thought-of sayings and doings they may have repressed the declaration and the offer which might perhaps have made them happy. Day by day Dunsford was vexed by the growing estrangement between two persons who were really much attached; and this unhappy state of matters might have ended

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in a final separation but for the happy incident recorded in the chapter called *Rowing down the River Moselle.* The party had rowed down the river, talking as usual of many things:—

It was just at this point of the conversation that we pulled in nearer to the land, as Walter had made signs that he wished now to get into the boat. It was a weedy rushy part of the river that we entered. Fixer saw a rat or some other creature, which he was wild to get at. Ellesmere excited him to do so, and the dog sprang out of the boat. In a minute or two Fixer became entangled in the weeds, and seemed to be in danger of sinking. Ellesmere, without thinking what he was about, made a hasty effort to save the dog, seized hold of him, but lost his own balance and fell out of the boat. In another moment Mildred gave me the end of her shawl to hold, which she had wound round herself, and sprang out too. The sensible diplomatist lost no time in throwing his weighty person to the other side of the boat. The two boatmen did the same. But for this move, the boat would, in all probability, have capsized, and we should all have been lost. Mildred was successful in clutching hold of Ellesmere; and Milverton and I managed to haul them close to the boat and to pull them in. Ellesmere had not relinquished hold of Fixer. All this happened, as such accidents do, in almost less time than it takes to describe them. And now came another dripping creature splashing into the boat; for Master Walter, who can swim like a duck, had plunged in directly he saw the accident, but too late to be of any assistance.

Things are now all right; and Ellesmere next day announces to his friends that Mildred and he are engaged. Two chapters, on *Government* and *Despotism* respectively—the latter, perhaps from the nature of the subject and its exhaustive treatment, the most valuable essay in the volumes—give us the last thoughts of the Friends abroad; then we have a pleasant picture of them all in Milverton's farm-yard, under a great sycamore, discoursing cheerfully of country cares. The closing chapter of the book is on *The Need for Tolerance.* It contains a host of thoughts which we should be glad to extract; but we must be content with a wise saying of Milverton's:—

For a man who has been rigidly good to be supremely tolerant, would require an amount of insight which seems to belong only to the greatest genius.

For we hardly sympathize with that which we have not in some measure experienced; and the great thing, after all, which makes us tolerant of the errors of other men, is the feeling that under like circumstances we should have ourselves erred in like manner; or, at all events, the being able to see the error in such a light as to feel that there is that within ourselves which enables us at least to understand how men should in such a way have erred. The sins on which we are most severe are those concerning which our feeling is, that we cannot conceive how any man could possibly have done them. And probably such would be the feeling of a rigidly good man concerning every sin.

So we part, for the present, from our Friends, not without the hope of again meeting them. We have been listening to the conversation of living men; and, in parting, we feel the regret that we should feel in quitting a kind friend's house after a pleasant visit, not, perhaps, to be renewed for many a day. And this is a changing world. We have been breathing the old atmosphere, and listening to the old voices talking in the old way. We have had new thought and new truth, but presented in the fashion we have known and enjoyed for years. Happily we can repeat our visit as often as we please, without the fear of worrying or wearying; for we may open the book at will. And we shall hope for new visits likewise. Milverton will be as earnest and more hopeful, Ellesmere will retain all that is good, and that which is provoking will now be softened down. No doubt by this time they are married. Where have they gone? The continent is unsettled, and they have often already been there. Perhaps they have gone to Scotland? No doubt they have. And perhaps before the leaves are sere we may find them out among the sea lochs of the beautiful Frith of Clyde, or under the shadow of Ben Nevis.

A. K. H. B.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

MR. CHARLES KEAN has been a very successful man. Thrown suddenly upon the world without a shilling, and with a name which was quite as likely to injure as to advance him in his profession, he quickly earned an independent name and fortune for himself. Not less happy in love, he secured a wife in whom, according to Mr. Cole, are concentrated every grace and attraction which can endear a woman to her husband. He is the admired of thousands as the greatest tragedian of the day. The newspapers—noble triumph!—are at his feet—at least, according to the same infallible authority, 'the high and independent portion of the press' is so. He has enjoyed for a reasonable term of years the unlimited despotism of managership, without paying in ruin the penalty at which this luxury is usually purchased. He has been praised and flattered and petted as it falls to the lot of few men to be, and he obviously enjoys praise, flattery, and petting with a zest even beyond that of ordinary human frailty. When his admirers wish to entertain him, the steam of adulation is not served up at a dinner—dinner is a vile phrase—but at a public 'banquet,' and peers and cabinet ministers contend for the honour of assisting as the ministering priests. 'The noblemen and gentlemen, educated at Eton,' who project the feast, exclusive as in ordinary circumstances they certainly would be, waive their prejudices in favour of their brother Etonian, and graciously 'considering that the right of acknowledging Mr. Kean's services belongs to the nation at large,' are content to share an indifferent dinner and cruel wine with some five hundred inferior worshippers of the histrionic idol. Nor is this all. A testimonial worthy of genius so distinguished still awaits him. To precipitate this would be unworthy of the far-sighted policy by which Mr. Kean's merits have for many years been so skilfully kept before the public. When a man has been 'banqueted,' he is very apt to be forgotten, and, like Cremorne after the fireworks have been let off, to settle into darkness and indifference. Therefore is the subscription list for the 'Kean Testimonial' to be kept open until the 1st of May, 1860; and pleasing as it is to be assured by Mr. Cole of the fact that the amount already exceeds £1000, it is doubly gratifying to learn from that acute prophet that 'this sum will in all probability be doubled before the above-named date.' Testimonials are sometimes good investments; it may be worth while to ensure the fulfilment of the prophecy.

Such triumphs as these might be enough, one would think, even for a great actor. Most great actors have been happy with much less. They have taken their well-won honours humbly and gracefully, and shuffled off this mortal coil, leaving their name and fame to the grateful remembrances of the public, or the recording pen of some neutral admirer. To proclaim their own genius and virtues in the market-place, however matchless these might in their own estimation have been, has not hitherto been considered quite the right thing for actors to do, any more than for other people. Mr. Charles Kean thinks otherwise. The public must not only admire him in their own way, they must also be taught *how* and *why* to admire him in his. They must learn from himself how supreme he is in all the phases of his art; how he has triumphed over cabal and prejudice and opposition; how Garrick, and Kemble, and Young, and Edmund Kean, and Macready, all very good in their degree and for their time, must kick the beam when weighed against himself. By himself also must they be told how dutiful a son, how admirable a husband, how priceless a friend, how bountiful a benefactor, the great 'restorer of Shakspeare'

* *The Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean, F.S.A.; including a Summary of the English Stage for the last Fifty Years, and a detailed Account of the Management of the Princess's Theatre from 1850 to 1859.* By John William Cole. Two Volumes. London: Bentley. 1859.

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can be amid all the overwhelming toils of his artistic career. Mr. Kean's reputation is not to be left for a surviving generation to settle. That might be dangerous; so he prudently determines to be canonized in his own time, and even to deliver his own eulogium at the ceremony. Not content with supplying the miracles (of genius), he pronounces, by anticipation, the verdict of posterity upon them, provides the incense, and arranges the hymns. His hunger for applause transports him 'beyond the ignorant present,' and having no misgivings himself of his right to an immortality of fame, he 'sees the future in the instant,' and tastes the luxury of the panegyrics which, if a future age does not, it at least ought to pronounce over his tomb.

The Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean, F.S.A., professes to be written by Mr. John William Cole, but no one can proceed far into the two dreary volumes without seeing that Mr. Charles Kean himself is the real author. Mr. Cole, a gentleman, we believe, who under a different name was well known as an actor in Scotland and Ireland, and who was for many years the manager of the Dublin Theatre, states in his preface that he has enjoyed 'years of uninterrupted private friendship and professional association of the most intimate nature with the leading personage of the work.' In another place he assures us that 'in speaking freely of Mr. Kean's thoughts and opinions, he begs to have it understood explicitly that he was, and had been for many years, in daily, he may say in hourly communication with him. *He knew every turn of his mind, and reflected the impression of his feelings almost as faithfully as he retained them himself.*' Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias, and the other model friends of antiquity, could boast no such unity of spirit. A perfect parallel to this mingling of souls is only to be found in the raptures of lovers:—

Eines ist im andern nur bewusst!

Mr. Charles Kean may not know himself. What wise man does? But this is of no moment, for the faithful Cole knows every turn of his mind, and with mirror-like fidelity reflects all the transitory glories of his great but otherwise imperfect nature. With generous devotion, moreover, he resigns his own will to the master spirit, he writes his very panegyrics upon sufferance, and even while panting to complete a vindication of his friend at a critical point by publishing some private correspondence, he is compelled to forego his intentions because, as he informs us with admirable candour, 'Mr. Kean has declined *admitting* its introduction into these volumes!' Mr. Cole, it is plain, may have held the pen, and possibly may have been allowed to wield it freely in stringing together the gossip of dramatic biographies and of green-rooms of a bygone age, which occupies about a third of these volumes. But wherever the 'leading personage of the work' was in question, the lieutenant has been merely the medium of letting the world know what his commanding officer wished it to be told and to believe about himself. Mr. Cole in his preface condemns autobiography, because, as he says, 'human weakness interferes with a true delineation.' A stranger, or an enemy, he continues, cannot be looked to for a faithful portrait. 'An honest friend is most to be depended on,' that honest friend, in the present case, is of course Mr. John William Cole; but in assuming this character for himself this gentleman forgets, that in addition to the motives, which sometimes mar the delineations of even the most 'honest friend,' a great disturbing agent exists in his case in the fact that he has for many years been, and still is, a salaried official of Mr. Charles Kean! Mr. Kean may not be exacting, and Mr. Cole may not be servile; but it is not in human nature to think independently or to speak frankly in such a position. Power on the one side, and adulation on the other, will always be suspicious. The praise of an equal or an adversary may have some value. The fulsome homage of a stipendiary is worse than worthless, and provokes contempt alike for him who gives and him who stoops to accept it. Para-

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sites and flatterers have in all ages called themselves 'honest friends;' but the phrase can varnish their degradation only to themselves.

If Mr. Cole were merely an 'honest friend' of Mr. Kean, why, it may well be asked, was this book ever written? What was the story to be told? What the outcry for it? Who wanted to be furnished with a chronicle of Mr. Kean's engagements, of the newspapers which have written him up, of the good-natured notes of admiring friends, of the sums his engagements netted, of his expenditure on his revivals, of his losses by one and gains by another, of his donations to charities, of his domestic virtues, of the outrageous puffs, all stamped with a most suspicious family likeness, with which his reputation has of late years been bolstered up in the journals? And yet, in so far as Mr. Kean is concerned, these volumes are barren of every other theme. If Mr. Kean be vain enough to think that such matters are of the slightest interest to mankind, an 'honest friend' would have done his uttermost to undeceive him. But Mr. Cole's mind has apparently become so identified with Mr. Kean's that it is now merely its echo. The absorption of the lesser spirit by the greater is complete. Messrs. Kean and Cole are mental Siamese Twins. The one does the thinking and feeling, the other the writing. Mr. Kean pulls the strings, the puppet Cole obeys their every jerk, and pitiful beyond belief is the exhibition which ensues. Such a display of preposterous egotism and vanity has fortunately hitherto been reserved for the privacy of the social circle or family hearth.

In the days when Mr. Dickens was content to gladden and enlarge his readers' hearts by genial humour, when as yet he had no thought of setting up for a great moral teacher, yet was one in the best sense of the word, he penned the admirable sketch of Mr. Vincent Crummles, his family, and company. Who does not remember the Infant Phenomenon, Mr. Lenville, the leading tragedian, Mr. Folair, the pantomimist, Miss Snevellici, Miss Ledrook, and though last, not least, Mr. Vincent Crummles himself, and the gifted being who shared his fortunes and his bed? We used to think and hope that the infinitely little vanities, the absurd jealousies, the small dodges of that most amusing dramatic circle were over-coloured. We have read *The Life and Times of Charles Kean, F.S.A.*, and can think so no longer. There we have all the characteristics on which Mr. Dickens based his sketch; but unhappily with the humour left out, which reconciled us to all that was petty and contemptible in those distinguished members of the Portsmouth Circuit. Mr. Kean is simply Mr. Vincent Crummles in a larger arena, and Mr. Cole the faithful Grudden, who lived only to advance the interests of the Crummles race. The eye of the nation, Mr. Crummles thought, was always upon him. So manifestly thinks Mr. Kean. If Crummles managed to secure a puff in a newspaper, he thought it fame. So does Mr. Kean. When we read in Mr. Cole's volumes the newspaper notices of Mr. Kean's acting some twenty years back, full of the fervid incoherence which is apt to distinguish such literary efforts, we are reminded of the volume which was left with such studied carelessness for Nicholas Nickleby's perusal on his visit to the fair Snevellici's lodgings.

The most interesting object of all was perhaps the open scrap-book, pasted into which were various critical notices of Miss Snevellici's acting, extracted from different provincial journals, together with one poetic address in her honour, commencing—

> Say, God of Love, and tell me in what dearth
> Thrice-gifted Snevellici came on earth,
> To thrill us with her smile, her tear, her eye,
> Say, God of Love, and tell me quickly, why.

Besides this effusion there were innumerable complimentary allusions, also extracted from newspapers, such as 'We observe from an advertisement in another part of our paper to-day, that the charming and highly-talented Miss Snevellici takes her benefit on Wednesday, for which occasion she has put forth a bill of fare that might kindle exhilaration in the breast of a misan-

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thrope. In the confidence that our fellow-townsmen have not lost that high appreciation of public ability and private worth for which they have long been so pre-eminently distinguished, we predict that this charming actress will be greeted with a bumper.'

Of precisely the same character, and of just as much value and interest, are the notices hoarded up by Mr. Kean for reproduction through Mr. Cole's volumes. Mr. Vincent Crummles was not above a similar weakness. He was a clever diplomatist. Somehow or other the press were always warm in his praise, and singularly cognisant of his private merits. When Nicholas Nickleby, at their final meeting, asks him where he was going, a simple answer to the question would have been unworthy of the public favourite.

'Haven't you seen it in the papers?' said Crummles with some dignity.

'No,' replied Nicholas.

'I wonder at that,' said the manager. 'It was among the varieties. I had the paragraph here somewhere—but I don't know—oh yes, here it is.'

"The talented Vincent Crummles, long favourably known to fame as a country manager and actor of no ordinary pretensions, is about to cross the Atlantic on a histrionic expedition. We know no man superior to Crummles in his particular line of character, or one who, whether as a public or private individual, could carry with him the best wishes of a larger circle of friends. Crummles is certain to succeed."

A third of Mr. Cole's book might be condensed into the two last sentences.

'Here's another bit,' said Mr. Crummles, handing over a still smaller scrap. 'This is from the notices to correspondents, this one.'

Nicholas read it aloud.

"Philo-Dramaticus.—Crummles, the country manager and actor, cannot be more than forty-three or forty-four years of age. Crummles is not a Prussian, having been born at Chelsea."

'Humph!' said Nicholas, 'that's an odd paragraph.'

'Very!' returned Crummles, scratching the side of his nose, and looking at Nicholas, with an assumption of great unconcern. '*I can't think who puts those things in. I didn't!*'

Many paragraphs just as odd does Mr. Cole reproduce. How they ever happened to appear we are quite as much at a loss to conjecture as Nicholas Nickleby was in the instance in question—and no more.

To secure the press has obviously been one great aim of Mr. Kean throughout his career. What his or Mr. Cole's private opinion of that mysterious body may be, it is rather hard to determine. At one time it is ignorant, incapable, mercenary. Then it is blind to Mr. Kean's merits. At another time it is enlightened and independent. Then its eyes have been opened to his genius. It is the instrument of a cabal in the one case; the uncontrollable voice of public admiration in the other. Never, apparently, did the peace of mind of any man so hang upon what might be said of him by the fourth estate. It was his first thought after making his *début* at Drury Lane on the 1st October, 1827.

On the following morning he rushed with feverish anxiety to the papers, and, without pausing, read them to his mother. His fate and hers 'depended on the dictum of the all-powerful press!' It was unanimous in condemnation. Not simple disapproval or qualified censure, but sentence of utter incapacity—stern, bitter, crushing, and conclusive. There was no modified phrase, no exceptional encouragement, no admiration of undeveloped faculties, no allowance for youth and inexperience. The crude efforts of a schoolboy were dealt with as the matured study of a practised man.

Mr. Cole of course thinks the press acted very improperly, while in the same breath he urges the importance of its acting on all occasions with strict impartiality. Even he does not, however, venture to say that Mr. Kean was not then a very bad actor; and if so, what could the press honestly do but warn him off the metropolitan boards? It would be well for actors and playgoers if these gentlemen exercised their functions as inspectors of dramatic nuisances as sternly in our own days as they did twenty years ago. In Mr. Kean's case, they did him inestimable service by telling him he had everything to learn, and sending him to the provinces to learn it. But even at this early stage, Mr. Kean seems to have come to the conclusion, not that he was unfit for the place of a

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leading metropolitan actor, but that a cabal was on foot to hinder his success. This is darkly intimated through the early pages of the book, in such phrases as 'causes were in operation which time and absence might remove;' 'as often as he made a step in advance, some opposing influence dragged him back again.' Just so the vivacious Folair hinted to Nicholas Nickleby that the Infant Phenomenon 'ought to be in one of the large houses in London; and I tell you more, without mincing the matter, that if it wasn't *for envy and jealousy in some quarter* that you know of, she would be.'

In the provinces this dark cabal could not undermine the young actor's fame. Dublin and Edinburgh, wiser in their generation than the metropolis, divined the future Garrick. The press there was more tractable; and when Mr. Kean re-appeared in London in January, 1838, after an interval of some years, his renown had preceded him, and he was able to fulfil the threat with which five years before he had awed Mr. Bunn's treasurer—'I will never again set my foot on a London stage until I can command my own terms of £50 a night,'—

> Time rolled on (writes the triumphant Cole), and at the expiration of five years only, during which he had received £20,000 by acting in the country, he drove to the stage-door of Drury Lane theatre *in his own carriage* (imposing incident!) with a signed engagement at £50 a night in his pocket, and which engagement, for upwards of forty nights, was paid to him by the very man who had predicted its impossibility.

By this time, too, the press had learned to appreciate his genius. The *Times*, *Post*, and *Globe* are quoted at full length by Mr. Cole in proof of the fact. Some suspicion attaches to the eulogies of the *Times*' critic from the awkward insertion of a private letter from that gentleman a few pages further on, from which it is very clear that critic and actor were on terms of intimate friendship. No matter, however, how the praise was obtained—the young actor's aspirations were satisfied. Listen to the ecstatic Cole:—

> Had he been endowed with the united ambition of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, his loftiest aspirations must have been more than realized by the result of the 8th of January, 1838. Far different were the feelings of his mother and himself when, on the morning following, their breakfast table was strewed with the encomiums of the leading journals, from that deep mortification with which they had been overwhelmed ten years before from the same source which now conferred their happiness.

But alas, alas! for the stability of such happiness. There is no art to secure the constancy of either audiences or critics. Mr. Kean left London for a brief professional tour, returning in June to play a second engagement. The fire of his renown had paled in the interval:—

> A change had suddenly 'come o'er the spirit' of the press; *more than one of the most influential journals assumed an altered tone, and condemned the identical 'points' which they had a short time before so warmly praised.* It was impossible that a few weeks of absence could have produced any variation in the actor's style, *or the measure of his pretensions.*

The simplicity of this is charming. It never occurs to Mr. Cole that both the public and the critics may have found out their mistake. It is only in the domain of the theatre that there are no false idols, worshipped insanely for a time, and suddenly thrown from their pride of place! Or if such a phenomenon is to be found in the records of the stage, in the case of such transcendant genius as Mr. Kean's an explanation so simple would of course be absurd. A cabal of dramatic Carbonari was at work. Nothing less than this could account for the change:—

> A *hostile clique* was forming; but how, wherefore, or by whom suggested, fostered, and matured, it would be fruitless now to inquire. These hidden enemies, whoever they might be, had the merit of keeping counsel with the secrecy of a freemasons' lodge, and evinced a pertinacity of purpose which perpetual defeat during a long series of years seems only to have had the effect of sharpening into augmented virulence.

Unhappy Mr. Kean! This mystic band of veiled adversaries appears to have been the bane of his existence. Garrick, Kemble, the elder

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Kean, were unable to command the suffrage of universal applause. It was not given to everybody to appreciate their genius. It is not recorded, however, of these stars of a later time, that they attributed to an organized conspiracy this backwardness to acknowledge their powers. People didn't like their acting, and they said so. But that any sane and unprejudiced man should not like Mr. Charles Kean's acting is a heresy so monstrous, that neither he nor his biographer can admit its possibility. So when, in June, 1840, Mr. Kean appeared at the Haymarket, although, as Mr. Cole tells us,

On the first night the applause was enthusiastic and unanimous; on the second, a few expressions of disapprobation were heard, which were ever after continued by the *exceptious* (?) minority who thought proper to indulge in them. That this was a systematic opposition became so evident *that the most strenuous efforts were used to detect the parties* who so obviously placed themselves in direct opposition to the general voice of the public. But these efforts led to no result beyond the actual conviction that a planned conspiracy was in existence, the authors and agents of which conducted their proceedings with an impenetrable mystery, not even surpassed by the *Vchmegericht* of the middle ages, or the more recent *Tugen-bund* (Mr. Cole's German is peculiar) of modern Germany. They enjoyed their malice and escaped exposure, but this was all the advantage they gained.

How the 'exceptious minority' who have never been able to discover Mr. Kean's genius, must stare to find that they were objects of such anxious surveillance as secret conspirators against his success. They little dreamed, as they left the Haymarket, mourning that they had lost a night, that the eye of the detective was upon them. The critiques of the journals at this period being adverse, were of course 'transparently dictated by a biassed disposition,' to adopt Mr. Cole's somewhat eccentric language; but Mr. Kean found solace in the praises of 'an Edinburgh paper of Monday, the 6th of July, entitled Charles Kean and his London Critics,' reproduced by Mr. Cole for our edification, in which 'the criticism of the London press, as a whole, and in the light of a guide to judgment,' is summarily disposed of as 'unworthy of perusal.' If any admirer of Mr. Kean were to suggest, as he very well might, that this article was a very odd utterance even for a Modern Athenian oracle, we doubt not that the great actor could reply, like Mr. Vincent Crummles, and with equal sincerity, 'Very! I can't think who put these things in. *I* didn't.'

Miserable at the Haymarket, Mr. Kean was no happier when, in 1843, he transferred his services to Drury Lane. 'The loud applauses of the great majority of the house' were robbed of their charm by 'the two or three dissentient voices which made themselves conspicuously audible.' 'Wherever,' continues the sympathetic Cole, who on this theme waxes figurative and slightly incoherent,

wherever the actor went in London they (that is, the voices) dogged his steps and sought to check his popularity and *inward satisfaction*, as the slave danced in mockery before the chariot of the Roman Conqueror throughout his triumphal progress.

The phantom of these hidden enemies pursues Mr. Kean into the most improbable places. Even in the Bankruptcy Court he can detect their malign influence at work. In a passage where Mr. Cole, with singularly bad taste, proclaims in full detail the exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in assisting to raise a fund for the support of Mrs. Warner, during her dying illness,—forgetting here, as in several other cases throughout these volumes, that to blazon a charity is to rob it of all its grace,—the following sentences occur:—

On the occasion of some judicial proceedings which took place in the Bankruptcy Court in December, 1853, the judge asked how the poor lady had been supported during the affliction of her long illness. 'By the exertions of many kind friends,' was the answer, mentioning the names of the parties; *but those of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean were not even alluded to. The omission might have been accidental or intended. In either case it was extraordinary.*

To destroy so rare an opportunity of letting the public know how great were Mr. Kean's charities, was a

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cruel triumph of deliberate malignity. That he 'did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame,' is obviously not the kind of praise of which Mr. Cole's hero is ambitious.

So fine and Vidocq-like was the scent of the rising tragedian, that a cough or a sneeze, when he was on the stage, was enough to designate 'a conspirator.' No wonder, therefore, the cabal grew formidable during an east wind, or a wet season. Let nobody visit Mr. Kean's theatre with any affection of the mucous membrane, or he may find himself the object of the delicate attentions of 'Pleeceman X.' Read, all ye who have ever coughed or sneezed within the sacred precincts of the Princess's, and tremble! During the run of *Richard III.*, Mr. Kean's 'finest points' were so marred by the involuntary outbreaks of unmanageable nostrils, that in company with his 'honest friend,' he rushed to Bow-street for redress.

> The practice was so apparent, and so evidently against the feeling of the audience, that Mr. Kean, accompanied by his acting manager, waited on Sir R. Birnie, with a view to the adoption of protective measures. The police officers on duty in the theatre declared their conviction that a conspiracy undoubtedly existed, but so organized that they were unable to detect it. When the individuals thus engaged felt that they were under surveillance or had become obnoxious to the public generally, they never showed front, but immediately left the theatre or remained silent for the rest of the evening. After the second or third repetition of *Louis the Eleventh* they finally disappeared, either from exhausted funds or in despair of carrying their object. These matters may appear unintelligible to those who have never had occasion to fathom the full extent of personal pique or jealousy. In the present instance,
>
> Imputation and strong circumstance
> Which lead to the door of truth,
>
> point to the suspected parties; but in the absence of positive proof we abstain from the most remote inference. They know themselves, and may be assured that they are known.

'These guilty creatures sitting at a play' are profoundly to be pitied. Their Nemesis is too dreadful. The stings of conscience they might bear, but not the reproving eye of Mr. Kean and his faithful satellite!

To be maligned and persecuted, as every schoolboy knows, is part of a great man's destiny. Like Spenser's 'Gentle Shepherd,'

> A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him pursue,
> All striving to infix their little stings,
> That from their 'noyance he nowhere can rest.

These 'suspected parties' were Mr. Kean's 'cumbrous gnats;' but in Mr. Douglas Jerrold he encountered a hornet, whose sting was neither little nor weak. Its poison rankled; and accordingly Mr. Cole devotes a chapter to showing that the satirist wrote not from honest conviction, but from personal spite. With this view, a long correspondence is quoted, which only proves that Mr. Kean the manager had business relations with Mr. Jerrold the dramatist, which were mutually unsatisfactory. Mr. Jerrold never was an admirer of Mr. Kean, as the columns of *Punch*, from the first, bore persevering witness; and he wrote quite as bitterly before Mr. Kean bought his plays as after they quarrelled. Unquestionably he does not shine in his correspondence with Mr. Kean. He is in the awkward position of a man paid in advance for work overdue, who retorts in sarcasms, when he had much better at once have repaid the advance by the cheque which ultimately closed their intercourse. But what has the public to do with matters of this kind? Mr. Kean never could have supposed that in buying Mr. Jerrold's comedies he was also buying Mr. Jerrold's right to express his opinions on Mr. Kean's acting and management. Yet, if this were not implied in the compact, where is Mr. Kean's grievance? Mr. Jerrold knew more about theatres than he did about most of the subjects on which he wrote with so much pungency, and to so little practical purpose. He could recognise a good actor as well as any man of his time, and Shakspeare was one of the few things for which he had a genuine reverence. Mr. Kean accorded with his ideas neither of a great actor nor a true illustrator of the poet. He was also well aware—for who was

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more completely behind the scenes than he?—whence came those gusts of eulogy which attended every movement of the manager of the Princess's. It may not have been very wise in Mr. Kean to offend him, but the public certainly gained by a rupture which set free Mr. Jerrold's pen, if it had ever been chained; of which, however, there is no evidence. What thousands thought was spoken by the critic in the sharp, incisive phrases which he had always at command; and Mr. Cole has unwittingly done his principal cruel disservice by reprinting in an appendix the series of criticisms which, amid the acclaim of more tractable journalists, seems sorely to have disturbed his complacency. No part of these volumes is so well worth reading, or will be so much read. With what admirable truth and emphasis, for example, does the following passage dispose of what Mr. Cole pronounces to be one of Mr. Kean's 'most decided triumphs as an actor'—his Mephistophiles!—

The *Faust and Marguerite* shows Mr. Charles Kean to be a born spectacle-maker. Wonderful is the process by which all the poetry, all the grandeur, is discharged from Goethe, the imagination and subtleties of the master being supplied by the pullies of the machinist and the colours of the scene-painter! Everything of life and beauty has been extracted, and a *caput mortuum*—that is, Charles Kean's Mephistophiles—remains. And yet Mr. Kean never acted so naturally in all his life. He was quite *down* to the part. He no doubt felt the triumph of common-place, and rejoiced in his element. We have been accustomed to associate with Mephistophiles a devilish subtlety—a laughing spirit in the eye burning like a burning-glass. Mr. Kean had no more subtlety in his speech than the waiter at the Dog Tavern; nothing more scorching in his looks than might flash from brass buttons. There was boldness, but no burning.

This is more than witty—it is true; and its force is not to be neutralized by the imputation of base motives, especially when the writer can no longer defend himself, or send his slanderers howling away with the fire of his sarcasm at their heels. The smallest coruscation of Jerrold's wit would have burned up Mr. Cole, 'body and bones.' Well for him that that arrowy tongue is mute beneath the turf of Kensal Green! How he would have torn to pieces such a sentence as this:—'All well-wishers to the stage may probably regret that a dramatic author should ever combine the apparently incompatible functions of a dramatic critic!' Mr. Cole's English, never very good, and here most execrable, coupled with the notorious fact that Mr. Kean's stoutest encomiasts are dramatic authors not unknown at the Princess's, would have provoked such a commentary as neither that gentleman nor his biographer would speedily have forgotten.

The conduct of Mr. Kean in reference to the performances at the Opera House on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal, is another topic which Mr. Cole had much better have let alone. It needed no vindication, for the affair was forgotten. Until we read Mr. Cole's statement, we thought that Mr. Kean had possibly some cause of complaint. It is now perfectly clear that he had none. Her Majesty, it seems, thought fit to consult Mr. Mitchell as to the arrangements in place of Mr. Kean. Here was offence the first. Mr. Mitchell had the presumption to ask Mr. Kean to co-operate with him. Here was offence the second. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus!* The idea that the Master of the Queen's Revels could subside into one of 'her Majesty's servants' merely, was an indignity which might be softened, but not atoned, 'by some personal communication from her Majesty through the usual channel!' Mr. Kean 'would not have undertaken the speculation had it been proposed to him.' Where, then, was the grievance? 'But even now, if the slightest indication should be conveyed to him that his services were desired, he would lay aside his objections and instantly comply!' It is not strange that her Majesty declined to avail herself of a condescension which looked so like dictation, and that Mr. Kean was left to fume in all the fury of outraged dignity. But had he not his consolation? Did not 'the high and independent portion of the

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press' trumpet his griefs? Did not the audience at Oxford-street, with their 'cheers upon cheers,' that 'genuine and hearty expression of public feeling, on account of what was evidently considered a public wrong' (!) sufficiently soothe the wounds of mortified vanity? It would seem not; for Mr. Kean's spokesman cannot quit the theme without a taunt at the royal mistress for whom his idol, he in the same breath assures us, entertains the most ardent loyalty! With singular grace the public are informed that Mr. Kean thought himself entitled to complain of 'the little consideration extended to him throughout these proceedings,' especially as in directing the private theatricals at Windsor he had 'encountered heavy pecuniary loss.' Mr. Kean must know that the 'admission' of such a statement as this is unseemly in the last degree. It can neither be answered nor explained. At the same time it needs no 'ardent loyalty' to come to the conclusion that her Majesty will learn from Mr. Cole's book for the first time, that she has amused herself and her guests, not at Mr. Kean's expense—*that*, doubtless, she has often done—but at the expense of his pocket!

Never had any man better cause than Mr. Kean to say, 'Save me from my friends!'—his 'honest friend' in particular. That ingenious gentleman has done his best to upset the spurious reputation which it has cost Mr. Kean so many years of toil to raise. So completely has Mr. Kean contrived to impress the leading journals with a sense of his genius, that of late years they have vied with each other in loading him with every hyperbole of panegyric; and people who believe whatever they see in print, that is, two-thirds of the public, have abandoned their own misgivings in simple reliance upon the judgment of the infallible 'we' of the daily and weekly press. Why could Mr. Cole not have let well alone? His book is sure to unsettle this faith; for it must drive the dullest reader to the conclusion that private influences have something to do with this unanimity of applause. The reiterated assurances that all the newspaper praise is sincere and independent, and that prejudice or personal jealousy prompts all its censure, is more than suspicious. It is only your culprit who is always protesting his innocence. But, indeed, Mr. Cole makes no secret of his opinion—an opinion, by the way, of which Barnum has hitherto been the only avowed apostle—that to manage the press is the primary duty of conscious genius! The avowal is made *àpropos* of the following anecdote:—

Mrs. Garrick frequently visited at Kean's house, in Clarges-street; and one day, making a morning call, she found the tragedian in the drawing-room in a state of unusual excitement. He received his guest rather abruptly, and retired. The old lady's eyes followed him with some astonishment, and turning to Mrs. Kean, she said, in her broken English, 'What is the matter with your husband? he seems disturbed.'—'Oh,' replied Mrs. Kean, 'you musn't mind him; he has just read a spiteful notice of his "Othello" in one of the newspapers, which has terribly vexed him.'—'But why should he mind that?' said Mrs. Garrick; 'he is above the papers, and can afford to be abused.'—'Yes,' observed Mrs. Kean, 'but he says the article is so well written; but for that he wouldn't care for the abuse.'—'Then, my dear Mrs. Kean, he should do as David did, and he would be spared this annoyance.'—'What is that?' exclaimed the anxious wife, with intense eagerness.—'Write the articles himself: David always did so.'

Mr. Cole's comment on this is most instructive. 'Assuredly David was a good general, *and never exercised his tactics with more skill than in adopting this sound conservative practice.*' Can it be that 'this sound conservative practice' has been exercised on behalf of the paragon of Oxford-street? The rhapsodies of Mr. Cole sound uncommonly like echoes of strains with which we have long been familiar. In his preface he admits that there are passages in his book which have appeared before. Are his pseudo-criticisms of the performances at the Princess's among the number? This much, at least, is certain, either the critics of some influential journals have studied under Mr. Cole, or Mr. Cole has modelled himself with curious skill upon them. It was bad policy to

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place their lucubrations side by side. The inspiration common to both becomes too palpable, and people will begin to give credence to the floating legends of Aristarchs propitiated by the purchase of their farces, and by other devices calculated to sap their critical integrity.

This book would have been untrue to its pervading genius, if it had not given publicity to letters never intended for any eye but Mr. Kean's. Their importance will scarcely justify the impropriety of such a proceeding. What does it concern the world to know that Mr. Kean's Louis the Eleventh kept Colonel Phipps's cheeks 'burning with excitement,' whilst his 'lower man was, like the king's in the *Arabian Nights*, marble from the cold;' that Mrs. Howitt was 'astonished beyond expectation;' or that Mr. Palgrave Simpson found it 'impossible to see anything but perfection' in the same performance? Some of Mr. Kean's friends may not like to see their gushing acknowledgments for stalls and private boxes put upon record in this fashion. There is one, however, who will assuredly not complain; and therefore we have no scruples in transferring his letter to our columns. Thus writes the Recorder of Hull:—

> Permit me to thank you cordially for the unbounded delight which you afforded all my family last night by your splendid representation of Louis the Eleventh. They hardly know how to express themselves, such is the sort of infatuation with which you have filled them; and they will not hear of my returning to chambers this morning before I write to say how greatly they are obliged to you. This is Term-time, and my evenings are uncertain; but it shall go hard if I do not in a day or two find myself in the stalls. I am most impatient to go; and to such a piece as that of last night infinitely prefer going alone.
>
> I hope you will allow me to present you and Mrs. Kean with a copy of the new edition of *Ten Thousand a Year*, which I have rigorously revised throughout. I am, my dear Sir, yours very much obliged,
>
> SAMUEL WARREN.
>
> Sir F. Thesiger and his family were there last night.

Again are we reminded of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Among Mr. Crummles' patrons was a certain Mr. Curdle, who had established a footing in literature by a pamphlet, 'On the Character of the Nurse's deceased Husband in *Romeo and Juliet*; with an Inquiry whether he really had been a 'merry man' in his lifetime, or whether it was merely his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him.' When Nicholas made his successful *début*, his triumph was crowned by the receipt of—

> A presentation copy of Mr. Curdle's pamphlet, with that gentleman's own autograph (in itself an inestimable treasure) on the fly-leaf, accompanied with a note, containing many expressions of approval, and an unsolicited assurance that Mr. Curdle would be very happy to read Shakspeare to him for three hours every morning before breakfast during his stay in town!

Mr. Kean's 'splendid representation' is *laureâ donandus Apollinari*; and Mr. Warren's book, 'rigorously revised throughout,' furnishes the appropriate bay.

So long as Mr. Cole has to chronicle the theatrical gossip of the last half century it is just possible to wade through his book; but when he plunges, in his second volume, into the annals of Mr. Kean's doings at the Princess's Theatre the task of following him becomes too severe. He is always in ecstasies. Nothing on the stage ever was, or ever will be, so admirable as Mr. Kean and that gentleman's 'dearest partner of greatness.' They are paragons not merely of histrionic genius, but of every private virtue. Language is ransacked for expletives, and twisted into a very kaleidoscope of panegyric. No contemporaries are deemed even worthy of mention by the side of Mr. and Mrs. Kean. Nor is this enough. Mr. Cole offers his personal testimony, that to the latter even Mrs. Siddons, in Constance, Lady Macbeth, and Elvira, must yield the palm; while Miss O'Neill's powers were at once more limited in their range, and feebler within that range. But if Tragedy smiled upon her birth, Comedy rocked her cradle; and Mrs. Jordan is selected by Mr. Cole as the type of joyous vivacity only for the purpose of assuring us that her best performances were poor in contrast with Mrs. Kean's.

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In fact, Shakspeare's women were never understood till they were embodied at the Princess's Theatre. The eulogy of Mr. Kean is, if possible, more unmeasured. Whatever he touches he not only adorns, he creates; and Mr. Cole longs to evoke Shakspeare from his tomb to see what the great actor has done for him. A halo of sanctity invests every emanation of his genius. Cholera itself pulls up at the threshold of his dramatic temple. 'Coming from the east, it paused with fatal effect in the circumjacent vicinity of Golden-square, and passing up Poland-street to the south side of Oxford-street immediately opposite the Princess's Theatre, halted as if a barrier had arrested its progress at that point.' The fly-leaves of his play-bills, priceless monuments of antiquarian research and critical acumen, are embalmed for posterity in Mr. Cole's pages. The reprint of the plays, annotated by his master hand, are 'strongly recommended as eligible studies for the more youthful readers of the dramatic master;' and parents will be glad to know, that 'these plays, in a collected form, are now in course of publication by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.' Mr. Kean is a 'great public teacher.' 'He has reformed, nay, he has even regenerated, the national drama of the country,' whatever that may be. And if, as a manager, England has never seen his equal, we may be sure that, as an actor, he is peerless. Comedy, tragedy, farce, drama, and melodrama all acknowledge him as their chief interpreter. That the Kembles, Young, Macready, and such lesser luminaries should pale before him is not enough. Even Garrick is run down, that Charles Kean may soar. The brilliant wit who held his own with Johnson, Burke, the Beauclercs, Reynolds, and Goldsmith—the actor who was to the stage what Cowper was to poetry, the pioneer to nature and simplicity, and who made his way irresistibly to the hearts of all who came under the influence of his art—the sparkling writer, the intimate friend of the best men of his time, is disparaged for the glorification of a man who, to judge by this book, resembles him only in his failing.

> Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
> And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
> Till his relish, grown callous almost to disease,
> Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

Feeling but too keenly the force of what has been so often urged, that it was the spectacle and not the acting which drew people to the Princess's, Mr. Cole labours most strenuously to prove that if the spectacle was superlative, still the acting was the paramount attraction. This proposition he has probably established to his own satisfaction. But all his superlatives leave the question precisely where he found it. Mr. Cole may forget, but play-goers do not. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi.* Other actors and actresses have left their mark behind them; and even when Mr. and Mrs. Kean shall forsake the scene of their glories, we may hope not to be left altogether without consolation.

If this book concerned only Mr. Kean and his biographer, we should have passed it by with a smile of pity at the insatiable vanity of the one and the obsequious sycophancy of the other. But it is an offence to literature, and a scandal to the profession to which Mr. Kean has the honour to belong. Here is a gentleman who has thriven far beyond his deserts, who by a series of lucky accidents and skilful manœuvres has risen to a most prominent position, and whom the world generally may therefore be disposed to accept as a type of actors of the higher order. Not content with the fame and fortune which have not always fallen to the lot even of unquestionable histrionic genius, he thrusts himself before the public through the agency of one of his own officials, and by his mouth proclaims himself and his wife as the most gifted beings who have ever adorned the British stage. For this purpose and for no other could these volumes have been written. This is the burden of the tale throughout. Not the noble art which Mr. Kean professes to illustrate, not the high aims which are open to and will always be pursued by real histrionic genius, not the in-

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culcation of a faith in the stage as a potent agent for enlarging the sympathies and instructing the taste—with no thought of these things has this book been written, but only to exalt the individual at the expense of his class, and to inoculate the public, if possible, with his own preposterous estimate of himself. For this Mr. Kean has toiled through life. For this he has had his reward. But he has overshot the mark. He has written his own condemnation. The dexterous manager and the conceited egotist will henceforth eclipse the clever actor. Apt as the player's vocation may be to engender a habit of self-reference, the history of our best performers, and the character of many living ornaments of the stage, demonstrate that it does not destroy their self-respect. In this particular, Mr. Charles Kean must not be accepted as a type of his class. It is easy to imagine the infinite scorn which such a book as this would have excited in men of the stamp of the Kembles or Young—not to speak of more recent names. The profession has many enemies; but no assault from without could inflict one tithe of the injury which the overweening vanity of so conspicuous a member of it is likely to occasion. Had evidence been wanting of Mr. Kean's unfitness to interpret to educated men the great creations of our master-poet, it is furnished in these volumes. A nature so self-engrossed, and an intellect so narrow as are here revealed, could never expand to the proportions of an Othello or Macbeth, or grasp the wide domain of poetic beauty which is inclosed in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or *The Tempest*.

THE LADY OF LEE.

THERE'S a being bright whose beams
Light my days and gild my dreams,
Till my life all sunshine seems—
'Tis the Lady of Lee!

O! the joy that beauty brings
While her merry laughter rings,
And her voice of silver sings,
That she loves but me.

There's a grace in every limb,
And a charm in every whim;
And the diamond cannot dim
The dazzling of her e'e.

Yet there's a light amid
All the lustre of her lid,
That to all beside is hid,
That I alone can see.

'Tis the glance by which is shown
That she loves but me alone;
That she is all mine own—
This Lady of Lee.

Then say, can it be wrong
If the burden of my song
Be how fondly I belong
To the Lady of Lee?

F. M.

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NAPLES, FRANCE, AND AUSTRIA.

THOSE who have been disposed to take a hostile view of the Italian cause, and to treat the aspirations of the people as unreasonable, and their grievances as unreal, have dwelt on the bitterness and universality of their hatred to Austria as a proof that the wrongs they resent are 'sentimental,' and not practical. In 1848, the first use made of liberty by each of the States of Italy was to send forth its youth as volunteers to the Lombard war of liberation. However bad and oppressive their own governments might be, their strongest sentiment of hatred was not for them, but for Austria, whose rule was certainly less bad than that of the Papacy or the Bourbons of Naples. This year the same thing was repeated; the youth of Italy, instead of remaining to seize a chance of overturning the tyranny of their own princes, flocked from every part to join the standard of national independence unfurled by Victor Emmanuel. And their detractors in England and elsewhere point to this as a proof that the Italians desire rather to avenge an insult than to redress substantial injuries; are eager to be rid rather of the presence of a foreign than of the tyranny of an oppressive government. The Italians know better. They know that though the Austrian rule in Lombardy was, until 1848, as good as any in the peninsula—Sardinia excepted—it was by Austria that all the misgovernment of Central and Southern Italy was sustained and rendered possible. The experience of that year did but impress this lesson more forcibly upon them. It has become the first axiom of Italian patriotism, that without Austria there could be no tyranny in Italy, with her there can be no freedom. No wonder that they should consider that little or nothing has been achieved for their cause while Austria holds a single fortress or a single province south of the Alps.

In the case of the Two Sicilies, the influence of Austria has been less violently and obtrusively exercised. The Neapolitan kings have latterly been able to hold their own without armed assistance. They have crushed more than one incipient rebellion with Neapolitan troops, or foreign soldiers in Neapolitan pay. In 1848 a little patience and skill enabled Ferdinand to do the same, and spare Austria the trouble of doing in his dominions what she had done in the Duchies and the Legations. But the history of that year affords sufficient indication of the dependence of the Bourbon Court on the supremacy of Austria. Had Charles Albert succeeded in holding Lombardy and Venetia against Radetsky, it is evident that Ferdinand would have taken a different course. In January, when he yielded to the demands of the Neapolitans, and promised a constitution, the aspect of affairs in the north of Italy was such as to render it uncertain how soon Austria might find her hands too full to interfere beyond her own frontiers. Had the storm blown over then, the King of Naples would not have needed the shelter of a constitution, and his promise would have been quietly forgotten, or forcibly set aside. But as the horizon grew darker, and an outbreak became every day more evidently imminent, the Sicilian Court, which was anxiously looking northward, became more liberal in its acts, and more conciliatory in its demeanour. Even after the infamous 15th of May, the King thought it wisest to temporize. He held the power he had resumed with a firm hand; but he allowed a new Parliament to meet, debate on reforms, and discuss questions of finance. Shortly after the defeat of Milan and the conclusion of an armistice between Austria and Sardinia, this Parliament was prorogued, having sat for two months. Austria was triumphant in the north; France was not disposed, under the guidance of Cavaignac, to stand forth as the champion of liberty; and the King of Naples felt himself sufficiently safe to extinguish in blood the flame of Sicilian rebellion, and to work his own pleasure in Naples, without the advice of an obnoxious assembly. Still, he waited on Austria. She had as yet enough to do at home, and no strength to

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lend to her imitators and allies. Hungary was on the eve of rebellion; the Imperial Government sat uneasily under a constitutional *régime* at Vienna. Presently came the announcement of a new and more violent revolution there, and of the flight of the Imperial family. Ferdinand shaped his course accordingly; he allowed the Constitution to remain in form, if not in force. Vienna was occupied by Prince Windischgratz on the 2nd of November, and on the 23rd Ferdinand further prorogued his Parliament until the 1st of February, 1849. By that time the Empire had recovered its unity and vigour. Hungary was still in rebellion, but the Austrian forces were evidently preparing to overwhelm her. The Austrian crown was on the head of a younger and more energetic man than its late wearer. The King of Naples saw his advantage, and felt that he would now be secure in putting an end to that phantom of liberty which had been suffered to haunt the presence of the *ré assoluto ed adorato*. On the 12th March a royal decree from Gaëta dissolved the Parliament, reserving the appointment of a day for new elections. On the 25th the Austrian ascendancy in Italy was completely reestablished by the battle of Novara; and from that day to this the time for new elections has never been fixed, and the Neapolitan constitution remains in a state of suspended animation.

The power of Austria once restored, the Neapolitan Court resumed its usual policy of stupid and shameless tyranny. It defied the representations of France and England on behalf of its unhappy subjects, and trusted to Austria to secure it against any serious inconvenience in so doing; nor did Austria disappoint its confidence. Up to the outbreak of the late war, no amelioration had taken place in that 'negation of God erected into a system of government' under which the Two Sicilies groan. The battle of Magenta alarmed the young King sufficiently to induce him to call to his aid one of the very few Royalists who have shown either moderation or common sense. General Filangieri proved himself, in the reduction of Sicily, as merciless a butcher as any Bourbon could desire to find; his troops burned the wounded alive in the hospitals, and he himself sent men to be tried by courts-martial to which he dictated the sentence, and whose deliberations he cut short by sending a file of soldiers to escort the prisoners to the place of execution. But he is a man of sense, with no delight in persecution, and no partiality for the system of espionage which prevails in Naples. Accordingly, he was coldly regarded by the late King, who considered him culpably lenient towards the disaffected islanders; and after his recal from Sicily he remained in bad odour at Court until the present sovereign, desirous at once to allay public dissatisfaction and to secure a strong government, called him to office. As all the worst creatures of the late reign still retain their places, the selection of Filangieri proves little or nothing as to the intentions of the King. The new Premier has not been allowed to remove even the worst and most disreputable of his colleagues and subordinates; and the whole army of officials, from the highest to the lowest, is resolute to thwart any attempts at improvement in the administration. Still it deserves notice that the first creditable appointment—the first concession to public decency made in Naples since 1849—was consequent upon the first reverse sustained by Austria in Upper Italy. Had the 'quadrilateral' been forced—had the victory of Solferino been followed up with such energy and good fortune as might have completed the destruction of the Austrian power, and 'freed Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic,' we should probably have received news of a gradual enlightenment in the mind of Francis II., progressing *pari passu* with the successes of the Allies;—first, a relaxation of the severities of the police; then a dismissal, *pro formâ*, of some of the most hated of the Ministers; then concessions more or less ample to the Constitutionalists, to be faithfully fulfilled or shamelessly retracted according to the final result of the conflict. Neapolitan politics are a barometer of the Austrian fortunes; and the

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real battle of Neapolitan freedom must be fought out not in Naples, but in Upper Italy.

Of this the people, as well as the King, of the Two Sicilies are fully aware. The interest of Milan in the events of the 'fortnight's war,' was hardly keener than that felt and in some sort manifested in Naples. The demonstrations of joy when the victory at Magenta was there announced, though perfectly peaceful, were on so large a scale as seriously to startle the Government, and lead to a savage attack by the police upon the crowds assembled in front of the Sardinian embassy. The Neapolitan youth had not been able, as were those of Central and Northern Italy, to migrate in large numbers to join the standard of Victor Emmanuel. The frontiers were too well watched, and the journey, lying through hostile territory, too difficult to be passed without passports. But they chafed under their forced neutrality; and both the Government and the Liberal leaders felt that the first demand to be made, should the former be driven to concession, was not for the convocation of Parliament, but for war with the stranger. Had the King been frightened into amendment, this and this only would have been accepted as a pledge of his sincerity. Had the people found an opportunity of coercing him, this and this only would have been deemed security for the future. Constitutional government might be re-established for a time, but would certainly be again overthrown if Austria should hold her own; while the defeat of Austria would of itself ensure the restoration of liberty in the Two Sicilies. The struggle, then, between the Court and the Liberals, had it broken out —as seemed not improbable some two months ago—would have turned on the issue of alliance with Sardinia or continued dependence on Austria.

It does not appear that Austria wholly approves the system of government pursued by her *protégés*, though she permits no interference with their right to do as they will with their own. She is not herself disposed to cruelty and barbarism, unless exasperated by what she considers rebellion and ingratitude. Even in Lombardy, her tyranny falls short by many degrees of the brutal ferocity of the Sicilian Bourbons. But she has never shown any desire to check them in their course of misconduct; satisfied that no insurrection provoked thereby will be so strong as to make its suppression a difficult task to her, and perhaps not unwilling that an excuse should be afforded for such an extension of her authority. Hitherto she has felt secure of being allowed to take her own way, under protest perhaps, but without interference from any other Power. Now the case is altered; and she has no longer an interest in the prolongation of a misgovernment which may rekindle the flames of war in Italy, and bring on the stage influences which cannot be definitely calculated beforehand. And that misgovernment is so atrocious that no other Power than Austria could possibly oppose its modification. Those who have recommended the path of reform to the Papacy are bound in consistency to favour its adoption in Naples, whose government may dispute with that of the Vatican the distinction of being the worst and meanest in Europe.

Indeed the people of the Two Sicilies are, if possible, more unhappy than those who have the misfortune to dwell within the sacred limits of the patrimony of St. Peter. It is true that they are not actually under ecclesiastical domination; that the tyranny under which they suffer is carried on by other than priestly hands; that their oppressors in the public offices or on the bench of justice are not habited in clerical garb or bound to celibacy; but priestly influence is almost as great and priestly interference as rife as in the Roman States. The Court and the clergy are in close alliance; and in return for their invaluable support, the sovereigns of the House of Bourbon, whose vices and crimes are leavened by undoubted piety towards the Church, permit to the priesthood an authority for mischief-making and vexation which they enjoy nowhere else but in the shadow of the Holy See. They are able to invade domestic privacy, to act as *censores*

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morum and judges over those errors with which civil governments have ever declined to meddle; and they exercise their power in a manner which has earned for them a sincere and cordial hatred from the mass of the thinking and educated classes in the Neapolitan dominions. It is too common in this country to revile the Roman Catholic clergy in terms as indecent as untrue; and it would be unworthy of a respectable writer to cast any imputation on their character as a body in lands where they are not demoralized by Court favour and excess of power. Let us grant that *in England* they are among the most earnest and zealous servants of religion: it cannot be honestly denied that *in Italy*, and especially in Naples, they are, as a class, what a dominant priestly caste, above all a dominant celibate priesthood, must always be—a scandal to civilization, a curse to the country, and a hateful burden to the people. Strong as these terms sound to English ears, they are mild compared to those used by Italians in speaking of the Catholic clergy, at the bitterness of which no one can wonder who has heard the tales they have to tell of clerical meddlesomeness and espionage. In return for the liberty to perpetrate such impertinences, the clergy make their spiritual office subservient to the interests of the Government. As educators of youth, they teach servile obedience on pain of everlasting perdition. By means of the confessional they make the wife betray her husband to the secret police, of which they are efficient agents; or worm from the pious daughter information of words spoken in family confidence which may send her father to the galleys as a malcontent. In a word, their power for evil is hardly less as the allies of the Neapolitan police than as the administrators of despotism in the States of the Church.

How infamous is the temporal Government of Naples the public has often been told. That it should be so is not strange when we come to learn by what manner of men it is administered. The highest official ranks have often been filled, since 1850, by men whose character would in other countries have excluded them not only from public employment but from decent society. Official lying and political perfidy are, of course, no disqualification for the service of a Ferdinand II.; but it is startling to learn that one of the highest offices in the ministry of the present King has been granted to an apostate Sicilian Liberal, universally believed to have purchased his life only by that 'unutterable shame' which most men would die to avenge. From such creatures nothing could be expected but that they should be the willing instruments of their master's worst impulses of tyranny and ferocity; and how they have fulfilled that expectation is known to us all. The horrid scenes revealed by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet shocked and disgusted Europe. Civilization and humanity were revolted by the treatment of the prisoners of the *Cagliari*, immured in dungeons whose wretchedness beggars description, for the crime of having loved their country 'not wisely but too well.' Constitutional statesmen, who had offended the King only by acting as the ministers of a *régime* to which he himself had sworn, have shared the same fate with those whose patriotism, exasperated beyond prudence or patience, had driven them into open rebellion. Poerio and Settembrini, but for the strong manifestation of European opinion in their favour, would have fared no better than the comrades of Pisacane. The very representatives of the people convoked by Ferdinand himself, have been treated as traitors for the crime of believing him honest. There is every reason to think that a contemporary, in stating the other day that two-thirds of the quondam Chamber of Deputies are at this moment in prison or in exile, did not exaggerate the fact. All who have dared to signalize their preference for any other form of Government than a pure despotism have been immediately marked for vengeance, and that vengeance has been exacted with as little regard for the forms of law as for the substance of justice.

Those men of Liberal opinions who, as less ardent or less distinguished, have been exempted from

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the extremities of royal displeasure, drag their life along in a condition little better than that of the selected victims. Hundreds are officially placed under the charge of the police; thousands are *internés*, confined within the bounds of a village, a district, or a province, sometimes to the utter ruin of their fortunes, or the destruction of their professional prospects. But besides these sufferers, every man in Naples suspected to hold opinions unfavourable to that species of absolutism which obtains in the Two Sicilies, every man supposed to be in any sense dissatisfied with the Government, lives under a surveillance only less strict and painful than the imprisonment to which he may at any moment be hurried off, without trial, without warning, without cause shown or accusation made. At any hour of the day or night he may expect the visit of the secret police, to drag him away to a dungeon, from which only death or the overthrow of the Government is likely to set him free. He has no more security for such peace and liberty as are left to him than has the Virginian slave. He dare not visit his friends, lest they be suspected of conspiring together. He may not invite them to his house, without first sending to the police a list of his guests, and obtaining their sanction. If there be on the list the name of a suspected man, the police may strike it out; they may, and often do, require the host to receive one or more of their agents at his table; and spies are stationed at his door to see that no guest enters for whom permission has not been obtained. Consequently, social intercourse is almost at an end in the capital of the Two Sicilies. Only three or four families of rank and character that exempt them from official suspicion, dare to give a dinner-party. Few venture on a *soirée* or reception. None but those who are conscious of enjoying a good reputation with the police think it safe to indulge, except rarely and cautiously, even in the society of intimate friends: the risk is too great, and the penalty too grave to be lightly encountered. Capitelli, President of the Chamber of Deputies, did not dare for many months to call on his brother-in law. Lord Napier was requested to abstain from visiting a Neapolitan Liberal with whom he was on friendly terms, and in frequent communication, as his visits exposed the latter to the suspicion of intriguing against the government with the Ambassador of England. This was in 1850; and matters have in no way improved since then. It would be easy to multiply instances and proofs of the extent to which the suppression of social intercourse has been and is still carried; but what has been already stated will suffice to give some idea of the fact. It is difficult, however, to form any adequate conception of the manner in which life is saddened, and courage destroyed, and energy depressed, by this system of forced isolation. The want of intercourse begets want of confidence and want of union; those who never are allowed confidential conversation and free interchange of ideas, lose hope of the future, reliance on one another, and unity of purpose; and the authority which has separated, if not divided them, congratulates itself on having thereby made it possible to govern them.

There is too much reason to believe that this infamous policy has been crowned with considerable success. At the present time, it is greatly to be feared that the Liberal party in Naples are paralysed by uncertainty and disorganization. That form of party order, and discipline, which exists in a free country, where political questions can be freely debated, where political meetings are possible, and where freedom of the press facilitates the dissemination and discussion of party principles, has of course never existed there. The Constitutionalists cannot, and never could arrange by regular and formal agreement a policy and a course of action; they have never, except for a month or two in 1848, enjoyed an opportunity of publicly advocating their principles and indicating the line they intended to adopt. The organization applicable to their position must be that of confidence in a few known and recognised leaders, steady obedience to their guidance, and a tacit understanding, esta-

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blished by merely social communication and intercourse, as to the object to be pursued and the means for its achievement. Such influences might and did once establish in every district, a party which could be relied on to act in concert, the members of which were acquainted with one another, and took their cue from the acknowledged leaders of the whole body. Now there is reason to fear that this kind of organization has almost ceased to exist among the Liberals of Naples—a circumstance of ominous significance at such a time as the present. There are, it is said, no leaders able to command the adhesion of the party as a whole; no general understanding as to their objects and intentions, no definite purpose on which they are all prepared to act. In 1848 there was more unity of feeling and intention among the Liberals of Naples than among those of any other part of Italy. They all knew what they wanted; and they all wanted the same thing, or very nearly the same. All united in demanding arrangements which gave representation only to those whose fitness the extremest Conservative in this country would hardly deny. Men of property, men of the learned professions, landowners, mortgagees, and fundholders, were to form almost the entire constituency, even under the electoral law promulgated by Carlo Trŏja, as head of what was there called a Radical ministry. There was nothing to divide the different sections of the Liberal party; no important principle on which they were at variance. The alarm given by the events of the 15th of May, put an end at once to all disagreement, and effaced all nominal distinction; and from that time until the final destruction of constitutional government in Naples, the Liberals acted in perfect concert. Since 1850, they have been deprived, one by one, of their ablest and most esteemed leaders. Some are dead, some are in prison, some in exile. They cannot meet together; they do not know each other; perhaps they hardly dare to trust one another; and there are no chiefs among them whose personal influence is strong enough to control their temper and direct their course. Unanimity, discipline, steadiness, and self-control are not now to be expected of them. Not only has suspicion and doubt entered their minds; not only are their ranks in confusion, and their courage thereby broken; but there is no certainty that they may not be split into discordant sections, and be wanting in union if the opportunity should yet be given, which complete and cordial union, and that alone, would enable them to seize and to use with effect.

Of course, the treachery of the late King, and the dissolution of the parliament, gave a heavy blow to the Constitutionalists. It was clear that the Sovereign could never again be trusted; and those who had before endeavoured only to restrain his power, were compelled to desire his deposition. Constitutionalism and the reign of Ferdinand II., were for the future obviously incompatible; and the recognition of this fact tended, of course, to dismay and weaken the Moderates, and to strengthen the hands of the Republicans — a party too weak in Naples and Sicily to be able by itself to effect the overthrow of a strong and vigilant despotism. We all know how they tried, and failed lamentably; partly by the inadequacy of their means, partly by the treachery of some on whose cooperation they relied.

Italy was, in her happiest times, almost entirely Republican. Her traditions and aspirations all pointed, therefore, in that direction. Until 1848, the results of experience pointed the same way, and read a bitter lesson on the text 'put not your trust in princes.' Therefore it is that the Republican party has been strong in Italy. Since 1848, practical prudence has been so evidently on the side of Constitutionalism and of the House of Savoy, and the King Victor Emmanuel has so won the hearts of the Italians, despite personal frailties, by his frank bearing and his reputation, now fully justified, for fearless gallantry, that the Sardinian party is everywhere predominant. But the lesson of 1848 proved the Republicans right on one point —that no Sovereign of Italy, except

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the King of Sardinia, could be trusted to observe his word before man, or his oath before God. It is not strange, therefore, that there should still be a Republican party, or that its leader should find such followers as those who embarked in the disastrous expedition to Ponza in July, 1857.

The attempt was rash enough at best; and before it was actually made, events had occurred which ensured its ruin. Pisacane went with conscious foreknowledge to almost inevitable destruction. Nicotera, his second in command, had left his betrothed, a relative of Carlo Poerio, in Turin, without giving her any notion of the fatal enterprise on which he was going. She learned it at the last moment, and telegraphed to Genoa, entreating his return. It was too late to draw back; and leaving love and hope behind him, the young soldier sailed to meet a doom worse than death. How he saw his comrades shot down, and the wounded flung over the precipices; how, after a long and cruel confinement, he came forth unbroken in spirit and courage to vindicate the innocence of the crew of the *Cagliari*—our countrymen among them—to take all on himself, and do all he could for his comrades; and how he now lies chained in a submarine dungeon, with scant hope of other deliverer than death; we have already been told. The Republican attempt had failed; the Republicans were crushed. The fate of the Two Sicilies hung once more on the silent struggle between the party of the constitution and the party of the reaction.

The Constitutionalists were biding their time. Notwithstanding the influences which threatened their coherence and strength, they had hopes of a change in their favour. The Duke of Calabria, heir to the throne, was by the mother's side of Sardinian blood. It was known that he was not on the best terms with the Court. It was known that the Queen, his stepmother, regarded him with aversion, and had treated him with harshness and injustice. As she was of Austrian birth, and considered the chief patron of the Reaction, men hoped that hostility to her would throw the Prince into the hands of the Constitutionalists, and incline him to the cause of Italian independence. They waited, 'to give him a chance;' though the emissaries of the Muratists were busily endeavouring to turn their eyes towards the son of Joachim, the worthiest sovereign that has filled their throne for many generations. The opposite party dreaded lest the hopes of the Liberals should be fulfilled. It was not enough that Francis had been educated by the Jesuits, and married to the sister of the Empress of Austria; there was reason to distrust the reactionary principles of one to whom the chiefs of the Reaction had behaved so ill; and a conspiracy was set on foot, while Ferdinand II. was dying, to substitute his second son as his successor. The conspiracy was baffled, and Francis II. mounted the throne. The hopes of the Constitutionalists rose high. They had now a sovereign with whom they had no quarrel on the score of previous treachery, who possibly might deserve their trust; and who, having experienced the hostility of their adversaries, extending even to an attempt to deprive him of his inheritance, might probably think it wise to ally himself with them. But the Austrian party succeeded in averting the peril that menaced them, and in patching up a reconciliation between the King and the Queen Dowager, through the mediation of the young Queen. The King has surrounded himself with extreme Reactionists of the worst and most violent disposition; has carried out his father's policy with his father's own spirit; and shattered all the hopes which the circumstances of his accession had raised. The Constitutionalists are discouraged, hesitating, and disappointed. The peace of Villafranca has deprived them of their last fragment of hope; and at present, as there is too much cause to think, they are broken and baffled, knowing not whither to turn or whom to follow.

While the Constitutional party are thus disorganized, their opponents are in full strength and vigour. From the Court, which is of course wholly theirs, their influence extends

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throughout the whole Continental territory of Naples. In every town and village there is an organized reactionary party, in absolute possession of all local authority, filling all municipal offices, and making use of its power to depress, harass, and tyrannize over the Liberals—that is to say, the great majority of the educated classes—in their neighbourhood. There is thus a strong resisting force at the disposal of the Court; to which must be added the whole army of Government officials, low-born, ignorant, eager above all things to keep their places, and to avoid change; and conscious that their countrymen generally regard them with aversion and contempt. The great majority of these officials are, regularly or virtually, agents of police; and their position is one which no son of a respectable family, no man who has hopes of success in any reputable line of life, will condescend to fill. They are consequently a caste apart, and a caste hostile in feeling to those whom they assist in governing. Besides these supports, the Court, by constantly favouring the lower and labouring classes at the expense of the gentry and proprietors of land —a class very different there to the class of landholders in England, since the land in Naples is held in small portions, and by men of every grade in society—has obtained a certain share of influence among the lowest and most ignorant of the peasantry, whom it has employed, in the spirit of the worst leaders of the so much dreaded Red Republic, to plunder and coerce the holders of property. Its policy in the agricultural districts has been a mixture of Communism and incendiarism. Proudhon himself is not more regardless of the rights of those who possess anything of their own; Captain Swing was never more violent in his incitement to agrarian outrage. Attacks on the goods and persons of proprietors have been frequent; nor has it been possible for a class known to be inclined to Liberalism to obtain justice or protection when exposed to robbery and murder, at the hands of men too ignorant to be otherwise than loyal. A small force of well-disciplined partisans, a host of officials, and mobs of men excited by want and by the emissaries of the Reaction—such is the civil power at the disposal of the Court. The Reactionists are inferior in numbers and in character; they have the advantage in organized energy, in unity, in the possession of the whole material strength of the Government. A well-devised and unanimous movement on the part of the Liberals might possibly sweep before it the whole of this resisting mass; but the latter would very probably recover its position as soon as the storm of popular vengeance had blown over. And a well-combined and effectual action is scarcely possible to men so jealously watched that they enjoy no liberty of meeting and no facility of intercommunication; who are not habituated to conspiracy, or banded in secret societies. And any partial movement would be crushed at a blow, and only add to the sufferings of the people.

In this disposition of parties, it must be confessed that the prospects of the Two Sicilies are cheerless enough. There is little hope of any action on the part of the Constitutionalists of a peaceful and orderly nature, sufficiently united and powerful to overbear the reluctance of the Court and the obstinacy of the Conservative party. Sanguine indeed must be he who can hope that the King of Naples will be persuaded to grant a constitution of his own accord. Kings are but seldom induced to step outside of the path of dynastic tradition, to disregard or reverse the policy which has for generations been that of their family and their government; and neither the education of Francis II., nor his connexions, nor his conduct hitherto, encourage men to hope for any such unselfish and far-sighted wisdom as would be shown in a voluntary abnegation of absolute power. What is known of his personal character favours the impression that he is weak and docile to the evil counsellors around him, though naturally not unamiable; that his mind possesses none of the originality or independence that might urge him to break through the narrow circle of tradition and prejudice, and take the

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only line which can preserve his throne from ruin and his kingdom from misery or revolution. The only present hope of Naples appears, then, to lie either in successful insurrection, or in the pressure from without of circumstances which may compel either a change of dynasty or a change of system.

To insurrection the Neapolitan Liberals are, as a body, extremely averse, and with excellent reason. They doubt the possibility, and they distrust the consequences, of successful rebellion. While the Swiss troops remained content and loyal, they knew that the King was in possession of a weapon which they could hardly hope to resist; and even now, when the confidence between these mercenaries and the Government they serve has been completely shaken, it yet seems probable that the King might be able to rely on the whole or a very considerable part of the native army, and that with these alone he would be able to stem the tide of insurrection. It is not to be forgotten that the army has never shown itself indisposed to act against the people; that the officers are as a matter of course chosen almost entirely from the families favourable to the Court; and that the rank and file are recruited principally from the lower and more ignorant classes, among whom the Crown has especially courted popularity, and of whose passions and class prejudices it has made skilful and unscrupulous use. An insurrection against a strong and loyal army becomes every year an undertaking more and more perilous, less and less promising, as the mechanical means and appliances of war become more ample and more formidable. An armed populace can effect little against Minié rifles and well-served artillery. And the reluctance which reasonable men feel to engage in so unequal a contest is aggravated by uncertainty as to their own strength, union, and numbers, and by the menacing attitude of a reactionary party, not numerous, but organized, resolute, and in actual possession of all authority and power, local as well as national.

On the other hand, there are, too, considerations which may render the present moment, in the eyes of sanguine men, exasperated by long endurance of unendurable tyranny, auspicious for the commencement of an armed rebellion. It is believed that Sicily would be likely to act in concert with the insurgents; and it does not seem likely that Austria would be allowed to take the matter into her own hands. The Sicilians have more than once appealed to the fortune of arms against the injustice and ingratitude of the house of Bourbon; and though always defeated hitherto, have shown themselves capable of fighting well, and of enduring the extremities of war with courage and constancy. In Sicily, moreover, there is no Bourbonist party. The reaction there was effected entirely by Neapolitan troops, unaided by any section among the islanders themselves. A revolt in Sicily would in all probability engage the whole strength of the Neapolitan army, and leave the Court very ill-defended against a bold and well-arranged rising within its Continental dominions, by which a constitution, with such guarantees as would prevent a repetition of the treachery of 1848, might possibly be extorted. But there is reason to doubt whether the hope of any such co-operation from the Sicilians can be reasonably considered secure enough to justify a course of action avowedly dependent on its fulfilment. It is quite possible that the Sicilians might retaliate the desertion to which they were exposed ten years ago, and leave the insurgents of Naples to their fate, as the Neapolitan Constitutionalists left Ferdinand II. to wreak his vengeance unrestrained on Palermo and Messina. The relations between the Liberals of Sicily and Naples since 1848 have never been of an intimate nature. At the commencement of that year, a perfect understanding subsisted between the leaders of the party in both kingdoms. It was understood that the Sicilians were to be consulted on the terms of any compromise which might be extorted from the King—a deference to which they were the better entitled inasmuch they had

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borne the brunt of the contest; they had declared open rebellion before any movement took place in Naples; and it was their outbreak of the 12th January which enabled the Neapolitans a fortnight after to wrest from the King the promise of a Constitution. Bozzelli was the effective chief of the Ministry called into power to carry out that promise. In spite of advice and remonstrance—in spite of the counsels of the Neapolitan Liberals, who earnestly urged that something should be done to satisfy their pledge to the Sicilians—that the chiefs of the Liberal party in the island should be consulted before the irrevocable act of promulgation—that obstinate and self-opinionated man persisted in disregarding the very reasonable claim of those to whom in fact Naples owed the Constitution; and the first information received by the Sicilians as to the nature of the law under which they were for the future to live, was given by its official publication. It contained much of which they did not approve; some things which seemed to invade their ancient rights and privileges; it offered them no adequate guarantee for the partially separate administration they desired. They felt themselves at once gratuitously insulted and wantonly betrayed; and they resented both the affront and the injury. They demanded the withdrawal of the Neapolitan troops from the island. Their demand, though justified by the previous conduct of those troops, and approved by the representative of England, was refused; and the Sicilians deposed the King, declared their independence, and made preparation for defence. During the brief existence of the Neapolitan Constitution, the Constitutional Government were prosecuting the war against Sicily; and their victory effected an alienation between the Neapolitan Liberals and their Sicilian brethren which is not yet healed. The co-operation of the latter, then, in any movement originating on the mainland, is not to be depended on. The only chance of success for an insurrection in Naples must be in seizing the opportunity which may be given by the not impossible event of a spontaneous outbreak in Sicily.

The hope that Austria will not be allowed to dispose of them at her own pleasure—a condition essential to any possibility of improvement—still lingers in the minds of the Neapolitans. For the first time another great Power has shown herself disposed to claim that share in the settlement of the fate of the Italians which has hitherto been tacitly abnegated by all in favour of one. The late war, however poor and unworthy its visible results, has brought the peninsula once more within the pale of European public law; has reclaimed it from the condition of an Austrian preserve, and asserted the interest of Europe in its affairs as against the exclusive pretensions of one overgrown empire. Six months ago it seemed as if Italy held towards Austria somewhat the same position as that of India towards Great Britain; the position of subjection actual and understood, though not in every case avowed. The independence of an Italian State was like the independence of an Indian Rajah; and Austria no more admitted the right of France and England to interfere between her and Naples, or between her and the Duchies, than we should admit her title to mediate in our quarrels with Burmah or Cabul. The armed intervention of France, despite the insincerity which marked its course and the disgrace in which it has closed, has at least achieved the emancipation of Italy from this degrading bondage. She is now no extra-European appendage of the Austrian Empire, but an integral part of Europe, in whose affairs no one Power can claim an exclusive or peculiar interest. Or, should Austria be inclined to reassert that claim, it is scarcely conceivable that it can be allowed. To allow it—to let her undertake the part of Lord Paramount in settling disputes between her vassals and their subjects—would be to confess that France was worsted in the encounter, to give the lie to Magenta and Solferino, and to admit a defeat in the face of Europe and of the French nation. We may well doubt whether Louis Napoleon can dream of doing this. What may happen in Central

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Italy, it is difficult to say. Before these lines are published it may be that the question will have been settled; that the Princes will have been restored by the French army of liberation, or will have been definitely abandoned to their own devices. The one thing that may be pronounced improbable is that their restoration will be left to the bayonets of Austria; and if there be anything yet more unlikely, it is that Austria should be permitted to resume the suzerainty or protectorate—call it what we will—that she formerly exercised over the Two Sicilies. The Emperor of the French is no friend to liberty, and is by no means chary of his faith, or tender of the lives of those who put their trust in him. But he knows the importance of maintaining his diplomatic position in Europe, and his popularity with France. Both would be shaken to the uttermost if, after lofty boasts, after brilliant successes, after a bloody war and a dramatic peace, Europe and France were to see Austria openly resume her undisputed ascendancy in Italy, and reign by naked force from the Tyrol to Calabria—'from the Alps to the Adriatic.'

Whatever may be done, then, it is certain that Louis Napoleon will have a voice in the manner of doing it. What he may do and permit will depend on many conditions; but in no case will he permit any apparent slight to his own influence, or to the dignity of the high-spirited nation he rules. If an intervention take place at all in the affairs of Naples, he will not consent to stand aloof; and Austria will hardly dare to move against him. The fate of a movement there depends on the policy he may choose or be forced to pursue; and what that policy will be no man yet knows. He might interfere merely to warn Austria off; he might act in conjunction with her to enforce obedience on the people and illusory concessions on the King; he might take the settlement of the matter wholly into his own hands. But Villafranca may warn the Liberals of Naples that men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor receive freedom at the hands of a Bonaparte; that while their doom rests in his disposal, they can expect no good from the adoption of a course which would tempt, if not compel, his active interference in one sense or another.

At first, no doubt, Louis Napoleon really meant to drive the Austrians out of Italy. He is a vainglorious man, and he saw that such an exploit would win him renown. He is a thorough politician, perfectly versed in the secrets of French nature; and he knew that such an achievement would secure him the loyalty of France. Arrested after Solferino by the tremendous fortresses on the Mincio and the menacing aspect of Germany, by the dissatisfaction of the Catholic clergy, and the state of things in Paris, he is too able and far-sighted a statesman not to endeavour to gain in peace what he failed to seize in war. He knows that the weakening of Austrian ascendancy and the establishment of French influence in Italy would soothe the wounded pride of a sensitive people. He knows that to act an Austrian part towards the Italian Liberals would excite against him the contempt of France and the scorn of Europe. He never commits a crime without necessity; he is hardly likely to perpetrate a violation of decency and honour perfectly unparalleled, and at the same time perfectly gratuitous. More than this, he would scarcely dare to do it. Brave, almost to recklessness, he was always known to be; and he earned his reputation well on the fields of Northern Italy. But the same danger which made a coward of Cromwell has shaken before now the nerves that have never quailed in any ordinary peril. The pistol of Pianori may have only startled him for a day; the shells of the Rue Lepelletier frightened him out of his stoic self-possession for weeks; and those who watched his policy at that time muttered that Orsini had missed the Emperor, but slain the Empire. Since that time there has been a truce between him and the enemy he dreads. The first French soldier that marches to put down Italian liberty breaks up that armistice, and turns the dagger as yet spell-bound once more against the life of

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the traitor to Italy. It is hardly to be believed that Louis Napoleon will do this, if he can avoid it. It would perhaps be as well to give him every chance of keeping faith; to take no step which may force him into a new treason.

It is difficult to persuade despotic sovereigns to leave kings and peoples to settle their own quarrels, when once those quarrels have been referred to the arbitrement of the sword. Nothing would be more difficult than to induce Austria to sit quietly by while her Sicilian *protêgé* was expelled from the throne he is so unfit to fill; and it is not very easy to see how a constitution, extorted by insurrection, could be safely trusted to the honesty of a Prince who had only yielded it to violence. Liberties won by force cannot be left in the hands of those from whom they are won; and experience as well as passion would warn the Neapolitans to demand a change of sovereign as well as of system, if they were driven to seek the latter by armed rebellion. The result would probably be to bring Austria, and therefore inevitably France, into the field as protectors of the King, and moderators between him and the people; the position in which the latter Power would have least influence for good, and be most likely to be committed to the policy of repression. While the situation is such that Austria can interfere, and France cannot prevent her interference without the risk of renewed war, except by herself interfering after an Austrian fashion, an insurrection in Naples can have no other than a disastrous termination. Earnestly is it to be hoped that the Constitutionalists will not take the sword while they have any better prospect left than to perish by the sword.

Louis Napoleon is bound to them by pledges which even he, perhaps, has scarcely the moral hardihood to repudiate. He pledged himself solemnly to set Italy free; to put an end to the ascendancy of her hated suzerains. He has tried and failed; the promise unfulfilled remains a debt unpaid. Let them admit the failure as inevitable, but demand that it shall be honest; that the debtor shall do all he can to acquit himself towards them. Let them make their appeal to France in the hearing of Europe; let them lay their grievances and wrongs before the Emperor, and challenge his aid in virtue of his pledges. For very shame before his own people, he cannot wholly disregard their appeal. If they assume towards him the attitude of suppliants for justice, he must listen to them, and he can hardly decide against them. Something he must do to satisfy a claim whose rightfulness is patent to all the world. Something he must do either to mitigate their sufferings under a misgovernment against which he himself has formally protested, or to secure them the right of redressing their own wrongs without fear of foreign repression. The intimation that France would not permit the interference of any other Power in the affairs of Naples, if France be indeed strong enough at this moment to keep her word, would probably suffice to bring the young King to reason; especially if backed, as assuredly it ought to be, by the strenuous advice of England, and her resolution to protect the Sicilians in contending for the liberties which are guaranteed by a formal pledge on the part of the Neapolitan Government—given, be it remembered, to England, and not to Sicily. And not until appeal to France has been made is there either necessity or hope strong enough to justify the desperate venture of insurrection.

On England, as well as on France, the hapless subjects of Francis II. have a strong and undeniable claim. To us in no small measure they owe the restoration of the Bourbon family. To us it was that the faith of that family was pledged for the liberties of Sicily. We but the other day concurred with our French ally in protesting against the tyranny of King Ferdinand as a scandal to civilization and an outrage on humanity. Our honour is nearly concerned in seeing that at least they have fair play; that the system which we denounced as so atrocious that we could not give it the sanction involved in the presence of a British Ambassador, be not enforced in perpetuity by means

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of a foreign protectorate. And our interest is coincident with our duty. The freedom of Italy is perhaps of more importance to us than to any other Power. We require that a balance should be maintained on the Continent between absolutism and liberty: otherwise our position as a Constitutional State is one of constant peril in the face of despotic sovereigns, who cannot but hate because they must always fear us. We require that some Power shall exist capable of supporting the order of Europe and the law of nations against the aggressive ambition of two mighty empires, which in the absence of such a Power can give law to the Continent. We hoped to find such a Power in Austria; we have found ourselves disappointed alike in her strength and in her loyalty. She is, by virtue of her composition, bound over to keep the peace at any price; the enormous forces which are dragging her every year deeper into financial embarrassment, are only sufficient to keep her own subject provinces in awe. She is a rotten ship, in danger of sinking under the weight of her own armament, and sure to go to pieces in the event of a general engagement. Her dissolution seems only a matter of time; and it concerns us that her place be filled. And what substitute so effective as a free and united Italy?

Anything which will tend to further the creation of such a Power must be ultimately advantageous to England; and though we may have little influence at present on the future of the Italian States, the whole of our weight ought to be thrown into the scale of union and independence. For England to grudge the aggrandizement of Sardinia would be the most bigoted folly. If a monarchy under the House of Savoy be the form of Italian union most likely to endure, because most popular in Italy—and there is ample reason to believe that it is so—the interest of England clearly lies in supporting the House of Savoy to the uttermost of her power. The present situation of affairs, which leaves the disposition of the Central States of Italy an open question, offers an opportunity of doing this which is not likely to recur. If the choice of the people be allowed to prevail against dynastic tradition, against diplomatic prejudice, against the wrath of Austria, and the intrigues of the *entourage* of Louis Napoleon; if the would-be Liberator will yet be true to his own principles of policy, and to his solemn promises, Victor Emmanuel may be allowed to assume the throne of Northern Italy, and to consolidate a kingdom second-rate in point of force, but important enough to command a voice in the affairs of Europe, and not unlikely to rise ere long to the rank of a first-rate Power.

On this issue hangs the fate of the Two Sicilies. If Austria resume her ascendancy their case is well-nigh hopeless. If the Italians are left, in any form and in any sense, masters of Italy, the Neapolitans will not be slow in following the example of their brethren. If the idea of an Italian Confederation be honestly carried out, Naples and Sicily will probably form part of it, under a constitutional monarchy, in cordial union with Piedmont. If the wish of the Italian nation be allowed to prevail, and Victor Emmanuel's dominions be extended as far as the north-east frontier of Naples, it may not be very long before the Two Sicilies will form a part of his kingdom. For in Sicily, as is reported, there is a strong party in favour of the House of Savoy, and no party whatsoever attached to the Bourbon dynasty; on the mainland the Constitutionalists are thoroughly disgusted with their present Royal family, now for the fourth generation tyrants in defiance of acknowledged laws and solemn oaths, and entertain a strong attachment to the family from which came the first wife of the late King, the beloved mother of Francis II. Such a consummation is devoutly to be wished, though it may be too happy to be hoped. It would produce peace, order, content, and liberty throughout the whole of Italy; and it would elevate that country to the rank of a great Power, united with England by ties of sympathy and interest, a most valuable ally in time of need, a rich and important customer at all times. Her natural resources would be de-

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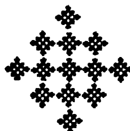
veloped to the uttermost by the energy of a free people under an enlightened government; her fertility of soil and her exquisite climate would make the increase of her wealth rapid beyond precedent. Since 1848, though oppressed by the burden of a disproportionate taxation and a heavy debt, the kingdom of Sardinia has achieved prosperity and advanced towards wealth with extraordinary speed. Every increase of her territory would diminish the weight of her taxes and increase her resources; while the natural wealth of Central and Southern Italy warrants the belief that their progress would be even more rapid than hers. Ten years of constitutional government, in union with the rest of Italy under the House of Savoy, would utterly change the face of the Neapolitan territory, and convert the most miserable of God's creatures into a happy and contented people.

That the Neapolitans are fit for such a government, no one can rationally deny who has fairly watched their history during the last forty years. In 1821 and in 1848 they used their short-lived liberties with remarkable moderation and good sense. They showed neither confusion under the sudden exigencies of a new system, nor extravagance in the first taste of long-desired blessings. They manifested no vindictive remembrance of past wrongs, no exaggerated distrust of rulers who had forfeited all claim to confidence. Indeed, their fault was that of over-trustfulness: they were too willing to forgive and too ready to believe. Even this year they would have forgiven to Francis II. all the crimes and perjuries of his House, if he would have chosen a better way; and if after finding the son as false to his oath (for he swore to the Constitution of 1848) as his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been, they are now inclined to look elsewhere for deliverance, can we, who owe our liberties to Revolution, with the memory of 1640 and 1688 before us, pretend to blame them—can we refrain from wishing them God speed? If ever patience and endurance can justify the sufferer who turns at last on the oppressor, the Neapolitans have ample justification. If ever a family justly forfeited a throne by falsehood and tyranny, the Bourbons of Naples deserve to pay that forfeit. A revolution which shall give the people a good government, and place the crown on a worthy head, can alone restore to the Two Sicilies the laws which their kings have set aside, and the order of which the Court has been the chief disturber; and if the blow be struck at the right time and struck successfully, who will regret it for the sake of those whom it will dispossess of the power which they have misused for four generations? Certainly no man who has at heart either the well-being of humanity or the interests of England. For us as for the world, it will be a great gain that Naples should be free; a greater yet should she form part of an Italian nation, fit to rank among the leading Powers of Europe.



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// FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1859.

BACON'S PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS.*

MORALISTS who desire to rebuke literary ambition are fond of reminding us of the comparatively few works which survive the age in which they are published, and of the still smaller number which are able to influence remote generations. The fact is as true as it is mortifying. But a scarcely less severe lesson may be derived from the reflection, that of the books which flourish when their authors are long passed away, a great proportion only preserve their continued vitality through causes quite different from those which originally produced it. Authors are proverbial for mistaking the comparative merit of their works; and even if they could be informed which of their offspring are destined to the longest term of popularity, they would not, perhaps, err less respecting the particular quality by which that popularity will ultimately be constituted. Philosophers, in particular, would be astonished to find themselves valued for points of which they took but little heed, and to see the discoveries over which they spent laborious days and sleepless nights cast out into the limbo of impracticable schemes and visionary aspirations. To few only of them has it been given to rule posterity with the same sceptre with which they swayed contemporary minds, and to maintain an influence identical in kind, even if impaired in degree, with that which formed their chief glory while living. Most often has it happened that that which was in its own day a matter of practical utility, becomes in ours one only of historical curiosity; as garments are 'clothes' to one era, 'costumes' to the next; and the very energy which pushes forward the limits of knowledge, has not seldom furnished the means by which its own special achievements might eventually be superseded.

But the most singular consequence that such revolutions of opinion entail, is the *change of position* which one thinker assumes relatively to another, and the community of fortune which the balance of final appreciation seems to establish among writers of the most dissimilar tendencies. Posterity, like misfortune, makes strange bedfellows; and two men who assuredly never supposed themselves to have anything in common, and one of whom perhaps devoted his whole powers to the destruction of the other's influence, may in the end repose side by side on our shelves, be studied at the same period of our education, be referred to for mutual explanation, and each possess an equal share of our intellectual allegiance. The reason of this is, that, in the cases to which we refer, a writer is cultivated, not so much for the net *results* which he has actually realized, but for the sake of the *method* by which he has realized them. The benefit we hope to derive from him is incidental rather than positive; and thus, though the conclusions at which two given writers arrive may be diametrically opposed, they may both be equally valuable as media of mental discipline, and both equally remark-

* *The Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, &c.* Collected and edited by James Spedding, Robert Leslie Ellis, and Douglas Denon Heath. Vols. I.–V. [Containing the *Philosophical Works.*] 1857–1858.

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able as marking critical periods in the progress of the science to which they belong.

The revival, to a certain extent, of philosophic studies at the present day, will help to illustrate these remarks in connexion with the subject before us. That metaphysics are neglected, if true in one sense, is not so in another. It is long, probably, since any one attempted to make them the guide of life; nor is it generally supposed by our contemporaries that there are any very new discoveries to be made in that direction. But the numerous philosophical works which have appeared during the last few years, show that, for some purpose or other, a considerable degree of interest is felt in such matters. Exclusive of the class of thinkers who abjure speculative theology in its orthodox form, and consistently endeavour to believe that a constant progress is going on in our conceptions of the Deity correlatively with our advancement in other departments of knowledge, we imagine that there are very many persons who feel the want of some aliment to supply those cravings of the mind which neither history nor the products of imagination are calculated to appease; to whom precision of thought, even in a narrow circle, is more valuable than the most extensive acquirements without it; or who find in the history of human speculation more interesting facts than in any other province of human development. To some minds the relations of ideas seem more worthy of attention than the ideas themselves. They cannot rest without trying to bring them into order and connexion; they feel lost in a maze of particulars, and are never easy till they have reduced all that comes before them to the formula of a general law. Out of the phenomena of history they try to evolve tendencies of thought and types of national development; in literature they view nothing as isolated, but everything as the production of a 'school;' in physics they try to go beyond what is actually established by sober experiment, and to run up the crowning axioms of the sciences into some common principles of mind and matter. In some such bias as this, philosophy must have originally begun, and as the race is much the same as formerly, it is reasonable to suppose that the feeling will still continue to operate. If it does so, some materials or other will naturally be provided for its gratification; and if our view be correct, that method, mental discipline, and the history of opinions are what we now look for in philosophy, rather than any positive conclusions, the former class of materials will include the works of men of very opposite views, but who have this in common, that their thoughts have been enforced with vast power during their lives, and have shown a capacity of self-propagation and development to a remote posterity.

The foregoing remarks will have prepared our readers for the point of view from which we approach the consideration of this edition of Bacon. We regard it as a product of the same spirit which has lately given us a theory of knowing and being from Scotland, an analysis of the human mind from the London University, and a system of psychology from another independent thinker; which at Oxford has illustrated the Stagirite both as an ethical, logical, and political philosopher; which has enriched the *Encyclopædia Britannica* with fresh treatises on similar subjects; which is now preparing at Cambridge a new edition of the works of Plato; and which has just produced an exact and careful issue of the metaphysical lectures of Sir William Hamilton. The names of Ferrier, Bain, Spencer, Spalding, Mansel, Eaton, Congreve, Grant, and Thompson, may not inaptly be placed in juxtaposition with those of Ellis and Spedding. To assert, indeed, that there can be any condition of thought under which Aristotle and Bacon can be taken up for similar purposes, may seem to some persons as paradoxical as to recommend a youth to model his character upon *Chesterfield's Letters* and the *Morte d'Arthur*, at one and the same time; or else to be the fruit of a pernicious syncretism which attempts to unite contradictions under the semblance of impartiality, and adopts opinions for their separate attractive-

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ness without deriving them from a really common principle. But there is really no paradox at all in the matter. Bacon intended his position, undoubtedly, to be that of a promoter of physical science, and an uncompromising opponent of Aristotle and the mediæval philosophers. But the progress of human thought has falsified his expectations. Whatever share may have been rightly claimed for him as the herald of all that natural science has since done for us, those who have actually done the work have not followed him as their pioneer. The influence he has exercised has been that of disposing men to receive what the new philosophy taught, rather than that of enabling the philosophy itself to acquire something to teach. Hence it has come to pass that the interest with which we study him is almost purely a literary one. We do not go to him for the actual truths he can impart to us; but because we desire to put ourselves in communication with one of the most powerful minds that ever existed. As far as positive result is concerned, the influence of Aristotle at the present day is incomparably greater than that of Bacon. In the way in which men think of poetry, of morals, of reasoning—not to mention politics and rhetoric—the older thinker has left traces seemingly never to be effaced. And it is curious that the most durable results of his rival's labours are also in the science of man rather than that of nature. Both, as regards the external world, have yielded to that fate which sooner or later overtakes all who labour in the path of science without actually reaching the goal—that of being superseded by a more exact approximation to objective truth. And we need not therefore be surprised to find that in an age of keen appreciation of all intellectual merit, of deep research into the past, and minute illustration bestowed on every department of literature, the works of Aristotle, Plato, and Bacon should receive the testimony of an impartial cultivation, and should be made mutually illustrative without reference to the irreconcilability of their views. We may imagine a student of the present day, who should pin his faith wholly upon Comte on the one side, or upon Hegel on the other, and should find the exclusive study of either lead him to the rejection of all other thinkers. But we cannot suppose that there is anyone who disbelieves in the philosopher of antiquity because he has been taught by Bacon to do so. And on the shelves graced by the present edition, we should also expect to find the works of all the men whose empire Bacon would have been most desirous to overthrow.

Twelve years have elapsed since the volumes before us were first announced. But the interval has been so well employed, that no one can complain of the delay. We can call to mind no example of more thorough zeal and conscientiousness bestowed on the works of any English classic. The very division of labour which the editors have adopted shows a deep feeling for the magnitude of their task, and the time they have devoted to it is an earnest that it has not been lightly or hastily executed. The erudition of Mr. Ellis is* indeed most remarkable. To a profound knowledge of physical science he appears to unite an acquaintance with works of mediæval lore now scarcely ever heard of, as well as metaphysical attainments of no ordinary character. The power with which he has grappled with the most abstruse problems of Bacon's philosophy, and the skill with which he has elucidated them, will excite not more admiration for his intellectual grasp, varied learning, and elegant taste, than regret for the premature termination of such a career. If anything indeed could reconcile us to his loss, it would be the fact of his having been succeeded by Mr. Spedding, whose immense familiarity with his author, joined with a penetrating keenness of intellect, has enabled him to clear up some of the most obscure points by the best light—that of parallel passages from Bacon himself; while his accuracy is such that we feel as safe in his hands as in those of the most

* Mr. Ellis died in the early part of this year.

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plodding pedant that ever misapprehended a metaphor.

Many interesting questions connected with Bacon, and on which the appearance of this edition has led us to meditate afresh, our limits oblige us, however unwillingly, to pass over. The degree to which Lord Macaulay's *Essay* is to be trusted; the views of M. de Rémusat and of Mr. Kuno Fischer; the question whether the extensions of the Baconian theory by Herschel, Whewell, and Mill, are legitimate developments of logic in its ordinary sense, and whether there is any way of bringing them under a common theory,—all these are points well worthy of consideration, but which we must reserve for some future opportunity.

We must content ourselves at present with inquiring what the editors have to tell us, first, as to the true *nature* of Bacon's philosophy as he himself understood it; secondly, as to its real *value*, both in reference to our actual possessions in the field of science, and to their possible future extension.

I. The nature of Bacon's philosophy was partly destructive and partly constructive. He had, as he says in one of his Fragments,* to clear and polish the surface of the mind, and turn it towards the light, before directing upon it the ray of truth. He had to sweep away the illusions of human or individual prejudice, the misleading notions inherent in common language, and above all, the perverse errors of received systems, before it was in a fit condition to appreciate the end he proposed to reach, or the means by which he proposed to reach it. He had to correct the prevailing misconceptions concerning the true object of science, and to place before his disciples a goal at once worthy of their strongest efforts, and yet not (he thought) beyond the powers of sincere, earnest, and united inquirers;—the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate. He had completely to change the attitude of man towards Nature; to abase his pride in the face of her magnificence; to contrast his hasty and narrow generalizations with her immense complexity; to show the insignificant corner of her mighty realm hitherto conquered by man, side by side with the wondrous possibilities of adaptation to his needs, which still remained ready to welcome his slightest endeavour in the true yet untried path before him. Yet while doing this, he had to show, that if nature remained unsubdued, it was not because she was absolutely invincible, and that the failures of previous philosophers were traceable not to the inherent impossibility of the task, but to the pride or misconception with which they undertook it. Like the enchanted princess in the fairy-tale, Nature lay still in the centre of her labyrinthine† domain, and mocked the efforts of those who sought to penetrate thither without the patience and hardihood necessary for the task; who tried to burst a straight path through the impenetrable forest, or idly loitered to pluck the first fruits they saw growing around them. She slept amid the dormant forces of her mysterious court,—all instinct with suppressed life, and waiting only for the mystic touch to assume their harmonious functions of order and productiveness. To minds trained in an entirely opposite school—in the traditions of a system which, while it investigated with singular success almost every problem which human reason could devise concerning its own operations, or the phenomena of our nature, either wholly neglected, or unconsciously distorted all those which the external world presents to us—Bacon was to appeal, in behalf of a scheme which had in its parts engaged the attention of a few solitary thinkers, but which none but himself ever had the boldness to conceive in its comprehensive grandeur of development. To describe the scope of such a project; to remove the obstacles to its commencement; to show that it was not only within

* *Partis Secundæ Delineatio*, vol. iii. p. 548.

† Ædificium autem hujus universi structurâ suâ, intellectui humano contemplanti, *instar labyrinthi est;* ubi tot ambigua viarum, &c. Iter autem . . . *per* experientiæ et rerum particularium *sylvas* perpetuo faciendum est.—*Præfatio ad Instaur. Mag.*

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the reach of the human faculties, but might even be compassed by men of ordinary ability, provided the right path were pointed out to them, and to encourage future endeavours in it by the signal success which had attended upon all cases of even unconscious coincidence with its direction,—was the object Bacon proposed to himself in what he calls the *pars destruens* of his system, contained in the preface and the first book of the *Organum.* This portion of his work is so well known, and has been so often quoted and commented upon, that we have spoken of it in the briefest manner.

It is in the elucidation of the second or constructive part of Bacon's philosophy, that the value of the present edition is most apparent. The first book of the *Novum Organum* is interesting to read, and comparatively easy to understand; it is probably the best known portion of Bacon's philosophical works, and is the source of the most frequently quoted passages. The second book, though uninteresting it cannot be called, is much less popular in treatment—in many parts exceeding dry and repulsive; while its difficulties may be estimated from the fact that no one, till the present editors took the work in hand, had ever given anything like adequate answers to some of the most important questions suggested by its pages.

Among such questions there are three especially—two relating to the theoretical, the other to the practical side of the Baconian philosophy—on a right understanding of which our appreciation of its position mainly depends. They are as follows:—

i. What was Bacon's view of Nature in general?

ii. What was the peculiar problem which Nature presented to him?

iii. What were the essential characteristics of his Method?

On all these points copious, and we think satisfactory, information is furnished by the present edition. We shall consider them in their order.

i. Towards the end of the 'General Preface' to the Philosophical Works, Mr. Ellis has given a very lucid and interesting *résumé* of the Baconian philosophy in the order in which it may be conceived to have presented itself to the mind of its author. The projector of the great Instauration undertook his task under a deep sense of the misery of mankind. Profoundly penetrated with the love of truth for its own sake, and with the magnificence of the universe to which that truth was the key, he was yet more alive to the degradation which man, the heir of all this splendour, had sustained by the operation of the primal curse, under which, while losing his dominion over the creatures below him, he became exposed to all the evils which that event brought into the world. To regain for suffering humanity some portion at least of its lost privileges, was an enterprise which would satisfy the benevolent instincts of the moral nature, at the same time that the process of recovery would appease the thirst of the intellect for abstract knowledge; and to exalt 'God's glory' while effecting the 'relief of man's estate,' would be a task worthy of the ambition of the philosopher as well of the piety of the Christian. And as the latter character can only enter the kingdom of heaven 'as a little child,' so, to gain admission to that of nature, the former must divest himself of all the illusions with which his experience, often not less fallacious than informing, has gradually obscured his mental sight, and 'follow with child-like singleness of purpose the indications Nature gives us as to how her operations are performed.' For this is the only way in which any advance towards the conquest of the material world has ever been made. We conquer Nature by Art; but Art only consists in obeying Nature; *Natura non nisi parendo vincitur.* Or, as a greater than Bacon has expressed it, in some lines which we are surprised that no editor has ever yet adduced in illustration:—

> —— Nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
> Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry

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> A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
> And make conceive a bark of baser kind
> By bud of nobler race: That is an art
> Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
> The art itself is nature.*

All the power man has ever exercised, or can ever exercise, results from following out—whether consciously or not—the process which obtains in phenomena as they already exist; and its success depends on an accurate observance of the conditions precedent to that phenomenon in its natural state of being.

But what do we mean by a 'phenomenon?' We mean the presence of certain qualities in a certain material object, the combination of which causes that object to be what it is, or to be in the particular state in which we find it. He who can discover whence these qualities arise, is, in the language of the first aphorism of Book I., the '*interpreter*' of Nature; he who can reproduce them is her '*minister*,' because he observes and executes her laws. And the whole problem of *science* is to arrive at the conditions upon which the presence of these qualities depends; the problem of *art*, to carry out these conditions when science has imparted to it the necessary information.† For Nature being absolutely uniform in her operations, where this can be done once it can be done always; and in this way our dominion over the natural world will come to be constant, certain, and in time absolutely complete.

If, now, we ask, how the said conditions are to be ascertained, we find that it is by examining all cases of the phenomenon, and noting the conditions which accompany it in each; and by observing cognate cases where some of the conditions occur without being followed by the phenomenon, and which, therefore, cannot be necessary to it. By a succession of these processes we shall eliminate all that is superfluous among the antecedents of a phenomenon, and the residue will be the solution of the problem required. This cursory description of Bacon's Method—of which more is to be said presently—brings us to the point which has for the first time assumed its due importance in the hands of the present editors. Bacon would appear to have underestimated the extent of both the classes of inquiries above described; to have formed an inadequate idea of the variety of Nature. He thought that it was possible, on the one hand, to make a complete collection of all natural phenomena; on the other, to ascertain and classify all the abstract qualities of concrete things. He hoped to treat nature as a comparative philologer might now treat language, bringing together all existing tongues, and comparing the elements which they have in common, in order to trace them all up to their original source. He aimed, in short, at constructing a *dictionary* and *alphabet* of the universe. The natural history was to be the one, the list of 'simple natures' the other. Thus he condemns the common opinion that the number of observable phenomena is infinite, and praises Democritus for holding a contrary opinion. And that his view was not merely speculative and conjectural, appears from his having actually gone so far as to form an estimate of its probable magnitude. Though the full completion of all the magnificent results which he thought himself able to promise might be indefinitely distant—so that the *Novum Organum* would in time expand into and be coincident with the bounds

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* *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3. Hence, too, the arts are in the *De Augmentis* classed under 'Natural History;' the processes of nature and art being the same.

† 'The relation in which rules of art stand to doctrines of science may be thus characterized. The art proposes to itself an end to be attained, defines the end, and hands it over to the science. The science receives it, considers it as a phenomenon or effect to be studied, and having investigated its causes and conditions, sends it back to art with a theorem of the combinations of circumstances by which it could be produced. Art then examines these combinations of circumstances, and according as any of them are or are not in human power, pronounces the end attainable or not.'—Mill's *Logic*, Book vi. ch. xi. § 2.

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of human knowledge itself—yet the foundations upon which this vast edifice was to be erected seemed to their projector capable of being laid in a comparatively brief period. Though the 'works' which might be effected by a thorough knowledge of Nature's laws must be infinite, and would go on receiving continual augmentation as long as the race of man remains upon the earth, yet the materials which were to be subjected to the inductive crucible, with a view to distil this knowledge, were not by any means inexhaustible.

In a letter to R. P. Baranzan, who had made the very pertinent objection that the formation of such a Natural History would be an unmanageable affair, Bacon replies that the book would perhaps be sixfold as voluminous as that of Pliny; and if his life had been prolonged, or if he had been able to devote himself to philosophy during a greater part of it, he would probably not have despaired of finishing a large portion of the *Sylva Sylvarum* with his own hand.

Mr. Ellis has brought together and ably illustrated the various passages in the *Novum Organum* which bear upon this view of the nature of science. Thus in the first aphorism of the second book, Bacon insists on the correlativeness of science and power:—'Given a body, to superinduce new abstract qualities upon it is the business of human power. Given an abstract quality, to find its form or true difference is the business of human science.'* The necessity of this study of the abstract, and the simplification it would introduce into our inquiries, are pointed out in both the *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis*. In Book II., Aphorism v., of the former, he says that 'the method which looks at simple nature, though in a concrete object, starts from principles in nature which are constant, eternal, and universal, and affords the broadest paths to human power.' In another passage in the same book he warns us against the vain attempt to inquire into the 'forms' of individuals, instead of investigating, as we ought to do, the abstract qualities of which these individuals are made up, 'and which, *like an alphabet*, are not many.'

In saying that they are 'not many,' Bacon does not speak altogether vaguely. In *De Aug*. III., iv. and *Nov. Org*. II., xlviii., he gives a classification of these simple natures —dividing them into 'schematisms [configurations] of matter' and 'simple motions,' the former amounting to thirty-nine, the latter to nineteen, in number; the list, however, does not profess to be quite complete. But from the combinations of these elements we are to be enabled to solve every problem that matter can present to us; we may observe, in any concrete substance, the qualities inherent in it; and if we wish it, our investigation of their form ought to enable us to imitate them.

In quitting the subject of Bacon's general view of Nature, we must advert briefly to one phase of it which exhibits him in contrast with other philosophers, and leads us by a natural transition to the consideration of that which was the more particular object of his research. In an important passage in *Nov. Org*. II., Aph. ii., where, after praising the Peripatetic division of the Four Causes, he goes on to guard himself against being supposed to invest the Formal Cause—as it was understood by the Aristotelians—with the mysterious power of conferring existence on the substance to which it belonged; he states his own view of what may be called the Metaphysic of Science as explicitly as we find it anywhere in his writings. 'Though in nature,' he says, 'nothing really exists except individual bodies performing pure individual acts according to a law; yet in philosophy (*doctrinis*) that very law, and the search, discovery, and explanation of it, is the foundation as well of knowledge as of operation.' The spirit of this passage,

* This aphorism is no doubt the origin of the saying popularly attributed to Bacon, 'Knowledge is power.' In triumphantly asserting (in *My Novel*) that these words were not to be found in Bacon, Sir E. B. Lytton would seem to have altogether missed their technical and philosophical purport, and to have expected to find them in some political or ethical connexion.

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as well as its express terms, separates Bacon broadly from the scholastic realism; and looking to it alone, it would induce us to set him down among the conceptualists. But in truth he would have as little desired to be reckoned with the one class of thinkers as with the other. We may remember what he says in an eloquent passage towards the end of the preface to the *Novum Organum*:—'Homines pro certo habeant, *non sectæ nos alicujus aut placiti*, sed dignitatis et amplitudinis humanæ fundamenta moliri;' and we shall not readily believe that he had any relation to the philosophers that had gone before him, except in so far as previous philosophic views appeared to square with his own eclecticism. But he had a realism of his own, which we have already implied in speaking of his views of Nature. His object in all cases, though not of the gross material kind frequently attributed to him, was *work* of some sort, and not a theory of the universe; and therefore this realism is nowhere clearly brought out. Nor, probably, would he have been anxious so much to give metaphysical clearness and consistency to his views, except in order to obtain a basis for his inductive procedure with an eye to its practical application. In spite of the extract above given, in which he denies the real existence of everything but individual objects, he undoubtedly entertained the opinion—

That for the purposes of investigation, the objects of our thoughts may be regarded as an assemblage of abstract conceptions, so that these conceptions not only correspond to realities, which is of course necessary in order to their having any value, but may also be said adequately to represent them. In his view of the subject, ideas or conceptions (*notiones*) reside in some sort in the objects from which we derive them; and it is necessary, in order that the work of induction may be successfully accomplished, that the process by which they are derived should be carefully and systematically performed.—(Ellis's *General Preface*, p. 38.)

Such, then, was Bacon's view of nature; an assemblage of concrete objects, each composed of certain simple natures, or abstract qualities, limited in number, and capable of being ascertained by a true and legitimate induction; the result of which would be, on the one hand, to raise the philosopher to a sublime 'pyramid' of speculation (see *De Augmentis*, III., iv.), and allow him to approximate to the Divine mind which impressed these laws upon matter; on the other, to enable him to make them enter into new combinations, and fulfil fresh purposes in the beneficent economy of the world. We may now proceed to enter a little more minutely into that portion of this scheme which Bacon more particularly marked out for his investigation.

ii. The most peculiar and difficult point in Bacon's system is his doctrine of FORMS. Mr. Ellis has, indeed, endeavoured to show that it is really an extraneous part of Bacon's philosophy, and that its importance there is no more than historical; arguing from the fact that 'it is not mentioned as a part of Bacon's system either in *Valerius Terminus*,* or in the *Partis Secundæ Delineatio*, or in the *De Interpretatione Naturæ sententiæ duodecim*, in the two latter of which the word *form* is replaced by *causes*. The comparison between an author's earlier and later works is generally adduced to prove that something found in the latter is of greater authority than the statements of the former. Now all these three tracts were written—if we are to believe the present editors—very long before the *Novum Organum*, which contains its author's latest and most finished thoughts; and we are therefore inclined to believe that the preponderance of authority is against Mr. Ellis's view; in which,

* It seems, however, to be implied in *Valerius Terminus* that forms are a part of the system. 'What I call "the freeing of a direction,"' says Bacon, 'is in the received philosophies the form or formal cause. If any man can by the strength of his *anticipations* [a method Bacon condemns] find out forms, I will magnify him with the foremost.' Further on, 'If any man can by *anticipations* reach to that which a weak and inferior wit may attain to by *interpretation*, he cannot receive too high a title.' Here forms appear to be acknowledged as the object of Interpretation—Bacon's own process.

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indeed, he intimates the possibility of some future modification, intended perhaps to be inserted in the Preface to the *Novum Organum*, which his sudden illness prevented him from completing. The observation, that Bacon's method may be stated independently of the doctrine of Forms, is of more weight; but it cannot exonerate us from investigating what was meant by it. We will first bring together the principal points in Bacon's theory as he states it, and then show how Mr. Ellis has succeeded in harmonizing them.

The principal passages in which Forms are discussed are *Novum Organum*, Lib. II., Aph. i.—v., xv.—xvii.; and *De Augmentis*, Lib. III., c. iv. In the first aphorism, Form is described as 'the true difference;' the 'natura naturans,' or 'fons emanationis;' and Bacon proceeds to commend the Aristotelian division of the material, formal, efficient, and final causes; but excludes from 'true and active *science*' (which is what he elsewhere describes as 'metaphysique') all but the formal. In discussing the 'Phantoms of the Tribe' in Book I. he has warned his readers of the mind's proneness to resolve nature into abstractions, instead of analysing it into its component parts, and refers to that passage here in order to show that his present view is not liable to such an objection. For Form, he says, is the law according to which individual substances act out their nature; and if we know what it is we shall be enabled to embrace the unity of nature in the most dissimilar objects. So far as these passages take us in the search for a meaning, it would appear that Bacon did not use the word Form in its Aristotelian or scholastic sense of the *τὸ τι ἦν εἶναι*, which in his view would have afforded no knowledge capable of practical application; but as implying the *law* by which certain phenomenal qualities come to exist. Whiteness, for instance—to give his favourite example—necessarily results from certain mechanical arrangements of atomic particles in any substance which exhibits that colour. Such mechanical arrangements would in each case be the Form. His directions for the discovery of a Form will carry us a little further. It has three practical criteria: presence or absence of the given quality; concomitant variation of the quality; the fact of deducing the quality 'from some source of being which enters into many other qualities, and is better known in the order of nature than the form itself' (*naturam datam ex fonte aliquo essentiæ deducat quæ inest pluribus, et notior est naturæ* quam ipsa Forma*). These criteria bring us at once to Bacon's method. If each instance of the *data natura* (say heat, or whiteness) can be analysed into certain elementary and more simple natures—into certain of the *στοιχεῖα* or alphabet of nature—some one of which is the Form, all we have to do is to eliminate the unessential parts by proper methods of exclusion and rejection, and the Form-nature will remain, so to speak, at the bottom, as the residue of which we are in quest. The third of these criteria, we may observe, seems hardly so much a guide to the discovery of the Form, as to the definition of it when discovered. It is difficult to see how it would help us to find a Form. But it might serve as a *test* of it when found. Thus in Bacon's model investigation of the nature of Heat, we are brought at last to the statement that heat is 'a kind of motion; Motion being the 'natura notior' (instar generis veri, *Nov. Org.*, II., iv.) of which heat is a particular case. Here motion is the *terminus ad quem*, not the *terminus a quo* in the investigation.

* On this phrase, Mr. Devey, who has translated the *Novum Organum* for Bohn's Series, has the following astonishing note:—'This expression, *naturæ notiora*, *naturæ notior*, is so frequently employed by Bacon, that we may conclude it to point to some distinguishing feature in the Baconian physics. It properly refers to the most evident principles and laws of nature, and springs from that system which regards the material universe as endowed with sense and intelligence, and acting according to rules either fashioned or clearly understood by itself.' Mr. Devey seems to be perfectly unaware that the words are simply a translation of a bit of Aristotelian technical phraseology—*φύσει γνωριμώτερα.*

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Perhaps a more important passage than either of these, is the one in *Nov. Org.* II., Aph. xvii., with which part of *De Aug.* III., iv., should be compared. After warning us against the supposition that the Forms of which he treats are like those to which mens' minds have hitherto been accustomed, he goes on to say:—

Primo enim, de [1] Formis copulatis, quæ sunt (ut diximus) naturarum simplicium conjugia ex cursu communi universi, ut leonis, aquilæ, rosæ, auri, et hujusmodi, impræsentiarum non loquimur. . . . . Rursus vero, non intelligantur ea quæ dicimus (etiam quatenus ad naturas simplices) de [2] Formis et ideis abstractis, aut in materiâ non determinatis aut male determinatis. Nos enim quum de Formis loquimur, nil aliud intelligimus quam [3] leges illas et determinationes actûs puri, quæ naturam aliquam simplicem ordinant et constituunt; ut calorem, lumen, pondus; in omnimodâ materiâ et subjecto susceptibili.

The word Form is evidently used here in three senses, involving three gradations of Being. On the one hand, he means to say, 'we are not going now to deal with (1) the forms of concrete objects, such as the classes of things we see around us; nor, on the other, with (2) the lofty abstractions of a Platonist, whose 'ideas' are totally separated from matter, and therefore not amenable to our methods. But what we are dealing with, are (3) the laws and determinations of natural forces, which make up by their orderly combination any simple nature, manifested in such subjects as are capable of receiving it.' There are several expressions in the passage requiring explanation, and it is altogether one of the most difficult* in Bacon's work.

Any concrete object, *e.g.*, a lion, rose, gold, &c., is a 'Forma copulata,' *i.e.*, an aggregation of certain simple natures or qualities; thus, gold is a composite substance, having colour, ductility, specific gravity, &c. Applying to this what is said in Aph. ii. of the Form,—that it is the law 'according to which individual substances perform pure individual acts'—gold will answer to the definition;—for instance, it will sink in water, according to the law of its density or weight; it can be hammered out into leaves, according to the law of its malleability; and so on. Obviously the tables of Presence, Absence, and Concomitant Variation would be of no use as regards such a composite form, since the construction of such tables depends on the analysis of these very forms into the separate qualities which constitute them. Thus the answer to the question, 'What is the "species" gold?' would be a statement of its genus, implying the properties of metals in general, combined with a statement of the specific differences belonging to gold in particular. And these genera and differences taken separately, are the forms which it is proposed to investigate. So that gold being an 'infima species,' as the logician would say, would not enter into anything else, as weight, colour, density, &c., do into it;

* Still, we are surprised to see that Mr. Kitchin has so completely misunderstood the first sentence of it as he appears to have done in his edition of the *Novum Organum.* He translates 'ex cursu' by 'out of the course,' that is, *contrary to* the course of nature; and explains 'formæ copulatæ' as meaning 'combinations, in an unnatural manner, of individuals belonging to different classes,'—in fact hybrids. This is altogether wrong, and would involve the whole subject in confusion. The instances given might, one would think, have preserved him from such a mistake; unless he fancied that the juxtaposition of 'leonis' and 'aquilæ' indicated a cross-breed between those two animals. But there are many other passages in which expressions nearly similar are used—'ex' is used for 'according to' in the 'ex lege' of B. II., Aph. ii. In Aph. v. we find 'turmam sive conjugationem naturarum simplicium,' immediately followed by the same example of *gold*, the 'simple natures' in question being what we should now call its 'properties' of yellowness, weight, malleability, &c. And in the same Aphorism, where he is distinguishing the 'fundamental and universal laws' of Nature, which constitute Forms, from her 'special and particular habits,' he identifies the latter with 'natures concrete or combined into one structure' (*naturas concretas, sive collegiatas et in fabricâ*); all three passages evidently referring to the same thing, viz., the classes of individual concrete objects which actually and visibly exist—what the logician calls *infimæ species.*

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'goldness' is not a property or component element of any other substance; hence, if we wish to investigate it, we must do so in itself alone, and cannot track it through various concrete shapes as we can the elementary qualities of matter. Thus, to some of the matter, a 'forma copulata' is merely a concrete object looked at from a class point of view.

So much for the doctrine of Forms as we obtain it from Bacon's own descriptions. That these are obscure and difficult enough, all will admit; and after the main *practical* truths of his system have been grasped, many readers will be glad to coincide with Mr. Ellis's opinion, and to declare that in adding the doctrine in question for the sake of a theoretical completeness on the ontological side to his philosophy, Bacon was contriving rather an encumbrance than an elucidation. Nor beyond replacing, in one or two instances, the scholastic terms he uses by more modern language, have his former editors* done much to help us. Mr. Craik, for instance, gives a lumbering abridgment of the fourth aphorism of Book II., without a word of explanation. Mr. Kitchin passes over the same passage with almost equal indifference or incompetence. And Mr. Brewer, whose useful little work is obviously the fruit of a diligent study of Bacon and a wide acquaintance with ancient systems, seems too anxious to make his author speak the language of a loftier philosophy, to interpret his text with the minuteness which its importance seems to deserve. Mr. Ellis, however, by following out a hint given in one of Bacon's less usually read treatises, has, without any undue straining, evolved a meaning which translates Bacon's terms into the current language of metaphysics, and places the most abstruse part of his system in more exact harmony with the later development of science than has usually been held possible. If we look at the eleventh chapter of *Valerius Terminus of the Interpretation of Nature*—which was written† at least fifteen years before the *Novum Organum*—we shall find the germ of most of the philosophical method afterwards developed in the second book of the latter. In the earlier work he clearly states the nature of the problem to be solved, but instead of calling it the investigation of a Form, describes it as 'the freeing of a direction'—that is, a direction to guide men in their travels after scientific truth—a rule for producing a fruitful scientific result. Such a rule or direction must have two characteristics: it must be infallible in its effect, and its execution must not be confined to one process alone. Besides these, he adds a general caution, that it must carry us nearer to action or operation; and goes on to subjoin to this three particular cautions, the first of which only is completely stated. It is in this statement that the expressions occur which throw so much light on the doctrine of Forms. This first caution is,

> That the nature (*i.e.*, the abstract quality we are investigating) be more *original* than the nature supposed, and not more *secondary* or of the like degree; as, to make a stone bright or make it smooth, it is a good direction to say, make it even; but to make a stone even it is no good direction to say, make it bright or make it smooth; for the rule is that the disposition of anything referring to the state of it in itself or the parts is more original than that which is relative or transitive towards another thing. So evenness is the disposition of the stone *in itself*, but smooth is *to the hand* [*i.e.*, smoothness exists relatively to the hand, &c.], and bright *to the eye*, and yet nevertheless they all cluster and concur.

This passage, it will be evident, explains the obscure one already quoted from *Nov. Org.* II., iv. The 'essentia quæ inest pluribus'—the 'natura notior,' of which the form sought for is a 'limitation'—is that which he here calls a 'more original nature;' a property which exists in substance by virtue of its own constitution, and not inasmuch as it affects our senses.‡ If heat, for instance, be a kind of motion, or if

* M. de Rémusat, for example.

† But not published till 1734.

‡ The doctrine may be illustrated by a passage in the *De Principiis atque Originibus secundum fabulas Cupidinis et Cœli*, to which Mr. Ellis has forgotten to refer us in his Preface, though he was aware of it when writing the introduction to

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whiteness be a peculiar position of atoms, the motion or position in the respective cases is something more general and original than the phenomenon which is defined by it. From this view the transition to a well-known metaphysical distinction is not difficult, though Bacon never made the step in express terms. Mr. Ellis begins by remarking that in Bacon's system 'the relation of substance and attribute is virtually the same as that of cause and effect. The substance is conceived of as the *causa immanens* of its attributes, or in other words it is the formal cause of the qualities which are referred to it;' a view, however, which belongs to metaphysics rather than to natural philosophy. To pass into the domain of the latter we must divide the qualities of substance into two classes, and consider one class as its essential attributes, the other as the effect of these attributes or of their modifications. In other words, we must recognise the truth that the sensible properties of bodies—*i.e.*, the properties to which *we* are sensible, and which cannot be said to exist except as regards us, such as colour, heat, cold, &c.—are the result of the mechanical arrangements and proportions of those more abstract properties, such as figure, extension, number, &c., which exist independently of our perceiving them. This, however, is plainly nothing else than the distinction of *Primary and Secondary Qualities of Body;* a doctrine which, as we have said, Bacon does not seem consciously to have held, though it is in fact implied in his language in the extract above quoted, and though it was a tenet of his favourite philosopher, Democritus. The doctrine itself is one with which most persons who have looked into metaphysical literature are tolerably familiar. It is chiefly known in modern times by the account which Locke has given of it (in Book II. c. iv. of his *Essay*, and elsewhere); but Sir William Hamilton, in the *Dissertation* appended to his edition of Reid's Works, has shown that the distinction is to be found in several of the ancient philosophers. The long array of quotations which Sir William has brought together, proves that although there has been essential agreement among all who have noticed the distinction, yet that no two thinkers have coincided as to the qualities which ought to be respectively included in the two classes. Sir William himself divides the qualities of body into *three* classes, 'primary, secundo-primary, and secondary;' the first class, which flow from the conception of 'substance occupying space,' comprising such attributes as solidity, mobility, situation, &c.; the second, which are derived from the above conception combined with that of pressure, including gravity, cohesion, repulsion, and inertia; and the third, which are entirely relative to us, including 'all the affections determined in our sentient organism by the agency of external bodies,' such as colour, sound, flavour, and the modifications of touch; and which, by an impropriety rooted in common language, we are accustomed to attribute to the objects which produce them. Dr. Whewell, in his *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences*, after quoting the varying accounts of Locke, Reid, and Brown, expresses his belief

> that any of the above accounts is right in the main, however imperfect it may be. The difference between such qualities as extension and solidity on the one hand, and colour or fragrance on the other, is assented to by all, with a conviction so firm and indestructible, that there must be some fundamental principle at the bottom of the belief, however difficult it may be to clothe the principle in words. That successive efforts (he continues) to express the real nature of the difference were made by men so clear-sighted and acute as those whom I have quoted, even if none of them are satisfactory, shows how strong and how deeply seated is the perception of truth which impels us to such attempts.

Without going more deeply into

the tract itself:—'Matter,' says Bacon, 'is foreshadowed in Chaos, and its principles in Cupid (ἔρως)—Cupid "has no parent," *i.e.*, he is "sine causâ;" causa enim effectus veluti parens est. . . Materiæ autem *primæ* et *virtutis atque actionis propriæ ejus*, causa nulla esse potest in naturâ.' The whole treatise throws great light upon the subject.

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the doctrine as it has been developed by recent philosophers, it will be obvious how much light a reference to it throws upon Bacon's expressions. Although he uses the words 'ut loquuntur,' as if with the intention of identifying the words 'natura notior' with the technical language of the Peripatetics, yet the passage we have quoted from *Valerius Terminus* shows that the affinity is scarcely more than a verbal one, and that Bacon adopted the expression φύσει γνωριμώτερον much in the same way that he did the word Form; that is, with the intention of affixing a new sense to it. He simply meant by it to refer to the qualities which belong to matter in virtue of its being a natural substance, as distinguished from those which it has in virtue of its being perceivable by our senses. And he also believed, what seems to be really the case, that the existence of the latter, as manifested to us, is in some way dependent on the former, though we cannot always trace the mode of their connexion. Thus colour is the result of peculiar arrangement of particles of matter; sound is the result of the compressibility of the air; and compressibility is a modification of solidity. Heat, Bacon's favourite example, is (in his view) a kind of motion; and mobility is one of the primary qualities. So that the primary quality would in all cases enter into the definition of the form *as its genus* ('instar generis veri'), while the difference would be sought for from other sources. As Mr. Ellis says (*Preface*, p. 29), 'The statement of the distinguishing character of the motion or arrangement, or of whatever else may be the Form of a given phenomenon, takes the shape of a law; it is the law in fulfilling which any substance determines the existence of the quality in question.'

iii. In what the essential peculiarity of Bacon's philosophy consisted, is a question which has hitherto received no perfectly satisfactory answer. That its author considered it to have something which distinguished it from all other philosophies, must be evident to any one who has observed how constantly he insists upon the entire *novelty* of the views he was promulgating. He will enter, he says, upon 'alia omninò via . . . . illis intentata et incognita;' he is 'plane protopirus, et vestigia nullius secutus;' and his device of a ship sailing through the Pillars of Hercules, with the motto *Plus ultra,* is equally well known. To explain in what respects the system was so thoroughly new, his commentators do not seem to have found so easy a task; and there is accordingly a great lack of precise information on the subject. The old vulgar notion about Bacon's special characteristic was, that he overthrew Aristotle and invented induction, and that physical science has flourished ever since. But probably all readers of Bacon are now aware that induction (in the sense of an ascent from particulars to a general conclusion) is as old as Plato, that Aristotle gave a logical formula for it as he did for deduction, and that there were some rather remarkable discoveries in physical science before the *Novum Organum* was written, of which, however, its author took but little account. A more refined idea is, that although Aristotle and his followers were aware of induction, yet that they performed it carelessly; that they sometimes took no heed of facts at all, and that when they did so their notions were rashly abstracted and their instances not searchingly examined; but that Bacon, on the contrary, was never content with the information afforded by common language, and subjected all facts to a rigid analysis before admitting them as materials for a generalization. The superficial induction, it has been said, of the Peripatetic philosophers dwelt upon the verbal representative till it lost sight of the real object; the thorough induction of the Baconian attached no importance to words, and weighed even our conceptions of things in the impartial balance of experiment and observation. And all this may be very true as regards the real value of the Baconian philosophy; yet very false as regards the value which its author supposed it to have. The novelty which he so constantly attributed to it, shows that he contemplated something more than merely a

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thorough application of principles and processes already received. But the views we generally attribute to him are rather a transference of the characteristics of modern science to the theory of its supposed progenitor than a correct statement of that theory itself. Modern science considers that the apple which Newton saw falling would not have led to the theory of gravitation in a mind inferior to Newton's; and of ordinary minds, therefore, it takes but little account. What it lays the greatest stress upon is the *nous* of the scientific investigator, endowed with original genius to begin with, and sharpened by alternate hypothesis and verification, till it becomes capable of perceiving in a 'little cloud no bigger than a man's hand,' the germ of a vast and fertilizing discovery. But in Bacon this kind of original genius occupies quite a subordinate position;* nor does he seem to recognise any of the difficulty we now find in describing the mental processes of science, and which has made the confessions of Kepler so valuable and so unique an example. It is this which perplexes us so much on taking up the *Novum Organum.* We have been told that that book is the source from which all our modern science has flowed; yet we fail in attempting to pursue the stream to its presumed fountain. In the ancestor of modern induction we find but few of the lineaments which distinguish his descendants, and there is a sort of hiatus in the pedigree that connects them. Some resemblances indeed there are; the moral dispositions with which he directs the investigation of truth to be undertaken, have since his time been cultivated with much success; and the Phantoms of the Tribe, the Cave, the Forum, and the Theatre, no longer obscure the view of those to whom we look for scientific guidance. Yet their method, while it is totally different from that which he desired to supersede, seems scarcely less at variance with that which he sought to substitute; and the gulf between the two has yet to be bridged over.

The difficulties we have alluded to have been duly taken into consideration by the present editors; but even they are not agreed upon the subject. Each has given his account of what he considers to be the leading feature in Bacon's system. We will give Mr. Ellis's solution first. He begins by referring to the passages in which a distinction is drawn between ordinary induction and the new method. Both set out from particular facts, and end in general conclusions. But the old plan lands us in a 'precarious' conclusion; a contradictory instance may overthrow it. The new plan proceeds by a method of exclusion, eliminating as many elements of the subject-matter of investigation as are necessary (*quot sufficiunt*) for the attainment of certainty regarding the element sought for. For this throwing away of all that is not really wanted, it is possible to give precise rules, which can be followed by any person of average intellect. Here, then, we get two characteristics of the Baconian induction; 1, absolute certainty; 2, a mechanical method of procedure, rendering all men almost equally capable of attaining to the truth. If the rules are adhered to, the proper result must certainly follow; and adhesion to them ought to place us as much above those who neglect them as a man furnished with a pair of compasses is superior to one who attempts to draw a circle with the unaided hand. Still, these two characteristics do not constitute a sufficient difference between the Baconian and the ordinary induction to have justified Bacon in describing his method as essentially *new.* The language in which he so describes it, and which we have quoted two pages back, would have been out of place had Bacon's contribution to the progress of science consisted merely in arranging facts in a more convenient order and applying to them a more systematic

* It is the 'sagacitas' of which he speaks in *De Aug.* V. ii., and which gives rise to the 'Experientia Literata,' or Hunting of Pan; a part of his system which Mr. Spedding invests with an importance which is hardly borne out by the slight mention of it in the *Novum Organum.*

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process. The element of real novelty is to be found in the *connexion* of this arrangement and this process with *the conception of Nature*, which we have described in a preceding page, but to which we must now briefly revert.

We have seen how, in Bacon's view, every object in the universe presents to us an assemblage of qualities which, taken together, constitute our idea of that object. In the language of a different philosophy, everything we see has an unknown *substratum*, in which its various attributes inhere. Our senses give us no knowledge of the former except through the latter; in fact we only conceive the substratum to exist in obedience to that desire for unity which naturally belongs to the mind, and by the Idealists we know that its existence is denied altogether. At any rate, the attributes are the manifestations by which we become cognisant of it; and wherever certain attributes are found together, there, we say, is the object we have been accustomed to associate with them. To recur to his own instance:—'Gold has these natures: weight, closeness of parts, fixation, pliantness or softness, immunity from rust, colour or tincture of yellow. Therefore the sure way, though most about, to make gold, is to know the causes of the several natures before rehearsed, and the axioms concerning the same. *For if a man can make a metal that hath all these properties, let men dispute whether it be gold or no.*' In his view, therefore, the knowledge of the cause would in almost all cases enable us to produce the effect; the 'form' would produce the phenomenon. If we ask how we are to recognise a form, we are told that it is by certain practical criteria. The formal cause and the phenomenal quality of which we are seeking the cause must be — 1, both present; 2, both absent; and 3, must both increase and decrease together. To these criteria correspond the inductive tables, of essence or presence, absence, and concomitant variation. When these tables have been formed, the process of induction is to be carried into effect by means of exclusions and rejections; and this point brings us to what Mr. Ellis considers as the special novelty, in Bacon's own eyes, of the system. This it is which distinguishes it from ordinary induction, which merely enumerated particular cases. For, supposing that any instance of the given nature can be analysed into its elements, that these elements are limited in number, and that one of them is the cause we are searching for, it is evident that all we have to do is to eliminate those elements which are *not* the cause, and the true cause *must be* the one which remains. 'We reject every nature which is not present in any affirmative instance, or which is present in any negative, or which manifests itself in a greater degree when the given nature manifests itself in a less, or *vice versâ*. . . . . When this process of exclusion has been completely formed, only the form-nature will remain; it will be, so to speak, the *survivor* of all the natures combined with which the given nature was at first presented to us. . . . . The exclusion of error will necessarily lead to truth.'

We now see why Bacon claimed *absolute certainty* as one of the characteristics of his method. Supposing his conception of nature to be true, such a claim would be well-founded. If we also observe that for the formation of the inductive tables nothing but diligence is requisite, and that to see which of the qualities ought in each case to be excluded is a matter of only ordinary acuteness, it will also be evident why he considered it almost a *mechanical task*, and one which was within the reach of all inquirers.

So much for the explanation which Mr. Ellis has given. When we turn to the Preface to the *Parasceve* —(Παρασκευή)—or 'specimen of a natural and experimental history'— which has been written by Mr. Spedding, we find an altogether different, though not incompatible solution of the same difficulty. Mr. Spedding had formed his opinion quite independently of his colleague, and now puts it forward, not as containing the whole truth, but in order to raise the question, whether, as it 'was imperfect from not taking any account of the novelty contained in

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the *Method of Induction* as Bacon understood it, Mr. Ellis's be not likewise imperfect from not taking sufficient account of the novelty contained in the Natural History as Bacon intended it to be employed; and whether there be not room for a third solution, more complete than either, as including both.'

In a very interestingly-written dialogue composed twelve years since, but reproduced here, Mr. Spedding gives us his reasons for the different conclusion at which he has arrived. He begins by arguing against the belief so commonly entertained, that it is really the *Baconian* philosophy which has been flourishing among us for the last two hundred years. He supposes one of his interlocutors to ask very pertinently, 'In what do the principles laid down by Bacon differ from those upon which Galileo was already acting?' And, 'were not Galileo and Kepler—the discoverers of new *facts*—really the persons who gave an impulse to natural science, rather than the philosopher who only invented new theories?' And if so, 'what was it that made Bacon think the work so entirely his own, so immeasurably important, and likely to be received with incredulity by at least one generation of mankind?' It was not, he continues, that he overthrew Aristotle; the general stir of the human mind did that. Nor is it, as Herschel says, that he made 'a broad and spirit-stirring announcement of the paramount importance of induction;' if that were all, he would no more deserve his fame than a writer might do now who should expatiate eloquently upon those principles of historical investigation which Niebuhr has actually exemplified. It must have been something more than either of these achievements.

What Bacon conceived to be so vastly important, was, in Mr. Spedding's opinion, the *collection of facts:* the 'natural and experimental history' of which the *Parasceve* was a specimen. He imagines that if Bacon could be made acquainted with all that has been done in physical science since his time, he would by no means be satisfied. He would consider that a great number of wonderful things had been done; but that they had been done upon no settled plan. Each discovery or invention has been isolated, instead of being one detail in the filling-up of a vast and connected scheme. Each discoverer or inventor has been in the position of a scholar who has to make his own dictionary; he has had to collect his facts himself, instead of being able to go to an universal store-house for them. Nor is the difference only one of degree. Between the quantity of observations which are enough for one section of one science, and the quantity which would be enough for all science, there is a difference in kind; not the difference between *fewer* and *more*, but between *not enough* and *enough*. According to Galileo's practice, the work at best could be done partially: according to Bacon's method, it would be done effectually and altogether.

The illustration by which Mr. Spedding here elucidates his meaning is so apt and ingenious that we extract it, both for its own sake and because it will save a good deal of further explanation:—

I will put you a case by way of illustration. Two men (call them James and John) find a manuscript in a character unknown to either of them. James, being skilled in languages and expert at making out riddles, observes some characters similar to those of one of the languages which he understands; immediately sets himself to guess what they are; and succeeds in puzzling out here a name and there a date, with plausibility. Each succeeding guess, if it be right, makes the next easier; and there is no knowing precisely how much may be made out in this manner, or with what degree of certainty. The process is inductive, and the results, so far as they go, are discoveries. John seeing him thus employed comes up and says: 'This is all very ingenious and clever, and far more than I could do by the same process. But you are not going the right way to work. You will never be able to decipher the manuscript in this way. I will tell you what we must do. Here (you see) are certain forms of character which continually recur. Here is one that comes more than once in every line; here another that comes once in every two or three lines; a third that comes only twice or thrice in a page; and so on. Let us have a list made of these several forms,

with an index shewing where and how often they occur. In the mean time I will undertake, upon a consideration of the general laws of language, to tell you, by the comparative frequency of their recurrence, what parts of speech most of these are. So we shall know which of them are articles, which conjunctions, which relatives, which auxiliaries, and so on. Setting these apart we shall be better able to deal with the nouns and verbs; and then by comparing the passages in which each occurs, we shall be able, with the help of your language learning, to make out the meaning first of one, then of another. As each is determined, the rest will be easier to determine; and by degrees we shall come to know them all. It is a slow process compared with yours, and will take time and labour and many hands. But when it is done we shall be able to read the whole book.

The manuscript is the volume of nature; 'James' is Galileo; the work on the laws of language is the *Novum Organum;* the Index is the 'Natural and Experimental History.'

It may be replied that no discovery has ever been made by following Bacon's rules, and that since the man of science is able to see at a glance whether the instance will help him or not, without having it formally tabulated, the 'Prerogatives of instances' are only, so to speak, *wise after the event.* Mr. Spedding urges, on the other hand, that the use of such a classification is for those who are *not* men of science, but are only gathering materials for others to mould into form. The former, like collectors of statistics, must work according to a common pattern, and arrange what comes before them in a prescribed method. One man may make an *omnium gatherum;* another may make it fit for reference; another pick out the essential parts; another classify them for the inductive philosopher. The immense importance which Bacon attached to some such history, is shown by the strength of his expressions on the subject. '*Nothing,*' he says, in the most positive way, 'can be done without it—not even if the whole human race make philosophy their business. *Either* this must be done, or the New Philosophy *must be given up altogether.*'

Mr. Spedding does not deny the importance of what Mr. Ellis has pointed out—the supposed perfection of Bacon's logical machinery—to his system; but asks how it was, if this were really the one thing needful, that Bacon did not devote the rest of his time to carrying it out, and filling up the outline which he has sketched in the fifty-second aphorism of the second book of the *Novum Organum,* instead of putting that aside and occupying himself, as he actually did, with the compilation of his *Natural History?* How was it that, remaining of the same opinion as to the value of the *Novum Organum,* still believing himself able to deal with it, still thinking it insufficient, not having forgotten it, not being tired of it, he still left it incomplete? Only, it would appear, because he considered the *Natural History* of more real importance. '*Satius et consultius* visum est,' is the expression he uses in alluding to the prosecution of the latter. Mr. Spedding has collected a number of similar passages, which certainly throw his opinion into the strongest light.

These views were submitted to Mr. Ellis, but he does not seem to have passed any judgment on the question, whether the *Natural History* was the thing of most importance in Bacon's own view? On the perfectly distinct question, whether such a natural history is *practicable or useful?* his opinion was adverse to that of his coadjutor. A collection of observed phenomena sufficient to form a basis for philosophizing, would be, he thought, only an immense transcript of nature herself; nor could any collection of facts be made available without some theory to guide its formation. We should be as much lost in the mass of observations, as we already are in the maze of phenomena.

Mr. Spedding, in rejoinder, admits the objection to a certain extent 'as pointing truly at the practical difficulties involved in Bacon's scheme, and proving that it could not be carried out *completely* on the plan he proposed.' But he does not think that Bacon's expressions imply so entire a severance of theory and observation as is presumed. Of

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course hardly any observation, strictly speaking, is made without reference to *some* theory or other, but this does not prevent its being used to establish other theories of which the original observer never had any idea. As an example of such a separation, Mr. Spedding very pertinently instances the science of meteorology; *à priori* it is evident that the facts of this science being spread over the whole world, the philosopher who is to theorize on them could never collect them himself, therefore if somebody does not do it for him they can never be collected at all; *à posteriori*, this science, we actually find, is in one of its most established generalizations based upon observations made for quite a different purpose. 'Colonel Reid's theory of storms was worked out, not in the West Indies among the hurricanes, but at the Admiralty among the ships' logs.' In fact the whole science, as stated by Sir John Herschel in the *Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry*, depends for its conclusions 'upon the meteorological register, steadily and perseveringly kept throughout the whole of every voyage.' The whole manual is full of exactly what Bacon would have called 'topicæ inquisitionis,' and is framed in a manner of which he certainly would have approved in the highest degree. Mr. Spedding also instances the system of observations instituted by the great British Association with respect to terrestrial magnetism as being 'undertaken on a scale of Baconian magnitude,' and such as he would have accepted as an enterprise 'worthy of the human race.' In the *Times* of November 1, 1858, will be found a 'Meteorological report presented to the Board of Trade,' which appears to have been framed on thoroughly Baconian principles, and on which the *Times* remarks that it is the first example since the days of the Roman augurs of a Government ordering the observation of atmospheric phenomena.

By way of illustration as to the possibility of separating theory and observation, we may refer to branches of inquiry which do not belong to the exact sciences. The remarks made upon agriculture and commerce by travellers in various parts of the world, are combined by the political economist into a theory of the conditions of national prosperity; and we have lately seen, in Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization*, how data from the most dissimilar sources may yield the material for speculations never contemplated by the authors from whom they were derived.

It is not, however, necessary to travel out of the field of physical science into that of general literature in order to add to Mr. Spedding's illustrations of the possibility of carrying out this part of the Baconian system. The views on natural philosophy which have been expressed by perhaps the ablest of its popular expositors are so much in point that we wonder that they should have escaped the omnivorous research of our two editors. We speak of Dr. Neil Arnott, whose *Elements of Physics* (published in 1829) still form the clearest introduction for a beginner to the subjects of which they treat. Dr. Arnott, though of course acquainted with Bacon's works, is in his general notions about that philosopher not more precise or correct than most of Messrs. Ellis and Spedding's predecessors to whom we have referred. But his views respecting the progress of science and the correlation of its departments are expressed in a truly Baconian spirit, and are so germane to the point on which Mr. Spedding has insisted, that we think a paragraph or two will be interesting, especially as the book is now rather a scarce one:—

By arranging science according to its natural relations, and therefore so as to avoid repetitions and anticipations, a very complete system might be exhibited in small bulk, viz. in five volumes, of which the separate titles would be, 1st, *Physics;* 2nd, *Chemistry;* 3rd, *Organic Life*, or *Physiology;* 4th, *Mind;* and 5th, *Measures* or *Mathematics*. From such works, with less trouble than it now costs to obtain familiarity with one new language, a man might obtain a general acquaintance with science. . . . The books of five volumes would merit the name of the *Book of Nature*. To have all the perfections of which it is susceptible, it can be looked for only from associations of learned men: and even then, it cannot be compiled, as many

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encyclopedias have been, by each individual taking a distinct part or parts; but *by the parts being undertaken conjointly by several persons, so that he who conceives most happily for students may sketch the plan, he who is learned may amplify and complete, he who is correct may purge, he who is tasteful may beautify, and so forth.* After such a book existed, it would not become an object with talented individuals to write a *new book*—which again would necessarily have the imperfections of an individual attempt—but to assist, under the direction of a superintending council, in perfecting the existing work. The composition of the *Book of Nature* might be a worthy object of rivalry even between nations. At present a great part of human labour, and genius, and existence, is wasted for want of such a work. Students, from having no direction, or only that which is faulty, apply to subjects in unnatural order, and therefore neither well understand them at first, nor remember what they read. Many who study various works on the same subject, that the imperfections of one may be corrected or supplied from the others, are confounded by the difference of arrangement met with, and unless they submit to the laborious task of making a methodical analysis of all, they seldom have clear notions at last. . . . . Were such elementary treatises once in existence, they might be maintained complete by a periodical incorporation of new discoveries; and if furnished with correct and copious references, they might form an index to the whole existing mass of knowledge. This *Book of Nature* would be of more value to the world than any other conceivable institution for education, for it would convert the minds of millions into intellectual organs of advancement; while in the crowd, many would probably be found in every age, as highly endowed by nature, as any that have yet appeared along the extended stream of time.

How very strongly Dr. Arnott illustrates Bacon will be seen from the passages we have italicised, and he is certainly remarkable as being one of the very few natural philosophers who have neither thrown discredit upon Bacon's views nor treated them with the vague praise which implies their practical inutility.

II. On the question of the *real* value of Bacon's method in furthering the progress of science, the conclusions at which the editors arrive have already been partly anticipated in the foregoing remarks. In pointing out as the central point of Bacon's whole system his belief that the phenomena of the universe may all be reduced to combinations of a limited number of simple elements, Mr. Ellis implies that Bacon, by inadequately appreciating the problem to be solved, vitiates the application of this view to practice. He also notices the defect which no part of the *Novum Organum* is at all adapted to remedy, though possibly the succeeding portions might have been meant to do so, viz., the want of any hints for the formation of *scientific conceptions*. In our analysis of the concrete we are to reject certain simple natures, and this process cannot be satisfactory while our conceptions of these natures remain ill-defined and vague. He has told us in the *Novum Organum*, Book I., Aph. xv., that there is nothing sound (*nil sani*) in the 'notions' which we get from either logic or physics; substance, quality, action, and essence, dense, light, heavy, rare, &c., are all fanciful and ill-defined. How important a true method on these subjects would be may be seen from Dr. Whewell's *Philosophy*, in which 'the formation of conceptions' is treated with great care and elaboration. Yet Bacon has nowhere given us any assistance of a similar kind. Nor had he any idea of the constant change which is taking place in these conceptions, through the progress of science, even when the greatest pains have been taken in their original formation. The 'alphabet of the universe,' even if it could have been completed, would not have exhausted the essence of the realities it professed to deal with: it would only have represented the state of contemporary knowledge. That he came to see some of the difficulties which this part of his subject involved, appears from the fact that in the *Partis Secundæ Delineatio* he promises to give directions for constructing a 'bona notio,' or proper abstract conception, before proceeding to the 'ministrations' to the memory and the reasons which were to occupy the remainder of the treatise, while in fact he afterwards found himself obliged to say that the received

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conceptions must be used in establishing axioms, and must afterwards be themselves corrected by means of these axioms.

In his declaration that knowledge and power are correlative, Bacon seems to imply that the knowledge of the form will in any case enable us to produce the phenomena which result from it. But it is not clear that to superinduce the form on any given body is more easy than to superinduce the nature depending on that form. In many cases it is undoubtedly much less easy. If, for instance, it is required to make a thing white: to call up the 'form of whiteness' would be a much more roundabout process than covering it with some white pigment.

It is not, perhaps, fair to draw any conclusion either for or against the practicability of Bacon's system from the Prerogatives of Instances; for we have no certain knowledge of the use to which he intended to put them. They belong to what he terms the 'fortiora auxilia intellectûs,' and are the first of the nine subjects into which he maps out the part of the *Novum Organum* intended to succeed the tables of Exclusion and Rejection. If we look at them from the exclusively modern point of view, the objections of Sir John Herschel, in his *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy*, will no doubt apply:—

> It has always appeared to us, we must confess, that the help which the classification of instances, under their different titles of prerogative, affords to inductions, however just such classification may be in itself, is yet more apparent than real. The force of the instance must be felt in the mind, before it can be referred to its place in the system; and, before it can be either referred or appreciated, it must be known; and when it *is* appreciated, we are ready enough to interweave it in our web of induction, without greatly troubling ourselves with inquiring whence it derives the weight we acknowledge it to have in our decisions.

We must, however, recollect that Bacon was not writing for men like Herschel. As we have seen, his 'mechanical mode of procedure' was intended (however mistakenly) to be of use to average intellects; to those who require something besides their own vivid sense of comparison, before they start on a fruitful track of thought. Such persons would not be in a condition to despise any suggestion, for any one might lead to the solution of the problem. We might indeed make a general answer to many of the objections against Bacon's philosophy, by saying that, like logic, it classifies reasonings, but does not teach reasoning; and this answer would apply particularly to the Prerogatives of Instances. Not that Bacon would have made this answer himself, for he thought that his philosophy was an art of discovery, just as some people think Logic is an art of reasoning. But it could not be so, and it took the only shape which was possible for it: that of hints of *what was to be looked out for* in the investigations of physical science; what dangers were to be avoided, what provinces might be fruitful in speculation. The Prerogatives are well illustrated by the 'Topica Particularis,' or 'Articles of Inquiry' on Heavy and Light, which he gives as an example in *De Augmentis*, V. ii. 'Inquire,' he says, 'whether the bulk of a body has anything to do with the motion of gravity.' This is the *Instantia Quanti*. 'Whether the resisting nature of the medium affects it?' This is the *Instantia Luctæ*. 'Whether it depends at all, in a balance, on the length of the beam?' This is the *Instantia Radii*. And we might go through many others in the same way. The assistance which Bacon's 'Prerogatives' are calculated to afford to a physical inquirer, is in fact analogous to that which a man who was educating himself to speak in public might derive from the 'topics' which are laid down in Aristotle's or Campbell's *Rhetoric*. A born orator does not want any such help. And a man of strong mathematical or inventive genius can also dispense with the slow processes which suit other intellects. Newton, it is said, saw the whole train of demonstration of many of Euclid's problems flash through his mind without reading them even once over. But, in both cases, the inferior herd are glad to have any hints which may direct their conjectures into varied or profitable channels. The process they go through is like that with which we are familiar in searching

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for information on some difficult subject. We take down volume after volume, and look for various heads in each Index, hoping to light on something to guide us further. Whether Bacon's 'Instances' were meant to afford any other kind of help, seems very doubtful. We imagine that they were to form the headings for part of that Index of Nature of which the list of 'simple natures' was the Alphabet; they were to classify the *dynamics*, as that would have classified the *statics* of the Universe. Those who will look at Mr. Hoppus's account of the *Novum Organum*,* will see a number of interesting illustrations, showing how later scientific discoveries have more or less filled up the outline which Bacon thus sketched out.

The inadequate view which Bacon took of the variety and complexity of nature, led him to a belief which no one who hears him spoken of simply as the Father of Modern Inductive Philosophy, would suspect him to have entertained. When Lord Macaulay, in perhaps the most brilliant, but also the most inexact of his *Essays*, says in reference to that Philosophy, that 'its goal to-day is its starting-point to-morrow'—that its 'motto is progress,' and so forth, we should hardly imagine its presumed Coryphæus to have looked forward to the complete accomplishment of his plan in the course of a few generations. Yet—as we have already pointed out—he always regarded it as a task which was susceptible of final accomplishment. 'His instauration of the sciences had a definite end, in which, when it was once attained, it would finally acquiesce; nor is there anything in his writings† to countenance the assumption which has often been made, that in his opinion the onward progress of science was to continue throughout all time. On the contrary, the knowledge which man is capable of might, he thought, be attained, not, certainly, at once, but within the compass of no long period.' This mistake is undoubtedly connected with one of the characteristics of Bacon's mind, on which Mr. Spedding has some interesting observations in his Preface to the *De Interpretatione Naturæ Proœmium*. Why, asks the editor, was it that one who devoted such abilities to a practical object for so many years should have met with so little success? He made no discovery; and (if we except Hooke) he scarcely made any disciples. And how was it that he never repaired his early neglect of mathematics, though he could not have gone far in physics without finding the want of them? Bacon's deficiency, it is answered, lay *in the intellect itself*. In a celebrated passage in the tract just named, where he reviews his own qualifications for the work he had undertaken, there is only one point in which he overrates his powers. He gives himself credit, among other points, for a mind 'ad rerum similitudinem (quod maximum est) agnoscendam satis mobilem, *et ad differentiarum subtilitates observandas* satis fixam et intentam.' The justice of his self-judgment in the former respect no one will think of denying. In the faculty of perceiving analogies between dissimilar things—of seeing unity in plurality, as some would put it—he has probably never had a superior. But in the faculty which detects differences between things apparently alike—which sees plurality in unity—and, fixing on the one needful point in a subject, eliminates all the non-essential remainder, he was, in the opinion of Mr. Spedding, as also of Lord Macaulay, undoubtedly deficient. Thus wherever he touches upon the exact sciences—mechanics or mathematics, for instance—his information is inadequate, and his appreciation imperfect. He paid attention to astronomy, and had his own theory about it: but the discoveries made by Kepler's calculations were unknown to him. He complained that geometry stopped with *Euclid*, yet knew nothing of the discoveries of Archimedes; and that compendious methods in arithmetic were wanting, yet was unaware of Napier's *Logarithms*.

He speaks of the εὕρηκα of Archimedes in a manner which implies that

* One of the publications of the Useful Knowledge Society.
† But *vide Cog. et Vis.*, vol. iii. p. 615.

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he did not clearly apprehend either the nature of the problem to be solved or the principles upon which the solution depended. In reviewing the progress of Mechanics, he makes no mention either of Archimedes himself, or of Stevinus, Galileo, Guldinas, or Ghetaldus. He makes no allusion to the theory of Equilibrium. He observes that a ball of one pound weight will fall nearly as fast through the air as a ball of two, without alluding to the theory of the acceleration of falling bodies, which had been made known by Galileo more than thirty years before. He proposes an inquiry with regard to the lever,—namely, whether in a balance with arms of different length but equal weight the distance from the fulcrum has any effect upon the inclination—though the theory of the lever was as well understood in his own time as it is now. In making an experiment of his own to ascertain the cause of the motion of a windmill, he overlooks an obvious circumstance which makes the experiment inconclusive, and an equally obvious variation of the same experiment which would have shown him that his theory was false. He speaks of the poles of the earth as fixed, in a manner which seems to imply that he was not acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes; and in another place of the north pole being above, and the south pole below, as a reason why in our hemisphere the north winds predominate over the south.

That he did not discover his real inaptitude—as we should now term it—for physics, is attributed by Mr. Spedding partly to the activity of his discursive faculty, which overwhelmed him with all manner of ingenious suggestions; partly to the pains he took to subdivide his writings into minute titles, giving a false air of subtlety to his work; partly to his sanguine temper, which believed no difficulties insuperable by patient industry. To the same original defect of mind is traced not only his ill-success in the physical investigations he actually attempted as specimens of his method, but his misrepresentation of Aristotle—his failure to obtain authority commensurate with his position as a lawyer—his primitive notions of political economy—and his want of communication with his really scientific contemporaries—who appear to have thought as little of him as he did in general of them. 'He writes philosophy,' said Harvey to Aubrey, 'like a Lord Chancellor.'

After so many deductions, what, it may be asked, can remain to account for the vast reputation which Bacon enjoys? Is he, in fact, entitled to any reputation at all? Must not his philosophy

> Hang
> Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
> In monumental mockery,

now that old weapons, however elaborate, and old armour, however complete, have been superseded by more penetrating spears and more solid bulwarks? Not altogether. But his merits belong rather to the spirit than to the positive precepts of his philosophy. Not that the latter have not exerted an immense influence. What a grasp of the right clue to scientific truth is shown in the words 'ut sensus tantum de experimento, experimentum de re judicet'—a sentence which may be said to have *shunted* the human mind back into the trunk line of philosophic physics. But, that the true end of knowledge is the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate; that this end is the natural result of knowledge honestly pursued; that we gain nothing by confusing the boundaries of science and religion, but on the contrary, by accepting a standard in one which we refuse to acknowledge in the other, we fall into the most pernicious insincerity;—that science is one, and not many; that its divisions are correlative, and incapable of being rightly studied apart from each other;—most of all, that dogmatism must be laid aside at the shrine of Nature, and its sanctuary approached in the spirit of a child, hidebound in no system, warped by no preconceived opinions, but with alert senses and impartial mind, prepared to accept all consequences, modify all methods, and gain over the help of the deity he worships only by obedience to her commands;—such are undoubtedly the chief lessons to be learnt from a study of the works Bacon has left us. Against the tendency to perpetuate what he believed to be truth by founding a sect or school to foster it—a tendency to which a man's excuse for yielding is commonly in proportion to the importance of that which he is aiming to preserve—Bacon never ceased to protest with

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the whole force of his eloquence. Whatever power his opinions might acquire by the aid of a body of disciples professing to systematize and support them, would, he thought, be dearly purchased by lending any countenance to the spirit which in mediæval science had produced such deplorable results. For, in spite of the abstruse technicalities of the Baconian system, the scholastic aspect which they lend to it is only superficial. If Bacon was anything of a schoolman, it was in his habits of language and arrangement of topics, not in his habits of reasoning. That some of the old vesture of thought he was casting off should cling around his speculations, is not to be wondered at. He could not altogether transcend the medium in which he moved. Like the lion in Milton's picture of the Creation—'pawing to get free his hinder parts'—he might remain half-encumbered with earth before the 'bonds' from which he was breaking could be altogether relaxed. That he should attempt to breathe new life into the fair statues which, to use his own expression,* were worshipped and gazed at, but were incapable of motion or life, was less to be wondered at than that he should have failed in adapting the materials which had served his predecessors to conditions of thought wholly alien to their nature. Nor was his depreciation of other philosophers, though it may influence our estimate of his own fairness, a point likely to affect the real value of his conclusions. The syllogistic reasoning had been used for purposes which its author would not have sanctioned; but in denying its validity altogether, Bacon made a mistake which, we now see, the further prosecution of even his own principles was certain ultimately to correct. The principles which could not be justly reached without induction could not be applied in any way without syllogism. Of his merits in other respects we cannot speak more justly than in the words of one of his editors, who, in pointing out the defects which we have already described, is careful to add that they need not in the least diminish our respect for the genius whose luminousness only made these dark places more apparent.

> The truths which he told must stand for ever, because they *are* truths; and until some one else shall embody them in language juster, nobler, more impressive, and more comprehensive than his, his name will stand as the author of them. And for the rest, a more correct appreciation of the difficulties with which he had to struggle, instead of diminishing our sense of what we owe him, ought only to increase our admiration of the high instinct which suggested the end, the courageous hope with which he entered upon the pursuit of it, and the undaunted resolution with which (however unsuccessfully) he followed it up.

The value of his works to us as students depends partly on their position in the history of philosophy (on which we need not speak in this place), and partly on the *discipline* which, as we have intimated at the outset of these remarks, they are calculated to afford. His method, in truth, resembles one of those geographical problems which are destined either never to be solved, or when solved, to be found useless, but which form a nucleus for enterprise, a school for hardihood, and a mine of incidental discoveries. It was to have been like the North-west Passage—a short cut to the Indies of Philosophy; but as in the commercial world, so in the scientific, his followers were compelled to reach the desired regions without its aid. To follow out such a track may test the courage and confidence of an explorer; and though it may never lead us to the special benefit it professes to hold out, may yet raise up a spirit of research and emulation of far wider utility than anything embraced in its original scope. If our navigators have been daring and successful, it was because they applied to other purposes the same endurance and courage which have braved the rigours of many an Arctic winter, and laid down even life itself in the pursuit of the cherished idea. And if science has made her vastest strides in modern Europe, it is because she has been penetrated with the spirit which inspired the language and suggested the anticipations of BACON.

G. D. H.

* *Cogitata et Visa; Præf. ad Nov. Org.*

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ON THE LIFE OF EDMUND SPENSER.

BY THOMAS KEIGHTLEY.

LAST year I had the gratification, through the medium of *Fraser's Magazine*, of throwing some light on the life and writings of Henry Fielding.* I will now endeavour to do the same for Edmund Spenser; but at present I can only treat of his biography; and I must reserve what I have to say on his poems—on which I flatter myself I can do something—for a future occasion. I consider myself, in this as in the former case, only as furnishing materials for future biographers and critics; and I will avoid as much as possible repeating anything which may be found in the biographies of Todd and Craik. I will not waste the reader's time with introduction, but proceed at once to inquire and discuss. The first questions, then, to be considered, are the time and the place of the poet's birth, and the family of which he was a member; for the name, as being that of a household office (answering to our present butler), was common to many families.

The year of Spenser's birth, much more the month and day, is utterly unknown. On the monumental tablet to his memory placed in Westminster Abbey by his friend and patroness, the Countess of Cumberland, thirty years after his death, his birth is placed in 1510; but as he died at the end of the century, by what is termed by Camden *immatura morte*, that date is evidently an impossible one. We have also good reason to believe that he went to Cambridge in 1569; and men do not ordinarily enter universities at such a venerable age as this supposes. The plan then adopted in his case, as in that of Lilly the dramatist, and some others, is to calculate backwards from the date of matriculation. Hence assuming that Spenser was sixteen at the time of his entrance, his birth is placed in 1553, and the date on his monument has been altered accordingly. Mr. Payne Collier, however, in his *Life of Shakspeare* (p. cxxiii), thinks this date too late; for he says that the sonnets written by Spenser, and prefixed to Vandernoodt's *Theatre for Worldlings* 'do not read like the productions of a very young man.' I would, however, on this head, refer Mr. Collier to the poem on Sir Isaac Newton by Glover, the author of the too-much neglected *Leonidas*, written also at the age of sixteen, to say nothing of *Politian* and such prodigies. Still I think Mr. Collier is right; and when I come to treat of Spenser's courtship and marriage, I shall, I trust, be able to give good reasons for placing his birth even so far back as 1551; nay, perhaps even in the November of that year, the month in which Milton also was born.

There would seem to be no reasonable ground of doubt as to the birth-place of Spenser being London or its immediate vicinity, for in one of his poems he says:—

> ——Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
> That to me gave this life's first kindly source.

Oldys even asserts that he was born in East Smithfield by the Tower. But what could Oldys in the eighteenth century know of such a circumstance in the sixteenth? especially as all the parish-registers have been searched in vain. There is even a possibility that the portion of the borough belonging to Kent may have witnessed the poet's birth; for in the *Shepherd's Calendar* (Feb. v. 91), Thenot (*Spenser*) says:—

> But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
> Which I conned of Tityrus (*Chaucer*) in my youth,
> Keeping his sheep *on the hills of Kent?*

And elsewhere (April v. 21) we meet with—

> Colin (*Spenser*), thou kenst the *southern* shepherd's boy.

The utmost, however, that all this might seem to prove is, that

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* *Fraser's Magazine*, January and February, 1858. In the Postscript to my articles on Fielding there is a curious error. '*Gives up* the house' should be '*Get possession* of the house.' It originated in my making use of an expression familiar in Ireland, but, though perfectly correct, not in use in England.

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Spenser may have spent some of his early days in Kent, possibly at school. The poet's own words had been regarded as conclusive evidence of London's right to claim his birth till Mr. Collier, discovering that there was an Edmund Spenser dwelling at Kingsbury in Warwickshire in 1569, conjectured that, if not the poet himself, it may have been his father, and thus seeks to make Spenser a native of the same shire with Shakspeare and Drayton. But his chief support—the rarity of the name Edmund—is of no strength, as will presently appear.

While stating that London was the place of his birth, Spenser adds:—

> Though from another place I take my name,
> A house of ancient fame;

in the dedication of his *Muiopotmos* to Lady Carey, one of the daughters of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, he says, 'nor for name or kindred's sake by you vouchsafed;' and when about to speak of her and her sisters, in his *Colin Clout's come Home again*, he says:—

> No less praiseworthy are the sisters three,
> The honour of the noble family,
> Of which I meanest boast myself to be,
> And most that unto them I am so nigh.

It is therefore quite plain that the poet regarded himself as being of a branch, however remote, of this distinguished family, and that his claim was admitted.

Of late years the right of another family to claim the great poet has been advocated with much plausibility. Mr. F. C. Spenser, of Halifax, gave, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1842, an account of the Spenser family of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire. In this it is remarkable that the names of Edmund and Lawrence (the latter a rather unusual name in England) are of perpetual occurrence; and we shall find it stated by one who probably knew nothing of this family, that Lawrence was the name of the poet's second son; and further, we are informed that near Hurstwood was a little property, named Spenser's; to which it would appear to have been imagined that the poet referred in saying 'though from another *place* I take my name.' But Spenser was never very accurate in his use of language, and it is most likely that 'place' here is equivalent to 'house' in the following line, the family and its residence being confounded. In fine, the claim of the Spensers of Hurstwood seems to depend very much on the hypothesis of the poet's residence in the North, which I shall presently show not to rest on any very solid foundation.

We have no means of ascertaining whether Spenser was, or was not, connected with Sir John Spenser, Lord Mayor of London, and owner of Canonbury-house, at Islington, whose only daughter and heiress was married to William Lord Compton; which lady's modest demands on her noble spouse, in the way of equipage, &c., may be seen in Gifford's notes on Massinger's *City Madam*, and still more fully in *Chambers's Journal*.

On the 20th of May, 1569, Edmund Spenser, beyond doubt our poet, was admitted as a sizar of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge; whence, by the way, it is plain that his parents must have been in rather straitened circumstances, notwithstanding their high connexions. According to the usual account, he was then sixteen years of age, while according to *my* computation he was in his nineteenth year. We are to recollect that sizars, owing to the difficulties they usually have to encounter in the acquisition of the necessary quantity of knowledge, are mostly older at the time of entrance than pensioners. In my own Alma Mater, which is a colony of Cambridge, I never knew a sizar that was not a young man; and a friend, who was a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, informs me that the usual age of entrance for sizars there is between eighteen and nineteen. Dr. Johnson was past nineteen when he went to Oxford; and Milton, who had every advantage, was in his seventeenth year when he was entered as a pensioner at Cambridge.

Spenser took his degrees at the regular periods; that of Bachelor of Arts, January 10th, 1572-3; that of Master, June 26th, 1576. He probably became one of the scholars on the foundation; and with this,

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tuition, and other college aids, he was able to support himself: his talents must have procured him consideration. One of his fellow-students was Gabriel Harvey, who became a man of much note, and with whom he formed an intimate friendship. It may be assumed that he remained at the University until he had taken his Master's degree, but it is a question whither he first went when he left Cambridge. The general account is that he went to the North of England, on a visit, some say, to his relations there; as a tutor, say others, in their or some other family. But this, too, is very dubious, and it rests entirely on the following passage in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and E. K.'s note on it:—

> Then if by me thou list advised be,
> Forsake the soil that so doth thee bewitch;
> Leave *me* those hills where harbour nis to see,
> Nor holly-bush, nor brere, nor winding ditch;
> And to the dales resort, where shepherds rich
> And fruitful flocks been every where to see.
> * * * *
> Such peerless pleasures have *we* in these places.

The interlocutors in this eclogue are Colin, *i.e.*, the poet himself, and Hobbinol, *i.e.*, his friend Gabriel Harvey, and it is the latter who speaks as above. The note of E. K. on *Forsake the soil*, is—'This is no poetical fiction, but unfeignedly spoken of the poet himself, who for special occasion of private affairs (as I have been partly of himself informed), and for his more preferment, removed out of the North parts and came into the South, as Hobbinol indeed advised him privately;' on *those hills*, he says—'That is in the north country, where he dwelt;' and on *the dales*—'The south parts where he now abideth, which though they be full of hills and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody . . .), yet in respect of the north parts they be called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher country.'

This, then, is all the evidence there is in proof of Spenser's residence in the North; and surely, as E.K. calls Kent the South, he might have regarded Cambridge as the North, both being viewed with respect to London. The North, in fact, is a very indefinite term.

> Ask where's the North; in York 'tis at the Tweed, &c.

'Leave *me* those hills,' says Harvey, who resided at Cambridge; but the *me* may be only the ethical dative. Again he says—'Such peerless pleasures have *we* in these places,' *i.e.*, in Kent, where Harvey did not live; so that the *we* only means shepherds, *i.e.*, poets in general. From the language of the poem, it is plain, then, little is to be learned; but E. K. says that he came to Kent for 'private affairs,' and 'for his more preferment.' Now in the ninth eclogue we hear of an eminent shepherd in Kent, named Roffin (evidently a bishop of Rochester), of whom Hobbinol (Harvey) says:—

> He is so meek, wise, and merciable,
> And with his word his work is convenable.
> *Colin Clout I ween be his self boy;*
> Ah, for Colin! he whileom my joy.

It has never, I believe, been observed that in January, 1577, John Young, a native of London, Master of Pembroke Hall (Spenser's college), and whose patron was Archbishop Grindal, was appointed Bishop of Rochester. Is it not then very possible that he may have invited Spenser, who, we see, was a favourite of his, to go thither with him, and whom Harvey may have 'advised privately' to accept the invitation, and that it may have been the bishop who promised him 'more preferment,' by introducing him to Sir Philip Sidney? If this hypothesis be correct, we can only suppose him to have been for a few months, if at all, in Lancashire. But the sixth eclogue would appear to contradict such a supposition, for it speaks of such permanent residence as could only apply to Cambridge, and would rather seem to intimate that the poet, having taken his Master's degree, had nothing more to do at Cambridge, however it might 'bewitch' him, and must now seek a more profitable soil.

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The next question I have to examine is the poet's love for Rosalind; and here, too, I fear I must be rather sceptical. In the first eclogue Colin Clout tells us that having gone to the 'neighbour town' he saw there and fell in love with a lass named Rosalind; that to her he gave all the presents made him by Hobbinol, who sought his love, *i.e.* friendship, but that she treated his suit with disdain. In the fourth eclogue Hobbinol informs us that Rosalind is 'the widow's daughter of the glen;' in the sixth, Colin tells Hobbinol that Rosalind had proved faithless, in favour, as it would appear, of one Menalcas. We then hear no more of her till we come to the last eclogue, which ends with—

> Adieu, good Hobbinol, that was so true,
> Tell Rosalind her Colin bids her adieu.

The note of E. K. on the first eclogue is, 'Rosalinde is also (like Hobbinol) a feigned name, which being well ordered will bewray the very name of his love and mistress, whom by that name he coloureth.' Hence it has been assumed that Rosalind is a form or an anagram of the lady's real name. One biographer says that as Rose is a common Christian name, and there was a family in Kent named Lynde, her name was probably Rose Lynde; in which case the poet was at very little pains indeed to conceal the true name. Malone says, that as Horden was a name in Kent, her name may have been Eliza Horden, of which dropping the *h* Rosalinde is the anagram. 'But,' observes Mr. Craik, 'it must have been in the North of England that Spenser saw and fell in love with Rosalind;' and Mr. F. G. Spenser locates her at Halifax. After all, E. K. meant no anagram, for he gives the Corinna of Ovid, who, he says, was Julia, and some other poetic names, as parallels. *Rosa linda,* I may, in fine, observe, is pure Italian and Spanish, signifying *beautiful rose.*

The note of E. K. on the fourth eclogue is more precise and important. 'He calleth,' says he, 'Rosalind the widow's daughter of the glen, that is, a country hamlet or borough, which I think is rather said to colour and conceal the person than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endowed with any vulgar and common gifts both of nature and manners; but such, indeed, as need neither Colin be ashamed to have her made known by his verses, nor Hobbinol be grieved that so she should be commended to immortality for her rare and singular virtues.' This is altogether very ambiguous. Why should Spenser be ashamed, or Harvey be jealous of her? The latter's being personally acquainted with her, would seem to prove that she resided in Cambridge or its vicinity, and not in the North, where, indeed, it is only the later biographers that place her. Harvey, in one of his letters to Spenser, has the following remarkable passage:—'It will advance the wings of your imagination a degree higher, at the least, if anything can be added to the loftiness of his conceit whom gentle mistress Rosalind once reported to have all the intelligences at commandment, and at another time christened him Segnior Pegaso.' This seems certainly to prove the actual bodily existence of the fair Rosalind, and yet I cannot help suspecting that she was a purely ideal being like the aforesaid Corinna, like Beatrice, Laura, and others, like Drayton's Idea, Daniel's Delia. In fine, I suspect that she may have been the Muse that inspired the two friends; that they combined to hoax E. K., and that those expressions of 'gentle Mistress Rosalind,' may have occurred in some compositions of Harvey's, dictated by the Muse.

We hear no more of Rosalind till 1591 (as I think, 1595, as Todd asserts), that is, when Spenser was courting another woman, or had been for some years a married man. In *Colin Clout's come Home again,* we meet with the following lines. Melissa having said how much women were Colin's debtors,

> Then ill, said Hobbinol, they him requite,
> For, having loved ever one most dear,
> He is repaid with scorn and foul despite,
> That irks each gentle heart which it doth hear.

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Indeed, said Lucid, I have often heard
Fair Rosalind of divers foully blamed
For being to that swain too cruel hard;
That her bright glory else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that fair maid
To use him so that used her so well?
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid
For loving not? for who can love compel?
And sooth to say it is foolhardy thing
Rashly to witen creatures so divine;
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine.

* * * * *

Beware therefore, ye grooms, I read betimes
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.
Ah! shepherds, then said Colin, ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw
To make so bold a doom, with words unsweet,
Of things celestial which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds' daughters which amongst you be,
But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her, that scorned thing so base,
But to myself the blame, that looked so high;
So high her thoughts as she herself have place,
And loathe each lowly thing, with lofty eye.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swain, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my suit above.
Such grace shall be the guerdon for the grief
And long affliction which I have endured;
Such grace sometimes shall give me some relief
And ease of pain which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow shepherds, which do see
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world, for ever witness be
That hers I die, nought to the world denying
This simple trophy of her great conquest.

Surely never was a jilted and discarded swain so placable and so humble as to use such language as this. It increases the marvel, perhaps, to recollect that more than a dozen years had elapsed since Rosalind had deserted him (for in such cases time usually produces contempt), and that he himself was either courting or was actually married to another woman. But suppose Rosalind, as some of those verses intimate, to have been ideal—a being of a higher order—and most of the difficulties vanish or become explicable.

The *Shepherd's Calendar* was the first product of Spenser's genius which saw the light. It was published by a person named E. K., at the end of 1579 or beginning of 1580. The poet dedicated it to Sir Philip Sidney, at whose suggestion it had probably been undertaken. But we must not suppose that his muse had been hitherto idle and unproductive. On the contrary, we have a goodly list of poems, none of which were ever published, belonging to this period. Of these I hope to give some elucidations on a future occasion. But what is most interesting to us is, that we learn that the *Faerie Queen* was already planned and commenced. In his letter to Harvey of April 10th, 1580, Spenser requests that he would send him back his *Faerie Queen*, as he intended going on with it forthwith. Harvey in reply speaks rather slightingly of it, intimating that in his opinion it would come far short of the *Orlando*, which, says he, 'you will needs seem to emulate and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters.' How much of the poem Spenser may have written at this time it is impossible to say; perhaps not more than a few cantos of the first book,

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and even them, it may be, not consecutively. I may here observe that the romantic tale of Spenser's introducing himself to Sir Philip Sidney by means of the *Faerie Queen* may not be without some foundation in reality; for nothing is more probable than that Sidney, at his first introduction, may have desired to see a specimen of his genius, and that the specimen may have been a canto of the projected poem. I suspect, as I have just hinted, that it was Sidney that proposed to him the subject of the *Calendar*, which was evidently written in Kent, most probably at Penshurst. There is a curious coincidence here between Spenser and his great contemporary, the unhappy Torquato Tasso; they both interrupted the composition of their great epics to let their muses sport awhile in silvan shades.

By Sidney, Spenser was introduced and recommended to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, who took him into his service, as secretary we may suppose. It appears from a letter to Harvey, dated from Leicester-house, October 16th, 1579, that that nobleman was about to send him over to the continent (to France or the Netherlands, of course) on some affairs of importance. Harvey, in his reply of the 23rd says, 'As for your speedy and hasty travel, methinks I dare still wager all the books and writings in my study .... that you will not, that you shall not, I say, be gone over sea, for all your saying, neither the next nor the next week.' We know also that Spenser was in London in the following month of April. Hence Todd and Craik infer that he could never have gone to the continent, the interval of time being too short. But surely five months is not too brief a period for the transaction of even very important business; and I only suppose him to have gone to those countries, for as to what he says in his Latin verses to Harvey, of crossing Pyrenees and Alps and Apennines, and even Caucasus, it is quite plain that it is mere poetic language, and nothing more. But there is to my mind a very strong proof of Spenser's absence from England in the winter of 1579-80, in the circumstance of the *Calendar* having been put through the press in that winter by E. K., evidently without any co-operation of the author. Now it appears to me hardly possible that if Spenser was at that very time living in Leicester-house he would not have read the proof-sheets of the first of his works that went to the press. If he did refrain, he must have had more self-denial than usually falls to the lot of authors, especially of poets.

Spenser's poetical labours now received an interruption by his obtaining (of course by the interest of Leicester) the honourable post of secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, newly appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland. This nobleman landed at Dublin on the 12th of August, 1580, and while waiting for the arrival of his predecessor, Sir William Pelham, hearing that the Irish rebels were assembled at Glendalough, or the Seven Churches, in the county of Wicklow, about twenty-five miles from the capital, he collected some troops and marched against them (Aug. 25th); but having sustained some loss from an ambuscade of the enemy, he returned to Dublin *re infecta*, and with some loss of character. As Spenser of course was present on this occasion, and as, like so many other points of Irish history, there are conflicting statements, I will examine into it somewhat minutely.

The first point is as to the route of the Deputy, which is not indicated by any of the authorities, but which may, I think, be inferred in the following manner. In Wright's *Guide to the Co. Wicklow* is the following passage:—

> From this [the city of Glendalough] a paved road led to Hollywood, on the borders of the Co. Kildare, through the vale of Glendason. This little Appian Way, which is yet visible, was composed of blocks of hewn stone placed edgewise, and was about twelve feet in breadth.

This was probably the only approach on the north and east to Glendalough, which was a place of pilgrimage, and I think this must have been Lord Grey's route; for Cosby and his kerne, *i.e.* police force, from Stradbally, in the Queen's County, formed a part of his forces. I suppose, then, the

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Deputy to have assembled his troops at Naas, to have crossed the Liffey at Ballymore-Eustace, and from Hollywood to have proceeded through the valley of the King's River, along the road above described. I shall have something more to say of this route and its effect on Spenser's mind when I come to treat of the *Faerie Queen*.

The next question is, where did he sustain the defeat? The general impression seems to be that it was at Glendalough itself; but the following description of the locality given by Hooker, who was probably present, does not, in my opinion, at all accord with Glendalough:—

> A valley or combe, lying in the middle of the wood, of a great length, between two hills, and no other way is there to pass through. Under foot it is boggy and soft, and full of great stones and slippery rocks, very hard and evil to pass through; the sides are full of great and mighty trees, upon the sides of the hills, and full of bushments and underwoods.

Here there is no notice of a lake or of buildings of any kind, and the description seems intended for that of some part of the line of march rather than for that of its goal. Never having visited the region beyond the Churches, I cannot speak positively; but my suspicion is, that the vale of Glendason, through which there runs a stream, was the scene. In this case Spenser would not have seen the lake or the churches.

As to the number of the slain, the Four Masters, who transfer the scene to Glenmalure, say that out of eight or nine companies only a few escaped; and McGeoghegan affirms that out of a thousand men (the number of Lord Grey's troops) eight hundred were slain. On the other hand, Mr. D. Macarthy states to me the result of his examination of a document on the subject in the State Paper Office as follows: 'The *battle* would appear to have been no great matter after all. The English absurdly forced themselves into a defile and lost *thirty* men!' It is very remarkable that no less than four of the principal officers, namely, Cosby, Moor, Audley, and Carew, should have fallen.

On the 12th of September there landed in Smerwick bay in Kerry a body of Spaniards and Italians commanded by an officer named Sebastian San Joseph, to aid the rebel Earl of Desmond. They established themselves in a little fortress named Dun an Oir, or Fort del Ore, built on a rock running out into the bay. The Lord Deputy resolved to proceed in person against them, but he did not arrive till the 7th of November, when he immediately attacked the fort by sea and land; on the 11th the garrison surrendered at discretion, and, with the exception of a few of the officers, they were put to the sword to the number of six hundred.

It is well known to the readers of Irish history that Lord Grey's enemies at court made a great handle of this act against him, alleging that he had disarmed and slaughtered these men *after promising them quarter;* the Catholic Irish writers, as might be expected, describe it as an unparalleled piece of treachery and barbarity. Even Leland says that 'Elizabeth expressed the utmost concern and displeasure at this barbarous execution, but such pretences and such professions could not efface the odiousness of this action, and on the continent it was received with horror.' Against all this there was little more than the solitary testimony of Spenser, who was present, and who asserts that mercy was absolutely refused them as they could show no commission from either the Pope or the King of Spain, and were come to the aid of notorious rebels. They were put to death, he adds, lest 'they should afterwards join with the Irish, and also for terror to the Irish.' He does not blame the conduct of the Deputy in the slightest degree. The truth of Spenser's account has lately been placed beyond doubt by a letter of Sir Richard Bingham, Vice-Admiral of Munster, written on the 11th, and by Lord Grey's own despatch of the 12th of November.* The latter

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* These and other valuable and curious documents are given by the Rev. A. B. Rowan, Archbishop of Ardfert, in the *Kerry Magazine* for 1854, a journal published at Tralee, and replete with curious, interesting, and amusing matter. I

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asserts positively that he refused all terms, and adds without any disguise that six hundred men were slaughtered in cold blood. From Hooker we learn that Raleigh was one of those to whom this task was committed. Here then is an action most barbarous in our eyes committed by Raleigh and approved of by Spenser, and which at the present day neither officers nor men perhaps would be induced to execute. But we must not judge of the sixteenth by the nineteenth century; the only question is, whether it was in accordance with the public law of the age. Of this, at least as against the Spaniards, the following fact is conclusive:—On the 26th of July, 1582, a French fleet, under the command of Filippo Strozzi, an officer in the service of the King of France, was defeated by that of the Spaniards off the Azores, whither it had gone to maintain the cause of one of the claimants of the Crown of Portugal. 'The Spanish admiral informed his French prisoners that as no war had been declared between the two kingdoms, he could only look on them as pirates. He caused the noblemen to be beheaded, and the others to be executed with similar indignity.' In like manner, had the Spaniards taken Drake and his crews, they would most probably, and in *my* opinion most justly, have put them to death, unless they preferred sending them for life to the mines of Peru or Mexico. All those who carry on war without a commission from some established government are mere pirates, and should be treated as such.

The Lord Deputy returned to Dublin without delay. In the early part of the following year he marched into Ulster and pacified the troubles there; in the month of August he again visited Munster, and then made a progress through Connaught. On both these occasions he was of course attended by his secretary, who, as we may learn from his *View of the State of Ireland*, was thus well acquainted with all parts of Ireland. In August, 1582, Lord Grey resigned his office and returned to England, accompanied, as the biographers think, by Spenser. This last fact I am not merely dubious about, but inclined to deny altogether.

Spenser, we know, had no property, and Lord Leicester and his other friends would seem to have sent him to Ireland with the intention of providing for him in that country. Mr. Craik has shown from Collins's *Peerage*, that in the year 1581 he was granted by the Queen a lease of the abbey of Enniscorthy in Wexford, with the castle and manor, at the annual rent of £300 6*s*. 8*d*., which property he conveyed to another person in the following month of December. It was perhaps with a view to this conveyance that the grant was made him as a means to put money in his pocket. Again, Mr. Hardiman, in his *Irish Minstrelsy* (i. 320), has shown that on the 22nd of March, 1581 (-2?), Spenser was appointed Clerk of the Decrees and Recognizances of Chancery in Ireland, which office he held till the 22nd of June, 1588, when he resigned it on being appointed clerk to the council of Munster. Now this was in all probability an office the duties of which could not be discharged by deputy. In such case Spenser must have continued to reside in Dublin. This is confirmed by his friend Lodowick Briskett's *Discourse of Civil Life*, &c., written, as Malone conjectured, between 1584 and 1589, and dedicated to Lord Grey. The interlocutors in this dialogue are a party assembled at the author's cottage near Dublin, one of whom is 'Mr. Edmond Spenser, *late* your Lordship's secretary;' and from what Spenser is made to say in it, it appears that at that time he had effected some progress in his *Faerie Queen*. There is also a sonnet by Spenser addressed to Harvey, and dated Dublin, 18th July, 1586.

In 1586, on the division of the spoils of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond, Spenser obtained, at an annual rent of £17 7*s*. 6*d*., a grant of the Castle of Kilcolman, near

regret, however, to state that it only existed for three years. Yet what a proof does it furnish of the progress of Ireland! I remember when in the three southern provinces there was not a bookseller's shop except in the large cities of the sea-coast.

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Doneraile, in the County of Cork, and 3028 acres of land. The lowest allotment in this distribution is stated at 4000 acres, but perhaps Spenser's was less on account of his getting one of the late earl's castles. It is usually assumed that he was indebted for this grant to the interest of Lords Leicester and Grey, and Sir Philip Sidney; but little or no interest was required, the Government being on the look-out for respectable persons to become undertakers, as these colonists were named.

Spenser has in his poetry idealized Kilcolman and its vicinity. The river Awbeg becomes the 'gentle Mulla;' the Ballyhowra mountains, 'Mole, that mountain hoor,' &c. The region being then better wooded was of course more picturesque than it is at the present day; and a contemporary of Spenser, quoted by Archdeacon Rowan in the *Kerry Magazine*, describes it as 'consisting of goodlie woodes, faire rivers, and good arable land and pasture.' About a century ago, Smith, in his excellent *History of the County of Cork*, describes Kilcolman, then a ruin, as situated on the north side of a fine lake, abounding with pike, and much frequented by coots, divers, and other water fowls, and in the season by great numbers of bitterns. 'It commanded,' he says, 'a view of above half the breadth of Ireland, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation.'

The following account of its present appearance may prove interesting; it is from a letter with which I have been favoured by Archdeacon Rowan:—

I return to the 'Spenser localities,' and premise by observing that, like other places of which word-pictures have been drawn by the hand of genius, tinting and investing them with beauties not their own, they are best left unvisited, if we wish to preserve the illusion unbroken. . . . Those who go, as I did, to Kilcolman with the hope of recognising those natural objects which inspired Spenser's Faeryland imagery, will come back with deep disappointment. A less interesting ruin than Kilcolman I never saw; no grandeur in the mountains, no beauty in the plains. It stands over what Smith calls 'a lake,' but which is now a mere swamp, rushy and miry. The building could never have been large; not a tree remains, if ever any surrounded it, and everything about it proves that, as it is the bee that elaborates the honey from the common wild flower, so it is the genius of the poet which creates the beauties he describes, out of what, to ordinary eyes, are ordinary objects.

In like manner the stream which Spenser calls 'Mulla mine' which flows *not* by Kilcolman, but by Buttevant, about five miles distant, is as tame and uninteresting a trout-stream as you could find in Essex or any other flat country. It has a few pretty bends and turns just about Buttevant, but is either shallow and insignificant, or else swollen, and overspreads the flat grounds about it in the least romantic manner possible. In Ireland, where our rivers are generally lively and rushing and clear, the Mulla would never obtain a moment's notice, if it did not meander through the rich poetry of Spenser.

It is, however, not to be forgotten that, though the great features of natural scenery never change, yet two or three hundred years may alter the lesser ones considerably. Spenser may have written under spreading woods where is now but a treeless plain; and it is hard to suppose Smith inventing when he speaks of 'a fine lake,' &c. I can only describe what I saw; and the locality where he places all this had not, when I visited it two years ago, water enough to sail a child's toy-boat; and it had more the appearance of a dried-up river-bed than of a lake. But drainage and deepening the out-fall of rivers lower down the country might account for the change.

It is a doubtful point whether Spenser went immediately or not to reside at Kilcolman. If the duties of his office required his presence in Dublin, he could not well have settled there before the summer of 1588, when, as we have seen, he got a public appointment in Munster. Perhaps previous to that time he used to go thither occasionally; and I could almost fancy, from his sonnet to Lord Ormond, that on his journeys he was at times a guest at the Castle of Kilkenny. I fear, too, that, like most of his fellow-undertakers, he neglected the injunction of placing Englishmen on his lands and in his household, and accepted the native Irish in their stead, an act for which they all paid dearly in the end.

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Among the facts relating to Spenser which have lately come to light, is that of his having a sister, named Sarah, whom he brought over to Ireland, but at what time it is quite uncertain; it may have been at his first going over with Lord Grey, or when he settled in Dublin after that nobleman's departure, or finally, after he became master of Kilcolman. I am inclined to decide in favour of this last period. In 1586, Spenser was in his thirty-fifth year, and his sister may have been even ten years younger than himself. She married, but at what time is unknown, John Travers, one of the gentlemen who went over to Ireland with Lord Grey; and a respectable family at the present day, in the county of Cork, deduces its lineage from their union.

In the summer or autumn of 1589, Spenser received a visit at Kilcolman from the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, who had obtained large grants out of the forfeited lands near Youghal. The knight was preparing to go over to England, and as the poet had now completed the first three books of his *Faerie Queen,* he induced him to accompany him thither, and to give them to the press. They were published early in 1590, with a dedication to the Queen, to whom the poet was introduced, as we are told, and as is probable, by Raleigh, and who conferred on him the title of her poet laureate, with a pension of fifty pounds a year.* It is doubtful whether the well-known anecdote told by Fuller, of the unpoetic Burleigh's attempt to impede the liberality of the Queen, relates to the pension or to some other gratuity; but the fact, which Todd styles a *calumny,* is, I think, put beyond question, by Mr. Collier's quotation, in his *Life of Shakspeare,* of a passage from the MS. diary of Manningham, written in 1603, and containing the verses given by Fuller. From various places of his subsequent poems, it is quite plain that Spenser felt deeply irritated against the Lord Treasurer.

Spenser, it is probable, remained in England till the spring of 1591. I think the date of the dedication of his *Daphnaida,* 'London, this first of Januarie, 1591,' and that of his *Colin Clout,* &c., 'From my house of Kilcolman, the 27th of December, 1591,' are both correct, for he seems to have employed the Roman style (as was sometimes done) in the former, as it was New-year's Day. He was certainly not in England when Ponsonby, his publisher, made a collection of such of his earlier poems as he could get possession of, and gave them to the world some time in 1591.

We now come to a most important event in Spenser's life—his courtship and marriage. Of this I think I can deduce from his own Sonnets a fuller and clearer account than has been given by any of his biographers. It seems to me not unlikely that Spenser's wish to enter into the connubial state may have been caused by the marriage of his sister, who had kept house for him and probably managed his affairs while he was in England; for it is certain that her marriage did not take place until after he became possessed of Kilcolman, as he gave her a part of his lands there as a dowry. The year 1591 seems to me the most likely date of this event.

Spenser's love, then, appears to have commenced toward the end of this year, for the Amoretti, or Sonnets, run chronologically, and the *fourth* of them was written in January, as it commences

New year, forth looking out of *Janus'* gate.

The *nineteenth,* commencing

The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded,

must have been composed toward the end of April, 1592; and the *twenty-second* on some fast-day, perhaps the Vigil of Ascension-day, or of Whitsunday. In the *sixtieth* he tells us that

* 'About £250 of our present money,' says Mr. Collier. This is altogether erroneous. According to Adam Smith (*Wealth of Nations,* i. ch. 11), money was of its present value from the middle of the sixteenth century. In his table of prices, the average price of wheat per quarter, from 1561 to 1601, is £2 7s. 5¼d.

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Since the winged god his planet clear
Began in me to move, *one year is spent;*
so that it must have been made toward the end of 1592. It is in this sonnet that he informs us that he was forty years of age when his courtship began. The *sixty-second* was evidently written in January, 1593, and then, or very soon after, the lady seems to have accepted him, for all that follow are in the tone of one who was in joy and triumph. The *sixty-eighth* was composed on Easter-day. The sonnets afford no more dates, but from the 'Epithalamion' we learn that on the 11th of June, St. Barnabas' day, the lady at length, after a courtship of more than a year and a half, gave him her hand in the cathedral church of Cork.

This lady's Christian name was Elizabeth, the same as that of the poet's mother (Son. 74). Of her family we know nothing, but they were evidently respectable, and their residence was apparently on the coast (Son. 63, 75; 'Epithal.' v. 39), but whether to the east or west of Cork we know not. I would conjecture to the west, probably near Kinsale, for we are told that two of Spenser's children were afterwards settled at Bandon, which might seem to intimate that their mother's family lived in that part of the country. This fair Elizabeth was, like every poet's mistress, of course, supremely beautiful. He describes her as having a skin of silver or ivory, locks of gold, and eyes of sapphire: hence we might infer that like beauties of this character in general, she must have been a thorough coquette, and probably somewhat heartless withal. And this conjecture is confirmed by all the earlier sonnets, in which he is evermore complaining of her pride and cruelty. In the *eighteenth*, for instance, we have a curious picture of her ingenious mode of tormenting him; and I really cannot sometimes help thinking that she, and not Rosalind, was the original of 'Mirabella' in the sixth book of the *Faerie Queen*, drawn perhaps at a moment when his patience was completely worn out by her coquetry; but of course he kept his own secret. In the *forty-sixth* sonnet, written probably in the autumn of 1592, we have an amusing instance of the tyranny she used to exercise over him. It seems from this and the *fifty-second* that he was in the habit of going and spending some days with her family, and on one occasion when the day he had fixed for his departure came, it turned out boisterous and stormy. The lady, however, insisted on his keeping his word, and poor Spenser had to set out and ride in the wind and rain, probably to Cork. It may be that it was on this journey that he conceived the character of Mirabella. To conclude with the good Elizabeth, I may observe that not long after Spenser's death she married again, and then tried to rob his children of his property. There is extant a petition to the Chancellor in 1603, from her eldest son (probably through his uncle and aunt Travers), stating that she and her husband unjustly withheld the lands to which he was heir, and praying remedy.

Elizabeth appears to have proved a fruitful wife. Sir William Betham, late Ulster King of Arms, gave Mr. F. C. Spenser, from the Records of Ireland as he terms them, an account of four of Spenser's children; and Ben Jonson told Drummond—and I see no reason to doubt the statement—that when Spenser's house was burnt in October, 1598, a new-born babe perished in the flames. At the very latest, then, Spenser must have been married in 1593; and as, as we have seen, he was by his own account at that time in his forty-second year, he *must* have been born in 1551 and not 1553, as has been hitherto assumed. I think I may claim the merit, such as it is, of having set this point finally at rest. Five children in five years, unless there were twins, of which we hear nothing, indicates a fecundity not very common; but it is probable that Spenser gave in to the custom of fosterage so common in Ireland even down to our own days, and that his children were nursed by the wives of his Irish tenants. Possibly the story of the babe may not be true, or that Sir William Betham was mistaken as to the daughter. The names of the children were as follows: Silvanus,

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Lawrence, Peregrine, and an *eldest** daughter named Catherine. There are well-known legal documents attesting the existence of Silvanus and Peregrine, and Sir W. Betham states that the will. of Lawrence, who lived at Bandon, was proved in 1654. All he says of Catherine is, that she was married to William Wiseman of Bandon, but he refers to no will or any other document.

There is something peculiar in the names which Spenser gave his sons. Lawrence, as we have seen, may have been a family name, but Silvanus and Peregrine are rather unusual, and have somewhat of a poetic air. I cannot help thinking that the poetic sire gave these names with a reference to his own condition. Silvanus may have denoted the dweller in the woods and wilds; Peregrine, like Moses' son Gershom, the 'stranger in a strange land;' while in the family name Lawrence (*Laurentius*) there may have been an allusion to the Laureateship of the poet. This is, no donbt, all a fancy of mine, yet it may not be far from the truth.

The Sonnets, by the way, furnish us with a fact which seems to have escaped the notice of the critics. In the eightieth sonnet, written in the spring of 1593, it is stated that six books of the *Faerie Queen*, that is to say, all that are now extant, were written at that time. This however could only have been in the rough, as it is termed, as Henry IV.'s change of religion, which did not take place till about a fortnight after Spenser's marriage, is noticed in the fifth book. It is a curious question, but one which cannot be answered, how the poet's time was occupied for the next three years. It was partly, I think, devoted to the task of drawing up his *View of the State of Ireland*.

In the year of his marriage, as we learn from documents published by Mr. Hardiman, Spenser had a suit with Lord Roche of Fermoy respecting some plough-lands, and it appears that Spenser having neglected to answer, as required by the Court of Chancery, Lord Roche was decreed possession on the 12th February, 1594 (-5?) Hence, Mr. Hardiman, with that absurd bitterness of party feeling which used to be so prevalent in Ireland, but which is now, I am happy to say, so much on the decline, would infer that the gentle poet was a ruthless spoliator of the rights of others. But as it appears from Lord Roche's petition, that Spenser was in these matters a supporter and maintainer of one Joan Ni Callaghan, an opponent of his Lordship, it seems not unlikely that in reality he had out of generosity espoused the cause of a poor Irishwoman whom Lord Roche was trying to rob of her property.

In 1596, Spenser came again over to England and published the Second Part of the *Faerie Queen*, with a reprint of the First Part. We are uninformed how long he stayed on this occasion, but the number of his children proves that he could not have been a year out of Ireland; for it is not likely that he brought his family over with him. There is extant a letter of the Queen, recommending him for the office of Sheriff of Cork, dated September 30th, 1598: but in the following month Tyrone's rebellion broke out. The native Irish in Munster immediately rose on the English colonists, and murdered or expelled them; Spenser's goods were plundered and his house burnt, and he and his family fled to England.

Spenser survived this misfortune but a short time, for his death took place in the following month of January. Jonson told Drummond that he died in King-street; and Warton, with his usual temerity, added *Dublin*, in which Mr. Hardiman, who ought to have known better, has followed him. There in fact was no street of that name in Dublin in Spenser's time; the two now so called being in parts of the city that were not built till long after. Warton might have recollected that Camden's words are, '*in Angliam* inops reversus, statim expiravit.' As to the exact date, Todd quotes a manuscript notice in the title-page of a copy of the

* If Sir William Betham had authority for the use of this word, it might seem to indicate that the last babe was a female.

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Faerie Queen, which had belonged to Henry Capell, but whether by Capell himself or some one else it is not easy to say. It is as follows—'Qui obiit apud diversorium in platea Regia apud Westmonasterium juxta London, 16° die Januarii, 1598.' This was 1599, according to our present way of reckoning. I know of no other authority for the exact date. He was buried beside Chaucer in the Abbey, at the expense of the Earl of Essex. The pall was borne by poets, who flung copies of verses into the grave.

From the earliest times there have been very erroneous ideas respecting Spenser's pecuniary circumstances. Thus Camden says, 'Sed peculiari poetis fato *semper cum paupertate conflictatus;*' and Phineas Fletcher—

> Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits denied,
> Discouraged, scorned, his writings vilified.
> Poorly, poor man, *he lived*, poorly, poor man, he died.

Camden's assertion is to me unaccountable; but Fletcher may have taken the well-known lines in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* as applying to the poet's own case, which, as I shall show, is not the truth. For my own part, I should feel inclined to rank Spenser among the most fortunate of poets. For let us just run over his course. His family was in such humble circumstances that he could only go as a sizar to Cambridge; yet he was able apparently to maintain himself there respectably till he had taken his master's degree. Not long after we find him in the service and favour of the great Earl of Leicester; then secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and obtaining what were probably lucrative situations; and finally, a handsome landed estate. A pension from the Queen was the result of the appearance of a part of his great poem. What was there, then, to justify the above assertion of Camden? The last two or three months of his life no doubt were a period of distress; but he had his pension, which, though not so large as Mr. Collier estimates it, might in some sort keep the wolf from the door, and he may have been, and probably was, aided by Essex and other friends. His last days no doubt were gloomy, but they were short, and had he had more strength of mind he might have come off victorious in the struggle with Fortune. How different his fate from that of the noble Luis de Camoens,* and so many others!

Here I must end for the present. On a future occasion, as I have said, I propose to offer to the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* some remarks on the poetry of Spenser, which may have the charm of novelty, and perhaps be founded in truth.

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* It is very remarkable that the only account we have of the death of this illustrious man should be also derived from a manuscript notice in a copy of his great poem. It is as follows:—*Yo le bi morir en un hospital en Lisboa sin tener una sauana con que cubrirse.*

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NOTES ON THE NATIONAL DRAMA OF SPAIN.

BY J. R. CHORLEY.

CHAPTER III.—*Concluded.*

PRINCIPLES.

I HAVE already observed that honour, founded in a sense of personal worth, was the ruling principle of the old Spaniard. In this respect, saving duty to the king, which now it is also a point of honour to profess, the cavalier of the seventeenth century resembles his ancestors more nearly, perhaps, than in any other; although the manner has changed with the time. Self-respect, on the one side high and generous, on the other arrogant and boastful, but always punctilious, choleric, and touchy in the extreme, is indeed his true religion; what he calls such, compared with this, sinks into an affair of habit and illusion. Such parts of the system as are common to all the nations of modern Europe need not occupy us here. What is singular in its Spanish fashion may be described as, on the one hand, the relentless rigour with which it acts on certain relations, especially the domestic; and, on the other, the allowance of various practices as compatible with, or at least not altogether irreconcilable to it.

Of the severity of the household law of honour, enough has already been said. I will only add, with regard to its effect on the stage, that it was far from being felt by the spectators of the time as we now feel it. The rights and obligations of the cavalier being taken for granted by all, to the fullest extent, the result of acting on them might be pitied as unfortunate, but was nevertheless assented to as necessary. There was nothing in the tragedies which it caused that would offend, however they might touch, the audience. Nor would its harshest effects produce in that quarter the same impression as on us. The national character is not merciful.* Prone to be cruel himself, the Spaniard is little moved by the sight of cruelty in others; nay, in all that partakes of a retributive nature —whether in self-redress or by authority—his leaning is towards the rigorous side. This may be seen in his practical reading of the term Justice, as exercised by law. To him it means, not equity, nor even rightful punishment, in the first place, but primarily, if not solely, the severity of penal action, irrespective of merits; something, in fact, beyond Virgil's type of justice without mercy in the Gnossian Rhadamanthus. I have already observed that cruelty in the sovereign is viewed as an attribute not only natural and common, but on the whole more worthy and becoming than its opposite; a persuasion, full of meaning, both in regard to the temper of the people and their institutions, and to the manners which are their compound result. Nor, further, is cruelty any stain on the bravery of a soldier: indeed, wherever it appears, you find it regarded more as a sign of vigour and heat of temper, than as a quality in any way ungentlemanly, or even odious,—except to those who may be its immediate victims. It was the nobles whom he crushed, that cried out on the severities of King Pedro, to which he owes his title of '*the Cruel.*' The people, as I have observed, admired his ferocity and rigour, as right kingly qualities; and by them he is still remembered as the '*Valient Justiciar.*'†

This hardness of the national

* Aarsensván Somerdyk (*Voyage d'Espagne*, in 1655, p. 117) traces this to an African source. 'On remarque une certaine cruauté invétereé, qui est venue d'Afrique, et qui n'y est pas retournée avec les Sarrasins.'

† So, too, the quality which made the name of Alva a bye-word to Europe was a chief merit in the eyes of his countrymen—'*que piadoso*' (meaning zealous for *the faith*) y *justiciero*,

es de todas las naciones
pasmo, terror, susto y miedo. (Moreto, *Travesuras son valor.*)

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heart prevails not in regard to cases of domestic honour only. It affects every other in which human life is concerned. In common affairs of honour, or chance encounters between man and man, homicide appears to count for nothing, except to the relations of the slain person; and these seem to feel the affront of the proceeding more than anything else. In comedy, accidents of this class are in constant requisition, either as points of departure for the story, or as the readiest means of a turn in its progress. There is, one may say, hardly a single play of 'cloak and sword,' without a gallant in trouble for having just killed his man, or in search of one whom he means to kill; to say nothing of the frequent fatalities that occur in the course of these pieces. All pass without remorse on the part of the survivor, or disturbance of spirits in the spectators. The sympathy of good society is decidedly with the manslayer; whose first resource, if he cannot at once take sanctuary, is to rush into the nearest gentleman's house. Here, if the owner is a man of honour, he will be sheltered until he can depart safely, no questions, in the meanwhile, being asked. Nor is it necessary to this sympathy that he should have shed blood with sufficient reason, in equal duel, or in self-defence: it is well thus; but hardly less so to have taken life for the merest trifle of punctilio, or even without such provocation, in a sudden fit of rage. In either case he has only shown the spirit (*brios*) becoming a man of quality.

This is not merely the taste of the ruder sex. The gentlest lady will receive a cavalier on whose hand the life-blood of another is still warm, with as little emotion as if he had come from a game at tennis. She admires the courage and address that have brought him off safely;* and will expose herself to risks of all kinds in keeping out of harm's way a mere stranger, whose only claim to her compassion is that he has just committed an act of manslaughter.

With the connexions of the sufferer, it is a point of honour, quite as much as of feeling, to pursue the slayer to the death; and to them the pursuit of homicides of a certain class seems to have been in a great measure left by the police of the time. Alguazils and other peace-officers, if they fall upon a cavalier 'with the red hand,' will of course hale him to prison: but even then the prosecution of the offence is mainly the business of the victim's family; as it is theirs to raise the hue and cry if the offender succeeds in escaping. The rule of honour here is life for life.† If it can be fulfilled by putting the law in motion, it is well. But as that is often a precarious course,—Spanish justice being neither blind nor deaf to a culprit who is rich and well-connected—the better way, especially in the opinion of the choicest gallants, is to take the matter into your own hands.‡ If the conditions of the case allow it, challenge, and do your best to kill the man in open duel; but where this will not suit or serve, there is nothing repugnant to honour in your taking

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* A high-spirited lady, indeed, will witness the encounter with much gusto. So Lope's Celia (*Ay verdades, que en amor*) exclaims on an occasion of the kind,

> No ay cosa que me parezca
> mas bien que un hombre riñendo,
> si tiene brio y destreza.

Others will even improve on this, like Lucrecia in Moreto's *San Franco de Sena:*

> *Me muero*
> por ver unas cuchilladas,
> y mas cuando son de zelos.

† Mancha que con sangre se hizo
con sangre se ha de lavar.
ROJAS, *No ay amigo para amigo.*

‡ In fact, where self-redress is possible, it is beneath the dignity of the true gentleman to appeal to the law:

> *Caballero honrado* soy,
> y no hé de *traer justicia* (call in the police),
> la que tengo son mis manos.—LOPE, *Acero de Madrid.*

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him at any disadvantage,* or in employing others to despatch him.

Hence, if you have the life of any one to answer for, there is no safety but in sanctuary and flight; unless, by the mediation of friends or of more potent intercessors, the relatives can be pacified with apologies and other 'satisfactions.' This, when you have only wounded your adversary, is often practicable. Even in fatal cases, if there has been a fair combat, and some very high person will interfere, a compromise may be effected; a process in which a lady's hand is the best pledge of reconciliation. Such arrangements, however, are not always safe. If a single member of the injured family remains unsatisfied, his revenge will be taken without regard to any pardon by the rest; and it will be necessary to dispose of him in one way or another. When the affair is once settled with the relations, there is seldom much difficulty in pacifying the law. You pay a fine; engage to serve for a while with a given number of lances on the frontier; or are let off with a temporary exile from 'the Court.'

For the rest, it would be hard, as I have said, to find in the rules of honour any indispensable obligations beyond those already specified —including allegiance to king and church, as understood in the sense of the time—except, perhaps, the duties of gratitude for certain benefits, and of keeping faith in certain relations. If a cavalier be sufficiently nice, peremptory, and faultless in the aforesaid particulars, it appears that he may, without loss of his quality, fail in every other moral and social principle. Such, at least, is the sum of what is taught in the drama; the standard of which, in this respect, may be certainly assumed to have been, if anything, somewhat above the level of current practice. The allowance of cruelty and of underhand revenge has already been noticed. A man may, further, be utterly regardless of truth; a false friend; an undutiful son; he may, as an outlaw, seek maintenance or avenge himself on society, by highway robbery and murder; he may be an impostor, a forger, and a swindler; nay, when tempted by occasion, he may commit the meanest kind of petty larceny. All this, I say, he may do, not without blame, but without forfeiting beyond recovery his character of gentleman.† Of such

* Exceptions are as significant as instances. In Enriquez Gomez, *La prudente Abigail*, David, finding Saul asleep, and urged by his companion to kill him, refuses. He will take no treacherous advantage of a king. But even were his adversary a common person, he says,

> Si dél quisiera vengarme,
> le matara cuerpo à cuerpo;
> pero de ninguna suerte
> cuando estuviera durmiendo.

To which his henchman replies,

> Solo *tu* puedes, Señor,
> tener *tan divino* acuerdo—

a superhuman generosity, he thinks, conceivable only *in one specially favoured by Providence.*

† Here I can but point to a few of the pieces in which evidence will be found on the matters enumerated. The description in the text is the summary of a wider gathering than the compass of a note can indicate.

For *Disobedience* (which, however, seldom breaks out into verbal offence) see *El Cain de Cataluña*, by Rojas; the prince in which play is a fratricide as well as a rebellious son. For *Untruth* of all kinds, see the note to a special paragraph on this subject; *Highway robbery, El Catalan Serralonga*, by Coello, Guevara, and Rojas, and *Chico Baturi*, by Cancr, Huerta and Rosete (this last a very clever play, although the work of three hands); *Forgery, El falso Nuncio de Portugal*, founded on historical fact (see Salazar, *Monarquia de España*, tom. ii. 212). There are two plays on this subject—one, anonymous, but I believe by Cañizares, is among the *Sueltas* in the London Library; the other in *C. Escogidas*, parte 36. See also Moreto's *De fuera vendrá*, in which *Imposture*, too, plays its part, as in the *Parecido* of the same author. *Swindling*, Calderon's *Hombre pobre todo es trazas*. *Larceny, La ocasion hace al ladron*, by Moreto, who himself commits a theft on the occasion, all that is good in the play being stolen from Tirso's *Villana de Vallecas;* indeed,

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misdeeds, some, though not all,* are censured or despised; many of them mark the delinquent as a bad man and a dangerous member of society. But none of them implies infamy, to the extent of excluding him for ever from the category of man of honour. He keeps the privilege of his birth, in spite of all such offences.

Those which amorous desire is supposed to provoke, are still more gently treated. In fact, a man in love is understood to be exonerated from all but the excepted obligations, whether to his dearest friends or to society at large; while the same plea excuses every species of deceit, perfidy, or even violence, to the object of his pursuit, if committed in the heat of passion. Indeed, that part of the code which regards the treatment of women, strongly contrasted as it is with the homage professed to the sex, is of all perhaps the most opposed to our ideas of what becomes a gentleman. It is neither generous nor merciful; treating the object of so much worship rather as an enemy to be circumvented and subdued, than as a treasure to be won first and prized afterwards. Nay, the striking, or worse maltreatment of defenceless women—to our notions the most unmanly, as well as ignoble of misdemeanours—is passed over with indifference. When a blow is provoked by jealousy, it is pardoned of course on that score; and if a female, still more grossly insulted, be of inferior rank, and the offender a young noble, it counts as a scapegrace trick, at which grave men shake the head, but which leaves no blot on the escutcheon.†

Readers will remember, that the object here and hereafter is to show differences, not resemblances. They must not infer, from this tolerance of vices, that the opposite virtues are not admired and extolled. There is no want on the Spanish stage of the noblest images of excellence; no lack of heartfelt reverence for every form of merit, chivalrous or social, royal or plebeian, celebrated elsewhere. But we are now studying, not what is common to all, but what is peculiar to one; the peculiarity here being, not that moral worth is underrated, but that, while its value is allowed, the want of it should in certain instances be supposed redeemable.

In this lax system, the commonest licence, and to our ideas the most fatal to the clearness of honour, is in the matter of lying; which is current to excess, and treated as altogether venial. That truth is an attribute of the noble, is indeed, often declared; as, for instance, by Calderon's *Medico de su honra*, whose *Gutierre* asserts that,

> El hombre, señor, de bien,
> no sabe mentir jamàs.

But practice gives the lie to this fine theory; mendacity being the rule with the 'better sort' in all emergencies; that is to say, whenever the virtue of truth is exposed to trial. In all such cases, or even where a lie may be convenient or profitable, a *Caballero* lies without hesitation; not merely denying what is, but asserting what is not. The practice, in fine, is resorted to as a matter of convenience, not by the menial class only; and in certain junctures it is extolled by the highest as a fair exercise of pru-

his subjects are seldom, if ever, his own. See also a curious illustration of the ideas on this particular in Lope's *Hermosa fea*.

* The exception especially applies to cases in which gentlemen, in consequence of some affront, sanguinary act of self-redress, or oppression by a powerful enemy, 'take to the road,' head a rabble of outlaws, and support themselves as *vandoleros* in forests or other inaccessible places by robbing and killing all whom they can reach. This is deemed far from disgraceful, if the provocation has been serious, especially when the war against society is waged on a principle of revenge by one who is smarting under an offence that he is unable to wreak on the offender.

† For the treacheries and wrongs salved by the plea of love, and for the perfidies deemed lawful in the pursuit itself, I must say, see the drama *passim*. You cannot step far in any direction without falling in with an instance. I simply refer to Lope's *Enredos de Celauro* (which, however, is a notable example of both) for the case of a lover who strikes his lady in a fit of jealous anger. In Monroy's *Mocedades del Duque de Osuna* it will be seen what outrages on the sex will pass for *boyish pranks* in a young noble.

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dence.* The cavalier who will not scruple to plan and carry out a scheme of deliberate falsehood, is not in the least ashamed on its detection. It is enough to allege that some apprehension or hope of advantage suggested it; the excuse being sufficient to cover any amount of untruth, especially if the occasion be urgent, and the deception maintained with address and constancy.

Meanwhile, the duty of good faith in other relations is nowhere more generously enforced than in the Spanish drama. The breach of a promise or trust, or of hospitality, is a baseness impossible in the noble. Under the sorest temptations, or in whatever straits, he will sacrifice everything—his revenge, his life, nay, his love—rather than violate the sanctity of such a pledge, even though he may be surprised or deceived into giving it. Pictures of this kind abound on the stage; they are presented in scenes without number in the highest degree touching and dramatic: it would be impossible to paint the virtue of keeping faith in more impressive forms or in brighter colours. How shall this seeming contradiction be reconciled?

It belongs, I think, to the condition of a generous race in a crude state of moral culture and social progress; wherein men have as yet but narrow sympathies and an imperfect sense of security. Of such a condition an extreme example is seen in the Arabs of the desert; and this we are considering, though

* I must be sparing of references, and here will give no more than will justify the text. In Lope's *Ay verdades, que en amor,* Don Garcia, after giving out that he is gone to the wars in Italy, remains in secret to watch his mistress, and on wishing to reappear, as if he had returned, is reminded by his confidant that he will be asked questions on the subject:

> Os han de preguntar
> lo que ay de los enemigos;

to which his reply is,

> Luego no es facil *contar*
> *mentiras*, no siendo testigos?

Don Juan of Austria was regarded as the model of a perfect Cavalier, endowed with every virtue that belongs to the character. In Montalvan's play, of which he is the hero (*El Señor D. Juan de Austriá*), he thus vindicates an act of dissimulation:

> Ay, Morata, algunos casos
> en que ha menester un hombre,
> huyendo de mayor daño,
> favorecer al rebelde
> y agasajar al ingrato;
> que cuando puede al intento
> dañar cualquiera contrario,
> *el mentir* para obligar
> es alta razon de estado.

So much for convenience and prudence; but it is not only allowable in such cases, in others it is an act of the highest merit. Of this there is a remarkable example in Tirso's *Como han de ser los amigos*. The hero, Don Manrique, a pattern of noble and self-denying friendship, in order to secure the happiness of one who has distrusted him unworthily, solemnly advances a double falsehood in the presence of his lady's father; and when the untruth is discovered, all unite in praising the generous motive, without the slightest idea of anything questionable in the means. In the code of honour, the while, the imputation, in terms, of a lie, is nevertheless in Spain, as everywhere else, a deadly affront; but this is just one of the many inconsistencies between what it professes and what it permits, which are the immediate subject of notice. I shall only add that the above refers to what is allowed in the intercourse between man and man, the rules of which are far more strict than those which concern the other sex. In dealing with women, indeed, every kind of deceit and mendacity is openly sanctioned, and, if we are to believe Calderon (*Hombre pobre todo es trazas*), might be viewed as a feather in the gallant's cap:

> Porque un hombre principal
> puede mentir con las damas;
> que engañarlas con industria
> es mas buen gusto que infamia,
> y *los mayores señores*
> *lo suelen tener por gala.*

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much further advanced, will be found akin to theirs. With mankind at large, amity and confidence are in a great measure unknown: good offices and good faith are for kinsmen and friends only,* or for those to whom some voluntary act of the individual has given a privilege of security for a time. With the rest of the world, the relation is of a suspicious, if not openly hostile tenor; wherein, as in every state of war, plain dealing would be folly, and stratagem is not only allowable, but praiseworthy.

Hence the same man who will die rather than break his word to a friend or client, may despise truth, while standing on his defence against the rest of mankind, as a weak concession to the enemy.

Although the analogy may seem harsh, it is from this point of view that we must explain the violation of truth in the commerce of lovers. This being, on the highest authority, a species of war,† every advantage may be taken of its privileges; devices of all kinds abound, and on neither side is the slightest regard to veracity pretended. In the happiest mutual attachment, there is no true confidence; there is a hollow echo in the ground at every step; simulation and reserve are engaged on both sides to prevent misunderstanding or to appease jealousy: in short, the contention is who shall best deceive the other. In this game of double dealing, the female hand is not merely the finest but the boldest also. It is amazing with what readiness and power of face the lady carries on the play of make-believe and concealment; but if this may pass as a feminine art, there is no such excuse for male mendacity, which is apt to be treacherous as well as false. When there is disunion or dislike, deceit, of course, becomes more intense; but merely because the occasions are then more frequent and pressing. It must be said that in Castile they knew nothing of that charming faith which we deem the quintessence of true love: on the contrary, the golden rule for preserving affection is to deceive it. Thus, a lover's quarrel can never be stopped in the beginning; for on the slightest falling-out or suspicion, neither party will believe the excuses or protestations of the other. The Spanish Cupid is blind in a double sense unknown to Anacreon.

I will only add that the kindred practices of eavesdropping, opening letters, &c., which play a great part in the comedy of intrigue, are deemed fair expedients, not by lovers only; and that, on the whole, the style of conduct permitted by the law of honour is insidious and clandestine to a degree quite incompatible with modern ideas. That the covert and stealthy habits engendered by a perverse domestic system must have tended to destroy openness of character generally, can hardly be doubted; but in such cases the precise line between action and reaction is not easily found.

On these obliquities of the Spanish code, indeed, some further light is thrown by a variety of reflections, scattered over the whole surface of the drama, the effect of which, collected into one focus, is not insignificant. It amounts to the conviction of an eternal schism between rectitude and expediency; or, in more general terms, between the desires and duties of men; a persuasion alluded to in a former paragraph. On this principle, moral and temporal good being irreconcilable, their antagonism will everywhere appear; in the qualities of mind — in the gifts of nature and fortune—in the conduct of human affairs. Thus civil prudence cannot consist with sincerity; mercy and justice are at variance with each other; policy and deception, thrift and selfishness, all but inseparable; and the generous are the destined prey of the cunning. Innocence can only be conceived in natures rude and ignorant of life; simplicity is opposed

* Traces of this state of things are seen in our own island to this day among the Celtic peasants of Wales; and that peculiar preference for their own people, and something like distrust of all else, from which few even of the best of our Scotch neighbours are wholly exempt, may, I think, be derived remotely from the same source.

† Ovid, *Art. Amor.* ii. 233; *Amorum*, I, ix. I.

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to intelligence. Nor is the converse wanting, in the alliance, if not identity, of mental power with moral indifference; while sagacity and circumspection are hardly distinguished from guile.* That no man can rise in life by a straight course; that he who would acquire and retain power, must regard the end and not the means; and that virtue flourishes only in the shade:—such are the maxims to which the wisdom of the time had arrived.† From thence it was easy to proceed to a corollary, applied, not as a satirical comment, but seriously, as a consequence of the natural course of things—that success and power are honourable, however obtained. This indeed is the just complement of the doctrine stated above.

It was enforced from two opposite quarters at once: by the example of unscrupulous men of the world on one hand, on the other by the preachers of ascetic devotion. The Church, indeed, is gravely answerable for advancing this sinister view of morals,—both directly, as aforesaid, in order to extol the practices of the cloister—and indirectly, by the facilities it gave to the expiation of a bad life *in articulo mortis*. By declaiming against the world and its prizes, as merely dangerous and sinful, it left no safe course for the virtuous but in retirement from it. Now as the propensities and necessities of men could not consent to this, which nevertheless they had to accept as infallibly true—so that what lay before them was practically a choice between an evil they could hardly renounce, and a good they could little desire—it followed that, the former prevailing with most, these found themselves committed to a way of life declared to be incompatible with virtue; and therefore, while pursuing it, were not likely to sacrifice anything to an object beyond their present reach. That object was, however, to be secured at some future season, when the game of life had first been played out; a prospect encouraged by the known indulgence of the Church to penitents, especially such as had anything to give, at the last moment. The tone of practice was lowered, no less by the undue austerity of its denunciations, than by the undue lenity of its compromises. So that here the pious are

* A sense in which *saber*, 'to know,' is often used flows from this notion; *sabe mas que fulano:* means '*he is more cunning*,' not wiser. Calderon's trickster (*Hombre pobre todo es trazas*), when duped by the lady he is trying to deceive, exclaims, '*Beatriz supo mas que yo*'—she has beaten me at my own game of knavery.

† It takes all manner of shapes; among which is the view of the destinies attached to certain dispositions of mind and body, conveyed in adages and proverbs, which the dramatists constantly borrow. *Con partes nunca ay ventura. Ventura te dé Dios, hijo, que el saber poco te basta. La ventura de la fea.* The converse, to the effect that beauty and wit are ominous of misfortune, seems to be a fixed idea. Lope, in the dedication of a play to his daughter (*Com.* parte xiii.), implies her gifts of person and mind when he wishes her 'the happiness that Nature seems to deny her;' and Rojas' Doña Ana (*Amo criado*) exclaims '*Naci tan infeliz como si fuera hermosa.*'

Other examples of the ruling idea might be given by hundreds—like this, from Monroy's *Mocedades del Duque de Osuna:*

Son siempre
la belleza y el ingenio,
como el provecho y la honra,
el poeta y el dinero,
que se juntan mal, Señor.

Tirso goes further (*Como han de ser los amigos*):

La honra con el provecho
Grandes enemigos son.

As to the inherent schism between honesty and intelligence, see *La Fuerza de la sangre* (*de Tres Ingenios*). A stranger is suspected of giving a false account of himself; after he has retired, his supposed deceit is thus commented on:

Lis. Discreto
parece. *Al.* Por eso mismo (the deception, namely),
que el *sabio* siempre obra cuerdo,
y son cautelas y industrias
hijos del *entendimiento*.

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seen conspiring with the profane to establish a view of human life and conduct, which, as regards the government of this world, at least, is essentially Manichean. And having seen this, we may better understand and excuse the ethics of the stage, and the anomalies in its code of honour.

In insisting on valour as a first essential, it speaks the universal sense of mankind; but this it does with an accent that in every other place and time has been received as false. Throughout all the civilized world beside, men of brave deeds are ever sparing of big words; and vainglorious boasting has been exposed as the mask of a coward by every painter of character, from Epicharmus down to Walter Scott. In Spain only the type is reversed; self-praise and bravado belong to the hero as well as to the bully, and your Crastinus* hectors in the style of Pyrgopolinices. This Castilian fashion of courage is at first sight inconceivable to the foreigner. Such, however, was in truth the mode of gallant bearing among the countrymen of Garcia de Paredes, Pulgar, and Cortes.† This is as well attested a matter of fact, as that in audacity of enterprise and firmness in adversity, the Spaniard of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has never been surpassed. That a virtue so substantial should involve itself in such clouds of noisy bluster, might *à priori* be deemed impossible, but so it was; and the instance only proves that the strongest presumptions may deceive. Of this Thrasonical mood the Castilian is so far from being either suspicious or ashamed, that he is rather proud of it, as a sign of the predominance of his race; in his vocabulary *arrogante* is an epithet, not of reproach, but of praise.‡

This, as a feature liable to exaggeration, is certainly carried to the height of extravagance on the stage, especially in plays of the second or more artificial period. But in all, the specific type is the same; and a vein of pretentious rodomontade runs throughout the whole drama, as the natural eloquence of valour. Bombast, which anywhere else would be deemed farcical, is here current as the very

* I need not remind classical readers of the simple harangue of this soldier, whom the general acclaim of Cæsar's army declared the best of all on the day at Pharsalus. Cæs. *De Bello Civili*, iii. xci.

† The Captains *Matamore* of the French, *Spavento*, *Matamoros*, and *Sangre y Fuego* of the Italian, and *Bobadil* on the English stage, are only caricatures of the bearing for which the Spaniard of the time was notorious throughout Europe.

‡ So the Princess Laura, in Cordero's *Amar por fuerza de estrella*, enumerating the gifts she admires in a cavalier, who has just been showing his spirit in this way, exclaims:

> Yo, que con el alma
> miro, en su razon,
> su *arrogancia* y talle,
> tan gentil ardor, &c.

and afterwards the Duke, whom he has disarmed:

> Con la espada me has vencido,
> y aora vences de nuevo,
> con altiva *ostentacion*,
> cortes, generoso y cuerdo.

In the anonymous play, *El sitio de Betulia*, these are the words of a prince entreating his father to show a becoming spirit on the approach of an enemy:

> Muestra severo el semblante,
> y armado el pecho valiente,
> de cuantas eres prudente
> sé alguna vez *arrogante*.

Lope indeed, in his *Caballero del Milagro* (*Com.* parte xv.), uses the word in a less favourable sense, applying it to an adventurer, whose showy devices are exploded at the end of the play. But this is an exceptional case.

The personal arrogance of the Castilian might well be inflamed by national pride, which naturally refused to see that Spain was no longer what she had lately been—the first Power in Europe. Nay, when we see how terrible she looked in the eyes of other nations (our own, for instance) down to the last Philip's age, we shall not wonder that the Spaniard still expatiated in the shadow of her majesty long after its substance had vanished.

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earnest of courage; its hyperboles are flashes of a bright spirit, which, conscious of its force and burning for action, anticipates it by discharges of fiery exclamation. This is strange enough, and the effect, even when you are used to it, is not pleasant; but as part of the local dialect, it must be learned and translated like any other. Nor is it proper to martial persons only. The innate love of self-assertion takes the same overweening tone, on the least provocation, in all the well-born of both sexes. The high-bred gentlewoman, if the suspicion of a slight or the shadow of a rival stir her blood, will spread all her feathers on a sudden, bridling and boasting of what is due to her birth and honour, with a heat for which the stateliest of languages seems all too cold. Her disdain is above prudish forms, and flies out in winged words of astonishing emphasis. *Vive Dios!* and *Viven los cielos!* are ejaculations familiar, in such moments of excitement, to the lips of indignant beauty.* And it must be confessed that when the first surprise is over, one is apt to be taken with these lively utterances, which certainly are not wanting in spirit and brilliancy. At all events, they seem better suited to feminine passion than to manly pride. But whether the displays may please or offend, there is no escaping them in the drama.

Nor let us tax this arrogance without showing its compensation in the courtesy which those who claim so much for themselves observe in dealing with others. The quality itself belongs to good society on every stage, but nowhere is its tone so chivalrous, polite, and self-denying—its manner, if I may use the term, so *thorough-bred*—as in Spain. Here perfect courtesy is a test of pure blood only less absolute than courage; and its spirit, so raised, flows through every branch of social manners, giving them a smoothness infinitely urbane, decorous, and graceful. Its display, indeed, is somewhat pompous and elaborate; but nothing can exceed the suavity with which it invests the common forms of life, and the winning elegance it imparts to the commerce of the sexes. Here, too, as in every point of Castilian style, the mode of expression, always florid, is apt to become fantastic, and its magniloquence may be charged with 'professing too much.' But we cannot strictly interpret terms of compliment in any nation, least of all in one where everything has a touch of Oriental exuberance. On the stage this courtly element is altogether charming. It lends a certain importance to the veriest commonplaces of the scene; to the converse and bearing of its prominent figures it gives a flowing style of dignity, at once ingenious and noble; while in moments of passion, nothing can be more dramatic than the contrast it affords between the calm on the surface and the tumult below. In short, it must be described as an unrivalled attraction of Spanish comedy; adding to its other graces an air of good company and high breeding, a perfection of the minor morals, in short, which you will not find in any other theatre.

As to the greater morals, there is little to add to what has already

* Here is an example (from Guevara's *Reynar despues de morir*, a play rich in many kinds of beauty) in the person of an Infanta of Navarre, when vexed to find herself slighted for the charms of Ines de Castro:

> Que compitiendo las dos,
> aunque es grande su belleza,
> para igualar mi nobleza
> *es poco el sol*, vive Dios!

One sees the toss of the head, and how the lip curls and the eye flashes, as this spirited peroration is thrown off. I call attention to the passage as a specimen of the metrical language of the drama, not less vivid and terse in expression than easy and elegant in manner. Another only I will add, from Lope's *Locos de Valencia*, where an angry beauty exclaims:

> Un ojo quieren quebrarme,
> mas yo les quebraré dos,
> que tengo brios, por Dios,
> para matar y matarme.

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been incidentally mentioned. That the general scale of principle was neither high nor finely divided, and that practice was lax and selfish in many particulars, has perhaps been made sufficiently clear. The only other point that need be noticed in a summary so rapid as this, is the extent to which personal obligations—as of loyalty or friendship—are made to override all moral considerations whatever. When service is required by a superior, or assistance by a friend, it is no time to canvass questions of right or wrong. That is the concern of him to whom you owe allegiance or amity; your duty is simply to lend the aid he asks for, though in a design known to be criminal, unjust, or violent.* When the purpose is evil, you ought, indeed, to dissuade him from pursuing it; but if, in spite of reason, he will go on, you must follow, and second him as zealously as though you approved of it. This preference of what moralists call the imperfect to positive obligations, bespeaks a state of civilization essentially unripe—which is further seen in the direction of sympathy, wherever civil law is broken, towards the delinquent. Corrupt and unfair administration no doubt increased this bias; but the primary impulse was a covert hostility to restraint, which betrays a condition of moral growth immature or untowardly stunted.

I must not conclude without saying something of the form in which religion appears on the boards. The devotion professed to 'the Faith,' as a privilege and sign of pure race, has already been noticed. The profession is great, the belief infinite, the moral effect little or nothing. It is a point of honour to display a catholic zeal, and to fulfil the outward observances of religion; in virtue of which men, who otherwise live in defiance of all its injunctions, boast themselves and are deemed to be 'good Christians.' The profane ostentation, if I may so call it, of piety as a mark of worldly distinction, rather than as a rule of conduct, is one feature of the subject eminently Spanish. In no other country has it ever been the pride of the dissolute and unprincipled, no less than of just and virtuous men, to declare themselves the zealots of a religion that admitted the homage of both.

The creed is, of course, the same in all provinces of the Romish Church. The singularity here is, not the advance of any dogma absolutely new, but the manner in which, by overstraining certain points of old doctrine, these are forced into a monstrous prominence. Of such, the most notable in secular drama are—an extreme view of ascetic merit, of which I have spoken already; and an assertion of the saving virtue of a *devocion*, or ceremonial fealty to certain holy things—such as a crucifix, the rosary, a particular image of the Virgin or a saint. This, wherein nothing but profession is required, if duly professed, will suffice to obliterate every stain of the vilest life, and bring the sinner, at its close, to an instant of penitence, followed by an eternity of glory. The longer and more flagitious the career, the more potent, it would seem, is the sovereign charm, if you will but take care the while never to lose sight of it. This doctrine, profitable to the priest and convenient to the people, is urged on the stage to an extreme which I shall not attempt to describe. It is a favourite theme with the best poets,† who outdo themselves in painting to the life the worst excesses of profligacy and guilt, in order so to heighten the effect of the talisman which in the end will turn all this filth into treasure. Such is the positive side of the picture; its negative is also presented,‡ with still greater force, if possible. To doubt the saving

* Al que acompaña un amigo,
determinado y resuelto,
no toca saber, si son
justos ó injustos sus medios.

Rojas, *No ay amigo para amigo.*

† Lope's *Fianza satisfecha* and Calderon's *Devocion de la Cruz* are instances of a high order.

‡ As in the remarkable play by Tirso, *El condenado por desconfiado.*

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power of Church pardons, after what precedent sins soever, is the only sin that is absolutely unpardonable. The poor hypochondriac, in whom years of devout exercises have not quieted his dread of an awful future, is despatched, because he still desponds, to eternal perdition; while, as the reverse of his punishment, there is the reward of a criminal of the blackest dye, who throughout a long course of wickedness has always counted on some saint to help him off at last. This is imputed to him for righteousness; at the critical moment he repents, is saved, and dismissed to happiness.

The same principle is embodied in a shape hardly less enormous—half-glaring license, half sombre asceticism—in many of the pious comedies termed *de santos*, which relate the transformation into confessors and martyrs of subjects of either sex, wallowing in the very slough of crime; the change from foul to fair being usually aided, when not wholly produced, by some of the sacred specifics above mentioned, and the result, in very earnest, an example of the jesting rule—'the greater the sinner the greater the saint.'* The poet ransacks the hagiology for startling contrasts of this kind, and the warmth with which he colours the vicious side of the story is deemed the more edifying, as an improvement on the bare outline in the *Flos Sanctorum*, or the Golden Legend, the more it seems to enhance the virtue of the remedy by aggravating the disease.

Among these extraordinary compositions, some of which are monstrous enough, not a few will be found that, granting their principle, must be allowed to rank with the highest efforts of the drama. But on this indispensable condition, who can now attempt to do them justice? With every desire to take the poet's side, there is something in this preposterous theory of vice and atonement so repulsive to the moral sense, that it is all but impossible to arrive at the position from which only works of the kind can be fairly surveyed.

In conclusion, I must repeat, that the sketch in this chapter is designedly partial, noting those features only in which some strangeness of character appears; and that, being strange, such lineaments, drawn in bare outline, on a scale somewhat enlarged, will naturally seem harsh, if not forbidding. It may be believed that what here is shown in naked abstract, has a very different air when presented in all the liveliness of action and clothed with every grace of poetry. Nor should it be forgotten how much a tracing on this plan omits of elements common to every stage, the chief resource of dramatists, and which none have managed with more vivacity, force, and pathos than the Spanish. These may safely be left to produce their natural effect on the spectator's eye; what is here needed being to accustom it to impressions for which it is unprepared by habit, and which, without previous allowance for their distance from any modern point of view, will be imperfect or erroneous.

As here described, and, I hope, not overstated, the particulars of this abstract will not indeed be found complete in any single character or play. They have been taken here and there, from a wide surface, as they occur in various combinations. No doubt they often appear in bold relief; but they are also to be sought in less obvious traits, and completed by various indications, negative as well as positive. In any case, single instances cannot be expected to correspond at all points with the result

* As extreme specimens of the class, I name Montalvan's *Gitana de Menfiz* and Moreto's *San Franco de Sena*. In the latter the hero, whose *devocion* has been to the Virgin of Carmel, insists, at the moment of conversion, on the enormity of his sins as the best plea for her interference:

> Tirano soy, y homicida;
> falso, blasphemo y lascivo;
> *tener tantas culpas es*
> *empeño con que os obligo.*

She is *bound* to show her power by rescuing him, because he is unworthy of forgiveness.

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of a compression of many into a general type, in order to show, if possible, the sum of a series of meanings diffused throughout the whole body of the drama. In these lie the elements of its special character; and when not expressly embodied in word and act, they are not the less perpetually implied,—forming a basis familiar to the audience of its day, on which its propriety and significance rested—a basis, as we have now seen, very remote from ours.

Hence the necessity, for those who would know this drama as written and acted, of a course of discipline leading as nearly as possible to the position from whence it was originally viewed; hence the error of viewing it at a distance, through a medium of opinions and feelings wholly unknown to the poet and to his audience.

Hence, also, the impossibility of reopening a theatre like this for popular entertainment—a design which has nevertheless been recommended by some of its admirers, among whom it is surprising to find one so generally judicious as Von Schack. It seems that it is possible to become so thoroughly at home in this far-off world, as to forget that the way by which it has been sought is one which the public at large can never be expected to take the trouble of finding. Yet this being so, it would be idle to suppose that there can be any sufficient understanding or relish—while there lies, so to speak, a whole continent of thought, persuasion, and habit, between the original sense of the performance and the sense in which it must be taken by any miscellaneous modern audience. The attempt to advance this kind of exhibition, therefore, could only expose the masterpieces of genius to contempt, by placing them in a light where they must inevitably appear in false drawing, tame and flaccid in some parts, in others distorted, in all unpleasing and unnatural. Those who best appreciate their excellence will be the last to encourage any such experiment.

HOLMBY HOUSE:

A Tale of Old Northamptonshire.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' ETC.

Chapter XXVIII.

KEEPING SECRETS.

HARD held in the sinewy grasp of honest Dymocke, whose features expanded into grim smiles with the excitement of a rousing gallop, the sorrel's regular stride swept round the park at Boughton, despite the heat of the afternoon sun and the hardness of the ground. Such a proceeding was indeed a flagrant departure from the rules of stable discipline, which would have enjoined the serving-man to bring his charge quietly home, and bed him up incontinently for the night. To judge, however, by Hugh's countenance, he had good reasons for this unusual measure, and after half-an-hour's walk through the cool shade of the avenues, he jumped from the saddle in the stable-yard, and contemplated the still reeking sides of his favourite with an expression of grave and critical approval.

'Aye,' said he, as the sorrel, after snorting once or twice, raised his excited head, as if ready and willing for another gallop, 'you could make some of them look pretty foolish even now. Regular work and good food has not done you any harm since you left off your soldierin'; and after this bit of a breather to-night, if you *should* be wanted to-morrow, why —whew!'

The prolonged whistle which concluded this soliloquy denoted an idea of such rapidity as words were totally inadequate to convey; and Dymocke proceeded to wash his charge's feet, and rub down his bright glossy sides in the cool air of

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the spacious stable-yard, with a demeanour of mysterious importance which argued the most alarming results.

Now by a curious coincidence it so happened that Faith, despising the allurements of the buttery, in which the other servants were partaking of one of their many repasts, tripped softly through the yard on her way to the laundry, one of those domestic offices the vicinity of which to the stables offers the men and maids of an establishment many opportunities of innocent gaiety and improving conversation. It was not surprising that Faith should loiter for a few minutes to enjoy the society of an individual with whom she avowedly 'kept company,' or that hereditary curiosity should prompt her to demand the cause of the horse's heated appearance, and the unusual care bestowed on him by his rider.

'You do frighten one so, Sergeant,' said Faith, addressing her swain by his title of brevet rank, with a coy look and one of her sweetest smiles—such a look and smile as argued ulterior intentions. 'It gave me quite a turn to see you as I did from Mistress Grace's window coming round the Cedars at such a break-neck rate. Is anything the matter, Hugh?' she added, anxiously. 'You're not going to leave us again for sure?'

Dymocke was splashing and hissing for hard life. He paused, winked ominously in his questioner's face, and shifting the bucket of water to the off side, set to work again more vigorously than before.

She had not 'kept company' with him all these months without knowing exactly how to manage him. She pulled a bunch of green leaves for the sorrel, caressed him admiringly, and looking askance at Dymocke's stooping figure, addressed her conversation to the horse.

'Poor fellow!' she said, smoothing his glossy neck, 'how you must miss your master. He wouldn't have rode you so unmercifully such a baking day as this. I wonder where he is now, poor young man. Far enough away, I'll be bound, or *you* wouldn't be put upon as you've been this blessed afternoon.'

The taunt rankled. Hugh looked up from his operations.

'There's reason for it, Mistress Faith; take my word, there's reason for it, though you can't expect to be told the whys and the wherefores every time as one of our horses gets a gallop.'

There *was* a mystery, then. To a woman such an admission was in itself a challenge. Faith vowed to know all about it ere she slept that night.

A sprig of green remained in her hand. She pulled it asunder pensively, leaf by leaf, and heaved one or two deep sighs. She knew her man thoroughly; despite his vinegar face his heart was as soft as butter to the sex.

'Ah, Hugh,' she said, 'it's an anxious time for us poor women, that sits and cries our eyes out, when you men you've nothing to brood over. I was in hopes the troubles was all done now. Whatever should I do to lose you again, dear? Tell me, Hugh, leastways, it's nothing up about yourself, is it?'

Faith's eyes were very soft and pretty, and she used them at this juncture with considerable skill.

Dymocke looked up, undoubtedly mollified.

'Well, it's nothing about myself—there!' he grunted out, in a rough voice.

A step was gained; he had made an admission. She would wheedle it all out of him now before the supper-bell rang.

'Nor yet the Captain,' exclaimed Faith, clasping her hands in an agony of affected alarm. 'Say it's not the Captain, Hugh, for any sake. Oh, my poor young mistress! Say it's not the Captain, or Major, or whatever he be; only say the word, Hugh, that he's safe.'

'Well, he's safe enough as yet, for the matter of that,' answered Hugh, saying the word, however, with considerable unwillingness. In such a 'pumping' process as the present the struggles of the victim are the more painful from his total inability to escape.

'As yet, Hugh?' repeated the operator; '*as yet?* Then you know something about him? you know where he is? you've heard of him?

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he's alive and well? He's come back from abroad? he's in England? perhaps he's in Northamptonshire even now?'

Dymocke's whole attention seemed bent on his currycomb and accompanying sibilations.

Faith set her lips tight.

'Sergeant Dymocke,' she said, with an air of solemn warning, 'you and me has kept company now for many a long day, and none can say as I've so much as looked over my shoulder at ever a young man but yourself. There's Master Snood, the mercer in Northampton, and long Will Bucksfoot, the wild forester at Rockingham, as has been down scores and scores of times on their bended knees to me to say the word, and I never said the word, and I never wouldn't. I wont say what I've thought, and I wont say what I've hoped; but if things is to end as they've begun between you and me, I wouldn't answer for the consequences!'

With this mysterious and comprehensive threat, Faith burst into a passion of tears, and burying her face in her apron, wept aloud, refusing to be comforted.

Another point gained. She had dextrously shifted her ground, and put him in the position of the suppliant.

He was forced to abandon his horse and console her to the best of his abilities, with awkward caresses and blunt assurances of affection. By degrees the sobs became less frequent; certain vague hints, tending to hymeneal results, produced, as usual, a sedative effect. Peace was established, and Faith returned to the attack much invigorated by the tears that had so relieved her feelings.

'Of course you'd trust *a wife* with everything you knew,' observed Faith, in answer to an observation of Dymocke's, which we are bound to admit was not marked by his usual caution. 'And the Major *is* come back?' she added, in her most coaxing accents and with her sunniest smile.

'Yes, he's back,' said Hugh, laconically.

'And you've seen him?' added Faith, who felt she was winning easy.

Hugh nodded.

'This afternoon?'

Another nod, implying a cautious affirmative.

'Where?'

'Close by, at Brampton. The horse knowed him at once, for all his disguise. It was beautiful to see the dumb creature's affection,' urged Hugh, emphatically.

'Disguised, was he?' echoed Faith, delighted with the result of her perseverance. 'Where had he come from? where was he going to? what was he doing? You may as well tell me all about it now, Hugh. Come, out with it; there's a dear.'

Out it all came, indeed, as a secret generally does, much to the relief of the proprietor and the satisfaction of the curious. Like a goat-skin of Spanish wine in which the point of a mountaineer's knife has been dextrously inserted, there is a little frothing and bubbling at first, then a few precious drops ooze through the orifice, and anon a fine generous stream comes flowing out continuously till the skin is emptied.

So Faith learned that the shabby fisherman at Brampton ford was none other than Major Bosville; that he was waiting there with a political object, which it would be more than his life's worth to disclose; that he had been fishing there for two whole days, and had not achieved the object for which he had come; that the ladies and Sir Giles had been within ten yards of him, and never recognised him; and lastly, that the sorrel's attachment to his master was not to be obliterated by time, nor to be deceived by appearances.

'It *was* a sight to do your eyes good, my dear,' said Hugh, stroking the horse's nose, 'to see him break away from me and gallop all round the miller's close, as if he'd never be caught nor tamed again, and then trotting up to Major Humphrey as if he'd been a dog, and neighing for joy, and rubbing his head against his master, and the Major looking a'most as pleased as the horse. They've more sense and more affection too than many human beings,' added Hugh, impressively; 'and now you needn't to be told, my dear, why I gave him this bit of a

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turn to keep his pipes clear in case of accidents. He might be wanted to-morrow, or he might *not;* but if so be that he were, it shall never be said that he came out of *this* stable and wasn't fit to save a man's life. They're like the female sex, my dear, in many particulars, but in none so much as this. It's ruling them well and working of them easy that makes them *good;* but it's ruling them strict and working of them hard that makes them *better.*'

With this philosophical axiom, the result, doubtless, of much attentive observation, Dymocke clothed up the sorrel, and led him into the stable, whilst Faith, with an expression of deeper anxiety than often troubled her pretty face, tripped away to her mistress's room, and to the best of our belief never visited the laundry after all.

Grace had to be dressed for supper. In those simple days people supped by daylight in the summer, and revised their toilets carefully for the meal, much as they dress for dinner now; and in those days, as in the present, a lady's 'back hair' was a source of much manual labour to her maid, and much mental anxiety to herself.

Though Faith worked away at the ebon masses with an unmerciful number of jerks and twitches and an unusually hard brush, she did not succeed in exciting the attention of the sufferer, who sat patient and motionless in her hands—not even looking at herself in the glass.

Faith heaved one or two surprisingly deep sighs, and even ventured upon a catching of the breath, such as with ladies of her profession is the usual precursor to a flood of tears, but without the slightest effect. Grace never lifted her eyes from the point of her foot, which peeped out beneath her robe.

At length the waiting-maid pressed her hand against her side, with an audible expression of pain.

'What's the matter, Faith?' said her mistress, turning round, with a wondering abstracted gaze, which brightened into one of curiosity as she marked the excited expression of her attendant's countenance.

'Nothing, ma'am,' replied Faith, with another catching of the breath, real enough this time; 'leastways nothing's the matter at present, though what's to come of it goodness only knows. Oh, Mistress Grace! Mistress Grace!' she added, letting all the 'back hair' down *en masse,* and clasping her two hands upon her bosom, 'who d'ye think's come back again? who d'ye think's within a mile of this house at this blessed minute? who d'ye think's been disguised and fishing by Brampton mill this very day? and the sorrel knew him though nobody else didn't, and all the troubles that was clean gone and over is to begin again; and who d'ye think it is, Mistress Grace, that might be walking up the stairs and into this very room even now?'

Startling as was the possibility, Grace seemed to contemplate it with wondrous calmness. Though she was blushing deeply, she exhibited no signs of surprise or alarm as she asked very quietly, 'Who?'

'Why, who but Major Humphrey?' replied Faith, triumphantly. 'Now, don't ye take on, Mistress Grace, my sweet young lady, don't you go for to frighten yourself, there's a dear! Its Dymocke that saw him; and the sergeant's a discreet man, you know, and as true as steel. And he says the Major looked so worn and thin, and as pale as a ghost. But the horse, he knew him, bless his sorrel skin; and the sergeant says he wouldn't have discovered the Major himself, if it hadn't been for the dumb animal. It's as much as his life's worth to be here, Mistress Grace, so the sergeant says; and the Roundheads—that's the rebels, as we was used to call them—the Parliamentarians (wise and godly men, too, some of them) would shoot him to death as soon as ever they set eyes on him; but don't you worrit and fret yourself, Mistress Grace, don't ye now!'

Grace received the intelligence with surprising composure. 'He *was* looking dreadfully altered,' she muttered to herself; but she only told Faith that if this very improbable story were really true, it was incumbent on the possessor of so deadly a secret to bridle her tongue, and not allow the slightest hint to escape that might be the means of throwing Bosville into the

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hands of his enemies; and she went down to supper with an unfaltering step and an air of outward composure that astonished and even somewhat displeased her susceptible handmaiden.

'She can't care for him one morsel,' said Faith, as she folded up her lady's things and put them carefully away. The girl had no idea of the power possessed by some natures to 'suffer and be still.' In a parallel case she would have cried her own eyes out, she thought, and it would have done her good. She did not know, and would not have appreciated, the 'enduring faculty' that seems most fully developed in the two extreme races of the patrician and the savage, and esteemed herself doubtless happier without the pride that dries our tears, 'tis true, but dries them much in the same way that the red-hot searing-iron scorches up and stanches the stream from a gaping wound. Grace possessed her share of this well-born quality, for all her gentle manner and her quiet voice; nor did she ever draw more largely upon her stores of self-command than while she sat opposite Sir Giles at supper that evening, and filled out his 'dish of claret' again and again with her own pretty hands. She thought the meal never would be over. This stanch old Cavalier was in unusual spirits with the prospect of his Majesty's visit, and laughed and joked with his thoughtful 'Gracey,' so perseveringly as almost to drive her wild. She absolutely *thirsted* for solitude, and the enjoyment, if such it could be called, of her own thoughts. But supper was over at last. Sir Giles, leaning back in his high carved chair, sank to his usual slumber, and Grace was free to come and go unnoticed, for Lord Vaux was still on a sick bed, and Mary Cave, pleading fatigue and indisposition, had remained in her own chamber.

Now, it is a singular fact, that although neither of the ladies who occupied Lord Vaux's roomy old coach had immediately recognised the disguised fisherman at Brampton mill, a certain instinctive consciousness of his identity had come upon each of them at the same instant; and it is no less singular that neither of them should have offered the slightest hint of her suspicions to her companion; and that although the manner of each was more affectionate than usual, by a sort of tacit understanding they should have avoided one another's society for the rest of the day.

Thus it came to pass that Mary, who never used to be tired, went to her own room immediately she returned from Holmby, and begged she might not be disturbed even by the 'burnt posset,' which was our ancestors' jolly substitute for a 'cup of tea.'

It may seem strange that Mistress Cave should have been so ignorant of Bosville's movements, and that she of all women should have been so startled by his unexpected appearance in Northamptonshire; but truth to tell, Mary had long ceased to know his intentions, or to be consulted as of old about his every action. Though he had written to her frequently, all correspondence from the Queen's Court was so carefully watched, that his letters never reached their destination; and the same cause had intercepted an epistle which, after a long interval of suspense, proud Mary Cave had brought herself to write to the man whose absence she was astonished to find she bore so impatiently. It was galling, doubtless, but it was none the less true. When she parted from him at Exeter, there was indeed every probability that in those troublous times they might never meet again on earth; and this separation she could not but feel was a most unpleasant contingency. Nay, it was actually painful, and many a secret tear it cost her. This it was which had made her so cold and haughty till he actually bid her farewell; and how often since had she wished, till her heart ached, that she could live those few days over again! As month after month passed on without further tidings, she seemed to feel her loss more and more. Self-reproach, curiosity, and pique combined to make her think and ponder on the absent one, whose merits, both of mind and body, seemed to come out so vividly now that it was possible they belonged to *her* no longer. Mary was no dull observer

of human nature, and she knew well that if she really cared to retain his affections, she had been playing a somewhat dangerous game. Had he been employed in the alarms and excitement of warfare, subjected day by day to the ennobling influence of danger, his higher and better feelings kept awake by the inspiring stimulus of military glory, and the deepest, truest affections of his heart, enhanced as they always are by the daily habit of looking death in the face, she felt she would have reigned in that heart more imperiously than ever; but the case was quite different now. He was living in the atmosphere of a pleasure-loving and profligate Court. He was subjected to just so much excitement and dissipation as would serve to distract his thoughts, just so much interesting employment as would forbid his mind from dwelling continuously upon any single topic. From his position he was sure to be courted by the great, and with his person to be welcomed by the fair. To do him justice, he had ever shown himself sufficiently callous to the latter temptation, and yet—— Mary remembered the wit and the attractions of those French ladies amongst whom she had spent her youth; she even caught herself recalling his admiration of one or two of her own accomplishments derived from that source. He might find others fairer than she was now—kinder than she had ever been—some gentle heart would be sure to love him dearly, and the very intensity of its affection would win his in return; and then indeed he would be lost to her altogether: *she would rather he was lying dead and buried yonder on Naseby-field!* And yet, no! no!—anything were better than that. Mary was startled at the bitterness and the strength of her own passions. It was frightful! it was humiliating! it was unwomanly! to feel like this. Was she weaker as she grew older, that she could thus confess to herself so deep an interest in one who might perhaps already have forgotten her? She had not loved Falkland so—that was a pure, lofty, and ennobling sentiment—there was much more of the earthly element in this strange wild fascination. Perhaps it was none the less dear, none the less dangerous on that account.

So she resolved that whatever cause had brought him back at last (for too surely she felt the disguised fisherman was no other than Bosville), *she* at least would appear to be ignorant and careless of his movements. Till his long silence was explained, of course he could be nothing to her; and even then, if people could forget for two whole years, *other* people could forget altogether. Yes, it would be far better so. He must be changed indeed not to have spoken to her that very day by the water side. Then she remembered what Grace had said about the knot of pink ribbon; and womanlike, after judging him so harshly, her heart smote her for her unkindness, and she wept.

The sun was sinking below the horizon when Grace stepped out upon the terrace at Boughton, and wrapping a scarf around her shoulders, paced slowly away for a stroll in the cool atmosphere and refreshing breezes of the park. It was delicious to get into the pure evening air after the hot drive and the crowded court, and Sir Giles's interminable supper; to be alone once more under God's heaven, and able to think undisturbed. The deer were already couching for the night amongst the fern, the rooks had gone home hours ago, but a solitary and belated heron, high up in the calm sky, was winging his soft, silent way towards the flush of sunset which crimsoned all the west. It was the hour of peace and repose, when nature subsides to a dreamy stillness ere she sinks to her majestic sleep, when the ox lies down in his pasture, and the wild bird is hushed on the bough, when all is at rest on earth save only the restless human heart, which will never know peace but in the grave.

Grace threaded the stems of the tall old trees, her foot falling lightly upon the mossy sward, her white figure glancing ghost-like in and out the dusky avenues, her fair brow, from which she put back the masses of hair with both hands, cooling in the evening breeze.

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What did she here? She scarce knew herself why she had sought this woodland solitude—why she had been so restless, so impatient, so dissatisfied with everything and everybody, so longing to be alone. Deeply she pondered on Faith's narrative, though indeed she had guessed the truth long before her handmaiden's confidences. Much she wondered what *he* was doing here—whence had he come?—when was he going away?—what was this political mystery in which foolish Faith believed so implicitly? Why was he in Northamptonshire at all? Was there a chance of his wandering here to-night to visit his old haunts?—and if he should, what was that to her? The girl's cheek flushed, though she was alone, with mingled pain and pride as she reflected that she had given her heart unasked. No! not *quite* given it, but suffered it to wander sadly out of her own control; and that though she was better now, there *had* been a time when she cared for him a great deal more than was good for her. Well, it was over, and yet she *should* like to see him once again, she confessed, if it were only to wish him 'good-bye.' Were there fairies still on earth? Could it be possible her wish was granted? There he was!

Grace's heart beat violently, and her breath came and went very quick as the dark figure of a man emerged from the shade of an old oak under which he had been standing, not ten paces from her. She almost repented of her wish, that seemed to have been accorded so readily. Poor Grace! there was no occasion for penitence; ere he had made three strides towards her she had recognised him; and it was with a voice in which disappointment struggled with unfeigned surprise, that she exclaimed, 'Captain Effingham!'

He doffed his hat, and begged her, with the old manly courtesy she remembered so well, not to be alarmed. 'His duty,' he said, 'had brought him into the neighbourhood, and he could not resist the temptation of visiting the haunts of those who had once been so kind to him before these unhappy troubles had turned his best friends to strangers, if not to enemies.' His voice shook as he spoke, and Grace could not forbear extending her hand to him; as she touched his it was like ice, and he trembled, that iron soldier, as if he was cold.

Darkness was coming on apace, yet even in the fading light Grace could not but see how hardly Time had dealt with her old admirer—an admirer of whom, although undeclared, her womanly instinct had been long ago conscious as a very devoted and a very worthy one.

George's whole countenance had deepened into the marked lines and grave expression of middle age. The hair and beard, once so raven black, were now grizzled; and although the tall strong form was square and erect as ever, its gestures had lost the buoyant elasticity of youth, and had acquired the slow and somewhat listless air of those who have outlived their prime.

He seemed to have got something to communicate, yet he walked by her side without uttering another syllable. Grace looked down at the ground, and could not mark the sidelong gaze of deep, melancholy tenderness with which he regarded her beautiful profile and shapely form. The silence became very embarrassing; after the second turn she began to get quite frightened.

He spoke at last as it seemed with a mighty effort, and in a low, choking voice.

'You are surprised to see me, Mistress Grace, and with reason; perhaps I am guilty of presumption in even entering your kinsman's domain. Well, it is for the last time. Forgive me if I have startled you, or intruded on your solitude. May I speak to you for five minutes? I will not detain you long. Believe me, I never expected to see *you* here to night.'

'Then why on earth did you come?' was Grace's very natural reflection, but she only bowed and faltered out a few words expressive of her willingness to hear all he had got to say.

'I only arrived to-day at Northampton,' he proceeded, calming as he went on; 'I have been appointed to the command of a division of the army, to watch this district, and preserve the peace of his

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Majesty and his Parliament. We have reason to believe that a conspiracy is being organized to plunge this country once more in civil war. Suspicious persons are about.'

Grace glanced sharply at him.

'My troopers are even now scouring the country to arrest a messenger from France, of whom I have received information. It is sad work, my duty will compel me to hang him to the nearest tree.'

It was fortunate that the failing light prevented his seeing how pale she had turned.

'Believe me, Mistress Grace, it is hopeless for the "Malignants" to stir up civil war again. His Majesty's Parliament will act for the safety of his Majesty's person, and it will be my duty, with the large force I command, to escort him in security to the neighbourhood of London.'

Grace listened attentively—the little Royalist was half frightened, and half indignant at the calm tone of conscious power in which the successful soldier of the Parliament announced his intentions.

Effingham paused, as if to gather courage, then proceeded, speaking very rapidly, and looking studiously away from the person he addressed.

'You have never known, Mistress Grace, God forbid you ever should know, such suffering and such anxiety as I have experienced now for many long months. I did not come here to night to tell you this. I did not come here expecting to see you at all. It was weak, I grant you, and unmanly, but I could not resist the temptation of wandering near your home once again, of watching the house in which you were, and perhaps looking on the light that shone from your window. I am no love-sick swain, Mistress Grace,' he added, smiling bitterly, 'with my rough soldier's manners and my grey hair; but I plead guilty to this one infatuation, and you may despise me for it if you will. Well! as I have met you to night, I will tell you all—listen. Ever since I have known you, I have loved you, God help me! better than my own soul. You will never know, Grace, you *shall* never know, how truly, how dearly, how worse than madly—I feel it is hopeless—I feel it is no use—that I can never be more to you than the successful Rebel, the enemy that is only *not* hated because you are too gentle and kind to hate any human being. Many a weary day have I longed to tell you this and so to bid you farewell, and see you never more. It is over now, and I am happier for the confession. God bless you, Grace! If you *could* have cared for me I should have been worthy of you—it cannot be—I shall never forget you—farewell!'

He raised her hand, pressed it once to his lips, and ere she had recovered from her astonishment he was gone.

Grace looked wildly around her, as one who wakes from a dream. It seemed like a dream indeed, but she still heard the tramp of his step as he walked away in the calm night, and listening for a few minutes after he was gone, distinguished the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the hard road leading to Northampton. Grace was utterly bewildered and confused. There was something not unpleasant in the sensation too. Long ago, though she was a good deal afraid of it, she had hugely admired that stern enthusiastic nature, but the image of another had prevented the impression ripening into any feeling deeper than interest and esteem. And now to discover for a certainty that she had subjugated that strong, brave heart, that the rebel warrior had been worshipping her in secret all those long months, in the midst of his dangers and his victories, that her influence had softened his rigour to many a Royalist, and that he had saved her own dear old father at Naseby for *her* sake,—all this was anything but disagreeable to that innate love of dominion which exists in the gentlest of her sex, and such a conquest as that of the famous Parliamentary general (for to that rank George had speedily risen) was one that any woman might be proud of, and was indeed a soothing salve to her heart, wounded and mortified by the neglect of another. But then the danger to that other smote her with a chill and sickening apprehension. It could be none but Bosville that had

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been seen and suspected by the keen-eyed Parliamentarians. He might be a prisoner even now, and she shuddered as she reflected on that ghastly observation of Effingham's about the nearest tree. Word by word she recalled his conversation, and the design upon the King's liberty, which she had somewhat overlooked in the contemplation of more personal topics, assumed a frightful importance as she remembered that she was the depositary of this important intelligence. What ought she to do? Though Effingham had trusted her, he had extorted no promise of secresy, and as she had always been taught besides that her first duty was towards her Sovereign, there was no time for consideration. What was to be done? The King was in danger—Bosville was in danger—and she alone had the knowledge, though without the power of prevention. What was she to do? What *could* she do? She was completely at her wit's end!

In this predicament Grace's proceedings were characteristic, if not conclusive; she first of all began to cry, and then resolved upon consulting Mary, and making a 'clean breast of it,' which she felt would be an inexpressible relief. With this object she returned at once to the house, and hurried without delay to her friend's chamber.

That lady's indisposition had apparently not been severe enough to cause her to go to bed. On the contrary, she was sitting up, still completely dressed, and with a wakeful, not to say harassed expression on her countenance which precluded all idea of sleep for many hours to come. She welcomed Grace with some little astonishment, 'her headache was better, and it was kind of dear Gracey to come and inquire after her—she was just going to bed—she had been sitting up writing,' she said.

There was a sheet of paper on the table, only it was blank.

Grace flung herself into her arms, and had 'the cry' fairly out, which had been checked whilst she ran into the house.

'And the thing must be told,' sobbed the agitated girl, when she had detailed her unexpected meeting with Effingham, and its startling results; 'and father mustn't know it, or it will all be worse than ever, he'll be arming the servants and the few tenants that have got a horse left, and all the horrors will have to begin again, and he'll be killed some day, Mary, I know he will. What shall I do? What *shall* I do?'

Mary's courage always rose in a difficulty; her brow cleared now, and her head went up.

'He must not be told a word, and the King must! Leave that to me, Gracey.'

Grace looked unspeakably comforted for a moment, but the tide of her troubles surged in again irresistibly, as she thought of the suspected fisherman and the noose at the nearest tree.

'But Bosville, Mary—Bosville—think of him, close by here, and those savages hunting for him and thirsting for his blood. Oh! Mary, I *must* save him, and I *will*. What can be done? advise me, Mary—advise me. If a hair of his head is hurt I shall never sleep in peace again.'

'I wish we had stopped and spoken to him to-day,' observed Mary, abstractedly; 'and yet it might only have compromised him, and done no good.'

Grace looked up sharply through her tears. 'Did you know it was Bosville, Mary, in that disguise? So did I!'

Notwithstanding Mistress Cave's self-command, a shadow as of great pain passed over her countenance. It faded, nevertheless, as quickly as it came. She took Grace's hand in her own, and looked quietly and sadly in the girl's weeping face.

'Do you love him, Gracey?' she said, very gently, and with a sickly sort of smile.

Grace's only answer was to hide her face between her hands and sob as if her heart would break.

Till she had sobbed herself to sleep in her chamber, her friend never left her. It was midnight ere she returned to her own room, and dotted the blank sheet of paper with a few short words in cipher. When this was done, Mary leaned her head upon her hand and pondered long and earnestly.

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We have all read of the pearl of great price in the holy parable, and how, when the seeker had found it, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it and made it his own. Lightly he thought of friends, and fame, and fortune, compared to the treasure of his heart. We have often imagined the weary look of utter desolation which would have overspread his features, could he have seen that pearl shivered into fragments, the one essential object of his life existent no more—the treasure destroyed, and with it the heart also. Such a look was on Mary's pale face as she sat by her bedside watching for the first flush of the summer dawn.

Chapter XXIX.

'The Falcon Gentle.'

The sun shone bright on the level terraces of Holmby House—huge stone vases grotesquely carved and loaded with garden-flowers studded the shaven lawns and green slopes that adorned the southern front of the palace—here and there a close-clipped yew or stunted juniper threw its black shadow across the sward, and broke in some measure the uniformity of those long formal alleys in which our forefathers took such pleasure. Half-way down the hill, through the interstices of their quivering screen of leaves, the fish-ponds gleamed like burnished gold in the morning light; and far below the sunny vale, broken by clumps of forest timber, and dotted with sheep and oxen, stretched away till it lost itself in the dense woodlands of Althorpe-park.

Two figures paced the long terrace that immediately fronted the mansion. To and fro they walked with rapid strides, nor paused to contemplate the beauties of the distant landscape, nor the stately magnificence of the royal palace—shafted, mullioned, and pinnacled like a stronghold of romance. It was Charles and his attendant, the Earl of Pembroke, taking their morning exercise, which the methodical King considered indispensable to his health, and which was sufficiently harassing to the old and enfeebled frame of the noble commissioner. Charles, like his son, was a rapid and vigorous pedestrian. His bodily powers were wonderfully unsusceptible to fatigue; and perhaps the concentrated irritation awakened by a life of continuous surveillance and restraint may have found vent in thus fiercely pacing like some wild animal the area of his cage. Poor old Lord Pembroke, on whom the duty of a state-gaoler to his Sovereign had been thrust, sorely against his will, and for whom 'a good white pillow for that good white head' had been more appropriate than either steel head-piece or gilded coronet, had no such incentive to exertion, and halted breathlessly after the King, with a ludicrous mixture of deference and dismay, looking wistfully at the stone dial which stood midway in their course every time they passed it, and ardently longing for the time of his dismissal from this the most fatiguing of all his unwelcome duties.

The King, whose lungs, like his limbs, were little affected by his accustomed exercise, strode manfully on, talking, as was his wont, upon grave and weighty subjects, and anon waiting with gentle patience for the answers of the lagging courtier. His Majesty was this morning in a more than usually moralizing mood.

'Look yonder, my Lord Earl,' said he, pointing to the beauteous scene around him—the smiling valley, the trim pleasure-grounds, the sparkling waters, with the lazy pike splashing at intervals to the surface, and the blossoms showering pink and white in the soft summer breeze. 'Look yonder, and see how the sun penetrates every nook and cranny of the copse-wood, even as it floods the open meadows in its golden glory. That sunlight is everywhere, my lord, in the lowest depths of the castle-vaults, as on yon bright pinnacle, around which the noisy daws are wheeling and chattering even now. 'Tis that sunlight which offers day, dim though it be, to the captive in the dungeon, even as it bathes in its lustre the eagle on the cliff. Is there no moral in this, my lord? Is there no connexion, think you, between the rays which give warmth

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to the body, and the inner light which gives life to the soul?'

Lord Pembroke was out of breath, and a little deaf into the bargain. 'Very true, your Majesty,' he assented, having caught just enough of the King's discourse to be aware that it related in some measure to the weather. 'Very true, as your Majesty says, we shall have rain anon!' And the old Earl looked up at the skies, over which a light cloud or two were passing, with a sidelong glance, like some weather-wise old raven, devoutly hoping that a shower might put an end at once to the promenade and the conversation.

'Aye! it is even so,' proceeded the King, apparently answering his own thoughts rather than the inconsequent remark of his attendant. 'There is indeed a cloud athwart the sun, and yet he is shining as brightly behind it upon the rest of the universe, as though there were no veil interposed between our petty selves and his majestic light. And shall we murmur because the dark hour cometh and we must grope in our blindness awhile, and mayhap wander from the path, and stumble and bruise our feet, till the day breaks in its glory once more? Oh man! man! though thou art shrinking and shivering in the storm, the sun shines still the same in its warmth and dazzling light; though thou art cowering in adversity, God is everywhere alike in wisdom, power, and goodness.'

As the King spoke, he turned and paced the length of the terrace once more. The clouds passed on, and the day was bright as ever. It seemed a good omen; and as the unhappy are prone to be superstitious, it was accepted as such by the meditative Monarch. In silence he walked on, deeply engrossed with many a sad and solemn subject. His absent Queen, from whom he had been long expecting tidings, whom he still loved with the undemonstrative warmth of his deep and tender nature—his ruined party and proscribed adherents—his lost Crown, for he could scarce now consider himself a Sovereign—his imperilled life, for already had he suspected the intentions of the Parliament, and resolved to oppose them if necessary, even to the death—lastly, his trust in God, which, weak, imprudent, injudicious as he may have been, never deserted Charles Stuart even in the last extremity—which never yet failed any man who relied upon it in his need, from the King on the throne to the convict in the dungeon.

But the Monarch's walk was doomed to be interrupted, and Lord Pembroke's penance brought to an earlier close than usual, by a circumstance the origin of which we must take leave to retrograde a few hours to explain, affecting as it does the proceedings of a fair lady who, in all matters of difficulty or danger, was accustomed to depend on no energies and consult no will but her own.

We left Mary Cave in her chamber at Boughton, watching wearily for the dawn, which came at length, as it comes alike to the bride, blushing welcome to her wedding-morn, and to the pale criminal, shrinking from the sunlight that he will never see more—which will come alike over and over again to our children and to our children's children, when we are dead and forgotten, but which shall at last be extinguished too, or rather swallowed up in the Eternal Day, when Darkness, Sin, and Sorrow shall be destroyed for evermore.

Pale and resolute, Mary made a careful toilet with the first streaks of day. Elaborately she arranged every fold of her riding-gear, and with far more pains than common pinned up and secured the long tresses of her rich brown hair. Usually they were accustomed to escape from their fastenings, and wave and float about her when disordered by a gallop in provokingly attractive profusion; but on this occasion they were so disposed that nothing but intentional violence was likely to disturb their shining masses. Stealthily she left her apartment, and without rousing the household sought the servants' offices—no difficult task, as bolts and bars in those simple times were usually left unfastened, except in the actual presence of some recognised danger; and although such an old-fashioned manor-house as that of Boughton might be fortified securely against an armed force, it

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was by no means so impregnable to a single thief who should simply use the precaution of taking off his shoes. Not a single domestic did Mary meet as she took her well-known way towards the stables; and even Bayard's loud neigh of recognition, echoed as it was by the delighted sorrel, failed to disturb the slumbers of Dymocke and his satellites. With her own fair hands Mary saddled and bridled her favourite, hurting her delicate fingers against the straps and buckles of his appointments. With her own fair hands she jessed and hooded 'Dewdrop,' and took her from her perch in the falconer's mews, without leave asked of that still unconscious functionary; and thus dressed and mounted, with foot in stirrup and hawk on hand, Mary emerged through Boughton-park like some female knight-errant, and took her well-known way to Brampton-ford.

We are all more or less self-deceivers, and this lady was no exception to the rule of humanity. Secresy was no doubt judicious on such an expedition as that which she had now resolved to take in hand; yet it is probable that Dymocke at least might have been trusted so far as to saddle her horse and hood her falcon; but something in Mary's heart bid her feel shame that any one, even a servant, should know whither she was bound; and although other and unacknowledged motives besides the obvious duty of warning Charles of his danger prompted her to take so decided a step, she easily persuaded herself that zeal for the King's safety, and regard for his person, made it imperative on her to keep religiously secret the interview she proposed extorting from his Majesty; and that in so delicate and dangerous a business she ought to confide in no one but herself.

So she rode gently on towards Brampton-ford, Bayard stepping lightly and proudly over the spangled sward, and 'Dewdrop' shaking her bells merrily under the inspiriting influence of the morning air. A few short years ago she would have urged her horse into a gallop in the sheer exuberance of her spirits; nay, till within the last twenty-four hours, she would have paced along at least with head erect, and eye kindling to the beauties of the scene; but a change had come over her bearing, and her brow wore a look of depression and sadness, her figure stooped listlessly on her saddle; her whole exterior denoted that weary state of dejection which overcomes the player in the great game of life, who has thrown the last stake—and lost!

As she neared the river, she looked anxiously and furtively around, peering behind every tree and hawthorn that studded the level surface of the meadow. In vain: no fisherman disturbed the quiet waters of the Nene—no solitary figure trampled the long grass, wet with the dews of morning. There was no chance of a recognition—an explanation. Perhaps he avoided it on purpose—perhaps he felt aggrieved and wounded at her long silence—perhaps he had forgotten her altogether. Two years was a long time. Men were proverbially inconstant. Besides, had she not resolved in her own heart that this folly should be terminated at once and for ever? Yes, it was providential he was not there. It was far better—their meeting would have been painful and awkward for both. She could not be sufficiently thankful that she had been spared the trial. All the time she would have given her right arm to see him just once again.

With a deep sigh she roused Bayard into a gallop, and the good steed, nothing loth, stretched away up the hill with the long, regular stride that is indeed the true 'poetry of motion.' A form couching low behind a clump of alders watched her till she was out of sight, and a shabbily-dressed fisherman, with sad brow and heavy heart, then resumed his occupation of angling in the Nene with the same studious pertinacity that he had displayed in that pursuit for the last two days.

It would have required indeed all the instincts of a loving heart, such as the sorrel, in common with his generous equine brethren, undoubtedly possessed, to recognise in the wan, travel-

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stained angler the comely exterior of Humphrey Bosville. The drooping moustaches had been closely shaved, the long lovelocks shorn off by the temples to admit of the short flaxen wig which replaced the young Cavalier's dark, silky hair. His worn-out beaver too, slouched down over his eyes, and his rusty jerkin, with its high collar devoid of linen, completed the metamorphosis, while the small feet were encased in huge, shapeless wading boots, and the hands, usually so white and well kept, were now embrowned and stained by the influence of exposure and hard usage. His disguise, he flattered himself, was perfect, and he was not a little proud of the skill by which he had escaped suspicion in the port at which he landed, and deceived even the wary soldiers of the Parliament as to his real character, at several military posts which they occupied, and where he had been examined. Humphrey Bosville, as we know, had passed his parole never again to bear arms against the Parliament, but his word of honour, he conceived, did not prohibit him from being the prime agent in every hazardous scheme organized by the Royal Party at that intriguing time. True to his faith, he missed no opportunity of risking life in the service of his Sovereign, and he was even now waiting in the heart of an enemy's country to deliver an important letter from the Queen to her wretched and imprisoned husband.

For this cause he prowled stealthily about the river Nene, waiting for the chance of Charles's crossing the bridge in some of his riding expeditions, and the sport of fishing in which he seemed to be engaged enabled him to remain in the same spot for several hours, unsuspected of aught save a characteristic devotion to that most patience-wearing of amusements.

Though he saw his ladye love ride by alone in the early morning, a feeling of duty, still paramount in his soldier nature, prevented his discovering himself even to her. So he thought, and persuaded himself there was no leaven of pique, no sense of irritation at long and unmerited neglect, embittering the kindly impulses of his honest heart. He watched her receding form with aching eyes. 'Aye,' thought poor Humphrey, all his long-cherished love welling up in that deep tide of 'bitter waters' which is so near akin to hate, 'ride on as you used to do, in your beauty and your heartlessness, as you *would* do without drawing rein or turning aside, though my body were beneath your horse's feet. What care you, that you have taken from me all that makes life hopeful and happy, and left me instead darkness where there should be light, and listless despair where there should be courage, and energy, and trust? I gave you all, proud, heartless Mary, little enough it may be, and valueless to you, but still *my all*, and what have I reaped in exchange? A fevered worn-out frame, that can only rest when prostrated by fatigue, a tortured spirit that never knows a respite save in the pressure of immediate and imminent danger. Well, it will soon be over now. This last stroke will probably finish my career, and there will be repose at any rate in the grave. I will be true to the last. *Loyalty before all.* You shall hear of him when it is too late, but of his own free will, proud, heartless woman, he will never look upon your face again!'

Our friend was very much hurt, and quite capable of acting as he imagined. These lovers' quarrels, you see, though the wise rate them at their proper value, are sufficiently painful to the poor fools immediately concerned, and Major Bosville resumed his sport, not the least in the frame of mind recommended by old Isaac Walton to the disciple who goes a-fishing.

Meanwhile Mary Cave stretched on at Bayard's long easy gallop till she came in view of the spires and chimneys of Holmby House towering into the summer sky, when, with a gleam of satisfaction such as she had not yet displayed kindling on her beautiful face, she drew rein, and prepared for certain active operations, which she had been meditating as she came along.

Taking a circuit of the Palace, and entering the park at its westernmost-gate, she loosed Dewdrop's

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jesses, and without unhooding her, flung the falcon aloft into the air. A soft west wind was blowing at the time, and the bird, according to the nature of its kind, finding itself free from restraint, but at the same time deprived of sight, opened its broad wings to the breeze and soared away towards the pleasure-grounds of the Palace, in which Charles and the Earl of Pembroke were taking their accustomed exercise.

Mary was no bad judge of falconry, and the very catastrophe she anticipated happened exactly as she intended. The hawk, sailing gallantly down the wind, struck heavily against the branches of a tall elm that intervened, and fell lifeless on the sward almost at the King's feet. Mary at the same time urging Bayard to his speed, came scouring rapidly down the park as though in search of her lost favourite, and apparently unconscious of the presence of royalty or the proximity of a palace, put her horse's head straight for the sunken fence which divided the lawns from the park. Bayard pointed his small ears, and cleared it at a bound, his mistress reining short up after performing this feat, and dismounting to bend over the body of her dead falcon with every appearance of acute and pre-occupied distress.

The King and Lord Pembroke looked at each other in mute astonishment. Such an apparition was indeed an unusual variety in those tame morning walks, and the drooping figure of the lady, the dead bird, and the roused, excited horse, would have made a fit group for the sculptor or the painter.

'Gallantly ridden, fair dame!' said the King, at length, breaking the silence, and discovering himself to the confused equestrian. 'Although this is a somewhat sudden and unceremonious intrusion on our privacy, we are constrained to forgive it, in consideration of the boldness of the feat, and the heavy nature of your loss. Your falcon, I fear, is quite dead. Ha!' added the monarch, with a start of recognition; 'by my faith it is Mistress Mary Cave! You are not here for nothing,' he proceeded, becoming visibly pale, and speaking in an agitated tone; 'are there tidings of the Queen?'

Mary was no contemptible actress; acting is, indeed, an accomplishment that seems to come naturally to most women. She now counterfeited such violent confusion and alarm at the breach of *etiquette* into which her thoughtlessness had hurried her, that the old Earl of Pembroke began to make excuses for her impetuosity, and whilst Mary, affecting extreme faintness, only murmured 'water, water,' the old courtier kept urging upon the King that 'the lady was probably ignorant of court forms—that she did not know she was so near the palace—that her horse was running away with her,' and such other incongruous excuses as his breathless state admitted of his enumerating.

The King lost patience at last.

'Don't stand prating there, man,' said he, pointing to Mary, who seemed indeed to be at the last gasp; 'go and fetch the lady some water—can you not see she will faint in two minutes?'

And while the old Earl hobbled off in quest of the reviving element, Charles raised Mary from her knees, and repeated, in a voice trembling with alarm, his previous question, 'Are there tidings from the Queen?'

'No, my liege,' replied Mary, whose faintness quitted her with extraordinary rapidity as soon as the Earl was out of ear-shot. 'This business concerns yourself. There is a plot to carry off your Majesty's person, there is a plot to lead you to London a prisoner, this very day. I only discovered it at midnight. I had no means of communicating unwatched with my Sovereign, and I took this unceremonious method of intruding on his privacy. Forgive me, my liege, I did not even know that I should be so fortunate as to see you for an instant alone; had you been accompanied by more than one attendant, I must have taken some other means of placing this packet in your hands.'

As Mary spoke she unbound the masses of her shining hair, and taking a paper from its folds, presented it to the King, falling once more upon her knees, and kissing the royal hand extended to her with devoted loyalty. 'I have here

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communicated to your Majesty in cipher all I have learned about the plot. I might have been searched had I been compelled to demand an interview, and I knew no better method of concealing my packet than this. Oh, my liege! my liege! confide in me, the most devoted of your subjects. It is never too late to play a bold stroke; resist this measure with the sword—say but the word, lift but your royal hand, and I will engage to raise the country in sufficient force to bring your Majesty safe off, if I, Mary Cave, have to ride at their head!'

The King looked down at the beautiful figure kneeling there before him, her cheek flushed, her eyes bright with enthusiasm, her long soft hair showering over her neck and shoulders, her horse's bridle clasped in one small gloved hand whilst the other held his own, which she had just pressed fervently to her lips; an impersonation of loyalty, self-abandonment, and unavailing heroism, of all the nobler and purer qualities which had been wasted so fruitlessly in the Royal cause; and a sad smile stole over his countenance, whilst the tears stood in his deep, melancholy eyes as he looked from the animated living figure, to the dead falcon that completed the group.

'Enough blood has been shed,' said he; 'enough losses sustained by the Cavaliers of England in my quarrel. Charles Stuart will never again kindle the torch of war—no, not to save his crown—not to save his head! Nevertheless, kind Mistress Mary, forewarned is forearmed, and your Sovereign offers you his heartfelt thanks, 'tis all he has now to give, for your prompt resolution and your unswerving loyalty. Would that it had cost you no more than your falcon, would that I could replace your favourite with a bird from my own royal mews. Alas! I am a King now only in name—I believe I have but one faithful subject left, and that is Mistress Mary Cave!'

As the King spoke, Lord Pembroke returned with the water, and Mary, with many acknowledgments of his Majesty's condescension, and many apologies and excuses, mingled with regrets for the loss of her falcon, remounted her horse, and leaving the pleasure-grounds by a private gate or postern of which the Earl had the key, returned to Boughton by the way she had come, pondering in her own mind on the success of her enterprise and the impending calamities that seemed gathering in to crush the unhappy King.

Much to the relief of the aged nobleman, this adventure closed the royal promenade for that morning, and Charles, giving orders for his attendants to be in readiness after dinner, as it was his intention to ride on horseback and indulge himself in a game of bowls at Lord Vaux's house at Boughton—an intention which may perhaps have accounted for his abrupt dismissal of Mary Cave—retired to the privacy of his closet, there to deliberate, not on the stormy elements of his political future, not on the warning he had just received and the best means of averting an imprisonment which now indeed threatened to be no longer merely a matter of form; not on the increasing power of his sagacious enemy, who was even then taking his wary, uncompromising measures for his downfall, and whose mighty will was to that of the feeble Charles as his long cut-and-thrust broadsword to the walking rapier of a courtier; not of Cromwell's ambition and his own incompetency; not of his empty throne and his imperilled head—but of an abstruse dispute on casuistical divinity and the unfinished tag of a Latin verse!

Truly in weaker natures constant adversity seems to have the effect of blunting the faculties and lowering the whole mental organization of the man. The metal must be iron in the first instance, or the blast of the furnace will never temper it into steel.

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ABOUT THE WEST RIDING.

GREAT as are the facilities afforded us at the present day for journeying from place to place, it is a question whether as much has been gained by our improved modes of travelling as is generally imagined. Now that it is no less easy to get away from a place than to reach it, a long sojourn is seldom made anywhere; goaded by a longing after novelty, travellers are ever on the wing in search of 'fresh fields and pastures new,' and as a natural consequence of this ceaseless flitting about, they derive no real benefit—excepting, perhaps, in so far as health is concerned — from their travels. Again, the comparative cheapness of continental travelling, together with sundry other advantages, tempting almost every one to spend his holiday abroad, England has become to the majority a sealed book which they have scarcely any wish to open or curiosity to examine. On the other hand, tourists come back from their rapid flight over France, Germany, and Italy, struck by the few peculiarities in character and singularities in custom of which they have managed to catch a passing glance, unconscious that in districts lying close at hand in their own country are to be found characters quite as strongly marked with peculiarities, and customs to the full as singular as any they may have chanced to fall in with on the other side of the Channel.

In order to prove the truth of our assertion, we would request our readers to accompany us on a visit to a wild hill district of the West Riding of Yorkshire, not twenty miles distant from the deserted-looking village where poor Charlotte Brontë lived out her dreary life.

We will imagine, then, that, travelling by the Great Northern Railway, we have arrived at Leeds, with which, as one of the busiest and most unpicturesque towns of the Riding, most persons are familiar. Some hundred years before the reign of King John—who granted a charter to the Lord of the Manor, which contained a clause to the effect that no woman who was to be sold into slavery should pay custom in the borough—Leeds was a wretched village containing some twenty houses; while not more than a century ago its inhabitants were characterized by their indolence and want of enterprise, having nothing to boast of in their town except the parish church, which, Thoresby tells us, resembled the spouse in the *Canticles*—for it was 'black but comely.' In Leland's time the population was not equally *quick* with that of Bradford, and until the beginning of the present century but little change had taken place in the manners of the people. At that period, the markets were kept in a street called Bridgate, which was 'admirable for two things—one, the Bridge-end shot, at which the clothiers could have a good pot of ale, a trencher of roast or boiled meat for their breakfast for two-pence, besides a noggin of pottage; the other, that several thousands of pounds of broadcloths were usually sold there in a few hours, and that with little or no noise. On a sudden, by the sound of a bell, the cloth and benches were removed, and the markets for other trades began.' The roads in the neighbourhood were formerly in a wretched state, and exceedingly unsafe, consisting as they did of a narrow, hollow way, which in winter became a perfect slough, and along the side of which ran, at the height of several feet above it, a narrow, paved horse-track, the remains of which may often be traced at the present day bordering the highways. Travellers meeting on these pack roads found it difficult to pass each other, and winter journeys were toilsome and perilous in the extreme, especially when performed, as was frequently the case, by night. Yet when an attempt was made to improve the state of the high-roads a riot ensued, which rose to such a height that the Mayor of Leeds, in order to quell it, was obliged to call in the aid of a troop of dragoons, who firing upon the mob quickly put them to flight. During those rude and sluggish times few men of note arose among the inhabitants of Leeds; the name of one worthy deserves, however, to be had in honourable remembrance. This was Peter Saxton, sometime vicar of the parish, who during one part of his

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he became a Nonconformist, and went to Boston, in New England. Thence, in his old age, returning home, a violent storm overtook the ship in which he was, when he, never daunted by the fear of shipwreck, triumphantly exclaimed in the hearing of the crew, 'Hey for heaven, hey for heym!'

But it is not in large towns such as Leeds that we can expect to meet with the peculiarities which mark the character of the inhabitants of the outlying villages. Before visiting them, however, it may be as well that we should endeavour to form some general idea of the people of the West Riding. One great distinguishing feature, then, which strikes those who come in contact with them, is the astounding results that frequently attend their enterprises. Keen-witted and sharp-sighted as are the men of the manufacturing towns, prudent and cautious, tenacious and persevering, they seldom fail of success in their undertakings, and are not deterred by small risks from embarking in speculations likely to be attended with profit; while power being the quality which they honour above all things, they naturally estimate wealth mainly as an evidence of well-directed exertion on the part of its possessor. The sudden accumulation of riches adequate in a mere monetary point of view to place persons whose commercial operations have been successful on a level with the old county families, is, however, generally unaccompanied with any tendency to civilization; and cases have often occurred, especially in the mining districts, in which a man who has acquired a fortune large enough to enable him to keep his carriage, prefers still to drive his own cart, while neither in dress nor manners can he be distinguished from his labourers. Even when the more ambitious among them venture to spend money upon works of art, it is not because they feel that a 'thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' but because such possessions form good investments, and are in themselves manifestations of wealth. Not having enjoyed the advantages of education in early life, and being entirely destitute of the refinement which characterizes the aristocratic classes, strange contrasts frequently occur—such as the union of great splendour in their surroundings (their houses being often furnished *en prince*), with the utmost coarseness of manner, vulgarity of speech, and ignorance of the habits of civilized society. An amusing instance of this kind of thing happened not long ago in a town not very far distant from Leeds. A clothier, whose early days had been spent in a cottage, the principal furniture of which consisted of one or two looms, having suddenly made a large fortune, built himself a handsome mansion, and as soon as it was completed, invited his friends to a splendid banquet. The table was loaded with all the delicacies of the season, while two elaborately-cut crystal decanters, filled with what looked very like gin or whisky, were placed before the hostess. The guests not appearing to appreciate the contents of the bottles, the lady of the house, a comely, buxom dame, was heard to exclaim, 'Cum, laadies, weant ye tak sum champaign? they say its varry nice stuff, but as for mysen I don't care much about it.'*

It is well known how greatly climate and scenery modify character and modes of life. Nowhere is this influence more clearly visible than in the West Riding, where the features of nature being strongly marked, the character of the inhabitants is strongly marked also. The cold, bracing, ungenial climate; the bold, though seldom picturesque hill and mountain forms; the narrow, secluded valleys; the widespread, monotonous, dreary moorlands; the want of richness and luxuriance in the scenery; the trees, even in sheltered situations, though crowded with leaves, never attaining the height and magnificence which they exhibit in the midland and southern parts of England; the cold, bright hill streams and swift-flowing rivers,—

* The chief idea of the pleasures of society entertained by this class consists in the display of a plentiful table, and their social gatherings take place at an early hour in the evening, the proceedings generally commencing with what is called a 'fettled tea,' the *carte* of which includes veal pies and oysters, hams and sausages, cakes and sweetmeats of all kinds.

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all these things tell on the character, and render the people far-seeing, bold, canny, and independent: 'Court maids and widdaz, but no man's favours,' being a maxim they bear ever in mind. They are also essentially a strong race, robust, large-boned, and muscular, and, as a necessary consequence of the bodily vigour which distinguishes them, they enjoy an abundant flow of animal spirits.

Intermarrying from generation to generation among themselves, they have acquired a characteristic type of face and expression of countenance which cannot fail to strike even a superficial observer; caring little, or rather disliking greatly, to associate with strangers, old customs and prejudices are perpetuated among them to a very great extent; self-reliant, and indifferent to the opinion of others, they are bound to each other by a clannish feeling which leads them to resist the intrusion of aliens into their communities. The *nil admirari* quality they also possess, in common with the North American Indian and the most polished man of the world; take them from the remotest villages, and place them in presence of whatever is most sublime or beautiful in nature or art, and no involuntary expression of pleasure or surprise will escape their lips. This apparent indifference arises partly from a want of imagination, partly from self-esteem: they disdain to admire what they cannot understand, and what they cannot understand they are apt to despise and depreciate. Blunt and rude and vigorous themselves, they have no sympathy with aught that marks refinement of character; and not being troubled with sensitive feelings, they are apt to be negligent of the feelings of their neighbours; but their hearts are in the right place, and they will always be found ready to do one another a good turn. Impatient of cant and intolerant of humbug, they are suspicious, reserved, and inquisitive, nor is it till they have thoroughly gauged the characters of those with whom they may be brought in contact, that they will admit them into their friendship and confidence. How intensely practical they are in their views of life, may nowhere be better seen than in a little publication which finds great favour in their eyes, and which is entitled *The Bairnsla Fooks' Annual, and Pog Moor Almanack*. Here we find the author begging his readers if they 'ask favours, to let it be of onny body but a relashen, for yo may goa ta fifty an happen not find wun at hez owt a t'soart abaght 'em;' then he advises them 'not to meet trubbles hauf way, for thare not wurth t'compliment.' Again he says, 'Beild, but not yer hoapes on a relashen leavin yo summat to pay t'bills, nor yet cassals i'th'air, for ther is dainger a boath t'beildin an t'beilder tumalin.' Now, he exhorts them to 'avoid kicking up a dust wi' their nabors; for its stuff atnivver sattles daan hardly, but hings like a claad raund t'doorstan';' and then gives them a sound piece of advice, to the effect that they may 'consult surgeons, but first of all should consult ther senze ta naw whether they realey ail owt or noa, for fancy varry offance macks a bigger dockter's bill than real pain.'

Independent as they are by nature and training in everything which regards secular affairs, they are equally so in all matters connected with religion, which in them savours strongly of Puritanism, and is almost entirely wanting in the element of reverence. They have moreover a strong natural tendency to dissent, and feel but little respect for men who do not profess decided opinions, even those who set both law and conscience at defiance, being nevertheless strict religionists, esteeming faith more highly than they do works. Methodism is rife throughout the Riding, and of the local preachers many amusing stories are told, of which here is a sample:—Some years ago a revival took place in one of the hill villages, when the minister desired the meeting to join him in prayer: after offering the usual supplications, he thought he might venture upon a petition of a more practical nature, and accordingly prayed that the time might quickly come when Guisley would be lighted with gas, and Yeadon (an adjoining village) become a seaport town.

Ignorant and often brutal, rugged

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and untractable like their own wild hills and barren moorlands though the men of the West Riding may be by nature, they are, however, susceptible of cultivation, and their manners have undergone to some extent a softening and refining process within the last quarter of a century, under the influence of the clergy, who, when they are moderate, patient, and hard working, need never despair of seeing their labours in some degree crowned with success, though the work they have to perform is of course exceedingly onerous; the state of morals, especially in villages which are partly agricultural, partly manufacturing, being at a very low ebb. On the confines of Lancashire, in particular, where old families, the introducers and nourishers of civilization, are seldom to be found, the manners and morals of the people are degraded in the extreme. The towns and villages of the West Riding are therefore no places for a timid or indolent minister, while they form excellent schools for earnest, active, energetic men, whose hearts are really in their work, and who ever bear in mind that their parishioners care nothing for the Established Church as a church, but are attracted there simply because they expect to hear a good logical sermon. Among the petty manufacturers, a spirit of equality is universal, and having neither superiors to court, nor the amenities of social life to practise, there is a tone of defiance in their manner and speech which to a stranger is repulsive, and which is also a symptom of their tendency towards chartism and dissent. If indeed the people were bound together by some cementing tie, instead of being split up into separate communities, they might become very formidable in a political point of view; as it is, their possession of rapid means of communication, and the circulation among them of Radical publications, would render them, in a time of unsettled government, difficult to manage.

A great change has, however, taken place among the people of the hill districts since the commencement of the present century. Forty years ago the children of the working classes seldom wore shoes and stockings in summer, and their food was chiefly porridge made of oatmeal and water, with oat cake, which they called 'Aver bread.' At that period mourning was not often worn at funerals, and even now the gayest dresses and smartest bonnets are sometimes brought out to grace the sad ceremonial. In those days the Sunday attire consisted of a brown or black stuff gown and a scarlet cloak; now the newest fashions, small bonnets, and crinolines, may be seen in almost every village. The majority of the labouring classes were then small farmers, as well as woollen cloth weavers, taking the yarn from their masters to weave at home—a practice which still obtains in some of the manufacturing villages.

It is to one of these, situated some twelve miles north-west of Leeds, that we would now invite our readers to accompany us. Guisley, for that is the name of the village, is a member of the ancient Saxon parish of Otley, and from an early period after the Conquest until the middle of the sixteenth century, was the residence of the Wards, a family of no small consequence in those parts. The church, which they founded, contains on the south side of the nave a beautiful row of columns belonging to the original fabric, and sustaining circular arches. The village itself is situated on high ground, surrounded by still higher hills and moorlands; the climate is cold, bracing, and favourable to health, judging by the longevity to which some of the rectors have attained, one of them having served the church sixty-three years, and another forty-eight; while of John Myers, whilom parish clerk, it is recorded that he filled that office fifty-four years, and 'rid a light horse in the trained bands of the revolution very briskly four years after his grand climacteric.' The population of Guisley consists of between three and four thousand; the people are neither very moral nor very provident, and being all engaged in the same kind of manufacture, when that particular branch is depressed, they all suffer together.

There is nothing in the appearance of the village to impress a visitor favourably, yet seeing it,

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as we did first, on the eve of the annual feast, there was an air of smartness and liveliness about it which we afterwards found that it did not possess at any other time of the year. These feasts are institutions common to all the West Riding villages, in some of which they occur twice, thrice, four times a year, sometimes even oftener, while in other places they only take place once. During the week which precedes them all the housewives are busily engaged in scouring their houses, and polishing their tables, and the chest of drawers which invariably forms the chief ornament of the house-place; they are also actively occupied in the preparation of feast-cakes, feast-tarts, and other eatables in vogue among them. The feast itself generally lasts a week, and is attended by a great gathering of friends and relatives from all the adjacent villages, who are regaled with cold roast beef and pickled cabbage. For a population of some two thousand, the quantity of meat consumed generally amounts to about eighteen oxen, fourteen calves, and some sheep, though mutton is looked upon rather with contempt. Weddings form a marked feature of these festivities; and we consider ourselves fortunate to have witnessed the manner in which they are conducted. When we entered the church it was already so crowded with people that we found some difficulty in making our way to the rector's pew, whence we had an excellent view of the assembled multitude, the men being attired for the most part in blue cotton blouses, and the women wearing a gay coloured handkerchief tied over their heads in lieu of a bonnet. Anything but a quiet congregation it was, the tumult in fact being so great that the officiating clergyman was obliged to declare in a pretty loud voice that he would not commence the service until silence was established. But although his words were at first attended with a satisfactory result, the length of the ceremony was too much for the patience of the multitude, and long before it concluded the hubbub had risen to almost as great a height as ever. On this occasion three couples were joined in holy matrimony, two of them being under age, and unable to read or write, and the third considerably advanced in years. It afterwards appeared that the banns of the last mentioned pair had been 'given out' some two months previously, but on the bride elect being congratulated by her neighbours upon her approaching nuptials, she denied that any one had been 'keeping company' with her. She was then told that nevertheless the banns had been published; still she stoutly maintained that it was without her knowledge. The bridegroom was next appealed to, when he at once pleaded guilty, and being asked for the reason of his extraordinary conduct, replied that he had been casting about for a wife, and thinking 'Martha were a likely body,' he had fixed upon her to fill the situation; feeling, moreover, sure she would not refuse the honour he was intending to confer upon her, he thought he might as well put in the askings first and do the courting afterwards, when he should have more time to spare. The lady, however, had no idea of being so lightly won; thence the delay that ensued, though after all she was taken by surprise, for her elderly betrothed happening to see that preparations were making at the church for a wedding, immediately went home, donned his Sunday coat, and then set off to his lady love, and desiring her to put on her best gown, quickly informed her that they were going to be married there and then. No sooner had the bridal party issued from the vestry into the churchyard, which was filled with people waiting their appearance, than they began to cast among the crowd showers of half-pence, for which there was instantly a furious scramble. This is a practice which is never omitted, and great is the demand by the bridegroom for small change which usually takes place a few days before the event comes off. Until very recently it was the custom at these village weddings for the men to have their hats adorned with the gayest ribbons, a fiddler also usually preceded the happy pair, playing all sorts of tunes to enliven their walk to the

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parish church, which was sometimes five or six miles distant. Some who were better off had equestrian weddings, when a race took place, he who arrived first at the bride's house, returning to meet her with a tankard of ale, and receiving the privilege of a salute.

Having related one incident illustrative of village courtship, we will venture to add to it another, strictly true and equally characteristic. A rough, good-looking lad of about two or three and twenty years had for some months felt great interest in a village maiden, a certain Milly, who in truth was pretty and fascinating enough, and also well aware of the power her beauty exercised over the susceptible village swains. Up to this time, Jack had admired Milly in secret, though he had confessed to one of his friends that 'her eyes had gone quite through him, and took the breath out of him, so that he had not a word to say.' At last he determined to pay a visit to the cottage which contained his treasure; so one evening he strolled up to the door, lifted the latch, and entered the 'house-place.' The father, mother, and Milly being there, he walked quietly towards the fire, and took a seat beside the father, who was engaged in repairing old gearings for his horses, the mother being employed in mending stockings, and Milly trotting about, on household cares intent. An hour passed without a word being spoken by any one; then Milly, having finished her work, sat down by her mother and began to sew, giving an occasional glance at her admirer, which said, as plainly as eyes could do, 'Now, lad, what hast' come for?' though of course she knew quite well. At last Jack opened his mouth—it must be premised that all this time the cat had been lying asleep on the hearth-stone—and thus delivered himself of the result of his meditations. 'Yore cat's tail is longer than yares,' or in plain English 'ours;' which sagacious remark was received in profound silence; it did not indeed appear as if anyone had heard it. Another half-hour passed, when Jack silently took his departure, not another word having been uttered on either side. After he had gone, Milly quietly observed to her mother, '*If that's* all he can say, hol ha noane of him.' However, there are people who say that Jack will win Milly in the end, notwithstanding her affirmation to the contrary.

Before we turn away from the subjects of courtship and marriage, we may mention an anecdote connected with the latter, showing the talent for repartee with which the people of the West Riding villages appear to be gifted in a remarkable degree. Not long ago, a bridegroom returning home from his wedding, was met by a friend, who thus addressed him. 'Well, Jack, I'm glad to see thee in thy happy position, thou'st seen the end of thy trubble now.' 'Thank thee, lad,' was Jack's answer, 'I hope I have.' About a month afterwards the two friends again met, when Jack, speaking rather warmly, exclaimed, 'Bill, thou telled me a lie that morning I got wed! Didn't thou say I'd seen th'end of my trouble?' 'I did,' said Bill; 'but I didn't tell thee *which* end.'

One of the most curious peculiarities prevailing amongst the people of the hill villages, is the habit of giving strange patronymical names to each other, so that a man is seldom known by his legal surname. This practice is a very ancient one. Thoresby tells us that in his time a pious and ingenious person, his kinsman by marriage, was but the second of his family who had continued the same surname, which had till then been varied, as the Christian name of his father was, though they were persons of considerable estates. His grandfather Peter being the son of William, was called Peter Williamson, his father being called William Peterson; which continued till the year 1670, when the family assumed the name of Peters. He then goes on to say, 'in the vicinity of Halifax it is yet pretty common among the ordinary sort.' A friend of mine, asking the name of a pretty boy that begged relief, was answered it was William a Bills, a Toms, a Luke. And the ingenious gentleman afore-mentioned, asking for Henry Cockroft, could hear of no such person, though he was within bow-shot of the house, till at length

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he found him under the name of the Chaumer Man, or The Inhabitant of the Chambered House. Not long ago, a man belonging to a village adjoining that of Guisley, wanted to find out where John Marshall lived, but no one could tell him. At last he met a woman who chanced to be Marshall's own daughter, of whom he made inquiries, still without success; however, on discussing the matter further, a sudden light seemed to break in upon her, and she exclaimed—'Hey, dust e mean Bony Mars?' and sure enough Bony Mars and John Marshall proved to be identical. In another instance a man, name unknown, broke his leg, and was ever afterwards known as Johnny Woodleg. But the curious part of the affair was, that he had a sister-in-law living with him, to whom the same surname was also given, and Margaret Woodleg she remained until the day of her death. Numerous examples of the same kind might be adduced. John Thompson was cited to appear before the magistrates, but on his name being called out in court, no one answered; at last an old man got up, saying,—'Please your worship, call for Jock o' the Ginnel,' to which soubriquet John Thompson immediately responded. In many cases it is extremely difficult to find out what the real name is. A short time since, a village schoolmaster asked a boy his name. The reply was, 'Tom Watkinson.' 'Your father's name?'—'Jim Todd.' 'Your mother's name, then, my boy?'—'Whoi, Effie Dunwell, to be sure.' It turned out afterwards that the father's name was unknown, and that the mother's was Watkinson. In cases where the real names are known, they are altered and shortened; thus Mounsey becomes Moons; Clapham, Colfe; sometimes the alteration is greater still, as when Barrett becomes Botch. Frequently they are distinguished by their various callings, Robert Whitehead being universally known as the Lion, from his being landlord of the inn so called; then, again, they often derive their soubriquet from the place where they live, the Proctors having sunk their own name in that of Foreweather; while one James Redfax, who has near his cottage a pan for dyeing wool, is known by the cognomen of Jim o' the Pan. Other reasons than these also direct their choice; thus, a family of Smiths are called Better-off Smiths, because they happen to be more prosperous than others of their name living in the same village; another Smith is known only by the name of Hardy, for no other cause than that he married a woman of the name of Hardcastle; again, John Harrison is called Stickem, because he introduced a new method of killing cattle. In some cases, as in that of a woman called 'Bony Toppin,' it is impossible to discover the origin of the soubriquet which has supplanted the real name. Sometimes the women keep their maiden names after marriage; while widows are always termed widowers, and *vice versa.*

In taking a walk through Guisley, the first thing that will strike the stranger is the curious union of poverty and comfort observable in some of the cottages, which, though scantily furnished, are almost sure to boast of a handsome chest of drawers placed in the sitting room, and an equally handsome clock. The bedchambers are in most cases filled with looms, the family living and sleeping in the lower rooms. In Guisley the whole of the manufacturing processes are carried on at home, from the spinning of the wool to the weaving of it into tweeds and shawls, the burling being performed by the children of the family. The women in times of prosperity spend great part of their earnings in dress: they have a separate costume for the Saturday half-holiday, which they spend in taking a walk with their 'followers' or their families, and another for Sundays.* Such a thing as a baker's shop is not to be met with in any of

* Long ago it was said of the working classes in these districts, 'that in a time of plenty they carry it out in such an extravagant manner as leaves nothing against a time of dearth and scarcity, wherein they find as little pity as formerly they paid respect to others;' and this is a faithful picture of them in the present day.

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these villages; but according to the *Pog Moor Almanack*, the women are not as thoroughly up in this department of household economy as might be expected:—

Crusty or not crusty (says the author), ive a wurd or two ta say abaght baikin, an t'say at bread-mackin iz a job at ivvery womman i't'land, noa matter whether shooze three feet high or seven, twenty year owd or sixty, owt to be perfekt in. Yis, but ah menny ar ther aw sud like to knaw at duzzant naw how ta neid a bit a doaf? Wha swarms, ney an its as good as a play just ta see hah they rowl t' doaf abaght upa t' table; wha sum on em rowls it ta sich a length at boath ends offnance enough touches t' floor nearly, others are az careful az if they wor affeard a breikin their stay laise, or at it wor summat wick, as they wor affeard a hurtin it; others hez the doaf all cloggin to ther fingers, an there they are daubin and claatin it abaght over ivvery thing it' hause nearly, wal they get fast ameng it, like a hen wi sum wursit abaght her legs; —wun a this sort wunce tried to rowl a cake, an shoo did so wal shoo gat all t' neidin a doaf stuck roand t' rowling pin, wal it wor az thick az a milk churn nearly. Thear shoo diddant naw whotivver ta do in it; at last shoo tade it ta t' bakehouse just az it wor, wi t' rowlin pin in it, for her own oven wouldn't hold it, and when it wor baked, an shoo wor bringing it home, there wor many a score of folks stopt her to have a look at it, and they mud well, for it wor wun ah t' quearest shaped loaves at ivver wor made; wha t' baker hizsen said shoo desarved a medal for it. Then thear ar them at can maik a bit o' decent bread, but there none without their folts at times: for if t' doaf doesn't happen to rise az it ought to do, thare reddy directly with t' owd tale, it wor bad flour or bad yeast, they thersenze of course are without a folt; nowt o' the sort, they are too clever for that. Having said so much, ah mean to say for a finisher, and right doan seriously too, at its a womman's beandand duty ta do all and ivvery thing at ive mentioned ta perfection;—maik pies, wesh clooze, maik bread, bake, and brew; an if shoo cannt, all at ive to say iz, at shoo owt ta live an owd maid, an sit in a corner knitting crawsha work, for shooze noan fit for a wife.

Of course in every village some individuals are to be found more original than the rest. Among the worthies of this description living at Guisley, the parish clerk and barber deserves special mention, as being a man who piques himself somewhat highly upon his literary attainments, a specimen of which, illustrative of the writer's character and of his eminence in his profession, might have been seen not long ago pinned up in his window. Here is a copy:—

NOTICE.

That I begin of shaving on Saturdays at 5 o'clock for one half-penny till 8 o'clock. After 8 o'clock 1 penny till 9 o'clock. After 9 o'clock I shall please myself wether I shave or not.

Saturday Noon from 12 to 1 o'clock, 1 half-penny.

Razors cleaning up, 1½ a piece.

Going out to shave, one penny; out of town, 2d.

Now i shall be very glad to shave any person that feels its worth their pleasure to come and pay like men, and not get shaved and never come no more when they have got one penny or 1½ on. If it is not worth one penny, let your beard grow.

It is not often that the inhabitants of these villages have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the outside world; but every now and then a few individuals have been known to venture as far as the metropolis, whence they return, with wonderful travellers' stories wherewith to enlighten their stay-at-home neighbours. Not long since three Guisley men went up to London to attend a wool-sale, and took the opportunity of visiting some of the lions. They had not, however, been in town more than two days, when, as two of them were musing on what they had seen in the streets, and especially at Vauxhall Gardens the night before, the third suddenly made his appearance, prepared for a journey, and said to his companions, 'I'm goan home.' 'When?' was the question. 'This varry day, just nah.' 'Why,' said his friends, 'thou hastn't bought a single bag of wool yet.' 'No,' said he, 'an I ammat goan, I can buy it as cheap at home, an whether or no, I'd rather be *there* nor *here*, for I'm sure there's nought but rogues among the men, and the women's na better than they should be.' This is a curious comment on what was said above of the low state of morality in the West Riding villages, showing, as it does, the power of habit in blinding men to the real nature of

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vices which, when presented to them under a different aspect, fill them with amazement and with horror.

We have already alluded to the readiness at repartee which is a striking characteristic of the men of the West Riding, and of which, among the many instances that have come under our notice, we select a specimen or two. One day a beggar-man, who had long been known as the do-no-good of the place, met another leading an ass laden with two panniers. On asking what there was in the baskets, and being told that they contained rags and bones, he exclaimed, 'Well, then, toss me in, for I'm nought else.' And here is a good story of a pompous old gentleman, a Presbyterian, who, meeting a weaver on the road, thus addressed him:—'Where are you going?' 'To ——,' was the answer. 'On some sleeveless errand, I warrant,' remarked the old gentleman. 'Why, no,' replied the weaver, 'I am going to buy a pair of buckles.' 'And couldn't you get some one else to buy them for you?' 'No, I couldn't,' answered the man, 'they're a very particular sort.' 'What sort?' 'Why, they call them Presbyterian buckles.' 'Why do they give them such a name?' asked the old gentleman. 'Because they're double tongued,' was the ready answer, which put an effectual close to the conversation.

It has been said that the people of the West Riding are destitute of imagination, but here and there we see evidences to the contrary, especially in the little almanack to which we have already referred, and which we commend to the notice of all those who wish to have a thorough insight into Yorkshire character. One example we cannot refrain from quoting. The writer is speaking of the feelings of the earth when it expected the comet to strike it, then dwelling on the vicissitudes it has undergone since it was brought into existence some six thousand years ago, he says—

He'd been pelted on his craan wi all manner a hailstones; rained an squirted onto be wattar spaats, wal he heddant a dry threed on him; shackt wi hurricanes, an thrawn off his legs nearly wi whirlwinds; graald at be thunder storms, an pierced on all sides wi fork lightnings; stript ov ivvery bit a cloathen, and then covered over wi snaw; an nipt wal he wor black and blue wi frosts, and bittan an bittan agean wi north an east winds; laid aght a doors all night in all soarts of weathers, an exposed i't'day ta t'burnin sun, dug and struck at wi shovels and mattocks; ploughs an harrows trailed over him in ivvery direction, and ironed daan while he could hardly stir, an run on be steam-engines, waggons, an wheelbarrows, an all manner of things. More then that, he'd suffered all sorts a' insult and assaults wethin as well as wethaght, be th'infliction a deep waands, an blowing him to pieces by bit an bit wi powder, while he wor so deformed he hardly knew hizsen.

Now that we have become somewhat familiar with one of the villages of the West Riding, it would be well, perhaps, that we should a little extend our rambles; we therefore beg our readers to accompany us on an excursion we propose making to Ilkley, famed for its clear springs and breezy moorlands. On leaving Guisley, half-an-hour's drive brings us to the valley of the Wharfe; to our right lies Otley, underneath the shelter of the Chevin, climbing which the traveller is rewarded by seeing spread beneath him nearly the whole of the most beautiful portion of Wharfedale—one end terminating in the bold Armscliff, and the other in softly undulating hills covered with the woods which encircle Bolton Abbey. Between these two extremities the river winds, bounded by hills of moderate height; no wildness or sublimity marking the scenery—the characteristic features of which are a riant fertility, and a sort of quiet loveliness that soothes and satisfies rather than excites or elevates. The river itself is the most beautiful feature in the landscape. Swiftly, as its name imports, it hurries along, ever changing in character—now deep and smooth, now noisy and shallow—but ever preserving the crystal clearness of its waters; here flowing along a broad and level channel, there rushing down like a torrent, fretting over boulders and rocks, which, while they hinder its progress, add greatly to its beauty. In winter, when melting snows increase the volume of its waters, it becomes very dangerous to cross. Its course

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is upwards of fifty miles in extent, during the greater part of which it runs parallel to the Aire, whose course is devious in the extreme, and, unlike the Wharfe, so gentle in its flow that it hardly appears to move at all. After heavy rains the water of the Wharfe becomes brightly golden in colour, taking its rich hue from the springs which flow into it from the moors above Bolton.

In Otley itself there is little to interest the passing visitor, with the exception of the Manor House, which was the site of the mansion of the Archbishops of York, one of whom, Bowet by name, is said to have consumed there, annually, fourscore tuns of claret! We have already alluded to the dislike entertained by the people of the West Riding villages to strangers, a feeling from which even the inhabitants of a town so considerable as Otley do not appear to be entirely free. A short time since a surgeon took possession of a practice in the town, and on his coming amongst the people, was mobbed and treated with such contumely that at first he was in doubt whether he could remain. Towards regular practitioners, indeed, the people entertain a great dislike, much preferring to trust themselves and their ailments to the mercy of bone-setters, who subject their patients in many cases to such severe treatment and rough handling, that it is a wonder they escape out of their hands without having received greater injuries than any for which they consulted them.*

Not far from Otley we pass through the little village of Burley, which wears a far more cheerful aspect than Guisley can boast. The cottages are all of stone, and some of them have gardens—a luxury but seldom seen in these villages. Either the cottagers have no natural taste for flowers, or else no one has taken the trouble to develop it; the latter would seem to be the case, judging from the success attending the efforts made by a lady to introduce cottage horticultural exhibitions in her neighbourhood.

After leaving Burley, the road runs parallel to the Wharfe, and through the sheltering trees which grow on its banks we get many a glimpse of the bright and swiftly flowing river. Presently we come in sight of Denton, formerly the residence of the Fairfax family, and where Prince Rupert lodged on his way from Lancaster to York, immediately before the battle of Marston Moor. It is on record that there was then in the house a very fine portrait of the younger brother of Lord Fairfax, with which Prince Rupert was so delighted that he forbade any spoil to be committed. Denton, with its wooded hills, lies on our right, while on our left rise the bold and frowning 'edges' of Rombald's Moor, which often assume the aspect of Cyclopean towers and ramparts, overhanging what was in primæval times a wide lake, but is now the green and fertile valley of the Wharfe. The highest point of these moorlands lies to the south, and attains a height of 1322 feet above the sea; two huge masses of rock, standing out like promontories, and exhibiting the strange fantastic forms which were so appropriate to Druidical worship, though only 860 feet high, form the most striking and picturesque features of the range, seeming also to command and guard the village of Ilkley, which lies almost immediately beneath them.

This place, as is well known, was the Roman Olicana; and there are still to be found, in a field behind the church, called Castle Hill, some remains of the Roman camp. It has been considered probable that this camp was founded near to an earlier British town called by Ptolemy Olicanon, from a British word signifying rocky, a name which is admirably appropriate to the situation. Notwithstanding its claims to antiquity, and the vestiges of it still visible in the churchyard, in the shape of three remarkable obe-

* As an instance of the difficulties with which medical men have to contend when visiting their patients, we were told that on first coming amongst them they have found it so difficult to understand their dialect as to be obliged to call in the aid of an interpreter; while the people, on the other hand, find it equally difficult to comprehend the polished pronunciation of their doctor.

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lisks, covered with strange devices and elaborate ornaments, Ilkley is more like a newly founded American town than a good old English village, although here and there some of the houses in the main street bear indubitable marks of a sere old age ill according with the appearance of the wooden cabins interspersed amongst them. The shops, too, have a close resemblance to American stores, and in all of them is sold a strangely heterogeneous collection of goods,—the grocer dealing also in stationery and hardware, the baker and confectioner dispensing medicines and selling toys, and the butcher combining with his trade that of a brewer, while the principal circulating library is contained in the kitchen of one of the largest lodging houses, and the doctor is to be found at the linendraper's. A large proportion of the shops consists of bazaars, containing all manner of useless things wherewith to tempt young people and the children of a larger growth, who resort to Ilkley in order to put themselves under hydropathic treatment, which can nowhere be had in greater perfection. A busy life the invalids seem to have of it, a pleasant one also, judging from the numerous pic-nic parties which may daily be seen issuing early in the morning from the grounds of the Ilkley Wells and Benrhydding establishments; young ladies in large cope hats, and armed with alpenstocks, with a proper allowance of chaperones; and gentlemen, who to all appearance seem to have derived wonderful benefit from the system they have been pursuing, so hale and hearty do they look. The rules of both houses are, however, very stringent, —punctual attendance at meals is enforced, and although dancing and charades are allowed to take place in the drawing-room every evening, it is expected that the amusements should cease at ten o'clock, when all the gaslights in the sitting-rooms are lowered, and those in the passages, entrance-hall, &c., extinguished. What with the obligation to keep regular hours, the fresh moorland air, the out-door exercise, and the simple diet to which every one is obliged to submit, he must be an obstinate person indeed who could resist all these influences, and remain in a state of valetudinarianism.

One of the favourite excursions from Ilkley used to be to a hut inhabited by Job Senior, known as the Hermit of Rombald's Moor, where he spent the last thirty years of his life, his only abode a wretched hovel made with a few rough stones, into which he could but just creep, and which was destitute alike of roof or door. Adjoining this hovel he had another, where he was accustomed to make a fire of sods to roast his potatoes; he had no cooking utensils, but when he was about to dine, he mixed his potatoes with some oatmeal, and then ate them. His clothing was of the most wretched description; once, however, some charitable person gave him a piece of serge, with which he manufactured a coat by spreading the cloth on the ground, then lying down upon it he chalked out the pattern, and afterwards sewed it together with packthread. He was scarcely human in his appearance, and it was exceedingly difficult to understand a word of what he said. This strange being is now dead, but numbers of people still visit the place where he lived; and a wild, exposed spot it is, in the very midst of those weird lonely moors, lifted far above the cheerful, fertile valley; the silence which broods over it seldom broken, save when the wayfarer's footsteps, brushing through the heather, startle the grouse which have their home there. Altogether a monotonous, melancholy landscape, and but for the invigorating hill air, its influence would be depressing in the extreme; yet here and there upon these moors some few smiling oases occasionally occur; bright spots of moss and verdure kept perpetually green by the springs descending from still higher grounds: often, too, a pleasant surprise awaits the moorland rambler; some little sheltered hill tarn reflecting in its clear still waters the overhanging rocks, and the graceful pendent ferns which fringe them; or some narrow ravine, its sides tapestried with heather and long trailing streamers of the Alpine-looking Robin-Hood

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moss, while at the bottom rushes a tiny rivulet, clear as crystal, and golden in colour, bright and cold and pure. But it is on ascending to the highest points of the moors that all sense of their desolation and oppressive monotony is lost in the more cheerful aspect of the wide extended views obtained from them, over the beautiful valleys of the Wharfe and the Aire, the solitary desolation immediately around serving but as a foil and a useful contrast, which gives value to the light and life beyond.

A glance at any map of the West Riding will show that the valleys of the Wharfe and the Aire are separated from one another by the range of Rombald's Moor, but the 'terrific road' which travellers once had to take if they wished to go from the one to the other is now no longer generally used, though for the sake of the prospects which it commands we would strongly recommend it to pedestrians. As we made our way along it down into the valley of the Aire, we could not but admire, for picturesque effects of rock and moorland, that portion of Airedale which lies between the little towns of Bingley and Keighley. In the vicinity of the latter place are many a lonely glen and wooded hill, too often disfigured, alas, by the shaft of some tall mill-chimney rising from amidst the trees, while the torrent rushing along the bottom of the glen is defiled by indigo dye, and its music lost in the noise of machinery. There is little, however, in the immediate neighbourhood of Keighley to tempt anyone to make it his head quarters, though of late it has been much frequented, owing to its proximity to Haworth, whither we, following the example of many others, made a pilgrimage, of which we shall ever preserve a pleasant remembrance. It is an old proverb, that a prophet is without honour in his own country, and truly the adage had its verification at Keighley, for we found that the 'oldest inhabitant' was of opinion that it was the scenery in the neighbourhood which had tempted so many people to come to Keighley during the summer, and he was perfectly astonished and evidently very incredulous when assured that the attraction was Haworth, and Haworth because of its having been the home of Charlotte Brontë. It was on a soft grey Sunday morning in the middle of August that we set forth on our pilgrimage. Immediately on leaving Keighley we began to toil along the road which, by an almost unbroken ascent, leads to Haworth. At every step we took we seemed to be leaving in our rear all that was pleasant and cheerful; the hills on either side becoming more and more destitute of trees, more and more brown in colour, while the hedges which had hitherto bounded the road, were exchanged for stone dykes, with no soft covering of moss to conceal their nakedness, and affording no little crannies where flowers might take root, no coigns of vantage wherein birds might nestle and sing. Low down in the valley ran a tributary of the river Aire, and here and there on its banks grew some few trees, principally fir, poplar, and ash; but though we were only in the very beginning of autumn, the foliage was already brown and withered, and many of the trees almost entirely leafless. If it had not been for the continuous lines of small houses stretching along the highway, and the villages clustered on the hillsides, with the sturdy towers of their churches rising above them, the sense of desolation and want of finish, so to speak, in the scenery, would have been painfully oppressive; while the sickly appearance of the people, many of whom were afflicted with goître, and the stolid, vacant expression of their countenances, gave no favourable impression of the healthiness of the district. For some two miles or so before arriving at Haworth, the village is visible from the road, and a very eagle's eyrie it looks, perched up on the moors, rising dun and sombre behind it. When we reached it, it struck us as being more foreign than English in aspect; the houses are old, and built of dark grey stone, though here and there a smart unpicturesque modern dwelling has sprung up, trying to put its neighbours to shame, but looking far less honest

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and genuine than they; the principal street is very narrow, and paved with large flat stones, on which the houses immediately abut; and it is perhaps this absence of pavement or trottoir which more especially gives to Haworth the aspect of some second-rate French village. Every reader of Mrs. Gaskell's work probably has some idea of Haworth from her description, yet though it would be difficult for us to point out wherein her picture differs from the original, we must confess that the impression produced upon us was different from the one she had given. Of one thing we are pretty certain, and that is, that no one can thoroughly understand Charlotte Brontë who has not visited her home, and afterwards read, by the light which acquaintance with her surroundings will give, the history of her life penned by her own hand in the pages of *Shirley*. There, better far than Mrs. Gaskell or any one else could show, they will see how it came to pass that Caroline Helstone complained so sadly that she dreamt 'melancholy dreams, and if she lay awake for an hour or two at night was continually thinking of the rectory as a dreary old place.' 'You know,' she says, 'it is very near the churchyard; the back part of the house is exceedingly ancient, and it is said that the out-kitchens there were once enclosed in the churchyard, and that there are graves under them. I rather long to leave the rectory. . . . I think I grow what is called nervous. I see things under a darker aspect than I used to do. I have fears I never used to have—not of ghosts, but of omens and disastrous events. . . Calm evenings are not calm to me; moonlight, which I used to think mild, now only looks mournful.' And again, when Shirley asks, 'Will you think of Fitful Head now, when you lie awake at night, rather than of the graves under the rectory back kitchen?' who is it but Charlotte Brontë herself replying, 'I will try; instead of musing about remnants of shrouds and fragments of coffins, and human bones and mould, I will fancy seals lying in the sunshine on solitary shores?' Many and many a time doubtless has Charlotte Brontë, like Caroline Helstone, 'in the summer nights sat long at her lattice, gazing down on the old garden and older church, on the tombs laid out all grey, and calm, and clear in the moonlight.' A melancholy home, in truth, for a spirit like Charlotte Brontë's, must have been that dreary Haworth parsonage; no trees sheltering or shrouding it, and yet all pleasant views shut out; nothing visible from its windows but the desolate-looking, walled-in garden, with one stunted lilac tree in the middle of it, along its walls a row of thorn bushes, and beyond, the wide, crowded churchyard encroaching more and more upon the grim silent moors, crossed often, as on the day we were there, by fitful gleams of sunlight or by wreaths of mist, more welcome because partially concealing their harsher features and somewhat softening their dreariness. Whether the home may have looked more cheerful in poor Charlotte Brontë's lifetime we cannot tell; nothing, however, can be more desolate and forlorn than the aspect which it wears at present, the garden entirely neglected, no gentle hand to tend its flowers; the little gate leading into the churchyard blocked up with a rank growth of grass and weeds; the windows of the house partially closed with shutters; no sign of life or cheerfulness about it externally. Very sad, too, and lone must be its interior now, its only inmates the aged, childless father and the bereaved husband. To the left of the rectory stands the schoolhouse, beyond which is a ruined old tenement, every pane of glass in its windows broken, and altogether in a most dilapidated condition. Opposite this ruin are several ancient-looking buildings the backs of which abut upon the church; and queer erections they are, full of recesses and projections, and outside stairs leading to the upper stories, giving them a quite foreign aspect; one of these is a public-house, of which there are three or four in the village, none of them particularly clean or respectable in appearance. The principal one is the Black Bull, close to the church, a dirty little place, and the

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sight of which, in connexion with the remembrance of Bramwell Brontë, cannot but be painful. In the room where he so often used to spend his evenings, the principal ornaments are two pictures, one representing 'Her Majesty Queen Caroline landing at Dover, after an absence of three years, to demand her right, dignities, and privileges:' the other, 'A monumental Tribute to the memory of Queen Caroline, who, after being refused an earthly crown, was called to wear a crown in heaven.'

When we reached Haworth the churchyard was full of people sitting on the gravestones, waiting for the morning service to begin, while the bells, the only cheerful thing about the place, were pleasantly chiming, and calling to distant stragglers to hasten their steps. Entering the church we were placed in a pew in the gallery, and had time to look about us before the clergyman, Mr. Nicholls, made his appearance. The interior is large, and contains three galleries; in the one over the communion-table the organ is placed, and to the right of it are affixed against the wall the tables of the commandments, looking very much like the backs of colossal books. On the south wall, in a corner, is a clock, with the inscription, 'Life, how short; eternity, how long;' against the west wall, near the vestry, is placed a tablet, stating that the steeple and the little bell were made in the year of our Lord 1600. The pews are very large, and inside them are painted on great labels the names of the owners—*e. g.*, Mr. Pigshill hath two sittings here for Gargrave; Mrs. Ellis for Far Intake; Mr. Horsfall for Wildgrave Head, &c. &c.

The attendance was small in the morning, but better in the afternoon, when Mr. Brontë preached; owing to his advanced years, he is not able to attend the whole of the service, but comes into church when the afternoon prayers are half over. A most affecting sight, in truth, it is to see him walking down the aisle with feeble steps, and entering his solitary pew, once filled with wife and children, now utterly desolate, while close beside it rises the tombstone inscribed with their names. Full of sorrow and trouble though his life has been, the energy of the last survivor of the race seems not a whit abated; his voice is still loud and clear, his words full of fire, his manner of earnestness. Lucid, nervous, and logical, the style of his preaching belongs to a bye-gone day, when sermons were made more of a study than they are now, and when it was considered quite as necessary to think much and deeply, as to give expression to those thoughts in language not only impressive and eloquent, but vigorous and concise. It would not be easy to give a faithful picture of the impression which Mr. Brontë evidently produces upon his hearers, or of his own venerable and striking appearance in the pulpit. He used no notes whatever, and preached for half an hour without ever being at a loss for a word, or betraying the smallest sign of any decay of his intellectual faculties. Very handsome he must have been in his younger days, for traces of beauty most refined and noble in expression, even yet show themselves in his features and in his striking profile. His brow is still unwrinkled; his hair and whiskers snowy white: lines very decided in their character are impressed about the mouth; the eyes are large and penetrating. In manner he is, as may have been gathered from what has been already said, quiet and dignified.

The afternoon service over, we again rambled about the churchyard, marking how large was the proportion of young people and children which it contained, compared with the number of those advanced in life; then giving another farewell look to the solitary parsonage and its desolate garden, we turned away with heavier hearts than we had brought there that morning, listening, as we descended the hill, to the echo of a hymn which floated down to us from the moorland to our left, on the top of which a field meeting of Methodists was being held, the gay dresses of the women brightening as nothing else had yet done the sombreness of the landscape. Yet monotonous and melancholy as these wide-spread moors

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are,* the sense of freedom inherent in their wide extent, together with the invigorating nature of the hill air, must have often rendered her walks very enjoyable to Charlotte Brontë; and it is doubtless to herself she alludes when she says that Shirley liked particularly the green sweep of the common turf and the heath on its ridges, for it reminded her of Scotland; and makes Caroline Helstone speak of the way in which the Scottish heaths would look on a sultry, sunless day—purple black, a deeper shade of the sky tint, and that would be lurid. 'Long and late walks on lonely roads,' such as Caroline Helstone took 'along the drear skirts of Stillbro Moor, or over the sunny stretch of Nunnely Common,' Charlotte Brontë must frequently have taken over Haworth Moors, sometimes perchance returning home with her heart saddened and embittered, sometimes strengthened and invigorated to persevere in walking without repining along the thorny paths through which God had seen fit that her course, from her cradle to her grave, should lie.

It has been said, and with justice, that Charlotte Brontë did not understand the character of the people of the West Riding; nor was it perhaps possible for her to do so. Even when she was a child there was a strange mixture of defiance and submission in her character, scorn being the predominant expression of her countenance; and when to this, in later years, was superadded a large amount of reserve which bore the semblance of timidity, it was scarcely likely that she should, except through the intuition of genius, gain an insight into the real character of those among whom her lot was cast, and whose bluntness of manner and inquisitiveness of nature would jar so greatly on her morbid sensitiveness. She does not seem to have cultivated any extensive acquaintance with her father's parishioners, and we were not surprised, on inquiring from a person who said he had lived all his life at Haworth, whether Miss Brontë had been liked by the villagers? to receive for reply—'Why; I never heard nought to the contrary.' This want of the power of imparting or receiving sympathy must have added tenfold to the cheerlessness and dreariness of Charlotte Brontë's life, especially when death had removed those who were dearest to her on earth. What wonder that she felt her life was not a life, but a 'long, slow death'—that she exclaimed, through Rose Yorke's mouth, that she might as well be tediously dying as for ever shut up in that glebe house, which always reminded her of a windowed grave? 'I never see any movement about the door,' she said; 'I never hear a sound from the wall; I believe smoke never issues from the chimneys. Nothing changes in Brierfield Rectory.' And if it were so in Emily and Anne Brontë's lifetime, how much more like a living tomb must it have appeared to Charlotte after their deaths. An old writer speaks of Haworth as being almost at the extremity of population — high, bleak, dirty, and difficult of access; adding, that ancient families had never been numerous there, and were either extinct or removed, for that the greater part of the parish, ascending as it did to the moors, afforded few eligible situations. No genial soil was this for genius to take root or to flourish in, and the only wonder is, not that Charlotte Brontë and her sisters were full of morbid feelings and wild imaginings, but that they struggled so bravely with their destiny, and strove so unceasingly to raise themselves into a healthier atmosphere, instead of allowing themselves to be utterly cast down and overcome by the influences, physical and moral, amidst which it had pleased God to place them. Yet who but must shudder when he thinks of the gloom which it is

* We must not forget that what Emily Brontë has written of them, may be true of those who live among them:—

'What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?—
More glory and more grief than I can tell;
The earth that wakes one human heart to feeling,
Can centre both the worlds of heaven and hell.'

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evident often overshadowed poor Charlotte's mind; who but must reverently sympathize with and tenderly pity her, when thus she speaks of herself in *Shirley*:—

Caroline was a Christian, therefore in trouble she framed many a prayer after the Christian creed; proffered it with deep earnestness; begged for patience, strength, relief. This world, however, as we all know, is the scene of trial and probation; and for any favourable results her petitions had yet wrought, it seemed to her that they were unheard and unaccepted. She believed sometimes that God had turned away his face from her. At moments she was a Calvinist, and sinking into the gulf of religious despair, she saw darkening over her the doom of reprobation.

Then, too, the drear monotonous life, how hardly must it have pressed upon her. 'You know,' says Caroline Helstone, 'it is scarcely *living* to measure time as I do at the rectory. The hours pass, and I get over them somehow. I endure existence, but I rarely *enjoy* it.'

Worse still to endure, because of her morbid sensitiveness, were the trials of her governess life. Here, in *Shirley*, is a portrait of them, which, although bearing the marks of exaggeration, it is impossible to read without seeing how faithful it is to her feelings.

'It was my lot,' Mrs. Prior says, 'to enter a family of considerable pretensions to good birth and mental superiority, and the members of which also believed that "in them was perceptible" an unusual endowment of the "Christian graces," that all their hearts were regenerate, and their spirits in a peculiar state of discipline. I was early given to understand, that as "I was not their equal," so I could not expect "to have their sympathy." It was in no sort concealed from me, that I was held "a burden and a restraint in society." The gentlemen, I found, regarded me as "a tabooed woman," to whom "they were interdicted from granting the usual privileges of the sex," and yet who "annoyed them by frequently crossing their path." The ladies, too, made it plain that they thought me "a bore." The servants, it was signified, "detested me," *why*, I could never clearly comprehend. My pupils, I was told, "however much they might love me, and how deep soever the interest I might take in them, could not be my friends." It was intimated that I must "live alone, and never transgress the invisible but rigid line which established the difference between me and my employers." My life in this house was sedentary, solitary, constrained, joyless, toilsome. The dreadful crushing of the animal spirits, the ever-prevailing sense of friendlessness and homelessness, consequent on this state of things, began ere long to produce mortal effects on my constitution—I sickened. The lady of the house told me coolly I was the victim of "wounded vanity." She hinted that if I did not make an effort to quell my "ungodly discontent, to cease murmuring against God's appointment," and to cultivate the profound humility befitting my station, my mind would very likely "go to pieces" on the rock that wrecked most of my sisterhood—morbid self-esteem; and that I should die an inmate of a lunatic asylum.'

Hot and blistering words of anguish and sarcasm these, in which the poor sufferer has stereotyped the misery inflicted upon her by those who little knew that they were torturing a daughter of genius unawares. In reading such passages the reflection will force itself upon the mind how sad a thing it was that her lot was not ordered otherwise; and yet had it been so, how noble an example, how impressive a warning would have been lost to the world. One day we shall know and feel, as she is doing, doubtless, now that the veil is taken away from her eyes which hid the meaning of life's enigma, that both for her and for ourselves in connexion with her, God has ordered all things well.

But it is time we should bring to a close the account of our ramble through the very small portion of the West Riding which we had the opportunity of traversing. So turning our faces southwards, we will hurry over the barren moors to Halifax. There, in a deep valley embosomed in woods, where the parish church now stands was in by-gone times an hermitage dedicated to John the Baptist, and which was approached by four roads. Hence, according to some authorities, arose the name Halifax, fax being an old Norman name signifying highways. About such matters as derivations, however, doctors are frequently apt to differ; and thus, as another way of accounting for the name, we are given the following story, to which, as being a trifle

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more romantic than the other, many will no doubt yield the preference. It appears, then, that not many ages since, Halifax was called Horton, and that it thus received its change of name:—

A certain clergyman being passionately in love with a young woman, when he could by no means win her, cut off her head in his mad fit. Her head being set upon a yew tree, was visited by the people as holy, and every one plucked off a bough to keep as a holy relic. By this means the tree grew a mere trunk, yet retaining the reputation of sanctity among the people, they believed that the little veins which were spread between the bark and the tree were the hairs of the Virgin. This caused such resort of pilgrims to it, that of a little village it became a large town, and assumed the name of Halifax, or Haligfax, i.e., holy hair, for fax is used by the English on the other side of Trent to signify hair. Thus the noble family of Fairfax are so called from their fair hair.

Halifax bears such a close resemblance in nearly every respect to most of the large manufacturing towns in the West Riding, that we shall spare our readers all description of it. As for the scenery by which it is surrounded, we may simply mention that the whole district consists of a wide valley bounded by high and barren moorland ridges. Scarcely a foot of level ground is to be found anywhere; combes and hollows abound, which are picturesque and pretty enough, while the slopes of the hills are well cultivated and planted with sturdy and branching, but not lofty oaks. So much for the foreground: in the distance are long purple ranges, from whose summits stand clearly out against the sky many an isolated block of freestone, jagged and worn away by wind and rain and storm.

One curious matter in connexion with Halifax we place before our readers. The town, it appears, was noted, not more than a century back, for a bye-law against felons, which was executed upon them in this manner:—

A Felon taken within the liberty with goods stolen out of the liberties or precincts of the Forest of Hardwick, shall, after the market-days or meeting-days within the town of Halifax next after his apprehension, be taken to the gibbet, and then and there have his head cut off from his body by a peculiar engine [closely resembling the guillotine]. The fact, however, must be certain; he must either be taken Handhabend, being in the very act of stealing, or Backberend, having the thing stolen on his back, or somewhere about him, without giving any probable account of how he came by it, or lastly confessioned, owning that he stole the thing for which he is accused. The cause could be only theft, and the manner of it only that which is called Furtum manifestum, or notorious theft, grounded upon some of the foresaid evidences. The value of the thing stolen must also amount to above 1s. 1½d.; for if the value were found only so much and no more, by this custom he should not die for it. The criminal was then to be brought before the Bailiff of Halifax, who presently summoned the free burghers within the several towns of the Forest, and being found guilty he was within a week brought to the place of execution. An axe being drawn up by a pulley, was then fastened with a pin to the side of the scaffold. If it were an ox, or a horse, or any other creature, that was stolen, it was brought along with him to the place of execution, and fastened to the cord by a pin that stayed the block, so that when the time of execution came, which was known by one of the jurors holding up one of his fingers, the Bailiff or his servant whipping the beast, the pin was plucked out and execution done. But if it was not done by a beast, the Bailiff or his servant cut the rope.

It is supposed that this punishment was the cause of the beggars putting this town into their litany: 'From Hell, Hull, and Halifax deliver us.'

Now that we have reached the conclusion, our endeavour to show that even in the country which our readers think they know so well are many sources of interest of which they may have been hitherto ignorant, we have only to express the hope that they may henceforth sometimes employ their holiday in becoming more familiarly acquainted with the scenery of their own land, and the manner of life of their own countrymen. If to know ourselves ought to be our chief aim, then surely our next should be to know our neighbours; for without knowledge there can be no sympathy, and where there is no sympathy there cannot be a united people.

DEVONIA.

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THE VOLUNTEER AT SOLFERINO.

THE fight was fought! the field was won!
From early dawn till set of sun
Close, man to man, we strove:
Till o'er the river's swelling flood—
Whose stream that day was red with blood—
The vanquish'd foe we drove.

A ghastly sight, that mighty plain,
Where, mountains high, the mangled slain
Alone, uncar'd for, lay;
The stripling, and the veteran old,
Peasant, and prince of lineage old,
Together turn'd to clay.

The camp was hush'd, nor heard a sound,
Save, as he made his lonely round,
The sentry's measured tread:
The moon in sorrow hid her ray,
Nor smil'd upon us as we lay,
The living and the dead.

And as I strove, but all in vain,
To rest, a stifled cry of pain
Fell sadly on mine ear:
I rose, and guided by the sound,
At but a few yards distant found
A wounded volunteer.

A fair-hair'd youth, whose child-like mien—
(He scarce had sixteen summers seen)—
The love of all had won:
I rais'd his head, the quick breath came,
He breath'd a word, his mother's name,
He was an only son!

He gasp'd for air, I tore his vest,
And there upon his bleeding breast,
A folded letter lay:
The words a mother's love had trac'd
By his heart's blood were half effac'd,
As fast it pour'd away.

I wip'd his brow, and as I knelt,
He whisper'd where his mother dwelt,
And pray'd that she might hear,
How foremost in the patriot band,
He'd struggled for his native land,
A fearless volunteer.

I laid his head upon my breast,
And like a weary child at rest,
Wrapp'd in my arms he lay:
A quiv'ring motion of the eye,
An angel's smile, a smother'd sigh,
He pass'd in peace away.

We bore him when the morning broke,
Wrapp'd in my old campaigning cloak,
Unto a grassy mound:
Beneath the shade of two tall trees,
Whose leafy branches in the breeze
Wav'd with a pleasant sound,

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We laid him in his narrow bed,
And many a silent tear we shed
Upon the fresh-turn'd sod:
Then slowly turning from the grave,
Beside the river's blood-stain'd wave,
We left him with his God!

G. B.

LAST SPRING IN ROME.

A Bird's-Eye View.

ROME, May, 1859.—At this season, we sojourners in sunny Rome are often attracted by the sight of little shapeless, moving clouds or mists, looking like a dim smoke darkening for a moment the burning blue of the sky, rather than anything more material. These are the flocks of migratory birds, collecting together previously to taking their long flight to some place farther from the sun—to England, we at once conclude, and send our blessings with them. I wonder do they ever give a parting glance at the land they leave? Do they take in one last loving view of the familiar places—of the Alban Mount, the chain of Sabine hills, and solitary wave-like Soracte—of the Campagna, most beautiful and most eloquent of plains—of the world that lies within the city walls, most of all? Does it occur to them that the domes, and towers, and grey roofs look any different from their wont? Do they perceive anything mysterious to a fowl's comprehension in the faint lurid light that girdles the horizon on these still spring evenings, beneath which the city lies patiently; but which throws Michael Angelo's dome out like something strange and portentous floating above the world, and shows the Doria pines, that for ever close in that side of the great prospect, grand, and black, and motionless, as though struck dumb by some awful thought or poignant recollection? Is there no new gold on the surface of the regal Tiber, brought from his newly-stirred heart? No tint of purple more imperial than at any other time in the cloud that overhangs Monte Mario, where the sunset of glory is to come anon? Above all, are there any birds of sufficient observation and discrimination to perceive that all is not quite as usual among those large living creatures who walk about, strangely feathered, and without wings—speaking after their manner one to the other, crowding the streets and places of the city, and making the air thick with the murmurous sounds of many voices?

As, for example, down the long Corso, its palaces on either hand lifting their wrinkled fronts up to the eternal youthfulness of the sky. Chequered with intensest light and brownest shade, stretches the long and straight line of the street, from the grim square of Venice at the one end, to the bright Piazza del Popolo, where churches, and obelisk, and Michael Angelo's gate, and sculptured terrace, are radiant as in celestial flame, so fervid, yet so spiritual, is the brightness of the spring sunshine. Almost deserted is that piazza, the broad space of white light only dinted here and there by the Papal guard in purple coat and cocked hat, who lounges by the Porta del Popolo,—one or two French soldiers at the door of their barrack hard by, and a sable-robed priest who, sheltered by his hat, and his looks commercing with the earth, wends his way across, like a black ship upon a shining sea.

But *in* the Corso: men are slowly walking down its centre, where at this morning time few carriages interfere with their monopoly of the roadway. Men by twos and threes and fours, talking together with earnest brows, and intent eyes, looking as surely they have never been seen to look since the old were young, and the young were beardless boys, so utterly strange and unaccustomed seems the kindling fire in the dark

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eyes—the resolved seriousness in the languid Italian faces. Or they are gathered by that shop where outside the door is placed conspicuously a map, labelled in large letters *Carta del Teatro della Guerra in Italia.* A crowd, quite a large crowd for a Roman street out of Carnival time, is clustered about that significant *Carta.* There are eager gestures—fingers are pointed here and there—the names of 'Ticino,' 'Vercelli,' 'Montebello.' make themselves heard. The soft, pulsating Italian syllables can, it seems, breathe forth something beside that 'sentiment and passion' which are held to be their especial prerogative. And men break from the surrounding crowd, and go their way quietly, silently—but with strange meaning to be read in their quiet faces—strange eloquence to be understood in their silence.

In a little street branching from the Corso is a French *café* much resorted to by the French soldiers, and of late also frequented by the Roman citizens, who know that *there* is always to be seen the bulletin of the day from the seat of war. To-day, as the crowd gathers about the written copy from the official despatch, it appears to tax too far the patience of the gendarmes, that guard of hybrid race, so-called Swiss, but naturally repudiated by the countrymen of William Tell. These representatives of paternal government interfere not with the two or three French soldiers, be very sure, but with the anxious, eager, though as yet orderly throng of Italians who are pressing round to see the bulletin. The exhibition of that paper is conducive to disturbance, says the officer of Papal troops, and with the point of his sword he tears it down. It is too much. With a great cry, unanimously the little crowd of citizens turn upon the soldiers, and for a few minutes it seems as if the spark had fallen on the great hidden heap of combustion, which in these days is concealed beneath the outside aspect of every southern Italian who is neither slave nor fool. A little delay, and the first outbreak had heralded that of which who could foretell the end? But some wise looker-on runs for the French soldiers—those well-organized police of the Eternal City—and one voice calls out—

'Every Roman whose life is his own to give, let him give it for Italy, and not spend it in a street broil like this. *Andiamo, amici—andiamo!*'

Some hearts there, perhaps, respond to that brief argument; and, besides, up come French soldiers, and the *émeute* is at an end.

Meanwhile, at the same hour and moment, and not a stone's throw from the place, vastly different groups are gathered in the Piazza di Spagna, stronghold of English visitors, with its green-shuttered white lodging-houses on three sides, broken by the majestic flight of steps which lead to the Pincian hill, and are crowned by the twin towers of the church of the Trinita di Monte. But here also are clouded brows, disturbed gestures, and busy voices. Here, too, where you would least expect it, among women, young and fair, their Saxon tresses daintily framed in Paris bonnets. See—their innocent eyes are troubled, their sweet regards are strangely overshadowed. Here is a cluster of them close by the queer fountain shaped like a boat, round which the picturesque 'models' love to lean and lounge while waiting for employment. Listen, little birds—

'How are you going, then? Have you succeeded in getting berths? None to be had till the 31st, I am assured. Poor Mrs. Courtnaye offered any money for one yesterday, and was refused.'

'Isn't it dreadful not to be able to go to Venice? I don't know what we shall do, I'm sure. This horrid war puts all our plans out.'

'Isn't it aggravating? We were to have joined the Standingfords at the Italian lakes next week.'

'We wanted to spend the summer in poor dear Switzerland, which now is to be full of troops passing to and fro. Only think!'

'No one knows when we may see Como again.'

'If we side against Austria, we may *never* be able to go to Venice, you know.'

'But papa says, if we side against France, we shall have to go home by way of Malta, perhaps—just ima-

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gine! So I really don't know what to wish.'

'I only wish there was no such thing as War in the world!' With which little speech—sounding womanly enough, you think—pretty Miss Sophia, or Frances, or Cecilia, as the case may be, flutters off to condole with herself somewhere else.

They are young and thoughtless; their woman's feelings have not yet flowed up to full tide. Surely, even in the 'Stranger's quarter' of Rome there are women who see more than a personal grievance in this solemn war, whose thoughts are busy with more than the question of roads blocked up, and projected journeys rendered impossible? But here is a knot of men, with records of thought and hard work written in their faces. By their careless dress, their varieties of beard and moustache, and that indescribable conjunction of lounging laziness of bearing, and all-observing alertness of aspect, you may recognise them as artists, —pilgrims to this, the Mecca of their art.

'A confounded business, isn't it? Brown writes from Bologna, that he's obliged to leave in the midst of his work. It's absolute ruination. A hundred and twenty guineas lost. It was a commission, you know.'

'It might be my own case. If I'm shut out from Venice this summer, it will lose me hundreds.'

'My great fear is about Rome itself. If strangers are frightened from coming next season——'

'Oh, hang it! they won't be frightened. But think of the precious fix that fellow Cesari has left *me* in. Only painted in his face, and he's rushed off to Piedmont, confound him!—and not even left his costume behind, which might have helped me to finish the figure somehow.'

'A "Volunteer," I suppose?'

'Of course. "*Andato per soldato*," was all I could get out of his mother, who was half-crying, half-laughing. You know the old woman? Savage as I was, I made a sketch of her face—wonderful bit of expression and colour. It'll come in capitally for a *genre* picture —illustrative of the war in Italy, when the war's over.'

'*When* it's over? But in the meanwhile?'

'Meanwhile my great picture is standing still until I can find a substitute for that rascal. And it's no easy matter. Splendid head he has —and the whole figure and the action of the arms so fine.'

'Smith is just as badly served. His Formatore has also volunteered for Piedmont, and actually walked off, leaving his statue of 'Justice' only half cast. The first coating of plaster was scarcely thrown on the clay. The work really might have been injured, you know; and Smith's 'Justice' is a fine thing.'

'Very fine. These fellows are all mad alike, it seems to me. How hot it is! I ought to be in Switzerland at this minute. What a deuced plague this war is!'

Chorus of indignation and impatience generally, amid which artists disperse. And in this case again, let us hope and believe that these are not representative types of *all* the professional pilgrims to this land of art. Common gratitude surely must dictate some little anxiety, some little tenderness for this Queen country, now fallen so low, which in old days of Northern barbarism saw the new birth of art, —nourished, cherished it; watched and encouraged its growth. Is it for the students and professors of sculpture and painting, in Rome of all places in the world, this spring of all times, to wound our struggling Italy with their taunts, or sting her by their indifference?

But the 'little birds' can tell us of another scene which is going on at the station of the newly-opened railway to Civita Vecchia. Two or three hundred of the decried Volunteers are about to leave, under sullen sufferance of the Government, and with a small troop of the ubiquitous French soldiery in discreet attendance. As the amateur soldiers pass in from the dusty road, some of them grasp the hands of these practised brothers in arms, in enthusiasm of friendly feeling. Others are too much engrossed by the relations or friends who are with them, standing very close, clinging to them to the last. Yes, you may see some suggestive groups here

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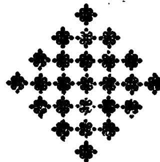
and there, oh artists! Not that there are any of the demonstrations of feeling which attend similar occasions in Tuscany at this time. All is quiet, subdued, hidden. No exhibition of the beloved Italian colours is permissible *here*, though it is said that last week a youthful Volunteer, as the train was starting, drew a flag from his breast and waved it out at the window of the railway carriage, to the impotent fury of the Papal mercenaries on the platform. Such forms do emotional displays assume in these latter days, when steam power, electric agencies, and new discoveries of all kinds enter into combination with human feelings—those oldest of old inventions, which exist now much the same as in the days when Greece flourished and Rome was young! But to-day all is quiet. Hardly a word passes. You may see faces in the onlooking crowd which betray, by the glittering eyes, the restless lips, a keen peculiar interest in some one of those who are passing through that crowded doorway—away from home; away from gloomy stagnation, miscalled peace, to the hardly greater horrors of war. Touching, you perhaps think, and suggestive of something even higher and nobler than a *genre* picture, is the expression of that pale woman's face, as she smiles courageously on the tall youth who turns his head to give her a last look before he passes in at the door. And there are other faces telling the same story—smiles striving with tears; brave hope struggling against the natural grief of parting—and such a parting! But all is quiet. No cries of 'Viva Italia;' that aspiration is forbidden thus far south of the Alps. No exhibition of national feeling, of soldierly ardour, is permitted. To you of a soberer temperament this may seem a small matter; any ebullition would be merely childish, and you have no sympathy with such puerilities. But here, in the South, we are less trained and conventionalized. It is a relief to our full hearts to express even by a set form of words—even by a hackneyed cry like this—something of that with which our hearts overflow. And it is no small thing that of all this crowd, chiefly composed as it is of young, eager, impetuous spirits, not one but closes his lips tightly over the obnoxious syllables, which, nevertheless, be certified, are pent up chokingly in his throat. And the stream passes on—this little tributary stream—on its way to the broad and widening river. And left behind are the pale mothers and wives, and the grey-headed old men, who turn back to the city which shines so dazzlingly under the deep sapphire sky, and who have only to watch and wait—and wait.

Very soon the little birds will be gathering in clouds over the English stubble fields, over the golden English woods;—very soon they will take flight back again from the grey, chill North, to that land which the sun loves too well to leave, even in grave autumn—in sad, slumberous winter.

When they return to the familiar places, what will be the change, I marvel, in other things than verdure and foliage?—what the difference from Last Spring?



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SWORD AND GOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY LIVINGSTONE.'

Chapter XIX.

IT is not pleasant to stand by and assist at each step of an incantation that draws down a star from heaven, or darkens the face of the moon. Let us be content to accept the result, when it is forced upon us, without inquiring too minutely into the process. Not with impunity can even the Adepts gain and keep the secrets of their evil Abracadabra. The beard of Merlin is grey before its time; premature wrinkles furrow the brow of Canidia; though the terror of his stony eyes may keep the fiends at bay, the death-sleep of Michael Scott is not untroubled; the pillars of Melrose shake ever and anon, as though an earthquake passed by, and the monks cross themselves in fear and pity; for they know that the awful wizard is turning restlessly in his grave.

As we are not writing a three-volume novel, we have a right, perhaps, not to linger over this part of our story. For any one who likes to indulge a somewhat morbid taste, or who happens to be keen about physiology, there is daily food sufficient in those ingenious romances *d'Outre-mer*.

It is hardly worth while speculating how far Cecil deluded herself, when she thought that she was safe in trusting to her own strength of principle, and to the generosity of Royston Keene. All this seems to me not to affect the main question materially. Does it help us—after we have yielded to temptation—that our resolves, when it first assailed us, should have been prudent and sincere, if such a plea cannot avert the consequences or extenuate the guilt? The grim old proverb tells us, how a certain curiously tesselated Pavement is laid down. Millions of feet have trodden those stones for sixty ages; yet they may well last till the Day of Judgment: they are so constantly and unsparingly renewed.

It is more than rashness for any mortal to say to the strong, treacherous ocean, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further;' it is trenching on the privilege of Omnipotence. The dykes may be wisely planned and skilfully built; but one night, a wilder wind arises than any that they have withstood; the legions of the besieging army are mustering to storm. At one spot in the sea-wall, where patient miners have long been working unseen, a narrow breach is made, widening every instant; it is too late now to fly; the wolfish waves are within the entrenchments, mad for sack and pillage. On the morrow, where trim gardens bloomed, and stately palaces shone, there is nothing but a waste of waters strewn with wrecks and blue, swollen corpses. The Zuyder Zee rolls, ten fathom deep, over the ruins of drowned Stavoren.

So we will not enter minutely into the details of poor Cecil's demoralization — gradual, but fearfully rapid. It was not by words that she was corrupted; for Royston was still as careful as ever to abstain from uttering one cynicism in her presence; but none the less was it true, that daily and hourly some fresh scruple was swept away, some holy principle withered and died. The recklessness which ever carried him on straight to the attainment of a purpose, or the indulgence of a fancy, trampling down the barriers that divide good from evil, seemed to communicate itself to Cecil contagiously. She seldom ventured on reflection, now—still less on self-examination; but she could not help being herself sensible of the change: thoughts that she would have shrunk back from in horror, not so long ago (if she could have comprehended them fully), had ceased now to startle or repel her as she looked them in the face. Do not suppose, for an instant, that there was a corresponding alteration in her outward demeanour, or that it displayed any wildness or eccentricity. Melodrama, &c., may be very successful at a trans-pontine theatre,

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but it is unpardonably out of place in our *salons*. The Tresilyan understood the duties of her social, if not of her moral position (so long as the first was not forfeited), as well as the strictest duenna alive; though she might choose to defy the world's censure, she never dreamt of giving an opening to its ridicule; she was less capable of a *gaucherie* than of a crime. In her bearing towards others, she was just the same as ever; if anything, rather more brilliant and fascinating; and, if crossed or interfered with, perhaps a shade more haughtily independent.

Only when alone with Royston did she betray herself. It was sad to see, how completely the stronger and worse nature had absorbed the weaker and better one, till all power of volition and free agency vanished, and even individuality was lost. She was not sentimental or demonstrative in his presence (on the contrary, at such times, that loveliest face was very apt to put on the delicious *mine mutine*, which made it perfectly irresistible), but the idea seemed never to enter her mind that it would be possible to resist or controvert any seriously-expressed wish of her — *lover*. There—the word is written; and, woe is me! that I dare not erase it: it must have come sooner or later, and it is as well to have got it over.

According to all rules for such cases laid down and provided, Cecil's life ought to have been spent in alternations between feverish excitement and poignant remorse. But, the truth must be told—she was unaccountably happy. The simple fact was, that she had no time to be otherwise. Even when entirely alone, her conscience could find no opportunity of asserting itself. Her thoughts were amply occupied with recalling every word that Royston had said, and with anticipating what he would say at their next meeting. It is idle to suppose that remorse cannot be kept at arm's length, for a certain time; but the debt recklessly incurred, must generally be paid to the uttermost farthing. Life, if sufficiently prolonged, will always afford leisure for reflection and retrospect; and, at such seasons, we appreciate in full force the tortures of 'solitary confinement.' The criminal may go on pilgrimage to a hundred shrines, and never light on the purification that will scare the Erinnyes.

In this instance, the victor certainly did not abuse his advantage, and was anything but exacting in his requirements. It was strange how his whole manner and nature altered when alone with his beautiful captive. The more evident became her subjugation, the more he seemed anxious to treat her with a delicate deference. They talked, as a rule, on any subject rather than their own feelings; and he spoke on all such indifferent topics honestly, if not wisely. For the rest of the world, his sarcasm and irony was ready as ever; he kept all his sincerity and confidence for Cecil Tresilyan. This is the secret of the influence exercised by many men, at whose successes we all have marvelled. Sweet, as well as disenchanting experiences, are sometimes gained behind the scenes; none but those who have tried it, can appreciate the delight of finding in a manner, that the uninitiate call cold and repellant, an ever-ready, loving caress. But in Royston's case there was no acting; it was only that he allowed Cecil to see one phase of his character that was seldom displayed.

The subordinates in the drama betrayed much more outward concern and disquietude than the principals. When Fanny Molyneux found that Royston did not intend to evacuate his position, she tried the effect of a vigorous remonstrance on her friend. The latter heard her patiently, but quite impassively; declining to admit any probability of danger, or necessity to caution. *La mignonne* was not convinced; but she yielded. She wound her arm round Cecil's waist, as they sate and whispered; nestling close to her side—'Dearest, remember this; if anything should happen, I shall always think that some blame belongs to me, and I will never give you up—never.'

The Tresilyan bent her beautiful swan-neck, as though she were caressing a dove nestling in her

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bosom; and pressed her lips on her companion's cheek, long and tenderly.

'I could not do *that,*' she said, 'if I were guilty.'

Neither had Harry refrained from lifting up his testimony against what he saw and suspected. The Major would take more from him than from any man alive; he was not at all incensed at the interference.

'My dear Hal,' he said, 'don't make an old woman of yourself by giving credit to scandal, or inventing it for yourself. If you choose to be worried before your time, I can't help it; but it is more than unnecessary. Una can take care of herself, perfectly well, without your playing the lion. Besides—what is the brother there for? You know, there are some subjects I never talk about to you; and you don't deserve that I should be communicative now. But listen—you shall not think of Cecil worse than she is: up to this time, I swear, even her lips are pure from me. Now—I hope you are satisfied; you have made me break my rule, for once; drop the subject, in the devil's name.'

Though fully aware of his friend's unscrupulous character, Harry was satisfied that nothing *very* wrong had occurred so far. Royston never lied.

'I'm glad that you can say so much,' he replied; 'the worst of it is, people will talk. I wonder that obnoxious Parson has not made himself more disagreeable already. I didn't go to church last Sunday afternoon, because I felt a conviction that he was going to be personal in his sermon.'

The Major laughed his hard, unpleasant laugh. 'Don't let that idea disturb your devotions another time. He is not likely to bite or even to bark very loud: he don't get my muzzle off in a hurry.'

Indeed, it was profoundly true that since the disclosure the Chaplain's reticence had become remarkable. When his own wife questioned him on the subject (very naturally), he checked her with some asperity, and read her a lecture on feminine curiosity that moved the poor woman, even to weeping. Mrs. Danvers was greatly surprised and disconcerted by the decision with which Mr. Fullarton rejected her suggestion, that he should aid and abet in thwarting Keene's supposed designs. 'He had thought it right,' he said, 'to make Miss Tresilyan, and others, aware of the real state of the case; but he did not conceive that further interference lay within the sphere of his duty.' It was odd how that same once arbitrarily elastic sphere had contracted, since the prophet met the lion in the pathway! Dick Tresilyan—the only other person much interested in the progress of affairs—did not seem to trouble himself much about them. He was perpetually absent on shooting expeditions; but, when at home, it was observed that he drank harder than ever, getting sulky sometimes without apparent reason, and disagreeably quarrelsome.

Royston had only stated the simple fact when he said that Cecil was free from any stain of actual guilt or dishonour. Whether the credit of having borne her harmless was most due to her own prudence and remains of principle, or to her tempter's self-restraint, we will not, if you please, inquire. It is as well to be charitable now and then. Her escape was little less than miraculous, considering how often she had trusted herself unreservedly to the mercy of one, who was wont to be as unsparing in his love as in his anger. Let not this immunity be made an excuse for credulous confidence, or induce others to emulate her rashness. The Millennium will not come in our time, I fancy; and, till it arrives, neither child nor maiden may safely lay their hand on the cockatrice's den. The ballad tells us that Lady Janet was happy at last; but she paid dearly through months of sorrow and shame for those three red-roses plucked in the Elfin Bower. The precise cause of Keene's forbearance it would be very difficult to explain: more than one feeling probably had to do with it.

If Memory has any pleasures worth speaking of (which many grave and learned doctors take leave to doubt), certainly amongst the purest, is the recollection, of having once been endowed with the whole

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love of a rare and beautiful being which we did not abuse or betray. This is the only sort of lost riches on which we can look back with comfort out of the depths of present and pressing poverty; the pearl is so very precious that it confers on its possessor a certain dignity which does not entirely pass away, even when the jewel has slipped from his grasp, following the ring of Polycrates. Alas, alas! less generous than the blue Ægæan are the sullen waters of the deep. *Mare mortuum.* Only on these grounds can that wonderful self-possession be accounted for, which enables men, seemingly ill-fitted for the situation, to confront the world in all its phases with so grand a calmness. It is refreshing to see how even coquetry recoils from that armour of proof, and to fancy how the dead beauty might triumph over the defeat of her living rivals, laughing the seductions of their loveliness to scorn. Even in crises of graver difficulty, where sterner assailants are to be encountered than Helen's magical smile or Florence's magnetic eyes, the invisible presence seems to inspire her lover with supernatural valiance. Remember the story of Aslauga's Knight; when once through the cloud of battle-dust gleamed the golden tresses, horse and man went down before him.

Royston was not half good enough to appreciate all this; yet some shadowy and undefined feeling, allied to it, may have helped to hold him back from pushing his advantage to the uttermost. Another and more selfish presentiment worked probably more powerfully. There was one phantom from which the Cool Captain never could escape; for years it had followed close on the consummation of all his crimes, and was, in truth, their best avenger: his Nemesis was satiety. He knew too well how the sweetest flowers lost their colour and fragrance, so soon as they were plucked and fairly in his grasp, not to shrink before the prospect of a certain disenchantment. This curse attaches to many of his kind: the instant the prize is won there arise misgivings as to its value; and defects develope themselves hourly in what seemed faultless perfection before. It is boy's play, to simulate being *blasè;* but the reality makes mature manhood disbelieve anything, sooner than inevitable retribution. Very often the thought forced itself upon Keene's mind, 'If I were to weary of *her* too?' and made him pause before he urged Cecil to the step that must have linked him to her fate for ever.

Under other circumstances his patience might have held out still longer; but there were numberless difficulties and obstacles in the way of their meeting, and the perpetual constraint fretted Royston sorely. His principle always had been not openly to violate conventionalities, without gaining an adequate equivalent; so he was more careful of Cecil's reputation than she was inclined to be, and, amongst worse lessons, taught her prudence. They met very seldom alone. When Mrs. Danvers was present, she made it her business to be as much as possible in the way; and her awkward attempts at interference were sometimes inexpressibly provoking. On one particular evening she had been unusually pertinacious and obtrusive. The Major stood it tolerably well up to a certain point, but his savage temper gradually got the better of him; his face grew darker and darker, till it was black as midnight when he rose to go, and his lips were rigid as steel. It was evident he had come to some resolution that he meant to keep. When he was wishing Bessie 'good night,' he held her hand imprisoned for a moment without pressing it. 'You are so good a theologian,' he said, 'that perhaps you can tell me where a text comes from that has haunted me for the last hour. It speaks of some one who "loosed the bands of Orion."' His manner, and the sudden address, disconcerted Mrs. Danvers so completely as to incapacitate her from reply: she suffered 'judgment to go by default;' and left Royston under the impression that she had never read the Book of Job.

The next day he asked Cecil to elope with him.

She listened without betraying either terror, or anger, or disdain; but she raised her beautiful eyes to

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his with a sad, searching inquiry, before which many men would have quailed. 'Have you counted the cost to yourself, and to me?'

'I have done both,' replied Keene, gravely. 'I cannot say that you will never repent it; but I know that I shall never regret it.'

There were no promises or vows exchanged; but a silence for two long minutes; and, when these were past, the sweet, pure lips had lost their virginity.

So with few more words it was finally arranged; and the next day Royston left Dorade to make preparations all along the road of their intended flight. Their plan was to take boat at Marseilles for the East, making their first permanent resting-place one of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. Both were most anxious to evade any possibility of interception, more especially of collision with Dick Tresilyan.

On that evening Cecil was alone in her own room (Mrs. Danvers had gone out to a sort of love-feast at the Fullartons', where the company were to be entertained with weak tea and strong doctrine *à discretion*). She had rejected the offer of Fanny's companionship on the plea, not altogether false, of a tormenting headache. *La mignonne* was too innocent to suspect the reason that made her friend shudder in their parting embrace, half averting her cheek, though Cecil's arms clung round her as though they would never let her go. The saddest feeling of the many that were busy then in the guilty, troubled heart, was a consciousness, that in a few hours the gulf between them would be deep and impassable, as the chasm dividing Abraham from Dives.

Miss Tresilyan had taken unconsciously an attitude in which you saw her once before, half-reclined, and gazing into the fire; outwardly still remained the same pensive, languid grace; but very different was the careless reverie that had stolen over her then, from the wild chaos of conflicting thoughts that involved her now.

Her whole being was so bound up in Royston Keene's, that she felt without him there would be nothing worth living for; neither had she the faintest misgiving as to the chances of his inconstancy. There had descended to her some of the stability and determination of purpose which had made many of her race so powerful for good or evil; in the pursuit of either they would never admit a doubt, or listen to a compromise. When Cecil believed, she believed implicitly, and, not even with her own conscience, made conditions of surrender. So long as *his* strong arm was round her, she felt that she could defy shame, and even remorse; but how would it be, if that support should fail? He had not been away yet twenty hours, and already there came creeping over her a chilling sense of helplessness and desolation. She knew her lover's violent passions and haughty temper, impatient of the most distant approach to insolence or even contradiction from others, too well not to be aware that such a man walked ever on the frontier-ground between life and death. Suppose that he were taken from her?—her spirit, dauntless as it was, quailed before the ghastly terrors of imagined loneliness. An evil Voice that had whispered perhaps in the ear of more than one of the 'bitter, bad Tresilyans,' seemed to murmur, 'You, too, can die:' but Cecil was not yet so lost as to listen to the suggestion of the subtle fiend. She wasted no regrets on the past, and the wreck of all its brilliant promises; she was resolute to meet the perils of the future; nevertheless, her heart was heavy with apprehension. Remember the answer that the stout Catholic made to Des Adrets, when the savage baron taunted him with cowardice for shrinking twice from the death-leap on the tower, '*Je vous le donne, en dix.*' So it is not in womanhood—however ruined in principle or reckless of the consequences—to venture deliberately, without a shudder, on the fatal plunge from which no fair fame has ever risen unshattered again. Even prejudices may not be torn up by the roots without stirring the earth around them.

She might have sate musing thus for about an hour; so deep in thought that she never heard the *portière* slowly drawn aside that divided the room from an ante-

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chamber. The Tresilyan had her emotions under tolerable control, and at least was not given to screaming; but she could hardly repress the startled cry that sprang to her lips when she raised her eyes.

The reproachful spectre that had haunted her for years—till very lately, when a stronger influence chased it away—assumed substance of form and feature, as the dark doorway framed the haggard, pain-stricken face of Mark Waring.

Chapter XX.

It is not very easy to confront, with decorous composure, the sudden apparition of the person on earth that one would have least liked to see. All things considered Cecil carried it off creditably, and greeted her unexpected visitor with sufficient cordiality. Mark took her offered hand gravely, without eagerness, not holding it an instant longer than was necessary. Then he spoke—

'They told me I should find you alone. I was so anxious to do so as soon as possible, that I ventured to break in upon you even at this unseasonable hour. You will guess that I had powerful reasons?'

The Tresilyan threw back her haughty head, as a war-horse might do at the first blast of the trumpet: she scented battle in the wind.

'Will you be good enough to explain yourself?' she said, as she took her own seat again, and motioned him into another; 'I am sure you would not trifle with me, or vex me unnecessarily.'

Waring did not avail himself of the chair indicated, but crossed his arms over the back of it, and stood so, regarding her intently.

'You only do me justice there,' he replied; 'I will speak briefly, and plainly too. I came here from Nice to ask you how much truth there is in the reports that couple your name with Major Keene's?'

No one likes to give the death-blow to the loyalty of a faithful adherent, be he ever so humble; and Cecil was bitterly pained that she could not speak truly, and satisfy him. Her face sank lower and lower, till it was buried in her hands. Nothing more was needed to convince Waring that his worst fears were realized; for a moment or two he felt sick and faint. No wonder; he had given up hope long ago, but not trust and faith; now, these were blasted utterly. In any religion, whether true or false, the fanatic is happier, if not wiser, than the infidel; if you cannot replace it with a better, it is cruel to shake the foundation of the simplest creed. Mark's voice—hollow, and hoarse, and changed—could not but betray his agony.

'God help us both! Has it come to this—that you have no words to answer me, when I dare to hint at your dishonour?'

She looked up quickly, flushing to her white brow, rose-red with anger.

'I will not endure this, even from you. Understand at once—I deny your right to question me.' The clear blue eyes met the violet ones with a steady, judicial calmness, undazzled by their ominous lightning.

'Listen to me quietly — two minutes longer,' he said, 'and then resent my presumption as much as you will. Three years ago it pleased you to make me the subject of an experiment. How far you acted heedlessly, and in ignorance of the consequences, I have never stopped to inquire—it would be wasting time; the sophistries of coquetry are too subtle for me. I only know what the result has been. Before I met you I could have offered to any woman, who thought it worth her acceptance, a healthy, honest love; now—even if I could conquer my present infatuation—I could only offer a feeling something warmer than friendship: to promise more would be base treachery. Do you think I would stand by God's altar with a worse lie than Ananias' on my lips? Is it nothing that, to gratify your vanity or your whims, you should have condemned a man, whose blood is not frozen yet, to something worse than widowhood for life? My religion may be a false and vain idolatry; but it is all I have to trust to. I will not stand patiently by and see the image that I have bowed down to worship pil-

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loried for the world to scorn. Now—do you deny my right to interfere?'

His words had a rude energy, though little eloquence; but they came so evidently from the depths of a strong, troubled heart, that they caused a revulsion in Cecil's feelings; returning remorse bore down her stubborn pride. Very low and plaintive was the whisper—'Ah! have mercy—have mercy; you make me so unhappy!' but there came a more piteous appeal from her eyes. In Mark's stout manhood was an element of more than womanish compassion and tenderness; he never could bear to see even a child in tears;—no wonder if his anger vanished before the contrition of the one being whom he loved far better than life. He lost sight of his own wrongs instantly, but *not* of the object he had in view.

'Forgive me for speaking so roughly; I ought to have declined your challenge. I behaved better once, you remember. But be patient while I plead for the Right,—though, if you would but listen to them, prudence and your own conscience could do that better than I. When infatuation exists, it is worse than useless to prove the object of it unworthy: so I will not attempt to blacken Major Keene's character; besides, it is not to my taste to attack men in their absence. I fear there are few capitals in Europe where his name is not too well known. From what I have heard, I believe his wife was most in fault when they separated; but the life he has led since deprives him of all right to complain of her, or condemn her. Recollect, you have only heard one side. But it is not a question of his eligibility as an acquaintance. There is the simple fact—he is married; and your name being connected with his, involves disgrace. You cannot have fallen yet so far as to be reckless about such an imputation? In my turn I say, "Have mercy!" Do not force me henceforth to disbelieve in the purity of any created thing.'

Cecil could only murmur, 'It is too late—too late!' The ghastly look of horror that swept over Waring's face showed that his thoughts had gone beyond the truth. 'I mean,' she went on, blushing painfully, 'that I have promised.'

'Promised!' Mark repeated, in high disdain; 'I have lived too long when I hear such devil's logic from your lips. You know full well there is more sin in keeping than in breaking such engagements. I will try to save you, in spite of yourself. Listen. I do not threaten; I know you well enough to be certain that such an argument would be the strongest temptation to you to persevere in taking your own course. I simply tell you what I will do. I shall speak to your brother first; if he cannot understand his duty, or shrinks from it, I will carry out what I believe to be mine. I utterly disapprove of and despise the practice of duelling; but, at any risk, I *will* stand between you and Major Keene. He shall not gain possession of you while I am alive. When I am dead—if you touch his hand you shall know that my blood is upon it, and the guilt shall be on your own head. I believe that, in keeping you apart, I should act kindly towards both. I do him this justice—it would make him miserable to see you pining away. There are limits to human endurance, and you are too proud to bear dishonour.'

Cecil felt that every word he had spoken was good and true, and that he would not waver in his purpose for an instant. She remembered how, when they were returning together, four days ago, the sidelong glance of a matronly Pharisee had lighted on her in a spiteful triumph; and how, though neither of them alluded to it afterwards, the dark-red flush of anger had mounted to Royston's forehead. She had ceased to care for herself; but could she not save *him*, while yet there was time? And more—had she not wrought wrong enough to Mark Waring without having his murder on her soul?—for she never doubted as to the result, if those two should meet as foes.

They talk of hair that has grown grey in the briefest space of mental anguish. It is all a delusion and an old wife's fable; when Cecil rose the next morning there was not a silver line in her tresses. Outward

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signs of the mortal struggle, while it lasted, there were none, for her clasped hands veiled her face jealously; when she raised it, her cheek was paler than death, and wet with an awful dew; and, when she spoke, her voice retained not one cadence of its wonted melody.

'You have prevailed, as the Truth always ought to prevail. Now, tell me what to do.'

Mark Waring would have drained his heart's blood, drop by drop, to have lightened one throb of her agony; but he never thought of flinching from his purpose.

'There are perils where the only safety lies in flight. You must leave this before Major Keene returns; and he returns to-morrow.'

Perhaps I have failed in making you understand one hereditary peculiarity of the Tresilyans. When their hand was fairly laid on the plough, they were incapable of looking back. Had Mark come ten hours later, when Cecil's purpose was absolutely fixed, all his arguments would have been futile. As it was, once having decided finally on the line she was to take, it never occurred to her to make further objections. 'Yes, I will go,' she said; 'but I must write to him.'

'I think you ought to do so,' answered Waring; 'and if you will give me the letter I will deliver it myself.'

Every vestige of the returning colour faded from Cecil's cheek. 'You do not know him: I dare not trust you.' He misinterpreted the cause of her terror. 'I promise you that, however angry Major Keene may be, I will bear it patiently, and never dream of resenting it. He is safe from me now.'

She smiled very sadly, yet not without a dreary pride; she could have seen Royston pitted against any mortal antagonist, and never would have feared for *him*. 'You scarcely understand me; I was not anxious for his safety, but for yours.'

Mark was too brave and single-hearted to suspect a taunt, even had such been intended. 'Then there is nothing more to be settled,' he said, quietly, 'but the time and manner of your departure. I will leave you now; I shall see you before you go.'

Cecil Tresilyan rose and laid her hand on his arm—her beautiful face fixed in its firm resolve, like that of one of those fair Norse Valas, from whose rigid lips flowed the bode of defeat or victory, when the Vikings went forth to the Feast of the Ravens.

'I am not angry with one word you have said to-night; you have only expressed what my own cowardly conscience ought to have uttered. Nevertheless, to-morrow sees our last meeting. All your account against me is fairly balanced now. I do not know what I may have to suffer; but I do know, that I *will* be alone till I die. Perhaps some day I may thank you in my thoughts for what you have done; I cannot—now.'

With a heavy heart, Waring owned to himself that her words were bitterly true. In curing such diseases the physician must work without hope of reward or fee; it will be long before the patient can touch without a shudder the hand that inflicted the saving cautery.

Her tone changed, and she went on murmuring, low and plaintively, as if in soliloquy, and unconscious of another's presence.

'I could not help loving him, though I knew it was sin; if there is shame in confessing it, I cannot feel it yet. I wish I had told him—*once*—how dearly I loved him; I shall never be able to whisper it to him now, and I dare not write it. No, he will not forget me as he has forgotten others; but he will hate me, and call me false, and fickle, and cold. Cold—if he could only read my heart! I never read it myself till now, when we must be parted for ever.'

Is it pleasant, think you, to listen to such words as these, uttered by the woman that you have worshipped, even if it be hopelessly, for years? Men have gone mad under lighter tortures than those that Mark Waring was then forced to endure. But he knew that it was the extremity of her anguish that had hardened for a season Cecil's gentle, generous nature, and made her heedless of the pain she inflicted

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So he answered in a slow, steady voice, such as we employ when trying to calm the ravings of a fever-fit:—

'Hush! you speak wildly. My presence here does you no good. You may think of me as hardly as you will; perhaps time will soften your judgment; if not—I shall still not repent to-night's work. I will come for your letter at the moment of your departure. Good night; I pray that God may help you now, and guard you always.' He raised her hand and just touched it with his lips, with the same grave courtesy that had marked his manner when they parted last, three years ago; and in another second Cecil was alone again.

She was not long in recovering from her bewilderment; and, when Mrs. Danvers returned, she was perfectly collected and calm. It is not worth while recording Bessie's noisy expressions of astonishment and delight, nor describing Dick Tresilyan's way of receiving notice of the sudden change in their plans. His stolid composure was not greatly disturbed thereby; he muttered, under his breath, some sulky anathemas on 'women who never knew their own minds;' but this was only because he considered a growl to be the form of protest suitable to the circumstances, and due to his masculine dignity. On the whole, he was rather glad to go. It had become evident, even to his dull comprehension, that great mischief was brewing somewhere; and for days past he had been in a state of hazy apprehension—as he expressed it, 'not seeing his way out of it at all.' So he set about his part of the preparations for their exodus with a right good will. Neither will we give the details of Cecil's parting with *la mignonne*. The latter was so rejoiced at the idea of her friend's being out of harm's way, that she did not question her much as to the reasons for such an abrupt departure: it was not till afterwards that she learnt that it had been brought about by the influence of Waring. It is unnecessary to mention, that the adieus were not accomplished without a certain amount of tears; but they were all shed by Fanny Molyneux. Cecil dared not yet trust herself to weep. She took a far more formal farewell of Mr. Fullarton, and the chaplain did not even venture on a parting benediction.

The heavy travelling chariot, with its hundred cunning contrivances, is packed at last; and Karl, the accomplished courier, wiping from his blonde moustache the drops of the stirrup-cup, touches his cap with his accustomed formula—'*Zi ces dames zont brêtes?*' Mark Waring leans over the carriage-door to say 'Good bye:' the hand he presses lies in his grasp, unresponsive and unsympathetic as a splinter from an iceberg. His sad, earnest look pleads in vain, for there is no softening or kindness in Cecil's desolate, dreamy eyes. The road on which they are to travel is the same for some leagues as that along which Royston Keene must return; and she is thinking, divided betwixt hope and fear, if there may not be a possibility of their meeting. The wheels move, and hasty farewells are waved; and Mark stands there half stupefied, unconscious of anything but a sense of lonely wretchedness. The one solitary link that still binds him to Cecil Tresilyan will be severed when the letter is delivered that he holds in his hand.

As the carriage swept round the corner of the terrace, it passed close to the spot where Armand de Châteaumesnil sate, basking in the sunshine. The invalid lifted his cap in courteous adieu, but his face grew dark and his shaggy brows were knit savagely.

'On l'a triché donc, après tout,' he muttered; 'Sang dieu! les absens ont diablement tort.' Sunk as she was at that moment in gloomy meditations, Cecil never forgot that the last object on which her eyes lighted in Dorade was the blasted wreck of the crippled Algerian.

Molyneux and his wife stood silent till their friends were quite out of sight; then Harry turned slowly round and gazed at his *mignonne*. He knew that the same thought was in both their minds, for her sweet face was paler than his own. (Neither of them guessed at the truth; and they saw in Mark

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Waring nothing more than an old acquaintance of the Tresilyans.)

'Royston will be here in four hours,' he said, 'and who will tell him this? *I* dare not.'

Fanny feigned a carelessness that she was far from feeling.

'I don't know how that is to be managed; but I believe it is all for the best. He can't kill either of us; that is some comfort.'

Harry did not smile; his countenance wore an expression of grave anxiety, such as had seldom appeared there.

'No, he will not hurt us; but I fear he will have *some one's* blood before all is done.'

BAKERS AND BUILDERS.

BY A GRUMBLER.

IT is not for the sake of alliteration that I bring the Bakers and Builders of the metropolis into juxtaposition. I want to compare the real grievances of the one class with the unfounded complaints and unjust demands of the other. I wish to state clearly, concisely, and without exaggeration, the hard and cruel case of a class of men truly overworked and under-paid; and to excite on their behalf that sympathy of which the other class seem to me so utterly unworthy. The journeymen bakers will, I trust, gain something by the comparison; I shall not be sorry if the journeymen builders are losers in like proportion.

The journeymen builders, working in the open air, or employed in spacious and airy workshops, affirm that their strength is overtaxed by ten hours of a labour lightened in many instances by conditions of their own imposing. The journeymen bakers, toiling through the night, and for from eighteen to twenty, or even twenty-one, hours out of the twenty-four, with irregular intervals of rest, and only three, four, or five hours of continuous sleep in bed; working, and often sleeping, underground, in damp and offensive basements of second and third class houses, amid heat and dust and suffocating gusts of sulphurous gas from the oven's mouth, with heavy weights to lift and carry,—these men ask of us, as a precious boon, to be allowed to work twelve hours a day only; and I cannot bring myself to think that their most reasonable request will be refused. In presence of their just claims to relief, into what utter insignificance do not the demands of our building operatives sink? I am ashamed to mention them in the same breath. These dastards of the hod and trowel turn faint at the thought of ten hours' labour, and are not ashamed to parade their effeminacy before honest working men of every calling under the sun, whose health and strength give the lie to their assertions. Ten hours a day! Why, what real worker is there in any profession, trade, or walk in life, who would not be too happy to compound for only ten hours' work per diem? What parson, what doctor, what lawyer whose professional lot is cast in this great Babylon, would not rejoice to have his working hours reduced to ten? How many of our tradesmen, shopmen, or foremen are able to get through their day's work in the same time? If this pretence of inability to work ten hours a day rested on any sound foundation, Englishmen would have cause to tremble lest the strength and stamina which have so often conquered our foes by land and sea should be found unequal in the coming wars. But the journeymen bakers are living illustrations of the natural strength of English frames and English constitutions. They suffer fearfully, but they wonderfully survive their prolonged and unwholesome toils. That they do suffer in health and strength is something more than mere assertion. It is no mere inference from the history of their miserable lives. They have been carefully compared with other classes of men, by a physician accustomed to sanitary inquiries, and these, in few words, are the results of the comparison.

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Of one hundred silk-printers, eighteen stated that they were subject to complaints of one sort or another; of one hundred scavengers similarly questioned, nineteen made complaints; of one hundred bricklayers' labourers, twenty-five; of one hundred carpenters, twenty-six; of one hundred brickmakers, thirty-six; but of one hundred bakers no less than seventy were subject to diseases more or less severe.

The results of similar inquiries directed to ascertain the existence of *severe* diseases among different classes of working men proved confirmatory of these statements; for while ten scavengers in a hundred, eleven bricklayers' labourers, and twelve silk-printers had had severe attacks of illness, forty-eight per cent., or very nearly half of the bakers, had suffered in the same way.

But a still more striking illustration of the baneful effects of night-work and over-work, under peculiarly unfavourable circumstances, on the health of the poor journeymen bakers, arises out of a comparison of the baker with the compositor. Out of a hundred compositors selected as being employed in the smallest, closest, and hottest rooms, one-fourth were found subject to severe diseases of the chest; but the fraction in the case of the bakers, taken as they came to hand, without selection, amounted to four-fifths. The consumptive cases among the bakers were found to bear to the same cases among the compositors the proportion of thirty-one to twelve. It is needless to add that the journeymen bakers are very short-lived.

The journeymen bakers, therefore, are more than twice as liable to attacks of illness as the most sickly class with whom they have been compared; more than twice as liable also to severe diseases; more than three times as subject to chest complaints, as the least favourably circumstanced among the unhealthy class of compositors; and nearly three times as subject to consumption as they are.

Now mark the result of this excessive liability to diseases, and especially to long and lingering maladies. The trade is choked and clogged with sickly men, who, as soon as they are convalescent, offer their services for inferior wages, in competition with their healthier fellow-workmen; so that instead of receiving, like the skilled and unskilled men in the building trades, 5*s*. 6*d*. or 3*s*. 4*d*. a-day for ten hours' healthy open-air work, they would deem themselves too fortunate if they could command three-fourths of those sums for nearly twice the number of hours of most unwholesome in-door labour.

Here, then, we have a real and substantial grievance. Here is a set of men overworked, underpaid, sickly, and short-lived, truly deserving of the sympathy and compassion of the public, renewing a peaceful agitation which nearly proved successful ten years ago, and endeavouring to compass their righteous objects by perfectly legitimate means. Contrast their real grievances with the false pretences of the operatives in the building trade, claiming nine hours' labour for ten hours' wages; tyrannizing over fellow-workmen and employers alike by standing combinations; reducing the honest, able, and willing workman to the mean level of the dishonest, idle, and incapable; organizing a cruel and tyrannical system of espionage; threatening personal violence; imposing arbitrary fines; branding honest and independent acts with opprobrious epithets; refusing, with affected disgust, to give either a verbal or written promise to conduct themselves with common honesty in their dealings with their employers: in a word, establishing in the heart of a free country the same despicable tyranny which shocks and revolts us when we see it clothed in purple and fine linen seated on the tottering throne of France. This tyranny in fustian is not a whit more tolerable, and it is even less defensible. Let us then enter our earnest protest against it. But that our protest may have its due force and value, let us, on the other hand, sympathize warmly and to good purpose with the wholesome and legitimate agitation of those who have real grievances, and who suffer so much by the bad habits

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of a trade that admits of such easy and safe reform.

Those bad habits are, it is believed, to be traced to very trifling causes. It is confidently alleged by bakers themselves that the system of nightwork has been brought about by a demand, not for hot rolls, but for hot loaves of bread early in the morning; that this demand originates mainly with the working-classes, and especially with that great *classe dangereuse* which, while it has money or credit, denies itself no unwholesome luxury, and cares as little for the poor journeyman baker, whom it robs of his night's rest, as for the rich man, whom it cheats or plunders. Verily a small and mean cause is in this case the parent of a very great and disastrous effect, involving the health and strength, the comfort and the morals, of some twelve thousand working men and their families. Would that this case stood alone. But alas! it is only the sample of a class of gigantic evils which, springing originally from the weak impulses of individuals, gain force by addition and co-operation, and react with equal force and most fatal effect on other individuals still more numerous, who present an aggregate of misery seemingly out of all proportion to the petty motives and personal insignificance of the original offenders.

One word more. The public has now before it two agitations, in the issue of which they cannot but feel interested. If they condemn the one for its tyrannical injustice, the best way to give value to their protest is to recognise by word and deed the claims to kind consideration and effective aid of the other. While they coldly repel the building operatives with one hand, let them warmly welcome the poor journeymen bakers with the other.

PORT ROYAL AND THE PORT ROYALISTS.*

HOW few of the hundreds of 'Anglais' who find their way to Versailles during the season, and tire themselves amidst its glories—pictorial, historical, and picturesque—know that there is, within an easy drive, a spot of not less passionate, and far more solemn interest, where they may spend a day of calm and delicious repose when fatigued with the more splendid novelties of sight-seeingthat await the Parisian visitor. In a wide-stretching valley about eight miles on the road to Chêvreuse lie the remains of the once-famous Monastery of Port Royal des Champs. The road is not a particularly interesting one; yet it has its points of attraction. As Versailles, with its dreary regularity of streets, and oppressively idle military air, is left behind, and the open country penetrated, the level and dusty plains are exchanged for a more varied and picturesque route. At a turn the road takes a descent, and brings into view a scene of pretty rural freshness, with copsewood rising above, and a stream half-covered gliding away in front; then as the hill on the opposite side is ascended, and the long even line of road once more gained, an antique mouldering village, with the most quaint little church, helps to break the monotony of the journey. What a peaceful dulness seemed to brood over that village! the very grey lichen-marked stones in the old church seemed to sleep in the lazy sunshine; and the straggling vines, with their pale leaves drooping over the cottage-doors, favoured the general impression of weariness.

At length, when the eye was beginning to tire in search of some further variety, we reached a point where the road breaks into a long sweeping declivity, embracing within its ample circuit an extended valley, crowned at its higher extremities by an irregular outline of wood, and presenting nearer hand the traces of a garden, with farm-house and venerable dove-cot; and nearer still the ruins of a chapel, with the ground in front terraced and intersected. An air of neglect and ruin

* *Select Memoirs of Port Royal.* By M. A. Schimmelpenninck. Fifth Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1858.

rested on the whole. And as we descended the slope, and the valley gradually opened up, we could notice more distinctly the appearances of waste and sad decay that everywhere presented themselves. It was not much, after all, to have come to see; but a strange thrill of emotion seized us as we stood and looked down on that valley, and its rude and broken monuments, and thought of the hallowed memories that clung to them, and the passionate devotions of which they had once been the scene. It was impossible not to admire the seclusion of the spot. Imagine a vast amphitheatre, 'shagged with forest-trees—beech, horse and Spanish chestnut, lime and ash'—rising on one side in somewhat precipitous banks, and on the other extending in a more gentle eminence, with a narrow stream gleaming through the brushwood in the centre. Save on the side on which we stood, the world seemed shut out altogether. The dove-cot and the farm-house were silent in the grey, hazy atmosphere. There were no signs of life or of cheerful order about. The stillness as of a buried past—an ancient devotion, which still remembered its long vigils there—hung around the scene.

On a closer inspection we were able to trace, with some degree of detail, the outline of the ruins, especially of the chapel and of the terrace, on which the house of the Duchess de Longueville stood. The former is almost entirely destroyed; the broken bases of the pillars and the steps of the altar alone surviving. The grass grows around them in wild profusion as when Mrs. Schimmelpenninck visited the place in 1814; but there were no longer any appearances of the 'heads of angels, or rich pieces of gothic fret-work, or broken columns, or capitals peeping out under the rich profusion of wild-flowers which covered them.' Near where the high altar stood, there still stands the 'spreading walnut tree' under which she moralized; and there has been erected since a slight and rude building on the very site of the altar, a kind of rough *sanctum*, surmounted by a cross, and enclosing various memorials of the spot.

It was a melancholy pleasure to wander meditatively along the deserted and grass-grown aisles, and to survey with a heart full of vague but vivid reminiscences the relics to which our attention was invited. The portraits were perhaps the most interesting. Arnauld, Le Maitre, De Saci, Quesnel, Nicole, Pascal, the Mère Angelique, the Mère Agnes, and Jacqueline Pascal, and Dr. Hamon the physician, looked down upon us with a mute pathos from those bare walls. There where their sublime and tender piety reached its highest expression—where the recluses from the neighbouring Grange came to mingle their prayers with the sainted sisterhood—their silent presence still dwelt. Never before had we so well realized the unearthly beauty and self-sacrifice of their lives, the sad and terrible glory of their sufferings, and the calm triumph of their unfailing faith. We were particularly struck with two portraits of the Mère Agnes, exquisitely and tenderly touching in the depth of earnest patience and long-borne trial which they express. Above the entrance to the building, and below the cross, which is its only external ornament, the following lines are inscribed:—

Entres dans un profond et saint recueillement,
Chretiens qui visitez la place, en ce moment,
D'un autel ou Jésus, immolé pour nos crimes,
S'offrait à Dieu son père entouré de victimes,
Qu'avec lui l'Esprit-Saint embrasait de son feu,
Figures vous présents ces Prêtres vénérables,
Ces humbles pénitents, ces docteurs admirables,
Lumières de leur siècle, et l'honneur de ce lieu,
Retraces vous chœur où s'assemblaient des anges.
Du Seigneur, nuit et jour célébrant les louanges;
Et de ces souvenirs recueillez quelque fruit,
Dans ce vallon désert où l'homme a tout détruit.

Various inscriptions of a similar character, of no poetic grace or vigour, but impressive in their devotional simplicity and their unaf-

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fected spirit of admiration, are attached to several of the portraits. The Mère Angelique is addressed in lines beginning 'O Mère en Israël! O femme vraiment forte;' the eloquent Le Maitre is the 'l'Aigle des Orateurs;' De Sacy a 'vrai chrétien dès l'enfance.' And the great Arnauld, with more extended encomium, as was becoming, is held forth as the Prince of Doctors, and the most zealous defender of the Catholic faith—

> Contemplez nos amis, ce Docteur admirable
> De la religion colonne inébranlable
> Arnauld, le grand Arnauld, ce zélé défenseur,
> De la loi, de la grâce, et des droits du Sauveur.
> *Qui foudroya Calvin, qui terrassa Pélage.*

The most interesting spot, perhaps, after the chapel, is the fountain of the Mère Angelique. It is situated at the corner of the terrace occupied by the Hôtel Longueville, which extended along almost the whole side of Port Royal in the direction of the Chêvreuse road. The Hôtel has long since disappeared, but the outline of the terrace is distinctly marked; and one long dilapidated corridor is still visible, running underneath the ground:—

> Near this place (says Mrs. Schimmelpenninck), oozing from a rocky bed, and entirely enclosed with venerable and aged trees, gushes a cool and limpid fountain; it is called the fountain of Our Mère Angelique; and close by its side are the remains of the stone seat which was her favourite place of retirement and prayer. This sacred spot, where the trees, interweaving their branches above, form a thick gloom, and where no sound is heard but the gurgling of the water, was peculiarly striking.

We do not know whether Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's somewhat lively feelings have here, as elsewhere, given a colouring to her description scarcely warranted by the bare realities, or whether, as is not unlikely, considerable changes have occurred in the interval; but we certainly did not find the fountain of the Mère Angelique so secluded and embowered a spot as she represents it; while the stone seat of prayer does not dwell in our memory. It is still, however, a sheltered and meditative retreat; a holier spot within the dim religious solitariness of the valley.

On the opposite extremity from that on which we entered, surmounting the steepest side of the valley, rises the celebrated farmhouse of Les Granges, the abode of Arnauld and Pascal, and the other distinguished recluses whose writings have shed an undying lustre around Port Royal. It is separated from the monastery about half a mile, perhaps, and a pathway down the steep conducted the recluses, morning and evening, to their devotions in the chapel. But the monastery was kept sacred even from their hallowed intrusion. About a half of the original building is still standing,—a high and solid-looking structure with narrow windows, conveying now, as in the days when Hamon fasted and Pascal studied in it, the idea of great security and privacy. In Hamon's room were preserved 'the furnace, oven, mortar, and various other utensils,' which he used for preparing medicines for the poor, and 'a board on which he used to sleep instead of a mattress;' with the staples which held his book-case, and the alarum by which he called himself to midnight prayer. In the centre of the court-yard is still to be seen Pascal's famous well, constructed under his superintendence, to draw up the water from the level of the valley beneath; so happily devised in its machinery, that a child of ten years old could with ease draw up a quantity of water 'equal to nine common buckets.'

Around the farm-house there is a large garden, or rather orchard, thickly planted with trees, and presenting here and there beautiful prospects of the valley. Little arbours were arranged in this garden, which served as places of retirement and meditation to the recluses during their work. Aged trees were still standing which carried the thoughts back to the sainted men who lived and laboured there; and the hastening evening invited to meditation; but also to departure.

With a quiet saunter through this

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garden and a last lingering look on the valley and its scattered and defaced memorials sleeping beneath, we finished our pilgrimage to Port Royal. We carried with us,—heretics though we were,—the *Manuel du Pelerinage de Port Royal,* written by the Abbé Gazagnes, and sought to get what good from it we could. Our reverence, however, could not rise to its elaborate pitch. We felt the sanctity of the spot, and were awed and excited by the long-suffering heroism which it commemorated; but the devout Jansenist of the present day finds a special religious duty in making the pilgrimage of Port Royal, and visiting in succession all the holy places consecrated as the scenes of the lives or deaths or burial-places of its saints. The 'Manual' is a hand-book, or guide, to these pilgrims. It lays down the plan of the stations, and mentions for what each station is distinguished, and gives a ritual of psalms or meditations which may be appropriately used at each. The existence of such a manual testifies strongly to the passionate interest which the Jansenist remnant still take in the traditions of their sect, and the pious gratitude and reverence with which they regard its founders. Port Royal was the highest expression of Jansenism, and the consecrated memories of the spot remain its proudest glory.

The foundation of the Abbey of Port Royal carries us back to the beginning of the thirteenth century. The name itself is attributed to Philip Augustus, who having lost his way in the chase, again rejoined in this valley his followers, and found himself once more safe in its sheltered retreat. In the same reign, the Lord of Marli, a younger son of the house of Montmorenci, having formed the design of visiting the Holy Land, left with his wife, Mathilde de Garlande, a sum of money to be expended during his absence in some work of piety. She took into her counsel Eudes or Otho of Sully, Bishop of Paris, and by his advice she resolved to found a monastery in the Safe Valley, or Port Royal. The foundations of the church and monastery were laid in 1204; they were designed by the same architect who built the cathedral of Amiens, and ere long the graceful and beautiful structures were seen adorning the wilderness. The nuns belonged to the Cistercian order; their dress was white woollen with a black veil, but afterwards they adopted as their distinctive badge a large scarlet cross on their white scapulary, as the symbol of the 'Institute of the Holy Sacrament.' The abbey underwent the usual history of such institutions. Distinguished at first by the strictness of its discipline and the piety of its inmates, it became gradually corrupted with increasing wealth and prosperity, until, in the end of the sixteenth century, great and scandalous abuses prevailed in it. The revenues were squandered in luxury; the nuns did as they liked; and the extravagances and dissipations of the world were repeated amid the solitudes that had been consecrated to devotion and charity. Disorder had reached a disgraceful and intolerable height.

At this juncture the abbess died, and according to the corrupt practice of the time, the young daughter of Antony Arnauld, not yet eleven years of age, was nominated to the office. The Arnaulds were a family of rising distinction. The grandfather had been councillor of Catherine de Medicis. Antony Arnauld himself, by a brilliant career before the Parliament, and his energetic defence of the University of Paris against the Jesuits, had acquired a wide celebrity. He was blessed with twenty-two children, and the race was not only prolific in the third generation, but the family energy and talent were destined to attain in several of its branches its most illustrious and enduring reputation. Three of this widely-spreading stock especially, Jaqueline Marie Angelique, Jeanne Catherine Agnes de St. Paul, and he who became the 'Great Arnauld,' were to raise the name to an imperishable renown, and fix it in the highest niche of their country's religious and literary fame. The two sisters were early habituated to a career of ambition. Their maternal grandfather set before them the prospect of being abbesses. The elder rejoiced with a proud sense of

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power in the prospect; the younger seemed on reflection to shrink from it. The little Agnes is represented as urging the responsibility of giving to God an account of the souls under her care, and remarking that she would have enough to do to take care of her own. The elder, Angelique, was without any such fears, and was resolved 'to make the nuns thoroughly do their duty.' The admiring biographer finds in this trait of infancy the indication of their future character and career; the masculine energy, resolute spirit, and legislative daring, which distinguished the one; and the passive rather than active strength of character, and mild triumphant patience of suffering, which ennobled the other.

In the mean time, the nuns of Port Royal had no apprehensions of what awaited them, and rejoiced in the appointment of a child-abbess, as affording them the prospect of more than usual immunity in their self-indulgence and dissipations. The young Angelique at first thought little of her position or duties. She did not, however, mingle in the loose recreations of the place, but devoted herself to books and quiet study. Plutarch's *Lives* was her favourite manual, and in communion with the great characters of ancient history she was forming herself unconsciously for the arduous task before her.

At length, when she had reached the age of seventeen, an accidental event awakened her to a new life, and determined her remarkable career. A Capuchin friar, who had risen above the prejudices of his order, and who, in consequence, had resolved to quit France and the spiritual bondage in which he felt himself, reached Port Royal in the course of his flight. He was received with welcome, in ignorance, probably, of his peculiar position, and requested to preach. He did so; and the eloquence of his appeal on the misery and danger of sin, and the power and blessings of true religion, went to the heart of the young abbess. She was moved as she had never been before. The slumbering instincts of her nature towards a work of high self-devotion and aspiring ardour in the cause of religion were fully aroused, and she resolved henceforth to give herself wholly to this work. It was not only her own life and character that must be changed, but a reformation must be wrought in the whole monastic system entrusted to her. A serious illness into which she fell at the same time, served to prolong and deepen these impressions. Plutarch's *Lives* were exchanged for the Holy Scriptures; and meditation and prayer, and reading the Scriptures, now divided her solitary hours.

She came forth from her sick chamber strong in a faith and purpose from which she never swerved. Immediately she set about her great task of reformation, in the face of the most formidable and trying difficulties. She determined that Port Royal should, not in name only, but in reality, be a place of religious seclusion. The world, with its vanities and excesses, should be rigorously excluded from its precincts; the nuns should no longer wear fashionable attire; and no longer give and receive entertainments, gloved and masked, as they had been accustomed to do, in imitation of their unveiled sisters in Paris. They must resume their simple dress, see their relations in the parlour, and no stranger was to be allowed to enter the interior of the monastery. She included her own relations in this interdiction, and prepared, with that singular energy of purpose that marked her, to carry out her resolution.

The manner in which she did so in the case of her father and family, is a well-known feature of her history; half sublime, if it were not for that tinge of unnaturalness which gives a sickly hue to many aspects of the Port Royal heroism. Undeterred by his daughter's representations, M. Arnauld, with his wife and several members of his family, proceeded to make his accustomed visit to his daughter during the vacation of his own labours. Arrived at the entrance, he knocked loudly for admission. The rejoicing parent could not understand anything but alacrity on the part of his daughter to receive him. Other and stronger feelings, however, struggled in her heart against the impulses of filial affection and obe-

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dience. Having strengthened herself by prayer, she appeared at the wicket, and urged him to go into the little parlour by the side of the gate, that she might speak with him. But the gates of the Abbey remained firmly closed. The astonished father gave vent to indignation and remonstrances, and then to reproaches and even insults. But she continued firm; and M. Arnauld had ordered the horses to return, and was about to reseat himself in the carriage, when he suddenly paused, and bethought himself that he should go into the parlour and say a final word of adieu to his daughter. While he entered on one side, she entered on the other; and when she observed the expression of grief on her father's countenance, and heard him say, in accents of the deepest feeling, 'I shall, indeed, never see you more; yet for my sake spare your health, I entreat you,' her unnatural strength gave way; her body failed under the conflicting pressure of her feelings, and she fell senseless at his feet.

This gave a new turn to the whole matter. The father's heart, already softened, was moved to repentance at the sight of his daughter's distress. When she recovered, explanations were scarcely needed; it seemed as if father and daughter had come thoroughly to understand one another in that brief moment of sorrow. The impatient affection of the one, and the struggling self-denial of the other, were appreciated; and a higher union of love and esteem sprang out of the momentary estrangement. From this memorable day, called in the annals of Port Royal *la journée du Guichet*, the Mère Angelique, we are told, found the firmest support from every member of her own family. 'In five years the monastery was entirely changed. The whole community presented a pattern of piety, charity, industry, self-denial, regularity, and every good work.'

The fame of the great reformation at Port Royal soon extended throughout the kingdom; inquiries were made regarding it, and a spirit of zeal and reform excited elsewhere. Solicitations were addressed to the Abbess to render her assistance in this good work, which she at first declined, on the plea of not being at liberty to quit her own monastery. The General of Citeaux, however, gave her commission to enlarge the sphere of her labours, and initiate reforms wherever they were desired; and with this view she and some of her principal assistants visited in succession the monasteries of Maubuisson, Lys, St. Aubin, St. Cyr, Gomerfontaine, Tard, the Isles d'Auxerres, and other places. Her sister, the M. Agnes, who had entered heartily into her spirit and adopted all her plans, was a worthy companion to her in all these labours.

The difficulties they encountered in this work of missionary reform are very curious and interesting, furnishing a strange picture of the contrasts of monastic life, and the ludicrous features that mingled with its more solemn and austere duties. The abbey of Maubuisson, in the vicinity of Paris, was one of the most opulent and corrupt of the Order of Citeaux. Henry IV. had transferred its management to the sister of his well-known mistress, the beautiful Gabrielle d'Etrées. By a not very kingly trick, it is said, he had accomplished this; and the fruits which sprang from such an unholy nomination were of a corresponding character. Madame d'Etrées became notorious even among a corrupt race of abbesses; the irregularities of Maubuisson were a subject of public infamy, and in 1617 a peremptory order was issued by Louis XIII. to inquire into them and apply the necessary remedy.

Dom Boucherat, the abbot of Citeaux and general of the order, was a good, easy man, careful for the reputation of his order, yet not willing to give himself trouble or to offend unnecessarily one having such powerful connexions as Madame d'Etrées. He sent messengers accordingly to make a sensible remonstrance to the lady on the improprieties which had rendered her monastery a subject of public scandal, and urging her to introduce at her own instance the necessary reforms. He little knew, however, the temper of the Abbess of Maubuisson. Incensed at interference, she seized the messengers and imprisoned them in one of the towers of

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the abbey, kept them some days without food, and subjected them to all manner of harsh treatment. She dismissed them at length with disgrace; and revelled all the more in her lawlessness.

A second set of messengers received even more ignominious treatment. She not only incarcerated and half-starved them, but she even went the length of having them severely scourged every day. It was obvious that a lady of this temper was not to be dealt with by ordinary means. The abbot himself, with a numerous retinue, was obliged to make a visit to the abbey, and summon the daring abbess before him. She refused, however, to make her appearance; neither entreaties nor threats could move her; and nothing remained but to submit his report to the King, and to receive powers to expel by force one who was inaccessible to any milder arguments. A commission was accordingly issued to arrest Madame d'Etrées, and to put her in confinement in the Convent of the Filles Pénitentes de St. Marie at Paris.

It was more easy to issue this commission, however, than to carry it out. On the 3rd of February, 1618, M. de Citeaux, with his suite, accompanied by the Provost of the Maréchaussée and a numerous company of archers, arrived at Maubuisson. The abbot, with his accustomed leniency, rode forward by himself, to try his powers of persuasion once more upon the recreant abbess. She refused, however, as before, to make her appearance; and the gates were kept firmly closed against him. He had no alternative but to apply the secular arm. The gates were forcibly burst open, the monastery possessed by the troops, and a diligent search made for the abbess. For a while she eluded their vigilance, but at length she was discovered, half-frozen with cold, in some hiding-place into which she had run from her bed when she found the monastery in the hands of her enemies. She was carried shivering back to her bed; an indulgence which quickened her ingenious pertinacity, and enabled her for some time still to renew her resistance. She refused to get up again; and after waiting till the middle of next day, the provost was driven to the expedient of having her taken up, mattress and all, by four of the archers, and transferred, wrapped in blankets as she lay, to the carriage in waiting for her. In this manner she was conducted, under an armed escort, to her place of confinement.

It was at this stage of the history of Maubuisson that the interposition of the Mère Angelique was called for. To her was entrusted by the abbot the temporary superiority of the monastery, and the task of reducing the unruly community to some appearance of order. Leaving her sister, the Mère Agnes, in charge of Port Royal as sub-prioress, she took three of her most trustworthy nuns with her, and proceeded to the accomplishment of her unenviable duty. She felt fully the painfulness and even the dangers of it. 'My dear sisters,' she said, 'it may very probably be necessary that not our health but our lives should be sacrificed in accomplishing this work; but the work is a work of God.'

The community consisted of two-and-twenty nuns, sunk in a state of the grossest ignorance, and so dead to all sense of religion that they had resorted to the expedient of drawing up three or four protocols of confession, which they were in the habit of lending to each other when they could no longer defer attending the confessional. It may be imagined that but little could be done to improve the members of such a community, and reformation would indeed have been a fruitless task if confined to them. But the Mère Angelique having received authority to admit novices, she prosecuted her work of instruction and discipline with such zeal among them, that the monastery soon began to assume a quite altered appearance. The services were performed with regularity; the song of the choir, sustained by voices 'clear and distinct, yet sweet and grave,' once more rose around the altar; a spirit of economy, self-denial, and charity entered into all the management of the community; and the Mère Angelique herself stood foremost in every good work, and as an example in the performance of the most servile and laborious offices. The spacious apartments of Madame

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d'Etrées she converted into an infirmary for the treatment of the sick, and selected for her own accommodation a poor and confined little cell.

Everything went on cheerfully and well; the younger nuns were becoming daily more animated by the self-denying spirit of their abbess, and even the older ones were beginning to submit with patience, and some degree of interest, to the restored order which prevailed in the establishment; when an unexpected event plunged the community once more into confusion. Madame d'Etrées had been forced to yield to the archers of the Provost of Maréchaussée; but her spirit remained unextinguished. She contrived, with the assistance of her brother-in-law, the Count de Sanzé, and some of his companions, to effect her escape from the convent of the Filles Pénitentes de St. Marie, and, escorted by the disorderly youth, she made her sudden appearance before the gates of Maubuisson. An accomplice within the monastery, one of the most abandoned of her old companions, the Mère de la Serre, opened to her the door conducting to the internal choir of the nuns; and the Mère Angelique found herself confronted by the dauntless virago in the scene of her quiet labours. Undismayed, according to the story, she received Madame d'Etrées with politeness, conducted her to her old apartments, and had a fitting entertainment provided for her. This, however, only exasperated her proud spirit. She demanded to be left in possession of the monastery; and when she found the Mère Angelique firm under all persuasion, and determined to maintain her position, unless relieved from it by her superiors, she had recourse to a disgraceful stratagem to expel her. She assumed a cordial manner, and proposed that they should all go to church together. While there, Madame de la Serre, by a preconcerted arrangement, opened the external door; the Count de Sanzé, with his companions, rushed in with drawn swords, shouting and brandishing their glittering blades around the head of the abbess; and at length, as she maintained an unmoved countenance, and refused to fly from the threatened violence, they seized her by force, and thrust her out of the monastery. Nearly thirty of the nuns followed her, and after commending themselves to God in their destitution, they took their way to the neighbouring town of Pontoise.

The base triumph of Madame d'Etrées was short-lived. Once more M. de Citeaux, with an increased force of archers, took his way to quell his rebellious vassal. As the cloud of dust and glittering of arms were seen through the trees on the road to Paris, weakness or despair at length seized the heart of the insubordinate abbess, and she fled in disguise with her companions through a concealed door. Having been discovered, she was transferred to her old place of confinement, and thence finally to the prisons of the Chatêlet. Misfortune did not improve her; her spirit remained unhumbled amid all the miseries of her confinement; and she closed a scandalous career by an unhonoured death. A single trait of pious memory lingers around her name. It was found after her death that a casket which she kept near her, and which was supposed to contain her most precious effects, contained only a New Testament and a Thomas à Kempis. Who can tell that even so defiant and shameless a heart had not yielded at length to their soothing lessons?

The renown of Port Royal continued to gather with years, and with its renown the numbers who sought admittance to it. Originally intended for only twelve nuns, it was now inhabited by eighty. In the midst of their prosperity, and probably owing in some degree to the undue numbers crowded into it, but more especially to the marshy condition of the valley, disease broke out. Deaths rapidly succeeded one another, and it became necessary to take some steps for the removal of the nuns. In this emergency, the mother of the Mère Angelique provided a remedy. She had been left a widow with a considerable fortune, and approving heartily her daughter's plans, she purchased a large house, called the Hôtel Clagny, in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and presented it to the Mère Angelique. It was soon made

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ready for their reception; and in 1625 the nuns were transferred to this new abode, which received the appellation of Port Royal de Paris, in contradistinction to Port Royal des Champs.

It was while resident here that the Mère Angelique formed the friendship of M. de St. Cyran, whose name and influence are henceforth so identified with Port Royal. Jean Baptiste du Verger d'Hauranne, better known as the Abbé de St. Cyran, was one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable age. A fellow student at Louvain, and then at Bayonne, with Cornelius Jansen, he had devoted himself no less than his friend to the study of Augustine, and imbibed thoroughly the spirit and doctrines of the great Father of the West. Endowed with a penetrating and powerful genius, he had early attracted the notice of Richelieu. The great minister thought to make him subservient to his ambitious aims, and used every effort to secure the aid of his talents; but the pure and lofty student of Augustine stood aloof from his advances. Unable to bind him to his service, the Cardinal made him feel the weight of his power; and finally, on his refusal to sanction the divorce of Gascon, Duke of Orleans, who desired to marry his niece, he shut him up in the Castle of Vincennes. Before this act of tyranny, however, M. de St. Cyran had established such a powerful connexion with Port Royal, as the director of the monastery, that, immured as he was at Vincennes, his spirit animated the whole community; and his educational schemes were vigorously prosecuted by the recluses settled there. His fervent piety, combined with the natural authority of his character, and the devout catholicity of all his teaching, gave him a peculiar influence with the Mère Angelique. His strong spirit sustained and directed her in all her labours. She seemed to recognise in him again the pious image of St. Francis de Sales, only elevated by a clearer intellect, and a more enlightened devotion.

But it was not only over the nuns of Port Royal that St. Cyran exercised his spiritual control. His commanding character attracted disciples among the most able and distinguished young men of the day. M. Le Maitre, a nephew of the Mère Angelique, had risen at an early age to great eminence at the bar, and was gifted with such a wonderful eloquence that crowds thronged to hear him plead. His brother, M. de Sericourt, had obtained a great military reputation. Suddenly both abandoned the world, and betook themselves to a life of religious seclusion. M. Claude Lancelot and other young men, who had lived in familiar intercourse with St. Cyran, joined them. They formed a compact body of disciples, devoted to the service of religion, and animated by a common zeal. Their house in Paris becoming too confined for their numbers, they resolved to retire to the University of Port Royal des Champs, which had now been deserted during thirteen years. Here, in 1638, they laid the foundation of the famous association of recluses which more lately established themselves at Les Granges.

The waste monastery was speedily repaired by their efforts; the marshy ground drained, and the water formed into lakes—the tangled brushwood cleared, and converted into avenues. The little company laboured with cheerful assiduity at their sacred task. 'The spacious gardens blossomed as the rose, and the walls of Port Royal arose from the ground amidst hymns of prayer and shouts of praise.'

The recluses of Port Royal did not bind themselves by any religious vows; they assumed no special dress; but practically they were scarcely, if at all, distinguished from a religious order. Their time was divided between acts of devotion and of charity. They assembled regularly together, during both day and night, in church; twice each day the whole company attended the refectory; and private prayer and reading of the holy scriptures occupied the rest of their time. St. Cyran, from his prison at Vincennes, directed all their plans and movements, and it is especially remarkable with what earnestness he enforced upon them the study of the holy scriptures. 'Draw continually from this pure source,' he said; 'the sacred waters have this

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peculiarity, that they proportion and accommodate themselves to the wants of every one; a lamb may ford them, without fear, to quench his thirst; and an elephant may swim them, and find no bottom to their depths.'

Gradually this society grew and multiplied; distinguished names were enrolled among its members, and the fame of its piety and charity spread abroad. Port Royal became a great centre, both of practical benevolence and educational activity. Several of its members studied physic and surgery, and occupied themselves in visiting and relieving the sick; others became acquainted with the law, in order to reconcile differences among their poorer neighbours; some preached; and many especially became teachers. Schools were instituted at various places,—at Chénet, at Des Troux, in Paris, and beside the monastery itself; and such men as De Saci, Lancelot, Nicole, and Fontaine, were among the number of the instructors. Pupils and masters, —professional eminence and literary genius, practical philanthropy and the most ardent devotion,—combined to shed a lustre around Port Royal. Never perhaps did a more brilliant and diverse array of talents gather around so lowly a centre, and become consecrated to higher uses. While yet at the school of Chénet, Tillemont traced out the plan of his immense and laborious works. Some of the finest verses of Racine's *Tragedies* were meditated amongst the woods of Port Royal. Arnauld here conceived and wrote some of his ablest treatises; the essays of Nicole, and the letters of De Saci, owed their inspiration to its lessons; and more than all, the *Thoughts and Letters of Pascal* were here moulded into sublimity, and sharpened to their rarest finish.

Shortly after the settlement of the recluses at Port Royal des Champs, it was found necessary to send there again a detachment of the nuns already overcrowding the residence in Paris, and the Mère Angelique returned at their head. The recluses prepared everything for their reception, received and bade them welcome to their restored habitation, endeared to them by so many associations; and then retired to their own new residence of Les Granges, on the brow of the hill overlooking the valley. The two communities virtually formed one body, controlled by the same spiritual direction, and animated by the same spirit; but they lived wholly apart, never meeting save at church, and then even separated by a grating. The sisterhood, under the rule of the Mère Angelique, rivalled the recluses in all active works of charity, extending their benevolent activity in every direction, and taking the young under their charge and education. Amid all her distinction and the extending fame of her labours, the Mère Angelique preserved a simple and humble spirit: she was firm without ostentation, and ruled without pride. If an air of rather high-flown and imposing magnanimity is thrown around some of her actions, this is owing to the admiration of her biographers rather than to any elements of exaggeration in herself. During these happy years — from 1638 to 1643—Port Royal reached under her superintendence its highest usefulness, and received the reward of its good deeds and honourable name, not merely in the love and respect of hundreds of benefactors, but in the growing murmurs and whispered malice of its enemies.

The first interruption to its quiet usefulness came from the wars of the Fronde. On the accession of Louis XIV. in 1643, and the appointment of Cardinal Mazarin as Prime Minister, many of the old nobility stirred up a powerful faction in opposition to the Court. The Duchess de Longueville, sister to the great Condé, became the leading spirit of this faction, and by her beauty, energy, and enterprise, imparted an *éclat* to the movement, and dazzled the Parisians into a semi-revolt. The Queen Mother, with the Prince and Minister, were compelled to flee from Paris. Civil war seemed imminent, and violence, rapine, and desolation spread around the neighbourhood of the capital. The religious houses did not escape. The abbey of St. Cyr was ransacked, and a similar destruction threatened Port Royal. In the emergency,

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the Mère Angelique drew off her nuns once more to Paris, whilst her friends engaged to defend and protect the monastery.

A strange scene now presented itself in the quiet valley. Instead of solitude was everywhere heard the sound of warlike preparation: the walls were strengthened, and small towers of defence were raised all round. The peaceful recluses were suddenly transformed into three hundred warriors armed *cap-à-pie*. 'Spears and helmets glittered amidst the dark recesses of the forests, and the din of arms was heard for the first time in a retreat so eminently consecrated to prayer.' Yet the same spirit of devotion animated the community, and amid all the bustle and excitement of approaching conflict, the exercises of religion and charity were never forgotten.

The exhortations of De Saci served to quell this warlike panic. He preached a higher trust than in any carnal weapons, and the hearts of the recluses as they listened to him smote them with shame for their weakness and fear. The nuns were recalled; arms were banished; and the monastery resumed its old aspect of devotional quietude. War, however, raged all around, and busy employment was found in relieving the wants of the sufferers, and ministering to the necessities of the wounded and pillaged. The horrors of famine were superadded to those of war: the monastery became at once a storehouse and a hospital, and the abbess draws a touching picture of the miseries which she endeavoured but partially to alleviate:

Perhaps I shall not be able (she writes) to send you a letter to-morrow, for all our horses and asses are dead with hunger. O how little do princes know the detailed horrors of war! All the provender of the beasts we were obliged to divide between ourselves and the starving poor. We concealed as many of the peasants and their cattle as we could in our monastery, to save them from being murdered and losing all their substance. Our dormitory and the chapter-house were full of horses. We were almost stifled by being pent up with these beasts; but we could not resist the piercing lamentations of the starving and heart-broken poor. In the cellar were concealed forty cows. Our court-yards and outhouses are stuffed full of fowls, turkeys, ducks, geese, and asses. The church is piled up to the ceiling with corn, oats, beans, and pease, and with caldrons, kettles, and other things belonging to the cottagers. Every time we enter the chapel we are obliged to scramble over sacks of flour and all sorts of rubbish; our laundry is thronged with the aged, the blind, the maimed, the halt, and infants; the infirmary is full of the sick and wounded. We have torn up all our rags and linen clothes to dress their sores. The cold weather alone preserves us from pestilence. We are so closely crowded that deaths happen continually. God, however, is with us, and we are in peace.

These destructions arising from civil commotion were but the beginning of sorrows for the Port Royalists. A fiercer storm had for some time been gathering against them. The Jesuits had watched their progress with jealousy; they could not see without alarm a party strong in numbers, and still stronger in intelligence and piety, surround the hated names of St. Cyran and Arnauld. The former had become especially obnoxious to them as the editor of the *Augustinus* of his friend Jansen. The latter had, with his accustomed vigour, taken up the quarrel regarding the five propositions which they professed to have extracted from this work, and against which they succeeded, in 1653, in obtaining a Papal Bull denouncing them to be 'heretical, false, rash, impious, and blasphemous.' It was obvious that the Jesuits were resolved on a war of extermination. Facts might be against them, and genius and piety enlisted in the cause of Port Royal and the doctrines with which it had become identified; but these obstacles only served to quicken the ardour of a faction which in its hostility knew no scruples and gave no quarter. The Abbé de St. Cyran had in the mean time passed beyond their rage. Released by the death of Richelieu from his long imprisonment, he yet sank under his sufferings immediately afterwards, and expired on the 11th of October, 1643. But the conflict continued to be waged around the *Augustinus*. When the five propositions of Father Cornet were declared by the friends

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of Jansen not to be in his book, the Jesuits had recourse to Rome for another decree on the subject, to the effect that the propositions were not only heretical, but that they *were in* the *Augustinus;* and they actually succeeded in this monstrous scheme! The Pope asserted his infallibility so far as to declare it to be a *matter of fact* that the propositions were contained in the book of Jansen. To this the Port Royalists naturally demurred as even beyond the province of Papal infallibility, and the conflict raged more fiercely than ever.

Arnauld, to whom had descended the position and influence of St. Cyran, published, in 1656, two letters on the subject of discussion, and the tide of resentment and attack, which had been long threatening him, immediately swayed in his direction. With their usual tactics his Jesuitical enemies selected two propositions from his letters which they submitted to his colleagues in the Sorbonne, and after a long-continued discussion they succeeded in having them condemned. His expulsion followed; and they gave themselves up to a temporary feeling of triumph over their powerful adversary. Their joy, however, was but short-lived. The disgraceful means by which the decision of the Sorbonne was sought to be influenced, and the indignant feeling which was consequently excited, called a champion into the field whose immortal pen has branded in ineffaceable lines their proceedings and their character. Even before the sentence of the Sorbonne was published, the first of the *Provincial Letters* had appeared; and no sooner did the sentence become known, than assault followed assault in a manner that carried dismay into the stoutest ranks of the domineering faction. Better certainly had it been for the peace and fame of the Jesuits that they had never roused such a pen as Pascal's; for never did playful satire, rising at last into indignant invective, set in a more scathing light the enormities of any sect or system.

But, startled as they were by this new and visored opponent, they did not flinch from their purpose of vengeance. They obtained an order from Government to abolish the Port Royal schools, which, as seminaries of Jansenism, they regarded with special hatred. The officers of police, accompanied by a troop of archers, proceeded to Port Royal, and having made a list of all the schools, forthwith expelled both masters and scholars. They then dismissed all the recluses on pain of imprisonment, and were about to carry out the same severe measures against the nuns, when an extraordinary event arrested their violence, and for the time saved Port Royal from utter destruction.

Marguerite Perrier, a niece of Pascal, and for some years an inmate of the abbey, had suffered greatly from a *fistula lachrymalis* of a loathsome and apparently incurable description. All medical skill had failed to remove or even mitigate the disease. On a sudden she was reported to be instantaneously and completely cured. A priest had brought to the abbey a holy relic—a thorn from the Saviour's crown: the pious zeal of the sisterhood was greatly excited, and a procession formed to view and kiss the sacred emblem of the Passion. As Marguerite Perrier passed along with the others before the relic, she was advised by one of the sisters to apply it to her diseased eye. The consequence was the instantaneous cure, soon everywhere reported. A holy dismay fell upon the enemies of Port Royal. They shrank from their meditated violence. Not only friends, but strangers, gave credit to the miracle, and the Queen Mother herself, apparently convinced of it, gave orders to withdraw the troops and leave the sanctuary unmolested.

It would be idle to enter into any examination of this supposed miracle. It is quite true that Pascal, Nicole, and Tillemont sincerely believed in it, and that the very officers who had been commissioned to carry out the obnoxious Order of Council for the expulsion of the nuns reported the fact of the cure. The fact indeed can scarcely be doubted; but when the circumstances attending the professed cause of the cure are attentively regarded, the mystery, if not ex-

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plained, yet greatly vanishes. The 'little Perrier,' as she was called, appears to have been a mere tool in the hands of the Sœur Flavie Passart, who suggested the application of the remedy. The subsequent conduct of this woman; her unscrupulous ambition; and the ingenious deceptions by which she sought to advance her aims; her talents and her want of principle; leave scarcely any doubt that the whole affair was cleverly concocted and accomplished by her. The prone faith of both nuns and recluses, and the unquestioned sacredness attached to the relic in the eyes alike of friends and enemies, sufficiently account for the ready assent yielded to the imposture.

Shortly after this unexpected deliverance, and the extended fame which arose from it, another remarkable event brought credit and distinction to Port Royal. Madame de Longueville, the heroine of the Fronde, whose wit, beauty, and accomplishment had well nigh plunged her country into civil war, became a visitant to Port Royal and a convert under the hallowing influences which there surrounded her. 'Her schemes of dominion were renounced, the haughty intrepidity of her manner disappeared, her restless and perturbed spirit became calm and peaceful.' And not only herself, but her brother and sister, the Prince and Princess Conti, became the subjects of this remarkable change. They abandoned their ambitious views, deplored the evils that had sprung out of them, and instead of devoting their immense revenues to a lavish and ostentatious expense, they turned them to purposes of charity, and especially devoted them to the benefit of those whose fortunes had been injured by the civil commotions which they had excited.

Such an illustrious example of the Christian influence of Port Royal, however, was again fatal to its peace. Instead of further quelling its enemies, it stirred them up to new attempts to disturb and subvert it. In 1660 a second formulary was concocted by the Jesuits, founded on the Bull of Alexander VII., affirming not only the heresy of the five propositions, but the fact that they were contained in the work of Jansenius. The formulary was framed by the Archbishop of Toulouse, and all clergy and schoolmasters, and members of religious houses, were required to subscribe it. The Port Royalists unanimously refused their subscription; the recluses alleging the distinction between the duty of submission in matters of faith and matters of fact; the nuns professing their inability to decide upon oath as to the contents of a book which, being in Latin, they were incompetent to read. No excuses, however, were held valid. The order was given to enforce subscription under the penalty of expulsion; and the result was the invasion and devastation of the establishments both of Port Royal de Paris and Port Royal des Champs.

The former was the first threatened; and at the call of danger the Mère Angelique, who had spent the winter in Port Royal des Champs in a state of great feebleness, resolved to set out, to be with her afflicted sisters. But the hardships of the journey and the miseries that awaited her proved too much for her exhausted strength. She sank under her sufferings on the 6th of August, 1661—her last thoughts being with her 'children.' 'My dear children, adieu! adieu!' she cried; 'let us go to God.' 'She united,' says Besogne, 'a profound humility to a sublime genius.' She was certainly one of those rare characters who, to all womanly gentleness and virtue, united the most heroic firmness and a profound capacity of government. Her powers developed themselves all the more amidst difficulties and opposition. Her character brightened under suffering; and of all the Arnaulds, there is none whose name is surrounded by a more illustrious memory.

To add to the disasters of Port Royal at this period, treachery within its own walls was found combined with violence outside. The Sœur Flavie Passart, whom we have already seen associated with the professed cure of Marguerite Perrier, had received marked attentions from the Mère Angelique and her friends. Fervid in her devotions,

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of a lively and imaginative intellect, and gifted with a peculiar power of epistolary eloquence, she was regarded as one of the most useful and distinguished of the sisterhood. She was not content, however, to wait for the honours that might have gradually fallen to her. Her ambition outran her sense and veracity. She began to try to advance her interests by pretended miracles. She became frequently ill, and made sudden and astonishing recoveries. She kept a picture of St. Cyran in her cell beside that of Jansen, both of whom she professed to regard with the greatest reverence; and on a Christmas-day, when the ground was covered with snow, she exhibited a full-blown rose, which she pretended had budded and expanded on a branch apparently lifeless only a few days before when suspended before the likeness of St. Cyran. The Mère Angelique penetrated her deceit and reproved her sharply; but this seems only to have turned her restless ambition into a new channel. She opened negotiations with the enemies of Port Royal, professing that she had been ensnared unwarily into the errors of Jansenism, and that she was ready to deplore her fall and accept the formulary. Eager to embrace any advantage, the Jesuits welcomed her as their tool; and by her advice active measures of force were employed against the refractory nuns. The Archbishop of Paris proceeded first to Port Royal de Paris, and finding his demand to subscribe the formulary resisted, he imprisoned the Mère Agnes and fifteen of her principal nuns. Immediately afterwards he carried out a course of similar violence against the chief nuns of Port Royal des Champs. The recluses were also driven from their peaceful retreat, and many of them condemned to imprisonment. Everywhere the Port Royalists were subjected to a harsh and wearying persecution. The integrity of the establishments was broken up, and new and more passive nuns mixed with the old communities, which were placed under usurped and treacherous rule, with the view of gradually destroying their old spirit of faith and obedience.

For some years this persecution continued. At length in 1668—chiefly through the mediation of the Duchess de Longueville—an act of pacification was obtained from the new pontiff, Clement IX. The signature of the formulary was conceded on the understanding accepted by the Pope, that it merely implied submission in matters of faith. 'The prison doors were immediately opened. M. Arnauld was introduced at Court. The recluses returned in peace to Port Royal; the nuns were released from their long confinement. The confessors and directors were restored.' A new era of prosperity dawned upon Port Royal—an era of yet brighter and more extended fame before its final and irretrievable overthrow.

During this period the number of nuns and recluses greatly increased. Many persons of fortune were attracted to the famed retreat, and considerable sums were expended in enlarging the monastery and gardens. Port Royal des Champs became one of the most spacious abbeys in all France. It contained no fewer than two hundred nuns, besides a number of ladies who lodged in the abbey. Numerous families of distinction and affluence, moreover, built themselves country houses in the valley of Port Royal, in order to enjoy its pious and learned society.

The society at this epoch presented three aspects, or was divided into three classes—the nuns, who formed the original society, and who followed a strictly religious rule; the recluses, who led a life practically separate from the world, devoted to their several callings of active benevolence or study, but who were bound by no vows; then the friends and patrons of the society, who had established themselves in houses in the neighbourhood—such as the Duchess of Longueville, the Duke and Duchess of Luynes and of Liancourt. The Mère Agnes survived to witness the restored peace and usefulness of the institution so dear to her. She entered anew with ardour upon her old duties of administration and devotion; but the sufferings which she had endured had left their permanent trace upon her, and she

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sank after a few years, and died in 1671.

The cares and honours of the abbess's office in the course of a few years descended to the Mère Angelique de St. Jean, the daughter of Mère Arnauld d'Andilli, and therefore a niece of the two previous abbesses. She had been educated in the monastery from the early age of six years, and in the firmness and elevation of her character, and the strong and undaunted spirit which animated her, she somewhat resembled her elder aunt. The characteristic family talents for government had descended to her, and during the dark period after the death of the Mère Angelique she had been the great support of the whole community. 'She was the very soul of the house, for the wisdom of her counsels, the solidity of her replies, and the force of her writings. In all the tempests which shook Port Royal, a truly sublime faith enabled her to remain in a perfectly steadfast course of conduct.' She attained to the head of the monastery in 1678, and ten months later the Duchess of Longueville died, and with her the favour which during ten years had been extended to Port Royal. No sooner was this powerful patroness gone than the storm of persecution burst forth afresh against the devoted sanctuary. The Jesuits had paused but never abated in their enmity, and as the King was now entirely on their side, and the only obstacle removed which prevented his interference in their behalf, they resolved to gratify their enmity to the full by the extirpation of the hated sect whose activity and piety had so long opposed their machinations.

The recluses were finally banished by royal order from their beloved retreat, and most of them died in poverty and exile. A persecution less summary but perhaps still more cruel was instituted against the nuns. They were interdicted from receiving novices or scholars, their revenues were seized, and their lives made bitter to them by many oppressive interferences. In addition to these outward trials, they were tried by the loss of the distinguished men who had guided them in their perplexities, and who had written and laboured in their defence. De Saci, after years of imprisonment in the Bastille and a temporary refuge at Port Royal, retired to Pomponne, near to the residence of his cousin, the brother of the Abbess Angelique de St. Jean, where he expired on the 4th of January, 1684. His death was deeply felt by the sisters of Port Royal, whose spiritual director and minister he had so long been. Then Arnauld, Tillemont, Claude Lancelot, and Fontaine successively departed, and the glory of their reputation only survived; while constant litigations with the alienated nuns of Port Royal de Paris, who by persevering efforts and machinations had been seduced from their Jansenist allegiance, and the ever-renewed oppressions of the Jesuitical Court party, tended always more to depress and weaken them. Under all, however, the remnant of nuns in the valley of Port Royal maintained their old constancy and fidelity. They cherished with a proud faithfulness the traditions of their order, and waited with a quiet heroism the events of the future.

These events developed not very rapidly, but surely. The Jesuit party, favoured by Madame de Maintenon, continued to gather strength at court; and no longer content with the harassing warfare which they had carried on for many years against the remnant of Port Royal nuns, they at length resolved on their complete dispersion. Cardinal Noailles was the unhappy instrument of this final act of cruelty. On the 11th of July, 1709, he passed the decree for the suppression and extinction of the monastery of Port Royal des Champs, and on the 29th of the following October active measures were taken to carry it into effect. Early on the morning of that day, and while the nuns after mass were still met in chapter according to their wont, a hurried messenger announced to them that a train of carriages and a troop of horsemen were approaching. The Marquis d'Argenson led the armed force which had been sent on the cowardly errand of dispersing the few feeble women that lingered in the precincts of the hallowed valley.

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Having summoned the nuns before him, he announced to them the stern decree which he had come to execute and the authority under which he acted. He required them to deliver up to him all their papers and title-deeds. He met with no resistance. A murmur indeed rose when they heard the cruel close of the decree 'that they should be immediately separated from each other and dispersed in different religious houses out of the diocese of Paris'; but with trembling steps they hastened to make their brief preparations and depart. As they passed forth, most of them aged and infirm, from the dear seclusion where they had hoped to lay their bones with the sainted dust of those whom they revered, the peasantry surrounded them with cries of lamentation; the poor wept aloud and threw themselves upon their knees before them with frantic gestures—a heartrending and pitiable sight! Some of the nuns had passed their eightieth year; not a few of them were invalid, struck by paralysis or weakened by sickness; but all were hurried off in the carriages to distant and widely separate monasteries. Some died from the fatigues of the journey, and others languished still for some years in solitary confinement. Port Royal was left desolate. The long conflict was at length terminated, and triumph seemed to crown the persistent enmity of the Jesuits and the dissolute intrigues of the court. D'Argenson sent a special message to Versailles to inform the King and Madame de Maintenon that his task was accomplished; but even in the hour of victory perhaps some whispers were heard of the coming vengeance which ere long was to overtake king, mistress, and cardinal, the three great perpetrators of this flagrant wrong.

In the meantime, royal and priestly cruelty raged with unsated fury against the very dust of the place. Further decrees were issued for the total destruction of the buildings of Port Royal, and finally for the exhumation of the bodies whose presence still imparted a consecration to the spot. This inhuman order was carried out in 1711 in the most revolting manner. Workmen of base character were prepared for their horrible task by intoxication, and excited to madmen they executed it with the most scandalous indecency, amidst profligate jests, vociferation, and blasphemy. At length the work of destruction was complete, and the desecrated spot became a waste and unattractive desert. The ruined chapel, the fountain, and the dovecot, with the decayed walls and the farmhouse on the crown of the valley, are all that now attest that it was once 'the crowded abode of the wise, the learned, and the good.' The silence of desolation reigns around; and the lean and hungry peasant rests from his mid-day toil, and eats his crust amid its solitude.

In these brief notes on the Port Royalists we have confined ourselves in the main to Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's narrative, which, originally published many years ago, has recently invited public attention in a new edition. Desultory and uncritical, and with a tendency to gossip which suggests the necessity of more fresh and thorough investigation at many points, it is yet lively and interesting, while it remains the only detailed account in our language of their eventful history. Reuchlin has written in German an extended but somewhat prolix *History of Port Royal;* and M. Saint Beuve has devoted to the subject his free, fertile, and glowing pen. His *Lives of the Port Royalists*, when completed, will form the most comprehensive and connected view of this grand and heroic chapter in the history of the Church. The subject would well reward the research and study of some English writer who would bring to it at once critical penetration and sympathy, spiritual insight, and a faculty of vivid and dramatic narration.

J. T.

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PIEDMONT AND ITALY IN 1849 AND 1859.

IT would be useless to speculate at present about the future of Italy. We know not what the future may be that Emperors think they can prepare for Italy: it were better to consider how Italy is prepared to take her part amidst the unknown events that await her. It is only in a secondary sense that congresses can set a nation free: unless a nation is prepared for freedom, the wisest constitutions will do her no good; if she is prepared, she will make even of the worst a stepping-stone to something better. Amidst the confusions of the day, never had we so strong a hope for Italy as at present —a hope, not founded on what may be done for her by others, but on what during the last ten years she has done for herself. Never before was she so united, so unanimous in the perception of her wants, so modest in her wishes, so practical in her aims. The distaste with which the English public regarded the commencement of a war in which Sardinia was the ally of a Bonaparte, led many to do scant justice to the motives with which Sardinia entered upon it, and to make too little excuse for her natural eagerness to seize any opportunity of delivering the oppressed members of the Italian nation: let not this blind our eyes to the progress that Italy has made in those qualities which are the strength of a people, and which may now enable her to reap whatever advantages the present peace offers.

We cannot perhaps mark this progress better than by comparing the conduct of the Northern Italians in 1849 and 1859, and pointing out the lessons they have learnt by experience.

That constitutional liberty was so long delayed, after a large body of the people were prepared to exercise it, was the cause of not a few of the difficulties which beset Piedmontese action in 1848. However suitable the soil, the new institutions had not had time to take root before the storm began. If Carlo Alberto had granted on his coming to the throne those moderate concessions which he made in 1847, Piedmont might have entered upon the constitutional stage of her history with greater success. If municipal privileges had been conferred earlier, they might already have borne some of the fruit the King expected from them, and 'accustomed the people,' in the words of the preamble, 'to the discussion of public affairs.' A further misfortune was, that in consequence of the events that followed upon the Revolution at Paris, Piedmont was obliged to strike for Italian independence (always the leading idea in Carlo Alberto's mind), and to develope internal liberty at the same time. The revolt of Milan and Venice, which had taken advantage of the embarrassments of Austria, was at once a challenge to Carlo Alberto to redeem his promise and an opportunity for indulging his own desire. Resources were not wanting for such an enterprise, though he much miscalculated the efficiency and constancy of his allies, with whom he ought at once to have entered into a league. His economy had brought the finances into an excellent state; the personal care he had bestowed upon the army had made it, for its size, one of the best in Europe; but the new-born liberties of the country, whilst they had made the people enthusiastic for the war, hampered the King in the direction of the campaign. The Parliament, filled with a high sense of its own importance, and impatient of control, was allowed to sit during the military operations. The members not only canvassed the tactics of the war, but even appointed commissioners to attend the camp, that they might be informed of what was going on. Amongst Italians, who had not yet learnt to trust one another, this was a fruitful source of suspicion. What was a misfortune in the field was often regarded as treachery in the Chambers; and the King, knowing that he was still distrusted by many, instead of following the dictates of a wise military policy, was guided by what would be said in the Chambers—as when he retreated, for instance, on Milan instead of on Piacenza or Pavia. Add to this the voice of a press recently emancipated and liberally supplied

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with writers in a nation where the professional is out of all proportion to the working class, and it is easy to understand the difficulties to which the Government was exposed.

Let us contrast this state of things with that which existed during the late war, rendered possible by the fact that the majority of Piedmontese have learnt to trust one another, from bitter experience of the evils of distrust, and from happy experience of the loyalty of the King and his Ministers. As soon as it was seen that the war was inevitable, Count Cavour proposed (and the Chamber of Deputies agreed to it almost unanimously) that extraordinary powers should be granted to the King, and in consequence the Constitution was suspended, the Chambers were prorogued, and the liberty of the person and the press subjected to such restrictions as the Government deemed advisable. Now, whatever doubts Lord Derby's Ministry may have entertained about 'this immediate effect of the war,' the people most nearly concerned cheerfully acquiesced in the measure (though they could not help grumbling at the slender columns of their beloved *giornali*, and the meagre reports of the deeds of war), for they were convinced of the necessity of it for carrying on the war, and assured that it would in due time be restored. But for these regulations, and the secresy resulting from them, it would have been impossible for the united armies to have accomplished that movement on Magenta by which the strong position of the Austrians on the Ticino and the Po was turned.

The trust in Victor Emmanuel and Piedmont which distinguishes the Italians in 1859, enabled the former to take more judicious measures as regarded the people of Tuscany, Parma, &c., than was possible in 1848. Though every year brings fresh proof that the distrust felt for Carlo Alberto was not deserved, we allow at the same time that the Italians must have been more than men, if, with their experience of princes and their means of forming a judgment about the King himself, they had thoroughly confided in him. One effect of this distrust was that the King crossed the Ticino without making any conditions for the conduct of the war; whilst it was necessary for its success that he should be received as Military Dictator. The imprudence of thus taking up the cause of the Lombards without any security for their real co-operation soon appeared; the promise of the temporary Government at Milan to supply the army with provisions was inadequately carried out; the disastrous retreat at the end of the first campaign was mainly owing to the deficiencies of the commissariat. A more pernicious blunder followed. On crossing the Ticino, Carlo Alberto did not attempt to influence the decision of the Lombards as to their future form of government, and we believe he was right; but soon feeling his want of command over the resources of the country, and assured that the people would confide to him the authority of King, he unwisely consented to plunge Lombardy into the turmoil of an election at a time when all thoughts should have been directed to the war. The course adopted in 1859 was altogether different; for instance, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany fled to the camp of Austria, for whom he had in 1849 betrayed the Constitution to which he had sworn, a Provisional Government was established; but its first step was to place the country under the Dictatorship of Victor Emmanuel. The Piedmontese Government, whilst acknowledging their right to join their countrymen in the war of independence, would not anticipate the decision of the people as to their future Government. It wished Tuscany to maintain her own administration; but felt it necessary, in order to give consistency to the direction of the national war, that a Sardinian Commissioner should be sent to preside over it.

The measures adopted as to the enrolment of volunteers were likewise the result of experience. One of the great mistakes made in 1848 was the efficacy attributed to the untrained valour of the people. It is not valour alone that is needed in war, but patience and organization. The strength of an army depends much more upon every man's confidence in his neighbours than in

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himself; and this can only be gained by experience of one another's qualities. Not one body of well-disciplined Lombards joined the army for some time after opening the campaign of 1848. When it was proposed that the Lombard volunteers should be drafted into the Piedmontese regiments to receive the benefit of their discipline, they preferred forming independent corps; and their desultory efforts at warfare were so unsuccessful as to deter the peasantry from assisting a cause which they thought must be defeated. It was only after some time that General Durando succeeded in forming that regiment of volunteers which did such service at the siege of Rome under the noble Lucian Manara. In 1859 the larger portion of the volunteers were enrolled in the regular army; whilst those only who had had previous acquaintaince with guerilla warfare, or were specially qualified for this service, were attached to the irregular force under Garibaldi, which performed such feats of daring about the Italian lakes.

The line taken by public men at these two epochs presents another striking contrast. In 1859 the conduct of Italian statesmen has been marked by plain common sense, in resignation to what was inevitable, and united endeavours to make the best of it; disappointment has drawn men of different opinions in minor matters to act together in important affairs. In 1849 it was not so. The Constitutionalists, instead of aiming at some one great object, laying aside minor differences, held aloof from one another; and danger rather increased than diminished this distance. Hence they fell a prey to the smaller but compact democratic party. The events that followed the truce of Salasco, rendered necessary by the abandonment of Milan, are a clear illustration of this. If the first bad news from the camp stirred up some enthusiasm, it led few to inscribe themselves as soldiers for the reinforcement of the broken army. Instead of taking advantage of the temporary lull to concentrate their energies in preparing for the future, the factions only used it to carry on the internal war more fiercely. The Ministry of Casati, founded on the junction of Lombardy and Venice with Piedmont, and succeeding the more moderate one of Balbo, resigned. This was not so surprising, as it contained three natives of the abandoned provinces. The King secured the assistance of three members of the earlier Ministry, and others of sound constitutional views, and further, invited Gioberti to join the new Cabinet, in order to show, that, though he deemed the truce inevitable, he had no wish to detach himself from the party of progress. But Gioberti declined, and drew nearer to the democratic party, hoping to carry out by their means a confederation of Italian States. Those who now extol the moderation of the Piedmontese Chambers, and look upon their proceedings as one of the strongest arguments in favour of representative assemblies, would have been scandalized by the scenes which occurred during this session. We allude not only to the factious conduct of the Opposition, but to the disgraceful way in which the spectators were allowed to interfere with the free action of the Assembly. Upon Gioberti, as President, mainly rests the responsibility of this scandal. The next step was to assail the Ministry out of doors, as well as in parliament. Similar tactics at Florence had already resulted in the formation of a democratic ministry, in spite of the voice of the national representatives. The authorities themselves did not like to resort to repressive measures, though the army was more to be trusted at Turin than in Tuscany. The King, disheartened by his defeat, and the charges of treachery against him, inclined rather to desperate than firm measures. He was too honest to conciliate the Absolutist party, too weak to support his unpopular ministers; so he placed himself in the hands of the democratic party. Pinelli's Ministry resigned, though it had a majority in the Chambers, and Gioberti's took its place.

We have dwelt thus upon the history of the first Italian struggle, because its features may not be in the minds of our readers; and because it shows what an immense ad-

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vance in political conduct the Italians have made during the last ten years. We have heard from persons who remember both events, and who observed the effects of them in Genoa, that the disappointment and dismay after the peace of Villafranca, were as great as after the disastrous retreat from Milan. That word *tradimento,* might have again been heard here and there, but it was only for a moment. Dismay soon gave way to concentration of spirit; murmurs to the silence of resolution. 'We must watch and wait, and remain united, and make the best of what we cannot help,' was the general feeling. No angry measures were adopted. The tone of the newspapers, at first irritable, gradually grew calm.

Their confidence in Victor Emmanuel and Cavour was not diminished. The very same day that the news reached Genoa, an address was framed, and soon after signed by many eminent persons. It ran, 'Our deep disappointment has been mitigated by the universal conviction that that peace, Sire, was not your work, and that the name of the first soldier of Italian independence remains pure and glorious. So long as you, Sire, shall be the champion of Italy, short will be our despondency, and relying on herself alone, the country will feel equal to achieving a happier fate.' And remember this was in Genoa, which can never forget her ancient glories and independence; which retains more of the stamp of the olden time in her noble streets and well-preserved palaces, in the features of her nobles, their ancestral wealth, and their historic names, than any city in Italy; which ten years ago was a focus of revolution, and rose in insurrection after the defeat of Novara; which six years ago let no sign of joy escape her when the King opened the railway. But now she has merged her municipal jealousies in national hope; Victor Emmanuel is *nostro Re;* they are proud of him, and of their common country. Cavour no doubt resigned; after having so fully expressed his views before Europe, he could not probably do otherwise; but his is still the guiding influence in Italian affairs.

In the formation of the new Ministry, we see that patriotic unity which was so deficient in 1848, and is so important to a country in a great crisis. Alfonso della Marmora, who has held the portfolio of the war department in every ministry but that of Gioberti since the campaign of 1848, in which he was wounded, is President of the Council. Dabormida, who entered office first in the Pinelli Ministry, which bore the burden of public affairs after the disasters in Lombardy, is Minister of Foreign Affairs. Ratazzi, Minister of the Interior, is a well-known name. One of the exiles of 1821, he was carried away by the democratic enthusiasm of 1848, but learnt later to put his trust in the practical good sense of Cavour and his friends, and to see that the best hopes for Italy rest in their measures. The alliance between the Right and Left Centres under Cavour and Ratazzi respectively, forms an epoch in the parliamentary history of Piedmont. It has much embittered the feelings of the clerical faction; but has really been the origin of that strong Italian party whose policy has lately been dominant. It is understood that the King has expressed a wish that Cavour's policy should be followed as far as possible.

The public men of worth in Tuscany, the Duchies, and the Legations, have shown too that they are actuated by the same spirit; that they can lay by municipal prejudices in order that they may unite all their forces in the one great object of securing national independence. The respect for law and order which marks the conduct of all these States was particularly striking in Tuscany. The departure of the Grand Duke, after the firm declaration of the will of the country (not the voice of a faction), took place with complete safety and decorum. The calmness of the people was admirable; not a cry was uttered. Their statesmen have paid as much attention to law and precedent as ours in 1688, though in this respect the Tuscans had a much easier task. The municipality, the only existing authority, appointed a Provisional Government. This did not wish to retain authority longer

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than necessary; and fully aware that the movement of the 27th April proceeded exclusively from a desire to join in the War of Independence, at once offered the Dictatorship to Victor Emmanuel. The Constitution of 1848, which had fallen into disuse, but had never been formally revoked by the Grand Duke (which after all would not have rendered it void), at once gave them the rule of their procedure; members were elected according to the extant law, were assembled in Parliament, and with every customary observance voted unanimously the rejection of the House of Lorraine, and that Tuscany should be annexed to Piedmont.

All this would have been impossible if the Mazzinian, or even the democratic element had been as strong as it was in 1849. This change, however, in the temper of Italy some of our English diplomatists seem completely to ignore. Mazzini is with them still the arbiter of peace or revolution in Italy. To him the cry for 'nationality' is attributed, as if it had not risen elsewhere before he adopted it. Now, surely it is high time to have done with this traditional cant. All this is a trick which our diplomatists learn at Vienna, where Mazzinianism is as necessary to the 'friends of order,' as Socialism is at Paris. The straightforward despatches of Sir J. Hudson, which are quite refreshing in the dreary waste of the *Blue Book*, speak more truly —'It is certain,' he says, 'that the national Italian party has during the last three years absorbed the Carbonari and the greatest part of the Republicans.' And this is confirmed by Mr. Scarlett—'I have heard of no symptom anywhere of separate Republican views for the regeneration of Italy. All distinctions of politicians are lost in a general deep-rooted determination to drive the Austrians out of Italy.'

Modern Italian republicanism is of French extraction. The levelling tendency which marks it is a relic of the First Revolution; the system has only taken root in Italy under the baneful shadow of its bad governments. 'The Italian,' says one well able to form a judgment, 'is not, like the Frenchman, a disturber and a subverter; with him the first step in improvement is not demolition; on the contrary, by taste, instinct, and tradition, he is eminently conservative. Unless the state of things is very bad indeed, the indolence of his disposition inclines him to acquiesce in it. The equality so fascinating to the French mind appeals to no sympathy here. The Italian is a lover of rank, and respects its gradations.' The great republics of Italy have always had an oligarchical form; the insurrections within them were directed against the tyranny and not the existence of the nobles. From this cause Mazzinianism has always leant upon France, and risen and fallen with French republicanism. It was strong after the days of July; it reached its zenith after the French revolution of 1848. After the discouragements of 1834 in France, it lost much of its influence; and the miserable failure of the inroad into Savoy, under Ramorino, the traitor of Novara, which was to have been the signal of a general rising, sealed its discomfiture, and Mazzini was obliged to confess, in his *Foi et Avenir*—'Parti politique nous sommes tombés, relevons nous parti religieux.' Then was introduced the third element in his pernicious system. It already combined the recklessness of the Frenchman in the choice of an object, with the unscrupulousness of the Italian in the choice of means for securing it; and now the transcendentalism of the German in giving that object the most impracticable form was added. Insurrections were announced almost every spring to keep up the spirits of the party, but if they came off at all, they only assumed the proportion of riots; for if the movements in the Legations and the Duchies gained more consistence, it was because those who simply desired constitutional changes supported them, encouraged by the attitude of France. It was not till 1848 that Mazzini's sect, excited to hope by the revolution of Paris, again held up its head. During 1847, when the Constitutional party were effecting real good, little was heard of it. Mazzini had no sympathy with this work; he was aware that a consti-

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tutional monarchy was the deadliest enemy of his doctrines; that even whilst affording him freer scope than the absolute governments for the diffusion of his poison, it supplied the only true antidote. Having a personal dislike to material force, and but insignificant means to dispose of, he waited till the Milanese, simply bent on independence, had driven the Austrians out of the capital, and then came down, like a bird of ill omen, in the wake of these more effectual combatants. He was not, however, slow in putting himself forward as the leader of the Liberal party (though this included many who regarded his views with abhorrence), hoping in the confusion of change to carry his own plans. So far as these were destructive they were successful at Naples and Florence; how long the Government he constructed at Rome would have lasted but for French interference, we cannot say. It was certainly far better than the ecclesiastical.

We cannot but regard it as one of the principal causes of the misfortunes of Italy in 1848-9, that the real force of the Democratic party was so much exaggerated. The Constitutional was much stronger in numbers, but divided and irresolute. No doubt the French Revolution brought many recruits to the former, and many who before were content with moderate measures were now hurried beyond them. It was the fashion too to be democratic; Italians who live much in public are very apt to fall into the ways of thinking of those who talk most loudly in their *cafés*. These, of course, were men rather of words than work. The followers whom Mazzini could really trust were few, but they were devoted to his person, active, and unscrupulous. The organization of the party magnified its strength; the leaders, by keeping themselves constantly before the world, disputing noisily in the *circoli popolari*, parading in the streets, and especially by gathering their forces first in one place, then in another, succeeded in getting their numbers very much overrated, and holding the Constitutional party in check. In fact, it was only when they had to resist, not the ill-organized Tuscans by bold words, but the sturdy Piedmontese with hard blows, that their weakness became apparent. If we wish to estimate their power aright, we must look, not to Rome, where all true patriots stood side by side in support of national liberty against foreign invasion, but to Genoa, where Lucian Manara and his brave Lombard legion refused to fight against a free Italian State in support of his doctrines. Genoa, the birthplace of Mazzini and the stronghold of his sect, was the scene of the first defeat of the ultra party. Then it began to be seen that men of advanced liberal opinions, even Republicans, were not necessarily followers of Mazzini. We believe there are still educated men in Italy who prefer a Republic to a Monarchy; there is much in the history of their country in its glorious ages to foster such a predilection; but this is not enough to constitute a disciple of Mazzini. Hundreds who hold this believe that it would be a wicked thing to mar the work in which Piedmont is engaged, because they see in it the only hope for freedom. They have learnt by experience that under a Monarchy, limited by representative institutions, a man may speak out what is true in him, and act out whatever is good for himself and others, and exert the legitimate influence that belongs to his talents and character. The success of the Piedmontese Constitution taught the noble Manin, for instance, that it gives much which is really worth having, and the hope of more; and so he was not disposed to give it up for the barren dreams of the Republic, but bade all true lovers of freedom rally round the standard of Victor Emmanuel. Mazzinianism is not mere preference for a Republic; it is Republicanism and nothing else, trampling out every other political faith. It is intolerance in its grossest form. His own words in his Manifesto of 1858 are—'It is our duty to force Piedmont into a nobler and better course. We must Italianize Piedmont. Act,' he says to that country—that is, give up all you have to the sacred duty of revolutionizing Italy, and go to war at once with Austria, Naples, and

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France—'act, in God's name, and we will follow you; if not, we will act ourselves, and drag you into the arena in pursuit of that opportunity which you pretend to await.' This was the object of the attempt of June, 1857, at Genoa. And how was it proposed to carry it out? By assassination, explosions calculated to destroy hundreds of innocent persons, midnight robbery (called by an euphemism, 'mobilization of material means'), association with galley-slaves; all was lawful for such an end, 'holy acts' in such a cause. That base measure completed his downfall. He had been losing ground long before. His organ, the *Italia e Popolo*, had for some time been nearly defunct for want of subscribers. His partisans had learnt that his ideas were perfectly impracticable; that he only *led*, we should say *urged*, his disciples forward to the scaffold and the dungeon; that his attempts to overthrow established governments, whether absolute or constitutional, in order to establish his Republic, were equally abortive; and that in attacking the latter he was only strengthening the hands of despotic princes, by giving them an opportunity of saying that revolution was not the fruit of absolute governments, but was as rife at Turin as at Naples. Nor was there much encouragement in being told that *success* was not necessary, that 'the idea was honoured by failure as well;' or, as he informed the Marquis Capponi, who warned him that the establishment of the Republic at Rome would lead to the intervention of foreign troops, 'the idea would triumph so much the more nobly when the people had endured fresh inflictions from their tyrants.' It is no wonder, then, that as Constitutional Government has prospered in the Sardinian States, and has excited hopes of rational freedom beyond, Mazzini has lost ground. One of the few who voted for Mazzini when he was last proposed as Deputy at Genoa, told the writer that he saw now there was no hope for Italy but in following the policy of Cavour and rallying round Victor Emmanuel.

But the unity of feeling which now pervades Italy is not to be attributed merely to the extinction of Mazzinianism through a growing acquaintance with the value of constitutional liberty as exhibited in Piedmont, but above all to the character of her King. It was no empty flattery that the Chambers uttered in their address of last January, when they declared, 'Your people, in reviewing the momentous events of the last ten years, have proof that your voice has never deceived them, even when it advised necessary resignation or demanded sacrifices of which the fruits could not immediately be seen. The nation venerates in you its most loyal Prince, recognises in you the powerful champion of the cause of liberty in the councils of Europe, sees all the anger of factions humiliated by the great example of your good faith, and knows that *in you and through you* has at last been discovered the great secret, lost for so many years, of Italian unity;' for to whom but the King must it be attributed that Piedmont alone has had the opportunity of retrieving the errors, learning the lessons, and recovering the reverses of 1848-9, when all the other States of Italy relapsed into absolutism? When, on his accession, he declared, 'Our common endeavour must be to maintain unsullied the honour of our country, to restore the public treasury, and consolidate the new institutions of liberty;' and when six days later he swore to observe the Constitution, the dismay produced by the recent misfortunes began to clear from the minds of reasonable men, and they trusted that the country was saved. When it was necessary to resort to military force to put down the rebellion in Genoa, they were not afraid that the King would use similar means to destroy the Constitution. He might have simplified his position after the battle of Novara by annulling the Constitution; but he scorned (though he had not then taken his oath to it) to undo his father's work, or cast the shadow of a doubt upon the motives which had led a Prince of the House of Savoy to abdicate his throne. There was much to tempt him. Austria would readily have forgotten the conduct of the father if the son had abandoned his policy. Nor

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would he have needed foreign troops to help him to carry out reactionary measures. His own army would have stood by him. The officers were mostly of the old school, and disgusted with recent events, and the judgment passed on them by the factions. The soldiers were chiefly drawn from that class which is more guided by traditional instincts than arguments addressed to the understanding, and is accustomed to follow where their officers lead. Most of the people, too, would have looked on with indifference at the reaction, for they had reaped few of the benefits they expected from the Constitution; the taxes had been heavier, the conscription more oppressive, trade less regular than before; and there were plenty of priests and men of the priest party to corroborate these sentiments. The middle class in the towns would probably have resisted, but determination on the part of the King and his army would have subdued them, at least for a time. That he remained faithful to the obligations which the *House of Savoy* had undertaken, is the great turning-point in Piedmontese and perhaps in Italian history.

This seems the master principle of his character, the key to his conduct. He is proud of his family, and accepts in a spirit of almost romantic chivalry the maxim, *Noblesse oblige*. He has said, 'My House knows the road to exile, but not the road to dishonour.' He has reason to be proud of the House of Savoy, whose princes may have been coarse, and sometimes cruel, but never mean, or false, or cowardly. He is a genuine scion of the family that has thus reigned for eight centuries in this part of Italy. He makes no pretence to be a statesman, or a reformer of the Church, as the religious world supposed when he visited England. He is a plain, blunt, rather coarse soldier, generous and brave, but decidedly of the Esau type. We do not believe that even now he has any partiality for Constitutional Government in the abstract; he likes it because it gives him less trouble, and more time for his hunting and his pleasures; but the cause of Italian independence is with him a passion, and all the more because it gives him opportunity for hard fighting. Not very high qualities, some will say; but they are qualities which have been scarce in Italy, and worth all the world to a Constitutional Monarch at the present crisis; for these, after all, are the qualities which gather round a monarch manly hearts like his own. There is not a soldier in his army whose heart is not stirred as by the sound of a trumpet, when he hears of his deeds at Palestro; there are none who know not his courage and his truth; and these soldiers have borne his fame to their humble homes; they may not understand the value of the Constitution which he has observed so faithfully, but they understand his worth; and hence it is that his name is a symbol of union throughout North Italy and Tuscany. And if danger to his throne did not at first turn him from his faithfulness, so neither since have the arguments or the threats of the priests. They have dwelt upon the peace of mind which good princes enjoy when they are at amity with the Holy Father, in spite of their pleasant sins. They have more than hinted that family bereavements following in rapid succession are evidences of Divine displeasure against one who allows sacrilegious hands to be laid upon the property of the Church. They have told him of the sweets of the despotic power that others hold and he has sacrificed, and tried to make him feel that all this may yet be his, as it was his ancestors'. They have warned him of the dangers of Constitutional Monarchies not more free from revolutionary attack than those of Naples or Vienna, and exposed besides to the insidious attempts of pretended friends. Once only did he waver, perplexed, but not convinced; nearly yielding to a plausible proposal, of which he saw neither the motive nor the consequences; but a few simple, manly words from Azeglio, his fellow-soldier and his friend, convinced him that he was being misled, that a blow was aimed at the Constitution to which he had sworn; and he stood firm, being 'above all things an observer of the *religion of an oath*.'

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After Piedmont had made those advances in religious liberty, internal organization, and material prosperity, for which the Constitutional nations of Europe honour her —after her Minister, Count Cavour, had gathered round him a national party strong enough to hold in check the two extreme sections of the Chambers, she began to look around her for the means of carrying out her traditional policy, the achievement of Italian independence, and the formation of strongly-organized and confederate States in defence of it. It was this Italian policy that cost her so dear in the campaigns of 1848-9, and that has demanded of her many sacrifices since. Her expenditure would have been on a smaller scale, and her finances would be in a better condition, if she had always followed a Piedmontese policy; if, at least, she had continued to exist at all. Can Englishmen blame her for this? Shall we say that she had better have left the rest of Italy alone, and been content with working her own Constitution, trusting simply to her example for the improvement of the other States? If other Powers had left Italy alone, it would have been comparatively easy for Piedmont to have done so. But who has left Italy to herself? Has Austria done so, confining herself to her own provinces? Has France? Does England find it such an easy matter to stand altogether aloof, though she has no direct interest in the matter? How, then, could the only Italian State that 'has been able to raise an impassable barrier to the revolutionary spirit, and at the same time remain independent of Austria,' do it? What is true of an individual is true of societies; a city, or state, or nation which ceases to care for anything beyond the circle of its own selfish or municipal or national interests, has entered on a downward course. With Piedmont, the question whether she should repel or justify the confidence shown in her by the rest of Italy, was one of life or death. And we assert that it was not till other means had been fairly tried, that she made her last attempt to open a brighter future for Italy, by embracing the alliance with France, and trying the *ultima ratio* of war.

It is urged, Piedmont should have tried the force of *example*. She did so, and as far as the people went, with success. For ten years she has been proving what the national character is capable of under good government. The opportunity which has been afforded to a large portion of the nation, of living since 1849 under a Government which renders mutual action possible, has shown that in action, Italians can unlearn many of their municipal and other jealousies; the practice of self-government has made them more practical; the intercourse of public life has taught them juster views of one another. A large number of public men in Piedmont have learnt to trust one another. And let it not be said, this may be true of Piedmontese, they have more of the northern element in them, it is not true of other Italians, there are no men in other States fit to carry on constitutional government. Piedmont has proved that this is false. By good government and liberal treatment, she has attracted Italians from other parts to settle in her dominions, and whilst increasing her own strength, has trained them in the practice of constitutional government and free discussion; and has thus prepared statesmen who in happier times may render good service to their native States. What free State in Europe would not welcome to her councils such men as Mamiani and Farini? For ten years Piedmont was proving to the civilized world, that Italy numbers men in *all* her different provinces, who are not the dreamy, hot-headed, impracticable enthusiasts which Austrian Ministers, whilst they gave them nothing to do, proclaimed them to be. Scarcely indeed was the example of these immigrant statesmen needed to prove this. It is a fact proved by the history of all parts of Italy, that whenever the higher and middle classes have been invited to carry out reforms, they have succeeded. In Naples under Murat, in Tuscany under Leopold the Great, and in all the States in 1848, until Austria, assisted by democratic intrigues, broke

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up the too easily disheartened constitutional party, they showed that they were not incapable. And that the example of Piedmont has not been unfruitful in the States beyond her own frontiers, is proved by the all but extinction of the democratic party in them, and the admirable order, moderation, wisdom, and unanimity which have distinguished all the revolutionary movements of this year. Were we wrong, then, in entertaining a hope that some at least of the Princes would be convinced by the example of Piedmont, that Italians might be trusted with a constitution, and that the Italian question might in this way be solved? Certainly our hope has not been justified. The force of example has been tried for ten years, and not in vain as regards the *subjects* of the Pope and the Dukes, but it has not taught their rulers to make the slightest step towards granting them free institutions. The rulers of Rome, Naples, Modena, and Tuscany were at the beginning of 1859 as obstinate as ever. They misinterpreted the lesson, or they saw only the abuses of freedom which Piedmont has corrected and lamented, and endeavoured to rivet the chains of their people more strongly than ever. Can we expect that people will go on hoping, when nothing comes to reward their patience? And if they have no hope in their rulers, how can they help looking for hope from themselves, or from without? Sir J. Hudson says, 'I do not believe the Sardinian Government need be charged, as it has been in some quarters, with having increased the excitement; the mere existence of a system of government as free as that of Sardinia, is excitement enough to people in the condition of the Lombards, Venetians, and the Pope's subjects.' This is just what Balbo predicted in 1843. So far from lessening the distance between Austria and her Italian subjects, the example of Piedmont has increased it, has only made her more intolerant and intolerable. We suppose it was diplomatic good-breeding that allowed Lord Malmesbury to 'pay a just tribute to Austria, by admitting that the Government of her Italian provinces has been conducted by the Archduke Viceroy with great ability, and in a spirit of conciliation and liberality which does his Imperial Highness the greatest honour;' but did not allow him to regret, that the measures prepared by the said Archduke for the milder government of the provinces committed to his care, and for enabling Italians to take a larger share in the administration of their affairs, were altogether laid aside. Yet this was the fact. He went to Vienna to advocate his views, but so far was he from meeting with encouragement, that Giulay was appointed to the military command at Milan with such powers as completely cramped the Archduke's civil functions. How, then, has the Emperor kept his promise of 1848, 'that as soon as peace should be restored, the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom should find in its organic union with *constitutional* Austria the surest guarantee of its nationality?' Ten years have passed by since the restoration of peace, but the promise has only been kept by a more thorough system of centralization; by a stricter police; by a Concordat, which assures to the clergy more influence than in any part of Italy except Rome, and interferes with all the actions of civil life; by a law of conscription particularly oppressive (for not only by it is the price of a substitute raised from 700 to 1500 florins, but this sum must be paid *before* drawing the number, which, if favourable, gives exemption from service); by a recent change in the currency, which depreciated the coin current almost exclusively in the Italian provinces three per cent.; and by a most burdensome taxation. Austria does not hesitate to declare that *this* is, in many points, the effect of the example of Sardinia.

Lord Malmesbury could not see 'what reliance Sardinia can place on the feelings of the Italian people, if she remembers the events of 1848, or what just grounds she has for supposing that *national* (?) jealousies, the growth of centuries, would be different in 1859 from what they were then.' Did he suppose that Italians were utterly incapable of learning? There is not the

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slightest doubt that the example of Piedmont and the treatment of Austria have produced an immense difference in the feelings of the Lombards, not only in the upper and middle classes, who were pretty unanimous before, but in the lower class, who were either hostile or lukewarm—a difference which made Sir James Hudson in January last dread a revolution, beginning not from above but from below. But what hope could there be in a revolution against the undivided force of Austria?

And was it different with respect to the other States? It may be said, that though the Princes were not disposed to grant concessions, the people, if united, might have obtained them by assuming a firm attitude, and demanding them even at the risk of an appeal to arms. The justification of such a revolution is its success. If a bad government can support itself by taking advantage of the divisions of classes, or by the help of troops gathered from its own subjects, that State deserves its condition; no partial revolt or foreign interference will do any good—can indeed leave only bitterness and suspicion behind. Until there is sufficient manhood in a people—sufficient trust and union amongst its members (and to foster these where there is no freedom is the great difficulty)—sufficient appreciation of the ends for which man lives in society, to put down the material force which a tyrannical sovereign can bring against them, it is hopeless to expect that there will be sufficient intelligence and moral energy to form a government that will stand. But when a revolution is really matured amongst a people; when all minds invoke it, all hearts present it; when, in short, a common consciousness is generated, which clearly evinces its determination to meet the utmost dangers and support the sternest necessities, then there is no policy of governors, no art of ministers, that can prevent revolutions from exploding. If men have learned to put their lives in their hands—to sacrifice all, even their fancies, and prejudices, and ambition, to secure some great common object, they are sure to succeed. Why, then, was it that, until the present year, the people of Tuscany, the Legations, and the Duchies (in which subsequent events have proved this state of mind in a great measure existed) had not obtained their freedom? Not because they were not sufficiently united, but because they were crushed by force from without. They did not wish for armed interference in their favour, but only that foreign armies should not be ranged against them. Leave Italians to themselves, and they will soon settle all their questions; but what chance have they if foreign Powers are allowed to intervene with large armies in the internal affairs of other States, at the demand of their so-called legitimate sovereigns, however illegal, unjust, and oppressive their government may be—however just and moderate the demands of their subjects? But this is the right which Austria claims for every sovereign State, the right she supported most strenuously in all her diplomatic correspondence; an assumption which has only not led to war before because the advocates of non-intervention have been so much less resolute than those of intervention. Austria has ever derided the principle of non-intervention as an absurdity; and so it is, so long as the Powers that will not interfere themselves allow others to interfere. When one State *will* interfere in the internal affairs of another by armed force, the genuine advocacy of non-intervention means war. If it were a recognised principle that subjects have rights as well as princes, and that no government is legitimate but one which, to use the words of Cavour, 'is borne, if not with gratitude, at least with resignation, by the people,'—if the principle of non-intervention were sanctioned by a Congress of the civilized nations of modern Europe, little more would be needed for the freedom and tranquillity, at all events, of Italy. Let it not be said that insurrections would at once be multiplied. A good government would soon show itself strong enough to crush them; and if an utterly bad government could not, it would thereby prove its own worthlessness and make room for a better.

We confess we had hopes, when

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the affairs of Italy were brought, in 1856, before the Congress of Paris, that this principle might in some shape have been affirmed, as the only mode of settling that country. So long as Russia was in the zenith of her influence, and, as the head of the Holy Alliance, sat as a kind of inexorable Fate, crushing the liberal hopes of Europe, it was not to be expected. For how could it be supposed that Russia, the last resource of Absolutism, who had intervened in the affairs of Hungary in 1849, and Austria, who had so largely profited by that intervention, could surrender a source of so much glory and security? But when Russia was humbled in her pride of power, and felt indignant at the discovery that intervention did not at all events secure gratitude, there was more prospect of a successful assertion of the contrary principle. But we were disappointed. France had no intention of committing herself to a principle which could in any way limit her independent action as a great military Power. Recourse was had to the peaceful action of diplomacy, with what success we know.

Sardinia had tried the force of example, but it only made the case of the Austrian and other States more intolerable; she would not countenance revolution, because she felt sure that any revolution, whether aided by herself or not, was hopeless so long as Austria could bring down her legions upon Italy. She tried, therefore, the effect of a close alliance with France and England, in the hopes that more energetic diplomatic action would forward the cause she had at heart. It was for this she joined herself to the Western Powers in the war against Russia. Piedmont has ever sought to keep herself well in the eyes of the world; it was the more necessary now, when she alone could vindicate the character of the Italian people for military valour as well as civil wisdom. Her army secured for itself the reputation not only of bravery (of that not even the disasters of 1849 could deprive them), but of discipline and excellent organization. Her reward was a place in the Conference of the great Powers, and an opportunity of pleading there for the griefs of Italy. Cavour was listened to with respect and sympathy, by France and England at least. He then proposed, in a letter to Napoleon, that these friendly Powers should combine in a strictly legal manner, and acting by moral influence alone promote such reforms as had been accepted by Italians generally, and proved with success in Piedmont, *i.e.*, by selecting their representatives for this end, instructing them to act together, and putting themselves into communication with the influential men of the different States, openly and with avowed intentions. There is no doubt that Sardinia acted as far as she could on the plan then proposed; and it is for this action that she has been accused of encouraging seditious movements. The fact that the Duke de Grammont, a man of known sympathies with Piedmont, was appointed to the embassy at Rome, in the place of M. Rayneval, indicated the intention of France of co-operating in this work. Since 1856, France and Sardinia have drawn much together, though the latter cannot be said to have sacrificed her independence to foreign dictation—witness her conduct on the Conspiracy Bill, which was as independent as that of England. Lord Palmerston's Government, though appearing to co-operate entirely with Piedmont, entered, after the Peace, upon a course of policy which, in the eyes of that country, appeared inconsistent with a hearty assent to it.

Italy gained nothing in these last years by the peaceful action of diplomacy. Diplomacy indeed at this time appeared to be particularly helpless, when dealing with Powers that recognised no argument but force. Its action, and the suspension of its action, had an equal effect on the stubborn mind of the King of Naples. It was unable to prevent the Austrian troops from overrunning Parma to the very frontiers which look down on the bay of Spezzia, in order to put down a republican insurrection which would never have occurred, if there had then been a liberal Government to combine the upper and middle classes, and Italian troops to pre-

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serve order; nor was it able to remonstrate effectually against the increase of the fortifications of Piacenza. The attitude of England towards Naples was not more decided after her representative was withdrawn. Her Government suffered two English subjects to languish in prison, and took it for granted that the capture of the *Cagliari* was lawful; and when it was discovered that it had been illegal, Sardinia was left to stand alone in a case in which both Powers had received a common injustice, and was at last put off with a reparation which saved Naples from the humiliation of owning that Sardinia, whom she hated, had been wronged.

The feeling between Austria and Sardinia was all this time getting more and more excited; and when principles so essentially different were brought into contact, they could not fail to end in war. This is what the cabinets of Europe had for years foreseen. It was merely a question of time and, of course with Sardinia, the weaker party, of opportunity. She had learnt too severe a lesson in 1848 to hope to succeed in the long run against her great antagonist, by allying herself with the half-organized forces of countries in a state of revolution; but when France offered a hope of help she met it at once. Whether France was justified in stirring up the fire which had so long been smouldering into a blaze, and what share of the blame of the late war attaches to her, is a different question entirely. Much is to be said in justification of Piedmont; and we believe that if England remains firm, much good for Italy may come out of it—*i.e.*, her organization on a new system on the principle of non-intervention.

The manifesto in the *Moniteur* of the 9th of September, if it throws little light upon Napoleon III.'s intentions for the future, explains his conduct in and since the conference at Villafranca. Nothing can be clearer than the professed object with which he entered Italy. It was to restore her to herself, and for this sole purpose to drive out Austria, a Power endangered by every corner of territory which remained independent, and of course a danger to every free State in return. As circumstances, which might have been foreseen before the commencement of the war, prevented the accomplishment of this programme to the letter, it became important to secure a peace which seemed to fulfil it in spirit. The intention of all the manifestos, and answers to Italian envoys since Villafranca, is to show that Italy is independent, that the object of the war is attained. Austria, to be sure, they declare, is not driven out; but then the leopard has changed his spots, the defeat of Solferino and the generous frankness of the Emperor of the French have conquered her most obstinate prejudices, and quenched her most dangerous ambitions; and the Italians are asked to believe that a Power which ever since 1814 has been doing nothing else but making and breaking promises to her own Italian subjects, and encouraging her satellite princes to do the same, is ready to become a congenial neighbour, no longer 'a German Prince on this side the Alps, but a fosterer of Italian nationality to the shores of the Adriatic.' It is, of course, very perverse, suspicious, and ungrateful of the Italians not to accept this assurance at the hands of their ally, but past experience will not permit them to do so, and the treatment of Venice by Austria since the preliminaries of peace were signed, seems a strange commencement of the new era. Nor is there anything very convincing in the parallel drawn between the relation of Holland to the German Confederation, and that of Austria to the one proposed for Italy. There is not much probability that the King of Holland, with his population of three millions, will ever take advantage of his position as Grand Duke of Luxembourg to domineer over any State of a Confederation which numbers more than forty millions, and in which his own territory is but small; but who shall say how soon Austria, with her half million of bayonets, her almost impregnable fortresses, and her known principles of government, might take advantage of her position in Venetia to dictate her views

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on internal administration to the smaller States in a Confederation of twenty-three millions, the governors of more than one-half of which shared her convictions? It is this which principally deters the Italians from taking back their fugitive princes, and entering into the Emperor's scheme of Confederation; not a new scheme, indeed, on the part of Austria, for she sought to extend her influence over the peninsula by a similar one in 1815. Personally obnoxious as their late sovereigns may be, they might be induced to receive them if Austria had not still a footing in Italy, if her legions were not still at hand to help them to stifle once more the Constitutions they are now so ready to promise. In confirmation of this we may state, what has lately at Turin gained much more than the consistency of a report—that the Tuscans, with rare self-denial and a generous regard for their fellow-countrymen in Venetia which proves the genuineness of the national feeling which has grown up in Italy, are about to signify their willingness to accept Ferdinand of Lorraine if Austria will surrender Venetia to Piedmont on receiving compensation. We of course do not expect that Austria will accede to this proposition, though it might be her wisest course, and add to her real strength; but it shows how deeply rooted is the persuasion of Italians that until Austria has evacuated the peninsula there is no security for constitutional government, but that when she has done so, they may trust to themselves, if not to their princes, for the maintenance of it.

It is plain, then, that the peace of Villafranca cannot be carried out according to its original intention. The inhabitants of the Duchies cannot be '*made* to understand how much the restoration of their former sovereigns is for the interest of the great Italian country,' as the Emperor of the French expected, relying too much upon the effect of French argument and influence and threats, or, as he says, Italian gratitude. Austria, in consequence, will not make any concessions to Venetia. What, then, are we to expect? Tuscany, in her Parliament, has voted *unanimously* the fall of the House of Lorraine, and annexation to Piedmont. Parma, Modena, and the Legations have done the same. There is scarcely anything in modern history more striking than the order, unity, and dignity of their proceedings. Will their reasonable wishes, so peaceably and resolutely expressed, be listened to? It has gradually become manifest that force cannot and will not be resorted to in order to reinstate the Grand Dukes. Europe could not look on quietly at such a scene of injustice. Napoleon III. glories in declaring that he has raised Italy to independence, however distasteful her exercise of it may be to him. France will not use material force against the wishes of four millions of those whom she has bled to liberate; nor will she suffer any other Power to do so. This seems plain. But it relates only to the rejection of the former rulers. It is not likely that Louis Napoleon, much less that the Emperor of Austria, will ever consent to the annexation of Tuscany or the Legations to Piedmont. The Emperor of the French desires that Italy should be free from Austrian domination, not that she should be so strongly organized as to be able to dispense with French support. France does not wish Italy to form a strong member of the European comity of nations; she could not brook a powerful neighbour in the Mediterranean. Hence it has always been the policy of France to keep Italy subdivided. 'The independence of Italy,' said Maisonfort, in 1821, 'and above all, her subdivision into different States, ought to be the object and aim of every French diplomatic agent attached to his country;' and Lamartine acted upon the same maxim when, under the Republic, he threatened to seize Savoy if Carlo Alberto became master of Upper Italy, because a strong Italian kingdom in possession of Savoy would be a menace to France. On the other hand, it is certainly for the interest of Italy, which is never likely to be tranquil as long as she is divided into a number of small States, necessarily depending upon one of two great Powers, and for the peace of Europe, that a power-

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ful kingdom should be formed in the north of Italy. As certainly is it for the advantage of England, which, if she acts a generous part in the present crisis, would gain an ally drawn to her by gratitude, by reciprocal interests, and common aspirations. Surely if other States anxious for constitutional liberty, such as Belgium, Greece, and the Danubian Principalities (of which some were far less prepared for it), found England their friend, Italy, who by her early history, her services to civilization, her literature, her recent sufferings, and her present wise, orderly, and dignified conduct, has far stronger claims upon our sympathy, will meet with our energetic support in the attainment of those securities for her freedom which she desires. There are already indications that the annexation to Piedmont of Parma and Modena may be permitted. Both Austria and France are indignant with the Duchess of Parma on account of her double dealing, proved by her letters to the two Emperors, which, it is said, they compared at Villafranca; and the Duke of Modena is childless, and his succession a disputed point. So not much is surrendered by this consent; and this will probably be played off against concessions to be demanded from the Italian side. About Tuscany, and the Legations especially, we cannot feel sanguine. Under the circumstances it was of course impossible for Victor Emmanuel to do more than accept thankfully, but conditionally, the homage which these States offered to him. He could but promise to do his best to give effect to their wishes to erect a barrier which should ensure the possession of Italy to the Italians; he could not afford to act without the consent of Europe in a matter of such concern, to give colour to the accusations against him of selfish ambition, or accept a throne without guarantees, which he might in consequence have to defend at the point of the sword against the most powerful monarchies of Europe. On the other hand, the policy to be followed by the Duchies and Legations is very clear. They must continue by their order and moderation to prove that they are worthy to be citizens of a free State. If the great Powers refuse to accede to such an aggrandizement of Piedmont, they must continue united between themselves, and united with Piedmont, if not formally, at least virtually. If they may not be governed by the same king, none can deny them the right of being governed by the same laws, of drawing closer the bonds of commerce and friendship, and of concluding a defensive alliance against all who would destroy their independence. This work indeed they have already begun; the civil and criminal codes of Sardinia, as well as her constitutional law, have been proclaimed in some if not in all; they are resolved that a customs' union shall exist between them, and every barrier to free intercourse be removed. Thus they may pave the way for the full accomplishment of their desires. In the meantime, the duty of providing for self-defence at any cost is plain; if they are safe for the present, a few days may change the whole aspect of affairs, and they may have to fight against their former rulers and their friends. This work too has been heartily commenced. The army of Central Italy is being solidly organized under Fanti, a distinguished Modenese general, who served under Piedmont in the two Lombard campaigns and in the Crimea; and one of the principal corps is under Garibaldi, whose very name is for Italians a symbol of union and hope. They do not desire to act on the offensive, but if they go on as they have begun, the free States of Italy will be able to defend themselves worthily, and any aggression on them, in itself an act which public opinion throughout Europe would condemn, would be dearly paid for. Italians have shown on many occasions that they can fight well, when well led. The Central Italian army amounts now to thirty thousand men; and it will, we believe, soon be raised to forty-five thousand. The *Moniteur* was obliged to confess, however unwillingly, that the 'Italians were masters of the position;' let them only depend upon themselves and exercise their united strength, and it will remain theirs.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

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The Editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE *does not undertake to return papers that are sent to him for consideration.*

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

PITT AND CANNING.

Fifty Years of Political History.

We are glad that Mr. Stapleton* has given us these memorials of the last of our authentic political leaders. Canning was the heir of great ancestors, and he was not unworthy of his heritage. Yet the oblivion which afflicts the great actor or the great speaker, has to the pupil of Pitt proved even more destructive than to others. *Stet nominis umbra.* A few brilliant trifles are all that remain of a politician unrivalled among his contemporaries for sagacity and vigour. Canning possessed in perfection that clear, quick, resolute, nervous *grasp* which we find in Chatham, in Pitt, in Fox. At present, oscillating between rashness and timidity, we drift helplessly into peace or war; *then* we went, knowing what we wanted, and determining the course we were to follow.

How much the history of a great man is the history of a nation, how little valuable is opinion, and how invaluable genius and character, is the moral of the fifty years we now propose to review—the half century which terminated with the death of Canning.

The Great Commoner is the most imposing figure which the last century produced. His shadow stretches across it like the shadow of a colossus. Chatham was by no means, indeed, a completely-furnished or well-balanced statesman. A certain splendour and slovenliness mingle in his character. His sister used to say that her brother knew nothing accurately except the *Faery Queen.* But a politician who, in the eighteenth century, could muse with delight over the purest and most noble work of the English imagination, probably stood very much alone among his contemporaries, and must have owned certain rare and elevated virtues, and a generous and vivid genius. What his speeches were can now be at best vaguely guessed; but even yet these 'shreds of unconnected eloquence' remain in their way unrivalled. They are struck with the authentic fire of the imagination—of the imagination in the full sweep of excited and eloquent emotion. Half a dozen of these 'luminous sentences' are almost all that continue notable to us in fifty years of political history. They are the masterful words of a great man—haughty and arrogant words often—but haughty and arrogant because the speaker, in the pride of his integrity, scorned all meanness, and baseness, and *finesse.* 'I come not here armed at all points with law cases and acts of parliament, *with the statute-book doubled down in dogs-ears, to defend the cause of liberty,*' he exclaimed, with fine scorn, in answer to Grenville's argument on our right to tax the colonies. 'Such are your well known characters and abilities,' he said, addressing the Government of Lord North, 'that sure I am that any plan of reconciliation, however moderate, wise, and feasible, must fail in your hands. Who, then, can wonder that you should put a negative on any measure which must annihilate your power, deprive you of your

* *George Canning and his Times.* By Augustus Granville Stapleton. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

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emoluments, and *at once reduce you to that state of insignificance for which God and nature designed you?'* Again, when Lord Rockingham's Administration solicited his support, 'Pardon me, gentlemen,' he said, bowing to them with that superb and haughty courtesy with which, more than with any other characteristic, we identify him; 'confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.' Most of the speeches he made in defence of the revolted colonists are grand and vehement. 'As an Englishman by birth and principle, I recognise to the Americans their supreme inalienable right to their property —a right which they are justified to defend till the last extremity. To maintain this principle is the common cause of the Whigs on the other side of the Atlantic and on this. ''Tis liberty to liberty engaged,' that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. *In this cause they are immovably allied; it is the alliance of God and nature—immutable, eternal—fixed as the firmament of heaven.'* The assurance which he entertained of our ultimate failure was pressed home with the earnestness of supreme conviction. 'I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts; *they must be repealed, you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them; I stake my reputation on it; I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed!'* Yet he would not consent to compromise the Imperial authority, nor agree to Franklin's proposal, that the King's troops should not be quartered in America without the consent of the provincial Legislatures, and he enshrined his argument in a noble metaphor. 'Such a condition,' he exclaimed, 'plucks the master feather from the eagle's wing.'

Yet Lord Chatham's career, judged of by the ordinary criterion of Ministerial success, may be said to have comparatively failed. He was far oftener in opposition than in office: his own Ministry was feeble: on many of the most important questions of the day the king and the nation refused to sanction his policy. But Chatham, during the four years between 1757 and 1761, when with splendid firmness and sagacity he conducted the great war against France, did what no other statesman of his age did, or could have done. For seventy years England had been a nation divided against itself. The affections of one half of the people were fixed upon an exiled house—*sæva Pelopis domus.* The spirit of active rebellion had been at length extinguished, but the old animosities still burnt on; and the winning party itself did not feel very proud of the throne it had gained for an alien and unpopular dynasty. It was Chatham who recalled the old national feeling. He made the Englishman again proud of his country. He revived the sense of patriotism, of national union, of a combined corporate life. The restoration of that spirit of loyal obedience and dutiful attachment to the State, without which, as Burke eloquently said, 'your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber,' was directly due to the genius and character of Lord Chatham. He was a great man, and he communicated his rare manhood to the nation. The picture of the Great Minister wielding the thunderbolts of war, and again, as in the old times, vindicating the authority of the English name, fired the imagination of the people, and made them come together as one man. He found England divided and dispirited: he left it united and exultant.

As the veteran gladiator was borne from the arena, two youthful athletes appeared upon it—Charles James Fox and William Pitt. Lady Holland writes to her husband in 1767—'I have been this morning with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, now eight years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw, and brought up so strictly and so proper in his behaviour, that—mark my words—that little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives.' A curious womanly intuition, fulfilled to the letter! William Pitt was indeed a thorn in Fox's side as long as he lived.

It has of late become customary

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with certain writers to depreciate the services and the wisdom of Pitt; they admit, indeed, that he was a stately Minister, gifted with copious and weighty eloquence; but they assert that he cannot be regarded as a subtle or sagacious leader, and they see in his unrivalled success only a succession of fortunate accidents. On the other hand, it is asserted in the same quarter that Fox in this very capacity was eminently distinguished; and that the reason why his labours were so seldom crowned with official recognition, is to be traced to a combination of disastrous mischances over which the most forecasting prudence could have exercised no control. This estimate appears to us singularly unhappy. Pitt was 'a thorn' in Fox's side, no doubt; but he was so because the Whig leader recklessly left his advances open and unguarded. Fox's attacks upon Pitt always recoiled without effect: the Whig leader's impulsive and desultory genius was no match for the cool and prescient sagacity of the Minister. Fox's career was a failure: Pitt's, from the very beginning, a splendid success. The prolonged authority of the son of Chatham was not an accident. What is the explanation? The nation admired the lavish gifts of the one; but it had confidence in the other. It is the triumph of *character*.

A brief survey will make this clear.

Neither the public nor the private character of Fox was calculated to inspire the people with confidence.

His private life was against him. He possessed, indeed, many amiable social qualities,—warm affections, a placable and forgiving disposition, a sweet and winning temper, which nothing could sour. He was thus immensely popular among his associates. But his reputation with the country was bad; and the reputation was not unjustified. His early career was profligate; and even his connexion with Mrs. Armistead*—which probably did much to reclaim him—was foreign to the feelings of a strictly moral people. His father introduced him to the gaming-table at Spa before he was fourteen; and he quickly became one of the most fierce and reckless gamblers in a gambling age. The purchase of the annuities which he had granted to cover his losses at play, cost Lord Holland more than a hundred and forty thousand pounds. As he mixed much in society the details of his 'interior' life were well known to the public. He rose late, and before he had quitted his bed-room in St. James's-street was surrounded by a group of pleasant, witty, and accomplished disciples. Many men who were very famous then, and some who will be very famous for ever, attended these matutinal levees. Wrapped in a 'foul linen night-gown' that only partially concealed 'his black and bristly person,' his hair matted, and his hands unwashed, the profligate dictator marshalled the forces of the Opposition, and devised the tactics of the campaign. The day he spent at Newmarket—in the evening he attacked the Minister—the night was consumed at Almack's. This celebrated club in Pall-Mall had been established by himself; and within its walls, their faces muffled, their laced ruffles protected with leather-straps 'such as footmen wear,' the youthful aristocracy of England scattered, with a cast of the dice, the wealth which centuries had accumulated. Long after day-break the Whig leader once more landed in St. James's-street—that is, when he could reach home, and it was not necessary to leave him under the supper-table in what Grattan called Fox's *negligent grandieur!* This was terrific work —only a most vigorous and elastic constitution could have stood it. Fox, physically and intellectually, braved it with splendid impunity: to his associates, the wild dissipation seemed only to add a fresher charm to his eloquence, and a keener point to his wit; but at the same time it effectually alienated the mass of the people from him.

Nor was his public life more reassuring. The first Lord Holland was utterly destitute of principle. According to his creed every patriot

* Mrs. Armistead afterwards became Mrs. Fox.

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had his price, and every vote in the House of Commons could be bought. Endowed, like his son, with warm affections, and a serene and equitable temper, which he preserved to the last—('If Mr. Selwyn calls again,' he said to his servant when he was dying, 'let him in; if I am alive, I shall be very glad to see him; and if I am dead, he will be very glad to see me')—he was yet utterly untrustworthy. The political latitudinarianism of the father was supposed to have descended to the son. The impression was false indeed; for Fox, especially in later life, had many strong and even vehement convictions. But his conduct undoubtedly often gave a colour to the imputation; and he suffered in consequence.

Gibbon has asserted that Fox was a great and sagacious leader—'Fox, who, in the conduct of a party, approved himself equal to the conduct of an Empire.' The words were written towards the close of the historian's life, and when ample materials for judgment were beside him. But surely no man can be regarded as a great chief whose tactics alienate his party and the people; and at the time when Gibbon wrote, the nation had lost all confidence in the wisdom and capacity of the Whig leaders, and the Whig party was divided against itself. Fox was looked upon as a reckless *debauché* who spent his days in drinking and gambling with the Prince of Wales. Sheridan's want of application and steadiness was universally acknowledged, and had been piquantly illustrated. 'No applications,'—a notice, it was said, stuck on the door of his office during the time he was Secretary to the Treasury, announced—'no applications can be received here on Wednesdays, nor any business done during the remainder of the week.' And when the party, with its traditional exclusiveness, could find no place for Burke in his own Administration, it seemed tacitly to sanction the popular impression that his great schemes of domestic and imperial policy were impracticable. Its recent manœuvres, moreover, had created an impression that the men were not only incompetent but unprincipled. Office was regarded as the sole object of their mercenary ambition. The tactics of the Opposition—from a Whig point of view especially—were certainly for many years particularly unhappy. The junction with Lord North, the conflict of 1784, the question of the Regency, and the French Revolution, were the principal events that took place between 1782 and 1792. What was Fox's conduct in relation to these events? Was it consistent with his position as the leader of the Whig party,—the party calling itself the popular? The junction with an ultra-Tory like Lord North was censured by his personal friends as 'an unnatural alliance,' and he himself admitted that it was 'a measure which only success could justify.' In 1784 the conflict was one substantially between the Parliament and the people. The right to an ultimate verdict vested in the people was surely a doctrine entirely in consonance with the historical traditions of the Whigs. But this right Fox obstinately denied. Again, in 1788, on the question of the Regency, what course did he adopt? He asserted that the Prince of Wales was gifted with an inherent and inherited authority, which he could, under circumstances like those which had then occurred, assume, without the sanction or intervention of the Houses of Parliament, an authority so unmitigated that its existence was challenged by a Tory Minister! Was this Monarchical right a doctrine recognised by the Whig Revolution of 1688, a revolution which detected a divine right not in the king, but in the people? Finally, his conduct in regard to the French Revolution is admitted, even by his strongest partisans, to have been characterized by a reckless disregard of the peculiar duties and responsibilities that his office imposed on him. We do not mean to question his sincerity. There is abundant evidence to the contrary in the letters which Lord John Russell has published. But was it cautious or politic in a party leader? He must have known that the Revolution was an event hostile to the sentiments of the great body of the nation, and repugnant to the opinions of the most important members of his own party. There

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was no necessity, to say the least, why he should have assumed the uncompromising position he thought fit to maintain, or voluntarily united himself with those who were regarded with suspicion and dislike by the most powerful classes of English society. Of all his political blunders, none were freighted with more malignant consequences to himself and his party than this; for it thoroughly thinned the ranks and weakened the influence of the Liberal Opposition during half a century.

The first act of the Revolution was consummated in 1789; but it was not until the 6th of May, 1792, that the schism in the Opposition became publicly known. The Revolution absolutely exasperated Burke. He took it in the light of a personal insult. There was unquestionably a tinge of insanity in the angry vehemence with which he assailed it. During the last session, upon this very subject, bitter recriminations had passed between him and Sheridan, which might have been spared, 'if only for the ghost of a departed friendship.' And a yet earlier and dearer fellowship was now to be sacrificed. Fox had risen during the evening, had denounced the enemies of liberty, and lauded in eloquent words the regenerated society of France. Burke found it impossible to remain silent any longer. He was, he said, no friend to tyranny. He hated tyranny, but he hated it most where most were concerned; for he knew that the tyranny of a multitude was a multiplied tyranny. Nor was he an enemy to liberty; but the liberty that he loved was a liberty associated with order and honesty, that not only existed along with virtue and justice, but that could not exist without them. This was not the liberty that had been asserted by the French Republicans; on the contrary, they had been urged on by a ferocious indocility that seemed to have destroyed their social nature, and made them little better than the brutes. Before Burke had finished his harangue, Fox expressed a confident hope that though they might differ as to public affairs, there would be no loss of private friendship. But Burke publicly refused the proffered amnesty. There was something, he declared, so malignant in this detested constitution that it seemed to envenom everything that it touched, and he knew that in doing his duty he had lost his friend. When he resumed his seat Fox rose to speak, but for some time was too much agitated to address the House; then, in a burst of passionate tenderness, he appealed to his revered and venerated friend—to the memory of their old affection—to the remembrance of their inalienable friendship! But Burke was inexorable. He would hold no communion with any one who sympathized with France. Her friends should be his enemies, and her enemies should be his friends. And henceforth the old comrades were parted by a gulf 'more bitter than the bitterness of death.'

Thus the result of Fox's leadership was to extinguish Whiggism as the leading power in the State for well nigh fifty years. From 1784 until the era of the Reform Bill the party was politically extinct. No doubt unlucky accidents *did* occur, whose evil consequences the severest prudence could not entirely have obviated; but the Whigs were banished from office because Fox, alike as a man and as a politician, had failed to conciliate the confidence of the people. As a man he was pronounced profligate; as a politician unsafe; and neither versatility nor eloquence could retrieve the position which want of character had forfeited.

Pitt, in either respect, stands out in striking contrast to his rival.

His domestic life was blameless. The tone of his mind was singularly pure and elevated. Like the Arthur of romance, William Pitt was 'a stainless gentleman.' Nor was his purity, as his enemies asserted, exclusively due to the reserve and coldness of his temperament. It is known that he was at one time deeply attached to Lady Eleanor Eden, and that the conviction that the ties of domestic life were inconsistent with the engrossing claims of public duty alone prevented him from making her his wife—a sacrifice dictated by a fine sense of duty no doubt, but still in many respects to be lamented. Lady Eleanor's

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noble beauty and grand and thoughtful brow would not unfitly have associated with the austere memory of the incorruptible statesman. Such a union, too, would probably have proved beneficial to Pitt himself. His integrity was somewhat icy. There was a certain *hardness* in his character which this union might have relaxed. But when he had once decided he never relented.* And so his life went on, cast in the same mould, till its close—cold, simple, incorruptible, wanting in the finer lights and subtler perceptions of the affections, but fascinating by its grand, imposing, and sombre masses. The last scene—the dead minister lying alone and unregarded in the deserted house—is very sad, but not out of keeping with the rest of the incidents, and with the cheerless burden of ambition he had voluntarily undertaken to bear.

Pitt's public no less than his private career compelled confidence. He undoubtedly enjoyed many natural advantages. The House of Commons could not behold unmoved the son of the Great Commoner. A noble opportunity, moreover, opened to him on the very threshold of his parliamentary career; but even his enemies admitted that he turned it to account with infinite skill and tact. It needed indeed marvellous nerve and moral hardihood to enter deliberately into a life and death conflict with the turbulent and despotic Commons of England. Had he then fallen he would have fallen irretrievably; but he never faltered, never wavered, never laid aside his arms, until the enemy was routed and victory won.

The conflict between the youthful Premier and the combined opposition of North and Fox is one of the most bitter recorded in the annals of parliamentary warfare. That Pitt asserted the doctrine of the Constitution cannot now be questioned. That the ministers of the Crown are entitled to appeal to the constituencies against the verdict of an adverse Parliament has been admitted and enforced by Lord John Russell himself.† But in 1784 the Opposition, secure in the support of a majority of the House of Commons, determined to guard against a dissolution, and in the attempt did not hesitate to employ the most violent and arbitrary expedients. To withstand so powerful and unscrupulous a confederacy must have required, as we have said, a force of moral courage with which few men are gifted. Against the minister were arrayed the genius and the authority of the most accomplished statesmen, the parliamentary influence of Lord North, and the philosophical sagacity of Edmund Burke, Fox's vehement invective, and Sheridan's bitter pleasantry, which, as old Robert Boyle found the toothache, 'though it be not mortal, is very troublesome.' The ministers were at one time denounced as a set of desperate miscreants, who persisted in holding office against the confidence of the Commons; at another ridiculed as arrogant young gentlemen, who required to be taught that Government was too serious a business to be made the plaything of children. The Premier was

> The Virgin Minister—the Heaven-born youth;

and the charge of precocious and profligate ambition was hurled against the 'new Octavius.' But Pitt's courageous pertinacity proved equal to the crisis. Animated especially by the resolute support of the King and the Duke of Richmond, he continued to maintain his difficult position with a proud humility that is not without its charm. To the arguments of the Opposition he replied in skilful and eloquent speeches which displayed a profound acquaintance with constitutional law and the history and practice of Parliament. Its taunts and its reproaches he treated with haughty silence and that superb contempt which is described by those who

* Pitt had few friends or intimates. Dundas, and subsequently Canning, were the only men he thoroughly trusted. Even his own Chancellor intrigued against him. Thurlow, indeed, with ponderous hypocrisy denied the charge—'When I forget my King, may God forget me!' 'He'll see you d—d first!' retorted Wilkes. 'The best thing that can happen to you,' said Burke.

† *Life and Times of Charles James Fox.* Vol. ii. p. 56. London: 1859.

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knew him as a marked feature in his character. When the contest had lasted for nearly four months, when the Government had undergone a succession of ignominious defeats, when invective and argument had been alike exhausted, the majority was at length forced to admit that the House of Commons had been discomfited in a desperate conflict by a Minister not five-and-twenty! 'In all my researches in modern and ancient times,' is the testimony of the great English historian of Rome, 'I have nowhere met with his parallel, who, at so early a period of his life, discharged so important a trust with so much credit to himself and with so much advantage to his country.'

When Pitt had succeeded in defeating the coalition, his task was scarcely more than begun. He had still to give his party a bond of cohesion and a principle of unity. He had to detect the exact place it was necessary to occupy between the rival political sections on the one hand and the mass of the people on the other. He had to inaugurate and work out a policy which would keep the nation with him. That he did so must ever, we think, be regarded as his peculiar triumph. The material of a party, as we have seen, lay ready to his hand; but in itself it certainly was not very promising. It was chiefly composed of the old Tory connexion, which had acquired a renovated influence through the vices and blunders of its rivals. But there was no vitality in its creed; it had retained the dry form, while it had lost the religious energy of its early convictions. The Toryism of Divine right and passive obedience had manifestly answered the end it was meant to serve, and now it seemed that the sooner it was dismissed the better. But the claims of its rival were equally loose and unsatisfactory. The lofty and abstract patriotism of the Whig had practically ministered only to the selfishness of the nobility. The liberty he desired was the liberty of the oligarchy to govern England, not the liberty of the people to govern themselves. His aristocratic leaders were utterly ignorant of the popular sympathies and of the popular necessities. It was with those sympathies and those necessities that, at the close of the coalition contest, Pitt identified Toryism. Feudal England had become the England of mercantile and mechanical enterprise, and under the direction of 'the infant Atlas of the State,' Conservatism ceased to be a feudal, and became a commercial, principle. Granting the people the only freedom they really cared for at the time—the freedom to create and accumulate capital—he relieved the springs of national industry and augmented the sources of national wealth. He was the first Minister of the Crown who recognised that the philosophical genius of Adam Smith 'furnished the best solution to every question connected with the history of commerce and with the systems of political economy.' He was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who brought with him to office the principles of a scientific finance. When he came into power the income of the country, after the prolonged drain of the American war, did not supply the means of supporting even a moderate peace establishment. Within a single year his tariff—a tariff constructed upon the principle that has dictated all our recent legislation, the increase of the revenue through an increase in the consumption rather than through an increase in the taxation—produced a magnificent surplus. But while he profited England, he saved Conservatism. Constructing his policy on wise and liberal principles, he incorporated with a worn-out creed a new and vital element of strength, and imparted to a powerless and unimaginative party the force and the refinement of genius. In the popular interests of a mercantile community, and in the maxims of an enlightened finance, he sought for it a more permanent pre-eminence than could be derived from the wealth of an aristocratic connexion or the influence of a shattered tradition. More than once, even within our own memory, has Toryism been in this way rescued by a subtle, profound, and prolific intellect; and if even now it can with truth be said to exert any perceptible influence upon our practical politics, it is because it has been thus redeemed from its mercenary in-

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stincts and its more literal associations.

The first ten years of Pitt's Administration present a marked contrast to those which succeeded. His genius and his sympathies were pacific; he was fitted to make a great peace Minister; but he was forced to become the Minister of war. 'Forced,' we say, because there can be no doubt that he regarded war with dislike, and that those who attribute to his ambition the participation of England in the revolutionary war speak without knowing the facts. He struggled earnestly to keep the country aloof, and he refused to join 'the coalesced kings' in their ill-advised attempt to regulate the internal organization of France. *That* question, he always declared, was one which the French people alone were competent to decide. 'If,' said Canning in 1794, describing and vindicating the policy of the Ministry, 'it had been a harmless, idiot lunacy, which had contented itself with playing its tricks and practising its fooleries *at home*, with dressing up strumpets in oak-leaves and inventing nicknames for the calendar, I should have been far from desiring to interrupt their innocent amusements; we might have looked on with hearty contempt indeed, but with a contempt not wholly unmixed with commiseration.' It was not until Dumouriez had made the Ardennes forest 'the Thermopylæ of France;' it was not until the war on the part of the Convention had ceased to be a war of defence and become a war of aggression and propagandism; it was not until the King had been put to death, that Pitt came to see that neutrality could no longer be preserved. It was not Pitt, it was the French and the English people, who made war inevitable. When the Convention, on the 19th of November, 1792, decreed that it would assist with arms all nations who wished to recover their liberty, it virtually declared war against the constituted Governments of Europe. But England was by no means willing to participate in the contest. 'The coalesced kings threaten us,' shouted Danton, 'and we cast at their feet, as our gage of battle, the head of a king.' The English people eagerly accepted the challenge. The atrocities of the revolution had horrified them, its successes had scared them; and horror-stricken and panic-stricken, they threw themselves blindly into the battle, and dragged the Minister along with them. The Revolutionary War has been called a war of principle: it was rather, in so far as England was involved, a war of sentiment and passion. The moral sense of the country had been outraged by the indecent and ferocious excesses of the Republic, and it protested accordingly, and in the aggressive shape an Englishman's moral protest generally takes.

The war was indeed protracted and disastrous; before it was finished Fox and Pitt were in their graves, and a new generation had arisen. But to attribute these disasters to the policy of the Minister is surely most unjust. The fate of battles was against him; the genius of Napoleon was against him; but he did his part with a lavish hand and an unshaken heart. He did not starve the war; he did not practise any of the small economies that are now so much in vogue: he bent the undivided energies of the country to the conflict and strained them to the utmost. Chatham himself could not have conducted a war with more magnificent prodigality; and it can at least be said that, from first to last, England remained mistress of the sea.

The Opposition alleged that after he had once embarked in the war Pitt would never listen to any overture for peace; but the charge, though no doubt to some extent correct, can hardly be made matter of reproach to the Minister. Pitt accurately estimated the malign nature of the conflict. He was opposed to a great Captain, for whose safety war was as needful as 'the encasing air.' Napoleon's power rested upon a military basis; and such a power was in its very nature a perpetual menace to Europe. To make peace with this foe was, as Pitt felt, virtually impracticable. A truce was more unsafe than a war, even though the war might be burdensome and disastrous. The Opposition thundered against the bloody and ambitious Minister; but when the

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Opposition itself succeeded to power, it was forced to acknowledge that Pitt was right, and that so long as Napoleon and the French army lay like a thundercloud over Europe, it was impossible to patch up even a provisional peace.

Such were the two men who for twenty eventful years divided the admiration of the House of Commons—who still on either hand salute the stranger as, with uncovered head, he enters the temple of the State. Pitt—the superb Commoner, who has refused the blue ribbon, and will never accept of any reward for his great services, either from his king or his country—from childhood superior to pleasure, temperate, abstemious, and with a reputation for unblemished integrity—fluent, clear, correct, and commanding as an orator—with arguments that appeal rather to the reason than to the imagination—severely just and coldly inflexible—we recognise in him a great Constitutional Minister, a haughty defender of the ancient order, a fitting representative of the most august and powerful Monarchy in Europe! Fox, on the other hand, with the light-heartedness of a boy—passionately enamoured of life—loving pleasure intensely, and quitting it with difficulty and regret—wanting, indeed, in the patient courage, foresight, and energy of the disciplined intellect, but wielding with matchless skill a burning eloquence, searchingly argumentative even in its most irresistible vehemence—to us he recalls the simple and courageous tribune of a degraded populace—the old orator, who could weep for very shame that they will *not* be stirred, as high above the crowd he thunders against the insolent dictator, and casts down fiery words upon the upturned faces of the people!

The lines of opposition between the two statesmen are for the most part strongly marked; but at length, as the end approaches, as the curtain drops, they approximate and unite. The life-long rivals are reconciled. Each is exhausted with the conflict; the fire burns low; 'the wine of life is on the lees.' The principles to which they had clung are worn out by their vehement advocacy. One after another the positions they had successively taken up have been abandoned. They had espoused opinions wide as the poles asunder; and now it has come to this,—that both are at one. Each had had his special theory of the universe; but the universe had declined to be theorized about, and taking its own course, had placidly brushed the theories aside as it passed. They were strong men both; but events had proved too strong for either.

They spent their lives together, and in death they were not divided. Pitt died—'of old age'—at forty-six; a few months elapsed, and Fox was laid by his side. The noble lament in *Marmion* was uttered over the sepulchre where rest the ashes of both the rivals.

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill!

Pitt's mantle fell upon Canning. Canning was his pupil and his heir. 'To one man, while he lived, I was devoted with all my heart, and all my soul. Since the death of Mr. Pitt, I acknowledge no leader; my political allegiance lies buried in his grave.'*

In very early life Canning had

* Mr. Canning's speech at Liverpool on the occasion of his contest with Mr. Brougham: Mr. Brougham retorted in a powerful passage of eloquent invective:

'Gentlemen, I stand up in this contest against the friends and followers of Mr. Pitt, or, as they partially designate him, the immortal statesman now no more. Immortal in the miseries of his devoted country! Immortal in the wounds of her bleeding liberties! Immortal in the cruel wars which sprang from his cold, miscalculating ambition! Immortal in the intolerable taxes, the countless loads of debt which these wars have flung upon us—which the youngest man amongst us will not live to see the end of! Immortal in the triumphs of our enemies, and the ruin of our allies—the costly purchase of so much blood and treasure! Immortal in the afflictions of England, and the humiliation of her friends, through the whole results of his twenty years' reign, from the first rays of favour with which a delighted court gilded his early apostasy, to the deadly glare

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given indications of high talent, and of the qualities of mind which afterwards distinguished him. Even in the *Microcosm* of his Eton days he displayed, along with much literary cleverness, a tact, moderation of judgment, and fastidiousness of taste which are seldom met with at that immature period of life. The *Anti-Jacobin* confirmed his literary reputation. His contributions to its columns will live with the language. They are very slight, but their classic polish and finish, their refined, subtle, and stealthy irony, their perfect mimetic grace, give them a high place among the exquisite trifles of art which inherit immortality. Most of his impromptus have disappeared with the society in which they floated; but the few that remain are sufficient to indicate the skill and felicity with which he spoke and thought. What can be more perfect in their way than his pleasantries on Mr. Whitbread? Here is one of them—less known than his *Anti-Jacobin* sallies, and therefore justifying reproduction:—

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATION.

Part of Mr. Whitbread's speech on the trial of Lord Melville, put into verse by Mr. Canning, at the time it was delivered:—

I'm like Archimedes for science and skill,
I'm like a young prince going straight up a hill;
I'm like (with respect to the fair be it said),
I'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
If you ask why the eleventh of June I remember,
Much better than April, or May, or November,
On that day, my lords, with truth I assure ye,
My sainted progenitor set up his brewery;
On that day, in the morning, he began brewing beer;
On that day too commenced his connubial career;
On that day he received and he issued his bills;
On that day he cleared out all the cash from his tills;
On that day he died, having finished his summing,
And the Angels all cried, 'Here's old Whitbread a-coming!'
So that day still I hail with a smile and a sigh
For his beer with an E, and his bier with an I;
And still on that day, in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family dine all together.
So long as the beams of this house shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court,
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos;
So long as the sun shall shine in at those windows,
My name shall shine bright as my ancestor's shines,
Mine recorded in journals, *his* blazoned on signs!

Canning's early associations were with the Whig party. At the house of his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, he became acquainted with its most eminent members. The beautiful and vivacious Mrs. Crew, who, with the Duchess of Devonshire, adorned and inspired the Whig society of the metropolis, was one of his personal friends. Before he had left Oxford, he was looked upon as 'one of themselves,' and Sheridan, on the occasion of Mr. Jenkinson's first speech, announced his coming to the House of Commons. When, therefore, he

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which is at this instant cast upon his name by the burning metropolis of our last ally! But may no such immortality ever fall to my lot—let me rather live innocent and inglorious: and when at last I cease to serve you, and to feel for your wrongs, may I have an humble monument in some nameless stone, to tell that beneath it there rests from his labours in your service, "*an enemy of the immortal statesman—a friend of peace and of the people.*"'

Lord Brougham has criticised Mr. Canning; Mr. Stapleton tells us Mr. Canning's opinion of Mr. Brougham. 'I recollect one day, when riding on the grounds near Brighton, telling him that I had received a letter from London, stating that Mr. Brougham was dangerously ill. "Poor fellow," said Mr. Canning, "I am very sorry to hear it;" and then after a minute's pause he added, "If he should be taken from the House of Commons, there will be no one left *to pound and mash.*"'—p. 28.

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entered Parliament as a supporter of the Minister, the resentment and mortification of the connexion were angrily manifested. He was called a traitor and an apostate, a Judas, who for the loaves and fishes had sold his faith. For many years whenever he rose to speak Grey and Tierney left the House. Such conduct was absurd. To make a boy responsible for the immature opinions which family tradition or youthful vanity may lead him to adopt, is ridiculous and offensive. Nor is there any proof that Canning *had* expressed the sentiments imputed to him. He originally sympathised with the French reformers, but their excesses quickly alienated his moderate temper and his refined tastes, and the commanding genius of Pitt at an early period attracted his admiration. 'Were I in Parliament,' he writes to one of his Oxford friends,—'where I sometime hence hope to be—my support and opinion would go with *Mr. Pitt.*'

In 1793 he entered the House of Commons; and in the following session made his first speech, which was subdued but effective. The narrative of his feelings on this occasion, as given by Mr. Stapleton, is very graphic.

> I intended to have told you, at full length, what were my feelings at getting up, and being pointed at by the Speaker, and hearing my name called from all sides of the House; how I trembled lest I should hesitate, or misplace a word in the two or three first sentences; while all was dead silence around me, and my own voice sounded to my ears quite like some other gentleman's; how, in about ten minutes, or less, I got warmed in collision with Fox's arguments, and did not even care twopence for anybody or anything; how I was roused, in about half an hour, from this pleasing state of self-sufficiency, by accidentally casting my eyes towards the Opposition bench, for the purpose of paying compliments to Fox, and assuring him of my respect and admiration, and there seeing certain members of Opposition laughing (as I thought), and quizzing me; how this accident abashed me, and, together with my being out of breath, rendered me incapable of uttering; how those who sat below me on the Treasury bench, seeing what it was that distressed me, cheered loudly, and the House joined them; and how, in less than a minute, straining every nerve in my body, and plucking up every bit of resolution in my heart, I went on more boldly than ever, and getting into a part of my subject that I liked, and, having the House with me, got happily and triumphantly to the end.—pp. 16-17.

Canning had almost every quality fitted to make him a favourite with the House of Commons. His manner was always indeed somewhat haughty and authoritative; he was an unsparing antagonist; he exhausted himself at all times—these are his own words—'in endeavours to give vigour and sharpness to political hostility.' The Whigs, moreover, as we have seen, regarded him at first with bitter aversion; but they constituted at that time a small minority in the House, and their influence was not sufficient to make their hostility very prejudicial to its object.

Canning's presence was singularly graceful. His figure was slight and wiry; his features, finely cut and decisive, were at the same time very mobile, and capable of a subtle play and variety of expression—a union seldom met with. 'There is a lighting up of his features, and a comic play about the mouth,' Wilberforce said, 'when the full force of the approaching witticism strikes his own mind, which prepares you for the burst which is to follow.' His head, altogether, was one of great intellectual power and beauty; the kind of head that is more frequently found on Greek statues than on English members of Parliament. His voice was low, but so rich and clear, and perfectly modulated, that it was heard distinctly in every part of the House. There was an air of high-breeding and aristocratic culture in every gesture, which those who dubbed him an 'adventurer' did not sometimes possess.

His eloquence was calm, serene, and luminous. He was seldom passionate; rarely yielded to excitement or emotion; but when he did the effect was electrical. The vehemence struck all the more keenly, from the contrast it presented to his passionless demeanour, his sarcastic temper, and his habitual reserve. With the lighter artillery of parliamentary defence and attack he was

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completely furnished. His irony was swift and stealthy—it stabbed like the stiletto. 'I can excuse him,' he said, when Mr. Windham's military measures were supported by his colleagues on grounds which he himself had repudiated, 'for having disdained to answer the attacks of his opponents, but I am surprised that he should not have vindicated himself from the support of his friends.' He particularly excelled in that refined pleasantry—that indirect and gentlemanly *quizzing*—which is so much relished by the House of Commons. The heavy Falmouth coach 'conveying the succour of Lord Nugent's person to Spain'—the Government discovering that there really was something like a war between France and Prussia, 'by the trifling circumstance that the Prussian army was annihilated'—the account of Mr. Windham's expeditions—['a firework before Boulogne and—yet that wanted confirmation—an embarkation on the Paddington canal. But for the uncommon openness of the weather, it is probable that his army would have been frozen up at Uxbridge,'] are capital specimens of this vein of grave and good-humoured banter.

Mr. Stapleton gives some very interesting details of the manner in which he prepared for a great speech.

> His whole mind was absorbed in it for two or perhaps three days beforehand. He spared no labour in obtaining and in arranging his materials. He always drew up a paper (which he used in the House) with the heads, in their order, of the several topics on which he meant to touch, and these heads were numbered, and the numbers sometimes extended to four or even five hundred.

Some of these 'headings' have been preserved, and they are very curious. We have only room for one—the unused notes of a speech in reply to Mr. Hobhouse, who, Mr. Canning believed, had, in an anonymous pamphlet, suggested his assassination.

> 391. But in or out of office.
> 392. The Constitution is my object of worship.
> 393. And in this her temple.
> 394. For that obloquy.
> 395. For that demonstration.
> 396. For that designation, and I pretty well know by what pen, to the dagger of the assassin.
> 397. But it is past—the danger and the scorn.
> 398. Let them rail, or let them repent.
> 399. My course is the same.
> 400. And while I have the strength, I desire no other duty than that of doing my best in defence of a form of Government which, if destroyed, could not be replaced, and which may yet afford shelter and glory to generations who will know how to value and preserve it.

Not only were these adjuncts in his favour; the *temper of his mind* was peculiarly fitted to win the confidence of the House of Commons. He was brave, intrepid, and honourable; no stain of baseness ever soiled his reputation. To such an one an assembly of English gentlemen can forgive much. And the moderation of his character attuned with their own. This moderation was intimately allied with his fastidiousness. His severe and dainty taste, the extreme care with which he lingered over the structure of a sentence, or the exact etymological significance of a word—sometimes, perhaps, degenerated into prudery. He scanned a royal speech till the faintest tinge of colour was bleached out of it. The King's message upon the affairs of Portugal was discovered at the eleventh hour to contain a slight grammatical error: Mr. Canning would not present it to the House until the inaccuracy had been carefully erased. Some people may be disposed to resent this jealous attention to verbal niceties; we are not. Mental slovenliness is as obnoxious as bodily; and scrupulous neatness, both in dress and language, is a virtue of the first magnitude. Confusion in speech is commonly the index of confused thinking; and the philosopher and the statesman should weigh the precise import of words as rigorously as the lawyer. A man so constitutionally fastidious as Canning was, could not help being temperate. He had a horror of excess in every shape; whatever shocked good taste was repugnant to him; the extravagances of enthusiasm were regarded with critical dislike by his fair and unimpassioned intellect. A shade of medita-

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tive irony runs perhaps through his mind; but he had no very deep convictions, nor the stuff of which bigots and martyrs are made. Yet with all his Epicurean delicacy and meteor-like brilliancy he possessed a remarkably sound understanding, and a rare fund of common sense. His great speech upon the bullion question showed the most profound acquaintance with the intricacies of practical finance. 'He *played,*' says Horner, 'with its most knotty subtleties.'

This moderation was the key-note of Canning's character, and determined his political career. He was liberal and yet a Tory, the adversary of Reform, and yet the ardent advocate of toleration. Wherever a tangible grievance existed, he devoted his energies to its redress; but he opposed every scheme of theoretical amelioration. He was the life-long advocate of Catholic emancipation: he was the life-long opponent of constitutional change. During the time he was in office, the question of Greek independence arose. The attitude he assumed towards it strikingly illustrates the habitual temperance of his disposition. When all Europe had gone crazy about the 'degenerate offspring of the free,' Canning maintained the even tenor of his mind. He was a fine scholar, and was not insensible to the classical associations which the struggle evoked; but he would not allow his imagination to take his judgment captive, or divert him from prudent and temperate counsels; and he expressed nothing save contempt for those who, to reconstruct the baseless fabric of a vision, blindly perilled the practical well-being of Europe. 'I have traced Chateaubriand's agents,' he writes, scornfully, 'perplexing the unhappy Greeks with I know not what absurd fancies of elective monarchies, and crusades against the infidel, with new knighthoods of Malta, at three shillings and sixpence a head.' He himself tried to accommodate the dispute between the Greeks and their Mussulman masters by a reasonable compromise. He negotiated a treaty which provided that, on the payment of a moderate fixed duty to the Porte, the Turkish army should be removed from Greece. But this wise and politic *middle course* was of course unacceptable to the imaginative politicians who, except the Republic were restored in its antique integrity, were content to abet the ambitious designs of Russia.

On his foreign policy the fame of Mr. Canning must ultimately depend. He was the ablest foreign minister that England has had for a century. The principles on which his policy rested were admirably conceived, and most skilfully executed. From the beginning to the end of his career they are evolved with dramatic consistency.

We must briefly justify this assertion.

Canning entered heart and soul into Mr. Pitt's contest with France. He held that the conflict was unavoidable, and that it had been forced upon a minister 'whose fame as well as power rested upon the basis of the financial prosperity of the country.' The indecent excesses of the French Republicans, moreover, shocked his taste; and when the Republic was at length destroyed by one of its own offspring, he bursts into an *Io pæan* of triumph.

> Huzzah! huzzah! huzzah! (he exclaims, in 1799) Buonaparte, an apostate from the cause of liberty—Buonaparte, the avowed tyrant of his country, is an object to be contemplated with enthusiasm—to be held up to the admiration and gratitude of mankind. Tell me not that he will make France more powerful—that he will make war with more vigour, or peace with more dexterity than the exploded Directory have done; I care not. No! no! it is the thorough destruction of the principles of exaggerated liberty—it is the lasting ridicule thrown upon all systems of democratic equality—it is this that makes the name of Buonaparte dear to me—this his one act has done, let him conduct himself as he may hereafter; let him be a general, or a legislator, or a monarch, or a captive, crowned or beheaded, it is all the same for this purpose. Buonaparte may flourish, but the idol of Jacobinism is no more.—p. 43.

Like Pitt, he did not believe in the possibility of peace. The conflict, he held, was unappeasable until its cause was removed. The military despotism of Napoleon was

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a volcanic power which, even when at rest, perpetually threatened the tranquillity of Europe. The peace of Amiens—'the never, never to be excused or atoned for, this most disgraceful and calamitious treaty of peace'—he bitterly condemned. 'I would never have signed it,' he wrote; 'I would have cut off my right hand rather.'

Both the great leaders of the great English parties died in 1806,—Fox with his last breath urging the vigorous prosecution of the war he had so often denounced; and towards the close of that year the Portland Administration was formed, in which, for the first time, Canning occupied the post of Foreign Secretary.

The times were times of peril and disaster. Napoleon was at the climax of his power. The whole Continent lay at his feet, and the Imperial dictator had remodelled the map of Europe. The only government, except the English, which had hitherto opposed an obstinate resistance to his ambition had at length succumbed; and the French and Russian autocrats were now, to all appearance, firmly united. England alone remained, and the secret article of the Treaty of Tilsit—by which Napoleon and Alexander agreed that the fleets of the neutral Powers should be taken possession of by them—aimed a blow at her naval supremacy which, had it taken effect, would have irretrievably crippled her resources. Fortunately the ambitious intrigue was disclosed to the English Government. The situation was one of instant peril. Whatever was to be done must be done at once. Mr. Canning did not hesitate. The Danish fleet was the object of the confederates; an English force was instantly despatched to Copenhagen, the fleet was captured, and conveyed to Portsmouth.

This was a daring blow; one which a fearless and audacious genius alone could have dictated; one, therefore, which the timid and the sanctimonious have not been slow to condemn. Heavy sermons have been preached upon the violation of the law of nations which it involved; ponderous speeches have denounced the man who sanctioned this profligate attack upon a friendly or at least a neutral Power. The world has declined to endorse these vapid platitudes and weak sentimentalisms. Emergencies unquestionably arise, alike in the life of men and of nations, for the solution of which the ordinary rules of moral action do not serve. The conduct of the men who have to encounter these crises must be estimated by another standard and by a different code. That code has justified Mr. Canning. It is possible to kill without being guilty of murder; it is possible to rob without being a thief; and a man may break the law of nations without becoming a buccaneer. The great man sees through the thin sophistries and fictions which society has erected for its protection. The Danish fleet was the property of Denmark, with whom we were at peace; but it was practically in the possession of the Allies, with whom we were at war. If it was not used *by us*, it would certainly be used *against us.* Strength imposes certain obligations, but so does weakness; and if a feeble government neglects to observe these obligations, it must take the consequences. Denmark was unable to resist the coercion of the Continental powers; and if she chose to retain a weapon of offence which she could not herself use, but which could be used by others, we were entitled to take it out of her hands, and place it beyond reach of danger. England was in great and imminent peril; to the supreme moral fearlessness of Mr. Canning she owed in no small measure her deliverance.

The effect of the blow was great. It 'stunned' the Russian autocrat into his senses. The French Emperor was exasperated beyond measure. 'Since the death of Paul,' says Fouché, 'I never saw Napoleon abandon himself to such violent transports of passion.' While the issue hung in the balance, Canning remained in a state of keen anxiety. 'It is a most wearying suspense,' he writes in one letter. In another—'Nothing yet. It is very extraordinary; and very, very anxious.' At length, after an interval of intense disquietude, the news of complete victory arrived. The Foreign

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Secretary had effectually deranged the aggressive policy of Tilsit.

Canning felt keenly that either England or the Emperor must *go down;* and so, disregarding all subordinate friendships and enmities, he bent the whole force of his mind to defeat the ambition of Napoleon, and deliver Europe from the incubus which smothered her. 'It is evident his head is turned; it is for us to cure the vertigo;' 'Whoever is the enemy of Napoleon is the friend of England;' were the mottoes of his policy. The capture of the Danish fleet had saved England; the revolt of the Spanish people saved Europe. The whole significance of that outburst was immediately apprehended by Canning. 'A nation like that,' he said, 'may be exterminated, but cannot be subdued;' and he confidently backed the sluggish and tenacious patriotism of the Spaniard against the rapid sweep and brilliant genius of the Corsican. Money and troops were forwarded to the Peninsula; and Sir Arthur Wellesley, whose pre-eminent military capacity Canning was among the first to recognise, was despatched to take the command. No disasters could shake the Minister's confidence. 'While Cadiz is safe, Spain is not lost; and while all is not lost, all is ultimately retrievable.' A noble confidence nobly redeemed.

But though Canning *organized* the policy which ultimately proved fatal to *the Empire*, he did not remain to complete it. After his unlucky duel with Lord Castlereagh he resigned the Foreign Secretaryship, and did not, until 1822, again hold the office. The interregnum was unfortunate, both for his own fame and for England. For himself, because the years between were years crowded with brilliant military achievements and important diplomatic transactions, which would have crowned the Minister's reputation. For England, because on his retirement Castlereagh assumed the conduct of our foreign relations. Had Canning remained in office, we may rest assured that he would not have sanctioned the settlement of 1815. Had he remained in office the 'Holy Alliance' would have been nipped in the bud, and the struggle we have lately witnessed—a struggle to readjust on a better defined and more natural basis the distribution of power in Europe—might have been averted.

On Lord Castlereagh's death Canning returned to the Foreign Office. Great changes had taken place since he quitted it. 'The mighty deluge by which the Continent was overwhelmed had subsided; the limits of nations were again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments had reappeared above the subsiding wave.' But a new peril now threatened Europe. Three of the Allied Sovereigns had been frightened out of their wits by the monstrous progeny of the Revolution, and they entered at Paris into an offensive and defensive alliance. The programme of the 'Holy Alliance' was suspiciously vague and fantastic, but its real motives were quickly penetrated. Its authors elected themselves the constitutional police of Europe. Whenever a popular insurrection against a tyrannical ruler broke out, whenever a free government was demanded, whenever a liberal institution was established, the Alliance was up and doing. These and similar movements were pregnant with danger to the peace of the world; and it was the duty of the constitutional police to secure order and to preserve tranquillity. Such was the specious scheme which 'the craft of the Bohemian,' 'the ferocity of the Tartar,' and 'the obstinacy of the Vandal,'* had devised, and which for many years arrested the expression of independent thought and national life over the Continent of Europe.

Castlereagh had tacitly acquiesced in the policy of the Alliance. The prestige and authority of the ancient monarchies represented in the association, had produced their natural effect upon a mind obstinately hostile to liberal institutions. But to Canning the Alliance was utterly repugnant—repugnant to his Eng-

* The complimentary epithets used by Mr. Brougham to describe the members of the Alliance—the King of Prussia, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia.

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lish feelings and to his liberal inclinations. Gradually, imperceptibly, with fine skill, he detached England from the connexion. He thwarted its policy, he ridiculed its anger, he defied its threats. He won, but it was a hard fight. The King was against him; the Duke of Wellington was against him. Metternich, the great champion of legitimacy, employed all his vast influence and all the arts of courtly intrigue to procure the Foreign Secretary's dismissal, and raised in Canning's breast a feeling of bitter but contemptuous suspicion. 'I am quite clear,' he says to Lord Liverpool, 'that there is no honesty in Metternich, and that we cannot enter into joint concert with him without a certainty of being betrayed. It is not only his practice, but in our case it will be his pride and pleasure.' Again, writing to Lord Granville, he expresses his opinion in even stronger language. 'You ask me what you shall say to Metternich. In the first place you shall hear what I think of him—that he is the greatest rogue and liar on the Continent, perhaps in the civilized world.' But Canning's perseverance, caution, and *will* triumphed over every obstacle, and the foreign policy of England has ever since retained the impress of the principles he then stamped upon it.

During the years between 1822 and 1827—when he held the seals of the Foreign Office—he withdrew the English plenipotentiary from the Congress of Verona, he recognised the independence of the Spanish colonies, and he despatched a force to the Tagus to aid the Portuguese. Each of these acts was intended to disengage England from the Alliance, and to manifest how radically we were opposed to the principles it promulgated.

The Congress of Verona sanctioned the occupation of Spain by France. Spain had tried the experiment of liberal institutions, and the Alliance naturally resented the experiment. So the French King was deputed to bring his refractory neighbour back to reason, and to right ways of thinking and governing. When, however, this resolution was arrived at, the Duke of Wellington, who represented England in the Congress, protested and withdrew. Canning was satisfied with a dignified protest; we were not bound by any specific treaties to assist Spain; and until a question of national faith or national honour should arise, he was resolved that England should neither originate nor participate in a war the limits of which, as he said, no mortal sagacity could determine.

The French occupation was no doubt keenly resented by the Foreign Secretary; and though he did not allow his feelings to hurry him into war, he speedily and effectually retaliated. In the following year England recognised the independence of the Spanish American colonies.

Mr. Canning eagerly pressed the recognition. Various motives impelled him to do so. By recognising the independence of the colonies he conspicuously disavowed the principles of the Alliance; and he deprived France of the moral weight and preponderance which it might otherwise have derived from the possession of the Spanish kingdom.

It was obviously a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Alliance. The Alliance had been instituted to aid distressed kings in reducing refractory populations, and now on the first opportunity England proclaimed, not merely that the populations were entitled to suit themselves, but that she would officially recognise any institution, Monarchical or Republican, under which they chose to live. Moreover, the recognition prevented France from reaping any disproportionate influence from the possession of Spain. France might keep Spain if she liked, but at least it should not be 'Spain *with the Indies*.' This was the argument Mr. Canning urged, and which, in his great speech on Portugal, he illustrated with surpassing eloquence. 'I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old!'

The argument appears simple and obvious, but it was attacked, shortly before Mr. Canning's death, with peculiar acrimony, by Earl Grey, who, with all the narrow sectarianism of the Whig aristocrat, disliked the ambitious adventurer under whose colours his party was then proud to serve. Mr. Canning intended to

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answer the speech, but the opportunity never came; and indeed, except in regard to one or two subordinate accusations, any answer would have been quite superfluous. The Earl asserted that the recognition of the colonies had not been made with the view of redressing the balance of power by diminishing the influence of France. This was the gravamen of the charge—the sting of the speech. It was ungenerously but distinctly insinuated that Canning's striking vindication of his American policy was *an after-thought.* The documents published by Mr. Stapleton completely refute the insinuation; for they prove conclusively that the French occupation materially influenced the decision of the English Cabinet. In the report, for instance, which the Foreign Secretary submitted to the King on the subject, the argument is explicitly alluded to as having been already fully discussed. 'That consistently with the situation in which Spain is placed by the indefinite occupation of her strong places by the arms of a foreign Power, she cannot be considered as a free agent, and that of course Spain is essentially French in her foreign policy, *it becomes our duty to prevent Spanish America from being brought within the same subjection,* are points which appear to your servants to be so conclusively argued in Lord Liverpool's paper, that it would be unpardonable to trouble your Majesty with any further discussion of them.' So that the Foreign Secretary's eloquent vindication was no trick of artful rhetoric, no piece of idle bravado, but a literal and unembellished account of the *fact.*

All Mr. Canning's anticipations of the effects of the measure have not indeed been realized. 'Spanish America is free,' he exclaims, 'and, if we do not mismanage our matters sadly, she is English, and

Novus sæclorum nascitur ordo.'

Liberated America, alike to her own citizens and her allies, has proved rather a worthless possession. Its decay probably was too inveterate to admit under any circumstances of healthy re-organization; and Mr. Canning at least is not responsible for the failure of the experiment. 'The responsibility rests not with me. *Liberavi animam meam.*'

Mr. Canning's Portuguese policy was the corner-stone of the wise and sagacious system he inaugurated. It elicited, moreover, in the most marked manner, the enthusiasm of his contemporaries. The Emperor of Brazil, in resigning the Crown of Portugal, had accompanied his abdication with the grant of a constitutional charter. The much-suffering Alliance angrily protested; and as its protest remained unheeded, recurred to its old weapons. An army of Portuguese deserters, secretly organized and disciplined in Spain, were invited to invade their native country. But Mr. Canning was prepared for the emergency. He had perceived at an early period that 'Portugal was the ground on which the Holy Alliance meant to fight England,' and he was ready to lift the glove. Portugal was our most ancient ally, and many treaties bound us to defend the integrity of her dominions. We had not interfered when Spain was occupied; but the time had come when the policy of non-intervention could no longer be persevered in, and when it was necessary to show that, though moderate, we were not pusillanimous. Hitherto we had diplomatically and passively resisted the Alliance; now the faith of treaties, the dictates of national honour, and the principles of the independent policy we had adopted, demanded an active and armed intervention. An English army was instantly despatched to the Tagus, where it was received 'with frantic joy' by the population.

But the ovation which the army received from the people of Lisbon was equalled by that which awaited the Minister in the House of Commons. The King's Message respecting Portugal was taken into consideration on the 12th December, 1826. Mr. Canning, in a most luminous and statesmanlike speech —'extraordinary and unprecedented in this house,' was Mr. Brougham's testimony, 'unprecedented (and I can give it no higher praise) even in the eloquence of the right honourable gentleman'—de-

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scribed the circumstances which rendered it, in the opinion of Ministers, imperative that Portugal should not be left unaided. 'We go to Portugal,' he concluded, 'not to rule, not to dictate, not to prescribe constitutions, but to preserve and defend the independence of an ally. We go to plant the standard of England on the well known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted, foreign dominion shall not come.'

The speech is a model of calm and elevated argument, tersely and vigorously expressed. Certain passages, that, for instance, in which he likens England to the ruler of the winds—

> ——Celsâ sedet Æolus arce,
> Sceptra tenens; mollitque animos, et temperat iras;
> Ni faciat, maria ac terras cælumque profundum,
> Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras—

rise without embarrassment into a grave and thoughtful eloquence. The speech was vehemently applauded; but the great triumph was reserved for a later period of the evening. A feeble opposition had been threatened by Mr. Hume and one or two other members, and after a vigorous oration from Mr. Brougham, the Foreign Secretary rose to reply. That reply is a masterpiece of argument and eloquence; and to it alone, if need were, the vindication of the *orator's* fame might be left. The passage which explains the policy of the Government in not declaring war when Spain was occupied, is perhaps the most striking. The effects of the French occupation, the speaker said, had been infinitely exaggerated; but he did not blame these exaggerations, for he was aware that they were the echoes of sentiments which in the days of William and of Anne—'the best times of our history'—animated the debates and dictated the votes of the British Parliament. But Spain was then a great maritime power, and she was no longer so.

Again, Sir (he continued), is the Spain of the present day the Spain of which the statesmen of the times of William and Anne were so much afraid? Is it indeed the Spain whose puissance was expected to shake England from her sphere? No, Sir, it was quite another Spain—it was the Spain within the limits of whose empire the sun never set—it was Spain 'with the Indies' that excited the jealousies and alarmed the imaginations of our ancestors.

But then, Sir, the balance of power! —The entry of the French army into Spain disturbed that balance, and we ought to have gone to war to restore it. I have already said, that when the French army entered Spain, we might, if we chose, have resisted or resented that measure by war. But were there no other means than war for restoring the balance of power?—Is the balance of power a fixed and unalterable standard? or is it not a standard perpetually varying, as civilization advances, and as new nations spring up, and take their place among established political communities? The balance of power a century and a half ago was to be adjusted between France and Spain, the Netherlands, Austria, and England. Some years afterwards, Russia assumed her high station in European politics. Some years after that, again, Prussia became not only a substantive, but a preponderating monarchy. Thus, while the balance of power continued in principle the same, the means of adjusting it became more varied and enlarged. They became enlarged in proportion to the increased number of considerable States—in proportion, I may say, to the number of weights which might be shifted into the one or the other scale. To look to the policy of Europe, in the times of William and Anne, for the purpose of regulating the balance of power in Europe at the present day, is to disregard the progress of events, and to confuse dates and facts which throw a reciprocal light on each other.

It would be disingenuous, indeed, not to admit that the entry of the French army into Spain was in a certain sense a disparagement—an affront to the pride—a blow to the feelings of England; and it can hardly be supposed that on that occasion the Government did not sympathize with the feelings of the people. But I deny that, questionable or censurable as the act might be, it was one which necessarily called for our direct and hostile opposition. Was nothing, then, to be done? Was there no other mode of resistance, than by a direct attack upon France—or by a war to be undertaken on the soil of Spain? What, if the position of Spain might be rendered harmless in rival hands—harmless as regarded us—and valueless to the pos-

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sessors? Might not compensation for disparagement be obtained, and the policy of our ancestors vindicated, by means better adapted to the present time? If France occupied Spain, was it necessary, in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation, that we should blockade Cadiz? No. I looked another way—I sought materials of compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain, such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain 'with the Indies.' I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.

The effect which this memorable speech produced on the House of Commons is admitted, both by friends and foes, to have been quite unprecedented. 'It was an epoch in a man's life to have heard him,' writes a member who was present. 'When, in the style and manner of Chatham, he exclaimed, "I looked to Spain in the Indies; I called a New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old;" the effect was actually terrific. It was as if every man in the House had been electrified. Mr. Canning seemed actually to have increased in stature, his attitude was so majestic. I remarked his flourishes were made with his left arm; the effect was new and beautiful; his chest heaved and expanded; his nostril dilated, a noble pride slightly curled his lip; and age and sickness were dissolved and forgotten in the ardour of youthful genius.' 'The whole House were moved,' says Mr. Stapleton, 'as if an electric shock had passed through them; *they all rose for a moment to look at him!* This effect I witnessed from under the gallery.' And Mr. Canning himself, writing two days afterwards to Lord Granville, says, 'If I know anything of the House of Commons from thirty-three years' experience, or if I may trust to what reaches me in report of feelings out-of-doors, the declaration of the obvious but unsuspected truth, that "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old," has been more grateful to English ears and to English feelings ten thousand times, than would have been the most satisfactory announcement of the intention of the French Government to withdraw its army from Spain.'

Such was Mr. Canning's foreign policy—a policy admirably conceived and admirably executed. Its success was complete. England, under his Administration, became the first Power in Europe—a model and an umpire. It discomfited the Alliance, which, after a succession of angry and ineffectual remonstrances, quietly subsided. We cannot resist the temptation to quote a letter published by Mr. Stapleton, which, though somewhat lengthy, gives a most amusing account of the manner in which the Secretary treated that devout body when it undertook to lecture him.

The last three mornings have been occupied partly in receiving the three successive communications of Count Lieven, Prince Esterhazy, and Baron Maltzahn, of the high and mighty displeasure of their Courts with respect to Spanish America. Lieven led the way on Wednesday. He began to open a long despatch evidently with the intention of reading it to me. I stopped *in limine,* desiring to know if he was authorized to give a copy of it. He said no; upon which I declined hearing it, unless he could give me his word, that no copy would be sent to any other Court. He said he could not undertake to say that it would not be sent to other Russian missions, but that he had no notion that *a copy of it* would be given to the Courts at which they were severally accredited. I answered, that I was determined *either* to have a copy of a despatch which might be quoted to foreign Courts (as former despatches had been) as having been communicated to me, and remaining unanswered, *or* to be able to say that no despatch had been communicated to me at all. It was utterly impossible for me, I said, to charge my memory with the expressions of a long despatch once read over to me, or to be able to judge on one such hearing whether it did, or did not contain expressions which I ought not to pass over without remark. Yet by the process now proposed I was responsible to the King and to my colleagues, and ultimately perhaps to Parliament, for the contents of a paper which might be of the most essentially important character; and of which the text might be quoted hereafter by third parties, as bearing a meaning which I did not on the instant attribute to it, and yet which upon bare recollection I could not controvert. Lieven was confounded. He

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asked me what he was to do? I said, what he pleased, but I took the exception now before I heard a word of his despatch, because I would not have it thought that the contents of the despatch, whatever *they* might be, had anything to do with that exception. I must, however, own that I was led to make it now, the rather because I had learned from St. Petersburg that he, Count Lieven, had been instructed not to give me a copy of the despatch on Turkey and Greece, which instruction his own good sense had led him to disobey; that in that instance it was absolutely preposterous to refuse a copy, that the despatch professed to be a narrative—of which dates and facts were the elements; and that to have *read* such a statement to me, and then circulate it throughout Europe as what had been *communicated* to me, and acquiesced in by my silence, would have been an unfairness such as it was as well to let him know, once for all, I was determined to resist.

Might he state to me *verbally* what he was ordered to state, without reference to his despatch? Undoubtedly, I was prepared to hear anything he had to *say* to me. I must afterwards take my own way of verifying the exactness of my recollection.

He then proceeded to pronounce a discourse—no matter for the substance at present—after which he left me.

I instantly wrote down the substance of what I understood him to have said to me, and sent him my memorandum, with a letter requesting him to correct any inaccuracies. The result is, that I have a document in spite of all their contrivance.

Yesterday the same scene with Esterhazy, who had not seen Lieven in the interval, and therefore came unprepared.

He too made me a speech, and to him I immediately sent a memorandum of what I understood him to have said; I have not yet received his answer.

To-day Maltzahn came, evidently prepared; for he produced no paper, but set off *at score.* This rather provoked me (for he is the worst of all), but I was even with him. For whereas with the others, I merely listened and put in no word of my own, I thought it a good opportunity to pay off my reserve upon Maltzahn; and accordingly said to him a few as disagreeable things as I could, upon the principle of legitimacy as exemplified in the readiness of the Allies to have made peace with Buonaparte (in 1814), and failing Buonaparte to have put some other than Louis XVIII. upon the throne; and also in the general recognition of Bernadotte, while the lawful King of Sweden is wandering in exile and begging through Europe. I asked him how he reconciled these things with the high principles which he was ordered to proclaim about the rights of Spain to her Spanish Americas? He had nothing to answer. I have sent *him* a memorandum too, in which my part of the dialogue is inserted.

Of course I have not yet his answer. He left me only two hours ago.

I think I shall teach the Holy Alliance not to try the trick of these simultaneous sermons again.

We have described the general principles of his foreign policy; one or two minor points remain to be noticed. Canning was personally a very skilful diplomatist. His tact, penetration, and judgment were conspicuous; and he *played* his antagonists with the ease of a master. His apparent frankness and unreserve disarmed the most astute; while he delighted to tease and perplex the dull and the pretentious with knotty problems and intricate complications. But when in earnest his tone was at once manly and moderate. He never bullied, or threatened, or stormed. 'I abhor menace, till one means action,' he said. A thorough Englishman both in taste and temper, he was the first Foreign Secretary who insisted that English, not French, should be used in our diplomatic correspondence. 'Whatever we may have to say hereafter, be it high or humble, soothing or threatening, warlike or pacific, I trust we shall never again submit to speak any language but our own.' When he came to the Foreign Office in 1822, he wrote to the ambassador at St. Petersburg—'You know my politics well enough to know what I mean when I say, that for *Europe* I shall be desirous, *now* and *then*, to read *England*.' This is indeed one of the most characteristic features of his official life. In whatever he said or did there is the magnanimity of the *English* statesman, the moderation of the *English* gentleman.

The last months of Mr. Canning's life, though the most brilliant, are also the most painful. His elevation to the Premiership on the death of Lord Liverpool was not

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effected without great opposition. The Duke of Newcastle called on the Sovereign and threatened to withdraw the support of the Tory aristocracy from the Government if Mr. Canning were placed at its head. The Duke of Wellington, Mr. Peel, Lord Eldon, and several other members of the Cabinet, simultaneously resigned, on the ground that on the question of Catholic Emancipation they differed from the Premier. It was confidently expected that, under these discouragements, Mr. Canning would be forced to abandon the task. But his enemies had misunderstood their man. He quickly succeeded in forming an Administration composed of the more tolerant section of the Whigs, and of the representatives of that great moderate middle party which his genius had created alike in the country and in the Legislature. The resentment of the defeated Tories knew no bounds. The language which they employed to denounce the Minister would have disgraced Billingsgate. Night after night he was attacked with an acrimony which recalled the more discreditable features of the conflict of the Coalition with Pitt. Canning maintained his position with simplicity, with manliness, with a Pitt-like hauteur. At length, after having answered, fully and temperately, all the charges directed against him, he declined to protract the controversy. Until a direct vote of censure was moved, no threats, no expostulations, no entreaties, would induce him, he declared, to open his lips.

The subordinate members of 'the pack who bayed him to death' are now forgotten; but the conduct of Sir Robert Peel to his old colleague still invokes the justifications of his friends. These have been numerous and elaborate; successful they have not been. Upon the whole, it is better, we fancy, to admit that Sir Robert's treatment of Mr. Canning was the fruit of a very natural jealousy, than to trace it to the influence of high-toned and scrupulous motives. Even great statesmen are not exempted from the vindictive frailties that afflict ordinary mortals. Peel disliked Canning, and under Canning it was virtually impossible that he could serve. That is the plain explanation of the whole matter, and posterity will not construe too hardly an inevitable antipathy.

The contest killed Canning. That virulent and unscrupulous hostility proved too much for a constitution already shattered by disease. During the whole session he had been miserably ill; he rose from a sick-bed to deliver his great speeches on Portugal; a cold caught at the Duke of York's funeral, in the chapel of St. George at Windsor, aggravated his disorder. He continued, however, to fight the enemy with indomitable resolution to the end. But it was plain that his exhausted system could not for any long time sustain the strain. On the 3rd of August he was declared to be in imminent danger; on the morning of the 8th he died. 'Sir M. Tierney felt his pulse, thought for a second that he was gone, but he still breathed. In a few seconds there ceased to be any sign of breathing. He passed away so quietly that the exact moment could not be ascertained, but it was between twelve and ten minutes before four.' Almost the last intelligible words he uttered were—'This may be hard upon me, but it is harder upon the King.'

And so he died.

'My road must be through *character* to power; I will try no other course; and I am sanguine enough to believe that this course, though not perhaps the quickest, is the surest.' Mr. Canning wrote those words in 1801; and it is because we believe that they illustrate his career that we are grateful to Mr. Stapleton for his recollections of the man who used them. The book is a very interesting one; it contains an admirable selection of Mr. Canning's letters, memoranda, and official despatches; and the author's commentary is concise and graphic.

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INDIAN FINANCE.

IN a brief but not uneventful reign of little more than two years, Lord Ellenborough managed to leave the four per cent. loan at par. The Indian Government are now in vain coaxing the wealthy classes with offers of what practically is a loan at six per cent. The Treasury is being emptied faster than a five and a half per cent. loan, received half in cash and half in five per cent. paper, can contrive to fill it. There was a serious deficit in the last annual report, which is threatened to be followed by a future deficit hardly less serious. A large native army, irregularly called into existence, must be regularly fed. A mutiny, or a revolt, or a rebellion, call it by whatever name we will, has been followed by open discontent and defiance of authority amongst the Company's European army. Money is equally required for expenditure on public works, for interest on railway debentures, and for the additional agency which a closer and more efficient administration imperatively demands. To meet the above, we require a more flourishing Indian exchequer. And it is to elucidate this subject that we intend to devote a few pages to Indian finance, explaining its main sources, and showing on what forms of wealth, trade, or industry, financial burdens may perhaps be henceforth laid.

In spite of strange and even uncouth phraseology, the chief points of Eastern finance are in reality extremely simple. The State derives its revenue from half a dozen sources at most. There is the immemorial land-tax, the payment of which implies recognition of, and obedience to, the dominant Power. There is the monopoly of the cultivation of the poppy, which results in the manufacture of several thousands of chests of opium, exported to, and paid by, the population of China. There is the monopoly in the manufacture and sale of salt, to which every inhabitant of India more or less contributes. Then come, in order of productiveness, the sea customs, the stamps, and the excise; and the few remaining contributions to the exchequer may be termed miscellaneous, being judicial fines and recoveries, tolls on ferries, roads, and bridges, escheats, unclaimed property, the tax for watchmen in towns, and waifs and strays in general.

Every Englishman will thus easily understand that the chief characteristic of Indian finance is its entire want of elasticity. It has expanded with the empire, and grows with all its liabilities. But it is not elastic in the sense in which the term is applied to the huge net of taxes in some corner or other of which we are all likely to be entangled at home. The Indian Financial Secretary overwhelms the Indian public with yearly, quarterly, and even monthly statements of accounts. But on no occasion does he 'rise in his place' to inform an expectant public how the burdens are to be distributed in the ensuing year. There can be no shifting from one head to another, because all the ordinary articles of national consumption are positively untaxed. The annexation of a feeble province, the gradual increase of sea customs arising out of the spread of commerce, civilization, and luxury, a more numerous population which shall require more salt, aroused activity in the opium speculators at Bombay and Calcutta, and the progressive advancement of all classes in refinement and in comfort, under a wise and just administration—it is to these facts or expectations that the Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer has hitherto been led to look for consolation. In fact, such finance is only an elaborate system of audit and account. The figures and statements are undeniably correct. The operations of Government in this respect are no longer enveloped in mystery. But of the financial skill which detects such springs of industry and commerce as can bear a heavier load, which calls into existence new ways and means to pay old debts, which possesses a knowledge of what the native population will assent to without revolt or disturbance, as well as of the fundamental principles of exchange and of political economy, we have had little or

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nothing. We have had, indeed, skilful captains, wise administrators, energetic magistrates, who could rule provinces with a nod, but we are still straining our eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of the Indian official who is able to rebel against old theories, and to create a revolution in finance. If such a person exists in the ranks of the civil service, so fertile in merit of almost every other kind, he is still hidden and unknown. As the war in the Crimea failed to develop an English general, as the seething cauldron of Asiatic passions failed to send to the top one single Hyder to lead the Sepoys to conquest, so all the pressing exigencies of the Indian Treasury have failed as yet to call forth a civilian with a genius for finance. The man who in council had displayed the greatest indication of ability to grapple with financial difficulties, and who understands something of the laws which regulate monetary transactions, is now, as chief executive, ruling the most splendid Province in India, and is devoting his energies to the practical task of turning an acute but unwarlike population into decent subjects and good tax-payers. Thus of creative skill and comprehensive statesmanship in finance, there is now in the Supreme Council in India a remarkable lack.* We want money, and we cannot afford time to grow wealthy by degrees.

It is clear, then, from our enumeration of the great fountains of Indian revenue, that no immediate or even prospective increase is to be hoped for in five heads out of six. There will be no more annexations where there is little left to be annexed. The land-tax is fixed for ever in one province, has reached its highest development in a second, has been exacted with too much rigour in a third; where this tax is light, it has been fixed in permanency; where it has pressed too heavily on the agriculturist, it is being at this moment reduced. A 'revolution' in China, and the removal of the prohibition to cultivate the poppy there, might reduce our sales of opium by one half. A tax on spirituous liquors is only justifiable so long as it limits a consumption which, without the tax, would be inordinate. Any increase in the sea customs must of necessity be slow, and must depend on good laws, sound and vigorous administration, absence of alarms, security and rapidity of intercourse, ability to accumulate capital and to enjoy its profits, and a dozen different causes. The miscellaneous items are in themselves trifling, and any fortunate additions thereto are hardly worth taking into account. There remain only the stamps and the salt-tax, the possibility of increasing which we shall presently consider, together with the undeveloped sources of Indian revenue.

Thus, if the cardinal points of finance are simple, it follows still that this simplicity is one cause of stagnation, or compels us to count only on a very gradual increase. Moreover, simple as the system may be, it has for some time been assailed by the reproach that it allows many prosperous classes to escape taxation altogether. At one period of history it was the fashion to represent India as one of the richest countries in the world. At another, it was deemed politic to raise an outcry against the late East India Company as grinding down all their subjects to the verge of penury. We know that both notions were equally incorrect. The wealth which India displayed to the wondering eyes of early travellers, centred in the court or camp of the sovereign. A profusion of precious stones was heaped together in the Peacock throne. The wealth of a province was squandered on a new range of palaces. The farthest districts of the Empire were ransacked to furnish materials for some of those stupendous sepulchres which alone were thought worthy to contain the dust of Emperors, and which cover twice and thrice the space of the largest Roman mausoleum. The nobles of the court might vie with each other in the accumulation of wealth and the display of grandeur; they main-

* Our contributor, who writes from India, had not heard of the appointment of Mr. James Wilson as Indian Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Ed. *F. M.*

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tained under their protection artificers skilled in the manufacture of those costly or exquisite fabrics on which thousands at London and Paris looked with surprise in the years 1851 and 1855; but the extremities were perishing in order to supply the heart, and the shrewdest and best-informed of those early travellers, the acute Bernier, contemporary of Molière, and correspondent of Colbert, has recorded, in two entertaining volumes, his deliberate impression that all that magnificence was but the glitter of despotism established on perishing commerce, receding agriculture, and ruined souders. These were the experiences of a man who had no opponents to vilify, and no party to please. And against them it can scarcely be contended that it was the duty of the East India Company to have devoted the revenues of British India to the rearing of some of those exquisite structures with which the pen of the *Times* correspondent has lately made every one familiar. The truth is, that, with some partial exceptions to which remedies have been applied, the taxation of the East India Company has fallen lightly on some classes, heavily on none, and on many *not at all.* The increase in agriculture has been proceeding at a steady rate, which has made the presence of a tiger in whole districts as impossible an event as it would be in Middlesex or in Kent. Internal trade has received a prodigious increase. Files of camels, fleets of boats, trains of carts, droves of bullocks, pass up and down the roads or rivers unmolested by violence, and almost heedless of tolls. The crime of highway robbery by day (an entirely different crime from that of Dacoity committed by armed gangs on dark nights) is in most provinces utterly unknown. The rise and permanence of the bankers and monied classes is universally acknowledged; and it was even matter for complaint during the mutinies, that these had contrived to oust the old landed proprietors without succeeding to their hereditary influence with the actual cultivators of the soil. In short, there has been a constant and gradual improvement in those benefits from which the presence of reasonably good government may be inferred. Agriculture covers ten acres where it covered five at the commencement of this century. The wages of labour have risen. The price of articles of consumption is still on the increase. The expenses of living in India are half as much again as they were in the last generation. The gains of the merchant are exposed to less risk. The operations of the banker cover a wider field.

It is quite clear to all those who are not hopelessly blinded by prejudice, that there is now in India a considerable amount of wealth which the present system of taxation does not reach. In few countries is there so little of indirect taxation; and the direct taxation is limited to the land tax. But it is one thing to be certain that wealth is flowing in new channels, and another to say how these channels shall be explored. The imposition of a new tax must always be considered in another point of view than mere productiveness. No new tax in any shape will ever be viewed by any native but with dislike. But facility of collection, and cheapness of agency, will be considerations more paramount with a statesman than lacs of rupees. It would be wiser to collect £500,000 by quiet, unobserved, but resistless operations, than to arouse apprehensions and excite prejudice in the harsh and open collection of three times that sum. We have heard a great deal lately about fearing nothing after the mutiny, and about the policy of imposing what regulations we choose, under the terror inspired by 80,000 bayonets. But we may be carried a little too far in our self-confidence; and because we have beaten back a military rebellion, we must not think a general rising altogether an impossibility. Viewed in this light, some of the taxes which we designate by the odious term of monopoly, appear to have a strange fitness for the temperament of our Eastern subjects. If it be declared that no one shall cultivate a particular kind of produce, or engage in any one branch of trade or industry, except under the permission or for the direct benefit of the State, the

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native only sees in this a visible assertion of that absolute will which he has been accustomed to venerate. His paternal acres are not invaded. His social tendencies and peculiar habits are subjected to no vexatious interference. There is no tiresome, active, relentless inquiry as to what his means are, or how many mouths he can feed. Nothing is more odious to the Hindu or Mohammedan than a prying visit from an ominous-looking official, who duns for his dues on account of the Watch; nor any shape which a tax can take, more offensive than a capitation or a house cess. Of course, monopolies are evaded by a corrupt population, and there may be attempts to smuggle or manufacture salt, in spite of the statutes and their penalties. But there are few taxes which are felt less keenly, or which have been more unjustly denounced, than this said salt monopoly; and it is the first branch of revenue that we shall consider with a view to its possible increase.

The salt monopoly is nothing new, for it existed under the Mohammedan Viceroys. It is not oppressive, as the mutinies, amongst other events, have clearly proved. In all the lying proclamations, in all the fierce outcries, in all the explosions of pent-up hatred and fanaticism of the year 1857, we do not remember that the salt monopoly, which in some shape exists all over India, was ever made a handle to rouse the populace. There were falsehoods circulated about annexation and conversion, about greased cartridges and pounded bones, about discrowned kings and dismembered principalities, but there were not even truths circulated about salt. Again, the mutinies caused a rise in prices, stoppages of trade, and paralyzation of industry, over a large tract of country; the advent of so many European troops brought with it an increased demand for labour; articles of consumption became dear. To these disturbing agencies must be added two or three indifferent harvests. Yet during the whole period salt never rose in price, but remained stationary while other articles were rising in cost everywhere. The price of this necessary article is at this moment about one penny halfpenny or one penny three farthings per pound, to the retail purchaser; and we speak from inquiries made over a large expanse of country. No doubt it would be better if one of the necessaries of life could be purchased by the agriculturist at even a lower price; or if he could be permitted to manufacture it himself, which he might easily do in some localities by the help of a bundle of sticks and a stewpan. But money must be had in some shape or other. Salt is positively the one article of universal consumption which contributes directly to the revenue, and the one tax which it is quite possible to enhance by a mere stroke of the pen. The manufacturing agency is all ready, and requires no increase. The preventive establishment understands its business, and would only have to keep a sharper look-out. All that is necessary is for the duty on the imported or on the manufactured salt, or on the rock salt excavated from the mines in the Punjab, which are the property of Government, to be increased from five shillings, or four shillings, or two shillings, as the case may be, to an universal rate of six shillings an Indian maund, equivalent to 82lbs. English weight. In the greater portion of India the increase would only be tantamount to one shilling on the maund, five shillings being the duty leviable on the greater portion of the salt consumed. It is roughly estimated that the relief thus afforded to the Exchequer would amount to between £300,000 and £400,000. The natives, rich and poor, would pay a somewhat higher rate for a tax the oppressiveness of which all the efforts of mock philanthropists have not yet taught them to feel. The greatest outcry would of course come from the noisy party in England who are concerned in the export of Cheshire salt, and who are probably unaware that if the whole salt tax were repealed to-morrow, they would not be able to compete for a day with the cheaper and better article manufactured or self-grown in India. The increase, like the English double income-tax, need not be permanent. The tax might be reduced in the course of four or five

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years, as the Exchequer grew lighter, and public burdens were diminished. Meanwhile, this advantage of a considerable amount of money to be procured at no cost, and without any of those inquiries which generate uneasiness and apprehensions in the minds of an excitable population, should outweigh the comparatively slight hardship of a compulsory higher price for an article of daily use. Money, we repeat, must be had, and any tax laid on articles of *partial* consumption, or on particular branches of trade, would probably have the effect of stopping that particular kind of cultivation or manufacture altogether. A tax which reaches every one, is collected with facility, increased with silence, and which can be remitted as silently on the first favourable opportunity, possesses all the requisites of a sound Indian tax. As such we submit that the experiment is well worth a trial.

Similar remarks may apply to the taxes levied by stamps on plaints, answers, and documents filed in courts of justice, and before officials of all sorts. At first sight nothing seems more unphilosophical, more iniquitous, more opposed to all our vaunts of a patriarchal and a benevolent Administration, than a tax upon justice. Theoretically it will not bear examination. Practically, as a tax on luxuries, it is one of the very best that can be devised. Of the litigious spirit of Orientals no one who has not waded knee-deep through a series of criminal or civil suits in India can form any adequate idea. The spirit infects all classes. When roused by hatred of caste, of avowed enemies, of quarrelsome or obstructive relations, the poor man displays a vindictiveness which fiends might emulate. To the rich man litigation is the breath of his nostrils. What yachting, or the moors, or the turf, or politics, or fox-hunting, is to the men of wealth and leisure in England, that is litigation to the natives of wealth and position in India. It partly compensates to them for the absence of other excitements, or for the loss of political ascendancy in the direct government of the country. It is pursued with an avidity that disappointment only seems to sharpen, and that age cannot quench. On no luxury can a tax be laid with greater justice. If it be right to tax hounds and horses, powdered footmen, and armorial bearings, not to speak of such necessaries as water, light, and air, it is surely not unjust to tax a litigious spirit to which the forensic annals of all Europe afford no parallel. The recovery of his humble rights, or the attainment of justice, can always be made easy to the poor man, by reducing the stamp fees on all cases below a certain amount, or on all petitions relative to very simple demands. But some stamp is necessary even here, to prevent public functionaries from being overwhelmed with frivolous or unnecessary complaints. And this stamp tax might with equal ease and justice be extended to the numerous bills of exchange, promissory notes, receipts of money above a certain amount, and other documents in use with the travelling and trading community, very few of which are touched under the present laws. The system of making and selling stamps is about as simple as can be devised. The blank stamped papers are all manufactured on account of Government, and it is of course forgery to attempt to imitate them. When manufactured they are transmitted in very large numbers to each collectorate in the country. Each collector has under his surveillance, a number of persons licensed to sell stamps to the community at a remuneration of three per cent. on the sales. Every vendor, when he requires more stamps to sell, pays down his ninety-seven rupees, and receives one hundred rupees' worth of stamps. So that the sale of the stamp, with the profit of the Government, and the remuneration of the vendor, is concluded in a single operation. Such a tax, so collected, on such objects, is, we contend, justly capable of easy and effective extension.

With regard to entirely new sources of revenue, it has been variously proposed to establish town duties, and to tax marriages, trades, tobacco, open markets, shops, and *incomes*, from whatever source derived. We shall first discuss

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the last-named proposition, which has been determined upon since this article was commenced. The productiveness of such a tax depends obviously on the power of the State to obtain an accurate return of what each of its subjects has to spend in a year. It has never been contended that the returns to this tax in England are anything more than an approximation to the truth. The gains of professional men, the profits of commerce and trade, the results of speculation, vary every year, or may be matter for mere guesswork. There is also, we fear, good reason to believe that incomes are constantly understated, and that men do not shrink from playing with their consciences, in the same way as they think it perfectly lawful to cheat the custom-house and to smuggle French goods. What means would the Indian Government have in many cases for assessing an income-tax, beyond the *good faith* of its subjects, whose want of this valuable quality is almost proverbial? The incomes of all Government servants might be obtained with ease. But these are just the persons whom it would be a great injustice to tax, and who in most instances would be Europeans. It might also be possible to make a rough guess at the yearly rents of a zemindar from seeing the total of the revenue which he paid to the State. But here, again, we should be told that we were taxing some men twice over, and allowing others with much larger incomes to escape altogether, because their names were not recorded as proprietors of estates held direct from Government. In some instances we might perhaps guess at the earnings of professional men, or at the capital of a merchant or banker, but in many cases we should be left entirely dependent on what rich natives, of notorious but unascertained wealth and affluence, might be inclined to give as their return. Now it is idle to expect that any native would think it a duty to assist the State on such a subject, or that he would hesitate for one second about making false returns. All over India the *suppressio veri* costs not one pang to the conscience. To appoint a quorum of natives to assess each other would merely result in their playing into each other's hands, or in the sudden affluence of the assessors, to whom the assigned duty would bring a rare and rich harvest. Nor does other agency for collecting the necessary information exist in very many parts of India. Nowhere are the statistics of a population so hard to discover. In no country is inquiry into the private affairs of individuals or classes so likely to lead to misapprehension, to end in failure, or to excite discontent. In England men pay, however unwillingly, from motives of conscience, of patriotism, of duty. The tender point of a native's conscience, in matters of payment of money under any circumstances, has yet to be discovered. As regards patriotism, the virtue is either extinct, or never had any existence; and men who have no notion of combining to resist foreign domination, but give it a sleepy acquiescence, provided their social feelings be not outraged, are, by parity of reasoning, not the men to combine in actively aiding and supporting an alien rule. We may, in India, be feared, disliked, or tolerated; but we must not look for ardent affection or active support. As to duty, in all ordinary times, when men are not forced to choose between one side and the other, a native's idea of duty is to give as little and to get as much as he can.

We conceive that an income-tax can end in nothing but discredit and failure. Natives will not disclose their real position, and we cannot compel a disclosure. To appeal to their honour would be simply ridiculous. To invite, by rewards, the aid of detectives and informers, would demoralize a population whose morality is already at a low ebb. To organize an agency on the part of Government, with authority to demand or compel statistics, would excite a sullen feeling all over the country, or would enrich the posse of agents without enriching the State. In every point of view we consider an income-tax to be hopeless. A vigorous Nawab or native Viceroy would have solved a problem of this kind by sending for a

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dozen of the richest men under his government, and simply confining or torturing them until the requisite sums were paid down. We are in India some little way in advance of such a vigorous exhibition of absolute power, and we are yet far behind that purer and milder state of society where weekly announcements are made through the public papers that A. B., or X. Y. Z., stricken by conscience, has paid in his dues of income-tax to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The bill which Mr. Harington has introduced to the Legislative Council at Calcutta, and which has been referred to a select committee, has for its object the Taxation of Bankers, Merchants, and Trades and Professions. That the latter do not contribute, and that they ought to contribute, is what we have been arguing above. The bill will no doubt pass in some shape and with certain modifications; but we must object strongly to the principle which would exempt all the servants of Government from the proposed tax on professions, while the servants of companies or individuals are to be liberally assessed. The day for class privileges has passed away. Nor do we think the classification of the bankers or merchants eminently happy; and we have yet to see by what machinery and under what penalties to defaulters the tax is to be collected. The rough estimate of the proceeds is given at one million and a half per annum. Indian industry can bear this with ease, but the point is—will it be realized?

It will be said that it is easy to knock down or to start objections, but not so easy to build up. Still we have indicated the salt and the stamps as sources of additional revenue, and the sea customs the Government of India has already taken means to increase, the only objection to the measure being that the burdens will fall on Europeans quite as much as on natives—on the Europeans who bore the brunt of the unequal struggle, losing relatives, homes, friends, and fortunes in the trial, and not on the natives, who exhibited virulent hostility or stood aloof with folded hands.

There are, however, some fresh objects of taxation which are well worth a trial. Tobacco, as well as salt, is an object of universal consumption. When a native gets up in the morning, or is tired or heated, he has recourse to his hookah. It is a luxury which has become a necessary with high and low. It would be impossible, under a well-organized system, for the tobacco plant to escape detection, either in the field or in the shop. There are two or three ways in which such a tax might be raised. One would be to license the *right* to grow the plant. But for this the agency of a large number of native officials must be employed, to scour large tracts of country, and to pounce on every plot of ground under tobacco cultivation. A second method would be to allow no tobacco to be sown, grown, and dried, except on account of Government, and to introduce the whole machinery of agents, storehouses, driers, and packers, exactly as we now have in the monopoly of opium, into certain tobacco-growing districts, making a selection of the most favourable localities, and barring all cultivation absolutely in all others. But the introduction of such an elaborate system would be attended with a great outlay, and the prohibition to cultivate in particular districts would enhance the cost of the article when transported to such places from a distance, and the tax would press with very unequal force. What is required is a speedy replenishing of the Exchequer, with as little of outlay and as little of hardship as possible. The third, and it seems to us the simplest, method is to tax or license all shops or warehouses where dried tobacco is sold wholesale or retail. The article, like all others of national consumption, is sold only in bazaars or in open markets. The clusters of well-raised and decent native houses, which are dignified by the title of bazaars, are well known to all the officials of every district. Shops are but rarely found scattered through the purely agricultural villages. The times and places of sale can be ascertained with comparative ease, with a moderate degree of activity and care on the part of the servants of Government, with severe fines imposed on sale without license,

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and, perhaps as a necessity in this case, with suitable rewards to those who inform against unlicensed dealers, a very important addition would be soon made to the revenue. The sale of the article is, we say, confined to particular places, and kept in the hands of certain castes, so that there is less fear that the sale would disappear from well-known bazaars, and reappear unexpectedly in strange hands in others. A mere license is free from the character of inquisitiveness which natives attach to a tax on incomes, or on heads or houses, such as has once or twice in our Indian history, at Benares and Bareilly, produced serious disturbance. It has also the merit of being indirect as regards the masses, and it would come home to every one.

Were this attempt once successful, we think that further attempts might easily be made to extend the system of licensing to trades, shops, and dealings in other articles. Not one of these proposed taxes need last a day longer than the imperative necessities of the Treasury shall demand. It would also be extremely conducive to the peaceful administration of the Empire were no single individual permitted to carry arms without a license. The disarming of the population has been vigorously carried out in some provinces, but we wish to see the carrying of arms without license made penal throughout the length and breadth of the land. India, ready to bristle with guns and pikes and artillery, concealed in wells and jungles, will to us, in peace, never be anything but a source of anxiety. And the Indian population, were it all armed to the teeth, will, on the other hand, never give us any effective aid against any invasion of Calmucks or Cossacks.

It has also been proposed to establish a tax on marriages, as well as on successions. It is true that every one marries in India, and many more than once; and that marriages are generally matters of notoriety, at which sums are squandered far beyond the ordinary means of the bridegrooms. But considering the interference with social and religious usages which such a tax would entail, and the delicate nature of the subject, as well as the probabilities of serious discontents, we should hope that this tax would not be attempted until all other resources had failed. A succession, like a legacy duty, has many recommendations in its favour. The call is made on men flushed with the fulfilment of their expectations, and probably then less unwilling to disburse than at any other period of their lives. In successions to landed estates, the rate payable on an ascending scale can be easily ascertained. In successions to personal or moveable property, or to profitable trade or business, the rate would be more guesswork, and the subject of the tax more liable to concealment and fraud. But we believe that natives might be made to understand that their only safety lay in a regular and prompt tender, by affixing heavy penalties to cases of delayed notice of succession. A tender of money on such occasions would be not dissonant from the Oriental notion of *nuzzurs*. A present from an inferior to a superior on gala days is a matter of active principle in the East; and nothing but the rigid and unswerving integrity of the services, both civil and military, has prevented the frequent acceptance of offerings made by individuals with a view to their own private ends. Were a determined and vigorous Government to insist on a succession duty from all its subjects of a certain rank, position, or means of livelihood, and to announce its readiness to compound for minute and troublesome inquiries on payment of a certain sum down, visiting recusancy with fines, or forfeiture of the property in gross cases of deliberate concealment, we are tolerably confident that considerable yearly additions might be made to the revenue. The tax would only require that determination, combined with tact and persuasion, which so many of the servants of the Old East India Company know so admirably how to display.

A considerable increase to the income of the State may also be expected from public works: directly, from works of irrigation, such as the Great Ganges Canal, the canal in the Bari Doab—the Madras ani-

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cuts, as they are technically termed —and others; and indirectly, from the railways, which, though retarded by climate and by the mutiny, are yet advancing at a steady pace, which promises to girdle the Indian peninsula in a space of four or five years more. But the truth is that these additions will come in but slowly, and that there is ample room for another mutiny between that time and the present. To speak plainly, the greatest help to the finances, as well as the greatest relief to the mind of the administrative statesman, must come from the reduction in the huge, irregular, expensive, fickle, faithless, and unnecessary Native army.

No taxes that we can lay on the people, none that industry could bear or trade could despise; no reductions that we could hope for in other departments, were we to grind the working men down to a bare subsistence, would afford onequarter the relief to the Exchequer that may be expected when the Native army is reduced within proper limits. At present we have a huge army of regular and irregular levies, and a half-disciplined force of military police. Fifty or sixty thousand Europeans holding the forts and magazines, and keys of the country, with a Native army of *twenty-five*, or at most *thirty* thousand troops, ought to be ample to maintain the country in peace and quiet. The length to which this paper has extended renders it inexpedient to commence a discussion of the footing on which the permanent military establishment of the Queen of India should be placed; but one thing may be predicated without dogmatism, which is, that we shall have no guarantee for lasting tranquillity until the important cities of India are connected by railroads; until the turbulent and excitable populations of India are left with nothing but clubs and sticks; and until a compact and well organized force of Europeans be ready to move at an hour's notice to combine with a Native army of reasonable proportions, in order to put down popular disaffection, or can hold in check or annihilate the Native army itself. Twenty committees, sitting for twenty years each, will teach us no deeper lesson than the events of 1857. The Bengal army, though the work of disbanding has commenced, was this year as large as the old army. The Sikhs loudly boast that they recovered the Empire for us. The condition of the Bombay army was, we know, unsound. The army of Madras, considering what it has to protect, is ridiculously out of all due proportion. We can preserve intact the rights of the officers, and find plenty of employment and use for them. What we wish to be rid of are Pandies in any shape, or in large masses.

In concluding this paper we must make some allusion to the condition of the Civil Service, the large salaries of which have been repeatedly quoted as capable of reduction. The service is well paid, and successive Governors-General have borne unqualified testimony to its complete efficiency; while in the late mutinies many a civilian dropped the pen which he had wielded with ability, to take up the sword and to wield it as well. Necessity, however, has no law; and in canvassing the possibilities of relief to the Treasury, the Secretary of State may not unnaturally consider the Civil Service as too highly paid. We have, however, lately seen some figures and statistics which show that the various members of that service are not too highly paid for the revenue which they collect, the interests which they watch over, and the size of the districts which they rule. On the contrary, the proportion of the salaries to the work and to the wealth of the Indian provinces, is considerably less than in Ceylon or in any other Crown colony whatever. It may be urged, too, that it would be extremely hard to visit either civilian or officer with a reduction of salary as a reward for gallant exposure of life, limb, and property, and to make them suffer for a rebellion which they contributed to quell. Such men have devoted themselves to India at an early age, and at best can only hope to retire thence after between twenty-five and thirty years of active service, with a moderate competence. Fortunes are made no longer; and any heavy re-

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duction pressing on the service in general will seriously curtail the power to retire and the prospects of independence. Even the pension of £1000 a year to which men are entitled after twenty-five years' service, is two-thirds provided by deductions from the salary of each individual, and by the contributions of members who die after long service without ever claiming their pensions. Nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that, of the sum of £1000 the Government pays even one-half. The contributions of Government at this moment, and for some years past, average for each person only £291. With regard, then, to reductions, Lord Stanley, whose conduct at the head of Indian affairs has on most occasions been beyond praise, declared in his place that such reductions ought to be prospective, and that you could not touch vested interests and guaranteed rights. Any such attempt would indeed be a grievous injustice to the old servants whom the Directors nominated; and, in a greater measure, to the new men who were first invited, just five years ago, by tempting offers and in glowing language, to compete for places which would make them honourably independent for life.

Reductions in particular offices are being made as opportunities occur; but if men of education and integrity are to be procured for the Indian service, we believe that no more vital error could be committed than a general lopping away of emoluments. We speak with a view to prospective measures, and on this point one fact is worth a dozen prophecies. Against the repeated and deliberate assertions, that fit persons can be secured for India at a cheaper rate—that the sons of gentlemen are ready to jump at life service in the East—we will set the following result of offers made to society at large by the Civil Service Commission. We take our statistics from an article in the *Times* of the 19th of May last. Twenty appointments to the Indian Civil Service being thrown open for competition, the number of competitors was sixty-five. Now we all know what each of these men must have been told about the noble field for talent and the splendid rewards of the East, and how many more must have refused to listen to such offers. About the same time eight writerships in the Indian department in England, the salary of which rose from £80 to the magnificent sum of £200 a year, were thrown open, and attracted no less than 339 competitors—eight from the universities, sixty-two from the public schools, and all 'the sons of naval and military officers, clergymen, barristers, solicitors, clerks, physicians, surgeons, merchants, farmers, and artificers.' Argument on these comparative results would be superfluous. Men will do *anything* at home rather than face exile, heat, separation, loss of friends and of health, to be abused and misapprehended when working like slaves in India, to be ignored utterly when at length they return home.

No saving in finance will compensate for the lack of talent or for the loss of integrity which would follow inevitably on a less attractive service. The money that must be had can best be procured by increasing taxes already in existence, and by making trade, industry, and commerce, now untaxed, to contribute their dues, as well as by reductions in a cumbrous and unwieldy army which has cost us one fearful sacrifice and may rear its head to cost us a second. Nor is it impossible to restore the credit of the Indian Government which the mutinies and financial mismanagement have somewhat rudely shaken. Indian insolvency is at present only a bare possibility, but in that event England could hardly repudiate the debt of the Company without endangering her hold on the Empire and dishonouring her fair name. The surest way to obviate any such unpleasant contingency would be for the Imperial Parliament to guarantee the payment of interest on the debt, which it can do now with ease and dignity, and without danger; and which in an insolvency, the probabilities whereof are increased by its recusancy, it could not refuse to do without discredit and shame.

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HOLMBY HOUSE:

A Tale of Old Northamptonshire.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

'A RIDE ACROSS A COUNTRY.'

ON the day during which the events recorded in our last chapter were taking place, the good sorrel horse, with the instinctive sagacity peculiar to his kind, must have been aware that some trial of his mettle was imminently impending. Never before in the whole course of his experience had the same care been bestowed on his feeding, watering, and other preparations for an appointed task; never before had Dymocke so minutely examined the soundness of every strap and buckle of his appointments, inspected so rigidly the state of his shoes, or fitted the bit in his mouth and the links of his curb-chain with such judicious delicacy. Horses are keenly alive to all premonitory symptoms of activity, and the sorrel's kindling eye and dilated nostril showed that he was prepared to sustain his part, whatever it might be, in the impending catastrophe. Dymocke, too, had discarded the warlike air and pompous bearing which he usually affected; he had considerably shortened his customary morning draught, and as he was well known to be a man of few words and an austere demeanour, none of his fellow-servants dared take upon themselves to question him when he left the stable-yard in a groom's ordinary undress, and rode the sorrel carefully out as it were for an airing.

'Patrolling!' quoth Dymocke to himself, as he emerged from the park-gates, and espied at no great distance two well-mounted dragoons pacing along the crest of a rising ground, and apparently keeping vigilant watch over the valley of the Nene below. 'A picket!' he added with a grim leer, and a pat on his horse's neck, as the sun glinted back from a dozen of carbines and the same number of steel breastplates drawn up near a clump of trees, where the officer in command flattered himself he was completely hidden from observation. 'Well, they've no call to say nothing to me,' was his concluding remark as he jogged quietly down towards the river-side, affecting as much as possible the air and manner of a groom training a horse about to run for some valuable stake—a process sure to meet with the sympathies of Englishmen, whatever might be their class and creed, and one which even the most rigid Presbyterian would be unwilling to embarrass or interrupt.

It was a good stake, too, that the sorrel was about to run for—a stake of Life and Death, a match against Time, with the course marked out by Chance, and the winning-post placed by Destiny. The steed was sound and trim, his condition excellent, his blood irreproachable: to use the language of Newmarket, would he *stay the distance and get home?*

There was a marshy meadow by the river's brink, which even at this dry season of the year was moist and cool, grateful to the sensations of horse and rider. As the sorrel approached it he snorted once or twice, erected his ears, and neighed long and loudly. The neigh was answered in more directions than one, for dragoons were patrolling the road in pairs, and no less than two outposts of cavalry were distinctly visible. It seemed as though the war had broken out afresh. Dymocke rode quietly round and round the meadow, apparently attending solely to his horse, and an indefatigable angler, who ought ere this to have caught every fish in the Nene, looked up in a startled manner for an instant, and resumed his sport with redoubled energy and perseverance.

Meanwhile a goodly cavalcade was approaching the half-ruined bridge of Brampton, which here spanned the Nene, and which,

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although impassable to carriages, admitted of the safe transit of equestrians riding in single file. Bit and bridle rang merrily as the troop wound downwards to the river side; feathers waved, scarfs and cloaks floated gaudily in the breeze, and gay apparel glistened bright in the summer sun. It was the King and his courtiers bound for their afternoon's amusement at Boughton, discoursing as they rode along on every topic save the one that lay deepest in each man's heart, with that mixture of gay sarcasm and profound reflection which was so pleasing to the sovereign's taste, and hazarding opinions with that happy audacity stopping short of freedom which always met with encouragement from the kindly dispositions of the Stuarts.

It seemed to be no captive monarch surrounded by his gaolers that reined his good horse so gallantly in front of the trampling throng; not one of his royal ancestors in the plenitude of his power could have been treated with greater outward show of respect than was Charles by the attendants who spied his most secret actions, and the commissioners who were employed by the Parliament to deprive him of his personal liberty. Old Lord Pembroke, riding on his right hand a little in rear of the King, bowed his venerable head to his horse's mane at every observation of his sovereign. The Lords Denbigh and Montague, with the ceremonious grace which they had acquired years before at Whitehall, remained at the precise distance prescribed by etiquette from the person of royalty, and conversed when spoken to with the ready wit of courtiers and the frank bearing of English noblemen. Doctor Wilson as physician, and Mr. Thomas Herbert as groom of the bedchamber in waiting, made up the tale of the King's personal attendants, whilst servants with led horses and one or two yeomen of the guard, completed the cavalcade.

No armed escort surrounded the King, no outward display of physical force seemed to coerce his will or fetter his actions; yet the Parliament had chosen their emissaries so well that for all their decorous observances and simulation of respect, with the exception of Herbert, not an inhabitant of Holmby House, from the earl in the presence to the scullion in the kitchen, but was more or less a traitor to his sovereign.

Charles beckoned his groom of the bedchamber to ride up alongside, and old Lord Pembroke fell respectfully to the rear. It might have been remarked, however, that Montague immediately spurred on and remained within earshot. Herbert was a favourite with the monarch. His affectionate disposition was not proof against that fascination which Charles undoubtedly exercised over those with whom he came in daily contact, and a similarity of tastes and habits, a congeniality of disposition between master and servant, each being of a speculative temperament deeply imbued with melancholy, laid the foundation of a friendship which seems to have been a consolation to the one in the darkest hours of adversity, the pride and glory of the other to the latest day of his life.

'What sayest thou, Master Herbert?' said Charles, laying his hand familiarly on the neck of his servant's horse as he paced slowly down towards the bridge. 'Did not the Stoics aver that the wise man is alone a king? and was not their ideal of wisdom the *nil admirari* of the satirist? Did they not hold that it was a quality which made its possessor insensible to pain or pleasure, pity or anger; alike impervious to the sunshine of prosperity as immovable by the storms of adversity; that the wise man knew neither hope nor fear, neither tears nor laughter; that he was essentially all-in-all to himself, and from his very nature equally a prophet, a priest, a cobbler, and a king?'

'Even so, your Majesty,' answered Herbert; 'and it has always appeared to me that the ox browsing contentedly in his pasture, satisfied to eat and drink, and ruminate and die, approaches more nearly to the philosopher's ideal of wisdom, than Socrates with his convictions of the future, and Plato with his speculations on the soul.'

'Right, Master Herbert,' answered the King, readily losing

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himself as was his wont in the labyrinth of abstract discussion which he delighted to provoke. 'The two schools of ancient philosophy arrived, but by different paths, at the same destination. "Eat and drink," urges the Epicurean, "for to-morrow you die." "Rest and ponder," quoth the Stoic, "for there is no reality even in life." Either maxim is directly opposed to the whole apparent scheme of the natural world. The one would impress you with the uselessness of sowing your grain; the other convince you of the absurdity of reaping your harvest. Did either really prevail among men, the world could scarce go on a year.

'Doth it not show us that without the light of revelation, our own intrinsic blindness leads us but farther and farther into error? That man, with all his self-sufficient pride, is but a child in leading-strings at his best; that he must have his hopes and fears, his tears and smiles, like a child; and that though he wince from the chastening Hand, it deals its stripes in mercy, after all. Yet, Herbert, have I often found it in my heart to envy these callous natures, too. Would that I could either place complete reliance on Heaven, or steel myself entirely against the anxieties and affections of earth. Would that I could keep down the turbulent heart that rises in wrath against the treatment it feels it has not deserved; that longs so wearily for the absent, that aches so painfully for the dead, that cannot stifle its repinings for the past, nor cease to hope in a future which becomes every day darker and more threatening. No tidings, and yet no tidings,' proceeded the King in a lower voice, and musing as it were aloud, whilst his large eyes gazed far ahead into the horizon; 'and yet letters may have been sent, may have been intercepted. I am so watched, so surrounded. Still there might be means. There are loyal hearts left in England, though many are lying cold. Alas, it is a weary, weary world! Yonder is a happy man, Herbert, if you will,' added Charles, brightening up, and once more addressing his conversation to his companion. 'He has not a care for aught but the business in hand. He is a Stoic, a king, a cobbler—what you will. Good faith! he should be a successful fisherman at the worst: I have watched him for the last ten minutes as we rode along. Doth he see kings and courts every day that he hath not once lifted his head from his angle to observe us, or is he indeed the sage of whom we have been talking—the '*sutor bonus et solus formosus, et est rex?*'

As the King spoke he pointed to an angler who, having taken up a position on Brampton-bridge, had been leaning there immovable, undisturbed by the noise of the approaching cavalcade, and apparently totally devoid of the two sentiments of admiration and curiosity which the neighbourhood of a sovereign is accustomed to provoke.

The man seemed deaf or stupid. He remained leaning against the broken parapet, apparently unconscious of everything but his rod and line, which he watched vigilantly, with his hat drawn over his brows, and his cloak muffling his face to the eyes.

Lord Montague pressed forward to bid the angler stand out of the way, and leave room for Royalty to pass; but the King, who was an admirable horseman, edged his lordship so near the undefended brink of the half-ruined bridge, that Montague was fain to fall back with a bow and an inward thanksgiving that he was not overhead in the river. Etiquette forbade any one else to ride in front of the Sovereign, and Charles was consequently at the head of the party, who now defiled singly across the bridge.

The angler's back was turned, and he fished on without looking round.

'By your leave, good man,' quoth Charles, who, though somewhat haughty, particularly since his reverses, with his nobility, was ever courteous and good-humoured to those of humbler birth; 'there is scant room for us both, and the weakest, well we know, must go to the wall.' While the King spoke, his knee, as he sat in the saddle, touched the back of the preoccupied fisherman.

The latter started and turned

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round; quick as thought he thrust a small packet into his Majesty's hand, and almost with the same movement flung himself upon his knees at the royal stirrup in a paroxysm of pretended agitation and diffidence as unreal as the negligence for which it affected to atone.

Rapid as was the movement, it sufficed for Charles to recognise his trusty adherent. He crumpled the paper hurriedly into his glove.

'Faithful and true!' he whispered, 'save thyself!' and added aloud, for the edification of his attendants, 'Nay, good man! we excuse thy rudeness on account of thy bodily infirmity. Look that thou be not trodden down by less skilful riders and less manageable steeds.'

As he spoke the King passed on to the other side, followed by all his attendants save only the Lord Montague, who had turned back to give directions to a patrol of the Parliamentary cavalry which had arrived at the bridge at the same moment as the Royal cavalcade, and had drawn up to pay the military compliments due to a sovereign.

The patrol, consisting of two efficient-looking dragoons, were remarkably well-mounted, and armed, in addition to sword and pistols, with long deadly carbines. They listened attentively to Lord Montague's directions; and while his lordship rode off in pursuit of the King and his party, scanning the fisherman as he passed him with a strange look of malicious triumph, each soldier unslung his carbine, and shook the powder carefully up into its pan.

The King looked back repeatedly, as he rose the hill, in the direction of Boughton. Once he beckoned Lord Montague to ride alongside of him.

'We thought we had lost your good company, my lord,' quoth his Majesty; 'what made you turn back down yonder by Brampton Mill?'

'I dropped my glove, your Majesty,' replied the nobleman, scarcely concealing a smile.

'Whoever picks it up, my lord, will find a bitter enemy!' answered Charles; and he spoke not another word till he reached the great gates of Lord Vaux's hospitable hall.

Meanwhile the angler, resuming his occupation, fished steadily on, glancing ever and anon at the retreating troop of horsemen who accompanied the King. When the last plumed hat had disappeared over the verge of the acclivity, he took his rod to pieces with a deep sigh of relief; and exchanging his slow listless demeanour for one of resolution and activity, strode briskly away, with the air of a man who has performed a good day's work, and is about to receive for the same a good day's wages.

He thought, now that he had accomplished his task, he would linger about her residence and see Mary Cave once more—just once more—ere he went into exile again. He trusted none but the King had recognised him; and he had delivered his packet with such secresy and rapidity that he could not conceive it possible for any other eye to have perceived the movement. He little knew Montague's eagle glance. He little knew that, in spite of his disguise, he had been suspected for more than four-and-twenty hours, and that measures had already been taken for his capture. He would know it all time enough. Let him rest for a moment on the thought of his anticipated meeting with his ladye-love. The wished-for two minutes that were to repay the longings and misgivings of as many years, that he must live upon perhaps for another twelvemonth, and be grateful that he has had even such a crumb of comfort for the sustenance of his soul. Strange hunger of the heart, that so little can alleviate, so much fails to satisfy! He walked swiftly on through the fragrant meadows, waving with their long herbage, and bright with buttercups and field-flowers; his head erect, his eye gazing far into the horizon as is ever the glance of those who look forward and not back. Bosville had still a future; he had not yet thoroughly learned the bitterest of all life's lessons—to live only in the past. No; he was a man still, with a man's trust and hope, a man's courage and self-reliance, a man's energy and endurance. He would want them all before the sun went down. Suddenly a shout smote upon his ear; a voice behind him called on him to stop and surrender.

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Halting, and turning suddenly round, he beheld a mounted trooper, the tramp of whose horse had been smothered in the long grass, close upon him; another was nearing him from the river side. Both had their carbines unslung, and even in the confusion of the moment he had time to perceive an expression of calm confidence on each man's countenance, as though he was sure of his prey. For an instant his very heart seemed to tighten with a thrill of surprise and keen disappointment; but it was not the first time by a good many that Humphrey had looked a catastrophe in the face, and in that instant he had time to think what he should do. Twenty yards in front of him grew a high luxuriant hedge; in that hedge was a gap fortified by a strong oaken rail. The foremost horseman's hand was almost on his shoulder when he dashed forward and cleared it at a bound. Accustomed to make up his mind in a moment, his first idea was to run under shelter of the fence down to the river, and place the stream between himself and his pursuers, trusting that neither heavily-armed trooper would choose to risk man and horse in deep water. Alas, on the opposite bank he spied another patrol gesticulating to his comrades, and watching for him should he attempt to land. In the mean time his first pursuers, both remarkably well mounted, had ridden their horses boldly over the fence, and were once more close upon his tracks. In another stride he must be struck down and made a prisoner! But, as is often the case, at the supreme moment succour was at hand. Not twenty yards in front of the fugitive stood Hugh Dymocke, holding the sorrel by the bridle. The wily old soldier had anticipated this catastrophe the whole morning, and was not to be taken unawares at the crisis. He had been watching the movements of the fisherman and the patrol, nor, except for a chance shot, had he much fear of the result. With a rush and a bound, like that of some stricken wild deer, Humphrey reached the sorrel and vaulted into the saddle. As he turned the horse's head for the open meadow with a thrill of exultation and delight, Dymocke let go the bridle and hurriedly whispered in his ear, 'God speed ye, master! Never spare him for pace; he had a gallop yesterday, and he's fit to run for a man's life!'

Ere the sentence was finished they were a hundred yards off, and the good horse, flinging his head into the air and snatching wildly at his bridle, indulged in a few bounds and plunges in his gallop ere he settled down into the long sweeping stride his rider remembered so well.

With a bitter curse and a shrewd blow from the butt of his carbine, which Dymocke avoided like a practised tactician, the foremost trooper swept by the old soldier, calling to his comrade in the rear to secure him and take him to head quarters. Both were, however, so intent on the pursuit that Dymocke, greatly to his surprise, found himself totally unnoticed, and walked quietly home with his usual air of staid gravity, reflecting, much to his own satisfaction, on the speed and mettle of his favourite and the probable safety of his young master.

And now the chase began in serious earnest. It was a race for life and death, and the competitors were well aware of the value of the stakes dependent on their own skill and the speed of the horses they bestrode.

Each trooper knew that a large sum of money and speedy promotion would reward his capture of the Royalist, whom they had now succeeded in identifying. Each was mounted on a thoroughly good horse whose powers he had often tested to the utmost, and each was moreover armed to the teeth, whilst the fugitive possessed no more deadly weapon than the butt of his fishing-rod, which he had retained unconsciously in his hand. Being two to one they had also the great advantage of being able to assist each other in the pursuit, and like greyhounds coursing a hare, could turn the quarry wherever opportunity offered into each other's jaws. Despite of broken ground, of blind ditches choked with grass, and high leafy hedges rich in Midsummer luxuriance, through which they crashed, bruising a thousand fragrant blossoms in their transit, they

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sped fiercely and recklessly on. All along the low grounds by Brampton, where the rich meadows were divided by strong thorn fences, the constantly recurring obstacles compelled Humphrey, bold rider as he was, to diverge occasionally from a straight course, and this was an incalculable advantage to his two pursuers, who, by playing as it were into each other's hands, were enabled to keep within sight and even within shot of the pursued, though the pace at which they were all going forbade any appeal to fire-arms, or indeed to any weapons except the spurs.

But on emerging from the low grounds into a comparatively open country and rising the hill towards Brixworth the greater stride and speed of the sorrel began to tell. His condition, moreover, was far superior to that of the troopers, and it was with a glow of exultation not far removed from mirth, that Humphrey, finding at last a hand to spare with which to caress his favourite, looked back at his toiling pursuers, whose horses were now beginning to show undoubted symptoms of having had enough.

Even in mid-winter, when the leaves are off those formidable blackthorns, and the ditches, cleared of weeds and grass, yawn in all their naked avidity for the reception and ultimate sepulture of the horse and his rider, it is no child's play to cross one of these strongly-fenced Northamptonshire valleys. Aye, with all the fictitious excitement produced by the emulation of hunting, and the insatiable desire to be nearer and nearer still to that fleeting vision which, like happiness, is always just another stride beyond our reach; though the hounds are streaming silently away a field in front of us; though the good horse between our legs is fresh, ardent, and experienced; though we have already disposed of our dearest friend on his best hunter at that last 'double,' and are sanguine in our hopes of getting well over yonder strong rail, for which we are even now 'hardening our heart' and shortening our stride; though we hope and trust we shall go triumphantly on, from fence to fence, rejoicing, and at last see the good fox run into in the middle of a fifty-acre grass field,—yet for all this we cannot but feel that when we have traversed two or three miles of this style of country, without prostration or mishap, we have effected no contemptible feat of equitation, we have earned for the nonce a consciousness of thorough self-satisfaction intensely gratifying to the vanity of the human heart. And so perhaps it was one of the pleasantest moments of Humphrey's life when he pulled the sorrel into a trot and looked back upon the vale below. The horse snorted and shook his head. He was only breathed by the gallop that had so distressed the steeds of the two Parliamentarians. His master patted him fondly and exultingly once again. What a ride he had enjoyed! how the blood coursed through his veins with the anxiety, and the excitement, and the exercise. For two years he had not mounted what could be called a horse! certainly not one that could be compared with the sorrel. How delightful it was to feel his favourite bound under him as he used to do, once more! What a sensation to speed along those rich meadows, scanning fence after fence as he approached it, and flying over the places he had marked out, like a bird on the wing, to the unspeakable discomfiture of the dragoons toiling in his track. How gallantly he had cleared the rivulet that the two soldiers had been forced to flounder through. Well for them that it had shrunk to its summer limits, or they would have been there still. And now in another mile or so he would be safe. His pursuers' horses were too much exhausted even to continue on his track. They would soon lose all traces of him. Near Brixworth village was a cottage in which he had already passed two or three nights whilst waiting to fulfil his mission. Its owner was a veteran who had fought in his own troop at Edge-hill and Newbury, who would think little of imperilling his life for his old officer and King Charles. Arrived at the cottage, he would disguise himself again, and sending the sorrel out of the way, would lie hid till the search was past; he might then venture

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a few miles from his hiding-place, and at last reach the sea-shore and embark scatheless for the Continent. In this manner, too, he would have a chance of seeing Mary once more before he departed.

Trotting gently along, he was thus busily weaving the thread of his schemes and fancies, his hopes and fears, when, alas! the web was suddenly dispelled by a shot! The crafty Parliamentarians finding themselves completely outstripped by the sorrel, and aware of a picket of their comrades stationed close under the village of Brixworth, had turned their attention to driving their quarry as much as possible towards the hill. In this they had been successful, and Humphrey's line of flight had already brought him within a few hundred yards of the enemy's post. As is often the case, however, their strict anxiety to preserve themselves unseen, had somewhat abated the vigilance of their look-out, and Bosville, accidentally changing his direction, narrowly escaped passing the negligent picket without observation or interruption.

But the veterans who pursued him were skilled in all the various practices of war; the leading horseman, quietly dismounting from his jaded steed, slowly levelled his carbine, and took a long roving shot at the fast diminishing figure of the fugitive. The bullet whistled harmlessly over Humphrey's head, but the report roused the inattentive sentry in advance of the picket, and the well-known sound of a trumpet rang out within musket range, whilst a dozen horsemen emerging from a clump of trees not two hundred yards to his right, dashed forward at a gallop, with the obvious intention of intercepting or riding him down.

Unarmed as he was, and notwithstanding the number of his foes, Humphrey never lost heart for a moment.

'Not trapped yet, my lads!' he ground out between his teeth, as with a grim smile he caught the sorrel fast by the head, and urged him once more to his speed, reflecting with fierce exultation on the mettle and endurance of his favourite, still going fresh and strong beneath him, and on the 'neck-or-nothing' nature of the chase, in which his only safety lay in placing some insurmountable obstacle between himself and his pursuers.

They, for their part, seemed determined to make every effort for his capture, dividing into parties so as to cover as large an extent of country as possible, and so prevent any attempt at turning or dodging on the part of the quarry, and forcing him by this means into a line of difficult and broken ground, such as must at last tell even on the power and stride of the indefatigable sorrel. The two original pursuers, moreover, whose horses had by this time recovered their wind, laboured on at a reduced pace along the low grounds, so that a diversion in that direction was impossible.

There was nothing for it but to go straight ahead, and straight ahead he went, laughing a strange wicked laugh to himself, as he thought of the Northern Water, no mean tributary to the Nene, which was even now gleaming in the distance a mile or so in front of him, and reflecting that if he were once well over such a 'yawner' as that, he might trot on and seek safety at his leisure, for not a dozen horses in England could clear it from bank to bank!

He trusted, nevertheless, that the sorrel was one of them. So he spared and nursed him as much as possible, choosing his ground with the practised eye of a sportsman, and bringing into use every one of the many methods which experience alone teaches, and by which the perfect horseman can assist and ease his steed. At the pace he led his pursuers, he cared but little to be out of musket-shot, and he reserved all the energies both of himself and his horse for a dash at the Northern Water.*

* A fair leap in the present day, when, under its later appellation of the 'Brixworth Brook,' it spoils many a silk jacket, as the flower of the British army can testify, who, in their modern substitute for Tilt and Tournament, ydept 'The Grand Military Steeple-Chase,' plunge into its profound with a reckless haste truly edifying to the less adventurous civilian.

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Down the hill they come at headlong pace: the troopers, espying Bosville's object, now tax all their energies to catch him ere he can reach the brook, and spurs are plied and bridles shaken with all the mad recklessness of a neck-and-neck race.

Humphrey's spirits rise with the situation. He longs to give vent to his excitement in a wild 'hurrah!' as a man does in a charge, but he is restrained from the fear of maddening his horse, already roused by the shouts and clatter behind him, and pulling harder than his wont. Were he to get the least out of his hand now it would be fatal.

He steadies him gradually till within a hundred yards of the brink, and regardless of his followers' close vicinity, pulls him back almost into a canter—then tightening his grasp on the bridle, and urging him with all the collective energies of knee, and thigh, and loins, he sets him going once more, the horse pointing his small resolute ears, the rider marking with his eye a sedgy patch of the soundest ground from which he intends their effort shall be made.

Straining on his bridle, the sorrel bounds high into the air, the waters flash beneath them, and they are landed safe on the far side with half a foot to spare! Humphrey gives a cheer now, and a hearty cheer it is, in answer to the yell of rage and disappointment that rises from the baffled Parliamentarians.

Was there ever man yet that could 'leave well alone?' Alas! that we should here have to record the only instance of bravado on the part of our hero during the whole of his perilous and adventurous career. What demon prompted him to waste the precious moments in jeering at a defeated foe? Humphrey could not resist the temptation of pulling up to wave an ironical 'farewell' to his pursuers. The movement was fatal; in making it, he turned his broadside to the enemy, and half a dozen carbines were discharged at him on the instant. One bullet truer than the rest found its home in the honest heart of the good sorrel. The horse plunged wildly forward, fell upon his head, recovered himself—fell once more, and rolling over his rider, lay quivering in the last convulsions of death.

When Humphrey had extricated himself from the saddle and risen to his feet, he had no heart to make any further effort for his escape. He might perhaps have still had time to elude his enemies even on foot, but the strongest nature can only resist a given amount of difficulty and disappointment. 'Tis the last drop that bids the cup brim over, the last ounce that sinks the labouring camel in the sand.

He was weak, too, from mental anxiety as from bodily privation, from the conflict of his feelings as from the harassing nature of his task. Brave, generous, hopeful as he was, something seemed to give way within him at this last stroke of fortune, and when his captors, after making a long circuit to cross over by a ford, arrived to take him prisoner, they found him sitting on the ground, with the sorrel's head upon his knees, weeping like a woman or a child over the dead horse he had loved so well.

Chapter XXXI.

'FOR THE KING!'

We left our honest friend Dymocke, with the sweep of the trooper's carbine still whistling in his ears, sauntering quietly homewards, his grim visage bespeaking more than usual satisfaction, his mental reflections sometimes rising into soliloquy, and taking much such a form as the following.

'Ah! Hugh! Hugh!' quoth the old soldier, apostrophizing the individual whom of all in the world he should have known best, 'there's few of them can hold a candle to thee, old lad! when the tackle's got fairly in a coil. Brave!—there's plenty of 'em brave enough—leastways there's plenty of 'em afraid not to seem so—but it's discretion, lad, its discretion, that's wanting; and thankful ought thou to be, that thou'st gotten enough for thyself and the whole household. There's not a man of 'em, now, could have managed this business, and not made a botch of it! Take

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the old lord to begin with. He'd have gone threatening and petitioning, and offering money and what not, till the Major was blown just the same as if he'd had him cried in the market. That's the way with your quality; they can't abide to see a thing stand simmering; they must needs go shaking the frying-pan, and then they wonder that all the fat's in the fire! The women! I'll not deny but the women are keen hands at plotting and planning, and many's the good scheme they hit upon, no doubt, but where *they* fail is in the doing of it. It's "not now!" or "I'm so frightened!" or a fit of crying just in the nick of time; and then the clock strikes, or the bell rings, and it's too late. For the women must either wait too long, or else they'll not wait long enough, so it's as well they wasn't trusted to have anything to do with it. As for the steward, it's my opinion he's a rogue! and a rogue was never good for anything yet that wanted a bit of 'heart' to set it straight; and the rest of 'em's fools one bigger than another, there's no gainsaying *that*.

'No! there was just one man that *could* do it, and he's gone and *done* it. To think of the sense of the dumb animal, too! Never but once did he neigh the whole blessed morning, though there was his master fishing within a pistol-shot of him; and every time he came by the turn of the meadow, he laid his ears back, as much as to say "I see you! I am ready for you when you want me." Ready! I believe he *was* ready. I should know a good horse when I'm on him; but the way he came round the park with me yesterday afternoon—— Oh! it's no use talking. A hawk's one thing, and a round shot's another; but he's the fastest horse in Northamptonshire at this blessed moment, and well he need to be. St. George! to see the example he made of those two! and the Major sitting down upon him so quiet, the way I always told him I liked to see him ride, popping here, and popping there, with the horse as steady as a psalm-singer, and every yard they went the soldiers getting farther and farther behind. Well, the ladies will be best pleased to hear the Major's safe off, no doubt of that; and my pretty Faith, she wont cry her eyes out to see *me* come back in a whole skin—poor little woman! she hasn't the nerves of a hen. It was a precious coil, surely, and precious well I've got 'em all out of it. There's few things that can't be done by a man of discretion, 'specially when he's got the care of such a horse as *that!*'

Dymocke had arrived at home by the time he reached this conclusion. His self-satisfaction was unbounded. His triumph complete. It was well for him that his powers of vision were limited by distance—that he possessed no intuitive knowledge of the events of the day. It would have broken honest Hugh down altogether to know that the good sorrel was lying within four miles of him, down there by the Northern Water, with a bullet through his heart.

But the news he brought was right gladly received by every one of the anxious inhabitants of the old house at Boughton.

'Safe!' shouted Sir Giles with a loud 'hurrah!' that shook the very rafters of the hall. 'Aye! safe enough, no doubt, with that good horse beneath him, if he did but get a fair start! We'll drink the sorrel's health, my lord, this very night, after the King's.'

'Safe,' echoed Lord Vaux; 'delivered out of the jaws of death. Blood has been shed more than enough in these disastrous times, and I thank a merciful Providence that his young life has been spared.'

'Safe,' repeated Grace Allonby, with a sparkling glance at her father, and the old smile dimpling her triumphant face. 'Far out of danger by this time, and perhaps not recognised, after all.'

'Safe,' whispered Mary Cave, keeping out of observation as much as possible, her hands clasped tight upon her bosom, and her eyes looking up to heaven, filled with tears.

When the intelligence thus reached them, the party were assembled in the great hall immediately subsequent to the King's departure. Whilst honoured by the presence of Royalty, Dymocke had no op-

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portunity of communicating with any of the family, and being, as he himself opined, a particularly discreet individual, he wisely abstained from dropping the slightest hint of his errand that might in any way compromise his employers, or afford a clue to his connexion with the fugitive fisherman.

Even Faith was not esteemed worthy of his confidence till he had made his report to her superiors; and to do her justice, that deserving damsel was so much taken up by the presence of Royalty, and her own multifarious duties of assisting to provide refreshments for the attendants who waited on the King, that the only notice she vouchsafed her admirer was a saucy inquiry as to whether 'he had been courting all the morning?' to which Hugh replied with a grim leer, 'It was like enough, since he confidently expected to be married next month;' whereat she blushed, and bade him 'go about his business,' returning with much composure to the prosecution of a demure flirtation, on which she had even now entered, with a solid and sedate yeoman of the guard.

The King's visit was short and ceremonious enough. His manner to Lord Vaux and Sir Giles Allonby was as gracious as usual, the few words he addressed to the young ladies kindly and paternal as his wont; but his Majesty was evidently pre-occupied and ill at ease! The intelligence he had that morning received from Mary harassed and disturbed him, though indeed, somewhat to her surprise, he had made no further allusion to it, and indeed addressed but a few commonplace remarks to that lady.

It was evident to her that he was brooding over the threatened violation of his personal liberty, which was in effect about to take place that same night, and that this apprehension united with other causes to make him very anxious and unhappy. The letter from the Queen, which Humphrey had delivered at such risk, was also unsatisfactory and distressing. He had looked for this epistle for weeks, and when it came at last, behold! he had been happier not to have received it.

It is often thus with subjects as well as kings.

Under these circumstances, Charles was unable, according to his custom, to forget all other considerations in the trifles on which he was immediately employed—could not as usual throw himself heart and soul into the fluctuations of the game, as though life offered no other interests than a bowl and bias—did not, even for the short half-hour of his relaxation, succeed in stifling the bitter consciousness that he was a prisoner, though a king.

With his usual grave demeanour and mild dignified bearing, he played one set with the old Earl of Pembroke and a few others of his *suite*, Lord Vaux and Sir Giles Allonby standing by to hand his Majesty the implements of the game, and then taking his leave with sad and gentle courtesy, the Monarch called for his horses to depart, resisting his host's humble entreaties that he would re-enter the house and partake of a collation ere he rode.

Walking down the terrace to the gate at which his horses awaited him, accompanied by Lord Vaux and the two ladies, and followed at the prescribed distance by his personal attendants, a damask rose-tree, on which Mary had expended much time and care, caught the King's attention, and elicited his admiration, tinged as usual with the prophetic melancholy that imbued his temperament.

''Tis a fair tree and a fragrant,' observed Charles, stopping in his progress; 'grateful to those who, like myself, love the simple beauties of a garden better than the pomps and splendours of a Court. In faith, the husbandman's is a happier lot than the king's. Yet hath he, too, his anxieties and his disappointments. Frosts nip the hopes of his earliest blossoms; and the pride even of successful maturity is but the commencement of decay.'

As the King spoke, Mary, from an impulse she could not resist, plucked the handsomest flower from its stem, and presented it to her Sovereign. He accepted it with the grave courtesy peculiar to him.

'If we ever meet at Whitehall,

Mistress Mary,' said Charles, with his melancholy smile, 'neither you nor I will forget the blood-red rose presented to me this day by the most loyal of all my loyal subjects. Had other hearts been true as yours,' he added, in a low solemn voice, 'I had not been a mimic king, soon to lose even the shade and semblance of royalty.'

As he spoke, with a courtly obeisance he mounted his horse and departed, riding slowly and dejectedly, as though loth to return to his Palace, where he already anticipated the insults and humiliations to which he was about to be subjected.

She coloured deeply with gratified pride, and a sense of duty strenuously and consistently fulfilled. Poor Mary! it was the last act of homage she was destined ever to pay the Sovereign in whose cause she would cheerfully have laid down her life. The damask-rose was fresh, and bright, and fragrant—the very type of beauty and prosperity, and a worm was eating it away, silently and surely, at the core.

After the King's departure, however, Dymocke's intelligence was imparted to rejoice the hearts of the somewhat dejected Royalists. When people are thoroughly 'broken in,' so to speak, and accustomed to misfortune, it is wonderful how small a gleam of comfort serves to shed a light upon their track, and dissipate the gloom to which they have become habituated. Everything goes by comparison, and a scrap of broken meat is a rich feast to a starving man; nevertheless, the process of training to this enviable state is painful in the extreme.

So the ladies sauntered out into the park, and enjoyed the balmy summer afternoon, and the luxuriant summer fragrance of leaf and blossom, and the hum of the summer insects all astir in the warmth of June. Grace laughed out merrily, as she used to do years ago; and Mary's step was lighter, her cheek rosier than it had been of late as they discoursed. The King's visit, and the peculiarities of the courtiers, formed their natural topics of conversation; but each lady felt a weight taken from her heart, and a sensation of inexpressible relief which had nothing to do with kings or courtiers, save in as far as the actions of those important personages affected the fortunes of one Major Humphrey Bosville.

We must now return to that adventurous gentleman, gradually awakening to a sense of his situation as he sat on a raw-boned troop-horse between two stern-visaged Roundhead dragoons, his elbows strapped tight to his sides, his feet secured beneath his horse's belly; and notwithstanding such impediments to activity, his attempts to escape, if indeed any were practicable, threatened with instant death by his rigorous custodians.

The Major accepted it as a compliment that not less than eight men and a sergeant were esteemed a sufficient force to secure the person of the unarmed fisherman. This formidable escort was commanded by his old acquaintance, 'Ebenezer the Gideonite,' who still slung his carbine across his back in the manner that had once saved his life; and who, to do him justice, bore his old antagonist not the slightest malice for his own discomfiture on that occasion. It was composed, moreover, of picked men and horses from the very flower of the Parliamentary cavalry.

Humphrey rode in the midst of them, and tried to recal his scattered senses, and realize the emergency of his present position.

Weak and worn-out, we have already said that after his horse was shot he had fallen an easy prey to his pursuers. When brought before the officer in command of the party that had captured him, he was neither in a mood nor a condition to answer any questions that might be put. The subaltern's orders, however, seemed sufficiently peremptory to absolve him from the vain task of cross-examining a fainting and unwilling prisoner. In the event of capturing a certain mysterious agent described, he was strictly enjoined to forward him at once to the Parliament, with as much secresy and dispatch as was consistent with the security of the captive. So after providing Humphrey with the food and drink of

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which he stood so much in need, and suffering him to take a short interval of repose, whilst men were mustered and horses fed, the officer started prisoner and escort without delay on the road to London.

Thus it came to pass that while Grace Allonby and Mary Cave were taking their afternoon stroll through the park at Boughton, Humphrey Bosville and his escort were winding slowly down the hill on the high road to the metropolis.

The Major's eye brightened as he caught sight of their white dresses, and recognised the form of the woman he had loved so long and so dearly. He started with an involuntary gesture that brought the hands of his guardians to trigger and sword-hilt. Although at a distance, it was something to see her just once again.

The ladies were turning homewards when, startled by the tramp of horses, both were aware of an armed party advancing in their immediate vicinity. An unconscious presentiment prompted each at the same moment to stop and see the troop pass by. The captive's heart leapt within him as he rode near enough to scan every lineament of the dear face he might never hope to look upon again.

'They have a prisoner!' exclaimed Mary, turning as white as her dress. 'God's mercy! it is Humphrey.'

Not another word did either speak. They looked blankly in each other's faces, and Grace burst into a flood of tears.

Chapter XXXII.

'THE BEGINNING OF THE END.'

The soft June night sank peacefully upon Holmby Palace, with all its conflicting interests, all its complications of intrigue and treachery, as it sank upon the yeoman's adjoining homestead, and the shepherd's humble cottage in the vale below. The thrush had finished the last sweet tones of her protracted even-song, and not a sound disturbed the surrounding stillness, save an occasional note from the nightingale in the copse, and the murmur of a fountain playing drowsily on in the garden. Calmly the stars shone out in mellow lustre, looking down, as it seemed, mild and reproachful on the earth-worms here below. What are all the chances and changes, all the sorrows and struggles, of poor grovelling mortality in the sight of those spirit eyes? Age after age have they glimmered on, careless as now of man's engrossing troubles and man's predestined end. They shone on Naseby-field, whitening in their faint light, here a grinning skull, there a bleached and fleshless bone turned up by the hind's careless ploughshare, or the labourer's busy spade, as they shone on Holmby Palace, stately in its regal magnificence, sheltering under its roof a circle of plotting courtiers, with a doomed King; and their beams fell the same on both, cold, pitiless, and unvarying. What are they, these myriads of flaming spheres? Are they worlds? are they inhabited? are they places of probation, of reward, of punishment? are they solid anthracite, or but luminous vapour? material masses, or only an agglomeration of particles? Can their nature be grasped by the human intellect, or defined in the jargon of science? Oh for the child's sweet simple faith once more, that they are but chinks in the floor of Heaven, from which the light of eternal day shines through!

The King was preparing to retire for the night. Notwithstanding all the anxieties and apprehensions that had arisen from the warning he had that morning received, notwithstanding the reception of his Queen's letter—a document by no means calculated to soothe his feelings or alleviate his distress—the force of habit was so strong that the numerous preparations for his Majesty's 'coucher' were made with as scrupulous an attention to the most trifling minutiæ as when he was indued with all the pomp of real royalty and conscious of actual power long ago at Whitehall.

After 'the word for the night' had been given, a word which it seemed a mockery to ask the prisoner himself to select, and the other attendants had been dismissed, after Doctor Wilson had paid his customary visit and received to his respectful inquiries the customary

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answer that nothing was amiss with the royal health, preserved as it was by rigid and undeviating temperance, Mr. Herbert, as groom-in-waiting, presented the King with an ewer and cloth, making at the same time the prescribed obeisance, and setting a night-lamp, consisting of a round cake of wax in a silver basin, on a chair, proceeded himself to retire to the couch prepared for him in a small ante-room opening into the apartment occupied by his Majesty, so that the King might not, even in the watches of the night, be left entirely alone.

We have often thought that this habit of being constantly, to a certain extent, before the public, may account in a great measure for the fortitude and dignity so often displayed in critical moments by sovereigns who have never before been suspected of possessing these Spartan virtues. Never, like a humbler individual, in his most unguarded hours of privacy entirely throwing off the character which it is his duty to sustain, a sovereign, even a weak-minded one, acquires a habit of reticence and self-command which becomes at last second-nature; and he who is every day of his life obliged to appear a hero to his *valet de chambre*, finds little difficulty in sustaining the part to which he is so well accustomed under the gaze of a multitude, even in a moment of general confusion and dismay.

As Herbert backed respectfully from the room, the King recalled him, as though for a few minutes' confidential conversation.

'Herbert,' said he, taking up at the same time his jewelled George and Garter, which, with his customary attention to trifles, he insisted should be placed near his bed-head, 'Herbert, you are becoming negligent; you have omitted to lay these gauds—empty vanities that they are!—in their accustomed place. Also this morning you neglected to observe the command I gave last night.'

His Majesty spoke with a grave and somewhat haughty air, which concealed a covert smile.

The attendant, in some confusion and no little surprise at the unusual displeasure of the King's tone, admitted that he had aroused his Majesty five minutes too late, and pleaded in extenuation the usual excuse of a discrepancy amongst the clocks. The King preserved an ominous frown.

'You are aware,' said he, 'that I never pardon a fault, nor overlook even the most trifling mistake. Have you not often heard me called harsh, vindictive, and exacting? I have prepared your punishment; I trust it will admonish you for the future. Here is a gold watch,' he added, his assumed displeasure vanishing at once in a hearty burst of laughter at the scared expression of his attendant's countenance, 'a gold alarm-watch, which as there may be cause shall awake you. Wear it for Charles Stuart's sake; and years hence, perhaps when he is no more, may it remind you of the stern, unkindly sovereign, who albeit he valued to the utmost the affection and fidelity of his servant, could not pass over the slightest omission without some such token of his displeasure as this.'

So speaking, and good humouredly pushing Herbert from the room, he bade him a cordial 'good night,' leaving his groom of the bed-chamber more devoted to his person, if possible, than before.

Such was one among many instances of Charles's benevolent disposition; such little acts of kindness as this endeared him to all with whom he came in daily contact, and the charm of such a temperament accounts at once for the blind devotion on the part of his followers, commanded by one who was the most amiable and accomplished of private gentlemen, as he was the most injudicious and inefficient of kings.

Musing upon the fortunes of his master, and regretting in his affectionate nature his own powerlessness to aid the sinking monarch, Herbert fell into a broken and disturbed slumber, from which however he soon awoke, and observed, somewhat to his dismay, that the King's chamber was in perfect darkness. The door of communication being left open, in case his services should be required during the night, the attendant's first impulse was to rise and re-light

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the lamp, which he concluded had been accidentally extinguished. He was loth, however, to disturb the King's rest, and whilst debating the point in his own mind, fell off to sleep. After a short slumber he was again aroused by the King's voice calling to him, and was surprised to see that the lamp had been rekindled.

'Herbert,' said his master, 'I am restless, and cannot sleep. Thou wilt find a volume on yonder table; read to me, I prithee, for a space. It may be the good bishop's discourses will lull me to repose. Thou too art wakeful and watchful. I thank thee for thy vigilance in so readily rekindling my light, which had gone out.'

Herbert expressed his surprise.

'I have not entered your Majesty's chamber,' said he. 'I have never left my couch since I lay down; but being restless, I observed your Majesty's room was dark, and when I woke even now reproached myself that your Majesty must have risen to perform a duty that should have devolved upon your servant.'

'I also awoke in the night,' replied the King, 'and took notice that all was dark. To be fully satisfied, I put by the curtain to look at the lamp. Some time after I found it light, and concluded then that thou hadst risen and set it upon the basin lighted again.'

Herbert assured his Majesty it was not so.

Charles smiled, and his countenance assumed that mystical and rapt expression it so often wore.

'I consider this,' said he, 'as a prognostic of God's future favour and mercy towards me and mine—that although I am at this time so eclipsed, yet either I or they may shine out bright again!'

Even as he spoke a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, communicating as it did with a back staircase that led to a private entrance into the court. Sounds of hurry and confusion at the same time pervaded the palace, and the tramp of horses, mingled with the clash of steel, was distinctly audible outside the walls. Major-General Browne's voice was heard, too, above the confusion, calling on the few yeomen of the guard and other officials who formed the garrison to 'stand to their arms,' exhorting them at the same time to preserve the King's person from injury, and the majesty of the Parliament, as represented by the Commissioners, from insult. Meantime, Mawl, Maxwell, and Harrington, all personal attendants of the Sovereign, rushed to his bed-chamber, scared, pale, and half dressed, but ready, if need were, to sacrifice their lives in defence of the King.

Charles alone preserved his usual composure. The knocking at the door of his private apartments being violently repeated, he desired Maxwell to hold converse with this unmannerly disturber of his repose. Reconnoitring the assailant through a panelling in the door, the old courtier was horrified to observe a Cornet of the Parliamentary dragoons standing at the head of the stairs in complete armour, with a cocked pistol in his hand, and clamouring for admittance.

The dialogue was carried on with a military sternness and brevity shocking to the prejudices of the Gentleman-Usher, more accustomed to the circumlocutions of diplomacy and the compliments of a Court.

'What would you?' inquired Maxwell, through the panelling. 'Who are you, and by whose orders do you come here?'

The Cornet was a stout, resolute-looking man, with all the appearance of having risen from the ranks. His voice was deep and harsh, his countenance of that dogged nature which sets argument and persuasion alike at defiance. His answers were short and categorical.

'I would see Charles Stuart,' he replied. 'My name is Joyce, Cornet in the service of the Parliament. I am here on my own responsibility.'

'Have you the authority of the Commissioners for your intrusion?' gasped out Maxwell, totally aghast at the unheard-of breach of etiquette, in which he felt himself aiding and abetting.

'No!' thundered the cornet; 'I have placed a sentry at the door of every man of them. Keep quiet, old gentleman—I take my orders from them that fear neither Commissioners nor Parliament.'

In effect, the Cornet's entrance into Holmby House, and his rapid occu-

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pation of every post in its vicinity, as of the palace itself, had been achieved in a masterly manner, that showed him to be no inexperienced practitioner in war.

With a numerous body of cavalry at his disposal, he had been all day occupied in concentrating them silently and stealthily around the beleaguered palace. His main body had that afternoon bivouacked on Harleston Heath, strong pickets had been placed in every secluded spot which admitted of concealment within a circuit of a few miles, and constant patrols had been watching every road by which an escape from Holmby was practicable. As darkness fell, he had pushed forward his several posts to one common centre, and by the hour of midnight a summer moon shone down on the court-yard of Holmby Palace, filled with a mass of iron-clad cavalry whose numbers rendered resistance hopeless and impossible.

Colonel Graves and General Browne, however, two old Parliamentary officers, seemed to have had some inkling that an attack was meditated; for without any apparent reason, they had doubled the guards around the King's person, and contrary to their wont, had remained astir till midnight. When the first files of the approaching cavalry marched into the court, they had called upon the handful of soldiers and yeomen that formed the garrison to resist to the death, and had themselves held a parley with the redoubtable Cornet. When asked his name and business, he had replied, with the same bluntness that so discomfited Maxwell, that 'his name was Joyce, Cornet in Colonel Whalley's regiment of horse, and his business was to speak with the King.'

'From whom?' said Browne, with rising indignation.

'From myself!' replied the Cornet, with provoking coolness.

The two old soldiers burst into a derisive laugh.

'It's no laughing matter,' said the unabashed intruder; 'I came not hither to be advised by you, nor have I any business with the Commissioners. My errand is to the King, and speak with him I must and will.'

'Stand to your arms,' exclaimed Browne, to the handful of soldiers inside the palace; but these had in the meantime held some conference with the intruders, and finding that they all belonged to the same party, and that several were old comrades who had charged together many a day under the same banner, they refused to act against their friends, and drawing bolts and bars, admitted them without further parley, bidding them welcome, and shaking them cordially by the hand.

Thus it was that the Cornet obtained admittance even to the very door of his Majesty's bedchamber. A certain sense of propriety, however, which almost always accompanies the responsibility of a command, forbade him from offering any further violence, and with a most ungracious acquiescence he consented to leave the King undisturbed till morning, stipulating, however, that he should himself take up a position for the night on the staircase, which in effect he did, being with difficulty persuaded to lay down his fire-arms and return his sword to its sheath.

Charles sought his couch once more in that frame of placid helplessness which seems usually to have taken possession of him when in the crisis of a difficulty. He slept soundly, and awoke with characteristic regularity, little before his ordinary hour. His toilet was performed with elaborate care, his devotions not curtailed of a single interjection, his poached egg and glass of fair water leisurely discussed, and then, but not till then, his Majesty expressed his readiness to hold an interview with the personage who seemed to have power of life and death over his Sovereign.

The King's simplicity of manner, and quiet, dignified bearing, overawed even the rough and low-born officer of the Parliament. Half ashamed of his insolence, half bullying himself into his naturally offensive demeanour, Cornet Joyce was ushered into the presence with a far different aspect from that which he had assumed the night before. Such is the innate dignity afforded by true nobility of soul, that Charles and his captor seemed to have

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changed places. The King appearing to be the offended though placable judge, the Cornet wearing the sullen, apprehensive, and abashed look of a guilty prisoner.

Charles' good nature, however, soon restored the official to his self-possession, and by an easy transition, to a large portion of his original insolence. In reply to the monarch's gentle interrogative as to the cause of the last night's outrage, he answered boldly, 'My orders are to remove your Majesty at once, without further delay.'

This frank avowal created no small dismay in the little circle then assembled in his Majesty's outer apartment. Herbert turned pale, and trembled. Maxwell, as red as fire, seemed to doubt the evidence of his senses; whilst General Browne, stepping aside into the recess of a window, swore fearfully for five consecutive minutes in tones not loud but deep.

The King remained totally unmoved.

'Let the Commissioners be sent for,' said he, with a dignified air, 'and let these orders be communicated to them.'

The Cornet was fast recovering his former audacity. 'I have taken measures with them already,' said he; 'they are in watch and ward even now, and must return, will they, nill they, to the Parliament.'

'By whose authority?' demanded the King, sternly, but with visible uneasiness.

The Cornet shook his head, laughed rudely, and pointed with his forefinger to his own coarse person.

'I would ask you, sir, as a favour,' said the King, 'to set them at liberty; and I demand, as a right,' he added, drawing himself up, and flushing with a sense of impotent anger and outraged dignity, 'to be permitted a sight of your instructions.'

'That is easily done,' answered Joyce, 'if your Majesty will take the trouble to step as far as this window.'

And opening the casement, he pointed into the court-yard below, where indeed was drawn up as goodly a squadron of cavalry as the whole Parliamentary army could boast, well armed, well mounted, bold and bronzed, with stalwart frames and stern, unflinching faces, possessed, moreover, of the self-confidence and disciplined valour inspired by a career of hard-won victories. They were the same material, some of them the same men, that confronted Charles at Edge Hill, routed him at Marston Moor, and finally vanquished him at Naseby. The finest cavalry in the world, and, bitterest thought of all, his own subjects. The King's heart was sore as he looked down into the court, but he had played the part of royalty too long not to know how to dissemble his feelings, and he turned to the Cornet with a smile as he said,

'Your instructions, sir, are in fair characters, and legible without spelling. The language, though somewhat forcible, is sufficiently intelligible, and admits of no further argument. I am ready to attend your good pleasure, with this proviso, that I stir not unless accompanied by the Commissioners. You have had your audience, sir; you may withdraw.'

The Cornet, somewhat to his own surprise, found himself making a respectful obeisance and retiring forthwith; but the King's coach was ordered to be got in readiness without delay, and that very day Charles Stuart, accompanied, as he had stipulated, by the Commissioners, commenced the journey which led him, stage by stage, to his final resting-place—the fatal window at Whitehall—the scaffold and the block.

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SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B., LL.D.

In Memoriam.

THE young men at the opening of the present century who were to become its great men have nearly all passed from among us. Among the politicians of this class, the veterans Lyndhurst and Brougham are still in their place. But the stream has carried away nearly all beside. The two great ex-chancellors lift their heads almost alone. Among our literary men, representatives of the same period, Rogers and Leigh Hunt had outlived nearly all their fellows, and with the late Sir James Stephen the last of the race may be said to have disappeared.

The days with which those men of the past had been familiar were memorable days. The courtier conventionalities of the preceding century had come to an end. The outburst in France was felt everywhere as a great disturbing power. Antagonism at home and war abroad grew up in all directions. Those men could remember the invasion of Egypt by the first Napoleon; had seen mail-coaches rush through towns and cities, decorated with laurels and blue flags, bringing news about the siege of Acre and the battle of the Nile, and had listened many a time to the half-muffled bells which told so often how victory and death went together. In his later lifetime, Napoleon spoke of the Englishman who had defeated his policy at Acre, as the man who had 'marred his destiny;' and the Englishmen about Sir James Stephen in his schoolboy days believed as much.

But brave men get no harm from a sense of danger. Perilous times render them wakeful, stimulate them to action, and show what is in them. In the early years of this century, the great death-struggle to which all Europe became committed, was allied with a struggle in this country, hardly less determined, in behalf of great principles—principles of freedom and humanity. Negro emancipation was one of the many questions which Englishmen, with such a war upon their hands, took up, and could prosecute with a strength of purpose which we may be sure would not have been so great had they been men with no other work to do. The great coadjutors of Wilberforce in that controversy, were Mr. Zachary Macaulay, father of the nobleman who has since done so much honour to that name; and Mr. James Stephen, Master in Chancery, father to the truly eminent and estimable man of whom we wish to speak in this place with the respect and affection due to his memory. The late Sir James Stephen was some ten years older than Lord Macaulay, but the friendship which had bound the sires to each other descended to their sons. Sir James was not wanting in reverence towards the great historian, but we still hear, and have no wish ever to forget, those affectionate tones in which he sometimes spoke of him as 'dear Tom.'

Sir James Stephen was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and took his degree of B.A. in 1812. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, and practised as a Chancery barrister from 1812 to 1823. During nearly all those years he had been connected officially with the public service as Counsel of the Colonial Department. On retiring from the bar in 1823, he retained this office during the next ten years, conjointly with that of Counsel of the Board of Trade. He subsequently became Assistant Under-Secretary, and soon afterwards permanent Under-Secretary, for the Colonies, and he continued in that position until 1847. On his retirement from the Colonial Office he received the honour of knighthood, and in 1849 was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. The facts especially observable in his history are—the combination, on a scale so large and so successful, of the man of business with the man of letters; and still more, the combination with those qualities, of a religious culture, so broad, so deep, and so refined, as may be traced, in part, in his writings, and as was more fully known to those who had a place within the circle of his friendships.

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The experiences of our Colonial Office must often have been not a little ungenial to a man of such a temperament and of such habits. Our countrymen who seek their fortune in the colonies consist largely of two classes—officials whose selfishness generally takes the form of indolence and avarice; and adventurers whom the same feeling prompts to rashness and insubordination—so that the negligence and wrong are likely to be the greatest, where the disposition to submit to them is sure to be the least. Hence the storms so often coming up in colonial history. We all know that the most restless blood of the mother country commonly finds its way to the extremities. And here is a man with the clearest perception of the ethical relations of things, and the most trained and sensitive feeling in regard to them, having specially to do with a department the least likely to be observant of such distinctions, or even to understand them. To say that the Under-Secretary was eminently successful is to say that he must have had many enemies. The name of 'King Stephen,' cast at him as expressive of the sway which he long exercised, was the highest compliment that could be paid to that ceaseless labour, and scientific skill, with which he mastered, not only the great elements, but the smallest details, relating to our vast and varied colonial empire. To be abreast with all that was doing, he often burnt his lamp far into the night—or lighted it long before the world about him was afoot; and only thus could he have been what he was. When a field-day approached in either house on a colonial question, heavy was the demand made on the Under-Secretary for the needful ammunition. As round after round came off within the ring, the lookers-on rarely suspected how much of the flooring that took place was due to the bottleholder who had been so attentive to his duties in the lobby.

With all this stress of occupation, Sir James Stephen was a domestic man, and so apportioned his time, that when certain hours of the evening came, he might generally be found at the fire-side with his family. The friend who dropped in upon him at such times often saw him at his best. The topics of the day were sure all to interest him, if not from the ordinary point of view, from some point of his own; and he not only spoke concerning them as few men could have spoken, but he discoursed, delivered essays upon them. Indeed, it was a fault of his conversation when the listeners were few, that it ran so much into this form. As a friend of our own once said of Coleridge, it was versation, not conversation; and mild, intelligent, and often beautiful as it was, you sometimes felt it would have been more satisfactory if larger space had been left for interrogation, if not for exception.

It was at such moments that you became aware how much this man, living as amidst a pyramid of memorials and despatches, was a man of reading in all sorts of literature, and a man of exquisite literary taste. Some of the magnates connected with the *Edinburgh Review* were well known to him. He once ventured, in after-dinner talk with the said magnates, to complain of the cavalier style in which they were wont to dispose of religion whenever it happened to come in their path. The sinners pleaded that they were not conscious of their sin, and challenged their censor to join their confederacy, and to show them how to mend their ways. Suffice it to say, that in 1838 Mr. James Stephen began to write in the *Edinburgh;* and from that time the old scoffing spirit of the buff and blue may be said to have been exorcised. The attraction which the genius of Mr. Macaulay had given to the *Review* for many years previously, was in a great degree perpetuated, for some years to come, by the genius of his friend. The writings of the two contributors, indeed, possessed only a limited resemblance. Both are largely historical, but there is a marked difference between them. Lord Macaulay's convictions have respect almost exclusively to what is true in literature and politics. Sir James Stephen's are concerned mainly with what is true in religion and philosophy. The one, accordingly, was a fitting successor to the other, as covering ground farther in advance.

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But even Sir James has left room for a successor. It was impossible not to admire the largeness and candour with which he habitually looked on men, on parties, and on principles. He had his own way of seeing something to commend almost everywhere. He appeared to see all error as having relation to some truth, and seemed inclined to deal softly and cautiously with it for the sake of that truth. This disposition gave a singular amiability to his character as a man, but it in a great measure disqualified him for the work of a reformer. It was at times a strange, almost a perplexing thing, to see in the same mind, so strong an adhesion to great principles, with so little of a tendency to do real battle for them. He could admire energy, decision, even the work of destruction, when perpetrated by others—as in the case of a Luther or a Knox, but always seemed to feel that his own vocation did not lie in that direction. Hence he never brought the force and thoroughness to the side of religion and philosophy, which Lord Macaulay has never failed to bring to the side of literature and politics. We are satisfied, however, that his modesty, along with the kindliness of his nature, had much to do with this peculiarity. As a man of letters, he had come late into the field, and it was in accordance with his notions of good taste that he should bear his faculties meekly. As an ecclesiastical historian, too—for it was in such history that he found what was most congenial to him—he never seemed to forget that he was a layman whose life had been largely given to the world's business, and not a man whose days had been separated to such studies. These considerations, acting on one of the most benevolent of hearts, taught him to judge leniently as a critic; and when he did take upon him something of the function of the divine, he was disposed by such recollections to do so most reverentially. When we call to mind what is being done every day through our periodical press by the merest novices in literature; and the manner in which men wholly incompetent to concern themselves with religious subjects are constantly meddling with them, such refinements of feeling seem hardly to belong to our sort of world.

On the whole, the mind of Sir James Stephen bore a nearer resemblance to the mind of Mr. Gladstone than to that of Lord Macaulay. But here again the likeness is with a strong difference. Mr. Gladstone is both statesman and scholar—a man capable of hard secular work, while possessing genuine literary sympathies. He is also especially influenced by Christian forms of thought. The great and good men of Christian history are so present to his imagination, amidst the shadows of the past, that he is always prepared to uncover before them and to do them homage. Their sanctity, their learning, their humane influences, when contrasted with what is around them, and would come into their place if they were absent, raise them, in his view, almost to the place of incarnations of wisdom and goodness. In all these respects the resemblance is strong between the late Under-Secretary for the Colonies and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But here the resemblance ends. Mr. Gladstone's faith in the fixedness of the machinery of the Church, and in the sin of schism as consequent on a departure from it, had no place in the mind of Sir James Stephen. He believed that the religious truth of which the New Testament is the record, and the religious heart as there delineated, were designed to be perpetual, and will so be to the world's end. But he found nothing more in that book of which so much might be said. The broils between churches, accordingly, were to his mind only so much evidence of the weakness of human nature. This was the root of his large religious charity. He reverenced the lawn which, to use his own words, 'was without a spot,' and he could reverence the man no less, whom he knew to be equally pure, though no lawn had ever been seen upon his person, and though it would not have been accepted had it been tendered to him.

It is not a common mind, therefore, that has passed from among us. What a model to the official

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man is presented in such a life. What a rebuke does it administer to the multitudes who plead the pressure of occupation as an excuse for the utter neglect of mental culture. What a chasm separates between the temper of such a critic and our tomahawk school of literature. What an elevation in such views of religious and Christian life, compared with the narrow bigotries, the fanaticism without bowels, still so prevalent among us!

The works of Sir James Step so rich in ripe thought, in r feeling, and in picturesque bea brief as they are, will be his memorial to the times to cc His biographical sketches will most read; but his volumes on History of France, are the c publication in our literature bea a resemblance to Guizot's lectu on the Progress of Modern Ci zation, that may be placed be that admirable work.

Uxbridge.

R. V

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL GUIDES: MANSEL AND MAURICE.*

THE English are generally charged with a want of interest in logical and metaphysical speculation, and about as generally plead guilty to the charge with great cheerfulness. Yet the attention awakened by Mr. Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*, both in the crowded congregations which listened to them, and the public which, within a few months after their publication, bought two editions of them, is a fact somewhat difficult at first sight to reconcile with the accusation. Sunday after Sunday did all ranks of the University of Oxford, including, as we learn from a contemporary, 'the scouts,' flock to hear about the *Conditions of Consciousness*, about the *Absolute*, the *Infinite*, the *First Cause*. When the *Lectures* were published, the 'leading journal' lost no time in noticing them; nay, found space for two long papers upon them. These were but the precursors of a host of reviews, and now we have a thick volume in reply to them, by a writer who always commands eager if not widely extended attention.

More than one contemporary has tasked his ingenuity to find out the cause or causes of this marked departure from ordinary English habit. Of the twofold phenomenon presented by it, the interest of numerous listeners to the *Bamp Lectures* when they were deliver and the interest of the read world in them after they were pu lished, it is easy to see that the c must have greatly contributed the production of the other. N is that one, perhaps, difficult to a count for. Did its existence invo the supposition that the majority the congregation at St. Mary's u derstood or even took an indepe dent interest in the abstruse matte which their lecturer dealt with, would be marvellous indeed. B intelligence of an able man's d course is by no means indispensab to intelligent admiration of it. barbarian who did not understa one word of Greek, might have h an unaffected and a perfectly reaso able delight in listening to Pericl or Demosthenes. We rememb ourselves hearing the Astronom Royal on some question connecte with the Force of Waves with ve considerable pleasure; the remarl being so obviously able, and the ri and fall of the voice so plainly a testing the speaker's mastery of hi subject, although the whole ques tion and nearly every step of th reasoning were quite beyond u

* *The Limits of Religious Thought Examined in Eight Lectures, Preached befor the University of Oxford.* By Henry Longueville Mansel, B.D., Reader in Mora and Metaphysical Philosophy at Magdalen College. Third Edition. London Murray. 1859.

What is Revelation? &c. By the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

A Letter to the Rev. F. D. Maurice on some Points suggested by his recent Criticism of Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures. By the Rev. C. P. Chretien, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

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And surely we are justified in loving to read, or if it be well read by another, to hear, many a passage in the Old Testament, about the meaning of which we are all but wholly in the dark. In truth, as has been argued by a contemporary on this very matter, intellectual gratification can be produced in the absence of a perceived meaning, by the lively perception that there *is* a meaning.* And such gratification was doubtless largely ministered to the crowds who listened to Mr. Mansel.

But the whole phenomenon of the attention which his speculations have received has perhaps a more important ground than this. The sense of an impending collision of first principles in all that is most momentous, may very well have disposed men to welcome a champion who seems gallantly arming himself for the struggle; while a vague aversion to all that is *German*, combined with an uncomfortable feeling that it can only be overcome by a master of all that is German, will lead them to approve of one who appears to present the requisite condition, and professes to do the requisite work.

There is another point of view from which the interest taken in, and approbation bestowed on, Mr. Mansel, affords ground enough both of wonder and of solemn musing. It is but seven and twenty years since the same pulpit of St. Mary's was occupied by a Bampton lecturer who treated of matters that bore on received religious persuasions; and few are ignorant of the excitement and the wrath wherewith not the University of Oxford alone, but the whole Church of England, was moved. Yet when we compare the positions of Bishop Hampden with those of Mr. Mansel, we are lost in wonder at the change wrought in less than thirty years. For now we find the latter greeted with a torrent of approbation for that, but a hundredth portion of which well nigh visited the former with heavy penalties. We are not at this moment prejudging Mr. Mansel; we are but speaking of the impression which he must make alike on friend and foe; of the relation which, be they sound or fallacious, his speculations and conclusions bear to what most people deem Faith and Orthodoxy; and we but express the measurement of obvious phenomena when we say that if Hampden was unsound sevenfold, Mansel is unsound seventy times sevenfold. Yet the former was proclaimed a heretic; the latter seems gladly accepted as a champion of the faith. Even when some time had been given for consideration, the journals supposed to be most zealous in behalf of orthodoxy had but little to say against him, seldom modifying their praise by anything beyond a courteous whisper of hesitation as regards some of his positions. There may have been one or two exceptions, but none of any significance, till Mr. Maurice's volume broke the weather, and substituted for the sunshine of admiring contentment and complacency, with which Mr. Mansel had been hitherto environed, the thunders of indignant denunciation directed against him as the enemy and the subverter of all faith.

Here, then, we have one eminent man of the day accepted, or on the point of being accepted, as the champion of orthodoxy; and another, on whom it has been commonly thought that orthodoxy, with however little of justice, looks askance, denouncing the former as the enemy of all faith. It is time that we give such of our readers as may wish for it some account of the matter at issue.

Mr. Mansel's speculations are professedly based on a well-known essay by Sir W. Hamilton, which appeared first as an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1829, and was afterwards republished in the volume of his collected *Discussions*, &c. Probably, for those who had previously read this paper, a good deal of trouble was saved in following Mr. Mansel, which was inflicted

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* We have heard of an old lady going down on a well-known anniversary to Eton with a fond and proud mother. The latter was looking forward to hearing her boy recite a Latin oration, but expressed a doubt whether what was to be so great a pleasure to herself, might not prove tedious to a companion who knew no Latin, and had no son in the school. 'Not at all,' was the reply, 'I like to hear sense in *any* language.'

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on those who had not. Its subject is 'The Philosophy of the Unconditioned,' and it consists partly of a review of all the attempts which have been made, principally in these latter days, in Germany, to teach such a philosophy; partly of an exposure of their fallacy, which will recommend itself readily to Englishmen; partly of an exposition of the author's own views of the subject. It seems needless to say a word about the rare ability and value of this essay. Suffice it now to observe that Sir W. Hamilton arrives at the conclusion that the Unconditioned, the Absolute, the Infinite, can by no possibility be matter of positive thought in our present state; that whilst we are forced to acknowledge that the Conditioned, the Relative, the Finite, imply the existence of those others, our cognitions and our thoughts are hopelessly hemmed in by these latter, while the former exist for us but as negations; imply, as recognised by us, not thought, but the cessation of thought; not knowledge, but the ultimate limitation of knowledge.

On this hint Mr. Mansel proceeds, and applying to divinity the statements into which his master was led in reviewing certain attempts of Philosophy, fixes his 'Limits of Religious Thought' at the boundary mark of the logical power, and excludes from the objects of such thought whatever transcends the sphere of conception and surpasses the faculty of definition. Now it is obvious at once that every high truth of revelation is hereby excluded. God Himself is the Absolute, the Infinite, the Unconditioned. What then? Does religion consist in all its loftiest features and elements of but negative thought? By no means. The disclosures of revelation do not, because they cannot, transcend the conditions of human thought; they do not therefore, because they cannot, show us the objects of faith as they are in themselves; they do not, because they cannot, show us God as He is in Himself; they but show us what God would have us think and feel and do in regard to Himself; they give us not *Truths speculative* which we are incapable in such matters of receiving on any authority, inasmuch as truths speculative about the Absolute, the Unconditioned, and the Infinite can find no room in our minds; but *Truths regulative* on which we can safely act, and which it is perilous to reject or disobey. In short, we are shut in by our own being, its laws and conditions, as by an adamantine and unscaleable wall. Outside that wall lie all the truths that hold not of space or time, or our mortal condition. At those truths we cannot get; of them we can gain no knowledge further than the conviction that they must be, and that negative view of them which sees that they are beyond our prison bounds. All that is told us must be addressed to us as we are, must come to us under the conditions by which we are hemmed in. What the truth in itself may be it is idle to guess at; it may be somewhat like the form wherein it comes to us, or altogether diverse; another state may settle that question for us. Meanwhile, it lies outside 'the limits of religious thought.'

We imagine that Mr. Mansel will not quarrel with this statement of his general doctrine. It would be beyond the possible limits of this article to go into particulars. We will, however, give a short account of his procedure. In his first lecture he compares the respective characteristics of Dogmatism and of Rationalism, and considering the fallacy of both to consist in equally erroneous though different estimates of the mutual relations of faith and reason, concludes the desirability of measuring out the province of the latter faculty, or in other words, ascertaining 'the limits of religious thought.' In Lecture II. the inquiry is professedly entered on. 'A philosophy of Religion,' observes Mr. Mansel, 'may be attempted from two opposite points of view, and by two opposite modes of development. It may be conceived either as a Philosophy of the Object of Religion, that is to say, as a scientific exposition of the nature of God; or as a Philosophy of the Subject of Religion; that is to say, as a scientific inquiry into the constitution of the human mind, so far as it receives and deals with re-

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ligious ideas. The former is that branch of Metaphysics which is commonly known by the name of Rational Theology.' (*Mansel*, p. 34.) That this is a hopeless method, Mr. Mansel argues from a consideration of the three different notions under which the Unconditioned presents itself to us, and which we are therefore constrained to attribute to God. 'To conceive the Deity as He is, we must conceive Him as First Cause, as Absolute, and as Infinite.' But each of these notions is inconceivable, and when we try to think it out, is found to be self-contradictory. Mr. Mansel argues this of each, but dwells longest and most on the puzzles involved in the notion of the Infinite. We will quote a little of his reasoning here, because it is almost the centre portion of his whole speculation, all the rest becoming intelligible in its light, and the soundness or unsoundness of the whole being dependent on the judgment which the reader passes upon this.

The Infinite, as contemplated by this philosophy, cannot be regarded as consisting of a limited number of attributes, each unlimited in its kind. It cannot be conceived, for example, after the analogy of a line, infinite in length, but not in breadth; or of a surface, infinite in two dimensions of space, but bounded in the third; or of an intelligent being, possessing some one or more modes of consciousness in an infinite degree, but devoid of others. Even if it be granted, which is not the case, that such a partial infinite may without contradiction be conceived, still it will have a relative infinity only, and be altogether incompatible with the idea of the Absolute. The line limited in breadth is thereby necessarily related to the space that limits it: the intelligence endowed with a limited number of attributes, coexists with others which are thereby related to it, as cognate or opposite modes of consciousness. The metaphysical representation of the Deity, as absolute and infinite, must necessarily, as the profoundest metaphysicians have acknowledged, amount to nothing less than the sum of all reality. 'What kind of an Absolute Being is that,' says Hegel, 'which does not contain in itself all that is actual, even evil included?' We may repudiate the conclusion with indignation; but the reasoning is unassailable. If the Absolute and Infinite is an object of human conception at all, this, and none other, is the conception required. That which is conceived as absolute and infinite must be conceived as containing within itself the sum, not only of all actual, but of all possible modes of being. For if any actual mode can be denied of it, it is related to that mode, and limited by it; and if any possible mode can be denied of it, it is capable of becoming more than it now is, and such a capability is a limitation. Indeed it is obvious that the entire distinction between the possible and the actual can have no existence as regards the absolutely infinite; for an unrealized possibility is necessarily a relation and a limit.—pp. 45-47.

The same point is argued more at length in Lecture III., where the contradictions thus stated are referred to their ground in the conditions of human consciousness.

Now, in the first place, the very conception of Consciousness, in whatever mode it may be manifested, necessarily implies *distinction between one object and another*. To be conscious, we must be conscious of something; and that something can only be known, as that which it is, by being distinguished from that which it is not. But distinction is necessarily limitation; for, if one object is to be distinguished from another, it must possess some form of existence which the other has not, or it must not possess some form which the other has. But it is obvious that the Infinite cannot be distinguished, as such, from the Finite, by the absence of any quality which the Finite possesses; for such absence would be a limitation. Nor yet can it be distinguished by the presence of an attribute which the Finite has not; for, as no finite part can be a constituent of an infinite whole, this differential characteristic must itself be infinite; and must at the same time have nothing in common with the finite. We are thus thrown back upon our former impossibility; for this second infinite will be distinguished from the finite by the absence of qualities which the latter possesses. A consciousness of the Infinite as such thus necessarily involves a self-contradiction; for it implies the recognition, by limitation and difference, of that which can only be given as unlimited and indifferent.

That man can be conscious of the Infinite, is thus a supposition which, in the very terms in which it is expressed, annihilates itself. Consciousness is essentially a limitation; for it is the determination of the mind to one actual out of many possible modifications. But the Infinite, if it is to be conceived

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at all, must be conceived as potentially everything and actually nothing; for if there is anything in general which it cannot become, it is thereby limited; and if there is anything in particular which it actually is, it is thereby excluded from being any other thing. But again, it must also be conceived as actually everything and potentially nothing; for an unrealized potentiality is likewise a limitation. If the infinite can be that which it is not, it is by that very possibility marked out as incomplete, and capable of a higher perfection. If it is actually everything, it possesses no characteristic feature, by which it can be distinguished from anything else, and discerned as an object of consciousness.—pp. 70-72.

A similar result is obtained in reference to the Absolute, from the consideration that 'a second characteristic of Consciousness is, that it is only possible in the form of a *relation*, a relation between Subject and Object.'—(p. 74.) 'The Absolute,' therefore, 'is a term expressing no object of Thought, but only a denial of the relation by which Thought is constituted.' Having thus placed the Unconditioned in each of its aspects outside the limits of thought, that is, having viewed 'only the negative side of man's consciousness,' having 'seen how it *does not* represent God,' it becomes Mr. Mansel's business to attempt 'the positive side of the same inquiry,' to ask, that is, 'what does our consciousness actually tell us concerning the Divine Existence and attributes, and how does its testimony agree with that furnished by Revelation?' This branch of the inquiry is pursued in the remaining Lectures, in which the distinction is laid down between 'speculative knowledge of God as He is,' the effort after which 'obtains nothing more than a series of ambitious self-contradictions, which indicate only what He is not,' and 'those regulative ideas of the Deity, which are sufficient to guide our practice, but not to satisfy our intellect; which tell us, not what God is in Himself, but how He wills that we should think of Him.'—(pp. 126, 127.) This distinction between speculative and regulative truth is followed out by Mr. Mansel in the sequel. He argues that it holds not only in theology, but in all knowledge whatsoever; that its appearance in theology is therefore what analogy would have led us beforehand to expect; and that the special doctrines of Christianity are on the same footing of difficulty to the reason, and of authority over the practice, as the general convictions of philosophy respecting the relations of the one and the many, the infinite and the finite, the general laws and the particular interposition. Every object of consciousness, human or Divine, is but known to us under the conditions of human thought, is but known to us therefore as *phenomenon*, not as *noumenon*, as it can be apprehended by our faculties, not as it is in itself, and not as it may be apprehended by modes of consciousness different from ours. What is beyond the grasp of our faculties, is not matter of direct revelation. While we are constrained to admit that God is infinite and absolute, it is not as the Infinite and the Absolute that He discloses Himself to us, but, what seems to our minds inconsistent with His being so, as a Person, coming into living relations with each of us, influenced by our prayers, and altered towards us by our repentance.

Whatever reception this speculation might meet with from the University of Oxford, from the Church of England, or from the public, it would have required no signal foresight to predict the sentiments with which it would be regarded by one mind. All Mr. Maurice's teaching is and has ever been against it. He has ever urged upon his hearers and his readers, that men, as such, have an organ for beholding the spiritual and the real; that Revelation at once evokes and addresses itself to this organ; that it summons them from shadows to substance, sets them above their own poor conceptions, and brings them into direct relation with that which transcends all the laws and limits of those conceptions. Consequently we were not surprised to learn that Mr. Maurice was preparing to have a fight with Mr. Mansel; we should have been, had six months elapsed without any sign of such a combat. Mr. Maurice, however, has been much too prompt in his proceedings

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to give scope for such surprise. He has produced already not one book, but two, in reply to Mr. Mansel. We say two, for although there be but one volume bearing the title *What is Revelation?* it contains two books. First we have seven beautiful sermons on the Epiphany, and then we have a course of 'Letters to a Theological Student preparing for Orders.' No doubt this double reply gives Mr. Maurice some great advantages. It enables him to have his say in two quite different forms—both to make his solemn pastoral protest, and then to enter the arena of controversy armed with more week-day weapons than he could well have wielded in the pulpit.

The whole twofold volume is very valuable. The 'Sermons' are beautiful, even amongst the sermons of their author; and the 'Letters' not only display all his peculiar gifts, —his rare combination of eloquence and ingenuity, and his grasp at once so wide and so firm of moral and spiritual truth, but likewise a direct controversial aptitude such as we have not always observed in him before. Judging from the past, we thought it not unlikely that Mr. Maurice would give us a better book than Mr. Mansel's—better for us, and much truer; but that it might not hit his antagonist. His *aim*, however, is shown in the Letters before us to be a very sure one, not impaired by the exceeding indignation into which he has been roused. That indignation is indeed very strong, nor is Mr. Maurice unconscious of its strength. He thus prepares his readers for it:—

I have not been able to avoid in these letters a certain vehemence of expression, which if it has ever taken a personal form, I shall deeply regret. I have no excuse for entertaining towards Mr. Mansel any feelings but those of respect. He has treated me both on former occasions and in this volume with a courtesy to which I have no claim; he has even intimated a hope that we are essentially agreed in opinion. No one can tell how eagerly I should have responded to that hope, or how grateful I should have felt to so able a man for having entertained it. But since the further I read in his book, the more I perceived that it would be needful for me to abandon every conviction that was most precious to me before I could obtain that result, I felt myself obliged by his very good nature to state the reasons of my disagreement. I could not state them as if they were indifferent to me; I could not conceal my opinion that the very existence of English faith and English morality is involved in them.—*Maurice;* Preface, p. viii.

It will appear in the sequel that we share in the vehemence of Mr. Maurice's aversion to Mr. Mansel's speculation; that we, on the whole, agree with his estimate of it; that we believe he has not only indicated, but most powerfully illustrated, the true resistance to it. The one or two points on which we disagree with him are not such as require particular notice here. In a subordinate matter we think he misapprehends Mr. Mansel. The latter has used the following expression—'The object of which we are conscious is thus, to adopt the well-known language of the Kantian philosophy, a *phenomenon*, not a *thing in itself;*' on which Mr. Maurice thus comments:—

I do not know why Mr. Mansel attributes the distinction between a *phenomenon* and a *thing in itself* to the Kantian philosophy. It has been a recognised distinction in every philosophy, &c.—*Maurice*, p. 333.

If Mr. Maurice will look at Mr. Mansel's words again, he will see that they give no evidence of intention to attribute the distinction exclusively to the Kantian philosophy. But he who talks of the phenomenon and the thing in itself (*Ding an sich*), is undoubtedly adopting 'the well known language' of that philosophy; he is using its peculiar terminology. Neither, on the other hand, while the distinction is an integral part of the Kantian philosophy, is it admitted by every other. Mr. Mansel is therefore unfairly charged with 'imputing to Kant specially what he has in common with half the world;' and indeed the whole paragraph which thus winds up wants revision.

We have thus far endeavoured not to arbitrate between, but to sketch, the respective positions of two remarkable combatants. A third should be added. A writer in the *National Review* has signalized himself amongst critics by refusing to join in the chorus which has sung

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Mr. Mansel's praises. Two remarkable papers have appeared there, obviously by the same hand. We do not concur, as we need scarcely say, with the distinctive theology of the *National Review;* but we must honestly confess that much which calls itself and is called far more orthodox, seems to us far less truly believing, than these two papers, which form a most valuable contribution to the philosophy of the question.

It remains that we say something of that question. In doing so, we must class Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel together, inasmuch as the definite result at which they arrive is the same—the same as regards verbal statement and logical position. It ought, however, to be remembered that very different applications of that result are present to the minds of the two writers. Sir W. Hamilton is aiming at the German efforts after a philosophy of the Absolute, and the Christian faith comes into his discourse but accidentally. Mr. Mansel, on the other hand, is applying his philosophical position directly and mainly to that faith. What effect this difference of application would or might have had were both writers still in this life; whether Sir W. Hamilton would have approved of his own principle as exhibited by Mr. Mansel in its results on theology, are questions which we cannot but ask, and most certainly are in no situation to answer. Making, however, the allowance which we ought to make here, it remains that the philosophical positions of Hamilton and Mansel are identical, and must therefore be treated as such in a philosophical discussion of them.

We have, we hope, enabled our readers somewhat to see what that position is. It may be summed up as the essentially negative character of our ideas of the Infinite, the Absolute, and the Unconditioned. This will include whatever must be ranged under these heads, such as the eternal. We are almost afraid to ask or hint how much must be included.

Now there is one characteristic in Mr. Mansel's handling of the question, of which this seems the right place to take notice. *The Unconditioned* is a generic term, of which the *Infinite,* the *First Cause, &c.,* are special aspects. Among those special aspects he fastens on *the Infinite,* and bestows far more attention on it than on the others. It is of *the Infinite* that he makes by far the larger portion of his puzzles. The passages which we have already quoted from him will enable our readers to judge what manner of puzzles those are. And yet such a man as Mr. Mansel can hardly fail to be aware that of the various terms by which God's absolute perfection may be denoted, this one, the Infinite, is precisely that of which Theists are wariest in the use, not as denying, though that has reverently been denied, its applicability to God, but as seeing how easily it can lend itself to false and material notions, and so defeat the very end which it was in the first instance employed to serve. It has therefore been comparatively little used, occurring oftener in Mr. Mansel's one volume than in whole rivers of sacred literature. In the Bible we do not find it at all, otherwise than it is implied in the many passages which defy frail man to take the measure of the High and the Lofty One, or in any way set bounds to His power and operation. The single terms of Scripture which denote God's perfection are 'the Almighty,' 'the Everlasting,' and 'Jehovah.' Indeed, the whole mystery of God's transcending all limitation or condition, is in the Bible nearly always enshrined in the thought of His eternity—*He that was and is, and is to come;* or taken together with that thought into the incommunicable name, Jehovah.

The rarity of the term *Infinite* in Patristic literature is shown by the fact that Suicer quotes but three or four instances of its use.*

Still, we admit that Infinitude is an attribute which may be properly ascribed to God, if only we be careful to keep in mind what

* The Athanasian Creed gives us an equivalent in *Immensus, Pater Immensus, Filius Immensus,* and *Spiritus Sanctus Immensus,* translated in our prayer-books, *the Father Incomprehensible,* &c. The rendering is not one to be quarrelled

alone we ought to mean by the ascription. We cannot think that Mr. Mansel has done this. He boldly presses every inference which he has arrived at from *any* notion and *any* application of the *term* Infinite; and thus, as might well be expected, speedily arrives at contradiction and impossibility.

Indeed, we are compelled to say that the question between Mr. Mansel and others is not merely whether anything can be really known that does not come into the sphere of logical conception; whether everything is a merely negative thought which is a negative in Logic (though that is *the* paramount question); but also whether he is altogether fair and severe in his logic itself. And we will pause for a moment on this, because we think Mr. Maurice, in his righteous indignation against Mr. Mansel's results, and his equally righteous protests in favour of a higher capacity in man of seeing truth than the logical faculty affords, scarcely does justice to the science itself,* nor sufficiently admits its capacity of subservience, when rightly pursued, to Christian truth.

We will therefore take, for a few moments, a logical position; and doing so we will ask, In what way is infinitude predicable of Deity? To give occasion for Mr. Mansel's puzzles, it ought to be so in the *Category of Substance.*† The following, which we have already quoted, state difficulties which can have no place under any other category:—

> The metaphysical representation of the Deity, as Absolute and Infinite, must necessarily, as the profoundest metaphysicians have acknowledged, amount to nothing less than the sum of all reality. That which is conceived as absolute and infinite must be conceived as containing within itself the sum, not only of all actual, but of all possible modes of being, &c.

We repeat it, except under the first category, there are no difficulties here at all. To suppose God's attributes infinite in no way precludes the co-existence with God of that which is not God. If God's own personality be 'a limitation,' and if such a limitation be incompatible with infinity, it can only be with an infinity of the Divine substance. It need not surely be a limitation of power, goodness, wisdom, or love. But how is either infinitude or finitude predicable in the first category? What do I mean by talking either of an infinite or a finite substance (οὐσια)? If the substance or Οὐσια be material, I might speak of it as infinite or finite in respect of extension or quantity; but these belong to a relative category, and from reference to these I am debarred when I am dealing with a substance purely spiritual. Of such a substance every attribute under any of the remaining categories may be pronounced infinite with perfect intelligibility and meaning, but the substance itself can with no rationality be called either infinite or finite. Οὐσια infinite in itself, or Οὐσια finite in itself, are phrases, we think, that have about as much sense as would have the phrases 'a valid rose' or 'a red syllogism.' And does Mr. Mansel believe that the many humble and devout minds which rejoice in the thought of an Infinite God, ever do attempt to connect this predicate 'infinite' with the subject, the Divine Οὐσια? When they are told that they cannot measure God, is there presented to their thoughts an in-

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with. It was probably adopted because the Greek was supposed to be the original; and of the Greek versions, two give ἀκαταληπτὸς; one, following the Latin more closely, ἄμετρος; one only, ἄπειρος.

* We speak of the present volume. Elsewhere Mr. Maurice has shown an adequate appreciation of logic, both as a part of humanity, and in its bearing on theology.

† Mr. Mansel, we doubt not, will be ready to deny the validity of the categorical distinctions when applied to God. We cannot go into the question here, but we must avow our conviction that the representation of God as *super-essential* involved in such denial, is one of those attempts to exalt Him which He has never desired us to make, and leads, if it leads anywhere, to absolute negation of thought concerning Him. We have St. Augustine's high authority for distinguishing the categories in which we assert anything of God. See his wonderful treatise, *De Trinitate, passim.* Besides, a philosophical refusal to think of God under the categories, does but make reference to Finitude or Infinitude all the more irrelevant.

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finity which 'chokes up the universe,'* leaving no possibility for anything else to exist—an infinity the notion of which does indeed limit God, inasmuch as it denies Him all his creative power, His outpourings of love on His creatures; or rather the thought of a Being, to every attribute and every operation of whom all measurement is as inapplicable as impossible—a Being whose power can never be baffled, whose wisdom can fail nowhere, whose love is altogether inexhaustible? That conditions of time and space, that verbal formulæ which have their origin in those conditions, that conceptions which are determined by them, are irrelevant when attempted to be applied to this Being, is implicitly felt, we are sure, by many a poor old man and poor old woman, aye, and by many a young child, to whom the phrases we have just used on the matter would be part of an unknown tongue.

This, then, is a complaint which we have against Mr. Mansel somewhat different from those produced by Mr. Maurice. We agree with the latter in denouncing the doctrine, that logical conception is the measure either of human thought or human knowledge; but still, estimating logic and the speculations engendered by logic, somewhat higher than does Mr. Maurice in his present volume, believing that these have a bearing on theology of deep importance, believing too that Mr. Mansel is, more than most Englishmen, capable of and called to the task of illustrating this bearing, we have a charge to make against him over and above and separate from those which Mr. Maurice has urged with such tremendous force. We are constrained, therefore, to accuse him of having—let us not fear to say it—*juggled with, used as a charlatan*, that branch of philosophy which both his natural gifts and his acquirements called him to employ as a master. All that he has said about the *Infinite* comes under this charge. Surely amid the exulting sense of ingenuity in creating his puzzles, Mr. Mansel must have now and then been visited by the thought that he was indeed creating them. Such a man had no right to amuse himself with the word 'limitation,' as though the limitation of distinction argued any the least imperfection. If the only Infinite be the ἄπειρον of ancient philosophy, from which distinguishable objects had to be rescued, 'won from the void and formless Infinite,' we are giving no glory to God in applying the epithet to Him, no impulse to magnify Him ever led the thoughts of a worshipper to that. Whenever the notion of such a mere infinite of indistinction has intruded itself into the idea of God, the great thinkers have repudiated it, as we shall presently endeavour to show.

We repeat it, such a sentence as the following is unworthy alike of the solemnity of the pulpit and the severity of philosophical research: 'A thing—an object—an attribute—a person—or any other term signifying one out of many possible objects of consciousness, is by that very relation necessarily declared to be finite.' The answer is easy: It is thereby declared to be itself and not something else; but to make a difficulty out of this respecting the nature of God, we must juggle with the notion infinite, and call that a limit which in any sense is so. Whatever distinguishes the object no doubt bounds our concept of it, and limits the term by which such concept is expressed; but does it limit anything else? Would it ever enter any unsophisticated mind that to distinguish between God and that which is not God was to measure God himself or set any limit to His power, His wisdom, His goodness, and His glory?

As another specimen of juggling, and such juggling as we could not have believed that a man of Mr. Mansel's eminence would have practised, take the following: 'How, for example, can Infinite Power be able to do all things, and yet Infinite Goodness be unable to do evil?' Surely it does not require acuteness like Mr. Mansel's to point out that the term *able* is here used in two totally different senses.

But, leaving this personal charge, on which it was our duty to lay some stress, let us now come to the

* *National Review*, No. xvii. p. 207.

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main question: Are our ideas of the Unconditioned in its several aspects merely negative? Is it true that 'the *Absolute* and the *Infinite* are thus, like the *Inconceivable* and the *Imperceptible*, names indicating, not an object of thought or of consciousness at all, but the mere absence of the conditions under which consciousness is possible?'—(*Mansel*, p. 95.) We may concede at once that the terms are negative; that the *Absolute*, as a term denotes the absence of external or necessitated relation; that the *Infinite*, as a term denotes the absence of limitation. But surely we often use a negative term when the thought which suggested it is positive, and naturally, seeing that there can be no positive thought which does not imply its negative. It is because of God's positive perfection that every term which would denote imperfection must be rejected of Him: because, therefore, He is positively perfect, He cannot be finite—*i.e.*, He is infinite. When therefore we speak of Him as Infinite, while we are using a negative term, we are lifting up our thoughts to that which is the most positive of all ideas—the complete perfection of God. Nor are all the aspects of that perfection denoted by negative terms. It is the same great truth which is before us when we speak of God as Almighty, Omniscient, Omnipresent, Eternal. As we have already said, it is by the last of these that His perfection is most frequently denoted in Scripture, save when, more frequently still, it is conveyed to us in His great name Jehovah. And will Mr. Mansel tell us that when that name was revealed, thought was thereby not expanded, but limited; that Moses was simply presented at the bush with a negation; that no enlargement was given to his knowledge, but that he was merely bade not to seek to know, merely taught that he could not know? All that we can mean by calling God Unconditioned, Infinite, Absolute, is wrapped up in this unutterable Name; and surely the holy men of old, who felt that their possession of it was a strong tower into which they entered and were safe, felt that it taught them no mere negation, yea, that it rescued them from negations, rescued them from the pursuit of shadows, anchored them on true and everlasting substance.

We commend the following golden paragraphs of Cudworth to Mr. Mansel's serious consideration:

Now, that we have an idea or conception of Perfection, or a perfect being, is evident from the notion that we have of Imperfection, so familiar to us; Perfection being the rule and measure of Imperfection, and not Imperfection of Perfection; as a straight line is the rule and measure of a crooked, and not a crooked line of a straight; so that Perfection is first conceivable in order of Nature before Imperfection, as Light before Darkness, a positive before the privative or defect. For Perfection is not properly the want of Imperfection, but Imperfection of Perfection.—CUDWORTH, *Intellect. Syst.*, ed. Birch, vol. iii. p. 236.

Wherefore since Infinite is the same with absolutely Perfect, we having a notion or idea of the latter must needs have of the former. From whence we learn also that though the word Infinite be in the form thereof negative, yet is the sense of it, in those things which are really capable of the same, positive, it being all one with absolutely perfect; as likewise the sense of the word finite is negative, it being the same with imperfect.—*Ibid.*, pp. 239, 240.

We conclude, to assert an infinite Being, is nothing else but to assert a Being absolutely perfect, such as never was not, or had no beginning, which could produce all things possible or conceivable, and upon which all other things must depend. And this is to assert a God, one absolutely perfect Being, the Original of all things: God, and Infinite, and absolutely Perfect, being but different names for one and the same thing.—*Ibid.*, p. 240.

Our readers will find a valuable passage on 'the true idea of Eternity and Infinity' in the celebrated John Smith's *Select Discourses*, 3rd edit., pp. 141, 143.

One of the most magnificent of anticipatory antidotes to Mr. Mansel is supplied by Barrow in his wonderful sermon, entitled 'An adequate Knowledge of God attainable by Man.' So counter do Barrow's thoughts run to Mansel's, that the former maintains God to be more knowable and a distincter object to the understanding than anything else, and that just because of His infinity and perfection. And yet few will care to accuse Barrow of a philosophy other than modest,

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or of a tendency to forget the limits of human thought and knowledge.

Finally, we think we may safely defy Mr. Mansel to produce from any great theistic writer—such for example as St. Augustine—aught but protests against his distinctive doctrine.

And where, if we admitted such doctrine, are we to stop? We ask not now, with Mr. Maurice, whether it does not strike at the root of our knowledge of everything around and beside us, of our knowledge of one another as well as our knowledge of God; for we suspect that Mr. Mansel is too determined a Kantian to shrink from that result. But we submit that Mr. Mansel's speculations relegate all the fontal truths of morality to the same region of the unknowable and the negative as that wherein he places the leading truths which respect the Divine nature. To be sure he asserts the very contrary, telling us that 'within her own province, and among her own objects,' Reason is to 'go forth, conquering and to conquer.' And if we ask what are that province and those objects, we are straightway answered, 'The finite objects, which she can clearly and consistently conceive, are her lawful empire and her true glory. The countless phenomena of the visible world; the unseen things which lie in the depths of the human soul;—these are given into her hand; and over them she may reign in unquestioned dominion.'—(*Mansel*, p. 199.) The 'phenomena of the visible world' Mr. Mansel cannot help conceding; but his own argument would seem to exclude 'the unseen things which lie in the depths of the human soul.' Surely some of them transcend the sphere of conception. Mr. Mansel opens his fifth Lecture by quoting a well-known passage of Bishop Butler on Liberty and Necessity. From his mode of quoting, we infer that he holds by the former doctrine at least as what he calls 'a truth regulative.' Yet that is just the one which he is bound on his own principles to discard from practical thought as a mere negation. All that is relative and phenomenal would, taken by itself, but present us with the notion of necessity. Will is beyond conception, unrepresentable under forms of time and space, and therefore, according to Mr. Mansel, uncognisable by man. He is severe on the philosopher of whom more than any other he seems the disciple, for having transgressed in his ethical treatises the rigid scepticism of the critique of the pure reason. To justify such severity he ought himself not to deny the existence, but to assert the negative character in thought, of Will.

We must now say a few words on Mr. Mansel's great distinction between truths regulative and truths speculative. According to him everything real, or rather perhaps everything as it really is, lies without the domain of human knowledge. But man is placed here, he will tell us, not to know, but to act; and therefore a notion or a statement regarding matters on which we can at present know nothing speculatively, may be true regulatively; that is, may be the right guide of our conduct, which is all that we ought to care about. Whether the regulative truth has any correspondence with the speculative; whether the difference between them be only in degree or be in kind, are questions to which the future state may perhaps furnish an answer.

Did it never occur to Mr. Mansel that in the very act of proclaiming a truth to be merely regulative, and possibly, probably, quite different from the truth speculative of the matter, you deprive it of its regulative character? Whilst I believed certain words to tell me *the* truth, I could act upon them; they could regulate me. Let me learn that in all likelihood they are not the truth, nor near it; and it is difficult to imagine that they can have any large influence over me. They may, if such a line of action suit me, keep me under certain social restraints; they may, if I choose, allow me to preserve an outward observance of received appointments and ordinances; they may, if I care for such orthodoxy, enable me to wear an orthodox garb of words and of demeanour, and my timidity may lead me to fancy that I am somehow the better for all this; but they never will lead me to take a great step, to make a real sacrifice. It would be difficult for Mr. Mansel to point out any real effective move-

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ment in religion—such as has told on masses of men, such as has made many men different from and better than they were before—that has not proceeded from a constraining conviction of the movers, that they had got hold of *the* truth as regarded the subject matter. And anything short of such a movement the result of such a conviction, we not only hold very cheap, but when it is set before us, utterly deprecate and refuse. We dislike Mr. Mansel's speculations in themselves, because we think them untrue; we dislike them because what influence they may have seems to us fatal to the love of Truth. Such love must, we think, be altogether deadened by hearing the announcement that *the real truth* is unattainable.

But do we therefore ignore or forget the limited view of truth involved in the limitations of our mortal condition? Far from it. We fully admit the force of St. Paul's assertion, of which Mr. Mansel is careful to remind us, that at present we but 'know in part and prophesy in part;' and we look forward to a day when 'that which is perfect shall have come,' and consequently, 'that which is in part shall be done away.' But should Mr. Mansel press us with this *doing away* of our present knowledge as sanctioning his distinction between a truth at present regulative, and the truth speculative regarding the same matter, we will meet him with the words of St. Chrysostom,

> 'What is this that St. Paul says, and concerning what, that knowledge is to be done away? He speaks not concerning perfect but partial knowledge, calling the advancement from one to the other the doing away of that other. For just as the age or stature of the child is done away, *not by deletion of substance,* but by growth of age or stature, and progress to adult manhood, so is it with knowledge.'

Chrysostom goes on to urge that the doing away of our present knowledge must not be understood as meaning its

> 'complete destruction, but its growth and progress into the better.'—*Chrysostom de Incomprehensibili Dei Natura,* i. 2.

And surely the golden-mouthed Doctor is right here. Surely the καταργησις—the *doing away* of our present knowledge—is not the doing away of nullification, but the doing away of fulfilment: the growth into the greater and better. Things below will supply us with sufficient analogy for this. Take another passage of Scripture, in which our present knowledge is described as 'a light shining in a dark place.' Carry a lantern with us in the dark; it will give us light enough to keep the path; it will show to a certain extent the objects beside us. Let the day dawn, and the lantern and its light may be said to be 'done away.' But they were not deceptive. The illumination was not essentially different from that of the daylight; the knowledge supplied was not heterogeneous to that fuller acquaintance with the path and its bearings, and the objects all around which we have now acquired. Or, let us return to St. Paul. He compares our present knowledge of eternal things to a child's notions of the affairs of the grown-up world. Are a father's explanations of those affairs to an inquisitive child other than true in themselves? The child knows as well as his father that they are not the whole perfect truth; but he believes that, as far as they go, they are the truth, and makes no distinction in kind between that truth and the more perfect truth which a grown-up man can take in. Now, if a man feels full well that in regard to the mighty abyss of Eternal Truth he is but a little child; that his poor faculties are all inadequate to sound that abyss or guage the objects which it contains; that if he attempt with those faculties to do it, he will assuredly get amazed among such perplexities and contradictions as make up the staple of Mr. Mansel's speculations; and yet that into that abyss he must look, for in that abyss he is, and may any moment be forced to know that he eternally is; and if he hears the voice which he feels will not mislead him saying of itself, 'I am the Truth,' must he not argue thus:—'I assuredly cannot sound that gulph into which I must soon enter; my own unassisted mind becomes dizzy and delirious if it tries to look into it; but the Being who has shown Himself my brother tells me not only that He is, as He surely is, true, but

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that He is *the Truth*—the Truth regarding all that awful mystery which hems me in on every side, and in which my own heritage and portion are—and therefore, whatever I may find in the eternity on which I have to enter, I must find Him there; His tenderness, His faithfulness, His love, yea His Jehovah being—that one enduring anchorage which is beyond limitation, and above accident and change and time? Will a man who has heard this voice call its utterances truths regulative but not speculative? Will he have room for such a distinction as that? Will he not promptly echo the Apostle's words, 'We know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us understanding, that we may know Him that is true; and we are in Him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life?'

We have thus delivered our protest against the main point of Mr. Mansel's philosophy, and have expressed ourselves strongly, both because we condemn it in itself, and because we greatly dislike its possible results. We dread and deprecate, more than most things, an orthodoxy based upon scepticism; an enforcement of the whole of a received system on the special ground that our ignorance of all things disqualifies us to refute, and therefore disentitles us to reject, any part of it. When a man has once made up his mind to adopt this principle, he has indeed no sort of religious difficulty, nor can he by possibility encounter any. It might avail for any and for every form of religion. It can combine the most universal doubt with the most entire conformity; and we are mistaken if it be not compatible with at least enough of zeal to make a good persecutor. In writing thus, we must not be supposed to be sketching Mr. Mansel himself. He is clear-sighted, and, we should think, temperate enough to understand a controversialist's right to point out what seems to him the inevitable result of a position, without being taken as asserting that it is arrived at in every man who announces his occupation of that position. We should be ready to believe, even if we did not see beautiful indications of it in the *Bampton Lectures*, that there is much in Mr. Mansel of a far higher tone than the main body of his speculation; and if we have not paused on the great merit of many passages in this book, it has been because, while Mr. Mansel stands in no need of our commendation, it is more respectful to him, as well as our readers, to keep our attention fixed on the more important issue between us.

But while we disown any imputation on Mr. Mansel himself, we cannot but hint to him that, be the merits or demerits of his religious and philosophical system what they may, he has not dealt quite fairly by those who are opposed to it. His notes are interesting and instructive—as such a vast body of quotation from such a variety of writers could scarcely fail of being—but we think they minister to a vicious appetite in the modern English mind—the appetite for grouping the most varying objects in one whole, which have no element in common, except some felt diversity from ourselves. The result of this, on an estimate of writers who bear in any way on religion, is that all get debited with the most unbelieving utterances of any. Marheinecke must be answerable not merely for Hegel but for Strauss. This is surely not very fair. We object, indeed, to estimating any one man by his worse utterances instead of his better: we would measure Mr. Mansel rather by the beautiful and pious passages of the *Bampton Lectures*, than by the discussions of the Infinite; and even Hegel is entitled to the benefit of aspirations of his which cannot be said to run away from Christian Truth. At all events, let him, when quoted, be rightly translated. When he calls the combination involved in the title God Man, *ungeheuer*, he does not, as Mr. Mansel represents him, call it *monstrous*.—(Mansel, p. 159.) So far as the passage goes, its language is that of reverent admiration, and the idea of the God Man is styled *vast*, *amazing*. Mr. Mansel, if he wrote in German, might have used the adjective *ungeheuer* in the same connexion himself.

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In parting with Mr. Mansel, let us resume a comparison which we made at the outset, between himself and Bishop Hampden. We then contrasted the somewhat superfluous horror of the University of Oxford at the *Bampton Lectures* of Hampden, with the complacency with which it received the far more alarming *Bampton Lectures* of Mansel. Our purpose at present in referring to this again is not to renew the comparison. That comparison had reference merely to the degree in which the two writers diverged, or seemed to diverge, from the prevailing sentiments of the Christian Church. Otherwise, though there may be matter in the one to call up the thought of the other, there is no ground of comparison whatsoever, their subjects being totally different. Mr. Mansel's subject is the relation of the logical faculty to transcendent Truth; Bishop Hampden's the relation of existing exercises of that faculty to the substance of revealed Truth. Many who do not share in the morbid suspicion with which he was once regarded, and who confess themselves indebted to his book for much that is interesting and instructive, will yet, we think, admit that it is unsatisfactory. The question is an important one; it involves the whole of Dogmatic Divinity, a question from which it is difficult, therefore, to escape. For who has yet succeeded in disconnecting himself with dogma? Protest with as much vehemence as Mr. Maurice against limiting our knowledge of things, either in heaven or earth, to the measures of logical conception, and you will still find, if you think and speak at all, that logic has got in. The moment he begins to state, to explain, to define, to protest, the most determined anti-logician has subjected himself to logical laws. And, however mindful of the limited grasp of the universe which is assigned to those laws—however careful, therefore, not to identify Heavenly Truth itself with his or with any man's statements, explanations, definitions, and protests—one does not see how that Truth is to enter into the aggregate of life, how it is to pass from man to man, without statements, without explanations, without definitions, without protests. Dogma cannot, therefore, be avoided. A thorough logician, who is also a well-read and sound divine, may do good service in pointing out its legitimate sphere, and the conditions under which it may be safely produced. Bishop Hampden has rather supplied us with the questions than furnished us with satisfactory answers. Mr. Mansel's peculiar gifts, and in the region of philosophy, at least, vast information, seem to us peculiarly to qualify him for such a work; and as beyond doubt he would start with a higher estimate of the language of the creeds and the œcumenical *formulæ* than did Bishop Hampden, he would in this, as in one or two other respects, start, in our judgment, with a very great advantage over him.

Since the foregoing remarks went through the press, Mr. Chretien's pamphlet has made its appearance. To us it is very satisfactory, inasmuch as, handling the whole matter very differently from ourselves, it corroborates with all the strength belonging to Mr. Chretien's reputation and ability, the ground which we have taken. Still more we rejoice in the author's announcement, not merely of dissatisfaction, but of '*increasing* dissatisfaction with Mr. Mansel's *Bampton Lectures*.'—(Chretien, p. 40.) The italics are ours. The whole discussion is carried on by Mr. Chretien in a spirit altogether admirable, and professing to be no more than suggestive, his remarks are in that respect very valuable. While the pamphlet contains many an important remark on the general question of the search after truth, the discussion proper is, on the whole, confined to two great points, Mr. Mansel's distinction between Truths speculative and Truths regulative, and his views of the Absolute and the Infinite. On the former, Mr. Chretien and ourselves are altogether at one. But he has with great ingenuity, and with something better than ingenuity, worked out a position important in itself, and important too as a possible ground of mediation between Messrs. Mansel and Maurice, that on the former's showing there are

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no such things as Truths speculative at all. We have not space to exhibit Mr. Chretien's reasonings, which, after all, will be best got by reading his short pamphlet; but they seem to us to convict Mr. Mansel of having made a division, 'one of whose members is a simple blank.' His Truth speculative would seem unattainable by man, not only in his present state, but in any possible future one, if in any possible state man must be finite; unattainable by angels if they are finite; and irrelevant as thought of in the mind of God, if Truth be, according to Mr. Mansel and many others, but a property of conception. Mr. Chretien works out this question in a far higher spirit than that of the mere logician; but we are contented just now with calling attention to it, and his mode of handling it. And we say that his reasonings furnish a possible ground of mediation between Messrs. Mansel and Maurice, because we think the former might be got to acknowledge that while he can furnish no example of what he calls a Truth speculative, nay, can hint at no possible sphere in this or the other world for such a thing, he has all the while been meaning by Truth regulative, what other people mean simply by Truth, knowledge that is sound and sure as far as it goes, though subject in the mind which receives it to the limitations of that mind, and therefore, while true, never the whole truth, never, while a pure approximation to it, the perfect Idea which is in the mind of God, at once the ocean and the fountain of all Truth.

On the other point, the Hamiltonian and Manselian position respecting the Unconditioned, in its special aspects of the Absolute and the Infinite, Mr. Chretien professes an indifference which our foregoing remarks show that we are far from sharing. We cannot but feel it important to warn men against making a deep but vital mystery seem a mere hopeless bewilderment by playing with the terms which express it. We cannot but ask them whether they were ever called to ascribe to God an infinitude, not merely of Power, Wisdom, Goodness, and Love, but of predicates of every kind, divine and not divine, compatible and contradictory, of which He is to be the subject? Mr. Mansel's statements of what is demanded by the idea of the Infinite amount to this; and this, we say, is a mode of glorifying God which was never required of us, and which, to speak the Truth, is not only no glorifying of Him, but cannot be adopted without profanity.

Mr. Chretien is very solemn and earnest. One short passage, however, might almost seem intended for a joke. Speaking of Mr. Mansel's position as a preacher, he says, 'it required no small skill in a writer of a severely logical mind, to expand a continuous chain of reasoning which could not be fairly entertained without a suspense of judgment on the first truths of religion, and to append at the proper places passages of religious eloquence which should not be evidently out of place, as assuming the Truths which were to be proved.' We do not think Mr. Chretien intended to be satirical here, but to our minds the notion of this task of 'expanding a chain of reasoning,' &c., and 'appending at *the proper places* passages of religious eloquence,' which, too, though they are to be appended at the proper places, are not to be 'obviously out of place,' has all the effect of a joke. It is a joke, too, which has its moral, and that no unimportant one.

F. G.

Postscript.—We had supposed our task was finished; but the appearance of Mr. Mansel's rejoinder to Mr. Maurice imposes on us the necessity of saying a word or two more. As regards ourselves indeed we might rest on our oars, for we have professedly taken ground of our own; the objections which we have urged against Mr. Mansel's position, were our objections before Mr. Maurice's book appeared; and nothing that we have observed in the former's pamphlet bears materially on them. On the other hand, one of Mr. Mansel's criticisms, that on his opponent's reference to Kant, has been partially anticipated by ourselves. But as

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we have expressed a confidence in Mr. Mansel's temper which we now find to have been greatly misplaced, as our remarks on Mr. Chretien's letter gave utterance to a hope of mediation between the conflicting parties, which Mr. Mansel has since grievously discouraged, and as amongst extant specimens of misrepresentation we know none equal to his reply to Mr. Maurice, we must indicate the grounds of this disappointing and disheartening judgment.

Writing very angrily, Mr. Mansel opens with the following:—'To some, indeed, of Mr. Maurice's charges I shall not attempt to reply at all. I do not think it worth while to enter upon a controversy in defence of the merely literary character of my lectures. Mr. Maurice, in his anxiety to leave no weapon of attack unemployed, has discovered that my style is in one place "bewildering," in another "jargon," in another "a wilderness of words," in another "vagueness," in another "slipslop," whatever that may mean.'—p. 4. Who has not presented to him here the picture of one who, determined seriously to wound, is glad to envenom the wound with as much superfluous outrage as may be? Now, will it be believed that scarcely one of the passages in Mr. Maurice's book, to which we are referred—and as Mr. Mansel gives us references, every reader can try the experiment for himself—partakes of the quality of literary criticism, criticism on style, in the ordinary sense of these words? A particular phrase, not necessarily viewed as Mr. Mansel's invention or peculiar property, is contrasted with living reality as 'school jargon.' With no mention of style at all, it is complained that a point which Mr. Maurice considered essential to the argument is left in 'vagueness.' So much for two of the alleged grievances. The rest we can leave to the reader who will follow our example of verification.

Did time and space at present permit, we could, we think, show how utterly Mr. Mansel has misconceived his opponent's handling of Butler's *Analogy*. We must confine ourselves to a statement of the case. Mr. Mansel exhibits some discourse from Mr. Maurice, in which he thinks the latter is expounding Butler, and triumphs over its difference from that prelate. Mr. Maurice is endeavouring to show what he thinks a man, who, from causes never present to Butler's mind, can gain no satisfaction from the actual thesis of the *Analogy*, may yet gain from careful study of and meditation on it.

Much more might be added; but we must content ourselves with these two inaccuracies of Mr. Mansel, at least as formidable, we think, as any of which he has been able to convict Mr. Maurice. These latter, if they be valid convictions, we are sure that gentleman will candidly acknowledge and correct. We have, in our hasty glance at Mr. Mansel's pamphlet, come across none that seem to have any material bearing on the main question.

Both authors write severely. Mr. Maurice in his preface prepares his readers for the fact as regards himself. He will be considered justified in doing so or not, according as he succeeds or not in imparting his own convictions on the matter at issue. Mr. Mansel writes in undissembled anger; and so far it may be thought the combatants are on a par, except as regards the question, which struck the first blow. That Mr. Maurice did so is not so certain as it may seem on a hasty glance. Anyhow, we must urge on Mr. Mansel that there is some difference between the vehement indignation of the man who, justly or mistakenly, believes the foundations of Faith and Truth to be assailed; and that of the man who, rightly or mistakenly, thinking himself illtreated, allows no limit to the expression of his bitterness. We do Mr. Mansel the justice of believing that he will thank us for a fact which has escaped his observation—viz., that a sentence of Mr. Maurice's which he has twice held up to reprobation was withdrawn in the second and amended edition of the *Theological Essays*.

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SKETCHES FRAMED IN OLIVE WOOD.

BETWEEN Marseilles and Nice you have the choice of three different modes of journeying—vetturino, steamer, or diligence. The first, besides being the most dignified and least fatiguing, gives the best opportunity for observing the country; but when that is not particularly interesting, and you, being robust enough for night travel, are anxious to proceed without delay, the unaristocratic diligence is excellent in its kind. The packets on the station, though small and with very poor accommodation, have been much run during late winters, owing to the alarm of brigands by land. But on the occasion calling for our decision, there was the Mediterranean tangibly before us, rough and threatening, while the brigands seemed a remote possibility, far less formidable in idea than a stormy passage by a miserable French coasting steamer. Besides though the diligence had not then as at present, on account of its having been so frequently stopped and robbed, a regular guard of gendarmes, there were not wanting amid our little party resolute hands ready to use on emergency the loaded weapons they carried. But no stirring adventure awaited us that gusty moonless night; and all of wayside scenery which appeared visible through the murk were wild rocky heights, brawling mountain brooks, dark shadowy ravines, solitary buildings, gaunt and grey, and hushed villages, with splashing fountains; carts, with dim lanthorns and bell-jingling horses, sometimes animating the dreariest parts of the road.

When day broke, the white mists lying on the low grounds resembled glittering lakes; but as the sun shone out, the silvery veil lifted itself, more fully disclosing a wild hilly region, characterized by vast unenclosed orchard-like plantations, where cork-trees, with russet-brown stems stripped of bark, contrast with the pale-leaved olive, whose berries, transparent green, cornelian coloured, or glossy black, picturesque-looking women in broad-brimmed hats and short red petticoats, were gathering into baskets. Here and there on the stony soil primitive ploughs were at work in little cleared spaces, a donkey and bullock forming the team in one instance, contrary to that clause in the old Levitical law, 'Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together.'

At Draguignan, with its prefecture, hotel, nursery gardens, bridge and noisy torrent, lying in a hollow, time is allowed for breakfast; then away rattles the cumbrous vehicle through groves of mulberry and olive, interspersed with pine-trees laden with large shining cones, till as you advance higher among the far-stretching uplands, a darker green usurps the place of the ashen-hued foliage. Leaving Fréjus behind, with its many beggars, its jetty-haired, luminous-eyed inhabitants, and its Roman ruins, the stately aqueduct arches standing pre-eminent for beauty, you enter upon a stage of the journey as much dreaded by gay Parisian dames as were the dismal Shap Fells by London abigails of yore, when mail-coaches sounded their horns on the great northern road, and jaded post-horses drew up joyfully at old-fashioned village inns. On and on, ascending and descending, to climb upwards again, ledgewise winds the way, for nearly seven hours by diligence over the lonely Esterels—famed in times past for wolves and banditti—some places recalling to mind the Newlands Pass between Buttermere and Keswick, only here, instead of simple green herbage, hill-sides and deep gorges are alike covered for miles with juniper bushes, purple heather tufts, scattered groups of pines, and thickets of arbutus, whose wax-like blossom, and fruit in every shade from light orange to deepest scarlet, greatly enlivens in these parts the otherwise sombre wintry tapestry of nature. Here you have a wide prospect, with isolated houses perched up in bleak high-lying spots, reaches of dusty road, with laden cart or carriage toiling slowly along, and an occasional glimpse of the sea, with white-sailed vessels; there you are restricted to narrow glens, where peasants are digging

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or hoeing strips of ground deep down below, or shelf-like patches high above; while on the steepest, most inaccessible copse-clad slopes, rise up the tall light-painted posts of the electric telegraph, its wires looking like long clothes' lines crossing from hill to hill. As the loftiest point is surmounted, a valley, with fields and homesteads, opens on the view, and ridges upon ridges of mountains,—the farthest summits swathed in snow,—cut clear and cold against the sky, or melt away into the misty distance. Here horses are changed and passports demanded at a tiny sheltered hamlet, with blacksmith's forge, gendarmerie, humble auberge, and murmuring fountain, so suggestive of Provençal summer heat, trickling into its ample stone basin under a clump of hardwood trees; flocks of goats browsing on the short grass of the heights, once more covered by the hoary olive. Yet a few acclivities and declivities, and evening closed in as the five sinewy steeds launched out cheerily at a good trot on a level road. Through Cannes, with its extraordinary patois, its villas, white-walled gardens, and neat English church; by rows of trees where myriads of glow-worms spangled the banks beneath; then skirting the sea, breaking with a hollow echoing sound in masses of surf on the shore, and looking grey and ghastly in the dim twilight; past Antibes, with its gleaming Pharos on a jutting-out headland, and there greeted our weary eyes, though only to vanish again, the distant lights of Nice, twinkling above an expanse of leaden-like water.

At the little village of St. Laurent there was an exercise of patience with the sleepy folks at the bureau for examining passports, and then the horses paced slowly, according to regulation, across the sentry-guarded Pont du Var—the long wooden bridge spanning the boundary river between France and Piedmont. Fairly over the frontier, and the luggage is taken down from its altitude on the roof of the vehicle, opened and replaced by the courteous Sardinian officials in their great draughty *douane*, where the southern air that night was more bitterly cold than the winter blasts of foggy Belgium, the north of France, or even of our own much maligned British climate.

Half-past eleven chimed from the town-clocks as the twenty-seven hours of cosy diligence-travelling came to their due end at a comfortable hotel, where we were soon luxuriating over excellent tea and very passable fresh butter, an agreeable contrast to the little bluish-white rolls (the size and shape of cigars) put on table at Marseilles, which insipid, bleached, lard-like condiment I have since coming here discovered to be made from *sheep's milk*, and much used in Piedmont by the peasants. Surprised to see in all our rooms, instead of the usual airy French bedsteads with light canopies fastened to the ceiling, low-testered iron four-post frames, enshrouded in white muslin, I asked if there were none without curtains, or at least with fewer folds of so fire-attracting a texture, but was assured all in the hotel were similar, and that they were *la mode* at Nice; so throwing the drapery as open as possible, thought nothing further about it. Morning found every one of us smarting under huge mosquito bites, more venomous and painful than I remember them in the tropics; and we laughed at ourselves, with our olden experience of mosquitoes, not having at once comprehended the mystery of the voluminous muslin bed-curtains.

Without doubt Nice is a place specially devoid of attraction to the men and women for whom sculpture, painting, and mediæval architecture have alone the charm of interest; while to those whose minds are so deeply imbued with classic lore that the very names of the Tiber, the Forum, and the Sacred Way stir their pulses as the trumpet stirs the war-horse, it offers no congenial objects, save a few time-worn ruins on the hill of Cimiers. Those, again, who love balls, evening parties, concerts, and the like gaieties, in all the graceful ease of continental society, mingled with most orthodox English conventionalism, can have their exigencies of taste pretty well satisfied in this lively resort for invalids; and to the sketch-loving portion of the commu-

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nity its environs present a richly diversified field for the exercise of artistic talent. Thus it is, while some of one's friends say—'You won't endure Nice above a week; it is quite a little English colony, abounding in frivolous gossip, and with nothing worth looking at. Why don't you go at once to Florence, Rome, or Naples, and see Italy in reality?' others exclaim—'Oh, you will be delighted with Nice; it combines all the luxuries of the south with the comforts of England. There are splendid views, flowers, and sunshine, capital shops, and such *good* society.'

With these conflicting opinions prevailing, our own pre-conceived ideas of this insignificant speck on the Map of Europe were more or less vague and undefined; but a few months' sojourn has proved that both parties, however anomalous it may seem, are in the right. Here is literally nothing to see in the way of fine churches, palaces, statues, or pictures; and groups, unmistakeably our own sober-visaged compatriots, loiter on the sunny Quai Masséna and Promenade des Anglais, or whisk past in well-appointed carriages, with Belgravian-looking footmen in smart liveries. Yet despite its poverty in arts and antiquities, and its wealth in fair English faces, Nice cannot fail to strike a stranger ocularly unfamiliar with any part of Italy. You have the usual local characteristics of climate and race, and the surrounding scenery is of its kind surpassingly beautiful.

There is a very fine panoramic view from the rocky hill where formerly stood the fortress, and thither one naturally bends one's steps soon after arrival. Upon a rather rough pavement of light and dark pebbles, arranged mosaic-fashion in fanciful patterns, you pass through wide streets, where among the gay crowd is a goodly sprinkling of sable-robed priests, cloaked capuchin friars, sisters of charity with spotless fillets round their meek brows, bearded peasants in slouched conical felt hats, shaggy jackets, or blue blouses, and brown-complexioned, short-petticoated women, with the lithe form and upright walk attained through the practice of carrying burthens on th[e] and the being from infanc[y] shackled by stays. There [is a] *blanchisseuse* bearing a large of linen, and holding up i[n] hand a couple of stiffly-st[arched] embroidered white skirts, which she skims along as gra[cefully] as if they were expanded [...] and here marches a youthful or mother, with upon *her* [...] wicker cradle, containing a sl[eeping] baby. In the shop windows portfolios, work-tables, and articles in marquetry, and lets, brooches, and necklac[es of] shell, look especially pretty foreign. Ornaments in coral politan lava, and delicate G[enoese] silver filigree, also demand a of admiration ere you enter t[he] quarter of the town, where i[nstead] of 'auberge' or 'cabaret' o[n the] sign-posts of the inns, yo[u see] 'albergo' or 'osteria,' most of having great vaulted stable clining down from the street rough-coated mules standing [in] dark recesses, pack-saddles sundry sorts of harness lying [...] and dusky human figures in [...] garb flitting to and fro, or seat[ed on] stone benches outside the [...] chatting, laughing, eating, drin[king] or smoking. Near the spacious [...] Victor or Piazza Vittorio (fo[r] names are always put up bo[th in] French and Italian), a steep [wind]ing carriage drive branche[s] among cypresses, evergreen [...] pines, and aloes, with tall flow[ering] stems; where fragile blue-[bells] yellow snap-dragon, and blos[soms] equally homely, grow side by with the prickly pear, in dry cre[vices] on the face of the rock; solan[ums,] salvias, and other greenhouse pl[ants] mingling with the roses in perp[etual] bloom which border the shel[tered] walks, diverging in all direc[tions] among the trees. Charming glim[pses] of scenery reveal themselve[s at] every succeeding turn, till fro[m the] platform on the top you have whole grand prospect.

Nestling at the base of the ca[stle] rock, is the old town, with closely clustered roofs, bristling with arched and pointed attic [win]dows and curiously fashioned ch[im]neys; its cupola and spires, [...] rainbow-coloured tiles, shining

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the sun; and its gloomy crooked thoroughfares; the new portion, with its handsome buildings, promenades, and pleasure-grounds, extending westward along the curved margin of the bay. A threefold amphitheatre of mountains forms the background. First softly swelling upwards from the valley, are low undulating olive-clad hills, thickly dotted with sunny country abodes, and now and then a little village church. Beyond rises a higher chain, grey, wild, and bleak; there towering away westward in frowning ramparts and dark precipitous *bluffs* — liker storm-beaten ocean promontories than inland crags—here shooting up in domes and pyramids, among which Mont Cavo, or La Tête Chauve, stands a grim sentinel watching Nice; while, bounding a vista of piled-up crests, marking by their peculiar grouping the course of the long, narrow pass opening to the bay below, gleam far in the northern distance some snow-capped peaks of the mighty Maritime Alps. From this deep gorge—one near bank overhung by the wooded knoll of Cimiers and the bare tawny rock of St. Pons, with their picturesque convents—emerges what seems a broad dusty highway, but is really the dry gravelly bed of the Paglione, a mountain-born torrent, parched though it be at present, only requiring heavy rain to send several swift-flowing streams across its wide channel, or the thawing of Alpine snows to come thundering down, a fierce, impetuous flood, as fatal at times in its sudden rush as too often are the treacherous waves of Morecambe Bay or the 'Sands of Dee.'

East of the Paglione, upon the hill along whose steep flank, like a white footpath in the perspective, ascends the grandly beautiful road to Genoa, amid pine and olive woods, terraced vineyards, and orchards, masses of hoary cliff, festooned with dark verdure, stand out in bold relief, giving an eagle's-nest aspect to the dwelling-houses, tiny wayside chapels and shrines of the Madonna, scattered about in lovely and romantic sites almost to the very summit.

The general winter colouring is harmonious, but not bright. The grey of limestone and ashen-green of olive foliage prevail, intermixed with the sombre cypress, and occasionally with a burnt sienna tint of stone, or the yellow brown of some deciduous tree, whose leaves are not yet wholly shed, while ever and anon from snow-crowned Alps to sheltered dell the flitting lights and shades cast a fresh beauty over the landscape. Indeed each time you gaze on this view there is some variety. Perhaps it gladdens the eye most when snow lies on the cold barren sierras of the middle range, reflecting the dazzling noon-tide glow, and softening yet more clearly defining their outlines against the deep-blue sky, lending to the olive-wooded slopes beneath that striking rich blackness so distinctive of our own northern scenery after rain; till as the sun lowers his rays, the snow becomes rose-tinged, the shadows put on azure, which slanting on the warm pink flush changes it to the radiant lilac and crimson of a dove's neck, and the vivid prismatic hues shift rapidly as the milky flashes of an aurora borealis.

Groves of fruit-laden orange and lemon-trees, where also a few solitary palms wave their feathery boughs, some willow or osier-fringed enclosures affording scanty pasturage to sheep and goats, with gardens of vegetables, especially green peas in pod or blossom, fill up the confined belts of level ground in the immediate vicinity of the town. The little harbour, with its beacon, piers, and battery, divides the château-rock from gray Montboron with the desolate fort of Montalbano on its sterile heights, still clothed by monotonous olive plantations, among which peep forth fantastic *campagnes* gay with red, green, or buff paint, while the sharp angular ridge ends in a rugged point jutting into the sea, and abruptly framing in the picture to eastward—the lighthouse of Villafranca, indicative of capes and creeks on the other side, just showing itself at the extreme verge. In front, smiling serenely in the glorious sunshine, lies the Mediterranean, scarce a ripple on its blue transparent waters until they break languidly in low foam-wreaths on the shore: small

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fishing-craft, their sails glancing in the light, float slowly by, and more than one snowy pillar on the horizon marks a stately ship. Girdled by its peaceful little embowered hills and stony mountain bulwarks, south-west sweeps the bay of Nice, formed by a flat tongue of land near the embouchure of the Var, beyond which a spacious bight along the French coast-line is defined by the far-stretching headland where stands the lighthouse of Antibes, the lone Esterels looming boldly in the distance.

A few soldiers, paltry guardhouse, and couple of guns, are the sole military tokens that replace the ancient stronghold, blown up by the Duke of Berwick in 1706. Huge masses of its ruins lie where they fell; the platform with its flower-beds occupies part of the original foundation, and some fragments yet remain of old wall. Two cemeteries slope to the north: in the other direction quarrying ruthlessly encroaches on this fine limestone cliff; close under which the road, leading from the port with its variously rigged coasting vessels, winds round across rocky buttresses that here give way to a shingly beach.

Hence to beyond where the Promenade des Anglais, gay with villas and gardens, skirts the strand, its distinguishing features are odd-looking bathing-machines, some stationary, some on wheels, but all bearing a resemblance to the caravans of itinerant showmen seen at village fairs—red-capped fishermen hauling either boats or great black nets up over the high ridge worn by the ever-chafing waves—flocks of expectant sea-gulls hovering above where the floating-corks mark the nets still in the water—mushroom-hatted washerwomen kneeling in baskets, quite forming hedges to every tiny stream meandering down to the sea—embrowned babies tumbling about, others rather older learning with vindictive satisfaction to maul the unfortunate linen with pieces of wood like cricket-bats—clothes outspread and held down by stones, or hanging in ropes fastened to movable posts carried backwards and forwards morning and evening on the top of the full baskets on the laundresses' heads—and here and there fair English children p and scrambling on the large pebbles, and perhaps contr this bay with others more c ing, though with no such br sun lighting up their familiar far away. For here are no glis yellow sands with—just bou as it were yonder heaving line—low black jagged roc every shape, revealing fresh sures of shells, sea-weed, anc phytes at every ebb, and al their aspect mysteriously at flow, till the returning waters gradually over all, save pe some lance-like pinnacle or boulder, which through stor calm alike stands in its stre bearing the raging of the waves as unmoved as it re their gentle kiss.

None can gainsay the won beauty of the Mediterranean though hues equally lovely of kind dye the billows of northern latitudes, the ex richness and changeableness gorgeous sun-borrowed colour I think anyone accustomed t by the seaboard of the En Channel, and to watch with e siastic admiration the magni rollers of the Atlantic comi with a stirring breeze and tide, must be impressed wit want of grandeur in this paratively tideless sea. Even some of its famed winds have l the usually silver and *lapis* surface into seething foam, th to all who love natural marine tures of a boldly varied cast a st sameness in its appearance voice as it breaks in ceaseless cr on the shingle ridges; while the absence of that fresh briny odc the veritable ocean, so invigor on our own coasts, helps to gi the Mediterranean its lake-like racter. Nevertheless it is a inland sea fraught with cl associations, though, if one so speak, impulsive, passio treacherous, as in these degen days of Greece and Italy are many of the inhabitants peoplin beautiful shores, causing one to back with a fonder and more verential emotion than ever t Channel scenery, so grand in rep so terrible in tempest—aye, an

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the bracing climate too, the local influence of both of which may be traced in the energy, daring, and hardy endurance of the brave old Anglo-Saxon race, whether the individual lot be cast on the sultry plains of Hindostan or the ice-bound banks of Hudson's Bay. Not that the Niçois are to be disparaged or despised: wherever hills other than mere mounds rear their heads, you can mark in some measure their mind-elevating effect on the men and women who dwell among them. Nor should one reflect upon Italy while living in the only part of her fair land, that from the liberal character of its sovereign can boast of being free.

The Piedmontese have a fine independent bearing worthy of their Ligurian ancestors; and the women, generally speaking, are very handsome, with especially good eyes, eyebrows, and hair. None of them wear the pretty fresh snow-white cambric cap so characteristic of their sisters in the north of France, and the Antwerp nurses. A grisette of Nice has her hair becomingly dressed, and a tulle cap profusely bedizened with showy ribbons, and often quite dingy with dust, placed like the lately fashionable bonnet very far back on the head. Some patronize a fringed kerchief of bright-coloured wool or silk, which, fastened behind with gay pins and tied under the chin, forms a graceful enough coiffure. Others have thick rolls of black velvet twined round the head with long ends hanging down. On Sundays and fête-days this simple coronet is set off by massive gold ear-rings, and every day you see both young and old women with throat-bands of black velvet clasped in front by a heart-shaped gold ornament with pendant cross. Some matrons from the neighbouring villages wear a singular little cap with a broad fly-away border standing back from the face; and occasionally you observe a well-dressed stranger in the pretty Genoese scarf of white muslin, which, pinned among the back plaits of hair, and falling in soft folds over the neck and shoulders, has a most statuesque effect. Those simple and elegant national head-dresses! When will the mothers and daughters of England, known all over the world for their bad taste in dress, discard the stiff ugly bonnet, hot in summer and cold in winter, and take to hoods as in days far more remote than those of the *Spectator*? What English lady with rank, wealth, and beauty on her side, will first set the fashion for all to follow? In travelling every sensible woman wears a hood for comfort's sake; and no one can deny that, while it softens features past their *première jeunesse*, it does not render less attractive the dimples and radiant bloom of youth. Straw hats, too, are charming in their way, though often adopted for economical motives by those whom their hard outlines positively disfigure; but with a pretty becoming lace or muslin hood close to the face, even an old lady might in summer put on a shady hat with impunity as she wandered among her flowers and beehives, or even sauntered out at her avenue-gate to dispense bounties in the country parish.

The distinguishing head-gear of Nice is a flat straw hat of a fabric resembling fine close basket-work, with a broad and slightly sloping brim merging in a little peak at the top, and trimmed with two or three velvet buttons, bands, or knots. Beneath this stiff canopy, which simply protects from the sun, a printed cotton kerchief is tied in cold weather over the smooth raven or rough grizzly locks. Indeed the kerchief worn by itself is very common.

The peasant women who come in from Provence have a different kind of straw hat—sometimes brown, sometimes black, with a regularly defined crown of tolerable height and a wide-flapping brim. They look extremely grotesque in either of these hats, perched aloft on great saddles on mule or donkey-back, supported on each side by high panniers or full sacks, and their feet on the neck of the patient quadruped. But they do not always sit lazily there. Whether driving mules or tending sheep and goats, the women of Nice and the adjacent districts, when walking along, generally knit diligently, or else employ themselves with distaff and spindle, which old-fashioned implement of

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industry is eminently in vogue here. At every turn in street or suburb you meet it in the hands of such withered witch-like crones—embodiments of the weird sisters themselves, or of that venerable dame whose spinning was fraught with consequences so dire to the king's daughter in the fairy tale, until—the spell broken by the appointed cavalier—

Then o'er the hills and far away,
  Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
  Though all the world she follow'd him.

With their grey hair turned up *à la Chinoise*, surmounted by snake-like coils of velvet, and a gaudy calico kerchief over all; or with their finely-marked, though shrivelled, features shaded by broad-brimmed hats, the ancient women here, in their high bodices, with tight sleeves and short waists, are perfect pictures; the gallery where they are seen to the best advantage being the market in the old town, a place which cannot fail to amuse all those who like paintings of the homely Flemish school. Sauntering down the Rue de Gouvernement, the most agreeable of the many avenues leading into the heart of *le vieux Nice*, you enter a paved street, very narrow, very gloomy, and by no means either level or straight; yet the broadest, brightest, cleanest, least steep or tortuous among its neighbours in that quarter. It is full of shops, some having glazed windows, wherein cheap hardware, confectionery, and millinery, with *charcuterie* in the form of sausages, cold ham, and solid-looking pies, are the chief commodities displayed. Others are windowless, having only large folding-doors either opening inside or fastened back against the outer wall, and almost hidden by calicoes, woollen stuffs, and shawls; while bales of goods in the arched doorways leave but a narrow passage into the dusky interiors, further darkened by aprons, scarfs, rugs, handkerchiefs, striped shirts, and quilted petticoats dangling portcullis fashion overhead. Many have their entrances blocked nearly up by casks of herrings, tiers of vermicelli, pyramids of loaves, round, oval, three-cornered, and angular; sacks of grey peas, brown lentils, haricot beans like large almond bon-bons, Indian corn, meal of a brilliant yellow, rice, barley, and flour.

Curious as are these den-like shops, they are in the early morning—especially upon a Friday, when country produce comes in from Piedmontese villages, and even from Turin—thrown literally into the background by the heaps of cheeses, fruit, vegetables, baskets of eggs, compact masses of butter from Milan, long rolls of white *beurre de brebis*, tubs of *brousse*, a sort of curdled cream flavoured with orange-flower water, and in great request during Lent; with other saleable articles ranged on benches and tables at each side of the narrow street. Here preside the market women, young, old, and middle-aged—some knitting, some spinning, some scorching their fingers over the little hand-warmers they all carry—from the antique brazier of cunning workmanship that might have been dug out of Pompeii, to the glazed earthenware pipkin with arched handle, looking better fitted for making confitures than doing duty as a chafing-dish. Piles of oranges and lemons, many still attached to fragrant leafy twigs, are flanked by lordly pumpkins big and round as cannon-balls. Others of a vivid apricot hue—shaped somewhat like bottle gourds or colossal 'Prince Rupert's drops,' and famed for making incomparable soup, recommended in colds for its emollient qualities, as well as an approved sweet cake—rear their bulky forms among pomegranates, almonds, and clusters of raisins, pinky-white and purple streaked with green. Ripe olives, small shrunken black and brown home-made prunes and figs, fleshy cactus berries, with their cooling, bright-coloured pulp, so insipid and full of seeds, are interspersed with plates of dried lilac mallow blossoms, good for *tisane*, and baskets of snails to be converted into ragouts with tomato sauce, looking, in their striped, pale brown, slightly conical shells, quite as innocent and eatable as any other mollusk. Odd corners are filled up by stands of boots and shoes; or ribbons, embroidered collars, netted

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coiffures, and caps of coarse material, but shape saucily coquettish or bewitchingly demure; and there sits a humble vendor of tapes, pins, stay and boot-laces, with a tray before her covered with mysterious packets of what one fancies is a sweetmeat, but turns out to be scented pomade, three pieces for two sous; so that even the poorest *paysanne* may afford to perfume her jetty tresses. Glass-cases of trinkets—crosses, charms, and rosaries predominating—are in close proximity to where plump fowls, prepared for the spit, wreaths of yellow immortelles, nosegays of roses, violets, and orange-buds, bunches of pot-herbs, strings of garlic, Spanish brooms and door-mats, mix together in gay disorder beside bookshelf-like stalls, laden with gigantic bars of soap, and cheeses, mostly from Lombardy, some round, red, and wondrously hard, some flat, tough, soft, or crumbly, yellow, mottled, ivory white, or grass green.

Advancing onwards you come to the insignificant Cathedral of Santa Reparata, its walls rarely encroached upon by booth or stand; and exactly opposite opens up the oblong little Place Rosetti—which, with the still less Marché aux Herbes, another space close to the church—is always crowded with fruit and vegetable-covered tables, and busy buyers and sellers. Scant time have the *marchandes* at this point for knitting or spinning. What with balancing their great iron scales, waiting upon their customers, counting money, and giving change in venerable sous, diminutive four sous pieces, and thin eight sous pieces of a dingy mixed metal, and half-francs of all the Italian States, beside the Sardinian coins setting forth that Victor Emmanuel is also King of Cyprus and Jerusalem,—their hands have full employment, and their tongues too. Goodly sacks of walnuts and chesnuts are here, and chesnut-roasters in requisition at nearly every stand; huge baskets of apples, mellow and excellent; pears, too, in equal plenty; but after being accustomed for several seasons to the rich succession of *bonne-chrêtienne* pears, delicious Louise bonnes, honey-dropping brown beurrés, and rugged, yet juicy, Chaumontels of Jersey—that lovely little sea-girt orchard and flower-garden—all other pears seem unworthy of notice. (I had almost said all other market-places too.) Young fresh green-peas, feathery foliaged carrots, and white tapering turnips, potatoes both old and new, purple egg-plants, or 'aubergines,' forming an esteemed *plat* when stuffed like cucumbers with forcemeat, spiked artichokes, crisp cauliflowers, succulent sorrel and spinach, and old-fashioned salsify, are remarkable in this quaint Italian market, if not for their quality, at least for their abundance throughout the winter months; whilst the constant demand for substantial slices of gourd or sections of pumpkin at one sou each, set you wondering if the value of these esculents will ever come to be as well known by our own poor as it is by all ranks on the Continent. As you look, too, on the capacious bowls of pickled capers, and of strong tomato sauce prepared with oil and vinegar—ladled out and sold in small portions as wanted—you wish the lower classes at home could obtain such condiments as cheaply and readily; though it must be confessed that the dishes sent in from a *restaurant* with this flaming, poppy-coloured sauce, are perfectly unbearable.

Live pigeons, glossy-coated rabbits and guinea-pigs—with clove-gilliflowers and pansies in pots—enliven the motley confusion; and thrushes, larks, even nightingales and robins! with many tiny creatures of gayer plumage, lie stark beside woodcocks, quails, and red-legged partridges, in such quantities that you can no longer be surprised at the rarity of singing-birds in the surrounding olive-grounds. Great bearded men are not ashamed to hang about for a whole forenoon watching their opportunity to shoot a little goldfinch or redbreast; for, as these valiant sons of Nimrod cannot hit flying, they have to wait till the poor bird is seated on a spray, or branch, or wall, ere taking aim! Women hawkers pass to and fro bearing on their heads large round trays of sweet-cake, or flat baskets of glittering-scaled, newly-caught anchovies and sardines, with red mullets, famed of old as now. There

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—a living picture framed in an archway—is a keen-eyed, shrunken-featured, kerchiefed old dame, peering over what might be a witch's cauldron, but is only a stove for cooking pancakes, which, hot and crisp, are eagerly bargained for and devoured by the hungry country people passing by.

But the market-tide being at its full between the Place Rosetti and Marché aux Herbes, now begins to ebb, and you only see a solitary stand at distant intervals, as you wander about the confined streets, with their many-storeyed, broad-eaved houses, with little wooden balconies projecting from the upper windows, and fringed by green herbs or flowers; their round, open draw-wells, whose limestone margins are worn by constant friction into the semblance of white marble, and all appearing comparatively deserted after the throng you have just quitted.

One street is full of poulterers' and butchers' shops, with kid and lamb hanging up, a leg of which is no bigger than that of a moderate-sized turkey! Another is monopolized by bakers, where you see less bread than Italian paste in such multiplicity of patterns, that they must have been designed from a kaleidoscope; and macaroni in every possible shade of white, dun, and saffron, also in various shapes, the most extraordinary resembling long, ragged-edged sea-tangle,—all piled in heaps upon paper, or in baskets, and arranged on stands within and without the doors, at eleven sous the kilogramme, being rather less than twopence three farthings the pound. Instead of a shop, there is sometimes a gloomy, cavernous apartment, with a red furnace at the far end, and Rembrandt-like figures moving about among clanking machinery. Or in some other dim vault, you see more distinctly a rude mill worked by two boys, and communicating by a cylinder with a glowing stove, in front of which slowly descends a thick thread-like mass; this, every now and then, one of the boys detaches, shakes into regularity, and lays on a wooden tray to be carried to the oven; for you perceive he is handling, not yarn, but vermicelli, the hard dough for which a man in one corner is—by means of a long, sharp-edged bar of wood fastened to a block—busily working up into a proper consistency.

A common, inferior sort only is fabricated here, Nice being mainly indebted to Genoa for its supplies of macaroni and vermicelli. Parasols made of ribbon; cotton umbrellas in all colours, vermilion and ultra-marine prevailing; delicately plaited straw baskets; hampers and panniers of rudely woven reeds; flax beautifully fine and pure, or dingy and coarse; tanned fox, wolf, goat, and sheep-skins, with the hair or wool on; felt hats, round, slouched, or like sugar-loaves; straw-hats equally varied in form; knitted hose; quilted calico counterpanes; rough cotton for lamp-wicks; tall waxen tapers and candles for churches and processions; enormous brick-coloured earthenware oil-jars,—are among the goods chiefly noteworthy in these more out-of-the-way streets.

Then there are others like rugged staircases, branching up the castle-rock, but too steep and dirty to tempt you to explore their intricacies, where fowls and goats have a town-bred air, and pennons of damp clothes flutter from the casements. There are dismally obscure alleys too, from the poisonous smells at whose entrances you turn loathingly away, astonished to see some of them formed by the angles of houses not seemingly belonging to poor people, but to well-to-do shopkeepers; and you come suddenly out on the Place Français, where peasants, mules, and rows of country carts bear witness to its being Friday, independently of the common chairs, trunks, wicker hampers, green and yellow crockery, among which vase-like pitchers with handles and spouts, recall thoughts of less civilized lands where clay is commoner than iron for articles of domestic use. Here radiating from the old circular well in the centre, are more heaps of oranges, lemons, apples, and potatoes, also spread out for sale, with cart-loads of firewood, and sacks of charcoal.

There is a carriage-stand near; the horses, if not handsome, are

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strong and well trained; and the *voituriers* of Nice reasonable in their charges, quiet and civil; as careful that a lady's dress should not come in contact with the wheels, as her own footman could be; some of them turning round respectfully to call your attention to any object likely to interest a new comer, even pointing out to a child the sea-mews skimming above a shoal of fish, a steamer going out, or a white-sailed brigantine rounding the cape; so if tired with your stroll through the gloomy old town, you can at once get into one of the nice little open carriages and drive down to the sea-shore for fresh air and sunshine.

By the insignificant Boulevards skirting the Paglione with its Pont Neuf and Pont Vieux, its channel thronged with washerwomen, energetically ruining the linen committed to their charge; a forest of garments waving in the wind, and donkeys straying disconsolately about; through the Corso with its double row of trees and raised terrace whence people look down to view the maskers at the carnival, or walk in the glowing sunshine under greyish-white parasols green or blue lined; you enter the Place Poissonnerie, where on the pavement, in the full noontide glare, surrounded by their children to the very babies in cradles, shaded by scarlet umbrellas, sit bright-kerchiefed, lustrous-eyed women, their bronzed and busy fingers plying mesh and needle in the manufacture of great coarse nets; while groups of weather-beaten fishermen in red woollen caps, brown jackets, or rather short loose coats, and trousers sometimes brown, oftener blue, loiter past, or in attitudes we should deem theatrical in the north, stand vehemently talking Piedmontese, Nizzard, or some such dialect unintelligible to strangers, looking most picturesquely outlandish, especially those swarthy Ligurians, who, to the red head-gear and blue trousers have added jackets of bright green. Into the Rue des Ponchettes, with its sunny pleasant terrace and cellar-like workshops beneath, and dark magazines of dingy wheat or oats, which men are shovelling out every fine day upon broad tile floors beyond —grain in this country, to cleanse it from the earthy, musty smell and taste it gets when long shut up in granaries, being always carefully washed and dried in the sun ere sent to the mill—and you are once more under the château-cliff inhaling the sea-breeze. Passing round by the other side of the harbour, with all the little brooks that run into it bordered by the everlasting washer-women, clothes, and babies, the carriage must be left where the road ends at the entrance to one of the bright-painted villas, then scrambling along to the Lazaret rocks at the sea-washed base of Montboron, you can either climb the wild stony hills fragrant with thyme and blossoming rosemary, dear to bees, and starred with pinks and convolvuluses, where you have a delightful and extensive sea view; or sit, rejoicing in the December sunshine, under the giant gnarled olive-trees below, watching the water beating on the craggy white rocks, and glittering as if over alternate beds of malachite and mother-o'-pearl.

House-hunting, at all times a difficult quest, is particularly so in a strange continental town.

A southern exposure being indispensable at Nice, the sun beams fully in—or at least ought to do so —upon the chief apartments of all the houses to let. The *season* is from November till May, and excepting the hotel-keepers, nobody lets for a shorter period. A family, however small, cannot hire even simple lodgings any more than a house, by the month or quarter, though one or two rooms may be had by the month for gentlemen who take their meals at a *table d'hôte;* and of course people arriving later on in winter, can get some domicile for the remainder of the season that has since its commencement stood empty. But generally speaking you must either take up your abode at an hotel—a proceeding whose advantages and disadvantages are in many cases pretty equal—or else, tying yourself down for the allotted term, risk finding out that having in haste possessed yourself of a house, you may repent thereof at leisure.

I first looked at a suite of rooms attached to the hotel we were in, and with a most charming view.

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They were sunny, cheery, clean, well furnished, and reasonable withal; looking thoroughly continental with their bright porcelain stoves and red-tile floors, between which and the rather scanty carpets were thick layers of straw that straggled out at odd corners. But the wide staircase of dark polished stone—something betwixt slate and black marble—leading up to this *appartement*, was so dusty and dirty, it seemed as if broom or scouring cloth had never been applied to the steps since they were hewn from the quarry. Turnip parings, cabbage leaves, bits of orange peel, and cigar ends, lay littered about, and a woman carrying up a jar of water spilt some at every movement. On asking the hotel *directeur* how such untidiness could be permitted, he replied that a separate family living on each *étage*, it was impossible to keep the staircase clean! I did not argue the point, but thought of the pithy proverb, 'Where there's a will, there's a way,' and with a regretful peep at the pleasant view from the windows, descended the begrimed marble steps for good.

Here, as elsewhere abroad, no attendance is given with furnished lodgings, and the kitchens and servants' rooms are usually very different to what our English domestics are accustomed to. For that matter, neither are the principal bed-rooms according to our own ideas of comfort. You see yourself multiplied in mirrors on every wall; pendules on every bracket and mantel-piece, run races with each other in striking the hours; there is an excess of gilding, painting, marble and china ornaments; but a wondrous paucity of basins and ewers; what there are being no larger than punch-bowls and cream-jugs, with washstands of corresponding small dimensions. The sun has a marketable value at Nice, rents being in proportion as the apartments are exposed to its rays, quite irrespective of the height you may have to climb. Most of the houses to let are 'flats,' having the more sun the higher up they are; and you see tickets of '*Maison meublée à louer*,' up upon tempting breezy balconies overlooking the sea, projecting from the third, fourth, and even fifth storeys. I was attracted by one or two pretty suites of rooms on the ground floor opening into gardens of orange-trees in full bearing; date-palms vigorous and flourishing, though of no great height; tall magnificent daturas laden with their trumpet-shaped white blossoms; geraniums, roses, and chrysanthemums, in profusion; but, what was certainly not attractive, flower-beds and walks alike in a state more slovenly and unweeded than a cottager in England could bear to see even his humble cabbage or potato grounds.

It was a fatiguing day, though we drove the greater part of the time. Even the coachman seemed to take an interest in our success, descrying many an *affiche* in out-of-the-way corners, several of them promising enough; and stopping occasionally of his own accord to inquire particulars as to whether the house to let were *au premier* or *au second*—yet when receiving his fare, made no demand for a *pourboire!* While every now and then, some citizen or citizeness, or some *concierge* or *portier* arrested our progress to say he or she, or their master or mistress, or the dame or monsieur on one of the numerous *étages* of the *maison*, had 'un très joli appartement à louer, tout exposé au midi.' In spite of all such voluntary auxiliaries and house agents to boot, I found it very difficult to make a choice. One house had not enough of sun. Another was in too dusty a locality. This, with its superb view, had too fatiguing a staircase. That on the *rez-de-chaussée* was sunk and gloomy. Some rents were absurdly high. Here the rooms gay with white tinted paper and fresh paint, were still redolent of odours that conveyed a suspicion of bad drainage. There in the midst of a fragrant flowery garden they were sure to swarm with mosquitoes. This suite had too many apartments. That too few. Some were only to be had on condition the proprietor should be allowed to provide board as well. One retired *institutrice*, with more the air and manner of a professed London lodging-house keeper than a kindly and dignified teacher of *jeunes demoiselles*, hinted her expectations, poor woman! that

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whoever took her rooms, where old china teacups, mugs, and vases, usurped every table-top or other space available for books, should turn over their children forthwith to her sole tuition in music and French. Once on dismounting at a large house with inviting garden, we found the portion to let was *au belvédère,* a sort of after-thought erection on the roof, with a broad balcony trying in vain to cheat it out of its garret-like aspect.

The complacent air with which the good people who showed us their houses, threw open the room doors exclaiming—when perhaps a single sunbeam only, slanted in from the upper panes of a window—*Voilà le soleil,* was too ridiculous; while one got almost provoked to hear its blessed light and warmth when they streamed full into an apartment, classed in the same list of special advantages as were new carpets, sofas, and chairs, and held out as a reason for asking an exorbitant rent. Lodgings, comprising *salon,* a closet or ante-room, guiltless of stove or fire-place, but dignified by the name of *salle-à-manger;* and two or three bed-rooms, with little dreary, dingy kitchens looking north; vary in price from twelve hundred to two thousand francs the season. Some with rather less accommodation are to be had lower. Villas close to the town with grounds nicely laid out, coach-house and stables, let at six or seven thousand francs. Quite in the country rents are more moderate, and even in town you may get a small detached house at the same rate as a good suite of apartments.

Though of course there are many worthy exceptions, the houses devoted to letting purposes in Nice, are upon the whole, not so comfortable as they might or ought to be. The sun warps and shrinks the woodwork of the casements so that they never fit close, above, below, at hinges, or at fastenings; giving free ingress, not only to little draughts of keen fresh air, but on very windy days to great puffs of flour-like dust; especially when a heavy vehicle passing stirs up the powdery mass on the unwatered streets. The folding doors in similar manner, even when by way of being shut, remain with sulky and obstinate divisions between them, rendering a tall many-leaved screen indispensable to all persons disliking the sensation of being blown upon by numerous pairs of invisible bellows. Mirrors with chipped or tarnished gilding—walls with plaster knocked off, and paper torn by the migratory propensities of huge iron hooks and nails used in propping up the said mirrors—ricketty furniture, though perhaps hung in purple and gold—handsome marble chimney-pieces, in danger of falling asunder from the want of a little mason-craft—or some equally conspicuous dilapidation, cause one to look with rather illnatured eyes on the houses almost all painted outside in a coarse imitation of fresco, and the gay-coloured ceilings within, and to wish that part of the time and money spent thereon, had been dedicated to more simple uses. The house-fronts present almost universally a plain smooth surface, from which, nevertheless, helmeted Minervas, turbaned Saracens, dragons, griffins, sphynxes, and other creatures more strictly zoological, stare at you; harps and lyres hang mute between swans and eagles; wreaths of flowers stretch from one window sill to another—baskets of fruit rest upon equally deceptive marble cornices; here balustrades, columns, or statues in niches, with dark shaded backgrounds, look tolerably real; and there, imaginary open casements with jalousies and looped-up curtains, enliven a blank wall. When the building is handsome and fresh, this style of decoration is perhaps not so entirely out of place, but it only adds to the forlorn aspect of old and shabby houses with doors and venetians alike faded and sun-blistered; and at best the paint-brush on stone is a poor substitute for the chisel. Within, heathen goddesses in vivid drapery, muses or graces, modern pendules, palettes, easels, picture-frames, classic busts, antique lamps and vases, birds, fruit, flowers, the signs of the zodiac, Cupid's torch, and flaming hearts transfixed by arrows, help to make up the odd jumble of gaudy devices depicted on the ceilings in general. Those of some spacious, lofty *salons* are

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better imagined and finished, but small rooms are usually too low for this pretentious method of ornament to look otherwise than heavy and glaring, especially when so little taste is shown in either design or execution. In many vestibules the arched ceilings are more agreeably painted in sober grey or pale brown, and have a nice cool effect; while the lights and shades are managed so cleverly in some cornices, that it is difficult at first to tell them from actual mouldings. The overloading of colour is the worst thing; red, blue, green, and saffron butterflies, among pine-branches and garlands of nondescript foliage, keep rigid watch with turtle-doves and canary birds, over our expatriated household gods, for after many perplexities, consultations, and hesitations, our quest did come to a successful end at last.

E. H. M.

SWORD AND GOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY LIVINGSTONE.'

Chapter XXI.

It was past nightfall when Major Keene returned to Dorade. As he drove past the hotel where the Tresilyans lodged, he looked up at the windows of their apartments, and was somewhat surprised to see no light there; but no suspicion of the truth crossed his mind. He had made all preparations for the intended flight with his habitual skill and foresight. The Levantine steamer left Marseilles early on the third morning from this; and relays were so ordered along the road, as to prevent the possibility of being overtaken, and just to hit the hour of the vessel's sailing. So far everything seemed to promise favourably for the accomplishment of his purposes; and Royston could not have explained even to himself the reason of his feeling so moody and discontented. He went straight to his own rooms, without looking in at the Molyneux's; for he was heated and travel-stained; and under such circumstances, was wont to postpone the greeting of friends to the exigencies of the toilette. This was scarcely concluded, when his servant brought him Mark Waring's card, with a request pencilled on it for an immediate interview.

Even the Cool Captain started perceptibly when he read the name: he was well acquainted with the episode connected with it; for Cecil had kept back none of her secrets from him, and this was among the earliest confidences. *Then* he had felt no inclination to sneer; but now his lip began to curl cynically.

'*Caramba!*' he muttered; 'the plot begins to thicken. What brings the old lover *en scène?* I hope he does not mean to make himself disagreeable. I haven't time to quarrel just now; and besides, it would worry Cecil. Well—we'll find out what he wants. Tell Mr. Waring that I am disengaged, and shall be happy to see him.'

Royston advanced to meet his visitor, with a manner that was perfectly courteous, though it retained a tinge of haughty surprise.

'I cannot guess to what I am indebted for this pleasure,' he said. 'Pardon me if I ask you to explain your object as briefly as possible. I have much to do this evening, and my time is hardly my own.'

Waring gazed fixedly at the speaker for a few seconds, before he replied. Like most of his profession, he was an acute physiognomist; and in that brief space, he fathomed much of the character of the man who had rivalled him successfully. He confessed honestly to himself, that there were grounds, if not excuse, for Cecil's infatuation; but he shrank from thinking of the danger which she had escaped so narrowly.

'Yes, I will be as brief as possible,' Mark answered, at length. 'Neither of us will be tempted to prolong this interview unnecessarily. I have promised to deliver a letter

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to you; and when you have read it, I shall have but very few words to say.'

A stronger proof than Keene had ever yet given of superhuman control over his emotions, was the fact that, neither by quivering of eyelid, change of colour, or motion of muscle, did he betray the faintest astonishment or concern, as he took the letter from Waring, and recognised Cecil's hand on the cover. It was not a long epistle, for it scarcely extended beyond two sides of a note-sheet: the writing was hurried, and in places almost illegible: it had entirely lost the firm, even character which usually distinguished it, from which a very moderate graphiologist might have drawn successful auguries. Perhaps this was the reason that Royston read it through twice, slowly. As he did so his countenance altered fearfully; the deadly white look of dangerous passion overspread it all; and his eyes began to lighten. Yet he spoke calmly—

'You knew of this being written?'

'I am happy to say I was more than passively conscious of it,' Mark replied; 'I did all in my power to bring about the result that you are now made aware of; and I thank God that I did not fail.'

While the other was speaking, Royston was tearing up the paper he held into the smallest shreds, and dropping them one by one. The act might have been involuntary, but seemed to have a savage viciousness about it, as if a living thing were being tortured by those cruel fingers. (The poor letter!—whatever its faults might have been, it surely deserved a better fate: it was doubtless not a model of composition: but some of the epistles which have moved us most in our time, either for joy or sorrow, might not in this respect emulate Montague or Chapone.) Still he controlled himself with a mighty effort, enough to ask, steadily, 'Were you weary of your life to have done all this, and then come here to tell me so?'

Waring laughed drearily.

'Weary? So weary, that if it had not been for scruples you cannot understand, I would have got rid of it long ago. But I need not inflict my confidences on you; and I don't choose to see the drift of your question.'

The devil had so thoroughly by this time possessed Royston Keene, that even his voice was changed into a hoarse, guttural whisper.

'I asked because I mean to kill you.'

Mark's gaze met the savage eyes that gleamed like a famished panther's, with an expression too calm for defiance, though there might have been perhaps a shade of contempt.

'Of course I shall guard my own life as best I may, either here or elsewhere; but I do not apprehend it is in great danger. There is an old proverb about "threatened men;" they are not killed so easily, as women are betrayed. Beyond the simplest self-defence, I warn you that I shall not resent any insult or attack. I will not meet you in the field; and—as for any personal struggle—I don't think that even you would like to make Cecil Tresilyan the occasion for a broil, that might suit two drunken peasants.'

Though shorter by half a head, and altogether cast in a less colossal mould, as he stood there, with his square, well-knit frame, and bold Saxon face, he looked no contemptible antagonist to confront the swarthy giant. In utter insensibility to fear, and carelessness of consequences (so far as they could affect a steady resolve), the Cool Captain had met his match at last. Even then, in the crisis of his stormy passion, he was able to appreciate a hardihood so congenial to his own character; pondering upon these things afterwards, he always confessed that at this juncture, and indeed all throughout, his opponent had very much the best of it. Ferocity and violence seemed puerile and out of place when contrasted with that tranquil audacity. He covered his eyes with his hand for a moment or so, and when he raised his face it had recovered its natural impassibility, though the ghastly pallor still remained. Besides, the truth of Waring's last words struck him forcibly. He muttered under his breath, 'By G—d, he's right *there*, at all events;' then he said aloud—

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'Well, it appears you wont fight; so there is little more to be said between us. You think you can thwart my purposes, or mould them as you like. We'll try it. I told you I had many things to do to-night: I have one more than I dreamt of on hand. I wish to be alone.'

Mark gazed wistfully at the speaker, without stirring from his seat.

'I know what your intention is, perfectly well. You mean to follow her. I believe it would be quite in vain; you have misjudged Cecil Tresilyan, if you fancy that she would alter her determination twice. But you might give her great pain, and compromise her more cruelly than you have done already. There are obstacles now in your way that you could not encounter without causing open scandal. Her brother's suspicions are fairly roused by this time, and he cannot help doing his duty: he may be weak and credulous, but he is no coward. There is no fear of further interference from me: my part is played. But I do beseech you to pause. Supposing the very worst—that you could still succeed in persuading Cecil to her ruin—are you prepared deliberately to accept the consequences of the crime? You are far more experienced in such matters than I: do you know a single instance of such guilt being accomplished, where *both*, before the year was ended, did not wish it undone? I do not pretend to be interested about your future; but I believe I am speaking now, as your dearest friend might speak. You both delude yourselves miserably, if you think that Cecil could live under disgrace. I do you so much justice—you would find it unendurable to see her withering away day by day, with no prospect before her but a hopeless death. In God's name, draw back while there is time. It is only a sharp struggle, and self-command and self-denial will come. Loneliness is bitter to bear: *I* know that: but what is manhood worth, if it cannot bear its burdens? I have put everything on the lowest grounds; and I will ask you one question more—you might guard her from some suffering, by hiding her from the world's scorn—could you guard yourself against satiety?'

He spoke without a trace of anger or animosity, and the grave, kind tones made some way in the winding avenues leading to Royston's heart. Besides this, the last word struck the chord of the misgiving that had haunted him ever since he proposed the flight, and had already made him half repent it. But the fortress did not yet surrender.

'All this while, you have had some idea of improving your own position with Cecil. It is natural enough: yet I fancy you will find yourself mistaken there.'

Instead of flushing at the taunt, Waring's face grew paler, and there shot across it a sharp spasm of pain.

'So, you cannot understand disinterestedness?' he said. 'Before I ventured on interference, I was aware of the certain consequences, and weighed them all. Miss Tresilyan thought she had done me some wrong; and I trusted to her generosity to help me when I spoke for the Right. But I knew that the spell could only be used once, and that the cancelled debt could not be revived. I shall never speak to her—perhaps never see her—on earth again. Do you imagine I love her less for that? Hear this—I suppose I have as much pride as most men; but I would kneel down here and set your foot on my neck, if I thought the humiliation would save her one iota of shame or sorrow.'

Keene was fairly vanquished. He was filled with a great contempt for his own guilty passion, compared with the pure self-sacrifice of Mark's simple chivalry. He raised his eyes from the ground, on which they had been bent gloomily while the other was speaking, and answered without hesitation—

'I owe you some amends for much that has been said to-night; and I will not keep you in suspense a moment unnecessarily. I shall leave Dorade to-morrow; but it will not be to follow Cecil Tresilyan. More than this: if there is any chance of our meeting hereafter, on my honour, I will avoid it. I wish many things could be unsaid and undone; but nothing has occurred that is past remedy. As far as any future intentions of mine are concerned, I

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swear she is as safe as if she were my sister.'

Waring drew a long breath, as if a ponderous weight had been lifted from his chest. 'I believe you,' he said simply: then he rose to go. He had almost reached the door, when he turned suddenly and stretched out his hand. It was a perfectly unaccountable and perhaps involuntary impulse; for he still could not absolve the other from dark and heavy guilt. The Major held it for a few seconds in a gripe that would have paralysed weaker fingers; even Mark's tough joints and muscles were long in forgetting it. He muttered these words between his teeth as he let it go—'*You* were worthy of her.'

So the interview ended—in peace.

Nevertheless, there was little peace that night for Royston Keene: he passed it alone; how, no mortal can know; but the next morning his appearance fully bore out the truth of the ancient aphorism, 'There is no rest for the wicked.' His face was set in the stoniest calmness; but the features were haggard and drawn, and fresh lines and furrows were there, deeper than should have been engraved by half a score of years. A violent, passionate nature does not lightly resign the one object of its aims and desires. Larches and firs will bear moving, cautiously; for they are well-regulated plants, and natives of a frigid zone; but transplanting rarely succeeds in the tropics.

Harry Molyneux came to his friend's apartments early on the following day, in a very uncomfortable and perplexed frame of mind. In the first place, he was sensible of that depression of spirits, which is always the portion of those who are left behind, when any social circle is broken up, by the removal of its principal elements. There is no such nuisance, as having to stay and put the lights out. Besides this, he was quite uncertain in what temper Royston would be found; and apprehended some desperate outbreak from the latter, which would bring things, already sufficiently complicated, into a more perilous coil.

Keene's first abrupt words, in part, reassured him. 'Well, it is all over; and I am going straight back to England.'

Harry felt so relieved that he forgot to be considerate: he could not repress his exultation. 'Is it really all over? I am so very glad!'

'And I am not sorry,' was the reply. The speaker probably persuaded himself that he was uttering the truth; but the dreary, hopeless expression of his stricken face gave his words the lie. It cut deep into Molyneux's kind heart; he felt more painfully than he had ever done, the difficulty of reconciling his evident duty with the demand of an ancient friendship; on the whole, a guilty consciousness of treachery predominated. He was discreet enough to forbear all questions, and it was not till long afterwards that he heard an outline of part of what had happened in the past night; it was told in a letter from Miss Tresilyan to his wife. Had he been more inquisitive, his curiosity would scarcely have been gratified. Keene guarded the secrets of others more jealously than he kept his own; and he would have despised himself for revealing one of Cecil's, even to his old comrade, without her knowledge and leave. If the feeling which prompted such reticence was not a high and delicate sense of honour, it was, at least, a very efficient substitute for a profitable virtue.

'You go to England?' Molyneux went on, after a brief pause; 'when do you start? and what do you mean to do?'

Royston looked up, and saw his own discontent reflected in the countenance of his faithful subaltern; he knew he had found there the sympathy that he was too proud to ask of any living man.

'I start to-night,' he replied; 'so you see I have no time to lose. I can hardly tell you what I mean to do, Hal. Do you remember what we said about the best way of spending our resources? Well—I have broken into my last large note; and I suppose I must get rid somehow of the change.'

Harry's answer was not very ready, nor very distinct when it came. 'I wish—I wish, I could help you!'

For one moment, there returned

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to Keene's disciplined face, a good, natural expression, which had been a stranger there since the days of his hot youth; when he first went forth to buckle with the world—frank, and honest, and fearless; his voice, too, softened, almost to tenderness.

'Old friend, the time has come to say good bye. Our roads have been the same—for longer than I like to think of: but henceforth they must lie so far apart, that I doubt if they will ever cross again. You will see me off, I know; but I may not be able to say then, a dozen words that I should be sorry to leave unsaid. I'll do you this justice—in no one instance have I ever seen you flinch, when I wanted your help; though often you had no object of your own to serve. I believe no man ever had a cheerier comrade, or a better backer. I don't like you the worse for standing aloof during the last five weeks. I never had one unpleasant word from you; but if any of mine have vexed or offended you—see now—I ask your forgiveness, from the bottom of my heart.'

It is no shame to Harry's manhood that he could not answer intelligibly; but ten sentences of elaborate sentiment would hardly have been so eloquent, as the pressure of his honest hand.

Later in the day, Keene went to take leave of *La Mignonne*. He did so with pain and reluctance. Men, utterly hard and merciless towards their own species, have been very fond of their pets, even when these last belonged to an inferior order of creation. Couthon would fondle his spaniel while he was signing a sheaf of death-warrants; and the Prophet, who could contemplate placidly a dozen cities in flames, and watch human hecatombs falling under the sword of Omar or Ali, cut off the sleeve of his robe, rather than disturb a favourite cat in her slumbers.

Nevertheless, when two people agree to ignore, carefully, the one subject that is uppermost in the thoughts of both, the result must be an uncomfortable constraint and reserve. So the adieus, up to a certain point, were rather formal. But, just as he was going, the same impulse overcame Royston which had affected him in his interview with Harry Molyneux. Considering that the age of miracles is past, it was remarkable, that, twice in one day, the Cool Captain should have approached so near to the verge of sentimentalism.

'I hope that I shall see you again before long,' he said; 'but nothing seems certain—not even the meeting of friends. I wish to thank you now, for some pleasant days and evenings. You have brought a good deal of sunshine into my life, since I knew you first. I like to think, that neither in deed or intention, I have ever deliberately done you or Harry any harm. I hope you will go on taking as much care of him, and making him as perfectly happy, as you have done. Perhaps I have vexed you both, lately; but all that is over; and I fancy the punishment will be proportionate to the offence, before it is ended. Farewell. Don't forget me sooner than you can help; and while you do remember me, think of me as kindly as you can.'

He leant over her as he finished speaking, and his lips just brushed her smooth forehead. When Charles the Martyr embraced his children an hour before his death, they received no purer or more sinless kiss. A sob choked Fanny's voice when she would have replied; and the beautiful brown eyes were so dim with rushing tears, that they never saw him go.

Keene's last visit in Dorade was to the Vicomte de Châteaumesnil. The latter manifested no surprise at the sudden departure, and expressed his regrets with a perfectly calm courtesy. But, at the moment of leavetaking, he detained the other's hand for a second or so, and said, looking wistfully in his face,—

'Ainsi, vous partez—seul? Je ne l'aurais pas cru; et, je l'avoue franchement, ça me contrarie. N'importe; je connois votre jeu; et je ne vous tiens pas pour battu, quand c'est manche à. Ce serait une betise, de dire—"au revoir." Adieu; amusez vous bien.'

Royston shook his head impatiently; he was too proud, to save his credit by dissembling a defeat; and his reply was quick and decisive.

'Vous me flattez, M. le Vicomte

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Quand on perd, on doit au moins l'avouer loyalement, et payer l'enjeu. Cette fois j'ai tant perdu, que je ne prendrai pas la revanche.'

Not another word was exchanged between them; but Armand had accepted repulses in his time, with more equanimity than he could muster when ruminating afterwards on the discomfiture of Royston Keene.

Some days later the subject was discussed at the Cercle; and one of the *habitués* hazarded several cunning conjectures, and more than cynical surmises. (Did you ever hear a thoroughly profligate Frenchman sneer a woman's character away? It is almost worth while overcoming your disgust to listen to the diabolical ingenuity of his inuendoes. The scandal of our bitterest dowagers sounds charitable by comparison.) The savage outbreak of the Algerian's temper, that every one had long been expecting, came at last—with a vengeance.

'Tu mens, canaille! C'est le meilleur éloge de M. Keene, que les manans, comme toi, ne puissent le comprendre. Quand à Mademoiselle—elle vaut mille fois tes sœurs, et ta mère. Si tu as le cœur de pousser l'affaire, je te donnerai raison sur mes béquilles. Pour le pistolet, ma main n'est pas encore percluse.'

He held it out, as steady and strong as it was in the old days, when it could sway the sabre from dawn to twilight, and never know weariness.

If the other persuaded himself that consideration for the invalid's infirmities made him patient under the insult, his friends were less romantically credulous: the stigma of that night cleaves to him still. Brazen it out as he may, the hang-dog look remains, telling us that the barriers have been at least once broken down which separate the man from the serf. There would be, perhaps, less mischief abroad, if slander were always so promptly and amply avenged.

Chapter XXII.

Not long after the events here recorded, came a time that we all remember right well; when, without note of preparation, the war-trumpets sounded from the East and the North; when Europe woke up, like a giant refreshed, from the slumber of a forty years' peace, and took down disused weapons from the wall, and donned a rusted armour.

It was a time rife with romantic episodes; and, as such seasons must ever be, fraught with peril to the prudence of womankind. There was perpetual recurrence of the striking antithesis which happened at Brussels before Waterloo, when the roll of the distant cannon at Quatre Bras mingled with the music of the Duchess's ball. The coldest reserve is apt to melt rapidly, and the most skilful coquetry is brought to bay, when opposed to pleading urged, possibly, for the last time. Those were days of rebuke and blasphemy to 'the gentlemen of England who sate at home at ease;' and even the Foreign Office 'irresistibles' could hardly hold their own. What chance have the honeyed words of the accomplished civilian against the simple eloquence of the soldier, who speaks with his life in his hand? Truly there were many conquests then achieved of which the world knew nothing, for the victor never came back to claim his prize.

When the funeral of the Great Duke went by, it was easy to find fault with some of the details of that pretentious pageant; but which of us was cool enough to criticise, on the grey February morning, when the Guards marched out? There were practised veterans enough to be found in their ranks; and each of these, perhaps, could number some who loved him dearly; but none in the column won such hearty sympathy as those 'trim subalterns, holding their swords daintily,' who went forth to their doom gaily and gallantly, as if pestilence were not lying in ambush at fever-stricken Varna, and lines of hungry graves waiting for their prey in the bleak Chersonese. Surely there were sadder faces at home than any that lined the road; and the anxious crowd at the station represented very inadequately the 'girls they left behind them.'

When the first certain rumours of war prevailed, Royston Keene

was shooting woodcocks in the Hebrides; he hastened back to town without a moment's delay. We know how quick and unerring, on such occasions, is the instinct of the Rapacidæ. His object was to get on the active service list as soon as possible. With his powerful interest and high reputation, this was not difficult; and he was soon gazetted to a Light Cavalry regiment. But he did not go out with the first detachments, and the summer was far advanced when he reached the Crimea.

There was great jubilation at his coming. Many, out there, knew him personally, well; and others rejoiced at having the opportunity of judging for themselves if he really deserved his fame. It soon became apparent that the Cool Captain was strangely altered. To be sure, the opportunities for general conviviality were few; for mess-rooms and ante-rooms were phantoms of the imagination, or only pleasant memories; still, there was a certain amount of agreeable though select *réunions*, where the vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy were sufficiently replaced by regulation rum. At these Royston appeared rarely, and when he did show there, was remarkably silent, and apt to let a favourable opportunity, even for a sarcasm, go by. He seemed to prefer the solitude of his own tent to the most tempting inducements of society. Men remembered afterwards how, if they went in and found him alone, he was always busy with his revolver, or playing with his sabre. He had refused two advantageous offers of staff appointments, for no apparent reason, except the desire not to be out of the way if any work were to be done; and scarcely a day passed when he was not up at Head-quarters, trying to find out if there was any chance of a break in the long inaction of the Cavalry. Whether it was that the old blood-thirstiness had waked again in a congenial atmosphere, or whether a great weariness weighing on his spirits made him so impatient and restless—none can know for certain. Again I say, let us not sift motives too inquisitively.

It is the morning of the 25th of October, and a lull comes between the storm-gusts. The 'Heavies' have just taken up their position, after that magnificent charge, in which the Russian lancers were scattered, like dead leaves in autumn when the wind is blowing freshly. There are murmurs of discontent running through the ranks of the Light Brigade: it seems as if *their* chance was never coming. One of his intimates grumbles as much to Royston Keene. The Cool Captain straightens a stray lock of his charger's mane, and answers with his old provoking smile—

'Don't fret yourself, George. I have a presentiment that we shall get rid of the "fidgets" before we sleep. See—*that* looks like business.'

It seemed as if a spirit of prophecy possessed him; for, even while he was speaking, the aide-de-camp came down at speed. There was a pause while that message was delivered, the exact words of which will never be known—for you cannot summon the dead as witnesses; then a brief hesitation, and a dozen sentences exchanged between the first and second in command; and then—every trooper in the Brigade understood what he had to do. Many drew true and evil augury, from the cloud lowering on the stern features of the 'Haughty Earl.'

Keene had been under fire oftener than most there, and his practised eye took in and appreciated every item of the peril; nevertheless, his brow cleared, and all his face lighted up strangely.

'What did I tell you, young one?' he said to the man who had addressed him just before: 'it will be warmer work than the old Phœnix field-days; but one comfort is, it wont last so long.'

Before the words were fairly uttered, the trumpets rang out; and, with a gayer laugh on his lip than it had worn for many a day, the Cool Captain led his squadron gallantly into Aceldama.

We will not describe the charge. Enthusiasts are not wanting, who would rather have ridden in it than have won the highest distinction to which civilians can aspire. Who dares to object that it was not ultimately successful? Such a taunt has never been weighed in the

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balance against the glories of Thermopylæ. I frequently meet in society one of the Paladins of that fatal Roncesvalles. In private life he has few peculiarities, except a tendency to engage in each and every game of chance, and a perfect monomania for waltzing. Yet I regard him with an immense respect and reverence, that the object of the feeling would be the last to understand. I think of the awful peril out of which the delicate, feminine face has come without a scar; and I protest I would no more dream of speaking to him angrily or slightingly, than I would venture to discourse about the Derby to the Bishop of O——, or to offer to that dignified prelate the current odds against the favourite. Rely upon it, in many Homes of England (if the Manchesterians leave them standing), there will be one family portrait that our children will most delight to honour. Pointing out to strangers the crowning glory of their house, they will pass by grave effigies of lawyers, ecclesiastics, and statesmen, and pause opposite to a martial figure, dressed in the uniform of a Light Dragoon. All his ancestors shall give precedence to the simple soldier, who rode that day in the van of the Six Hundred.

Yes, we will leave that charge alone. The most hackneyed of professional *littérateurs* might shrink from sitting down to his writing-desk, to make merchandize of such a 'deed of *derring-do*.' Nevertheless, Royston Keene bore his part in it manfully; and the troopers talk yet of the feats of skill and strength wrought by his sabre.

The immunity from dangers of shot and steel, for which he had been always remarkable, did not seem to have deserted him; for he had come out of the batteries without a scratch, and had fought his way through more than one knot and peloton of the enemy, with no scathe beyond a slight flesh-wound. In one of these encounters he had got separated from such remnants of his squadron as still held together (you know even regiments lost their unity in that terrible *mêlée*); the only man who kept near him was his covering-sergeant. All this while, the fire from the Russian guns on the hill-side grew heavier and heavier, and the cruel grape-shot ripped through the mingled masses of friends and foes; making sudden unsightly gaps here and there, just as may be seen in a field of ripe corn 'laid' by the lashing hail. The good horse on which Keene was mounted had not been out from England long enough to suffer materially in wind or limb; he was in very fair condition, and had carried his master splendidly so far, with equal luck in escaping any serious injury. Five hundred yards more would have placed them in safety, within the position, where the Heavy Brigade was already moving up to cover the retreat of their comrades; when The Templar, going at top-speed, pitched suddenly forwards, as a ship does when she founders; and, after rolling once half over his rider, lay still, with limbs just faintly quivering. Two grape-shot, making one wound, had crashed right into his chest, and through the heart.

His covering-sergeant was within three lengths of Royston when the latter went down: he pulled up and sprang down instantly, and was by his officer's side in a second, trying to extricate him.

'Hold up, Major,' he said cheerily; 'that's nothing. Take my horse. He'll carry you in; and I can manage well enough.'

The strong soldier reeled, from sheer weakness, as he was speaking; for the blood was spouting in dark-red jets from a ghastly cut in his bridle arm: yet he seemed to see nothing in his offer but a simple act of duty; though men have won a place in history for meaner self-sacrifice. One of the most remarkable peculiarities about the Cool Captain, was the hold he maintained over the affections and impulses of those with whom he was brought in contact, without any visible reason for such influence. He was the strictest possible disciplinarian; and his demeanour towards his subordinates was consistently dictatorial; yet the present case was only one instance of the enthusiasm with which they regarded him.

Keene looked up at the speaker

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wistfully, from where he lay; and his face softened in its set sternness.

'You're a good fellow, Davis,' he said, 'but I would not avail myself of your generosity if I could. I can't take much credit for refusing it. My thigh is broken; and I am hurt besides. I couldn't keep the saddle for ten seconds. Draw my right gauntlet off, and take my ring; you deserve it better than the Cossacks. Keep it as long as you like; it will always bring you a fifty, if you get hard up. And take *this* too.' He put his hand into the breast of his uniform; but drew it back quickly. 'No: it shall stay with me while I live.'

His tone and manner were just the same as if he had met with a heavy fall, out hunting, and were answering some good-natured friend who had stopped to pick him up.

The trooper took the ring; but he lingered still. Royston saw a knot of the enemy sweeping down on them, like ravens on a stag wounded to the death; his voice resumed its wonted accent of irresistible command.

'Did you hear what I said? I told you to go. Those devils will be down on us in less than a minute. I have not fired one barrel of my revolver, and I'm good for one or two of them, yet.'

The habit of obedience, more than the instinct of self-preservation, made Davis mount and ride away without another word. He looked back, though, as he did so. He heard three distinct reports from Keene's revolver; two of the enemy's skirmishers dropped to the shots, and the third wavered in his saddle; the rest closed round the fallen man with levelled lances. The stout sergeant looked back no more; but he set his teeth hard, and turned out of his way to encounter a stray Russian, and laid the foeman's face open from eyebrow to lip with an awful blasphemy.

The spot where Royston fell was so near to the British lines that those who slaughtered him dared not stay for plunder. Half an hour later, Davis and two more volunteers went out and brought in the mangled body of the best swordsman in the Light Brigade.

Chapter XXIII.

Not dead yet.

Though the bloody M spearmen thought they left behind them, and though geons who examined him that he could not survive tl the obstinate vitality in Keene still lingered on, re yield to wounds that mig drained the life out of thre men. It seemed as if some doom were upon him, sucl laid on the Black Slave Arabian Nights, loved by chantress-queen; or on Durii the old romance; where the spirit, enthralled by poten was withheld for a season fro ture, though its tenement shattered and ruined. E from the first was utterly h and his bodily helplessness almost resembled catalepsy; faculties were quite clear. E recognise his friends, and t them quite composedly: complaint never once issue his lips. They sent him d Scutari at last—not with a of his recovery, but wishing sure him all available com his dying moments.

It was a rough passage (invalids the cruel Euxine h mercy): this, and the pain sport through the few hundre that were between the vessel hospital, almost exhausted th of Royston's strength. Wh laid him down on the bed to him, in a small room off th ward, of which he was to sole tenant, none of the s could have told if they were with life or death. Work heavy on their hands at that d season, that they could not more than a certain space of p time to any one patient; so, aft ing all means and appliance covery in vain, they left Keer while in his swoon. It seeme he never would open his eyes

They unclosed slowly at la dim with the deathly faintnes head was dizzy and confuse in his ears there was a dull, d sound, like the murmur of a c sea. As objects and sound

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sumed more distinctness, he became aware of the figure of a woman sitting on the ground by the side of his couch—her head buried in her hands—rocking herself ever to and fro, and never pausing in her low, heartbroken wail. If old tales speak truth, such a figure might be seen in dark corners of haunted houses; and such a wail might echo at dead of night through chambers conscious of some fearful crime. Instinct, more than reason, revealed to Royston the truth.

The lips that under the thrusts of Russian lances, and through all subsequent tortures, had guarded so jealously the secret of his agony, could not repress a groan, as they syllabled the name of—Cecil Tresilyan.

It was so. The brilliant beauty who, for two seasons had ruled the world in which she moved so imperiously—insatiate of conquest and defying rivalry—the delicate *aristocrate*, who from her childhood had been used to every imaginable luxury, and had appreciated them all—was found again, here, in the grey robe of a Sister of Charity, content to endure real, bitter hardships, and to witness, daily, sights from which womanhood, with all its bravery, must needs recoil.

The motives that had urged her to such a step would be hard indeed to define. The same weariness and impatience of inaction, that have been alluded to in the case of Royston Keene, may have had much to do with it; to this, perhaps, was added a feeling of wild remorse, seeking to vent itself in self-torturing penance, such as impelled kings and conquerors in old days to don the palmer's gown, and macerate their bodies by fast and scourge; there may have been, too, some vague, unacknowledged longing, to seize the last chance of seeing her lost love once again. Might she not tend *him* as she nursed the other wounded, without adding to the weight of her sin? If she ever entertained such an idea, her punishment may well have atoned for her offence, when she came suddenly and unprepared into that sick chamber, and looked upon the mangled wreck lying senseless there.

Royston spoke first. 'What brought you here?' If it was possible that he could feel anything like terror, surely the hollow, tremulous voice betrayed it then.

Cecil Tresilyan sprang to her feet as if an electric shock had moved her, and stood gazing at him with her great, desolate, tearless eyes: all her misery could not make them hard or haggard, nor dispel their marvellous enchantment. Royston marked the impulse that would have drawn her to his side, and threw out one weak hand to warn her off; with the other he tried to cover his own scarred, ghastly face. 'Don't come near me,' he muttered; 'I can't bear it.' Her woman's instinct fathomed his meaning instantly: he thought that even *she* must shrink from him. She laughed out loud (for her brain was almost turning) as she knelt down and raised his head on her arm, and smoothed his matted hair, and kissed the death-damp from his forehead, murmuring between the caresses, 'You dare not keep me from you. Do you think that *I* fear you, my own—my own!'

The glory of a great triumph—grand, even if sinful—lighted up the face of the dying man; and intense passion made even his voice strong and steady. 'I believe *this* is better than the paradise we dreamed of, in the island of the Greek Sea!'

Without a moment's pause the sweet, sad voice replied—

'Yes, it is better. *Then* I should have died first, and hopelessly. *Now* there is no guilt between us that may not be forgiven.'

Silence lasted, till Royston gathered energy to speak again.

'You remember the glove? See—I have not parted with it yet.' He drew from his breast a case of steel links hung round his neck by a chain: it held Cecil's gauntlet—stained and stiffened with his blood. That was the treasure he would not resign when he lay on the ground, waiting for the Russian lances. 'You did not think that I should forget you, because I never answered your letter?'

As had happened once before, a portion of his fortitude and self-command seemed transfused into Cecil Tresilyan. She spoke quite steadily now.

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'How could I misjudge your silence, when I begged you not to write? I have been very miserable, thinking how angry you would be; and yet I could not help what I did. But I never fancied you had forgotten me. Forgetting is not so easy. Now tell me about yourself. I have heard of that glorious charge. But those terrible wounds—how you must have suffered!'

Out of the dim, glazing eyes flashed for one moment, a gleam of soldierly pride. 'Yes, we rode straight, on the twenty-fifth—I amongst the rest. I suppose I have suffered some pain, but that is all past and gone. I am sensible of nothing but the happiness of holding your little hand once more. See—I can hold it without shame, for my fingers have not pressed those of any woman alive, since we parted.'

She saw how the utterance of those few words told upon him; and refrained from the delight of listening longer to the voice, that was still to her inexpressibly dear. So she checked him, when he would have gone on speaking. Yet the silence that ensued was first broken by Cecil.

'My own! I fear—I fear, that you are in great danger. How long we may *both* have to suffer, God alone can tell. But will you not see a clergyman? He might help you, though I am weak and powerless.'

A shadow of the old sardonic scorn swept across Keene's emaciated face, and passed away as suddenly. 'It is somewhat late for any help that priests can bring. Besides, I cannot dwell now on any of my past sins, save one. All my thoughts are taken up with the wrong that I have done to you.'

This was true. If there were reproachful phantoms that had a right to haunt Royston's death-bed, the living presence kept them all at bay.

Cecil's eyes had never been more eloquent than they were then; but they spoke of nothing but despair.

'Ah, heaven! cannot you see, that all *I* have to forgive has been forgiven long ago? What is to become of me, if you die hardened in your sin? Must I live on, *hoping* that we are parted for ever? If you are pitiless to your own soul—have mercy, at least, upon me!'

All Royston's former crimes seemed to him venial by comparison, as he witnessed the misery and abasement of the glorious creature on whom he had brought such sorrow, if not shame. The remorse that a strong will and hard heart had stifled so long, found voice at last in three muttered words—'God forgive me!'

A very niggardly and inadequate expression of contrition—was it not? conceded to a life whose sins outnumbered its years. Yet the slight thread of hope drawn therefrom has been able, since, to hold back Cecil Tresilyan from the abyss of utter desperation. She forbore to press him further then, seeing his increasing weakness, and trusting, perhaps, that a more favourable opportunity would come.

Indeed, there were a thousand things to be said about the past, in which both had borne a part, and the future, in which only one could share; but Royston had estimated rightly the extent of his remaining physical resources; and, when he found how each syllable exhausted him, he became as chary of his words as a miser of his gold. His right hand still grasped hers, firmly; and her delicate cheek was pillowed on his shoulder; the fingers of his other hand played gently with a long, glossy chestnut tress that had escaped from the prison of the close cap she wore. So they remained, for a long time—no sound passing between them, beyond half-formed whispers of endearment: no one came in to molest them: there was work enough and to spare, that night, for all in Scutari. The thought of interruption never crossed Cecil's mind for an instant. Always careless and defiant of conventionality, or the world's opinion, she was tenfold more reckless now. Her head was bent down, and her eyes closed; so that she could not see how the hollows deepened on her lover's face; nor how the pallor of his cheek darkened rapidly to an ashen-grey. But inward warnings of approaching dissolution spoke plainly enough to Royston Keene. He knew what he had to do.

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He raised her head from where it rested, and said—so gently—'If my time is short, there is the more reason that I should be loth to lose you, even for an hour. But you must have rest; and I feel as if I could sleep. Do not try to persuade me; but leave me now. When you think hereafter of this evening, remember what my last words were—*I loved you, best of all.* Darling—wish me good night; and come to see me early to-morrow.'

He guessed, full well, how long that Night would last; and what sight would meet Cecil on the morrow; but he was resolute to spare her one additional pang; and so, endured alone the whole burden of the parting agony. His whole life had been full of deeds of reckless daring; but, in good truth, this achievement was its very crown of courage.

Now, as heretofore, Cecil was incapable of resisting any one of his expressed wishes or commands; besides this, physical exhaustion was beginning to overcome her; and she, too, felt that it was time to go. She leant down, without speaking, and their lips met in a long, passionate kiss. So little of vitality lingered in Royston's, that they remained still icy-cold under the pressure of these ripe, red roses.

'I will come again, early,' she whispered.

The last relics of a strength that had been superhuman, passed into the lingering pressure of the hand that bade her tenderly farewell. Half an hour later the surgeon came to Royston Keene. All that night, shrieks and groans, and other sounds through which human agony finds a vent, had been ringing in his ears, till they were weary of the din; but the silence of that chamber struck the visitor yet more painfully. He looked, for a second, gravely at the motionless figure; and laid his ear against the lips; no breath issued thence that would have stirred a feather; then he drew very gently the sheet over the dead man's face—a quiet, steadfast face—that, even in the death-throe, had retained its proud, placid calm.

When Cecil Tresilyan saw that same sight the next morning, she not scream or faint. Neither then nor afterwards, did she prove herself unworthy of her haughty lover, by demonstrating or parading her sorrows. Many others besides her, have taken for their motto—'The heart knoweth its own bitterness;' and have carried it out to the end, unflinchingly. Verily, they have their reward. If there is little comfort on this side the grave, and only vague hope beyond it, it is something—to escape condolence.

We follow her fortunes no farther. It is needless to give all the details of the hospital service which occupied her till the conclusion of the war set her free; and we will not seek to penetrate into the retreat in the Far West, where she is dwelling still. That grey manor-house guards its secrets well, though it has witnessed, in its time, sorrows and sins that might have wrung a voice from granite. Conscious of many broken hearts and blasted hopes, is the home of the Tresilyans of Tresilyan.

I confess to a certain regret, as the graceful figure vanishes from the stage that never was worthy of her queen-like presence. Was it in dream-land that I saw the Original of the character and face that I have endeavoured, thus roughly, to portray? Perhaps so. But there are visions so near akin to realities, that one's brain grows dizzy in trying to disentangle the two.

It is unfortunate, that the void created by any man's death is by no means proportionate to his intrinsic merits. So it happened that the loss of Royston Keene was felt more than he deserved. Far and wide over the surface of the world's sea, the circles spread, from the spot where his life went down. He was missed not only by his old comrades in arms: men who scarcely knew him by sight, spared some regret to the favourite hero of the Light Dragoons. Mark Waring, in the loneliness of his dreary chambers, gnashed his teeth in bitterness of envy; for he guessed *who* would be the chief mourner. Armand de Châteaumesnil's remark was characteristic. Hearing that his old opponent had fallen in the front of the battle, he struck his hand impatiently on his crippled limbs, muttering—'Sang dieu! Il avait toujours la main

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heureuse.' Harry Molyneux cannot trust his voice to speak of him yet; and other beautiful eyes, besides *La Mignonne's*, were dim with tears when they read a certain death-gazette. Truly 'great men have fallen in Israel,' and saints have departed in the plenitude of sanctity, without winning such wealth of regrets as was lavished on the grave of that strong sinner. Only two women alive (and these he had never wronged) rejoiced over the news unfeignedly—Bessie Danvers, and his own wife.

Shall we pass judgment on Royston Keene? He had erred so often and heavily, that even the intercession of a penitent who never kneels before Heaven without mingling his name in her prayers, must probably be unavailing. Yet, will we not cast the stone.

All temptations, of course, can be resisted, and ought to be overcome. But there are men born with so peculiar a temperament, and who seem to have been so completely under the dominion of circumstances, that they might well be supposed to have been raised up for a warning. How far are such to be held accountable? Let us refrain from this subject, remembering how grave and learned theologians, earnest opponents of Predestinarianism, have been reduced to the extreme of perplexity when confronted with the ensample of Pharaoh.

It would neither be pleasant nor profitable, to pry into the secrets of the black darkness that lies beyond Royston's death-bed; in it, few would be able to distinguish the faintest glimmer of light. But we have no more authority to fix limits to the long-suffering of Omnipotence, than we have to dispute the justice of its revenge. Let us stand aside, and hope

> That heaven may yet have more mercy than man,
> On such a bold rider's soul.

A strange doctrine, that; savouring perhaps of heterodoxy, and perilous to be adopted by such as cannot fathom it thoroughly. But if there be no germ of truth therein—it were better for some of us, that we had never been born.

ALISON'S 'HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1815 TO 1852.'

SECOND PAPER.

OUR former article charged Sir A. Alison with ignoring, in a chapter consecrated to the intellect of Germany, the names of Wilhelm and Alexander von Humboldt. We have since discovered that they enjoy two paragraphs in the account of *French* Literature.* If Wilhelm had not been dismissed in a single phrase as '*the able and celebrated Prussian diplomatist,*' we should have thanked Sir A. Alison for reminding his readers that so great a name is inscribed on the rolls of a vagrant profession. As matters stand, we cannot but doubt the adequacy of such a docket for one who amongst scientific linguists, philologers, critics, and translators was, beyond contestation, *facile princeps.* It is unfortunate that we have closed the catalogue of Sir A. Alison's enterprises against literature and science, for Leporello without his lantern might soon double the list. Suffice it then to hear, that Alexander von Humboldt was of the 'Parisian school of naturalists,' and that 'his mind has been cast in a very singular mould, but one which, when employed by the Creator, produces the most elaborate and valuable intellectual result.' How it comes to pass that some minds are employed by their owners and others by the Creator, we are uninformed.

It is likewise a candid duty to confess, on the evidence of pages lately printed, and hitherto uncut by us, that *royal* no less than aristocratic persons are admitted to the intimacy of Sir A. Alison, for Prince Waldemar of Prussia 'did the Author the honour of paying him a visit of *several* days, at his residence of Possil House, in Lanarkshire.'†

* Vol. iii. p. 643.

† Vol. viii. p. 165.

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Metaphysics.

There is one matter on which Sir A. Alison's knowledge is not much below that of his neighbours. Posterity may say of him as of Zadig, 'Il savait de la metaphysique ce qu'on a su dans tous les temps, c'est à dire fort peu de chose.' We should like to have had an inkling of his personal convictions; he is just the man to think, or fancy himself to think, with Hegel, that 'being and naught are identical,' and that 'becoming is a continuous transition from being into naught,' and 'a continuous coming over from naught into being.' He is ignorant of the existence of any British metaphysicians after Stewart and Brown, and of any French metaphysicians whatever. As the name of the eminent in this department is 'legion,' we can but offer them collectively our warmest congratulations on their escape from the fearful pillory in which names would have been misspelled and doctrines docked and garbled. And they will perhaps find comfort in the eloquent language of the historian, who has thus taught us:—'In that crisis, mind remained true to itself and reasserted its original destiny as the leader of mankind. Intellect ranged itself under its real standard—that of the human race.' It would rejoice the hearts of Kant and Fichte to know how completely Sir A. Alison has reduced them to the condition of subjectivity. The same remark applies to Locke, who, it seems, traces 'all our ideas to impressions derived from the senses,' and this in spite of that philosopher's notorious reference of some ideas to reflection. Locke's followers (technically called *Sensationalists*) he dubs *Realists*, which term has unfortunately nothing to do with the controversies on the origin of our knowledge, and belongs to the era of Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, and to such of the schoolmen as held the objective reality of 'universals.' The *Idealists* (who deny the existence of a material world) are described as those who 'contend for the existence of innate ideas;' which view Sir A. Alison attributes to the modern German philosophers, by whom it is repudiated. The Materialists not only hold questionable tenets as to the nature of mind, but preach up '*physical enjoyments as the chief end of existence, and the means of their acquisition the only object of a sensible man's pursuit.*' Finally, to crown all previous achievements, Sir A. Alison shows himself ignorant of the mere name of the 'schoolmen,' for he confounds them with the commentators on the classics, and calls them the '*Scholiasts.*'*

Theology.

It will hereafter be our duty to elucidate the biblical bias which has garnished the secular paragraphs of this history with popular texts of Scripture and heads of unpublished sermons. At present we have only to express surprise that an author who is perpetually obtruding upon a profane public the proofs of his personal and prayerful piety, should furnish in printed chapter and verse the demonstration of his own unworthiness to take any but the lowest place in the lowest class of an infant Sunday school. He actually asserts that Lutheran Germany at the Reformation 'embraced the doctrine of Election,' which Calvinistic dogma is '*the charitable conviction that a* Certain Sect *is the object of divine favour, and all others of reprobation.*' After that, he—a Scotchman, living in one of the countries where Election is an article of national faith—goes on to observe that such doctrines may 'long linger among the peasantry and half-educated classes, but it is impossible that they can long coexist with general intelligence and reflection; and they speedily melt away before the light of reason.'† What Sir A. Alison has to offer instead of 'such doctrines' to benighted Scotland, Switzerland, Holland, and Germany, and how he indicates the basis of a 'revival,' will be seen by degrees. For his own part, he believes that '*there is in every mind, even the strongest,* a certain tendency to superstition, and *a be-*

* Vol. v. p. 147–152.

† Vol. v. p. 153.

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lief in supernatural spirits, which exercise a paramount influence over our destiny.'* Orthodoxy, moreover, is quite beneath his notice; he usually calls professed unbelievers 'devout Christians'—probably to spite them—and in his chapter on English Literature the great religious controversies of the epoch (A.D. 1815-52) are absolutely ignored. Of an Irving, a Newman, a Pusey, an Arnold, a Maurice, a Stanley, a Whately, a Trench, there is not a vestige, while time-honoured PALEY is dragged from the tomb which closed over him A.D. 1805.†

INFIDELITY.

The Rational School of Divines have likewise their portion in this history. In his dealing with them, Sir A. Alison is quite himself. He lumps together Blair, Robertson, Hume, and Strauss. He thinks the sceptical faith of Germany is a simple system, which may be resumed in a single formula. He quotes Strauss as a type of such a system, and attributes to him the very doctrines which it was the aim of Strauss to overthrow. Whereas Paulus had divested the miraculous incidents of the Gospel narratives of their supernatural element, Strauss repudiated this solution, and maintained that these miraculous incidents *had never occurred*, and that they should be classed with the myths of profane history. But the Strauss of Sir A. Alison 'strives, so far as possible, to explain away every miraculous event, to solve every dark enigma.'‡ The absurdity of such a statement can scarcely be measured by those who are unfamiliar with the controversies in question. One need not, however, to be a Mansel or a Maurice in order to measure the intelligence of an author who says of the scheme of Strauss:—

1. It professes, *without openly disputing the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, to establish them* on what is deemed the solid basis of truth and reason.

And,

2. *All the peculiar doctrines of Christianity*, the Trinity, the Godhead of our Saviour, the Fall of Man, the Redemption, *are either denied* or passed over with very little consideration.§

These two sentences occur on the same page and at an interval of ten lines. But flagrant contradiction being habitual to the author, we may as well reserve our astonishment for the sequel:—'*Every religion that ever prevailed generally among men, has admitted the doctrine of original sin.*' Ignorance like this on the part of a professed Christian, brings more scandal and contempt on our common faith than all the shades of speculative unbelief. And whatever scorn may be deserved by the Pharisee who flaunts to the sky the phylacteries of a religion whose creed he has never learned, that scorn has been richly earned by Sir A. Alison. No language can be too strong for so solemn an occasion; there are sentences which call for the full vengeance of Rhadamanthus, and not least of them that which follows:—'What is the mystery of the Trinity, of which so much is said, but a part, and a very small part only, of the mystery of the omnipresence of the Deity, *which no faith in any age has ventured to deny.*'||

A heresy that gives a geographical exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity, warns us to stop: it is the culminating point of the theological follies of Sir A. Alison.

HISTORICAL FACTS.

'A knowledge of reference,' said the Earl of Malmesbury the other day, 'is knowledge.' If it was with an eye to the failings of the Tory annalist that the Tory statesman thus annihilated the frivolous distinction which had never marked a difference, vain was the work of that precise and powerful pen. For Sir A. Alison has not even a knowledge of reference; so starved is his smattering of history, that he cannot correct the illustrations necessary to his subject. When he speaks, *e.g.*, of 'the glorious victory of Bajazet over the French chivalry at Varna, in 1453,'¶ such a mare's-

* Vol. v. p. 105. † Vol. i. p. 452. ‡ Vol. v. p. 154.
§ Vol. v. p. 154. || Vol. v. p. 155. ¶ Vol. iii. p. 44.

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nest invites a lifetime of conjecture, and the skill of a Sphinx to read its riddle. For Bajazet died half a century before the date given; Poles and Hungarians, not French, were defeated at Varna; and that battle was fought, not in 1453, but in 1444. It is just possible that Sir A. Alison intended to allude to the destruction of the French knights by Bajazet at Nicopolis, in 1396. Yet this suggestion by no means clears up the difficulty, since elsewhere he tells us, correctly enough, that Amurath defeated Ladislaus at Varna, in 1444; and then *in the very next sentence* returning to the charge, says that 'the chivalry of France perished under the sabres of the janissaries of Bajazet'* before the same town 400 years ago!

At sea Sir A. Alison performs an exploit worthy of the Flying Dutchman. Great Britain is, as every one knows, exposed to untold perils from the impending coalition of France and Spain. When the navy of France has been reinforced by the powerful navy of Spain—viz., by three screw-frigates and two sloops—the position of these islands will be appalling. 'Such a state of things actually came to pass in 1784, when the French and Spanish fleets, numbering forty-seven sail of the line, blockaded Admiral Danby in Plymouth, who had only twenty-one.' A handsome exploit, as we take it, even if compounded of qualities subject to elimination. For in 1784 the world was at peace, and the Admiral is a mere *x*, unknown to nautical Fasti. Were we called on to hazard an explanatory guess, we would humbly propose to read '1779' and 'Admiral Hardy'; but these emendations will not satisfy our old salts, as the number of ships remains incorrigibly wrong. Sir A. Alison will do well to narrate this anecdote to the Marines.

In speaking of certain places on the Russo-Persian frontier, Sir A. Alison observes that 'these names will convey but little ideas (*sic*) to a European reader.' The remark is quite true as regards the historian himself—*narratur fabula de te*—for we have seen how he placed Anapa in *Persia*. This *Persian* fortress, we are informed, was ceded to Russia on the 29th of October, 1827, by the treaty 'concluded between the courts of St. Petersburg and Ispahan.'† After which it is very interesting to find, in the record of the campaign of 1828, a paragraph devoted to the 'capture of Anapa by the Russians from the *Turks*.'‡ It is hardly worth mentioning that the court of Persia had been removed to Teheran in the previous century; but it will be new to most readers to hear that Rhodes was not conquered by Soliman the Magnificent, in 1522, but by Selim I., in 1517 (this blunder and the next occur twice in two consecutive pages); that Vienna was not besieged in 1529 by Soliman the Magnificent, but by Soliman II., who did not reign till 160 years later. Then the intervention of England, Prussia, Holland (and later of Denmark), in 1790-91, in favour of Turkey, is attributed to '*France* and England, immediately *before* the French Revolution.§ France had nothing whatever to do with these transactions, and it is equally false to say that 'Mr. Pitt, in 1789, had put a bridle in the mouth of the Czar' (as if that prince had been a donkey), and in 'conjunction with Prussia arrested' his progress.‖ In lamenting what he calls the cession of Antwerp to *France* in 1833,¶ and in many other places, Sir A. Alison speaks of Belgium as Flanders. This would have been very well in the days when the poet penned those magnificent lines—

> Under the tropics is our language spoke,
> And part of Flanders hath received our
> yoke.

But the bathos of one age may be the anachronism of the next, which is strikingly the case here, for part of 'Flanders' belongs to the Netherlands, and another part to France. Flanders, in fine, is fit company for Ispahan and Muscovy.

Another ingenious notion of the learned historian is, that 'the ad-

* Vol. iii. p. 291. The same statement is made in vol. i. p. 12.
† Vol. iii. p. 68. ‡ Vol. iii. p. 276. § Vol. iii. p. 32-4.
‖ Vol. v. p. 568. ¶ Vol. v. p. 264.

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vance of the English *from the coast of Malabar*, had brought them into collision with the Mahrattas and Sikhs of Hindostan.'* If this sentence contains a vestige of truth, the received annals of British India are a tissue of falsehoods. To comment on it is superfluous; and in the following batch of discoveries the *ipsissima verba* of the author speak more than volumes. Sir A. Alison thinks that Charles Buller, in the days of his Radical youth, was 'a leading Whig!'—that *the Ottomans* were defeated at Arbela and the Issus†—that the monarchies of Austria and Prussia were *overturned* in 1848;‡ that the Grand Duke Constantine is a Tartar;§ that the Swiss Euler, the Italian Scaliger, and the Dutch Erasmus, were *Germans;* ‖ that Wallachia and Moldavia are integral parts of Russia; that the Tchinn is like the Roman constitutional Centuries; that the Tchinn 'crushed the feudal system' (which notoriously never existed in Russia); that the Cossacks are the *real strength* of the Russian army; that a 'hairdresser or tailor sometimes has the rank of a major-general.' And as if this did not suffice, the Russians are habitually called *Muscovites*, while Russia is pronounced to be, now as ever, 'Scythia, storehouse of nations and scourge of vicious civilization!' Which, again, is only half the battle; for in the capital of Scythia, 'beautiful women, arrayed in the last Paris fashions, alternately fascinate the *mind* by conversation on the most celebrated novels or operas of the day, or charm the *senses* by the finest melodies of Mozart or Beethoven.'¶

If Sir A. Alison thinks this fine writing, we are sorry for him; British literature may be ransacked in vain for specimens of more contemptible and vulgar caterwauling.

About Russia, Sir A. Alison enjoys the proud privilege of pandering to popular prejudice: every paragraph relating to that country is a veritable duck-pond from which three-decked *canards*, of a thousand quack-power, may be baled by the dozen. We quote a couple worthy to rank as parent-birds of all known individuals of the species. The first is:—'More than half of this immense supply (of corn) comes from America and Russia; *and by their uniting together and passing a non-intercourse Act, which was an event imminent in* 1856, *before the Treaty of Paris*, subsistence might any day be run up to famine prices in the British islands.'** The other refers to the Russian intervention in Hungary:—'Not less than the capture of Paris, it has fascinated and subdued the minds of men. It has rendered him the undisputed master of the East of Europe, and *led to a secret alliance*, offensive and defensive, which at the convenient season will open to the Russians the road to Constantinople.'††

We are sorry to look a pair of gift-ducks in the mouth, but they are *utterly and absolutely without foundation*, as would be suspected by any one who notes that Sir A. Alison gives no authority, not even 'personal observation,' for these startling aquatic novelties.

We are at a loss to discover any motive for the reproduction of idle stories when subsequent events have substantially refuted them. But even the Crimean War could not drive Sir A. Alison from his text, for he thus writes in the year 1854:—'*Thence it was that the Emperor Nicolas so readily and powerfully intervened in favour of the Emperor of Austria in* 1849; HE KNEW *that he would march through Hungary to Constantinople.*'‡‡ Such facts and such reflections almost inspire the belief that Sir A. Alison confounds the province of the historian with that of the anonymous contributor to the public press. When a consistent and conscientious organ desires to promote the general weal by bringing about a fall of the funds or a panic in the money market, the fortunate possessor of a ready pen and an elastic conscience delivers on demand the proper mixture of systematic ex-

* Vol. v. p. 662.
† Vol. v. p. 509.
‡ Vol. vii. pp. 381, 382.
§ Vol. ii. p. 118.
‖ Vol. v. p. 101.
¶ Vol. ii. p. 153.
** Vol. vii. p. 402.
†† Vol. i. p. 20.
‡‡ Vol. iii. p. 55.

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aggeration and unvarnished falsehood. Or, again, when 'our own gôbemouche' is required to infuse into his communications something more graphic than the gossip of an empty garret, he hoodwinks his employers by presenting, as the result of his confidential researches, a few eloquent extracts from a printed work, or flatters them by mysteriously hinting, with all the precautions of veiled allusion, that he has the *entrée* of the cabinets of royalty and red tape, and the run of the *boudoirs* and ball-rooms of noble and diplomatic beauty. To the difficult responsibilities of positions thus shackled by quite other ties than those of conviction and good faith, no reasonable being will refuse his indulgence, and, in fact, we sympathize rather than quarrel with the necessities of the unfortunate individual who, in obedience to instructions, and in language and style so characteristic as to betray his incognito, details to the public the transcendental anatomy of some stupendous *canard*. How painful to a powerful and scrupulous intelligence to announce that 'England knows herself to be the victim of a long-contrived plot, and the object of a conspiracy *threatening her with the greatest danger through which she has ever passed;*' that 'one fine morning England woke and found its faithful friend and sagacious ally *banded with Russia to destroy her;*' that 'the alliance of Tilsit is at last openly revived;' that Russia has '*forty* sail of the line (that is to say, being interpreted, *nine*), *all of which will have been converted into screws* before the end of the year;' that there is 'an ostentatious demonstration against England' in the '*threatened* naval co-operation in the Baltic;' that there is 'a great project of universal conquest and plunder;' that the 'allied fleets in the Mediterranean will have Egypt at their mercy, while the insignificant English squadron is preparing to defend itself against overwhelming numbers under the batteries of Malta.'* This popular writer will be sufficiently punished by the reflection that he may not possibly live to see some of these telling and truthful phrases incorporated in a grave history of the year 1859: as they stand, they may well pass for elegant extracts from the commonplace book of Sir Archibald Alison.

We proceed to quote Sir G. H. Seymour's account of his famous conversation with the Emperor Nicolas, which, as that respected Diplomatist must himself admit, cuts a very poor figure by the side of Sir A. Alison's romantic version.

SIR H. SEYMOUR (*Blue-book*).

Emperor Nicolas, *loq.*—

(*a*) The Principalities are in fact an independent State under my protection. This might so continue.

(*b*) Servia might receive the same form of government.

(*c*) So again with Bulgaria. There seems no reason why this province should not form an independent State.

(*d*) As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. I would say the same thing of Candia.

ALISON, vol. vii. p. 122.

The proposals of the Czar to Sir H. Seymour were—

(*a*) The cession of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bulgaria (*c*) to Russia;

(*b*) Of Servia, Bosnia, and the coast of the Adriatic to Austria;

(*d*) Of Egypt and Cyprus to England; and the

Establishment of a power, under the protection of Russia, in Roumelia and Constantinople.

These two statements tally in *one* item, and in *one only*. Of Sir A. Alison's *ten* assertions, we find *one* to be correct, *four* diametrically opposed to the truth, *one* wrong though founded on fact, *four* founded on no fact at all and utterly fictitious. But one-tenth truth is not a bad ratio for an author who *can* write as follows:—

Count Nesselrode's Memorandum, published since the Crimean war began, leaves no doubt on this point. What answer the British Government returned to these tempting proposals is not known; but the event has proved that it was not such as to disturb the diplomatic relations of the two countries, or prevent the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, when it deemed the proper moment arrived, from proceeding of its own authority to carry them into execution.

* *Saturday Review*, April 30, 1859.

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After reading this passage one longs for one-tenth fact: mere exaggeration would be thankfully received. For (1) neither in Count Nesselrode's Memorandum of 1844, nor in the Emperor's Memorandum of 1854, is there a single word, expressed or implied, about a partition of Turkey. (2) The Memorandum of 1854, which Sir A. Alison confounds with the older document, expressly denies that which he alleges it to assert, *e. g.*, '*It had by no means entered into the Emperor's thoughts to propose for this contingency*' (viz., the dissolution of Turkey) '*a plan by which Russia and England should dispose beforehand of the provinces ruled by the Sultan.*' And again, '*There is in this neither plan of partition*, nor convention to be binding on the other courts.' (3) Both Memoranda were published *before*, and not after the breaking out of the Crimean war. (4) The answer of the British Government to these (so called) proposals *is* known, for Lord Clarendon's Dispatch on the subject is given *in extenso* in the *Blue Book*. (5) Even if the Czar *had* projected the scheme of partition as revised by Sir A. Alison, in what possible sense are we to take the assertion, that the war which followed the mission of Prince Menzikoff was undertaken by Russia for the furtherance of the objects above described, seeing that amongst these objects were, according to this very truthful historian, the occupation by England of Egypt and Cyprus, and the cession to Austria of Servia, Bosnia, and the coast of the Adriatic?

For details thus much may suffice. In sweeping assertions there is no falling off: Sir A. Alison is always *totus teres atque rotundus*. He says, for instance:—

> *Since the battle of Waterloo, all the contests in Europe* have been *internal* only. There have been many desperate and bloody struggles, but they have *not been those of nation with nation*, but of class with class, or race with race. No foreign wars have desolated Europe.*

This reflection occurs in the first chapter of a work which describes the wars between Austria and Sardinia, Prussia and Denmark, Russia and Hungary, Russia with Turkey and Persia, France, Great Britain, and Turkey with Russia! In a subsequent chapter, Sir A. Alison himself administers the usual emetic, so that we have merely to add, in the words of early and Eton Grammar boyhood, 'I stab this man with his own sword.' He muses in this wise:—

> It is a markworthy circumstance that all the serious *wars* in Europe, between 1815 and 1830, occurred between the Christians and the Mahommedans. The English attack on Algiers in 1816, the French capture of the same place in 1830, the Greek Revolution and its seven bloody campaigns, the war of 1826 between the Russians and the Persians, that of 1828 between the Russians and Turks, all partook of this character.†

Ethnology.

Rumours as to the existence of a science with which an historian must indispensably affect an acquaintance, have in an evil hour reached our author's ears. A judicious display of some of the technicalities and commonplaces consecrated to the subject, might, as it appeared to Sir A. Alison, throw dust in the eyes of the public. For such a purpose what easier than emphatic repetitions, at stated intervals, of learned terms like 'Races,' 'Shem,' 'Ham,' and 'Japhet'? On this meagre capital Sir A. Alison starts his Ethnological business, and nets a very profitable, or at least a very amusing, dividend. Beyond the limits just indicated he is not shackled by the facts and systems of a Blumenbach or a Prichard. He has a dualistic hypothesis of his own, of exquisite simplicity, based on a mystic antagonism of the points of the compass, and a *remaniement pacifique* of the Map of the World.

In the onset a slight difficulty arises. Whereas we are accustomed to consider Europe, Asia, and Africa—land and water—as forming the Eastern hemisphere, and the American continents as forming the Western hemisphere, Sir A. Alison abolishes that distinction, and makes Asia one hemisphere and Europe the other. Bearing in mind that allusion is likewise made to 'a *fifth* hemi-

* Vol. i. p. 22.

† Vol. iii. p. 238.

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sphere'*—to the idea of 'hemisphere' let us now superadd that of 'Race,' which we learn to be a simple detail of geographical position, unconcerned with questions of origin and language. Although a glance at the ethnological map of Asia shows that Arabia is the only part of that 'hemisphere' (to adopt the new phraseology) peopled by a Semitic stock, Sir A. Alison persists in expunging the several Indo-Germanic, Turkish, and Allophyllian tribes, and in replacing them by a single and compact Semitic Race !† Europe, likewise, in spite of the Ugrian (Magyar and Fin) and Turkish populations, is inhabited by a single homogeneous and Japetic Race. But if the Semitic nations (also called 'ruthless barbarians') are placed in countries with which they have no concern, on the other hand they are expelled from the continent where we had fondly expected to find them. Far more than the departure of Virgil would the alterations of Sir A. Alison have prompted the groan of Horace—

> Nequicquam deus abscidit
> Prudens Oceano dissociabili
> Terras;

for the Arabs of *Africa*, otherwise 'Numidian horsemen,' are thus characterized: 'Like *all Asiatics*, they do not charge in a mass but in a swarm.'‡ Again, 'The Arab tribes on the frontier of Morocco and the Desert, who, like *all Asiatics*, bowed, for the time at least, to superior strength.'§

Sir A. Alison tells us—if once, a hundred times—that 'Japhet is about to conquer Shem and dwell in his tents;' Shem, by the way, being synonymous not only with Asia, but even with Polynesia and America! But he of course takes every opportunity of contradicting himself; and of countless suicidal sentences here is a specimen:—

> Europe may boast its courage, its freedom, its energy, and *every quarter of the globe attests* its industry or its prowess; but *history tells a different tale*, and points to Asia as the cradle of the lasting conquerors of mankind.‖

This Bedlam logic will serve as an alterative to dispose the intellect for the digestion of a query which, if it fell from the mouth of any other educated human being except Sir A. Alison, would pass for an elaborate joke. He asks,

> Where will the traveller find in the Asiatic realms a trace of the European race; where, in the European, are the descendants of the Asiatic not to be found?¶

The *Russians*—usually called by Sir A. Alison Muscovites, Tartars, or Scythians—are supposed by him to be *Asiatics* pure and simple. He is ignorant that the Poles and the Russians are kindred tribes of the same (Sclavonic) race; and comparing the conduct of the Poles at the battles of Grochow and Sieroczym with that of the British at Inkermann and Balaclava, and contrasting both with the Russians, he deduces therefrom the 'lasting impress stamped by nature' on Europeans as compared with Asiatics.** This line of argument is very common with him: *e. g.*, he mentions in another place, by way of illustration to certain characteristic reflections on the 'frightful contests' of Races,—

> The animosity of the Magyar against the German, *of the Pole against the Russian*, of the Italian against the German, of the Celt against the Anglo-Saxon, of the Greek against the Turk.††

Here is a truly stupendous bundle of analogies: the opposition of Magyars to Germans, who differ *toto cœlo*, viz., to the extent of representing separate *families* of mankind (Ugrian and Indo-Germanic), being taken as parallel with that of Russians and Poles, who are not even different *Races!*

The next page goes on in the same strain, and with equal felicity, about the 'Variety of Races in the Turkish dominions,' till we are finally landed on a triple contrast, which in its way is matchless:—‡‡

> The effeminate *Syrian*, who bows his neck, as in ancient days, to every invader; the unchanging *Israelite*, who has preserved his faith and usages inviolate since the days of Abraham; the

* Vol. i. p. 9. † Vol. iv. p. 607. ‡ Vol. v. p. 667.
§ Vol. vii. p. 539. ‖ Vol. iii. p. 4. ¶ Vol. iii. p. 4.
** Vol. iv. p. 655. †† Vol. iii. p. 5. ‡‡ Vol. iii. p. 7.

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wandering *Arab*, whose hand is still against every man and every man against him; the passive and laborious *Egyptian*, who toils a slave on the banks of the Nile.

Seeing that Sir A. Alison has here enumerated the four closely allied divisions of the *same* (Syro-Arabian) Race, we need not seek for a better test of his knowledge. And it would, we think, be idle to notice his *ex cathedrâ* judgments on the most complicated problems of Ethnology, and to expose the insufferable impertinence with which he settles at a stroke the relations of mankind to social, political, and physical influences. When facts and vocabulary alike are no better than

> The jumbled rubbish of a dream,

who will care to know whether Sir A. Alison thinks that civilization is the creature of cytoblasts and cellulose? At any rate we need not go beyond a sentence which amounts to a complete and comprehensive encyclopædia of ethnological ignorance:—

> The Teutonic race, when they settled in the Fatherland, had patriotic feeling enough to discard not only the language but the ideas of Greece and Rome.*

Positively shocking, even from Sir A. Alison. It has actually come to this, that the savages who in the time of Cæsar and Agricola were roaming about the fens and forests of unknown Germany had already learnt and forgotten 'not only the language but the ideas' of Cicero and Plato! It would be not one whit more absurd and it would be a great deal more amusing to say that Greek and Latin were talked by their predecessors in those regions, the hippopotamus and the mammoth. We recommend ethnologists to give this 'Race' disease a more complete examination, but we ourselves must pause on the brink of a cataract of proper names, which drenches us with an assurance about the strife of the West against the 'ruthless barbarians' of the East, viz., that

> Achilles, Themistocles, Leonidas, Alexander, Pompey, Marius, Belisarius, Constantine Paleologus, Charles Martel, Godfrey of Bouillon, Richard Cœur de Lion, John Hunniades, Scanderbeg, John Sobieski, Don John of Austria, Prince Eugene, Charles XII., Lord Clive, Lord Lake, Napoleon, have in successive ages carried it on.†

MUSIC.

We have next to specify a point of contact between Sir A. Alison and Herodotus. Like the great Greek, the great Scotchman has travelled much; and under the Rubric of 'Personal Observation' there is many a curious detail of the historian's experience. One in particular transcends the ordinary canons of belief as much as the stories of the winged serpents of Buto, of the griffins that guarded the treasures of the Altai, or the men that were born bald. It is what Sir A. Alison reports himself to have witnessed with his own eyes, and is unaccompanied by the sceptical caution of Herodotus—ταῦτα εἰ μὲν ἐστι ἀληθέως οὐκ οἶδα, τὰ δὲ λέγεται γράφω.

PERSONAL OBSERVATION (PARIS IN 1833).

> The Opera was crowded nightly to see the splendid exhibitions of *La Tentation* and *Robert le Diable*, in the first of which a beautiful female was exhibited on the stage, at first *in a state of absolute nudity*, and latterly with a thin gauze only, to enhance the charms of nature. . . . . Such was the temper of the times that *ladies of the highest rank* went to see these extraordinary exhibitions, affording thus the clearest proof of general licentiousness in the oblivion of the safeguards of virtue, even by those *who had never transgressed* its bounds.‡

That Sir A. Alison should offer his personal guarantee of the chastity of 'ladies of the highest rank,' who had come to view in public a woman in a state of, &c. &c., is of itself a curious fact. That he should believe himself to have witnessed the above described sight in the centre of European civilization, A.D. 1833—in a theatre, too, of which the Government, and not private enterprise, is director and ballet-master—and that he should hope to infuse his frenzied faith into the minds of others,—is a phenomenon worthy of a separate

* Vol. v. p. 157. † Vol. iv. p. 607. ‡ Vol. v. p. 274.

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chapter in the next edition of *Les Maladies Mentales* of Esquirol. We are not forgetful of Lord Hervey's *demoiselles d'honneur*, nor of the primeval ablutions of Japan, nor of the public amusements of the Empress Theodora. But we imagine Sir A. Alison to be the victim of one of those geographical confusions in which he so often revels, or else we must believe the whole story to be the offspring of a prurient fancy.

We find other symptoms of the energy with which Sir A. Alison is affected by the physical to the detriment of the æsthetical element of a musical performance. Flesh and blood, not the power of sound, is the magnet of a man who speaks of a mob being collected at the 'pit-doors of the Opera when a popular *actress* is to perform.'* Sir A. Alison's judgments on great musicians are thoroughly enjoyable, and would seem to be partly plagiarized from the programmes of the 'Musical Union.' It may be well doubted whether he could distinguish between the Jupiter symphony and the Jupiter polka. He expunges Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Verdi, Mercadante, Balfe, Auber, and Meyerbeer, and inserts instead of them a composer who was born in 1714 and died in 1787!

> Spohr, the author of the celebrated opera of *Faust*, and Glück, of many famed ones, in particular, *Iphigenie*, are both too celebrated in the musical world not to deserve a place in the gallery, however imperfect, of German genius *during the last half century*.†

This is one of those characteristic blunders that reveal much more than meets the eye. Glück was teacher to Marie-Antoinette, and the story of his rivalry with Piccini forms an episode in every account of the French Revolution. How any intelligent gentleman could have read, still more *written*, about those times without learning something of such a famous quarrel, is what we cannot understand. People could hardly meet in a Parisian salon without asking of one another, 'Etes vous Gluckiste ou Piccíniste?' and we have not the least doubt that a statement of the matter—more or less garbled—will be found in Sir A. Alison's own *History of Europe*.

From Glück we may pass to his contemporaries. After describing Beethoven as being by the 'universal opinion of the best judges, put *at the very head of modern composers*,' and informing us that Mozart's 'mysterious harmonies' afford '*perhaps the nearest foretaste which this world presents of the joys of heaven*,' Sir A. Alison gives himself the usual lie by asserting that Mendelssohn was equal to Beethoven and Mozart taken together! He was '*superior to any* in the felicity with which he wielded their various powers,'—'*superior to them* in the genius of his combinations, and the bewitching manner in which he united in a single piece all the charms of melody and all the magic of harmony.'‡ Of such balderdash there is an unlimited supply; but we must close the subject with the reflection, that 'the *emotion* produced by the Holy Families of *Raphael is identical* with that awakened by the symphonies of *Mozart*,' and the fact that Haydn's 'reputation with the world in general is perhaps greater than that of Beethoven!'§

Historical Philosophy.

The theological phase of Sir A. Alison's Historical Philosophy claims to be somewhat more than the teachings of mere human dogmatism. Without affecting the airs of the preacher of an esoteric gospel, he exposes without reserve the secret springs of Providence, and that, as we take it, in the very language of his awful and confidential instructions. To inquire whether Sir A. Alison has or has not, in the discharge of his Special Mission, exceeded the limits prescribed by the regulations of Divine diplomacy, would be, on the part of a mere earthly critic, a most impertinent intrusion; it is our modest task to point out the altered state of the

* Vol. vii. p. 128.
† Vol. v. p. 168.
‡ Vol. v. p. 167.
§ Vol. v. p. 166.

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relations of humanity and heaven. In the ancient world the doctrine of 'Direct Interposition' stood on a very narrow ground, and could be easily tested in each specified case. Alcestis had been restored to life and to the loving arms of Admetus, by Herakles in person. Pisistratus had been brought back by Pallas Athene to govern her favourite city. Castor and Pollux had fought against the Tarquins, and had bathed at the fountain after the battle, while on the basalt of the lake Regillus the track of those heroic children of Leda had been stamped by the hoof of the celestial charger. But in modern days, since the spectacle of the gods walking the earth has ceased to be visible to the naked eye, historians have been tempted to abandon themselves to conjectures which none can contradict, and to an Anthropomorphism calculated on the passions of their audience. To the Whig, the breeze that blew the fleet of William of Orange into Torbay, was consequently the breath of Providence; to the Tory that same breeze was a blast from the lungs of Satan. Even within our own hearing, the Emperor Napoleon exclaimed with confidence on behalf of his happily victorious eagles, *Laissez passer les jugements de Dieu*, while the Emperor of Austria was invoking and discounting the favour of the Almighty on the vultures that battened in the shambles of butchery and fraud. From the sceptical conclusions that might otherwise be inspired by so ambiguous a march of human affairs, the student of history is happily rescued by the last revelation to Sir A. Alison. Providence has at length turned over a new leaf on which we may read the provisions of the improved system of Divine government, to the oblivion of what is obscure in the imperfect machinery of the past. 'There is something in these marvellous events succeeding one another so rapidly, and so different from the former balance of the Cross and the Crescent, which cannot be ascribed to chance; *they betoken a decided step in the Divine administration*.'*

It is gratifying to find this assertion repeated in almost every chapter of the *History of Europe*, and to hear again and again that 'these memorable occurrences, in a certain degree, lift up the veil which conceals the designs of Providence from mortal eyes.'†

The consummation to which things are now tending is of an interesting character. Before 1816, *the East had always triumphed over the West!* at Tours, Vienna, and Lepanto, Ormuzd winced under the whip of Ahriman, 'but with the battle of Algiers commenced the decisive and eternal triumph of the Christian faith; the Cross never *thereafter* waned before the Crescent.'‡ Nothing can be more satisfactory than the present rate of progress towards the goal, for we may *now* witness the 'dwindling away of the Mahometan faith, the restoration of a European and civilized empire on the shores of the Euxine—the rolling back of the tide of civilization to the land of its birth.'§ Japhet is rapidly deserting his present abodes, and is hastening per express train and steamer, to the *Asiatic* 'hemisphere' of *Shem*. This, and what has been related above, '*has been brought about at the appointed season by the agency of the infidels*.'||

We next come to speak of the ethical and metaphysical counterparts of Sir A. Alison's historic Philosophy. His stupendous speculations might have been light reading to the sons of Anakim or to the conjectural contemporaries of the Pterodactile and the Graptolite. But a nervous centre unprovided with those extra convolutions with which Sir A. Alison is apparently gifted, will, after contact with such a system, not improbably fall back upon the powerful picture elsewhere painted by the author, of the 'chaos of the human mind torn up from its ancient moorings.' On the face of these turgid waters the spirit of sense makes no movement. We

* Vol. v. p. 689. † Vol. i. p. 154. ‡ Vol. i. p. 154.
§ Vol. ii. p. 113. || Vol. i. p. 155.

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seem to witness the birth, perhaps the death, of thought. The philosophical swing pitches madly from Pole to Pole. Its most flagrant oscillations are swallowed up in the din of an Armageddon of new nonsense. To Sir A. Alison the most complicated series of social and political phenomena suggests neither difficulty nor doubt. In a dozen pages, he gives a dozen conflicting solutions of the same problem; he is empirical and fatalist in a breath, and always too hazy and hurried to notice the frequent and fearful dilemmas of his own creation, on whose horns hang self-impaled the syllogisms of his scarecrow logic. From a single and ill-authenticated particular he generalizes a 'Law;' in any random juxtaposition of facts he reads a chain of causation. Then whereas nations and their rulers are described as the victims of certain fundamental natural 'laws,' against which it is hopeless for legislation to struggle, particular men and parties are, for all that, held responsible for the supposed consequence of acts and measures of which they are the chance exponents, but not the authors. We are, in short, enabled to realize the otherwise vague conditions of that interesting epoch for whose edification Sir A. Alison has probably compiled his *History of Europe;* when, in the fine language of 'the death of space,'

Cause and effect shall from their thrones be cast,
And end the strife with suicidal yell.

Reserving for a closer scrutiny Sir A. Alison's special discoveries in Political Economy, we may proceed to glance at his Philosophy of the material side of national progress, with particular reference to 'certain fixed laws of nature, over which, like the recurrence of winter and summer, man has no control, but which are not less irresistible in their operation upon the life of nations than the mutations of the seasons are upon the growth or decay of vegetable life.'* From these laws, well read, an active observer might have deduced, *à priori*, the painful catastrophe we are about to describe—we mean the 'Decline of England.' It was, it may be asserted with some confidence, unknown to Pericles and Peel that old and wealthy States are necessarily devoted to manufactures, and inhabited exclusively by consumers; while young and poor States are only agricultural and peopled by producers. The young States clamour for Protection, and the old States for Free Trade: finally, that '*wail of aged civilization*', the cry for cheap bread, rules the roast. Free Trade once granted, the rural population is ruined, the agricultural districts are abandoned, the inhabitants flock from the cradles to the graves of humanity, leaving the deserted fields to our ancient friends the 'heath-fowl and plover.' The growth of population is now stopped, recruits for the army are no longer forthcoming, the governors of the old rich country wax timid and begin to eat humble pie to the poor and young States, fearful alternations of high and low food prices close the fitful scene, and the national independence is extinguished!† These are very remarkable laws indeed, and may be applied as well to ancient as to modern times. Old Rome is their witness, and, as we learn from Sir A. Alison, *Great Britain*, which is accordingly thus spoken of in the *past* tense:—

The great cities flourish*ed*, but the countries decay*ed;* the exportation of human beings, and the importation of human food, *kept* up a gainful traffic in the seaport towns; but it *was* every day more and more gliding into the hands of foreigners; and while exports and imports *were* constantly increasing, the mainstay of national strength, the cultivation of the soil, *was* rapidly declining.‡

Such paragraphs read like a leaf torn from the Guizot or Buckle of a remote future, or like a note of the thirtieth century appended to the sketch which Lord Macaulay's New Zelander will hereafter make of London Bridge.

* Vol. vii. p. 397.

† Vol. i. c. i. passim: also vol. vii. pp. 396—407, and vol. viii. c. 57: and everywhere.

‡ Vol. i. p. 11. Compare p. 43.

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While the dirt and rubbish of the grave are being rattled over the coffin of the British Empire, we pause at a cheering item in the undertaker's account. Russia, Prussia, the United States, and France, are of course young, poor, and agricultural countries. But France has the curious property of being at once an 'old and wealthy' and a 'young and poor' State. For whereas her protective tariffs, and other circumstances, chain her to the latter category, she is likewise cited with emphasis in proof of the tendency of population '*in rich and old societies* of industry to flock to the towns, and shun the country.'*

We are glad to notice this dualistic tendency in our chief ally. It is, however, with still greater satisfaction that we discover a compensation for the 'decline of England' between 1815 and 1859 in the fact that—

The foundations were laid in *a fifth hemisphere* of another nation destined to rival, perhaps eclipse, Europe itself in the career of human improvement. For the first time in the history of mankind, the course of advancement ceased to be from East to West; but it was not destined to be arrested by the Rocky Mountains; the mighty day of 4000 years was drawing to its close; but before its light was extinguished in the West, civilization had returned to the land of its birth; and 'ere its orb had set in the waves of the Pacific, the sun of knowledge was illuminating the isles of the Eastern Sea.†

But what, we ask, is indicated by '*a fifth hemisphere?*' what 'day of 4000 years' is here spoken of? how do the Rocky Mountains, any more than the Apennines, *arrest advancement* on its way to Australia? did civilization originally come from New Zealand any more than from Herne Bay? where is the *Eastern Sea*, and in what may it differ from the Pacific? But enough of such senseless jargon: we advise Sir A. Alison to preface it by Swift's inscription over a Smithfield show:

'This is the greatest elephant in the world, except himself!'

Let us now notice one or two well ascertained results of the prohibition of small notes. This law, says Sir A. Alison,‡ 'determined for ever the fate of the British empire, brought about Negro Emancipation, Catholic Emancipation, and Free Trade; changed our foreign and domestic policy, and overturned the old constitution;' which might be thought pretty well for a single Act of Parliament, had not the Reform Bill turned out to be a still more prolific measure. It is in consequence of the *Revolution* of 1832, also called the 'great Revolution of the *eighteenth* (sic!) century' (such is the slang of Tory pessimism), that there has been a 'vast heave of the human race'—that there has been a great emigration from England and Ireland—that the population of these islands has declined—that we are 'governed by shopkeepers'—that we have made an alliance with France and won the battle of Inkermann—that our colonies have been 'disfranchised,'—that many of our colonies have 'been ruined,'—and that the remainder have 'either revolted or have been disarmed,'—that we are now abandoning the Colonial Empire to its fate,—that the 'supremacy of England is gone,'—that the 'ruling power has departed from this realm;'—that 'the British Constitution was essentially and permanently changed,' and has at length 'become a Polygarchy.'§

Through such stuff, sad and weary is the search for those who have not been educated to the trade of intellectual *chiffonier*. And, we may ask, who are the idiotic individuals pointed at in the following reflection on the burning of the Houses of Parliament? There were, says the author, 'Not *a*wanting those who thought this calamitous event was ominous of the fate of the empire, *and that, as the old Constitution had perished*, it was fitting that the structure which had witnessed its growth should perish with it.'‖

Who, we say, are these absurd persons? whither have they *a*wanted?

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* Vol. vii. p. 400. † Vol. i. p. 8. ‡ Vol. iv. p. 57.
§ Vol. iv. pp. 379—385, passim; also iv. p. 410; vi. p. 449, and elsewhere.
‖ Vol. vi. p. 124.

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are they the Earl and Duke of ——, and the two aristocratic females who, as we learn from Sir A. Alison's own reference to his card-tray,* are or have been on his visiting list?

It is superfluous to add that the great events of the period have various and irreconcilable 'Causes' assigned them in each succeeding chapter. After restricting the origin of a given occurrence to the narrowest possible limits, Sir A. Alison never fails in a subsequent page to propound an entirely different and equally categorical explanation. This he does with a confidence worthy of his excellent compeer, Mrs. Partington, when she bustled forth to mop up the troublesome Atlantic. We have ventured to analyse and codify some of the historian's chains of reasoning, and to present in a shape convenient for reference, divested of the metaphorical fustian in which they are clothed, certain incidents of this internecine war of 'Causes.' Reduced to the size of a small multiplication table, our selection of flat contradiction forms the useful complement of the examples already given of Sir A. Alison's pet pastime. How the 'Causes' will like such an approximation is quite another affair, and they may possibly sympathize with the stag who

> Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
> And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.

EVENTS.	CAUSES.						
	Prohibition of Small Notes.	Reform Bill.	Free Trade.	French Revolution of 1830.	Bank Charter Act of 1844 and Crisis of 1847.	Lord Palmerston's Policy of 1848-9.	Spanish Marriages.
Catholic Emancipation .	Yes.						
Negro Emancipation . .	Yes.			Yes.			
Irish Emigration	Yes.	Yes.	Yes.		Yes.		
French Revolution of 1848					Yes.		Yes.
Russian Intervention in Hungary					Yes.	Yes.	
Crimean War		Yes.			Yes.	Yes.	

It is to be distinctly understood that the 'Causes' given in this Table are asserted by Sir A. Alison in the most positive terms, and in the most precise language of which he is capable. There is no question of a composition of Forces: Tenterden steeple, that and nothing else, is the cause of the Goodwin Sands. It was a triumph of Ætiological skill, to plant such "death-bestrodden jungles" (his own words) of perverse and peremptory self-contradiction. Of the rank and rotten growths of this Flora one species or another comes to light in almost every page of our present Herbarium, so that it is needless to multiply examples. But we cannot suppress an instructive censure on the late Sir R. Peel, who took office when the growth of the British

* *Fraser's Magazine* for August, 1859, p. 213.

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empire '*had* terminated, when it had arrived at full maturity, and the causes of decline *were* beginning to operate.'* Already a LAW had arrested the progress of the enfeebled body-politic, which was crying for Free Trade—that 'wail of aged civilization,' and the existence of that demand was an indication that *the time had arrived when nature intended it should be granted.' Four pages* later, Sir R. Peel (in company with Earl Grey) is thus indicted for the Repeal of the Corn Laws:—'The authors of the changes are responsible for their effects. Both were precipitated and rendered unavoidable by the previous acts of the very minister who introduced them.'

Leaving this pretty bone of contention to be picked clean by those whom it may concern, let us try to form some notion of Sir A. Alison's political opinions. But the job is no easy one, for they cannot be referred to any known classification. *Abroad* he finds the regeneration of Greece, since the establishment of her independence, to have been so completely achieved that '*the warmest hopes of her friends have been realized.*' King Otho has shown himself a model of constitutional wisdom. Her people have enjoyed the full blessings of an unbribed parliamentary Government. The tranquillity of the land has not been disturbed by brigands. The material progress has been equal to the intellectual; commerce and agriculture have flourished to a fabulous extent. Greece, in a word, may be spoken of in the *Present* tense, for she is not menaced by the 'Decline' which has overtaken unhappy England.† These lucky children of Hellas! fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint. Nearer home, however, there are painful pictures to be contemplated, for 'the monarchies of Spain and Portugal were *overturned*, and a *revolutionary* dynasty of Queens placed on *their* thrones, in direct *violation of the Treaty of Utrecht*.'‡

Sir A. Alison has no particular fault to find with Liberal statesmen and ideas, and he speaks with becoming respect, not only of Sir Robert Peel, but even of Sir W. Molesworth. He laments the '*ignorance and want of practical familiarity with affairs*,' shown by aristocratic leaders in general, and Earl Grey in particular, who '*destroyed the old Constitution of England*.'§ Nor does he think more highly of a 'Tory Democracy,' or even of a 'Polygarchy' which, it appears, is our actual form of Government. He is by no means an enemy of freedom, but he doubts the fact of its having ever existed. All history, past and contemporary, proves the '*experienced inability of mankind to govern themselves*' (the italics are his own) and the 'general failure' of Representative Institutions, which have destroyed industry, property, and population in Great Britain, and in several other countries besides, is now admitted by 'thoughtful men.' 'They have been weighed in the balance and found *a*wanting.' Let no 'unbridled Democrat' anoint his soul with the flattering fancy that these are the rancid ravings of Tory dotage, for the cases of France and Germany prove the position. '*Men* do not *everywhere* concur in abolishing institutions which are really beneficial in their tendency, or in recurring to those which are pernicious. * * * It is in vain to say that this reaction has been owing to the interposition of an armed force, which has stifled the expression of the public voice, and arrested the march of public improvement. *Armed men* are but the executors *of the national will; in all ages*, but more especially in civilized and enlightened, *they do not control*, but express it. * * * The forces of the Czar never could have re-established despotic power in Austria, if the brief experience of revolutionary anarchy had not *made it generally felt* that it was preferable to the storms of faction.'‖ Well done, Sir A. Alison! you deserve to be a cabinet minister at Vienna, for your syllogisms outdo the severe logic of Buol and Schwarzenberg. Your new system of 'Perjury made easy,' has even whitewashed the family of Hapsburg, and silenced the spiteful foes

* Vol. vii. p. 223. † Vol. iii. p. 236. ‡ Vol. i. p. 8.
§ Vol. v. p. 490. ‖ Vol. i. pp. 54, 55.

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of that enlightened, that generous, that able house!

CHARACTERISTICS.

From the pleasant spectacle of the 'armed men' who carry out by force the wishes and aspirations of the German nationalities, we will not revert to the '*ruin of industry* and *destruction* of *property* effected in Great Britain'* by representative institutions. The moral pointed by this fearful tale will eventually rank as an axiom, and the great teacher need not be discouraged if 'a whole generation requires to go to their graves before the subject is understood.' Meanwhile, regretting that our own lot will not be cast in the enlightened age thus foreshadowed, we pass from the logic and philosophy of things to that of persons. One peculiarity in the new method of characteristics has already been mentioned,† and it remains to particularize another symptom of Sir A. Alison's luminous intellect. He photographs eminent individuals with a lens warranted to reproduce none of the specialities of form and feature, so that every portrait bears the strongest family likeness to its neighbour. It would be a capital amusement for a dull circle on a rainy day to read aloud certain passages of the *History of Europe*, with a view to guessing, or what sounds more probable, *trying* to guess, the names of the parties described. The child that identified a portrait, would deservedly obtain a handsome reward, and such an exercise of infant skill, if combined with the discovery of some of Sir A. Alison's blunders, would afford the basis of a favourite nursery game, and would be no less funny, and more instructive, than the verification of those eternal woodcuts of donkeys and geese. Suppose this to be the conundrum to be guessed at:—

'Born a natural leader of the people, he was equal to the post. *Free from prejudices, his large mind sympathized with all classes* of the realm. * * His mind is not only interesting as an extraordinary example, &c., but as *the finest type of a character which has now become purely historical*, from society having changed so much, at least in these islands, that its reproduction has become impossible.'‡

The subject of this affectionate eulogy would, we undertake to say, never be divined. And after intelligent infancy had exhausted the cycle of probabilities, the name of *Lord George Bentinck* would have to be pronounced to their expectant ears!

Whoever is inclined to find fault with this fashion of handling illustrious persons, will do well to consider one or two further instances, and the result will be a conviction that the Protectionist chief has had the benefit of Sir A. Alison's *best* 'manner;' and that the passage just given is the author's 'Last Judgment' or 'Sistine Madonna.' The parties who will now concern us are the French African generals, and they are introduced with an exquisite bit of astronomical analysis:—

> They appear at first with a faint radiance, an uncertain light, gradually expanding in brightness, as the stars which on the approach of night become visible, one by one, in the azure firmament, till with the increasing surrounding gloom they shine forth with a clear and imperishable lustre!

After this successful attempt

> To touch the soul with tender strokes of art,

the mind is doubtless prepared to meet the Africans. It is a remarkable and unparalleled circumstance, hitherto neglected by every previous biographer, that General Changarnier's 'thoughts were constantly on his military duties, and his ambition fixed on military distinction!' This is the way great men are robbed of their due! Changarnier, however, has at last got his Boswell, from whom we gather the highly characteristic feature that the General provisioned his troops as well as he could, and gave them, 'whenever it was practicable, an adequate amount of repose. He was careful also to avoid imposing on them unnecessary fatigue. His practice was, the moment a company arrived on its

* Vol. i. p. 56. † See *ante* p. 617. ‡ Vol. vii. p. 296.

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ground, to pile the arms, lay off the knapsacks, and then every one ran to get water, cut wood, or cook victuals, as circumstances might require.'* The criminal carelessness of superficial biographers had actually neglected to notice this complete revolution in military economy!

Taken as a whole, the characters of the African generals present a series of undesigned coincidences which a future Napier or Jomini may study with profit; and we venture to offer a bird's-eye view of a prospect which fills four consecutive pages of vol. vii. The 'whole' quotations, as Sir A. Alison would express it, are given in their exact words.

GROUP I.

His presence of mind and coolness in danger never were surpassed; and it was a common observation that the precision and rapidity of his orders increased with the danger in which he was placed, and were never so great as when the enemy's balls were falling around him.—p. 523.	CANROBERT.
The respect which all felt for his coolness and decision when the moment of danger arrived. Then all eyes were turned to their beloved chief, and the rapidity and *coup-d'œil* (*sic!*) with which his orders were given justified the confidence of his soldiers.—p. 524.	BUGEAUD.
No one was more energetic when the moment of action arrived, or exhibited more coolness and decision in giving his orders in circumstances of difficulty or danger.—p. 526.	LAMORICIÈRE.
A discriminating intellect, and an extraordinary power of rapid decision in the most trying circumstances.—p. 526.	BOSQUET.
Cautious in design, and yet rapid in execution.—p. 527.	ST. ARNAUD.
No one revolved more anxiously in his mind the chances of an enterprise before it was attempted; no one, when he deemed it practicable, carried it into execution with more vigour or celerity.—p. 528.	CHANGARNIER.

GROUP II.

Easy of access, communicative in conversation, familiar without abasement, he felt himself among his men as in a large family, and he was beloved accordingly.—p. 524.	BUGEAUD.
Beloved by those who approached him, from the simplicity of his manners and the kindliness of his disposition, he was yet regarded by all with the respect, &c.—p. 527.	BOSQUET.

GROUP III.

His talents were peculiarly conspicuous in the strategic arrangement of a campaign, and the converging directions of many different columns from different quarters to the decisive point.—p. 525.	BUGEAUD.
Possessed that talent for combination which was of so much importance in a country so difficult of access, and when the troops required to converge from so many distant points to achieve decisive success.—p. 527.	ST. ARNAUD.

The student of warlike psychology should refer to the original, although Sir A. Alison offers no further comment on the very curious optical phenomenon referred in Group I. to Marshal Bugeaud. It would be derogatory to the dignity of a Marshal of France to wink at his troops, and we must therefore await further explanation and illustration of the method by which the eye adapts itself to the functions of a trumpet. Till that arrives we shall consider the 'giving orders with *coup-d'œil*' as the most notable achievement of military history, and one which was 'awanting' in 'Hannibal, Cæsar, and all great commanders' of antiquity. These are deep matters, and they may safely be left to the author of the system of fortification imperfectly described in our August number — to the veteran whose veracious commentaries now open before us narrate the brilliant

* Vol. vii. pp. 519, 520.

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campaign of 1848. But we will not shock the delicacy of Sir A. Alison by telling how the 'Sheriff of Lanarkshire came up at the gallop at the head of sixty-six of the dragoons,' and how in rivalry of Lamartine and the Red flag, the said Gerefa dispersed a mob of 10,000 ragamuffins by 'a few words.'* No wonder the 'ten thousand' beat so rapid a retreat: they expected Sir A. Alison was going to read them a few extracts from the *History of Europe*.

TOPAZE.

(To be continued.)

ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL.

In Memoriam.

SUGGESTIVE minds, so rare in every age and country, cannot be torn from the body of a nation without leaving deep and painful wounds which require years to heal. England will long mourn in Brunel the loss of a bold, enlightened, and comprehensive genius; one which has been snatched but too early from the foremost rank of those great pioneers of mechanical and commercial progress, who have exalted our country to the elevated position which it has attained, and at a period of life when the inspirations of genius are rendered all the more valuable as they become tempered by the deliberations of judgment.

Isambard Kingdom Brunel was born on the 9th April, 1806, at Portsea. From his father, Sir Isambard Brunel, he inherited those mental qualities which so eminently distinguished his eventful career. In that son the natural powers of observation, conception, judgment, and action were united in a degree seldom found. It is recorded of him that when at school at Brighton, about his twelfth year, he foretold one evening the fall, within ten hours, of some buildings in the progress of erection just opposite to the school-house, and that a wager was laid upon the event. In the morning young Brunel claimed his wager—the buildings had fallen. The engineer in embryo had watched the negligent manner in which the work was being done, and he had observed in the evening in question, the clouds gathering, and all the prognostics of a coming storm, and he inferred that the work was not prepared to resist its violence.

From Brighton Brunel was sent to Paris and placed under the care of M. Massin, where he was compelled, much against his inclination, to devote a large portion of his time to the study of the classics. From thence he entered the *Lycée*, or the College of Charlemagne, where he remained two years engaged in studies more congenial to his nature—in which he made rapid progress, and where he ultimately carried away the first prizes in mathematics, French, history, and geography, the second in drawing, and where he exhibited powers which were soon to be brought to the test of an early experience. In 1822 he returned home to enter his father's office, and be practically fitted for the profession which he may now be said to have adopted. In that office he possessed advantages which can never again fall to the lot of any engineering student.

Amongst numerous designs for works of a novel character, those for the splendid chain bridges at that time about to be erected on the Isle of Bourbon, together with the no less remarkable works for Chatham, were constantly before him. Nor was he slow to take advantage of his position, for in 1824 we find him assistant to his father in the Thames Tunnel, to which he soon became resident engineer, and where many of those great qualities which marked his more advanced career were called forth.

In 1828, the works of the Tunnel being stopped, Brunel was free to

* Vol. vii. p. 366.

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turn his thoughts to other projects; nor was it long before he found a large and exciting field. The proposal for uniting the Gloucestershire and Somersetshire shores of the Avon below Bristol by a suspension bridge had been made, and a premium for the best design had been offered. Amongst the competitors the name of Brunel appeared. Mr. Telford, then at the height of his fame, was selected as referee. The history of the competition will form a curious and interesting chapter in the struggles of genius with prescriptive right; and in the history of Brunel it must occupy a prominent position from the fact, that to his success in achieving at the early age of twenty-three a conquest over men already known to the world as masters in that special branch of engineering, including the illustrious referee himself, must be dated the commencement of his subsequent unprecedented career; and though the Clifton bridge was never completed owing to want of funds, yet the Chain bridge across the Thames from Hungerford Market, in London, affords, in its construction, ample proof of the competency of the engineer. The enlargement of the docks at Bristol quickly followed the bridge contest, with all those appliances for dredging which confirmed the opinion already formed of Brunel's industry, originality, and power of organization. To the friends whom his talents secured to him at Bristol was he indebted for his introduction to railway engineering, which had already begun to agitate the commercial world.

Brunel startled his contemporaries by a departure from a system which had been originally adopted for the convenience of the collier, and which had subsequently been transferred from the tramroad to the locomotive, without very much consideration being given to the altered circumstances of the two systems. The necessity of providing for increased speed, involving greater lateral steadiness in the carriages and engine, with a diminution of friction by the use of wheels of large diameter, induced Brunel to suggest a gauge of 7 feet in place of the one of 4 feet 8½ inches then in use: this, with the adoption of longitudinal timbers upon which to fix the rails, that a more equable bearing might be secured, formed the leading features of Brunel's improvements. Without stopping to discuss the vexed question of the gauges, it will here suffice to say that Brunel's suggestions were adopted, and the Great Western, with the several branches to Brentford, Hungerford, Oxford, &c.—the Gloucester and Bristol—the Bristol and Exeter—the Bristol and South Wales—the Cheltenham and Great Western—the South Devon—the East and West Somerset—the Dartmouth and Torbay—the Bucks and Hants—the Oxford and Rugby—the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton—the South Wales and Forest of Dean, with the branches to Ross and Hereford—the Wilts and Somerset—the Oxford and Birmingham, and the Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Dudley Railways, show the extent to which those enlarged ideas prevailed, and attest the correctness of the mechanical anticipations of the engineer.

If to these works, extending over 1100 miles, be added the Dublin and Wexford, the Cork and Waterford in Ireland, with the Florence and Pistoja, and Genoa and Pavia in Italy, through the valleys and main chain of the Apennines, the Eastern Bengal in India, the waterworks at Clifton and Chippenham, the docks at Sunderland, Bristol, Plymouth, Neath, Birkenhead, Sutton Pool, Gloster and Dean Forest and Brentford, and the design for a portable hospital in the Crimea, which was considered the most perfect of the kind ever constructed, and which, had not the war been brought prematurely to a close, would have had its value more fully recognised, we have, as far as mere statistics can avail, suggested an amount of mental and physical labour most of which was performed within the limited period of seventeen years, sufficient to stimulate, if not to exhaust, the most powerful organization. It would be impossible to enumerate the one-hundredth part of the incidental projections of stone, brick, wood, and iron involved in these undertakings, and we shall here only

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allude to the Box Tunnel, which was at the time of its construction the longest work of the kind in England, and to the Maidenhead, Windsor, Chepstow, and Saltash bridges, which from their novelty, magnitude, and cheapness, will long remain noble monuments of Brunel's genius. We may add that one of the distinguishing features of all Brunel's constructions was, the small quantity of material used to accomplish the end in view, exhibiting thereby an amount of thought not always bestowed on such details.

In the enumeration of Brunel's projects connected with the railway system, his sagacity and skill were not always triumphant. The success of the atmospheric principle upon a short line near Dublin seemed to indicate the propriety of rendering it more generally available. 'Rapidity, comfort, safety, and economy' were its supposed recommendations. In 1844 reports were made by Committees of the House of Commons and Board of Trade in favour of this system, and a powerful effort was made to introduce it on the Newcastle coast line in 1845, but it was defeated by the Stephensons and the locomotive interest, old George declaring, with his characteristic sagacity, 'It won't do; it is only the fixed engines and ropes over again in another form, and I don't think this rope of wind will do as well as the rope of wire did.' That his prognostication was correct the Croydon and South Devon lines subsequently proved. Brunel did not, however, stand alone in the hopes he had entertained or the opinion he had formed of the applicability of this motive power to the requirements of the age. Dr. Robinson of Armagh, and Mr. Cubitt—men of high authority in theoretical and practical science—backed by a large party in the Legislature, the Prime Minister of the period at its head, were equally sanguine of success.

But it was not as a civil engineer only that Brunel's genius found its full development. His connexion with the more recent improvements in gunnery, was, we have reason to believe, far greater than the public are aware; and as the originator of a great maritime revolution, his name will be handed down to the latest posterity. So long ago as 1841, Brunel recommended the adoption of the screw, which had been invented by Mr. F. P. Smith, to the serious consideration of the Government, and is believed to have lent his powerful aid in perfecting the invention. Certain it is, that to Brunel must be conceded the practical application of this valuable instrument of propulsion to vessels of great burden. Of the fate of the *Rattler* we shall only here say that it will form another curious episode in the history of the Circumlocution office.

The construction of steam vessels upon a scale far larger than had heretofore been considered possible, long engaged Brunel's attention. His connexion with Bristol favoured his views, and two vessels were successively built under his immediate direction—the *Great Western* of 1350 tons, and the *Great Britain* of 3500 tons. As an illustration of the superiority which size and power confer on steam-vessels, we may recall an early trial of the *Great Western* with the *Sirius* of 700 tons. The former took her departure from Bristol eight days *after* the latter left Cork, and arrived at New York *only seven hours after* the *Sirius*, having still five days' coal (125 tons) remaining on board, while the *Sirius* had not only exhausted all hers, but had consumed her spare spars and furniture also—the last portion of fuel thrown into the fire being a child's doll.

The success of the *Great Western* determined three important elements of commercial success—expedition, certainty, and profit, and naturally led to a far more extended view of maritime intercommunication than had ever before been suggested. When it is called to mind that no example of an iron steamship of sufficient size existed, on which to found any calculation of the thickness of the iron to be employed in the construction, or of the disposition of the material in order to obtain the greatest relative degree of strength, we are filled with astonishment at the boldness and sagacity of the mind which could encounter all the difficulties

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of the position, and take upon itself the responsibility of recommending the construction of a vessel of nearly 3500 tons burden, to be fitted with a screw propeller. The machinery, however, which was required seemed so vast, that no contractor could be found to supply it, and the company were compelled to execute it themselves, under the immediate management of one of their directors, Mr. Guppy.

This vessel made her first trial trip in January, 1845. Many months had not, however, elapsed before her strength was tested in a manner little contemplated by her projector. She was stranded at Dundrum Bay, and during the whole winter of 1846-7 was exposed to unusually heavy storms from the south and south-east, and yet, with the exception of large holes in her bottom, no injury was done to her lines. The manner in which she was protected so long in her perilous position, reflects the highest credit on the ingenuity of the engineer, and the energy, devotion, and practical skill of Captain Claxton, to whom the arduous labour of superintendence was confided.

The experience obtained in the construction of the *Great Britain*, and the success which attended her performance, ultimately led to the formation of the Great Eastern Company and the appointment of Brunel, in 1852, as the engineer, and thus afforded him the opportunity of realizing views with which his highest professional aspirations had long been bound up. The problem to be solved was, the construction of a vessel which should comprise the elements of high speed and safety, with capacity sufficient to perform the voyage to Calcutta and home every two months, without stopping to coal by the way. That the mechanical conditions have been faithfully fulfilled there can now be no doubt; but at a sacrifice of health, strength, and life, the penalty of that inevitable law which ever claims the most devoted spirit; for never yet was a great victory won that those who took possession of the conquest did not pass over the bodies of the noblest slain. That the idea of extending the bounds of commerce by increasing the dimensions of vessels, together with the mode in which such increase could be best effected, had its origin with Brunel, we have the best evidence in a communication from Mr. William Patterson, of Bristol, the most celebrated of our large ship-builders, to Captain Claxton, dated September 26th. After expressing his regret that any doubt should have been felt upon the subject, he adds, 'I recollect very well, at the time the *Great Britain* was commenced, that Mr. Brunel spoke then of building a ship 1000 feet long, and at the same time stating his dislike to the old-fashioned way of framing ships; and, farther, said that he would have all the frame in the direction in which the diagonal ribbon lines are in the framing of a wood ship: and this plan of framing he has carried out in the great ship; and he has almost everything then proposed now carried out, and I am quite sure that all the credit for all the arrangements in that ship is due to Mr. Brunel.'

The difficulties, vexations, and disappointments which beset the completion of this last and greatest of Brunel's undertakings are fresh in the public mind. Operating upon a frame already enfeebled by long-continued suffering, they produced the natural but dreaded result, and on the 15th of September he resigned his spirit to the God who gave it.

Whatever different estimates may be formed of the value of some of Brunel's projections, but one opinion can be entertained of his moral worth. With an intellect and a constitution singularly powerful—capable of the largest conceptions, yet schooled to the minutest detail, gifted with a high moral sense, which was sometimes overborne by a hopefulness and confidence in his own resources which tempted him too readily to transgress those simple physiological laws that require the just alternation of rest and labour, he struggled on through life, constantly deferring the pleasure of repose, until, as responsibilities increased, and health declined, it became impossible. Simple in his habits, unostentatious in his charities, a lover and liberal patron of high art, generous to others,

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inexorable to himself, abounding in benevolent sentiments, endearing in his domestic life, patient under disappointment, possessing a fixity of purpose and a will that seemed to defy the weakness of the flesh, yet ever deferring, certainly in his latter years, in humble resignation and prayerful subordination to that higher Will, before which he habitually recognised his own powerlessness.

Brunel was early united to one who knew how to appreciate his noble nature, and to whom he was ever a tender, devoted, and indulgent husband. She remains with two sons and a daughter to mourn a loss never to be repaired.

Mr. Brunel was a Fellow of the Royal Society, elected at the early age of twenty-six, and a Doctor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford.

R. B.

NAPOLEON THE LIBERATOR.

YES—'twas a glorious vision to create
An Italy for those deluded long!
And doubly cruel, therefore, was the wrong
To leave the child of promise to its fate.
Thou hast will'd it so—thou, deem'd the great,
Because all else were little—be assured
The bold 'idea' thou hast not matur'd,
Will, unappall'd, its hour of triumph wait.
In story how will Villafranca shine?
Some future Motley* to the world may show
That freedom's germ, tho' buried there, could blow;
For despots work not out their own design:
And he who boasts his 'epoch' best to read,
May prove he does but hold a madman's creed.

Oct. 8, 1859.

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* Author of the *Dutch Republic.*

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HALLUCINATIONS.*

M. BRIERRE DE BOISMONT is well known in England as a physician of large experience among the insane, and as an author of mark on many subjects connected with the physiology and pathology of the mind. He is also favourably distinguished from most of his countrymen by the pains he has taken to make himself acquainted with the labours of his contemporaries on this side the Channel, with some of whom he is on terms of intimacy. The latest production of his pen is now before us in an English dress. The work of translation has been faithfully performed by Mr. Hulme, who has also succeeded in condensing a work of which the chief defect was diffuseness and repetition, without impairing its value as an exponent of a very interesting and important subject.

The intellectual repast provided for us by the author consists of nearly one hundred and fifty cases selected from the best authorities, French, German, and English, arranged in order, and serving as illustrations of the principles laid down in the early chapters of his work. The cases themselves, apart from the running commentary which connects them, and serves to enhance their value, would prove full of interest for the intelligent student; but when taken with the judicious remarks of M. de Boismont, they will be found to combine the charms of authentic fact, lucid arrangement, and sound philosophy.

Before we proceed to place the author's labours under contribution for the edification of our readers, we must indulge ourselves in a brief dissertation on the meaning of the word hallucination. The discussions which took place on the occasion of the trial of Buranelli, respecting the meaning which ought to attach to the cognate words *illusion* and *delusion* must serve as our apology for the slight delay involved in this our verbal criticism.

There are three words in common use among the learned in disorders of the mind—illusion, delusion, and hallucination; and it would greatly conduce to clearness and precision in the treatment of a subject in which these qualities are specially required, if we could arrive at some distinct understanding respecting these terms. Now, there should be no doubt or difficulty about the two words illusion and delusion. *Illusion* certainly should mean a false sensation, and *delusion* a false idea. The one (illusion) is an error of the senses, in which the mind, if sound, has no part; the other (delusion) an error of the mind, in which it is not necessary that the senses should participate. But the word hallucination, though perhaps used in France with the requisite precision, has not met with such judicious treatment in England. Among scientific writers it is sometimes used as synonymous with illusion, sometimes with delusion. Our older writers, too, both classical and medical, employed the word in different senses. Addison, for instance, says, of a mere typographical error, 'This must have been the *hallucination* of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *i* for a *t*;' and Byrom tells us of 'some poor *hallucinating* scribe's mistake.' Boyle, too, speaks of 'a few *hallucinations* about a subject to which the greatest clerks have been generally such strangers.' In the first two passages the word is used somewhat in the sense of an *illusion*, but in the third in the sense of a *delusion*. The two great physicians, Sir Thomas Browne and Harvey, evidently use the word in opposite senses; for Sir Thomas Browne, discoursing upon the sight, says, 'if vision be abolished, it is called *cæcitas* or blindness; if depraved, and receive its objects erroneously,

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* *On Hallucinations: a History and Explanation of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasy, Magnetism, and Somnambulism.* By A. Brierre de Boismont, M.D. Translated from the French by Robert T. Hulme, F.L.S., M.R.C.S. London: Renshaw. 1859.

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hallucination.' But Harvey, speaking of 'a wasting of the flesh without cause,' tells us that it 'is frequently termed a bewitched disease; but questionless a mere *hallucination* of the vulgar.' So that Harvey used the word in the sense of an error of the mind, Brown as an error of the sense of sight. As, however, the learned author of *Vulgar Errors* is defining the word, while Harvey uses it without any special weighing of its meaning—as two out of the three other authorities just quoted employ it in the sense which Sir Thomas Browne attaches to it, and most modern writers give it the same meaning—we will take an hallucination to be a depraved or erroneous action of the senses.

If we are justified in so defining the word hallucination, we are perhaps equally justified in urging our psychologists to abandon the use of the term in favour of the more simple word illusion. But we are afraid that M. Brierre de Boismont would not support us in this attempt at simplification, for he employs the word illusion in contradistinction to the word hallucination, defining a hallucination as 'the perception of the sensible signs of an idea,' and an illusion 'as the false appreciation of real sensations.' We, on the contrary, are disposed to make the word illusion do double duty, and to release the word hallucination from all its engagements. Defining an illusion as an error of sense, we should recognise two kinds of illusion, the one consisting in the falsification of real, the other in the creation of unreal, sensations. Thus a gentleman who, fresh from turtle-soup, punch, venison, and champagne, should contrive to convert a combination of lantern, turnip, broomstick, and sheet into a ghost, would be afflicted with the first form of illusion; while another gentleman who, under similar convivial influences, should succeed in manufacturing a ghost out of the unsubstantial air of a bleak common, with no object visible for miles, would be the subject of the second form of illusion. But the question whether we shall or shall not accept our author's definitions of hallucinations and illusions must not be allowed to divert us any longer from the more important contents of his work. We shall be turning these to the best account if we attempt, with his assistance, to give our own connected and continuous view of all that part of the large science of psychology which relates to the senses in their healthy and in their disordered conditions.

A man possessed of a sound mind in a healthy body, endowed with organs of sense of perfect construction, and keeping in all things within the bounds of temperance and moderation, would be absolutely free from illusions and hallucinations. His eye would present to him none but real sights, his ear would convey to him only real sounds. His sleep would not be disturbed by dreams. The only sensations not exactly corresponding to external objects which he would experience would consist in the substitution of the complementary colours for each other if he fatigued the eye by fixing it too long on some bright object. The golden sun would appear to his closed eyes like a violet-coloured wafer, a window-frame would seem to have dark panes and light sashes, and a dark picture with a gilt frame would have its light and dark features transposed.

The perfect physical organization which we have just supposed would also be quite compatible with the hearing of sounds and the seeing of sights which can only be traced to their true source by the light of science or experience. A person thus happily endowed might judge wrongly of an echo or be misled by a mirage. He might be frightened by the Giant of the Brocken or enchanted by the castles of the Fairy Morgana. His sensations would be real, though the cause might be indirect or obscure.

The next onward step in the philosophy of the organs of sense is taken if, for the healthy man, we substitute the ailing child or less vigorous adult, on whose organs of sense sensations linger after the causes of them have been removed. Our author quotes from Abercrombie one case in which the eye was the seat of such a persistent sensation; and he might have drawn from the same source another in which the sense of hearing

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was similarly affected. A friend of the Doctor had been for some time looking intently at a small print of the Virgin and Child. On raising his head, the two figures the size of life appeared at the end of the room, and continued visible for the space of two minutes.

From persistent sensations, or sensations reproduced involuntarily after a short interval, the transition is easy and natural to sensations prolonged or reproduced by an effort of the will. The power of bringing back the pictures of visible objects in the dark, or of restoring sounds in the silence, does not seem to be a very rare one. Many children possess it, and there are artists who are able to turn it to account. The painter whom Dr. Wigan represents as executing three hundred portraits in one year possessed this faculty of reproduction in an eminent degree. He placed each of a succession of sitters before him for half an hour, and looked at him attentively, sketching from time to time on the canvas. Having dismissed his last sitter, he began to paint the first of the series after a method described in these words: 'I took the man and sat him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person; I may almost say more vividly. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as I should have done had the sitter been there. When I looked at the chair I saw the man.' This painter won distinction, and earned and saved money, but he spent thirty years of his life in a madhouse. On his release his right hand was found not to have lost its cunning: but the exercise of his art excited him too much; he gave up his painting, and died soon after.

Another step forward, and we come to the case of the child who covers himself with the bed-clothes, and paints his miniature fancy scenes on his organ of vision; or of the poet who contrives, as Goethe did, to see what he fervently imagines; or of the actor Talma, who asserted of himself that he was in the habit of stripping his brilliant audiences of all covering, artificial and natural, till he left only bare skeletons behind, and that under the influence of the emotions excited by this strange spectral assembly he produced some of his most startling effects.

Such then, without making any pretence to minute accuracy, are the most familiar facts relating to the reproduction of sensations or their voluntary creation in the absence of the objects which usually occasion them.

Sensation without the immediate presence of an object of sense is assuredly a very wonderful phenomenon; but the seeing and hearing, the feeling, smelling, and tasting, of objects which have no existence, as the result of an involuntary operation of the brain, without any co-operation of the senses (for illusions have been shown to occur after the entire destruction of the organs of sense of which they might be supposed the scene), are among the most extraordinary facts of our complicated and marvellous organization. It is to this involuntary work of the brain that we would now invite the attention of the reader.

If we again assume as possible a perfectly healthy and perfectly temperate man, we can imagine such a man to be absolutely free from hallucinations, for we can imagine him free from dreams; but the vast majority of men have large experience of hallucinations as they occur in that imperfect sleep which favours the free play of the fancy. In this state we know that every sense may become in its turn the theatre of impressions that are not distinguishable from those which external objects occasion in the waking man; and these illusions of the senses are blended with delusions of the mind that rival them in vividness and reality.

Here let us pause a moment while we contemplate this wonderful phenomenon of dreams—this strange compound of illusions and delusions—this harmless analogue of madness—this most instructive and most humanizing plea for dealing cautiously and tenderly with the sorest trial and affliction of humanity. Fatigued by bodily labour, wearied by mental applica-

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tion, or tired of doing nothing, we escape from the discomfort of clothes, place ourselves in a position of rest, do our best to banish thought, shut out, if we can, both light and sound, and so fall asleep. There we lie, given up to the chemical changes and automatic movements of nutrition, circulation, and respiration, the pulse and breathing reduced to their lowest number, and every function of the frame to its lowest point of activity. Of the proximate cause of this state we know nothing, and the best guess we can make at it is that the balance of the circulation through the brain has been altered, and that whereas in our waking state the vessels conveying red blood to the head were kept filled by the more vigorous action of the heart, and the vessels conveying black blood from the head were comparatively empty, in our sleeping state the order of things is reversed, and the black blood predominates over the red. Be this as it may, a perfectly healthy change in the functions of the brain, and one not involving any permanent alteration in its structure, is found by universal experience to be accompanied by illusions of all the senses, and strange delusions of the mind, the illusions and delusions being mixed up into scenes as apparently real as the mixture of sensations, thoughts, and actions, which make up the transactions of our waking hours.

When these curious compounds of illusion and delusion are brought about by very slight departures from ideal perfect health, or when they occur during the short transition from sound sleep to perfect wakefulness, and are not attended by any painful sensation of oppression, suffocation, sinking, or struggling, we call them dreams; but if that single strawberry, or that modicum of pie-crust which we were so imprudent as to blend with that otherwise moderate and wholesome supper, should happen to disagree with us, and the indigestion which reveals itself to our waking man by too familiar symptoms in stomach and brain, in mind and temper, plants a cat, a dog, or a demon upon our chests, raises us to giddy heights, plunges us to awful depths, sends us spinning like a top, or, more merciful, lends us wings to fly, or seven-league boots to clear oceans at a leap, then our dreams become nightmares, and we have opened out for contemplation the myriads of hallucinations which grow out of uneasy bodily sensations misinterpreted by a mind robbed by sleep of all its usual standards of comparison.

Of the varieties of nightmare, we have not space to speak at any length. Suffice it to state, that the sleeper sometimes betrays his trouble to the looker-on by restless tossings about, while at other times he appears to be in a sound sleep; that generally he wakes up in a paroxysm of terror struggling hopelessly for breath, for power of speech, or movement; and that, in some few instances, the unreal sensations are for a short space of time believed to be real, to the imminent danger of sleeping neighbours. For some interesting cases of nightmare repeated night after night (in some instances at the same hour), and of nightmare attacking a number of persons at the same time, and with the self-same hallucination, the reader is referred to M. Brierre de Boismont. Also for much curious information on dreams, somnambulism, ecstasy, and animal magnetism. We have marked some of the cases cited under the head of dreams as misplaced, but the cases are so interesting in themselves that our criticism is disarmed as we read them.

From dreams, nightmares, somnambulism, and other analogous conditions fruitful in hallucinations, we pass on to abstinence, voluntary or enforced, to solitude and imprisonment, and to the complicated fatigues and privations of shipwreck. Judging by the examples cited by the author, these causes generally, but not invariably, produce hallucinations of an agreeable kind; in which respect they resemble the sensations described by those who have been rescued from drowning and hanging. The shipwrecked crew on the raft of the *Medusa*, deserted and starving, saw not only the vessels which they hoped for, but beautiful plantations

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and avenues, and landscapes leading to magnificent cities; and the miner shut up during fifteen days without food is comforted by celestial voices, as was Benvenuto Cellini in his prison, and, if our memory serves us faithfully, Silvio Pellico. Hallucinations of a less pleasurable kind are not uncommon in aged persons, as the result of failing strength and languid circulation through the brain.

Following still an order of our own, but availing ourselves freely of our author's illustrative examples, we next arrive at those hallucinations which are caused by poisonous substances, such as the stramonium or thorn-apple, and the belladonna or deadly nightshade. A case of suicidal poisoning by the first of these plants came under the author's notice. It occurred in the person of a musician and composer, who was first giddy, then as if drunk with wine, next entangled in a visionary ballet, then insensible, then again surrounded by hundreds of thieves and assassins with hideous faces and threatening gestures, which so frightened and excited him that when taken to the Hôtel Dieu he was confined as a furious madman. In three days he had completely recovered. A condensed account of the experiences of the English Opium Eater, with a singular history of an opium-eating Indian king, and a fact from Abercrombie illustrative of the power which opium administered for more legitimate reasons has of creating hallucinations; some interesting experiments with the *haschisch* (a preparation made from the seeds of the *Cannabis Indica*, or Indian hemp); and cases of delirium tremens produced by the abuse of spirituous liquors, complete this division of the subject.

Next in order to the causes of hallucinations which we have just been considering, we should place those disturbances of the circulation through the brain which attend diseases acute and chronic not primarily affecting the brain itself. All the forms of fever in every stage of their development, the intermittent fever commonly known as ague, inflammations of the more important organs of the body, seizures of the gout, the suppression of habitual discharges, and many other disorders and diseases which it is not our business to particularize, will come into this category. Affections of the brain itself, such as congestion and inflammation, and disorders of the nervous system — catalepsy, epilepsy, hysteria, hypochondriasis, St. Vitus's dance, and hydrophobia— would constitute another class in our ascending series, which culminates in the hallucinations and illusions so generally present in persons of unsound mind.

The short and imperfect sketch and classification which we have now given of the causes of hallucinations, will serve to show the frequency of these strange disorders of the senses, or, to speak more correctly, of that wonderful physical organ of the mind which, sometimes by an effort of the will, but much more frequently without volition or consciousness of effort, converts its own operations into sensual impressions so vivid and so like reality, as to task all the powers of the sound mind to distinguish the real from the unreal, and utterly to set at nought and confound the feeble or confused powers of minds smitten with unsoundness.

Many curious and grave questions suggest themselves to one who has succeeded in realizing this extensive prevalence of hallucinations. Seeing that, without any effort of the will, the brain, which ordinarily perceives the pictures painted on the eye, can create them out of nothing, we should, even in the absence of experience, be led to the belief that the same organ of the mind, by a similar involuntary action, might originate ideas and opinions bearing to the usual processes of thought and ratiocination the same relation that hallucination does to sensation; in a word, that delusions may spring up involuntarily in the mind, as we know that they do in the insane. But analogy would lead us even further than this. If unreal sensations and unreal thoughts are possible as a consequence of involuntary workings of the organ of the mind, why not unreal words—words which are not the image of any idea deserving of

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the name, but involuntary creations of an utterly disordered instrument of thought? If unreal sensations, thoughts, and words may be born of involuntary actions of the brain, why not strange and eccentric acts of violence—such acts as madmen themselves attribute to beings other than themselves. The protestations of innocence which these poor madmen make sound strange indeed in the ears of those who have no experience of the insane, and have no conception of, or sympathy with, that aberration of the mind which combines in one awful discord hallucinations and illusions of the senses, delusions of the mind, language of frightful violence, obscenity, or impiety, misery unutterable, and excitement uncontrollable.

But we must not be tempted to wander further into this wide field of speculation. Want of space, and the fair claim of our author to have some distinct notice taken of those views to which he obviously attaches most importance, constrain us to notice the special case of those great men who have been subject to hallucinations, but whose memory he wishes to keep clear from all suspicion of unsoundness of mind. In a chapter devoted to the class of hallucinations coexisting with sanity, the reader will recognise many a familiar history with which he first became acquainted in the popular works of Sir David Brewster or Sir Walter Scott, or in the more scientific treatises of Abercrombie, Bostock, Conolly, Paterson, Wigan, or Winslow; and he will be reminded of some of the most curious passages in the lives of such men as Byron, Samuel Johnson, Pope, Goethe, Lord Castlereagh, Benvenuto Cellini, Bernadotte, and the first Napoleon.

The author tells us that he has purposely multiplied the illustrations contained in this chapter, and that he selected many of the cases because they relate to celebrated persons, whom no one has ever thought of charging with insanity. 'Some of them,' he tells us, 'have correctly regarded their hallucinations as the offspring of the imagination, or as arising from an unhealthy state of the body. Others, led by their belief in the supernatural, by their vanity, by the opinions of the period, or by superstitious feelings, have privately explained them in accordance with their own wishes; but their conversation and their actions have given no evidence of a disordered intellect; in some they may even have been the source of their great deeds. Frequently, however, the hallucination of the sound mind may be seen to glide into the hallucination of insanity, without its being possible always to point out the boundary which separates the one condition from the other, so difficult is it at all times to establish precise limits.' We recognise and fully appreciate this difficulty; but we are not sure that we quite sympathize with the author in his evident desire to acquit great historical personages of the charge of unsoundness of mind, even where they have displayed not simply hallucinations of the senses, but delusions of the mind also. Pope is not to be set down as mad because he saw an arm come out of the wall; nor Dr. Johnson, because he heard his mother's voice call 'Samuel' when he knew her to be far away; nor Goethe, because he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him; nor Byron, because, as the effect of over excitement of the brain, he occasionally fancied he was visited by a spectre; nor Lord Castlereagh, because he twice saw the vision of the 'Radiant Boy;' nor St. Dunstan, Loyola, and Luther, because of their hallucinations; nor Joan of Arc, perhaps, because of the visions which alternately stimulated her patriotism, and were born of her enthusiasm. It is impossible, however, to read the account given of Benvenuto Cellini at page 62, without entertaining very grave doubts of the propriety of classing him with persons having 'hallucinations co-existent with sanity.' The remainder of the examples cited in this chapter do not appear to be misplaced. The hallucinations were only of occasional occurrence; they were dependent upon transitory causes; they did not exercise any permanent effect upon conduct; or they grew out of the excitement of great enterprises which they did not mar or impede. It ought also

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to be borne in mind that, in the case of the higher order of thinkers and actors, the hallucinations were in harmony with the universal belief of the times in which they lived. They were but representations on the organs of sense of ideas admitted as indisputably true by the society in which they lived and moved. When all the world believed in witchcraft, when the learned author of *Vulgar Errors* gave authoritative evidence in its favour, when Sir Matthew Hale barely doubted, and juries were quick to convict, the man who alleged that he saw an old lady of eccentric habits and uncertain temper borne through the air on a broomstick, would scarcely have been deemed insane.

Of the instances of hallucination co-existing with sanity, cited by M. Brierre de Boismont as occurring in great men, the most persistent is that which affected the first Napoleon. He had a brilliant star all to himself, which, according to his own assertion, never abandoned him, and which he saw, on all great occasions, commanding him to advance, and serving as a sure augury and sign of success. The seeing of such a star, associated with such belief in its reality, is scarcely compatible with sanity, and the case is not improved by the adjuncts of unscrupulous appropriation of the property of others, insatiable ambition, diabolical cruelty, and inveterate falsehood. It would not be difficult, indeed, to discover in this extraordinary man that union of intellectual with moral unsoundness which makes up the history of so many acknowledged lunatics. But some allowance must be made for the times in which he lived, and the examples of craft and cruelty which he had placed before him in the earlier part of his career. So that M. Brierre de Boismont may be forgiven for including the name of Napoleon Buonaparte in his list of great men who preserved their sanity in spite of hallucinations.

G.

HAS POLITICAL FREEDOM RECEDED?

WHETHER we look at the material, the animal, or the social world, *progress*, when the whole is observed, seems the universal law to which all minor laws contribute. If but a part of even the geological changes were seen in their working, doubts might probably arise as to whether there was not sometimes a retrocession in the scheme of Providence, so terrible would be the first effect of any great natural convulsion to an observer unable to foresee the new life that would spring from the destrnction of the old. Such, at all events, would be the conclusion as regards human society, which history allows us to examine more in piecemeal than is possible with the great geological disturbances that took place before the appearance of man upon the globe. For instance: the social results of fourteen hundred years enable us to pronounce that the overthrow of the ancient system of civilization has greatly conduced to the progress of mankind; yet an intelligence whose observation was limited to the barbarism, the ignorance, the violence, and the mere 'rule of might' that prevailed during the centuries immediately following the downfall of the Western Empire, would reasonably have doubted whether that catastrophe was not a sign of the world's retrogradation. When the whole is embraced, it is seen that, whatever may be the crimes or errors of rulers and societies, they are necessary in the sense of being sequences from natural causes, and will finally be overruled for good: whatever there is of peculiar ill in any period of time will perish; the 'spirit of goodness in things evil' will remain to fructify. But when things are examined from too limited a point of view, which permits the sight of a part only, the question may sometimes arise, 'Is this or that condition a sign of real progress, or is it not rather the reverse?' During the last three or four centuries the European world seems to have made a great advance as respects the *individual man*. The contrary opinion

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is indeed held by Southey, Froude, and other writers, and reasons more than plausible may be adduced in support of their views; still, we think that man in his *personal* capacity is generally and upon the whole 'better off' than he has ever yet been. Civil freedom is almost universal in Western society. Except by a few writers of extreme priestly views, religious freedom is admitted in theory, and (Spain excepted) pretty generally obtains in practice, for frantic outbreaks by zealots will take place upon almost any subject. Man is more respected simply as man than ever he was of yore. There are fewer legal privileges attached to classes. Those which remain are less invidious and marked. Classes, even nations, are less prejudiced one against another than they were; there is less tendency to condemn in the lump without knowledge or evidence, though national self-sufficiencies are still quite strong enough. How far a like satisfactory opinion can be formed as regards general political advancement admits of some question, spite of our self-gratulations. It may aid in forming a more definite opinion on this point to take a comparative glance at the past and present political condition of the principal States of the Western world.

Every reader of history knows the freedom which the old Spaniards enjoyed, and the large, indeed mischievous, powers which some of the old Spanish Cortes or national assemblies possessed. We say mischievous, as their power is held to have extended to the trial and deposition of the sovereign, not as an extreme and irregular act of necessity, but as a constitutional proceeding; and such a prerogative could scarcely work harmoniously in practical government. The powers of the Cortes, however, were broken by Ferdinand of Arragon; the liberties of Spain were subverted by Charles V. and Philip II.; and history tells the result. Under succeeding monarchs the Spaniard sank into a servile loyalty, which has been changed in our days into a selfish submission, when personal advantages were to be obtained from the Crown, or to an unmanly violence when revolters could coerce the monarch for their own purposes. The Spaniard of the present no more resembles the Spaniard of the past in political or even in religious freedom, than the insignificance of his country now resembles its former greatness, or than the ill-disciplined levies of whom Napier in his *History* and Wellington in his *Despatches* give such deplorable accounts, were like the soldiers of the 'Great Captain,' Gonsalvo di Cordova.

The liberties of Italy have been misrepresented (in the primary meaning of the word) by Italian authors, and the error is somewhat blindly received by other peoples. In the palmiest days of Italian prosperity, Naples, Lombardy, the States of the Church, and various petty principalities, were absolute governments, generally torn by anarchy or oppressed by tyranny, as the ruler happened to be weak or strong. The *political* freedom of Venice never was of a very striking kind, and, except the city itself, her territories were mostly 'oppressed nationalities.' However, her civil rule was just and regular, and a good deal of weak romance has been imported even into history about the Inquisition of State and the Council of Ten. Florence, Genoa, and some other Italian cities were free in the sense of being republics; but they were distracted by factions and divisions, and probably as much misery was inflicted by a 'tyrant majority' as by the princes who ruled despotically. Moreover, the smaller republics were ever liable to be oppressed by the greater whenever the greater were strong enough to compass the oppression. However, there was nationality, if not liberty.

> Our masters then
> Were still at least our countrymen.

As *individuals*, the Italians of the present day may be altogether more comfortable than under native government in the olden time; when (as for instance) things were 'very bad in Florence' (*circa* 1280), 'perché la nobilitá guelfa era diventata insolente, e non temeva i magistrati, in modo che ciascun di si facevano assai omicidj ed altre violenze, senza esser puniti quelli che le commettevano, sendo da questo e quell' altro nobile favoriti.' It is

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even possible that the living Italians might prefer Austrian 'tyranny' to the anarchical liberty of the long since past, if they could experience each condition and choose between them. Their preference of the present, however, would arise from social training and personal habits rather than from political considerations. As regards national dignity or political independence, the Italians were undoubtedly more advanced centuries ago, than when (as now) enduring the agony of suspense while Imperial chapmen are chaffering over their fate with as little respect for them as for so many 'chattels' of an American slave code.

Germany towards the end of the fifteenth century was regarded favourably by one of the keenest of political observers. Machiavelli praised the freedom of the German citizens with an enthusiasm akin to that of Dugald Dalgetty on the Hollander's pay day, unusual with the Florentine philosopher. He pronounces 'the cities of Germany most free. They have little adjacent territory (*contado*); they obey the Emperor when they please, and they do not fear any neighbouring power, because they are so fortified that every one thinks their capture would be tedious and difficult; for they are fitly defended by ditches and walls, they are sufficiently armed, and they are munitioned and provisioned for twelve months (*per un anno*). They have besides means of feeding the working classes (*la plebe*), and without loss to the public, by employing them for a year on such works as constitute the nerve and life of those cities. Also they hold martial exercises in repute, and more than this, they have regulations to maintain them.' [In both which last points the Italians of that time, as the author frequently complains, were sadly deficient.]

This picture exhibits a state of urban power and independence no longer adapted to the condition of the world; nor would the freedom of these cities of medieval Germany, with its public demands upon 'one's time,' and its quasi 'garrison duty,' be palatable to our ease-and-lucre-loving generation. But regard being had to time and circumstances, the old Germans enjoyed a general liberty which they are very far from having now. However unsuitable their condition might be to our tastes, it must have produced a bolder, readier, and hardier-minded race of men than their descendants, who are born under regulation, bred and taught by regulation, live according to regulation, and not only die, like all of us, ***secundum artem***, but sometimes through regulation; if it be true, as travellers tell us, that the Germans are regulated into such helplessness that the wounded or suddenly-taken-sick remain in the street unaided till the police arrive, since no one will help them through fear of themselves coming under regulation. We are not sure indeed but that the old German civilization has received scant justice in regard to its influence on social progress in commerce and the fine or useful arts. In taste, imagination, and the *gusto grande*, the medieval Germans fell below the Italians. In the technical parts and lower branches of art, the Teutons equalled, perhaps excelled, those who were civilly termed, as they still term them, 'barbarians.' Witness oil-painting and wood-engraving. In those inventions, whose results, as it were, are greater than themselves, like gunpowder, printing, and even clock-making, there is no comparison betwen the two peoples. The Germans, we think, may claim the credit of originating the *house* of the citizen, as opposed to the *palace* of the noble, or to the hut of the peasant; and if the opinion be true, this invention also goes further than itself, marking the general prosperity of the old German towns, and giving to Germany the credit of producing the urban middle-class: the Yeoman and Franklin are purely English. The origin or improvement of many of the useful arts is also traceable to Germany; and she may rival Italy in foreign commerce and mercantile adventure. Signs of her old political freedom yet remain in her institutions, and the reviving spirit of her people. There is a better prospect for real constitutional liberty in Germany than in any other Continental country (for Piedmont is in the coils); especially if

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the Germans do not 'fall flat and shame their worshippers,' through gazing on the nebulæ, instead of regarding the earth. *Macte novâ virtute.*

The martial spirit and restless character of the French people, coupled with the central position of France, touching as it does upon nearly all the States of Western Europe, and lying conterminous with several, render her condition a subject of more immediate importance to her neighbours than any mere political speculations, whatever political truths may lurk under them. The favourable opinion which Machiavelli had formed of the cities of Germany, he extends to France as a kingdom. To repeat in another form what has been already intimated, his judgment might not be exactly that of the present time. In those days the well being of the masses was but slightly cared for—perhaps it is not now in many countries—individual rights, as opposed to authoritative power of any kind, were of small account; what we call constitutional government was not developed anywhere; indeed, it was not formally established in England till the Revolution of 1688. These things must be borne in mind when estimating an opinion given three centuries and a half ago, because no man can judge but by his own lights. And by these Machiavelli formed a high opinion of the government and institutions of France, pronouncing the latter as extremely well adapted to uphold liberty, and the security of the monarch. The Parliaments, in particular, excited his admiration, perhaps for the political effects he traced in them, of repressing the insolence of the nobility, and protecting the people, without the necessity of bringing the king into adverse contact with his barons. 'Nè puote essere,' he observes, 'questo ordine migliore nè piu prudente, nè che sia maggior cagione della sicurtà del re e del regno.'

It is needless to say that the *infinite costituzioni buone* which excited the admiration of the Florentine political philosopher, and which contained, as Burke* thought, 'the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished,' have been swept away, without leaving 'a wreck behind.' The changes wrought by time, by the long civil and religious wars of France, and by the policy of Richelieu, destroyed the power of the Barons as an 'estate.' The nation itself, if ever nation can be said to have done anything, abolished at one swoop States-General, Parliaments, gradations and ranks, as well as those local magistracies and corporate bodies which, often evil and perhaps always encumbering in their old age, yet possessed in their worst condition some means of checking or retarding the power of the crown and its administrative officers. Some of this 'root and branch' work was to be expected from a people like the French suddenly arriving at power,

* The whole passage may be worth quoting, for Burke's support of the judgment of Machiavelli, nearly three centuries after it was given, and for his own summary of the leading qualities of constitutional government:—'Your constitution was suspended before it was perfected; but you had the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished. In your old states you possessed that variety of parts corresponding with the various descriptions of which your community was happily composed; you had all that combination and all that opposition of interests, you had that action and counteraction which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers, draws out the harmony of the universe. These opposed and conflicting interests, which you considered as so great a blemish in your old and in our present constitution, interpose a salutary check to all precipitate resolutions; they render deliberation a matter not of choice but of necessity; they make all change a subject of compromise, which naturally begets moderation; they produce temperaments, preventing the sore evil of harsh, crude, unqualified reformations; and rendering all the headlong exertions of arbitrary power, in the few or in the many, for ever impracticable. Through that diversity of members and interests, general liberty had as many securities as there were separate views in the several orders; whilst by pressing down the whole by the might of a real monarchy, the separate parts would have been prevented from warping and starting from their allotted places.'—BURKE'S *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, vol. i.

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and exasperated by ages of misery and oppression. The completeness is to be ascribed to two traits in the national character. An intellectual peculiarity, which, unless restrained by force of external circumstances, will pursue a logical conclusion to its abstract end without care for the consequences, and an individual vanity that will rather bear an autocrator than brook a social superior, hugging equality even if it be only the equality of slavery.

There is a political principle, however, connected with the present despotism of France, which deserves consideration beyond the present liberties of Frenchmen, or the historical inquiry touching the retrocession of political freedom among them. And for this we may also have recourse to Machiavelli. In the fourth chapter of the *Prince*, he undertakes to account for the ease with which Alexander the Great held in subjection the dominions of Darius, and the quiet succession of his generals after him, who encountered no other difficulties than such as they brought upon themselves by their own ambition. To explain this seeming singularity he considers the nature of monarchies [*principati*], which he divides into two classes. In one class the whole power emanates from and centres in the sovereign; his ministers are his servants, and govern by his favour and permission alone; and he instances Turkey as a contemporary example of the class. In the second case, the monarch is surrounded by a numerous and powerful nobility, who hold their rank and power by hereditary prescription, who have vassals [subjects—*sudditi*] of their own, and whose position does not depend upon the mere favour of the sovereign; and this, he says, is the case with France. To subvert kingdoms of the first kind is extremely difficult, because you can gain little assistance from within. You cannot easily corrupt the servants of a monarch who wholly depend upon him, and if you could they would be of little use to you, because they cannot draw the people after them. But if the armies of such a monarch are once thoroughly routed in the field [vinto che fusse e rotto alla campagna] *and his line* extinguished, there is no difficulty in keeping possession; as there is no one whom the conqueror need fear, for no one has any credit with the people. In kingdoms like France matters are reversed. There is seldom any difficulty in disturbing the country with the aid of malcontent nobles [he appears to have had the English wars in his mind, but worse treasons were frequently perpetrated afterwards by the French nobility at the instigation of Spain]. But if you defeat the armies of the king, and even dispossess him of his crown, you cannot retain it. Even should you destroy the royal line, you cannot destroy all the nobility; neither can you content them, whether those who have aided or those who have opposed you; and the conquest will be lost whenever the opportunity arises [qualunque volta venga l'occasione].

These instances must be taken with a reference to the change from the feudal to the modern system. It may perhaps be said that the servants of an absolute monarch are more easily corrupted than Machiavelli supposed, of which we have many modern examples; but he was speaking of Turkey as he knew it in its zenith, not as we now see it in its decline. The greatest error, if error it be, appears to consist in overlooking the national spirit of a vigorous and armed military population such as the Turks then were, and the greater intensity of religious hatred between the Christians and Mahometans of his age, as compared with the toleration of Pagan antiquity for the divinities of other peoples.

But the principle itself is undoubtedly true, that a ruler holds his position by a very precarious tenure, and that a people is very obnoxious to a sudden change of masters, where the power of the State centres in one man. And France is and has been in this condition for more than half a century, for though after the Restoration the monarchy was called constitutional, yet as there was neither a prescriptive nobility, old institutions, nor independent corporations, the charter was a mere parchment. The crown retained the power of the initiative,

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as well as that of issuing ordinances, and though the legislature could paralyse legislation, it could not control the executive, and had no root in the country. Moreover, France has given three, or indeed four, illustrations of the truth of Machiavelli's principle in less than forty years. Never was monarch more completely self-centred than Napoleon I.; but when his armies were unable to meet the enemy in the field, there was a total end of him. The few who adhered to him were of the nature of personal attendants. Not one man of great consideration for his position, his actions, or his civil or military renown, troubled his head about 'Cæsar or his fortunes.' The people raised not a voice in his favour. He was put out of empire with as little ceremony as an unwelcome guest is put out of an inn, and almost as quickly. The same thing happened in 1830, and again in 1848, though in a different form; the army was not beaten; but what was in effect the same, it did not fight. Yet in 1830 the Legitimists were a numerous party, with the Government in their hands. There is no doubt but that the Revolution of 1848 was contrary to the wishes of the industry and respectability of the country; and the Orleanists then, like the Legitimists eighteen years before, had complete possession of the Government, and had filled with their own creatures all the subordinate offices. But ministerial servants and troops of clerks cannot supply the place of gradation of ranks, of various interests distinctly represented, and of *infinite costituzioni buone*. The last *coup d'état* so far differed from the previous revolutions, that the French army, instead of being beaten or quiescent, was a more active agent in destroying the constitution and subverting the State, than the foreign enemy of 1814-15; but the effect was precisely the same. Political power changed hands without the least resistance or effort on the part of the nation, beyond some street-fighting by men of desperate fortunes, or of opinions extreme to fanaticism. Four times within forty years has the ruling power of France been transformed, in family, in fortune, and in very nature; and the great French people have been as supine or as helpless under foreign invaders, Parisian rioters, or their own Pretorian bands, as the populations of any of the worn-out petty principalities, that British 'policy' has 'annexed' in the East. Such is the result of government 'per un principe, e tutti gli altri servi.'

To the condition which three hundred and fifty years ago Machiavelli could discover as existing in Turkey only, are Frenchmen reduced, spite of a chivalrous courage, an unrivalled esprit, and a quickness of perception and logical precision almost as unrivalled as their esprit. It may be said that this is exaggeration, that the French Emperor cannot exercise the power of a Turkish Sultan; but we are speaking of political conditions, not of internal administration. In reality, however, the differences between the Governments of France and Turkey are chiefly formal, the differences of time and place, of Christianity and Mahometanism, of an advanced and a backward civilization. A French Emperor cannot shock public opinion by ordering half-a-dozen offenders to be strangled in his presence, or just outside the door, any more than a medieval Sultan could safely have taken his wine in public, and called upon his courtiers to join his potations, simply because no ruler, however despotic, can run absolutely counter to the manners and prejudices of his subjects. It is a question whether as much real misery and as many deaths have not been caused by laws against political offenders emanating solely from the Imperial will, as were inflicted in an equal length of time by Turkish Sultans. The expression of opinion by Frenchmen has been reduced to a state of dumbness or constrained utterance which it would be extremely difficult to enforce under an Eastern despotism; and which is more mischievous in France than in Turkey, by the difference between an ignorant Turk and an educated Frenchman.

But the last seventy years have also experimentally shown us that tyranny can be exercised quite

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as effectually by many as by one. Democratic republican tyranny is perhaps more galling to its victims than autocratic, from the manner in which it permeates society, its greater social interference, and the low condition and character of the tyrants. From its antipathy to social, or indeed any superiority, democratic tyranny has a tendency 'to bring to one dead level every mind,' as seems to be in course of accomplishment in America; and may probably happen in France when the present species of 'equality' has been long enough at work. Whether this dead level of minds and ranks will have the same effect in a Republic like the United States, as in a Monarchy, and give the Government to some popular adventurer, who can seize it by the force of an organized party or of sheer numbers (for he is more likely in America to be the head of a faction than a mere usurper), is a matter of speculation. Many things favour the affirmative view; and the only reasons we see against it, are the resistance to centralization offered by the separate States, and the universal habit of self-government. 'Intelligence,' without effective (which we take to be variety of) institutions, can go but a little way in resisting tyranny: there is intelligence enough in France. A feeling of nationality has not the power of resistance which some seem to ascribe to it, as Italy, Hungary, and Poland can testify. No people exhibit a more widely-spread or deeper spirit of nationality that the French, yet it has availed little in the absence of institutions, of variety of ranks, and of embodied interests. The House of Austria, with its various (and 'oppressed') nationalities, and its worn-out institutions, such as they are, has within the last seventy years withstood shocks that have sufficed to subvert the governments and to change the institutions of France. However, nothing but the event of the distant future can settle a question as to the permanence of the American Democratic Republic.

From the danger of a sudden subversion of the Government by violence, this country seems to be free, as well as from a forcible and temporary occupation, *so long as we keep our defences in a sufficient state.* Perhaps another danger is impending over us, which is rampant and regular in America, and is fonnd on the Continent whenever opportunity offers. We allude to the habit of changing or overriding the law, or the decisions of constituted authorities, by the pressure or force of popular organizations, or the clamours of what is called 'public opinion,' so as to threaten us with the evils of an informal, and therefore more reckless, democracy. In America both these modes are practised, varied by the violence of armed mobs. In England we have not reached this last stage, but organization and clamour have become not uncommon, and, by the bye, are chiefly indulged in by parties professing religion, philanthropy, good-will to men, and peace at any price, and to govern themselves by the 'principles of the gospel.'

Some combination is perhaps inevitable among earnest men engaged in a cause which they feel to be important, when they are so circumstanced that organization is possible. The so-called 'Gueux,' or 'Beggars' of the Netherlands, when that country was rousing itself against Philip II., are one example. The associations before and during our Great Rebellion, and the nonimportation and other societies in America previous to the war of the Revolution, are of a like kind. Such cases however are exceptional, and possibly necessary, for they have heralded a state of war, and argue evils which the people considered unendurable. When an urgent necessity does not arise for these associations they are mostly evil, and frequently degenerate into factitious agitation. That strange, anomalous, and thoroughly Irish association, 'the Volunteers,' was an exception of another kind; for it was an armed and disciplined body, patronized, if it was not formed by the Executive; though had it possessed other leaders and been a little more favoured by circumstances, the Volunteers might have overturned the State. The strongest examples of private and irresponsible individuals banding

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together to effect their objects by impelling the legislative power or coercing the Executive, are the French clubs during the Revolutions of 1789 and 1848, and especially under the Reign of Terror. The most violent and mischievous in this country, and those which reflect the greatest discredit on the statesmanship of successive English ministries, are the Emancipation and Repeal Associations of O'Connell; for they not only encouraged the lawless habits of the Irish, but set a mischievous example, by their success in effecting the repeal of the Romanist disabilities through intimidation, and the stimulus they furnished to mere adventurers to make a trade of agitation, tempted by the large amount of the 'rent.' Contemporary with the associations of O'Connell, if not indeed rather preceding them, was what eventually grew into the Anti-Slavery Society. At the outset the African Institution was moderate in its proceedings; it soon became a quasi-political association supporting those politicians who would forward its objects, on the Scotch principle of 'claw me, claw thee;' and according to the *Anti-Slavery Recollections* of Sir George Stephen, it sometimes gave more scratching than it got. What it finally became is unfolded by the same author, who describes, without exactly seeing what he is about, the unconstitutional power that may be exercised by a few obscure members of a society, organized ostensibly for religious and philanthropic objects, and supported by the subscriptions of the religious and philanthropic public, unknowing of the ends to which their support is turned. There is also a curious and equally unconscious exposure of the so-called Machiavellian arts by which those persons exercise that power. The whole book has an interest for its succinct narrative of a thirty years' struggle to rouse the public and overbear Parliament and the Executive, as well as for its sketches of some humble working abolitionists, and some more famous men, though their fame perhaps is now dying away. It is also valuable, especially in the latter part of the period, for its pictures of agitation behind the scenes, and as showing how a few active and unscrupulous men may force the moderate and respectable heads of a combination of this kind to at least tolerate proceedings which they altogether disapprove of. The *Recollections* must be carefully perused as a whole for a full impression of all these things; but a few disconnected extracts will establish the fact, that the Anti-Slavery Society of London about the time of the Reform Bill, might rival the Jacobin Clubs of Paris for unconstitutional and arbitrary proceedings. It was after some considerable demur on the part of the older and more eminent members of the body, that a scheme to send itinerant lecturers throughout the country was sanctioned, and when assented to, they required it to be worked by a new department, called an 'agency committee.' At this stage Sir George Stephen may speak for himself:—

> The first step of the Agency Committee was a novel one; I strongly recommend it to all collective bodies who wish to get through their business. They resolved to meet daily at twelve o'clock without the form of summons; and to secure work and not tattling, they determined that any three of their number should be a quorum, and that the first who entered the room should be the chairman for the day. The effect of this arrangement was speedily visible. For the first two or three weeks the Agency Committee attended in force, but they soon found the attendance too severe, and gradually dropped off. Even Mr. Macaulay [father of the Baron], whom no labour could daunt, retired. . . . By the gradual secession of less active members the Agency Committee became virtually reduced to '*three working men*' [namely, the author, then a young solicitor, and two Quakers of the name of Cooper].—pp. 131, 132.

The agency was established to expose by their itinerant lecturers the alleged cruelty of the slaveholders, and advocate abolition. This, and nothing else, was ever contemplated by the society. The '*three working men*,' however, secretly turned it into an electioneering instrument, to enable themselves to influence elections, and if not exactly to nominate members, to domineer over candidates:—

> The value of the Agency system became apparent to a certain extent, even

before the dissolution of Parliament in 1832, for the lectures were not delivered in a corner, *though the work of actual canvassing was concealed.* On the contrary, it was an important part of the duty of the agents to put themselves in close communication with the provincial papers, and *pay for full reports* if they could not procure their insertion otherwise.—p. 173.

* * * *

So quietly was this canvassing carried on, that it was not till the dissolution of Parliament, on the passing of the Reform Bill, that the effect of it became visible; *even the old Committee were but partially acquainted with the progress made, nor at first very well pleased with the ultra-liberal tone of the new policy;* but as soon as candidates began to open their canvas, they were met in every quarter with a demand for anti-slavery pledges. This unexpected stipulation provoked much angry discussion on the right of electors to bind their representatives hand and foot. . . . . But it mattered not; candidates were abundant; if one man would not pledge himself another would. The Agency Committee cared for no qualification but the pledge, and the affiliated societies would exert themselves for nobody but the Agency Committee. More than three thousand letters were addressed to the committee in that year upon the subject.—pp. 163, 164.

* * * *

The incessant labour of their correspondence *on electioneering tactics,* compelled the Committee to adopt a novel plan; they took a leaf out of the Reform Act, and published schedules in the daily papers of all eligible, ineligible, and doubtful candidates. This was taking the bull by the horns; and it must be acknowledged that the measure led them into some unpleasant scrapes, for with all the care that could be taken in previous inquiry, some names were inserted in a wrong schedule; and the rather because, contrary to the practice of juries, whenever they entertained a doubt they decided against the candidate, instead of allowing the doubt to operate in his favour. Still the scheduling system worked well; and letters poured in from committees and candidates, and even from men of rank, urging the anti-slavery pretensions of this man and the other to be placed in the commendatory schedule. Some of the letters were most amusing. . . . . Such were the sort of appeals made to the Agency Committee; but the *two Coopers* [with young Mr. Stephen] *began to feel their power,* and used it judiciously.—pp. 166, 167.

The Anti-Corn-Law League is another example of organized association to force changes upon the Legislature and Government, by something extremely like violence, with a latent threat of social convulsion. There are not the means of judging of the secret working of this society, such as the *Anti-Slavery Recollections* furnish; for poor Somerville's *exposé,* called *Cobdenic Policy,* was chiefly limited to personal matters relating to his own disputes and grievances; nor is it likely that he was ever admitted into the *penetralia* of the League. The mischievous nature of that confederation, having no serious halo to surround it, was at once perceived, and, we believe, admitted by some of its members, though excused, as an exceptional case, and for the importance of its objects. Some members withdrew when the end was attained; and the pressure of opinion was so strong, that operations were then suspended, if the *society* was not formally dissolved, and only the council continued. Societies of a similar kind still exist, professing to aim at religious, political, or financial reforms. The latest is one now in course of formation, its ostensible object being an 'untaxed breakfast,' or in other words, the repeal of the duties on tea, sugar, and coffee, amounting to about eleven millions, and the transfer, at all events of part, of the fiscal loss to the income-tax. The real purpose is probably to do indirectly what the promoters of this fiscal change cannot get a voice to second them in attempting directly, that is, to destroy the home defence of the country, and its powers of protecting commerce in distant seas, by cutting off the means of efficiently maintaining the army and navy.

Still these associations, however questionable their nature and proceedings, only avow the legitimate object of changing a general law; and though intimidation—when they can frighten people—may be part of their scheme, they profess to proceed by reasoning, and the exercise of such influence upon Parliament and public opinion as is constitutional in the abstract; though constantly tending, as we

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have just seen, to degenerate into dictation, and to something very like what the law deems conspiracy. It may be said, too, in their excuse, that large classes in possession of privileges or monopolies opposed to the public weal, can never be brought to give them up by mere argument; and that when these classes have great influence in Parliament, no Minister will willingly move in the matter; so that, in Burke's language, 'when bad men [our opponents] combine, good men [ourselves] must unite.' This excuse, however, does not apply to several attempts at dictatorial interference with the administration of the law, of which the case of 'Doctor' Smethurst is the most glaring instance. Essentially, indeed, it is a transfer of Lynch law to England, the difference being merely one of mode. In America, they operate by the flesh; in England, through the spirit. In America, a gang of armed ruffians breaks open a prison, and takes the accused out of custody in order to hang him before trial. In England, a band of mostly anonymous, and always irresponsible persons 'work together' to prevent a man from being executed after he has been duly convicted by a jury, with the full approval of the judge. Conced that the American who is hanged guilty, and that the Englishm who is respited is innocent, t political result is the same. Aut rity in both countries is defied coerced, the law is supersede overridden; and that portion o Government which relates to administration may in time b subjected to the control of un or of (constitutionally) unrec and obscure rioters or agitat

it were not for Lynch law con Lynch law wo chievous of th sudden outbr a mere tumr prise of the s on the Exe got-up age is likely t practice.

Undoul sentation ceeding mitigati overrid duty o any s evide disco trial shor *pri* fici fo *p* t

* Although the guilt or i in the text,—which is not d siderations involved in the convicted is a very importar be as clearly established as the poisoner has every fa traces of it.

1. The preponderanc poison; and by this pr professional position, bu all saw the patient durir apart from the dead *po* fact, men whose sens testimony (for the pu

are in principle the same thing. The resemblance between the court sycophant and the democratic leader, was long since pointed out by Aristotle, and the likeness passes from the actors to actions. Autocracy and democracy both proceed by force, nor can they be resisted by the community otherwise than by force. The essence of the respective governments is mere self-will, and supposed self-interest, in opposition to what is reasonable, and to the rights of others. It may seem a national prejudice to claim for public men bred up under a constitutional government, a loftier and more scrupulous public morality than is found elsewhere, but beyond all doubt, moderation of character, and a disposition to recognise the rights of an opponent, are induced by the necessity of compromise which the strength of minorities occasions in a well-balanced constitution. The old nobility of an old despotism may have little legal power, but it mostly has some prescriptive privileges, and it must always possess some influence over the government; the old public bodies that are found in all established despotisms may be formal, sluggish, bureaucratic, but they offer some resistance to the mere *sic volo, sic jubeo* of the satirist's slave-commanding power; practically the two influences interpose some time for delay, and some consideration for the minorities affected, even if these minorities are little regarded in themselves. In a pure autocracy like that of France, or a pure democracy like that of Ame-

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advance the interests of a medical man who makes them, and only a strong conviction will generally lead to their being made). Dr. Taylor and his coadjutors do not occupy this high moral ground, though they stand in the character of umpires. The medical witnesses for the defence are in the position of advocates paid for a definite purpose, and brought forward to carry out a predetermined object. The prosecution *must* call the medical men in attendance upon the deceased, and those who have been engaged on the *post-mortem* examinations, be their testimony what it may. The defence can canvas the whole profession till they get practitioners to suit their purpose. There seems to be a regular class of medical advocates, in the guise of witnesses, growing up, who appear in one capacity, while they act in another. Such testimony is not to be set aside; though jurors will be quite justified in regarding it with a caution amounting to suspicion.

2. The motives of the prisoner were palpable. If Miss Bankes lived he was exposed to a conviction for bigamy, and would doubtless have been subjected to penal servitude for a term of years, and *might* have been for life, which it seems is the utmost that can practically be inflicted now. Her death released him from this danger, and would have put into his possession a considerable amount of money, which he had taken the most questionable means to obtain.

3. The whole of his conduct was consistent with guilt, but scarcely reconcilable with innocence.

The jury seem to have returned their verdict, as they would be undoubtedly right in doing, upon the *whole case*. The canting commonplace that is always put forward on occasions similar to the present, about 'a doubt' being given in favour of the accused, is unworthy of regard. The doubt must be a reasonable doubt, and the jury are the judges of the doubt.

The newspaper discussions on the subject have revived an often proposed improvement of our criminal procedure, namely the establishment of a criminal court of appeal. Such a course might be a benefit if the grounds of the appeal, as well as the mode of obtaining it, were strictly defined, to prevent a crop of speculative appeals by criminals with command of money. It is difficult to see what end it could have answered in Smethurst's case. We believe no evidence unknown at the time of trial has come to light. Indeed, it is scarcely to be expected that new evidence of importance should turn up. If Miss Bankes died of poison, it is not disputed that Smethurst was the poisoner. The only question is the cause of death. Medical witnesses who had attended the patient during life, or who had afterwards examined the body and analysed the necessary parts, deposed that death was caused by poison. Other medical witnesses, who had not these advantages, were in favour of death from natural causes. It was a question of testimony. The jury decided on crediting what they believed to be the most conclusive. Another trial could merely have been a speculation for an acquittal. The *nature* of the evidence could not have been changed, though the number of theoretical witnesses might have been indefinitely multiplied on both sides.

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rica, *sit pro ratione voluntas* is the compendious maxim in home administration, and in foreign affairs when dealing with the weak.

This cursory glance at the past and the present, does not lead to such satisfactory conclusions on all points of the world's political progress as we are in the habit of drawing. It is not at present clear how the destruction of the germs of constitutional freedom in Spain, Germany, and France will create a new and better state of things in those countries than the natural development of the old would have produced; or what constitutional, almost what civil, freedom Frenchmen have gained by their Revolution of 1789, however much the personal condition of the lower classes may be improved; or how the hurried and premature extinction of slavery in the British West Indies has benefited the negro race at large, seeing that the increased demand for the tropical productions (consequent in part upon abolition) of other places has not only rendered slavery more permanent in the Spanish colonies and the United States, but extended the slave trade in those, and possibly in other countries; still less is it apparent in what way the coarseness and recklessness of the American democracy is to be ripened into orderly and regardful freedom. But if the prospect is not flattering as regards the present, and almost threatening as respects the immediate future, Englishmen at all events need not despond. If we do well, so much the better; besides the advantage to ourselves, we shall hasten the progress of the world. If we do ill, our follies or wickedness will contribute in some way to the same end. But it is not a course wise or manly to follow the present fashion of accepting the *laissez-faire*, even if we are satisfied that our evil will be overruled for good. We should apply ourselves as best we may to overcome the surrounding tendencies to ill. The best mode of meeting popular (if we may not call it rabble) dictation is by determined resistance; though unfortunately the softness of the age, that gives so much power to a pseudo-philanthropy, tends to discourage the formation of that strength of character in public men which is best fitted to defy outcry or agitation. The school of resolute statesmen, who having once decided on their course pursued it without regard to clamour or pressure, has passed away, and there are slender prospects of seeing any successors to them.

There are two modes of meeting the more respectable kind of combination, as illustrated by the Anti-Slavery and similar associations. One is by enlarging or multiplying the regular channels of opinion. The other, and practically perhaps the more effective mode, is to destroy such societies in the bud, by considering the grievances they are started to remove, and applying a fitting remedy. Envy, disappointment, sourness of nature, the agitator's necessity of keeping himself continually before the public to keep himself alive, and the sordid motives that can be enlisted in almost any cause, are insufficient to support an association that has not some solid foundation to rest upon. The success of the three great combinations of this century—the Roman Catholic, Anti-Slavery, and Anti-Corn-law societies—shows that they had a base in necessity or right of some kind; and that however bad in themselves, like diseases, they were further, like diseases, a sign of disordered health that must be dealt with if greater evils are to be averted.

W. W.

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DECEMBER, 1859.

THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.

OF our great national questions, few were until late years considered more absolutely settled than that of the liability of this country to invasion. A virtual immunity from this scourge for nearly eight hundred years might well lull a brave people, conscious of its strength, into a sense of security. Within that period, the efforts of two great empires, each at the zenith of its power and foremost in Europe, had broken before the difficulties of the attempt. The Spanish Armada and the preparations of Napoleon had alike come to nought. What wonder, then, if, after the destruction of all the great navies of Europe during the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, the English people should for the next half century at least consider itself safe from any hostile attempt upon its shores?

In the midst of this security we are suddenly called upon to consider whether modern science, of which we ourselves have been to the world the practical expositors, has not done more against us than for us as regards this life-or-death matter. Strange, indeed, if it should be so. May it not be fairly argued that if the best engineers and the best machinery belong to this country, and if the amount of its productions in each kind, personal and material, be beyond measure greater than any other nation can boast of, modern inventions must rather help to strengthen the foundations of our Empire than lend a hand to pull it down? Most true. Under the influence of science freely developed, coupled with freedom of commerce and that absolute personal freedom of which we are so justly proud, the resources of this country have increased to an extent unparalleled in history. But there is this difference between our doings and those of the great military nations of the Continent: our labours are mostly commercial, the result of individual enterprise, and based upon a state of peace; theirs are more or less governmental, and have habitually in view a state of war. Thus, though lagging far behind us in manufactures and manufacturing power generally, France is at this moment our equal in naval steam machinery, and to a formidable degree our superior in the producing power of her dockyards. It is true that after some years of war our energies also would take that direction, and our enormous resources would in all probability give us, as heretofore, the ultimate advantage. But the Crimean war demonstrated that such a change of direction in the energies of an industrial people requires time. All our past wars lead us to a similar conclusion. We have in nearly all cases been unprepared at first, and only succeeded in the end by reason of our great mercantile and monetary resources.

We might be content to accept this result as typical of our future wars, could we be assured that this want of instant preparation would not some day lead to a catastrophe for which no amount of previous money-saving could be any compensation. The advantages resulting to the great Continental Powers at the outbreak of war from the maintenance of enormous armaments are very dearly purchased at the cost of national progress during peace. But it may well be doubted whether, in actual presence of those

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armaments we have not gone too much to the other extreme, and whether we sufficiently realize our position as now more than ever continental in its character by the virtual subjugation of winds and waves which has been effected by steam.

In the inquiry into the subject before us, we must, once for all, disclaim any animosity towards the great nation which it unavoidably concerns more than any other, any doubt of its good faith towards us, or any idea of monopolising for this country a greater degree of maritime supremacy than belongs to it by the mere fact of its commercial superiority. Our argument will be throughout based on facts, not on motives. We shall assume no more than that in the complication of European matters war may at any moment overtake us; that when the appeal is made to arms, nations at once take the side which seems most to favour their immediate security and interests; that we might thus very possibly find ourselves with our great neighbour as an opponent, and with no friend to stand by us; nay, that we might even find a coalition of maritime States arrayed against us. The question, then, how far our position with respect to France, in the event of war, would be altered by the new agency introduced by modern science, requires a very careful consideration. There are some points on which no doubt can exist, and with these it will be best to begin.

It cannot be questioned that if the command of the Channel were secured by our present Allies for any lengthened period, not only would the passage of as many troops as they had ships for be secured, but also their communications would be as rapid and as certain as if there were no sea intervening. Now this could not be said of any past epoch. Not only have the best laid plans been over and over again baffled by contrary winds, even when the command of the Channel was in the enemy's hands; but also it cannot be doubted that the danger of having the communications of the invading army interrupted by the violence of the winds and waves, as well as by the opposition of our fleet, must have been always a matter of serious consideration, although perhaps not of decisive importance.

Next, it is capable of demonstration that should the enemy be content to invade us without regard for his subsequent communications, his means of doing so are vastly facilitated by steam. Instead of 1200 flat-bottomed boats, collected at a single point which could be easily watched, he would have the means of embarking his troops in magnificent steam frigates or steam transports, each carrying 2000 men, besides horses and guns, from each military port, with the certainty of being able to unite them at any given point and at any given time, so soon as the attention of our fleet should be for a moment, by accident or stratagem, withdrawn from them. The passage from Cherbourg to Torbay would be infinitely more secure in such ships than that from Boulogne to the coast of Kent in the flotilla prepared by the first Napoleon. To many persons, indeed, it may appear wild to suppose that an invasion will ever take place for which the invader had not previously secured the absolute command of the Channel. Doubtless he would greatly desire to obtain such superiority; but we must recollect that the first Napoleon stipulated for no more than twenty-four hours to enable him merely to effect his passage, and that he expressed the utmost confidence both at the time and subsequently that with 150,000 of such troops as soon after conquered at Ulm and Austerlitz, he would speedily have reached London and 'cut the knot,' as he expressed it, 'of all coalitions.' That the conqueror of Europe would have reached London, had his great naval manœuvre been successful, is indeed but too probable; that England would then have sued for peace, we need not believe; and that, on the contrary, the English people would in the end have shaken off their invaders, we need not wound our national pride by disputing. But this could only have been effected by enormous sacrifices, and after lengthened sufferings. All that we are at pre-

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sent concerned with, however, is the fact that the first Napoleon was fully prepared to invade this country *without regard for his subsequent communications*, and this after the fatal issue of the expedition to Egypt, mainly arising from the loss of communications; and that for a bold, perhaps foolhardy, attack of this kind, there are now far greater facilities than in his day.

In other respects the introduction of steam does not seem to have much altered the conditions necessary for the attack and defence which formerly existed. If the invading force can leave its ports at any moment, so can also the fleets which are to intercept it. If the French possess railways for the transport of their troops to the coast, we possess them in far greater abundance. The advantages of the electric telegraph are at least equally bestowed on both sides. We have omitted, however, to mention a point noticed by General Shaw Kennedy in his valuable *Notes on the Defences of Great Britain and Ireland*, namely, the difficulty of effecting naval blockades, by reason of the necessity of keeping the steam line of battle ships at all times fully coaled. But perhaps when we consider the many occasions on which, in former wars, blockades were forcibly raised, and the enemy's squadrons set free, whether by storms which compelled the blockading ships to take the open sea, or by sudden concentrations of the enemy's fleets, we shall not be disposed to attribute too great force to this additional disadvantage under which our navy, if strong enough to blockade, would undoubtedly labour. The alternative the General proposes is to keep the British fleets in the most convenient ports on our coast, and entrust the duty of watching the enemy's fleets to light and swift vessels, and to telegraphic communication with the Channel Islands.

Nor must we forget to mention the advantage which the electric telegraph would give to the invading party in enabling him to time exactly the departure of transports and covering squadrons from each port, so as to arrive simultaneously at their rendezvous, wherever the point of assembly m fixed. The telegraph is thı cipally in favour of the party has the initiative, although do it is also a strong arm defence.

The main advantage, the gained by our neighbours fr introduction of steam, appe consist in the power of s their ships to sea at any favc moment, independent of w weather. They can, in fact advantage of any circumstanc may befriend them. The unce of the operation is reduced arising from the opposition fleets. That opposition ove or eluded, the passage o enemy's army, *without a mo delay*, is assured.

Professor Creasy has, in ar resting work on *The Invasi England*, summed up the occ in which wind and weather a principal part in the succ failure of the expeditions. E serves—

> When the Normans attacked E the winds aided the invader, fi compulsorily delaying his voya the English fleet had left its port secondly, by blowing in his fav the very crisis when the English and his army were absent in the of the island. On that occasion land was conquered. But when C VI. designed to repeat the exploit Norman Conqueror over us, and England lay almost defenceless him, the northern gale blew st against our foes, until, in wearines fatigue, they abandoned their arma against us. At the ever memo epoch of the Spanish Armada the lish nation gratefully acknowledged much their preservation was due t tempest, that first delayed the enen Cape Finisterre, and gave this cou time to complete her defences; to state of the weather when the Sp fleet was in the Channel (being nently advantageous to the tactic the English); and to the storms w completed the Armada's destruc Afterwards, when Louis XIV. th ened us with invasion from La H and Cherbourg, the strong north-wes wind that for a month cooped the Fr squadrons in Brest and Rochefort, kept Tourville inactive while Ru collected our ships, certainly prese us from a devastating inroad on

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coasts, and a grievous civil war in England, if not from Jacobite conquest. At a later period, the expedition which Alberoni sent to reinstate our Tarquin, was shattered by the tempest off Cape Finisterre, without having inflicted on the English the loss of a single drop of blood. Still later, the storm which drove Hoche from the Irish coast, when all our fleets had failed to bar his passage, saved us from the loss at least of the greater part of Ireland for a time, and from a disastrously costly struggle to regain it; for Hoche assuredly would have ventured the disembarkation in Bantry Bay, which Grouchy flinched from effecting.

These instances certainly show how signally this country has been preserved hitherto, at the moments of its greatest perils, by an overruling Providence. Had the event in several of these cases been different, we should probably not hold the rank we now hold in the world; civil and religious liberty would perhaps have been unknown in Europe; and in the absence of liberty European civilization might have slumbered on for centuries. But although the same merciful Providence will, as we humbly trust, protect us again as it has done hitherto, it would be madness in us not to recognise that the main instrument of our preservation has been the sea wherewith we are girded, and the baffling winds to which fleets in the olden time were subject, and that these obstacles to invasion scarcely exist as such in these days of ocean steam navigation.

Whether the enormously increased calibre of naval artillery, and the introduction of shell guns —both of which must greatly reduce the duration of naval actions—will be more against us than for us, it is difficult to determine. It would seem, however, that the result of battles at sea will depend more upon gunnery, and what we may perhaps term *military* strategy, and less upon seamanship than formerly; and if this be so, the change cannot be said to be in our favour.

A similar doubt exists at this moment in regard to iron-plated shot-proof ships. It is indeed hardly yet established whether they can be made absolutely proof against the effects of rifled cannon; still less whether they will be good sea-boats. But as soon as both these problems are solved, as solved they no doubt some day will be, it is painfully evident that the Channel will be more 'bridged' than ever. In any case, we must build iron-plated ships at least as fast as our neighbours, or we may find before long that they have obtained such a start as to have the game henceforth in their hands. The coincidence of the attack upon Austria with the French invention of rifled cannon ought to teach us a lesson in this respect.

Naval warfare is evidently in a transitional state, and it is hardly probable that the extent of the modifications which steam, heavy ordnance, shell guns, and enormous tonnage, have effected in it will be really understood before the experience of the next naval campaign. This very uncertainty, however, ought to be to us a sufficient reason for ceasing to put absolute confidence in our fleets to protect us from invasion. For instance, it is possible that after a short action both the opposing fleets would be so damaged as to be obliged to retire to their harbours; a similar fate might befal the frigates and gunboats, and the sea campaign as such be thus indecisive. But the way would then be cleared for the steam transports, and nothing but the difficulties of landing, such as they are, would intervene between us and our invaders. Indecisive naval operations, therefore, in which both sides suffered severely, and of course, still more strongly, unsuccessful naval operations, should our enemies outreach us in naval strategy, would at once expose us to their armies.

We may be tempted to think, however, that the enormous amount of sea transport that would be required for such a body of troops as could hope to invade England with success, and also the obstacles and delays of the landing, would still render such an attempt, if not practically impossible, at least difficult and dangerous in the extreme. We must be careful, however, not to under-rate the talent of the French

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Staff, and the extraordinary faculty for organization possessed by our neighbours in every department. But without travelling out of the experience of our own navy, General Kennedy shows that there is no great difficulty in conveying troops for a short passage at the rate of one man per ton; and that consequently sixty frigates or transports, averaging two thousand tons, would convey 120,000 men. The *Rhadamanthus*, a paddle steam vessel of 880 tons, conveyed 1100 troops at one time from Oviedo to St. Sebastian, a distance of 180 geographical miles; and the *Salamander*, a paddle steamer of the same tonnage, conveyed repeatedly 1000 men, and on one occasion 1100 men, from St. André to Passages, a distance of 110 geographical miles. It is further stated that during the Crimean war the *Vulcan*, a frigate-built ship of 1760 tons, conveyed 1250 troops from Malta to Gallipoli, and on one occasion had 1100 French soldiers on board for nearly a month; and that she could easily have taken 2000 men for a short voyage without in any way impairing their efficiency. Now, although it is improbable that in a naval war France could afford to lend her frigates for such a purpose, it is well known that she is yearly increasing her transport service, each new transport being capable of conveying 2000 men, 150 horses, and some guns; and seventy-two such transports being intended to be built before 1871. Every year is also now adding to the number of mercantile ocean steamers, and it is probable that in a few years there will be scarcely an ocean-going ship under a thousand tons or without a screw propeller. Every such steamer built in French private yards, or liable to be placed at the disposal of France during war, provides her with the means of throwing an additional thousand or two thousand men on our shores. This aspect of the matter does not seem to have been sufficiently considered. It is a danger increasing year by year, yet so gradually, so noiselessly, so in accordance with the inevitable course of things, that we are apt not to notice it. But the fact remains, and its importance may [...] for repeating it—that pr[...] proportion as sailing ships [...] tonnage are giving place [...] cious ocean steamers, so [...] power multiplied of tra[...] troops in large masses to a [...] of our coasts.

Next with respect to the [...] ties and delays of the land[...] will at once be admitted th[...] tempt to draw a cordon ro[...] coasts by means of batter[...] tello towers, or any such d[...] futile. A hundred thousa[...] with their proportion of rif[...] lery and riflemen, are no[...] stopped by such means; [...] cordon once penetrated, is [...] forth worse than useless, [...] several works comprising it [...] considerable body of me[...] guarding them, who could [...] better employed elsewhere. [...] possession also of such a line [...] fence, weak as it is, is sure [...] to the neglect of better me[...] resistance; unless, indeed, [...] mile of accessible beach o[...] coasts could be swept by a bat[...] twenty guns of the heaviest c[...] manned by expert artillerymе[...] rendered secure from escalad[...] a plan would be about the we[...] as it would probably be the [...] expensive, that could be adop[...]

The idea of fortifying every [...] of our extended coast-line [...] then abandoned, the only ob[...] that would remain to the suc[...] the landing would be the opp[...] of the local force on the spot, [...] attack of the British Channel [...] aided by gunboats whose [...] *métier* would be the destruct[...] the transports.

With regard to the opposi[...] any local force, even if aide[...] heavy field battery, we need [...] much. The landing of a larg[...] of men would take place at [...] points at once within easy co[...] nication of each other; and [...] cessful landing effected at on[...] all the others are turned, a[...] landing of the whole is accomp[...]

With regard to the attack [...] fleet we must observe, that if t[...] four hours only were let pass [...] our fleets were in junction, th[...] ing could be safely effected.

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disembarkation of the British and French forces in the Crimea occupied but a day, although the preparations of boats, rafts, and steam-tugs for landing were miserably incomplete. That army consisted, it is true, of only 50,000 men; but, as General Kennedy argues, it is obvious that three times that number, at different points, sufficiently contiguous to one another for mutual communication, could land in the same period. And we cannot doubt that any transport fleets proceeding fresh from French dockyards would be abundantly furnished with the means of effecting an almost instantaneous landing. In fact, this is only a question of means. It will be said, however, that our fleet would be singularly inactive to allow twenty-four hours to pass without attacking such an armada; but on the other hand, it must be remembered that the French fleets would be, as is supposed, in junction (having obtained the start and effected their concentration at some preconcerted point), while ours would require time to concentrate in sufficient force for the attack. However, we are ready to admit that such an attempt would scarcely be made until the British fleets were either decoyed away to some distant point, or forced to their ports for repairs in consequence of an indecisive or unsuccessful action, or unless they were greatly inferior in strength to their opponents.

Having pointed out the changes which have been effected by steam in the relative military position of the two countries, let us now see to what extent the British and French naval administrations have respectively responded to the new demands to which this condition of things has given rise.

We must premise by observing that in the olden time—*i.e.*, up to the date of the introduction of steam into modern navies, say up to 1840—the number of British ships of the line and frigates was about double that of the French. The fact that steamers were to be eventually the principal, if not the sole agents in naval warfare, appears to have been first appreciated in this country; for in 1852, while the French had but two steam line-of-battle ships, we had seventeen. But at the close of the preceding year a new power had been inaugurated in France by a strong *coup-d'état*, and a new era dawned on the Imperial navy. From 1852 to December, 1858, France added to her steam navy by building or converting thirty-eight steam liners, while England in the same time added only thirty-three, thus bringing up the navies to forty French and fifty English screw line-of-battle ships. Of steam frigates, France, in December, 1858, possessed forty-six against only thirty-four (besides nine screw blockships of sixty guns) English. In steam corvettes and sloops and screw gunboats, however, we have greatly the superiority, the numbers of each class being eighty-two and a hundred and sixty-two English, against twenty-two and twenty-eight French.

When we consider the large deduction for colonial service that must be made from these numbers, considered as available for operations in the Channel and Mediterranean, it will be painfully evident that, with the exception of the smaller vessels and gunboats, we should be no more than equal to France alone at the outbreak of war; and if Russia were joined against us, we should be considerably inferior. We are far from underrating the value of the gunboats, on the contrary, they would be invaluable as our second line, and having the special duty of watching the enemy's transports; but as the first part of the great naval problem must certainly depend upon the screw liners, it is evident that we must go on building until we have a safe superiority in this respect.

We have not adverted to the armour-clad ships which both nations are now assaying to construct. Our neighbours seem to desire to be beforehand with us in this respect, and it is reported that several iron-cased gunboats, as well as some larger frigates, are now building. If so, we must follow and even take from them the lead, whatever may be the cost. One observation, however, may not be here out of place. The damage which is most feared in future naval combats is that arising from shells

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either entering and bursting in the side of the ship, or passing through and bursting between decks. The inroads of solid shot are not so much to be dreaded; at any rate, what a Nelson, and—we will add with sincere respect and regret for a loss which may be truly called national—what a Lyons did not fear, will not cause an exaggerated alarm to our future naval commanders. Let, then, a series of careful experiments be made on the exact thickness of iron which will protect the sides of a ship from shells *alone*. It will not probably be one-half, perhaps not one-third, of that required to resist solid shot, and the difficulty of sufficiently protecting ships without rendering them unfit for sea by their excessive weight may possibly be surmounted.

However, it is not, after all, in the number, nor in the defensive armour of our ships, that our most alarming deficiency now exists: it is, as everybody knows, in the power of manning them on an emergency. To state the case in the words of a former First Lord of the Admiralty:

> We stand at a great disadvantage with regard to other nations, so far as the immediate manning of our navy is concerned, because, while ours is a voluntary service, other nations can by their system of compulsory service put on board their fleets in a very short time a number of men much larger than we could hope to bring together by our volunteer system. I have no doubt, however, that if time be allowed, in the course of two years we should not have the slightest difficulty in adding to our navy as many men as might be required; but it is when the emergency arises that the difficulty is felt. What we want is, not that that number of men should be put on board at the end of two years, *but in two months, or in two weeks. Russia and France can do that.* Their system of compulsory service enables them almost immediately to make up great navies.—*Speech of Sir Charles Wood, 18th May*, 1857.

Here, then, is our difficulty. An illustration of the truth of the above remarks, which we believe to be authentic, has been afforded this very year. At the outbreak of the Italian war there was general alarm in Europe, in which this country naturally shared, and a proclamation was issued offering bounties for the enrolment of 10,000 seamen. It required months to collect this small levy, and when collected, they were of course raw as men-of-war's men, and wholly untrained to gunnery or naval drill. On the British Government taking this step, that of France did the same; but in this case the 10,000 additional seamen were in the French ports awaiting embarkation *within a fortnight.*

How this difficulty is to be mastered is perhaps the most important question of the present day to this country, as it is certainly one of the most difficult. The Royal Commission on the subject came to apparently the only rational conclusion. In its number of seamen the British merchant navy exceeds in the proportion of about five to two that of France; the numbers registered respectively being, for France, 90,217, for England, 227,411. Here, then, is a reserve of which the Commission propose we should largely avail ourselves; but to carry out this recommendation is no easy matter. Independently of the physical difficulty of a very large number being scattered over the globe on every ocean, there is, it would appear, a difficulty of another kind—in the disfavour with which the Royal navy is regarded by a large portion of our maritime population. They view it, not as it is, but as it was. The old traditions survive of its hardships and its severities, and even among those who know better the prejudice remains. It is not impossible that we are at this moment suffering from the moral effects of pressgangs half a century ago. Be this as it may, the difficulty appears extreme of getting at the class in question at all—of finding out as a body their real motives. As impressment and, at present at least, compulsory local service of any kind are out of the question, there is nothing for it but to pay down. To this all are agreed, and the principle has been months ago sanctioned by Parliament; but the conditions for entering the naval reserve have only recently been announced. We presume the delay has been caused by the difficulty of ascer-

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taining the exact amount which would bring in the volunteers without being too costly, and by the necessity of great caution in framing the regulations, so that while on the one hand the volunteers of the merchant navy may receive a tangible recompense for their services, on the other the continuous service A.B., who is our real bulwark, may not be discouraged. We are bound to say that the mean appears to have been struck very fairly. The terms, though liberal, are reasonable, and are certainly such as ought to procure us the force we require.

Let the experiment, then, of a Volunteer Naval Reserve be tried by all means, and let no small considerations of economy interfere with its success. Thirty thousand trained men thus held in readiness at short notice, being chiefly employed in the coasting trade and the European seas, would be a fair counterpoise to the *Inscription Maritime*. If indeed this fail, the only alternative would seem to be an Inscription Maritime of our own in the shape of a Naval Militia Ballot; for a reserve we must have at all hazards. There would manifestly be nothing unconstitutional in such a measure. It has always been recognised that the State has a right to the services of every able-bodied man for the national defence; and it cannot be questioned that in an insular position like ours the sovereign can justly call upon every seaman to take his share of that defence on his peculiar element. Accordingly, in ancient days the seaports were required to furnish both ships and men for that purpose; and the Spanish Armada was mainly opposed by ships and sailors thus raised. Such a measure would doubtless be unjust, unless accompanied by a ballot of the land militia at the same time. There would also, of course, be certain limits set to the employment of seamen thus raised, but we apprehend this would merely amount to an engagement not to station them permanently beyond the European seas.

This precautionary measure, whether it prove in the end to be a Volunteer Naval Reserve, or a Naval Militia made voluntary as far as possible, but with the deficiency supplied by the ballot, is undoubtedly the first step towards placing us on a par with our neighbour in the power he possesses of improvising a fine fleet by means of his *Inscription Maritime*. Other subsidiary measures need be very briefly referred to. The large extension which has been proposed of the system of training-ships for boys, seems excellent in every respect. By this means we shall obtain the very best sailors, and it will be an admirable outlet for the youth even of the midland parts of the country, who will thus have the royal navy opened to them as well as to their brethren in the maritime towns. It would hardly seem, indeed, that too great extension could be given to this measure.

We need add little on this part of our subject, save to press the importance of a force which appears specially adapted to the new description of naval warfare of which steam gives promise. We allude, of course, to the Royal Marines, perhaps the finest troops in the whole military service of this country; and being at the same time trained to aid the seamen in their deck duties, and to man the guns, they seem peculiarly fitted to fill up the void caused by the dearth of seamen for the royal navy, more especially as the corps is popular and easily recruited. We would wish to see not less than 25,000 of these excellent troops in hand. In peace they would garrison the naval arsenals; and, in order to extend the knowledge of their ship duties throughout the force, they would be drafted *for short periods* on board the Channel and Mediterranean fleets, gunboats, &c.

We must now turn to the force necessary for resisting invasion on shore. We may premise that an invasion of such a country as England would not be attempted with less than 150,000 men. It has been shown that after either an indecisive action or a series of operations which would oblige both fleets to bear up for their respective ports for repairs, or still more after an

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action in which we were unsuccessful, the steam-transports conveying the invading army might put to sea. It has been also shown to be possible to land an army under cover of a protecting fleet, before the naval operations have had time to commence. We will assume, then, that 150,000 men, with provisions and stores for one month's consumption, have succeeded in effecting their landing. What force then could we hope to oppose to them?

We will begin with the force which in the opinion of a very competent judge, General Shaw Kennedy, *we ought to have.*

The general plan of defence which we suggest is as follows:—To have as volunteers and local militia a force of 300,000 men for Great Britain, of which 120,000 should be destined for the defence of London, and 120,000 for the defence of Plymouth, Portsmouth, Dover, Sheerness, Chatham, and Woolwich.

And that for the defence of those seven places, that is, London, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Dover, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, they should each be surrounded with detached works at about one mile distant from each other, of masonry; and each work of such strength as to require a regular attack, supported by heavy ordnance, for its reduction.

In addition to these defensive means, that there should be always in Great Britain 50,000 regular troops, and 50,000 embodied regular militia.

The force for Ireland might be 25,000 regular troops, and 25,000 embodied regular militia.

With regard to the local militia, General Kennedy appears to think that one week in the year would suffice to keep them in a state of preparatory training. He would have this, as well as the regular or embodied militia force, raised as far as possible by voluntary enrolment, but the deficiency supplied by the ballot. The 75,000 men proposed for the 'regular militia force' would be maintained in whole or in part only, according to the aspect of political affairs, but be kept at the full number 'when there were serious apprehensions of our being led into any important war; and when apprehension of invasion existed, the Government should have the power to call out 100,000 additional local militia.'—p. 51.

By these arrangements, therefore, a power would exist, in the event of invasion, of calling out an organized force of 550,000 men, in addition to pensioners, constabulary, dockyard corps, and the marines that might be on shore; —that is, about 600,000 men, in addition to such a naval force as will ensure a complete naval superiority.

These figures may well startle the British tax-payer; yet we believe it to be as cheap a mode of defence as has ever been proposed. The only alternative, of maintaining a standing army in England of equal strength with any army of invasion that could be brought against it—that is to say, an army of 150,000 or 200,000 men, is too alien to our institutions to be thought of, and would besides be infinitely more expensive. We must now say a few words on each of these descriptions of force.

General Kennedy, it will be observed, fixes 75,000 as the least number of regular troops that ought to be at any moment in the United Kingdom. He also proposes an equal number of embodied militia when war is apprehended, but admits that this force should vary with the political exigencies of the times. We may, however, safely assume that at least one-third would always be under arms; which would give, therefore, as the permanent garrison of the United Kingdom in peace, a force of 100,000 men. Now, if this force is to be permanently maintained, it will surely be better to have it consist entirely of the regular army, and to discontinue at once the practice of embodying regiments of militia permanently during peace, to which there exist grave objections. On the apprehension of war, 50,000 regular militia would be embodied, and *being combined with double their number of regular troops,* would soon be serviceable.

How to obtain out of our busy population 100,000 men for home service, together with 80,000 men for India, and 40,000 for the colonies, is indeed a serious question. The number would be considered exceedingly moderate in

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Continental States in proportion to the whole population, being only one in fifteen of the male population between eighteen and forty years of age; but in the present prosperous state of our labour market it is questionable whether, constituted as our army is, and with strong national prejudices against the profession of the soldier, we could obtain the numbers. It becomes, then, a matter of very serious consideration whether the army, as a profession, could not be so improved as to become popular. This, it appears to us, can only be done by making it an inviting service in itself, and a certain road to comfort and respectability for the well conducted. We are ready to admit all the good that has been done in the way of libraries and schools, and for the comfort of the soldier in every way. The recent order of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, which practically abolishes flogging, except in cases of extreme flagrancy, and then only after the culprit has been previously degraded from the class declared exempt from such punishment, will no doubt go far to improve the position of the soldier both morally and socially. Lastly, the facilities which soldiers of good character now have for obtaining situations after discharge, must react eventually in favour of the profession. Still we believe that much more may be done to better the condition of the soldier; and that this, if for no other reason than that of getting a sufficient supply of men, ought to engage the serious attention of the Government.

In the first place, we question whether, according to present prices of labour, the pay of the soldier is sufficient. We will leave, however, this question with the expression only of a hope that it may be thoroughly considered next session.

Next, that certainly appears a severe service in which a man may be, and frequently is, twelve or fourteen years abroad without a possibility of being relieved. The idea of expatriation is not pleasant even to the emigrant, with his visions unbounded of a golden future. How must it then appear to the soldier who is embarking for India or some distant colony, where he expects to spend the best years of his life in a dull monotony of military duty? Thousands indeed go, never to return. Now there is certainly little in all this to make the military an attractive profession, and indeed the plain fact is, that it is the reverse of attractive to all the more respectable part of our population.

We believe, however, that complicated as the subject is with the difficulty of providing for our colonial service, a partial remedy at least might be found. The length of the colonial service of regiments has been already reduced from about twenty years to ten or twelve; and we believe that means might be found of reducing it still further without any sensible increase to the expense. But however this be, the impolicy of keeping individual soldiers of a regiment for so long a period in colonial, perhaps tropical service, is unquestionable. The remedy we would suggest for consideration, is to allow every soldier who has attained a certain length of service, to return home, and complete his period towards discharge or pension in an army of reserve. The exact length of service necessary for this purpose could be readily ascertained from military statistics, and would, of course, depend on the numbers to be maintained in the reserve. To render the service popular, the soldiers of the reserve army ought to be allowed lengthened furloughs, in order to enable them to take work, but without diminishing their pay on that account. The country would at the same time gain the priceless benefit of a large body of veteran soldiers formed in one *corps d'armée;* in fact, an 'old guard.'

Nor must we omit to mention other points regarding the unwillingness of the population to enter the army. There is one great fact which cannot be too seriously considered; namely, that the ranks of the army are practically closed to the middle classes. Individuals of this class cannot be officers, constituted as our army is at present, and they would think it derogatory to enter the ranks as private soldiers. The

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army thus loses altogether the intelligence and energy of the classes which virtually govern the country.

It loses also, of course, very seriously, in the number of its recruits. We are not disposed, indeed, to be by any means democratic in our treatment of the army. An army that is strictly *professional*, that is to say, in which both officers and men, and especially the former, have nothing to look forward to but the advantages that may be derived from a successful career, is certainly a formidable instrument to wield against an enemy; but history shows also that it may be often wielded with equal success against the liberties of its country. It may be quite possible, however, to encourage the introduction of a reasonable amount of the middle-class element into the army, without compromising the aristocratic character, if we may be permitted the expression, which now belongs to it. The condition of the higher class of non-commissioned officer might be advantageously raised. A much larger proportion than at present of commissions without purchase might be given to deserving non-commissioned officers, in some cases as the reward of good service alone, but, as a general rule, granted only upon their attainments being satisfactorily tested by an appropriate professional and general examination. We are persuaded that the announcement of a measure of this kind would in time fill the ranks of the army with well-educated and well-conducted youths, ambitious of distinction, and energetic in placing themselves by their exertions in a position to obtain it. Opposition, no doubt, it would meet with; but, it may be asked, is this the time in which the whole middle orders of society, constituting as they do the bone and marrow of the country, can be safely shut out from their place in its defence?

These questions, and many others, will require the most careful and earnest consideration of the Government and Legislature in the next Session. We must be prepared to take our part in the great European crisis that seems to be approaching, and whether our influence be exerted physically, or only morally, it must equally repose on the military and naval strength we can s[illegible] support. The celebrated [illegible] of the Great Duke,—H[illegible] King's Government to b[illegible] on?—seems now conver[illegible] another not less importa[illegible] are the Queen's navy and be manned?

We come next to the q[illegible] the militia. Of this forc[illegible] have seen, General Kenn[illegible] poses to embody 75,000 [illegible] war is apprehended, in ad[illegible] 300,000 local militia, whic[illegible] be raised to 400,000 in ca[illegible] vasion. Where voluntee[illegible] the militia fails, he would [illegible] the ballot. This brings u[illegible] exceedingly difficult questi[illegible] ther compulsory service of a[illegible] before the fact of actual i[illegible] is any longer practicable [illegible] country. The following [illegible] of Lord Grey on the subjec[illegible] the Militia Commission, [illegible] deserves serious consideratio[illegible]

Q. 6208. Would your Lord[illegible] ticipate applying the ballot in a[illegible] emergency and of very great ne[illegible]

I believe that the ballot, in [illegible] sent state of feeling, and in the condition of this country, is aln[illegible] possible, it is so radically un[illegible] had occasion, when in the Wa[illegible] to look very closely into the o[illegible] of the ballot during the Fren[illegible] and I know that it was the op[illegible] all those whose judgment was [illegible] be relied upon in the War Offi[illegible] even during that great war th[illegible] had failed. You are aware tha[illegible] the last three or four years of t[illegible] the ballot was not used; it wa[illegible] to interfere so much with the o[illegible] cruiting, that it was far better [illegible] men by recruiting. In point of the time when the ballot was [illegible] think that nearly ninety per cen[illegible] men who served were substitute[illegible] is to say, they were raised by [illegible] consequently the ballot was n[illegible] system of raising the bounty b[illegible] tax, which is the most unjus[illegible] taxes, instead of by a general sy[illegible] taxation.

Q. 6209. But you think that [illegible] be right to keep the ballot in th[illegible] of an invasion?

I do not think that in this [illegible] any force is necessary. I thi[illegible] the people are quite ready to [illegible] their country. If you have the [illegible] I think that it should be ballot [illegible] substitutes, and I ask how yo[illegible]

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that men would submit to that in this country?

These observations express precisely and very powerfully what must be admitted to be grave objections to a ballot for the militia. Still we strongly doubt, first, whether the general argument is altogether sound; and secondly, whether, even if sound, the national necessities ought not to over-ride it.

For example, it is hardly fair to draw an inference applicable to the present period, from one widely different from it in every possible circumstance. At the close of the great wars of the Revolution and the Empire, the whole habit and feeling of the country had become warlike; and it is easy to understand that when the militia was fairly manned, the Government was glad to drop so obnoxious a practice as a ballot for compulsory service. We must also recollect that at that period of the war there was no longer a question of invasion at all. The service for which recruits were really wanted was not the militia, but the army, fighting in Spain, and in every spot on the coast of the Continent where, according to the desultory and most unmilitary modes of warfare that prevailed, an English force might set its foot. The question now with us is, how, during peace, a force can be raised sufficiently numerous, and formidable by its discipline and training, to meet some of the first troops of the world. And if the voluntary mode fail, we see nothing for it but a compulsory service to fill the gap. No one doubts that the English people are quite ready to defend their country. But if no persuasion can induce them to come forward in sufficient numbers before the invasion occurs, it will be too late for any undisciplined levies such as they would then be, to avert from the country the most terrible disaster.

Still, we are ready to admit that no expedient should be left untried to raise the militia to a respectable force by voluntary enlistment. It is to be regretted that the late commission on the militia were limited to the consideration of its military efficiency when formed; and the real question at issue, how to provide for its numerical efficiency, remains still to be investigated.

The third force on which General Kennedy would rely is the 'local militia;' a force which we possessed in the revolutionary war, but which no longer exists. As their name imports, the members of this force would, except on actual invasion, remain in their counties. They would receive a less degree of training than the regular militia, being only called out for a week in each year. On the threat of invasion they would be embodied. In ordinary times, being called out for so short a period, this force would not, though consisting of 300,000 men, be expensive. Its annual cost General Kennedy estimates at only £230,770.

There cannot be a doubt that this would be a most powerful reserve. In the course of a year or two the men would have learned the use of their arms and a few easy movements, and would be far more readily converted into soldiers than the peasant or artisan who has never had a firearm in his hand. The men not being called away for long periods from their ordinary work, nor in any case but that of actual danger to the country from invasion kept permanently embodied, would volunteer for such a force much more freely than for the regular militia, which has now come naturally to be regarded rather as a portion of the regular army limited to home service, than as a temporary service to be combined with the ordinary business of life.

To give us some idea of the actual values of these descriptions of force so far as regards rifle training, we have the evidence of Major-General Hay, than whom no one has done a more useful service to the army, by the successful organization of the School of Musketry at Hythe.

Q. 3681. In what space of time do you think that a lad from the plough could be made efficient enough for the purpose of going through the musketry instructions? — The course now adopted in the line, and, in fact, throughout the army generally, is, to

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take such men when they have been about a month or six weeks under the Adjutant's drill. They get into our mill, as it were, and they are trained for eighteen days, during which time we put them through the whole of what we call our ordinary training. After the man has gone through that ordinary training as a recruit, he is then allowed to practise as a soldier in his company, when it merely takes twelve days in the year to go through the prescribed annual course of musketry drill and practice, and two or three such courses make those men most wonderfully efficient.

Q. 3682. Do you mean to say six weeks after the recruit has joined?—In war time we do not give him so much, for in a fortnight after a recruit has joined we should bring him under rifle training.—(*Evidence before the Commission on the Militia.*)

The facts here stated afford a basis on which to legislate as regards the militia, and as far as possible every other force. In two months a soldier may be taught a reasonable amount of drill, and a very perfect course of rifle instruction. This undergone, twelve days in each subsequent year for rifle instruction and practice, and we may presume sixteen days for drill and field movements, or twenty-eight days in each year, would be ample to enable the soldier of militia to keep up his knowledge. It is very possible that these periods might be divided, the period for rifle instruction and practice being separated from that for the preliminary drill; and we see no reason why, with a permanent staff of militia such as we now possess, any man should be withdrawn from his avocations for more than a fortnight at a time. Thus one of the most common objections to entering the militia would be removed. The training of the local militia would of course be far less complete. But they would at least be organized, equipped, and armed, and in two or three years would have some knowledge of drill and the use of the rifle.

We are scarcely in a position yet to estimate the full value of the volunteer movement. It promises, however, to become a most efficient auxiliary in the national defence. It is of the utmost cons that a rifleman should be of order of intelligence than t soldier, inasmuch as he is much more upon his own re How far this fact is app at the Hythe School of Mu will be seen from the fo statement of Major-Gener whose evidence we have alre occasion to quote. He state

Our system of giving prizes shooting is entirely based upon gence. A man does not get a being a 'marksman,' because good shot, or because he is judge of distance; he must b but there is another condition w must fulfil, he must be an int man; he must be able to answe an intelligent way any question you may put to him upon the su the efficiency of his gun; he r able to tell you the flight of l and the effect which it will hav cavalry or infantry at all its rang must answer you in an intellige otherwise it would not be wo country's while to pay that (*Evidence before the Commission Militia*).

Now, a large body of rif consisting of volunteers fro upper and middle classes o country, seems precisely the that will answer this primar dition of *intelligence*. We c doubt for a moment their effici if well handled. There mu good preliminary training, and rifle practice. Although in ge they would work in companies or even subdivisions (and fo actual rifle instruction it is e tial there should only be a number at a time), it woul necessary, whenever brough gether in large bodies, as in event of invasion would be the to form them into battalions would of course be rash to this till the war should breal and therefore we hope to se commanders of battalions nam soon as the organization is ficiently complete. They shou chosen with great care; they sl be spirited and dashing, an would not be a bad arrangeme insist on their having gone thr some sort of training at Alder by being attached to regular

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corps. It is also very desirable that by their rank in their counties they should command the respect both of officers and men. Finally, we must have a general to command these irregular but formidable bands. Here we are indeed at a loss for a suggestion. Who will present us with a Garibaldi?

As a matter of small but not unimportant detail, we may suggest for the consideration of rifle corps committees the propriety of supplying their volunteers with the precise articles of equipment they would require for campaigning, that is to say, knapsacks and their contents, and haversacks. They should not wait for the moment of action to take this necessary step. There would be then quite confusion enough, without the aggravation of a deficiency of equipment. It need hardly be said that no force could remain a week in the field, especially in a cold and damp climate, without being properly furnished in this respect.

We have next to consider the state of our fortifications, and the *rôle* they would probably play in a war of invasion. As all the world knows, these are confined to the protection of our dockyards. Not a single inland fortress or entrenched camp do we possess. Take now Portsmouth. It consists of a great naval anchorage and a dockyard on the largest scale, under the protection of both land and sea defences. The fortifications, which are at present undergoing the scrutiny of the Defence Commission, we will not speak of, but proceed at once to the position Portsmouth would be called upon to occupy in the scheme of national defence, should a foreign army ever obtain a footing in the country.

Portsmouth, with Plymouth, and perhaps Portland, would evidently be the base of our naval operations against the enemy's communications with his own country. If our fleet should be inferior, or worsted, Portsmouth should have the means within itself both of refitting the old, and fitting out new fleets. It is evident also that it should have the means of arming and supplying the fleet with ammunition. In fact, it is indispensable that Portsmouth and Plymouth should be naval arsenals as well as naval stations and dockyards, since if dependent, as at present, upon Woolwich, a French army on landing would at once cut them off from their source of supply. This is a most important point; for as long as we should be able to continue our naval operations in the Channel, so long there would be hope of destroying the invading army. But allow our fleets to come to a standstill from inanition while those of the enemy are well supplied, and the command of the Channel falls entirely into his hands. The question would be then resolved into one of armies alone, and it is easy to see what must be the result.

Next, is it right that in case of invasion our army should from the outset be altogether *en l'air?* that it should possess not a single fortified place in the interior for the safe deposit of its stores, for the assembly of its recruits, for a pivot of its strategical operations, and upon which to retreat in case of need? With an enemy in the country greatly superior in numbers to our disciplined force, to gain time would be everything for us, while delay would be fatal to him. In two or three months our force would double anything he could possibly land, and with good leadership and good organization they would be fairly drilled and disciplined, and in a state to meet their enemy in the field. But this would be impossible if there were nothing to arrest his progress in the meantime. His columns would march through the length and breadth of the land, and there would not be a spot, short of Wales or the highlands of Scotland, on which our regular or disciplined troops (supposed, of course, to be greatly inferior in numbers) could find a secure halting place in which to collect, arm, and train the thousands of volunteers who would flock to the national standards.

An inland fortress, entrenched camp, or whatever the Government may decide upon for this purpose, is therefore indispensable. The only

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question that remains is, where ought it to be?

General Kennedy answers this question for us very quickly. He bids us fortify London.

We do not doubt that were such a proposition made to Parliament by the First Minister of the Crown, the House, as well as the great British public, would stand aghast at its boldness, or laugh at what would be termed its extravagance. But let us consider for a moment what it would effect for us. Combined with placing our dockyards in a thorough state of defence (about which there can be no question), and with an efficient organization of militia and volunteers, General Kennedy considers that it would set us as absolutely free from danger as the nature of the case will admit of.

If (he observes) you reduce all invading forces of this country to the certainty that they cannot enter London, nor enter or destroy any of the arsenals, and that even if they succeed for a time in possessing themselves of some of the open towns, they must speedily be obliged to surrender as prisoners of war or be destroyed, enough will have been done to deter any enemy in his senses from putting foot on these shores.

This position we believe to be correct. The possession of the dockyards (being also arsenals) assuring to us the power of continuing, during the invasion, our naval operations in the Channel, by which the enemy's communications would be continually endangered, and perhaps destroyed, and London being at the same time secured against all attacks, the principal object of the enemy would be removed from his reach, and the danger of the attempt would probably ensure its never being made. But the question at once arises, is it possible or practicable to fortify a town of such vast extent as London is, and, if practicable, would such a place be, after all, defensible?

As a question of military engineering alone, there can be no doubt that it is practicable—not exactly to *fortify* such a place as London, that is to say, to surround it with a continuous rampart and ditch, but—so to surround it with works as to entirely swee[p] fire of artillery the groun[d] such forts, and practically all access. For this pu[rpose] forts would average abo[ut] apart from one another. [T] would naturally be select[ed] view to take the utmost a[dvantage] of the ground, but their distance from Charing-cro[ss] be from five to seven mil[es] distance from the centre o[f] ought in fact, in these day[s] range guns, to be rarely u[nder] miles, which would give a [circum]ference of about thirty-s[ix] General Kennedy makes th[e circum]ference about thirty miles, [through] Hammersmith, Wormwood [Scrubs,] Willesden-green, Hampste[ad,] gate, Tottenham, the River [Lea to] its junction with the Tham[es,] ford, Lewisham, Sydenham Norwood, Lower Streath[am,] Wandsworth. On this ci[rcle he] would place about thirty fo[rts, and] as Woolwich must necess[arily be] taken into the defence, ni[ne addi]tional forts would be requ[ired for] that purpose. Taking as [a guide] the cost of a fort now in pro[gress at] Gosport, estimated at £80,[000, the] General assumes the avera[ge cost] per fort, including the purc[hase of] the ground, at £100,000; a[nd con]sequently the cost of the thi[rty-nine] forts required for the def[ence of] London and Woolwich at £3,[900,000.] We are inclined to think, [for the] reason before given, that a [larger] radius must be taken, and o[ur esti]mate would raise the nu[mber of] forts around London to thi[rty-six,] and, including Woolwich, t[o forty-]eight, entailing an expendi[ture of] £4,800,000.

The forts would be arm[ed with] very heavy artillery. The [inter]mediate spaces would be o[ccupied] by troops, who would intrenc[h them]selves in the best positions. [Each] fort is estimated to mount 4[0 guns,] with a garrison of 500 men, [and the] intermediate spaces to be [held] by divisions of 5000 men. [As] the enemy could not drea[m of in]vesting London in its entire [circum]ference, a large portion of th[e troops] would be withdrawn from t[he loca]lities not immediately expos[ed]

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placed on the part of the position fronting the enemy. A better position could not be imagined for militia and newly raised levies, who, aided by regular troops, would gradually be brought to face their enemy in daily skirmishes, while the guns of the forts would prevent their being ever very severely punished for their audacity: resources of every kind would be in abundance, for it is well known there is no base of operations like that afforded by a large city, containing, as it does, every possible trade; after some bold attempts to capture or penetrate the spaces between the forts, the enemy would probably have to retire, and the defending army being now strong, his days would be numbered.

Whether London, thus fortified, would be really defensible, would depend, we conceive, more on the feeling of its population than on the military advantage of such a position. Would a population of 2,500,000 endure the suspense and terror consequent on the approach of an invading army, and the explosions of shells day and night, with which its suburbs at least would be visited? That is the question. No one can predict its solution, which would depend almost entirely on the spirit with which Londoners themselves would man their works and swell the numbers of the militia and volunteers. Citizens, as history tells us, will endure much when their fathers, sons, and brothers are numbered among their defenders.

As a question, then, of military engineering and of strategy, General Kennedy's plan appears perfectly adapted to the circumstances of the case. We cannot maintain a large standing army; therefore we must place our small disciplined force, with the numerous levies that would speedily join it, in an unassailable position for a time, until the whole strength of the country can be organized. As London would undoubtedly be the chief object of the expedition, no position seems so well fitted for the purpose as that around the metropolis. In fact, the difficulty presented to the enemy would be so great, that it is very improbable he would ever, under such circumstances, undertake the expedition, unless indeed he reckoned on the terrors of the metropolis as a means to overcome its garrison and protecting army — a speculation, however, as we conceive, highly dangerous.

But we must admit that, notwithstanding the military reasons in favour of such a project, the social and political obstacles are very great, probably insurmountable. They can at any rate be only overcome by a decisive manifestation of public opinion in favour of so strong a defensive measure. Wealthy citizens and noble lords would be required to accept the State compensation for the property on which the forts were built; they would be further informed that on the approach of the enemy all buildings within a thousand yards of the works would have to be destroyed—a circumstance that would diminish the value of their property in proportion to the general apprehension of invasion. Again, in the political view England would proclaim to the world that she is, militarily speaking, no longer insular, and it is impossible to say to what extent this feeling might not in process of time affect our institutions. We do not indeed set great store by this latter argument; for in fortifying our dockyards so carefully as we are now doing *on the land side*, what do we but proclaim to the world that we are liable to the attack of an enemy's army. And his army once landed, to attack an arsenal or to march on the metropolis is a mere question with him of policy or strategy. Each course may be equally open to him. Still, it cannot be denied that to surround London with heavy armed forts would be to express the awkward fact abovementioned more tangibly, if not more really.

Our space warns us that we must here leave this part of our subject; but we cannot do so without reproducing the opinions of two great men which have been often quoted, and yet cannot be too frequently repeated—those, namely, of Mr. Pitt and of Napoleon—on this most important phase of the question.

It is in vain (observes Mr. Pitt) to say you should not fortify London be-

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cause our ancestors did not fortify it, ***unless you can show that they were in the same situation as we are.*** We might as well be told that because our ancestors fought with arrows and lances, we ought to use them now, and consider shields and corslets as affording a secure defence against musketry and artillery. If the fortification of the capital can add to the security of the country, I think it ought to be done. If, by the erection of works such as I am recommending, you can delay the progress of the enemy for three days, it may make the difference between the safety and destruction of the capital. It will not, I admit, make the difference between the conquest and independence of the country, for that will not depend upon one or upon ten battles; but it makes the difference between the loss of thousands of lives, with misery, havoc, and devastation spread over the country on the one hand, or the confounding the efforts and chastising the insolence of the enemy on the other.

Then, for the opinion of Napoleon, we have the authority of Montholon in the St. Helena Memoirs:

Napoleon says he frequently turned in his mind the propriety of fortifying Paris and Lyons; and this in an especial manner occurred to him on the occasion of his return from the campaign of Austerlitz. Fear of exciting alarm among the inhabitants, and the events which succeeded each other with such astonishing rapidity, prevented him from carrying his designs into execution. He thought that a great capital is the country of the flower of the nation, that it is the centre of opinion, the general depôt; and that it is the greatest of all contradictions to leave a point of such importance without the means of immediate defence. At the season of great national disasters, empires frequently stand in need of *soldiers;* but *men* are never wanting for internal defence if a place be provided where their energies can be brought into action. Fifty thousand National Guards, with three thousand gunners, will defend a fortified capital against an army of three hundred thousand men. The same fifty thousand men in the open field, if they are not experienced soldiers commanded by skilled officers, will be thrown into confusion by the charge of a few thousand horse. Paris, ten times in its former history, owed its safety to its walls. If, in 1814, it had possessed a citadel capable of holding out for only eight days, the destinies of the world would have been changed. If, in 1805, Vienna had been fortified, the battle of Ulm would not have decided the war; if, in 1806, Berlin had been fortified, the army beaten at Jena might have rallied there till the Russian army advanced to its relief; if, in 1808, Madrid had been fortified, the French army, after the victories of Espenosa, Tudela, and Somosierra, could never have ventured to march upon that capital, leaving the English army in the neighbourhood of Salamanca in its rear.*

Whatever may be the national decision with respect to fortifying London, there can be no question that we require *some* position in the interior of the country to be prepared beforehand, which should be a pivot of operations for the defending force, and also contain its chief arsenal. Woolwich, being at present our only arsenal, and works existing and in progress there being on a gigantic scale, as befitting the military centre of an Empire, would seem to be the spot proper to be at once selected for strong fortifications, embracing an entrenched camp for at least 50,000 men. We fear, however, that great difficulties would be found in placing it in a state of defence; but on this point we shall hope to see before long the opinion of the Defence Commission, if, as we trust, their instructions include the consideration of this question. At all events what is absolutely required is, a fortified camp and arsenal *somewhere;* otherwise the defending army would be *en l'air,* and, its present arsenal once in the hands of the enemy, it is difficult to see how the army, deprived of its supplies of material and ammunition, could continue the contest for a week.

We confess to having rather a multiplicity of objects in view in this discussion. In the first place, we believe that a failure in our present attempts at defensive preparation would be highly dangerous, as challenging a powerful enemy to humiliate us;—it would, indeed, have been far better not to have made the attempt; for then our love of peace *à tout prix* might at least be treated with some consideration. Next, nothing will tend so much to our security from all attempts at invasion, as being in a *high* state of

* See Alison's *History of Europe,* Chapter xxxvii.

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preparation for it: we believe, indeed, that there are few things the Emperor of the French would more desire than to be furnished with a good excuse to his army and his people for declining the undertaking. Again, while desiring above all things to see the great mass of our population, and especially of the upper and middle-classes, trained to the use of arms, we would wish it could be better seen—what the lessons of all history tend to show—that regular troops must be mainly withstood by regular troops; and that the people of this country must be prepared to forego their ancient prejudice against a standing army. Not that we would emulate in this respect the great military despotisms of the Continent—that we could not do if we would—but we ought at least to provide that not more than one-half of the force with which we should meet the enemy should be aught but regular troops. *Then* the militia and volunteers would be invaluable. Equally beneficial would be the local militia as a reserve, already equipped and armed, and in the course of two or three months ready with the rest of the regular army and embodied militia to meet any troops in the field. Not less anxious must we be to see the *rôle* to be played by our fortifications well considered and prepared beforehand; to see our naval fortresses made independent of all support from the interior of the country, from which they would be cut off; in short, to see them converted into naval arsenals, as well as being, as at present, royal dockyards; lastly, we desire to see some base of operations prepared for our army, militia, and volunteers, which would at once be their retreat in case of disaster; unassailable while they should be gathering up for a renewed struggle; a depôt on the largest scale of military stores and equipment of every kind, and an arsenal for the fabrication of every kind of arm, and for the supply of ammunition. Whether London, or Woolwich, or some other well-selected position (perhaps the vicinity of Birmingham would present peculiar advantages) may be chosen, the choice of *some* such fortified position appears to us indispensable, otherwise our army would be *en l'air*, and the capture of its present undefended arsenal would deprive it of all means of prolonging the contest.

These questions, and many others connected with our subject, will doubtless occupy the serious attention of our Legislature in the next session. We cannot conceive a more patriotic resolution on the part of any Englishman at the present juncture than that of endeavouring, by careful study and reflection, to make up his mind on this vital matter. If such consideration of the question could but become general, we should have a strong public opinion ready to support the Government and Legislature in the most decisive measures they could propose. If public opinion is weak and vapid, and not interested in the subject, the action of Government will be proportionally feeble and desultory. In short, we believe that never in the course of its history has the English people held its destinies, under Providence, more in its own hands than at this moment; and it will depend upon our use of the means with which that Providence has most bountifully provided us, whether, in the trying times that seem to be approaching, we shall continue to preserve the honour of our country as intact as we have received it from those who have gone before us.

J. E. A.

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ROBERT STEPHENSON.

In Memoriam.

ABOUT forty years since a little boy, the son of a colliery engineman at Killingworth, dressed in a suit of homely grey stuff cut out by his father, was accustomed to ride to Newcastle daily upon a donkey, for the purpose of attending school there. Years passed, and the boy became the man known to world-wide fame as Robert Stephenson, the engineer. He died, and on the 14th of October last he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, side by side with the departed Kings, statesmen, and great men of his country.

It is but ten years since the remains of George Stephenson, the father, were quietly interred in a small church on the outskirts of the town of Chesterfield, followed to the grave principally by his own work-people. The event excited little interest beyond the bounds of that secluded locality. Yet George Stephenson, thus obscurely buried, was the inventor of the passenger locomotive, and the founder of the now gigantic railway system of England and of the world; and it is only within the last few years that the public have learnt from his biography how great a man then passed from the earth. But the honours which George Stephenson failed to receive during his life and at his death, and which, in the strength of his self-dependence, he would have been the last to seek, have at length not unworthily been reflected upon his eminently meritorious son; and those who hereafter read his tablet and contemplate his monument in Westminster Abbey, will probably not fail to remember that Robert Stephenson was himself one of the best products of his great father's manly affection, his noble character, and his indefatigable industry.

As the son of George Stephenson, Robert was emphatically well-born. Every reader now knows the story of the father's life—his early encounter with poverty and difficulty, his strenuous endeavours after self-education, his determination to gain 'insight' into all the details of his business, his patience, his bravery, his self-discipline, and self-reliance. But greatest of all was his manly love for his only son, and his resolution, formed almost as soon as the boy was born, and steadily acted out in his life, that no labour, nor pains, nor self-denial should be spared to furnish him with the best education that it was in his power to bestow. His own words on the subject are memorable:—'In the earlier period of my career,' said he, 'when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man, and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at nights, after my daily labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son.'

The father moreover taught the boy to work with him, and trained him as it were to educate himself. When a little fellow not big enough to reach so high as to put a clock-head on, his father would make him mount a chair for the purpose; and to 'help father' became the proudest work which the boy then, and ever after, could take part in. This daily and unceasing example of industry and application, working on before the boy's eyes in the person of a loving and beloved father, imprinted itself deeply upon his mind, in characters never to be effaced. A spirit of self-improvement took possession of him, which continued to influence him through life; and to the close of his career he was proud to confess that, if his success had been great, it was mainly to the example and training of his father that he owed it.

When Robert went to Mr. Bruce's school at Newcastle, he was a rough, unpolished country lad, speaking the broad dialect of the pitmen; and the other boys would tease him occasionally, for the purpose of provoking an outburst of his Killing-

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worth Doric. But he was kindly of disposition, and a diligent pupil; Mr. Bruce frequently holding him up to the laggards of the school as an example of good conduct and industry. He was accustomed to spend much of his spare time at the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Institute; and when he went home in the evenings he would recount to his father the results of his reading. Sometimes he was allowed to take to Killingworth a volume of the *Repertory of Arts and Sciences*, which the father and son studied together, George laying great stress upon his son's being able to read and understand the plans and diagrams without reference to the written descriptions. Sometimes they tried chemical experiments together, assisted by Wigham, a neighbouring farmer's son; and occasionally Robert experimented on his own account, as, for instance, upon the cows in Wigham's enclosure, which he electrified by means of his electric kite, making them run about the field with their tails on end, and on another occasion upon his father's Galloway when standing at the cottage door, nearly knocking the pony down by the smartness of the shock.

George was about this time occupied with the invention of his safety lamp, and Robert was present and assisted in making many of the experiments upon the fire-damp brought from the Killingworth pits. On one occasion George was engaged in experimenting by means of a gasometer and glass receivers borrowed from the Newcastle Institute; Nicholas Wood being appointed to turn the cocks, and Robert to time the experiment. The flame being observed to descend in the tube, the word was given to turn the cock, but unfortunately Wood turned it the wrong way; the gas exploded, and the apparatus was blown to pieces, though fortunately no one was hurt. At other times, Robert was engaged in embodying in a practical shape the drawings of machines and instruments which he found described in the books he read; amongst other things, constructing a theodolite spirit-level, on which he engraved the words, 'Robert Stephenson, *fecit*.' Another of his works, while he was still at Bruce's school, was the sun-dial, the joint work of father and son, constructed after much study and labour, and eventually fixed over the cottage door at Killingworth, where it is still to be seen. Not long since Mr. Stephenson visited the place with some friends, and pointed out the very desk in the little room of the cottage at which he had studied the plan of the dial and calculated the latitude of his village.

The youth left school well grounded in the ordinary branches of education, and an adept in arithmetic, geography, and algebra. In his after life, he with good reason attached much importance to the thorough training in mathematics which he received at Bruce's school, and considered that it had been the foundation of much of his success as an engineer in the higher walks of the profession. His father at first destined him for the business of a coal miner, and with that object apprenticed him to Nicholas Wood, then chief viewer at Killingworth. While thus engaged, Robert acquired a familiarity with underground work, which afterwards proved of much value to him; and in the evenings, after the day's work was over, he pursued his studies in mechanics under the eye of his father, who had by this time been advanced to the post of chief enginewright of the colliery.

The Killingworth locomotive was now in full work, and Robert became familiar with its every detail. The possible adaptation of the engine to more important uses than the hauling of coal to the shipping place, the improvement of the steam blast (employed in all the engines constructed by Stephenson subsequent to the year 1815), and the enlargement of the heating surface, so as to produce a more rapid supply of steam, formed the subject of repeated evening discussions in the cottage of the Stephensons. Of the two, the youth was at that time by much the most sanguine, his father 'holding him back' by setting up all manner of objections for him to answer, and thus in the most effectual way cultivating his faculties and stimulating his inven-

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tiveness. It was a happy time for both, full of discipline, co-operation, self-improvement, and steadily advancing mechanical ability.

The father, however, was not satisfied with the knowledge which his son might thus laboriously acquire by studying in company with himself at Killingworth. He was fully conscious of his own want of scientific knowledge, which had hampered him at every stage of his career. Above all things, he desired that Robert should be well grounded in the principles of natural science; for which purpose he felt it would be necessary to place him under disciplined teachers. He resolved accordingly, to send Robert to Edinburgh University, where he spent the winter and summer sessions of 1820-1, attending the classes of Natural Philosophy under Sir John Leslie; Mineralogy under Professor Jamieson, and Chemistry under Dr. Hope. Young Stephenson was one of the most diligent and hard-working students of his year. He took copious notes of all the lectures, which he was accustomed carefully to write out, and afterwards to consult even to the close of his life. One evening, a few years ago, an engineering friend was discussing with him in his library in Gloucester-square some scientific point, when Mr. Stephenson rose, and took down from the shelves a thick volume, for the purpose of consulting it. On the question being asked, 'What have we here?' he replied, 'When I went to college, I knew the difficulty my father had in collecting money to send me there; before going I studied short-hand, and while at Edinburgh I took down *verbatim* every lecture I attended; every evening before I went to bed I transcribed those lectures word for word, and you see the result in that range of books.'

It was a good custom of Professor Jamieson, at the close of each session, to select the most diligent and meritorious of his pupils to accompany him in a botanical and geological excursion over some of the most interesting parts of Scotland; and Robert Stephenson was one of these favoured pupils at the close of the session of 1820-1. Only about a year before his death, when he was making an excursion in his yacht with a party of friends through the Caledonian Canal, he took occasion to point out some of the ground which he had gone over during that delightful excursion with his professor, and he then expressed the practical advantages which he had derived from studying the great works of the Creator upon the chart of Nature itself. The students' excursion ended, Robert returned to Killingworth; and his father was a proud man when his son reported the progress he had made, and, above all, when he laid before him the prize for mathematics which he had won at the University. The cost of the year's education was about eighty pounds; but though a large sum in the estimation of both father and son at the time, George then and afterwards declared that it was one of the best investments of money which he had ever made.

We have been thus particular in describing the several stages in the education of Robert Stephenson, and the active part which his father took in the process, because it was thus that the foundations of his character were laid. The young man was now to enter by himself upon the road of life, fortified by good example, his habits well trained, his faculties well disciplined, and fully conscious that the issue rested mainly with himself. For several years more, however, he remained under his father's eye, passing through the admirable discipline of the workshop, to which he himself in after years was accustomed to attach the greatest importance. At the meeting of Mechanical Engineers, held at Newcastle, in August, 1858, he used these words, 'Having been brought up originally as a mechanical engineer, and seen perhaps as much as any one of the other branches of the profession, I feel justified in insisting that the civil engineering department is best founded upon the mechanical knowledge obtained in the workshop. I have ever been fully conscious how greatly my civil engineering has been modified by the mechanical knowledge which I acquired from my father; and the further my ex-

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perience has advanced, the more have I been convinced that it is necessary to educate an engineer in the workshop. That is the education, emphatically, which is calculated to render the engineer most intelligent, most useful, and the fullest of resources in times of difficulty.'

In 1824 George Stephenson was busily engaged in the construction of the Stockton and Darlington railway; and at the same time Robert was occupied in the locomotive manufactory already commenced at Newcastle, in superintending the construction of No. 1 engine, the 'Active,' for that railway; the same engine that was lately placed upon a pedestal in front of the Darlington station. He was also busy designing the fixed engine for the Brusselton incline, which he completed by the end of the year, when he left England for a time to take charge of the engines and machinery of a mining company newly established in Columbia, South America. Severe study and close application had begun to tell upon his health, and his father consented that he should accept the situation which had been offered him, in the hope that the change of scene and occupation might restore him to health and strength, though ill able to dispense with his valuable assistance at that important crisis in his own career.

The Darlington line was finished and opened, and its success was such as to encourage the Liverpool merchants shortly after to project their undertaking of a railway between that town and Manchester. The difficulties encountered in obtaining the act, and in constructing the railway across Chat Moss, are among the most interesting chapters in George Stephenson's life, and need not be adverted to here. Then began the battle of the locomotive, and the keen discussions between the advocates of fixed and travelling engines, George Stephenson standing almost alone in his advocacy of the latter. At this juncture he wrote to his son, urging him to return home, as the fate of the locomotive hung upon the issue. Accordingly we find Robert Stephenson again returned to England, and in charge of the locomotive manufactory at Newcastle, by the end of the year 1827. From this time forward Robert was as his father's right hand, fortifying his arguments, illustrating his views, embodying his ideas in definite shapes, writing his reports to the directors, exposing the fallacies contained in the arguments put forward by the advocates of fixed engines, and in all ways energetically fighting by the side of his father the battle of the locomotive. At length their joint perseverance produced its effect; a prize was offered for the best locomotive, and George and Robert Stephenson's engine, 'The Rocket,' won the prize at Rainhill. Mr. Booth furnished the idea of the multitubular boiler; George Stephenson furnished the general plan of the engine; but the working out of the whole details, on which so much depended, was carried out by Robert Stephenson himself in the manufactory at Newcastle. Successful, however, though the performances of that engine were, it was but the beginning of Robert Stephenson's labours. For many years after, he continued to devote himself to perfecting the locomotive in all its details; and it was astonishing to observe the rapidity of the improvements effected, every engine turned out of the Stephenson workshops exhibiting an advance upon its predecessor in point of speed, power, and working efficiency.

The success of railways being now proved, railway projects multiplied in all directions, and Mr. Stephenson then decided to enter upon the business of a civil engineer; the first railway laid out by him being the Leicester and Swannington line; after which, in conjunction with his father, he was appointed engineer of the London and Birmingham Railway. It is related as an illustration of his conscientious perseverance in laying out this line, that in the course of his examination of the country between London and Birmingham, he walked over the whole intervening districts upwards of twenty times. The difficulties encountered in carrying out this undertaking in those early days of railway-making were of the

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most formidable kind, the most important being the construction of the Kilsby Tunnel; but by perseverance and skill, added to his previous knowledge of mining operations, which proved of great service to him, they were all surmounted; and the success of the London and Birmingham Railway speedily introduced our young engineer to a vast and prosperous business, in which he continued to hold the very first place to the close of his life. It was stated in his presence, at the celebration of the opening of the High Level bridge at Newcastle a few years ago, that not less than eighteen hundred and fifty miles of railway had then been constructed after his designs and under his superintendence, at an outlay of seventy millions sterling.

His parliamentary business was necessarily extensive. In the session of 1846 he appeared as the engineer for no fewer than thirty-three schemes; and he might have been engineer for as many more if he would have allowed his name to appear in connexion with them. On all questions of railway working and railway construction his evidence was eagerly sought and highly valued. Into the controversy respecting the comparative merits of the narrow and broad gauges, and the locomotive as compared with the atmospheric system, he threw himself with more than ordinary scientific keenness. He was the head and front of the opposition to his friend Brunel's innovations, and the result proved that his views were correct. The most vehement parliamentary struggle of this kind occurred in the session of 1845, when the rival schemes of Brunel and Stephenson were before Parliament—the one promoting the Northumberland Atmospheric and the other the Newcastle and Berwick (locomotive) line. The former was recommended to the Commons Committee by Mr. Sergeant Wrangham as calculated to be 'a *respectable* line, and not one that was to be converted into a road for the accommodation of the coal-owners of the district;' and Mr. Brunel summed up his evidence in these words—'In short, rapidity, comfort, safety, and economy are its recommendations.' Mr. Stephe[n]
examined at great length,
evidence must have had
weight with the Committ[ee]
passed the preamble of
and the shareholders we[re]
saved much useless expendi[ture]
after the lapse of a few y[ears]
atmospheric system was eve[ntually]
abandoned.

The High Level bridge a[t New]castle formed part of the ea[st coast]
system of railways of whi[ch Mr.]
Stephenson was then the e[ngineer]
extending from London to
This noble work occupie[d]
years in construction, and
opened by her Majesty on t[he]
of August, 1849. It is a mu[ch]
architectural structure than
the great iron bridges subse[quently]
erected by Mr. Stephenso[n]
bining also in a remarkable
the qualities of strength,
and durability. The brid[ge]
viaduct approaching it are o
length, being together abo[ut]
thousand feet. The bridg[e]
the Tyne between Newcas[tle]
Gateshead, and passes com
over the roofs of the houses
fill the valley on either si[de]
river. The prospect from the
is most striking; the Tyne,
shipping, lies a hundred and
feet below, the funnels and
steamers being visible wh
smoke allows far down the
Seen from beneath, the br
very majestic, the impress of
being grandly stamped u
One of the most important f
of the bridge—characteristic
Mr. Stephenson's structur[es]
especially so in this case
utility. It is a double
forming a direct road con
the busy towns of Newcas[tle]
Gateshead with each other,
same time that it is an integ[ral]
of the railway system along
the traffic by the east coast b
England and Scotland is ena[bled to]
pass without break of gauge;
will probably remain, for ma[ny cen]turies to come, the finest an
appropriate monument in Ne
to the native genius of the S[tephen]sons.

Another of Mr. Steph
great structures is his well
Britannia Bridge across the

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Straits, a masterly work, the result of laborious calculation, founded on painstaking experiment, combined with eminent constructive genius and high moral and intellectual courage. The original idea embodied by Mr. Stephenson in this bridge, was the application of wrought iron tubes in the form of an aerial tunnel, for the purpose of spanning this arm of the sea at such a height as to enable vessels of large burden to pass underneath in full sail. The arch was rejected as incompatible with the requirements of the Act of Parliament, and the engineer was thrown upon his own resources to overcome the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the passage. After much reflection and study, the scheme of a wrought-iron hollow beam of gigantic dimensions was adopted; Mr. Stephenson feeling satisfied that the principles on which the idea was founded were nothing more than an extension of those in daily use in the profession of the engineer. While his mind was still occupied with the subject in its earlier stages, an accident occurred to the *Prince of Wales* iron steamship at Blackwall, which singularly corroborated Mr. Stephenson's views as to the strength of wrought-iron beams of large dimensions. While launching this vessel, the cleet on the bow gave way in consequence of the bolts breaking, and let the vessel down so that the bilge came in contact with the wharf, and she remained suspended between the water and the wharf for a distance of about one hundred and ten feet, without injury to the plates of the ship, thus proving her great strength. The illustration was well-timed, and so fully confirmed the calculations which Mr. Stephenson had already made on the strength of tubular structures, that it greatly relieved his anxiety, and converted his confidence into a certainty that he had not undertaken an impracticable task. Then commenced a series of elaborate experiments, in which the engineer was ably assisted by Professor Hodgkinson, Mr. Fairbairn, and Mr. E. Clarke, to determine the best form, thickness, and dimensions of the required tubes, so that assurance might be made doubly sure. Every detail was carefully attended to, and not a point was neglected that could add to the efficiency and security of the structure. As Mr. Stephenson himself said at the opening of the bridge for traffic, 'the true and accurate calculation of all the conditions and elements essential to the safety of the bridge, had been a source, not only of mental, but of bodily toil; including, as it did, a combination of abstract thought and well considered experiment adequate to the magnitude of the project.' Mr. Stephenson's anxiety was very great during the arduous process of raising the tubes, and it is said that for three weeks he was almost sleepless. Sir F. Head, however, relates that on the morning following the raising of the final tube, when about to leave the scene of so many days' harassing operations, he observed, sitting on a platform which had been erected to enable some of the more favoured spectators to command a good view of the preceding day's operations, a gentleman reclining entirely by himself, smoking a cigar, and as if almost indolently gazing at the aerial gallery before him. It was the father looking at his new-born child! He had strolled down from the neighbouring village, after his first sound and refreshing sleep for weeks, to behold in sunshine and solitude that which during a weary period of gestation had been either mysteriously moving in his brain, or like a vision—sometimes of good omen, and sometimes of bad—had by night as well as by day been flitting across his mind.

The Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, is constructed on the same principle as the Britannia Bridge, but on a much larger scale; the Victoria Bridge with its approaches, being only sixty yards short of two miles in length. In its gigantic strength and majestic proportions there is no structure to compare with it in ancient or modern times. It consists of not less than twenty five immense tubular bridges joined into one; the great central span being three hundred and thirty feet, the others two hundred and forty-two feet in length. The weight of wrought iron in the bridge is about

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ten thousand tons, and the piers are of massive stone, containing some eight thousand tons each of solid masonry. Of this last and greatest of his works, it is to be lamented that the engineer did not live to see the completion.

Mr. Stephenson was greatly esteemed in his profession, and when any difficulty arose, he was prompt to render his best advice and assistance. When Mr. Brunel was occupied with his first fruitless efforts to launch the *Great Eastern*, at the close of one most disheartening day's work, he wrote Mr. Stephenson, urging him to come down to Blackwall on the following morning, and confer with him as to further measures. Next morning Mr. Stephenson was in the yard at Blackwall shortly after six o'clock, and he remained there until dusk. While superintending the operations about mid-day, he came to the end of a balk of timber which canted up, and he fell up to his middle in the Thames mud. He was merely in his ordinary dress, without any great coat (though the weather was bitter cold) and with only thin boots upon his feet. He was urged to leave the yard and change his dress, but, with his usual disregard of health, his reply was, 'Oh, never mind me, I'm quite used to this sort of thing;' and he went paddling about in the mud, smoking his cigar until almost quite dark, when the work of the day was completed. The consequence of this exposure was an inflammation of the lungs, which kept him to his bed for a fortnight.

No man could be more beloved than Mr. Stephenson was by a wide circle of friends. His pupils and juniors in the profession regarded him with a sort of worship; and he even ran some risk of being spoilt by the adulation with which they surrounded him. But he preserved his simplicity, his modesty, and his manliness, through all. He was a kind and pleasant companion, very unaffected, cordial, and communicative. Possessing ample means, he was enabled to do n[...] volent acts, particularly[...] who had worked with h[...] early part of his career[...] was always ready to he[...] deserving and the industr[...]

He was greatly honou[...] life, though he died untitl[...] his father, he was offere[...] hood, and declined it; b[...] cepted the honours o[...] potentates for whom he [...] formed important services[...] King of the Belgians he [...] Knight of the Order of [...] the King of Sweden prese[...] with the Grand Cross of C[...] the Emperor of the Fre[...] rated him with the Ord[...] Legion of Honour. In [...] University of Oxford con[...] him the honour of D.C.[...] for many years he re[...] Whitby in Parliament[...] greatest honour of all, [...] was reserved for his deat[...] he was laid to rest amidst t[...] departed of England in [...] minster Abbey.

Amongst those who stoo[...] his grave were many of the [...] of his boyhood and his m[...] William Kell, Philip Staun[...] Joseph Glynn, his school[...] Nicholas Wood, his first m[...] the business of life; Jose[...] dars, the projector of the L[...] and Manchester Railway; [...] Booth, his coadjutor in d[...] the 'Rocket,' which won the [...] Rainhill; Joseph Locke an[...] Dixon, his early profession[...] panions; Mr. Glyn, M[...] and Mr. Joseph Pease, fast[...] of his father, as well as [...] down to Henry Weatherbur[...] of the 'Harvey Combe,' [...] whom the engineer stood [...] foot plate of the locomotiv[...] opening of the London and B[...] hamRailway. Besides thes[...] many of the greatest living [...] thought and action, assem[...] that solemn ceremony to p[...] last mark of respect to th[...] trious son of one of E[...] greatest working men. *Req*[...]

SAMUEL SM[...]

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NELDA: A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM GROSSI. (*Marco Visconti*, i. pp. 276—83).

AS the rose, when May with dews
And sunlight feeds its earliest age,
Such was young Folchetto, page
To Raymond of Toulouse:
In feats of arms brave, skilled, and strong:
A master and a child of song.

One, that on some festal day
Hears him thunderlike advance
O'er the lists with poisèd lance
On his barb of dapple gray;
With strong St. George would match his might,
To whom the dragon quailed in fight.

Then if to a mournful lay
He yields his streamlike voice, and sings,
Flaxen locks in thousand rings
Down his throat of silver play:
Touching thee with wonder's dream,
Like an angel he shall seem.

Every boldest lord in arms
Longs for him, his court to grace:
Every fair Provençal face
Wastes in sighs for him its charms:
The faithful page two only move—
His chieftain, and his lady-love.

Nelda was the child adored
(Black her eyebrows, black her hair,
Her cheek as ivory's whiteness fair,)
Of a Salamancan lord.
All Toulouse's court displayed
Lovelier none nor haughtier maid.

Yet the youth's adoring pain
Masters not her pride, nor sways:
'He is of the herd,' she says
Inwardly and with disdain:
'The baron's child must never, no,
Stoop to fix her heart so low.'

Mourns the page in loving moan,
Night and day upon the strings:
His *cobla* and *sirventa* sings,
Sings for her and her alone:
Essays the quintan game amain,
And shivers lances, all in vain.

Like a flower within the glade
Languishing, he droops apace:
Wanness overspreads his face,
And his hues of beauty fade,
And the fire of his blue eyes
By little and by little dies.

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And yet he lives: for Raymond poured
Rich bounties o'er him like a son:
Girded him with knightly sword,
Chose him Count of fair Narbonne:
And 'take thee for thy wife,' he said,
'The lovely and the haughty maid.'

Through Toulouse, from its forts and its fields,
Swarms an armament mighty and proud;
For Raymond of Provence had vowed
To visit a rebel with pains.
No baron, no city, but yields
The tribute of faith to its head;
Man and horse to Antibes they have sped;
With their tents they have whitened its plains.

To Folchetto that rode by his side
Spake Raymond with tenderest care:
'Why ever so mournful? the fair
Thou desirest, thou soon shalt receive:
Already to bring thee thy bride
My messenger hies to Narbonne:
I have parted the fond ones too soon,
And with thy faithful grieving I grieve.'

'Tis the day that his Nelda should come,
And another, another, succeeds,
And a fourth; and yet tarry the steeds,
And his loved and his longed for, she stays:
The uproar of battle is dumb,
The banner of treason is low:
To his true dapple gray he must go,
Nor for leave nor for love he delays.

Unto sunset he journeys alone
By the way to the home of his heart:
To a village then verges apart,
That amidst the gray olives ascends.
Where beneath a mean hostelry moan
The billows, and burst in their might,
Lo! a woman, that weeps in his sight,
And her gaze over Ocean she bends.

By the beauty her gestures display
It is she, by her garb, by her face:
He trembles approaching the place—
It is Nelda, he knows it too well:
He abandons his steed on the way—
He darts to her, thrilled with suspense—
'What, my bride? and oh wherefore? and whence
In tears and in loneliness, tell?'

With hair dishevelled, pale,
Yet resolute the while,
Her tremulous lips unfolding
A cold and haughty smile,
She bends on him her eyes:
'Hold off, and hear,' she cries.

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'In me thou didst disgrace
The blood of many a sire:
He could not mend thy race
That picked thee from the mire;
The villain lord, that gave
My hand to be thy slave.

'The injury, the shame,
My spirit might not bear:
I yielded up to blame
My slighted form but fair,
For vengeance, proud delight,
Unto a British knight.

'By him I was betrayed;
And, to a sudden sound,
I sprang from sleep dismayed,
And saw the sails unbound,
And the traitor with the breeze
Escaped along the seas.

'Twice have I seen the sun
Arise, and twice descend,
While o'er these shores unknown
My sad stray steps I bend,
A finger-pointed show
To them that pity woe.

'And what remains? for grace
Shall I, a suppliant, go
Before thy scornèd face?
I am not yet so low:
But tell my sire, and fly,
That thou hast seen me die.'

She springs from air to earth,
And from the earth again
She plunges with a leap
Down headlong in the main:
Along with ocean's sigh
He heard a fall, a cry.

The senseless rocks they tore
Her fair and tender limbs:
They sank, they rose no more:
But yet her white veil swims,
And the circling waters glowed
With the deep tint of blood.

No tear bedews
His cheek so sad;
In black steel clad,
Such as he stands,
So mute, so lone,
Along the sands
He wends his way:

The winds they murmur,
The waves are white:
He strains his sight
Toward the strand
From his boat-side,
To the fair loved land
He left to-day.

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Mid northern clouds
Borne far and fast,
Lo! now at last
His journeyings cease:
He finds the knight
That robbed his peace,
 On Albion's shore.

They sweep the plain,
They point the lance;
In swift advance
Together dash
Their wrathful steeds
As lightning's flash:
 One rose no more.

Then both unsheathed
The thundering sword,
And thickly poured,
On helm and shield,
Their echoing strokes
In cruel field
 Of rivalry.

His pantings held
Within his breast,
Folchetto prest
His traitor foe,
And pierced his heart
And laid him low
 With savage glee.

Pale, deadly pale,
Yet telling still
Of threat and ill
His caitiff face:
And with his hand
Upon the place
 He reeled, and died.

The conqueror sheathed
His reeking sword:
Looked on the lord
That slaughtered lay,
Yet not with glance
Or proud or gay
 His victim eyed.

Fast by the farthest bound of Spain,
 And on a mountain's broken seat,
Whose base is washed in yonder main
 That fronts green Provence, a retreat
 Of sainted Bruno meets the winds:
There few and chosen souls on high
 Wild roots and herbs for diet share:
Deep hoods conceal the earthward eye;
 The painful haircloth that they wear
 No power but only Death unbinds.

The stricken bell with clangour makes
 The arches of a vault resound:
Each downcast monk in silence takes
 His place a newmade grave around,
 Each one his brother sadly eying:

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But who is he, on earth laid low,
With arms across upon his breast?
The torchlight flickering to and fro
Upon his features, tells the rest:
The Lord of fair Narbonne is dying.

White white his ample beard, like snow,
Flows down his tunic's belt beneath,
And, heaving, now ascends, and now,
Subsides with his alternate breath,
As foam upon the billow sways:
'Mid the chaste thoughts of that last hour,
Within his aged soul serene,
One rebel image darts with power,
The image of that awful scene
That length of years could not erase.

Even as he saw her on that day,
Her dark hair streaming to the gale,
He sees her still around him stray,
Dissolved in tears, with visage pale
Yet fair, his bride of faithless breast:
Oh! aged saint! and dost thou pour,
Still pour the bitter hidden tear?
What ails thee? Ah! I doubt no more:
Thy fondly loved shall not appear
Among the spirits of the blest.

W. E. G.

LONG VACATION READINGS.

BOOKS are rather a bore during the holidays. The Long Vacation should be devoted to finer uses and better ends. The first brace of grouse one knocks over on the 12th, when the grey mists of the morning still linger upon the heather, are worth a wagonload of the classics. The swift descent of a pheasant through the yellowing leaves of the October brushwood, is a nobler spectacle than the fall of 'Priam's towery town, with its one breach,' or Dido's funeral pyre. What cares the man who has bagged the earliest woodcock in his cover — it came across in the moonlight last week, and still smells of the Norwegian larch—for a ministerial manifesto or a continental crisis?

Then if you are a lawyer—and in these days when Lord Chancellors indite *Handy-Books* for the million, law has become light reading, and competes successfully with Bulwer, James, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe—you have the autumn circuit to sharpen your wits, and refresh your whist. A murder trial—especially if you bungle your client's case and get him hanged—is a very exquisite piece of work. The laborious ingenuity with which the 'minions of the court' (as Mr. Bright denominates crown counsel) cast their toils around you—the wicked zest with which they draw the net close, and shut up every loophole of escape—the temporary relief you experience when the presiding judge, with a strong provincial accent, assures the jury that 'if the pannel is hanged, he may thank his coonsel for't'—your renewed anxiety (as if the rope that is to throttle your client were already round your own neck) when the jurors retire to consider their verdict, and hour after hour elapses in the hushed and dimly lighted room (so dim and silent that the ghosts of all the felons who have met their doom there, come trooping in to glance at their latest representative among mortal men) —and then at last the superb triumph over the baffled myrmidons of the law, as the foreman, who has conscientious scruples about capital punishment, announces that 'Not proven, by a majority of one,' is the

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miraculous result at which he and the other pillars of the constitution have arrived: all these things make a trial for murder a very cheerful episode for the holidays.

Some amiable men, I know, devote the Long Vacation to a constitutional course of flirtation. Very agreeable, no doubt; but dangerous. If you can listen undisturbed to the rustle of the breezy muslins as the Circes troop into the breakfast room; if you can drive down with Arabella in her pony-cart to see the Kamtschatka geese on the pond, and refrain from making any allusions to 'ducks;' if you can shoot a sheaf of arrows against Beatrix, and regard with unruffled composure the flushed cheek and the piquant wide-awake, with its pheasant hackle; if you can read *The Lord of Burleigh* to Lilias;—

> In her ear he whispers gaily,
>   'If my heart by signs can tell,
> Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
>   And I think thou lov'st me well.'
> She replies, in accents fainter,
>   'There is none I love like thee.'
> He is but a landscape painter,
>   And a village maiden she.
> He to lips that fondly falter,
>   Presses his without reproof,
> Leads her to the village altar,
>   And they leave her father's roof.
> 'I can make no marriage present,
>   Little can I give my wife;
> Love will make our cottage pleasant,
>   And I love thee more than life;'—

if you can read *Lord Burleigh* to Lilias, and in an unelastic age, when love wont make a cottage pleasant on less than a thousand a year, conquer the insane temptation to 'go and do likewise,' then you may without fear embark in the engrossing pursuit. If not, get your clerk to telegraph for you on 'urgent business,' and be off by the night mail. How many wretched victims we have all seen; and yet the reiterated warning avails not. 'The races of men make haste to destruction.' A man who has lost his heart is, I think, the most humiliating spectacle in the universe. The distemper is sometimes taken mildly, no doubt; but in a virulent case the symptoms are most distressing. Jones is a good fellow and a crack shot, who smokes his cavendish with relish and plays his trumps like a man. Had I been told six months ago that his society would become utterly insufferable, I should have repelled the imputation with the generous indignation of friendship. But truth, which is greater than friendship, compels me to own that he had not been introduced to Lady Clara Augusta Millicent Fitzboodle for a week ere Jones became a most confirmed bore. Nothing more dreary can be imagined. He would neither shoot, nor smoke, nor speak, nor sleep; he lost the use of his tongue and his teeth; he took to reading the *Great Tribulation*,* and at length actually trumped his partner's winning diamond. Classic friendship, mortal patience could not of course stand *that*, and—we parted. Whose experience is not similarly illustrated? Sappho's love and hate, the wise Mr. Pope says, are alike dangerous. So don't let us play with edged tools—unless our hand is steady.

Not caring a sixpence for science, you devote, of course, a week of your holiday to the British Association. You don't attend the sectional meetings, nor mingle in the battles of the gods; but you go to hear the Prince on the first field-night, and to the Conversazione on the succeeding, to show the fair dwellers in the granite city that *one* distinguished savant can dress like a gentleman. Though a steadfast Jacobite, I pay a qualified allegiance to the House of Hanover, and am prepared to take the oath of abjuration on my appointment to any lucrative sinecure in the gift of the Crown. But the Japanese fashion of shutting up royalty apart as a sacred thing, seems to me, I confess, profoundly politic. When powers and principalities mingle with men, we are apt to forget the awful reverence that 'should hedge a king.' 'For my part,' remarked Robinson, who sat near me on the opening night, 'I say, let Professor Owen rule over us. He is every inch a king. The frank, noble, generous intelligence of that grand

* Dr. Cumming's *The Great Tribulation Coming on the Earth*; or, as a wicked critic epitomizes it, *The Great Tribulation—Cumming on the Earth.*

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face extorts submission and loyal obedience.' Still, the Prince's address was exceedingly creditable. I did not indeed hear much of it; but that was partly, no doubt, my own fault, and partly the fault of a pair of violet eyes in the vicinity. The violet eyes of the Ægean were very distracting in Anacreon's time; and the violet eyes of the North Sea continue to enforce the historic law discovered by the classic coquette.

All scientific meetings are very much alike; but the meeting in the Granite City was in one respect unique. The archæological exhibition was admirable, and reflects infinite credit on the gentlemen who organized it.* The successive stages in our civilization — since barelegged Kernes paddled round their stormy coasts on sheep-skin hurdles —were adequately illustrated. The relics of the Jacobite chivalry were peculiarly numerous and interesting. The andrea ferrara with its rebellious device, the 'uncanny' dirks, the antique pistols, the heavy claymores, used by historic prince and peer, and still preserved in many a highland keep by their descendants; and, most precious of any, the very gear and armour, the tartan plaid, the short sword, the targe with the royal arms and Medusa† head, worn by the young Prince Charlie that misty morning at Culloden, before the clans were scattered! Quite authentic, I suppose, quite as authentic as most Catholic relics at least, and believed in not a century ago with a faith as warm and implicit. One felt when among these memorials, that the Jacobite chivalry was not quite dead, and that, in some secluded nooks among the northern hills, the sentiment for the 'old house' may even yet linger.

Mr. Carlyle, who holds that you cannot know a man till you have seen his face, would have been immensely gratified (if indeed anything now *can* gratify the victim on whom the German Dryasdust has so cruelly sat) with the portrait gallery. I am convinced that a better collection has never been made in this country. All the pictures were interesting as representations of great men and beautiful women; as works of art many were surprisingly good. There was little or none of the Egyptian darkness of which historical portraits commonly consist. The majority, on the contrary, were of rare excellence. Morier and Mignard's portraits of the last of the Stuarts,—very lovely smooth-cheeked children faces: Gavin Hamilton's unfinished sketch of Elizabeth Gunning, the celebrated beauty—a face which, with its dreamy blue eyes, and languishing sweetness of expression, fascinates even on canvas: Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Henrietta, Duchess of Gordon, a grave little lady of ten or twelve in capacious old-fashioned frills; and Sir Joshua's of a later duchess of the same great house: Jameson's Anne, Marchioness of Huntley, and Vandyck's graceful, winning, and modest Henrietta Maria; pictures which prove that the old painters could draw 'a lady,' as well as Swinton or Frank Grant; these and many more were admirable specimens of art. There were half a dozen miniatures by foreign artists of the Comtesse d'Albanie; the bold, bright, penetrating eyes, and the vine-leaves twisted through the knotted hair, appearing in each —cameo miniatures once worn on 'royal hands and princely hearts,' as they might well be; for the lady's beauty is radiant, and the cameos are superb. The single 'Gainsborough' was very fine, but not equal to that exquisite one in the National Gallery at Edinburgh, of Mrs. Grahame, the piquant grace and saucy beauty of which I should in vain try to describe.

Does Mr. Carlyle's maxim hold good? Does the portrait of a man enable you to divine his biography? We can test it here. The hideous

* Mr. James Hay Chalmers and Mr. Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple,—gentlemen admirably qualified by tastes and acquirements to discharge such a duty efficiently.

† The Medusa, if I recollect aright. Surely a stroke of satire. For what fitter device could an enemy have selected for the unhappy race that destroyed every one who came in contact with it, and in whose ill-fortunes so many noble gentlemen perished?

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satyr, leering upon us out of those bloodshot sagacious eyes, is the last Lord Lovat, whom Hogarth painted in the Tower the day before they hanged the old rogue. This is Hogarth's picture, and though perhaps more like a burlesque than anything the great satirist ever did, is said *not* to be a caricature. There are three portraits of the Marquis of Montrose, which tell their own story; first, the one painted by Jameson, when the Earl was a lad of seventeen; in which signs of a conscious power, and more mature composure 'than should be in one so young,' may be traced; and then two—by Jameson and Gerard Honthorst—of the *man;* a brave and open, but sad-faced and sallow gentleman, dressed in the sable suit he always wore after the King's death. So he may have looked that wild day when he landed from the Orkneys, the royal standard in black, and *Nil Medium* upon his own. His lifelong rival, 'Gillespie Grumach,' hangs beneath him—the unkempt red hair and the hard, sour, vindictive scowl presenting a marked contrast to the grave but winning beauty of the 'Great Marquis.' Of all the Gordons, George, Lord Gordon, the eldest son of the chief, was the only one who magnanimously forgave Montrose the old wrong he had done their house; and that fine head—not strikingly handsome, but speaking of honour, honesty, and stedfastness in every line—must be a true likeness of the gallant gentleman who fell at Alford. But if these are sufficiently characteristic, there are many that conflict with Mr. Carlyle's doctrine. This mild and humane countenance, a humorous twinkle hovering about the eyes, belonged to 'the bluidy Advocate,' Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh; that venerable white-haired prelate, whose refined and intellectual features and thin masterful mouth suggest the acute student or the scholar great in Greek verbs, is the notorious Sharpe, who perished for his sins on Magus Muir. Mr. Mark Napier has asked us to arrest our judgment on 'Dundee;' and unless he can show good cause for the appeal, Mr. Carlyle's test will not serve. For the most winning gentleman in the room is John Grahame. [...] almost girlish loveliness; [...] der, effeminate, and volu[...] the Antinous in the Alb[...] tinge of sadness, one touc[...] —such, if we can believe [...] was the fell 'Claverse,' wh[...] blood, and with his own w[...] hand, slaughtered the saint[...]

But there are wet an[...] days during the Vacation, [...] birds will not sit, and even [...] gets his petticoats dragg[...] such days you are of [...] brought to book. You mu[...] read or sleep; and sleep, [...] says, is as capricious as [...] 'Death, and his brother, [...] The *Idylls of the King* is c[...] in your carpet-bag; but th[...] enjoy that noble poem, [...] over its rare lessons of [...] courtesy, and chivalrous [...] nimity, and unselfish sacr[...] appreciate the sad pathos [...] great knight's' guilty love [...] nevere and the wronged king' [...] blessed charity and great [...] ness, to summon befor[...] imagination that last fare[...] scene unrivalled anywhere [...] 'the shores of old romance,' [...]

> And while she grovell'd at hi[...]
> She felt the King's breath war[...]
> the neck,
> And in the darkness o'er he[...]
> head
> Perceived the waving of his ha[...]
> blest,—

is the day when you can lie [...] the golden gorse on the [...] when 'the warm South' com[...] with heather bloom; when t[...] and the breeze, and the ri[...] your feet, blend their mur[...] talk with the stately process[...] rich music of the ordered li[...] you have quarrelled with yo[...] or your mistress, if the bi[...] *not* fall, however true you [...] that wily old fellow in the [...] Pot below the Linn only 's[...] your flies, and laughs in hi[...] at your finest 'cast;' if yo[...] lost your temper and your [...] at the target, and used to [...] the words of the haples[...] of Oriana, 'The damnèd [...] glanced aside,' then take th[...] down with you to the brink [...] Ocean (how blue and fresh [...] through the green leaves [...]

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and get rid of your bile before dinner.

No one thinks of reading a novel for recreation now. Our novelists have entered into a league to bore the public, and—except Mr. Guy Livingstone and Mr. Whyte Melville, whom *Fraser* delighteth to honour—succeed very fairly. Every novelist has his 'mission,' and every shilling novel enforces its 'moral.' This is too bad. But of course, as some one has said, the remedy is obvious. 'The public will give up reading romance, and when it wants amusement will turn to Mr. Spurgeon's theology or Mr. Tupper's philosophy. The novel will become forbidden ground to the idle and the frivolous—to any, in short, except "serious" readers.'

Theology, fortunately, is fast becoming one of the lighter relaxations of a literary leisure, and not being 'serious' readers we devote this windy morning to theological study. There are few more entertaining books than Mr. Mansel's *Lectures* 'on the Absolute.' Were he describing a Parisian *fête* or a *petit-souper* in a Viennese boudoir, he could not write in a pleasanter or more epigrammatic vein. He destroys time and space, and annihilates the Absolute with infinite smartness and *bonhomie*. Surely to crush this adroit performer in the trenchant way Mr. Maurice does is a little too unfeeling. We don't resent a conjuror's tricks; and Mr. Mansel's manipulation of the Infinite is managed with the skill and airiness of a finished *artiste*.

But mortals quickly weary of these escapades into 'dreamless space.'

> The chargers of ethereal race,
> With necks in thunder clothed, and
> long resounding pace,

are hard to hold, and the fate of Phaeton warns us.

> For what, alas! is it to us
> Whether, i' th' moon, men thus or thus
> Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
> Or whether they have tails or horns?

We want life, warmth, colour; the vivid interests and the sharp contests of flesh and blood. So we turn to the noble drama of the Reformation as outlined in Principal Tulloch's masterly sketches,* and mingle once more with the great men who animated and swayed the spiritual revolt against Rome.

A lecture is nearly as dismal a business as a sermon; and to endure it with composure is the test of modern heroism, as the search for the San Greal was of the antique. But these lectures on the Reformers were well worth hearing; and the great interest they excited when originally delivered in Edinburgh, was no mean tribute to the cultivated intelligence of a Scottish audience. Principal Tulloch no doubt possesses many of the natural gifts of the orator; he speaks with energy, decision, feeling, and admirable directness. But it was the thinker, even more than the orator, who captivated the attention of the listeners. A great theme was being worthily treated by one who appreciated its significance and understood its lessons. An intellect singularly temperate and dispassionate was estimating with judicial calmness and generous sympathy the motives and fruits of a stormy struggle. There was no strained pathos, no artificial rhetoric; but the words were weighty and condensed, and coloured throughout by the vivid light of a vigorous and glowing imagination.

Dr. Tulloch is an eloquent writer, and his estimate of the causes and effects of the sixteenth-century struggle is at once luminous and profound. But to the reflective reader (if any specimen of that extinct species yet survives) the most interesting trait in the book is the temper of mind it discloses. Scotland was the land where the narrow and frigid Puritanism of the most narrow and frigid of the Reformers attained maturity; the land where any freedom of independent conviction or any diversity of religious life was rigorously crushed out. Not in Geneva itself was the *Civitas Dei* associated more closely with the police office. The bonds, no doubt, are being loosed; the nation is freeing itself from an inquisitorial authority as subtle in its ramifications, as complete in its machinery, and as arrogant in its pretensions

* *Leaders of the Reformation.* By John Tulloch, D.D. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1859.

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as that of Rome. Yet the spirit which infected the fierce, dogmatic, and unscrupulous Calvinism of the Covenanting assemblies is not dead; and at the present day Scotland strikingly illustrates the unhappy truth, that the most extreme liberalism in political sentiment may be allied with spiritual intolerance and social tyranny. It was therefore no doubt a pleasant surprise to many readers to find, within the very citadel of the system, a man like the writer of this book. To say that Dr. Tulloch is fair, candid, and dispassionate, is to say little. His sagacious moderation, his rare temperance, his thorough impartiality, would be notable anywhere; within the sanctuary of a stiff-necked sect the presence of these virtues is, in Mr. Mansel's phraseology, 'a moral miracle.' Moderation no doubt sometimes cloaks indifference, and impartiality is proverbially associated with the *nil admirari*. But it is not so here. Dr. Tulloch is perfectly moderate, but perfectly in earnest. He is tolerant because his own convictions are honest and deeply rooted. He is impartial because he has a generous sympathy with the true and noble, wherever he finds them. The influence which an intellect of this kind is fitted to exert over the Church and nation to which it belongs cannot easily be overrated. A devout and tolerant ecclesiastic, across the Border at least, is a *rara avis*, and the calm and candid criticism of such a man must be listened to with peculiar attention.

The Reformation has not yet been adequately illustrated, nor gauged with any fineness of critical apprehension. The forces which produced it were everywhere indeed very much alike. It was a protest against the practice as well as against the doctrine of the Papacy. The reviving spiritual life was alienated by the doctrinal materialism of Rome: the reviving moral life was shocked by its practical licentiousness. The two motives were everywhere combined, though not always in the same proportions. In Germany the insurrection may be said to have been in great measure the fruit of a profound spiritual excitement; in England it was chiefly due to the political [illegible] tion which the corruption[illegible] monastic system had rou[illegible] Scotland both forces work[illegible] nearly equal activity. Bu[illegible] subordinate national peculia[illegible] not affect the vital unity [illegible] movement. The ideas and [illegible] which the Reformation ga[illegible] to were everywhere subst[illegible] the same: the form of ex[illegible] alone varied. To throw t[illegible] gination back into that t[illegible] age; to watch the manifesta[illegible] the strange new spirit—'tha[illegible] Almighty God'—which was [illegible] with an irresistible impulse [illegible] northern peoples, the rude 'F[illegible] amber-fisher on the Baltic S[illegible] the polished courtiers and [illegible] logicians of Paris, and Rott[illegible] and Geneva; to discrimina[illegible] modifications which national [illegible] idiosyncrasy, and temperame[illegible] pressed upon it; to estimate th[illegible] changes in the life of Europe [illegible] it effected; to track its progr[illegible] one nation dying out after [illegible] volcanic life, in another quenc[illegible] martyr blood, in another cling[illegible] the cliffs and keeping a pure [illegible] alight in rough mountain hea[illegible] another wisely appropriate[illegible] prince and prelate, permitt[illegible] work out its work unmoleste[illegible] to mould in calmness and bene[illegible] the policy of governments a[illegible] history of an empire—this is [illegible] which has not yet been adeq[illegible] performed, and which Dr. T[illegible] is admirably qualified to unde[illegible]

In his present volume the l[illegible] of the movement are sketche[illegible] vivid effect and graphic life. [illegible] genial heart and broad symp[illegible] of Luther, his manliness, his [illegible] affectionateness, the bluntne[illegible] heartiness of his temper, the [illegible] strength and hilarious riot [illegible] humour; the wrapt, austere [illegible] passionless Calvin, his logical [illegible] ness and naked simplicity of [illegible] lect, his legislative capacity a[illegible] great practical and administ[illegible] genius which cast the stormy [illegible] of the Reformation into a co[illegible] and symmetrical mould; the c[illegible] irony and benevolent pie[illegible] Latimer; the humour, the na[illegible] ness, the bitterness, and the '[illegible] sense' of Knox—are all port[illegible] with remarkable truth and [illegible]

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Dr. Tulloch could not fail to make an accomplished critic, for he brings to the work a rich and felicitous style, a keen and searching insight, a temperate and unprejudiced judgment, and the capacity for analysis which men whose sympathies are broad and active generally possess. The sketch of Calvin and of the Calvinistic system is of special interest, being, as it is, the first honest attempt that has been made to appreciate the true position of the man and the precise value of his work. The Genevese reformer has been hitherto written about in hysterics and heroics; he has been ignorantly worshipped and ignorantly defamed; Dr. Tulloch has at length supplied a fair, intelligent, and exhaustive estimate.

We have spoken more strongly than is our wont of the merit of this book; but we are sure that such of our readers as have perused it will feel that our estimate is not exaggerated. For the sake of those who are yet unacquainted with it, we subjoin a few extracts, taken almost at random from its pages.

Luther and Erasmus:

While Luther was thus standing in the breach, in favour of social order, against the peasants, and feeling, in the odium he thereby incurred, that he was no longer the popular chieftain he had been a few years before, he was made, at the same time, somewhat painfully to feel that he was no longer in unison with the mere literary or humanistic party in the Reformation. Erasmus, the recognised head of this party, had long been showing signs of impatience at what he considered to be Luther's rudeness and violence. He could not sympathise in the intense earnestness of the Wittenberg reformer: the religious zeal, the depth of persuasion, and especially the polemical shape which the latter's convictions had assumed in his doctrine of grace, were all unintelligible or positively displeasing to him. No two men could be more opposed at once in intellectual aspiration and in moral temper;—Luther aiming at dogmatic certainty in all matters of faith, and filled with an overmastering feeling as to the importance of this certainty to the whole religious life, with the most vivid sense of the invisible world touching him at every point, and exciting him now with superstitious fear, and now with the most hilarious confidence;—Erasmus—latitudinarian and philosophical in religious opinion, with a strong perception of both sides of any question, indifferent or at least hopeless as to exact truth, and with a consequently keen dislike of all dogmatic exaggerations, orthodox or otherwise—well informed in theology, but without any very living and powerful faith, cool, cautious, subtle, and refined, more anxious to expose a sophism, or point a barb at some folly, than to fight manfully against error and sin. It was impossible that any hearty harmony could long subsist between two men of such a different spirit, and having such different aims. To do Erasmus justice, it must be remembered that his opposition to the Papacy had never been dogmatic, but merely critical; he desired literary freedom and a certain measure of religious freedom; he hated monkery; but he had no new opinions or 'truths' for which to contend earnestly, as for life or death. He was content to accept the Catholic tradition if it would not disturb him; and the Catholic system, with its historic memories and proud associations, was dear to his cultivated imagination and taste. It is needless to blame Erasmus for his moderation; we might as well blame him for not being Luther. He did his own work just as Luther did his; and although we can never compare his character, in depth, and power, and reality of moral greatness, with that of the reformer, neither do we see in it the same exaggerations and intolerance that offend many in Luther.

Here is a delightful glimpse into the domestic circle of the German reformer:

It is impossible to conceive a more simple and beautiful picture of domestic life than in the letters and table-talk of Luther henceforth. There is a richer charm and tenderness and pathos in his whole existence,—rather enhanced than otherwise by the slight glimpses we get of the fact that Catherine had a spirit and will of her own, and that while she greatly loved and reverenced the Doctor, she nevertheless took her own way in such things as seemed good to her. Some of the names under which he delights to address her seem to point to this little element of imperiousness, though in such a frank and merry way as to show that it was a well understood subject of banter between them, and nothing more. 'My Lord Kate,' 'My Emperor Kate,' are some of his titles; and again, in a more circumlocutory humour, 'for the hands of the rich dame of Zuhlsdorf, Doctoress Catherine Luther:' sometimes simply and familiarly 'Kate my rib.' Nowhere does his genial nature overflow more than in these letters, running riot in all

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sorts of freakish extravagance, yet everywhere touched with the deep mellow light of a healthy and happy affection. What a pleasant glimpse and sly humour in the following:—'In the first year of our marriage my Catherine was wont to seat herself beside me whilst I was studying; and once not having what else to say, she asked me, "Sir Doctor! in Russia is not the *maître d'hôtel* the brother of the Margrave?"' And again, in the last year of his life, and when he is on that journey of friendliness and benevolence from which he is never to return to his dear household, the old spirit of wild fun and tender affection survives. He writes to his 'heart-loved housewife Catherine Lutherinn, Doctoress Zulsdorferess, Sow Marketress, and whatever more she may be, grace and peace in Christ, and my old poor love in the first place.'

* * * *

The birth of his eldest son was an event of immense interest to the reformer. 'I have received,' he writes to Spalatin, 'from my most excellent and dearest wife a little Luther, by God's wonderful mercy. Pray for me that Christ will preserve my child from Satan, who, I know, will try all that he can to harm me in him.' And then again, in answer to Spalatin's good wishes, and in reference to his own hopes of the same character, 'John, my fawn, together with my doe, return their warm thanks for your kind benediction; and may your doe present you with just such another fawn, on whom I may ask God's blessing in turn. Amen.' As the little fellow grows and is about a year old, he writes to Agricola, 'My Johnny is lively and strong, and a voracious, bibacious little fellow.'

It was to this son that he wrote, when stationed at Coburg during the Diet of Augsburg, that most beautiful and touching of all child-letters that ever was written. 'Mercy and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I am glad to hear that you learn your lessons well and pray diligently. Go on doing so, my child. When I come home I will bring you a pretty fairing. I know a very pretty pleasant garden, and in it there are a great many children, all dressed in little golden coats, picking up nice apples, and pears, and cherries, and plums, under the trees. And they sing and jump about and are very merry; and besides, they have got beautiful little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. Then I asked the man to whom the garden belonged, whose children they were, and he said, "These are children who love to pray and learn their lessons, and do as they are bid;" then I said, "Dear sir, I have a little son called Johnny Luther; may he come into this garden too?" And the man said, "If he loves to pray, and learn his lessons, and is good, he may; and Philip and Joe too."' And so on in the same tender and beautiful strain, mixing the highest counsel and richest poetry with the most child-like interest. Only a very sound and healthy spirit could have preserved thus fresh and simple the flow of natural feeling amid the hardening contests of the world, and the arid subtleties of theological controversy.

The contrast between the German and Gallic reformers is enforced in a passage of great beauty:

Altogether, it is sufficiently easy to fix the varying characteristics, however difficult it may be to measure the relative greatness of the two chief reformers: moral and intellectual power assumes in the one an intense, concentrated, and severe outline,—in the other, a broad, irregular, and massive, yet childlike expression. The one may suggest a Doric column, chaste, grand, and sublime in the very simplicity and inflexibility of its mouldings; the other a Gothic dome, with its fertile contrasts and ample space, here shadowy in lurking gloom, and there riant in spots of sunshine, filled through all its amplitude with a dim religious awe, and yet, as we leisurely pause and survey it, traced here and there with grotesque and capricious imagery—the riotous freaks, as it were, of a strength which could be at once lofty and low, spiritually grand, yet with marks of its earth-birth everywhere.

* * * *

There are nowhere in all Calvin's letters any joyous or pathetic exaggerations of sentiment—any of that play of feeling or of language which in Luther's letters make us so love the man. All this he would have thought mere waste of breath—mere idleness, for which he had no time. The intensity of his purpose, the solemnity of his work, prevented him from ever looking around or relaxing himself in a free, happy, and outgoing communion with nature or life. Living as he did amid the most divine aspects of nature, you could not tell from his correspondence that they ever touched him—that morning with its golden glories, or evening with its softened splendours, as day rose and set amid such transporting scenes, ever inspired him. The murmuring rush of the Rhone, the frowning outlines of the Jura, the snowy grandeur of Mont Blanc, might as well not have been, for all that they seemed to have affected him. No vestige of poetical

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feeling, no touch of descriptive colour, ever rewards the patient reader. All that exquisitely conscious sympathy with nature, and wavering responsiveness to its unuttered lessons, which brighten with an ever-recurring freshness the long pages of Luther's letters, and which have wrought themselves as a very commonplace into modern literature, is unknown, and would have been unintelligible to him. And no less all that fertile interest in life merely for its own sake—its own joys and sorrows—brightness and sadness; the mystery, pathos, tenderness, and exuberance of mere human affection, which enrich the character of the great German—there is nothing of all this in Calvin—no such yearning or sentimental aspirations ever touched him. Luther, in all things greater as a man, is infinitely greater here. And in truth this element of modern feeling and culture is Teutonic rather than Celtic in its growth. It springs out of the comparatively rich and genial soil of the Saxon mind,—deeper in its sensibilities and more exuberant in its products.

The Church of England:

The spirit of this Church is not, and never has been, definite and consistent. From the beginning it repudiated the distinct guidance of any theoretical principles, however exalted, and apparently Scriptural. It held fast to its historical position, as a great Institute still living and powerful under all the corruptions which had overlaid it; and while submitting to the irresistible influence of reform which swept over it, as over other churches in the sixteenth century, it refused to be refashioned according to any new model. It broke away from the medieval bondage, under which it had always been restless, and destroyed the gross abuses which had sprung out of it; it rose in an attitude of proud and successful resistance to Rome; but in doing all this, it did not go to Scripture, as if it had once more, and entirely anew, to find there the principles either of doctrinal truth or of practical government and discipline. Scripture, indeed, was eminently the condition of its revival; but Scripture was not made anew the foundation of its existence. There was too much of old historical life in it to seek any new foundation; the new must grow out of the old, and fit itself into the old. The Church of England was to be reformed, but not reconstituted. Its life was too vast, its influence too varied, its relations too complicated,—touching the national existence in all its multiplied expressions at too many points,—to be capable of being reduced to any new and definite form in more supposed uniformity with the model of Scripture, or the simplicity of the primitive Church. Its extensive and manifold organism was to be reanimated by a new life, but not remoulded according to any arbitrary or novel theory.

This spirit, at once progressive and conservative, comprehensive rather than intensive, historical, and not dogmatical, is one eminently characteristic of the English mind, and, as it appears to us, in the highest degree characteristic of the English Reformation. It is far, indeed, from being an exhaustive characteristic of it. Two distinct tendencies of a quite different character, expressly dogmatic in opposite extremes, are found running alongside this main and central tendency: on the one hand, a medieval dogmatism; on the other hand, a puritanical dogmatism. The current of religious life in England, as it moved forward and took shape in the sixteenth century, is marked by this threefold bias, which has perpetuated itself to the present time. There was then, as there remains to this day, an upper, middle, and lower tendency—a theory of High-churchism, and a theory of Low-churchism—and between these contending dogmatic movements the great confluence of what was and is the peculiar type of English Christianity—a Christianity diffusive and practical rather than direct and theoretical—elevated and sympathetic rather than zealous and energetic—Scriptural and earnest in its spirit, but undogmatic and adaptive in its form.

Nothing, we think, can be better than this on Latimer:

A simplicity everywhere verging on originality is perhaps his most prominent characteristic—a simplicity as far as possible from that which we noted in Calvin: the one, the naked energy of intellect; the other, a guileless evenness of heart. The single way in which Latimer looks at life, with his eyes unblinded by conventional drapery of any kind, and his heart responsive to all its broadest and most common interests,—of which he speaks in language never nice and circumlocutory, but straight, plain, and forcible,—gives to his sermons their singular air of reality, and to his character that sort of piquancy which we at once recognise as a direct birth of nature. He is a kind of Goldsmith in theology; the same artless and winning earnestness—the same sunny temper in the midst of all difficulties—the same disregard of his own comforts, and warm and kindly individualism of benevolence—the same bright and play-

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ful humour, like a roving and gleeful presence, meeting you at every turn, and flashing laughter in your face. It would be absurd, of course, to push this comparison further. There is beneath all the oddities of Latimer's character a deep and even stern consistency of purpose, and a spirit of righteous indignation against wrong, which, apart from all dissimilarities of work, destroys any more essential analogy between the great humourist of the Reformation in England and the later humourist of its literature. Yet the same childlike transparency of character is beheld in both, and the same fresh stamp of nature, which, in its simple originality, is found to outlast far more brilliant and imposing, but artificially cultured qualities.

In mere intellectual strength, Latimer can take no place beside either Luther or Calvin. His mind has neither the rich compass of the one, nor the symmetrical vigour of the other. He is no master in any department of intellectual interest, or even of theological inquiry. We read his sermons, not for any light or reach of truth which they unfold, nor because they exhibit any peculiar depth of spiritual apprehension, but simply because they are interesting—and interesting mainly from the very absence of all dogmatic or intellectual pretensions. Yet, without any mental greatness, there is a pleasant and wholesome harmony of mental powers displayed in his writings, which gives to them a wonderful vitality. There is a proportion and vigour, not of logic, but of sense and feeling in them eminently English, and showing everywhere a high and well-toned capacity. He is coarse and low at times; his familiarity occasionally descends to meanness; but the living hold which he takes of reality at every point often carries him also to the height of an indignant and burning eloquence.

But we must stay our hand; and the quotations we have made are sufficient to show that this unpretending little volume contains much ripe thought and felicitous criticism, and that it merits a very hearty welcome from all who esteem honesty, independence, and—'the greatest of these'—charity.

I have said that the presence of men like Principal Tulloch in the National Church is a hopeful sign. That Scottish Presbyterianism, however, is not yet free from the taint of intolerance is forcibly illustrated by a couple of pamphlets * I have received since this paper was begun. The matter of which they treat is, in its immediate consequences, of local interest only; but the questions involved are of first-rate and even national importance. The principles of religious toleration have now been formally sanctioned by the State, but a vast amount of social and domestic bigotry survives. These, the more subtle forms of persecution, are by their nature the most difficult to combat; they are the concealed and impalpable sores on which the free breath of public opinion can seldom be brought to bear. It is all the more necessary, therefore, than when an act of this kind, directly opposed to the spirit of our recent legislation and to the maxims of an enlightened Protestantism, does by accident emerge into the daylight, that it should be strongly and summarily dealt with by those who watch and guard with jealous reverence the spiritual rights of the people.

The circumstances of this case may be briefly stated. The managers of the Crichton Royal Institution at Dumfries—an institution for the care and cure of the insane—appointed in the beginning of this year an assistant-matron to one of their establishments. At the time the appointment was made, they were informed that the lady elected was a Roman Catholic. She was admirably qualified in every other respect for the situation; and as the Crichton Institution is a national and unsectarian establishment, and as the duty of the matron has reference to the temporal comfort and not to the spiritual well-being of the inmates, her religious belief was not considered nor allowed to operate as a disqualification. A Roman Catholic had held the same situation previously; a Roman Catholic gentleman was among the directors. The lady continued matron for some months, and discharged her duties to the perfect satisfaction of her employers. Unluckily, however,

* *Religious Intolerance,* &c. By the Honourable Marmaduke C. Maxwell. Edinburgh. 1859.

A Letter to the Honourable Marmaduke C. Maxwell, &c. By the Rev. W. Stevenson, D.D. Edinburgh. 1859.

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certain meddling clergymen in the metropolis learned that such an appointment had been made, and they forthwith moved heaven and earth to get it annulled. A protest, conceived in the most extravagant and bombastic vein, was drawn up by the reverend agitators, and extensively signed by their friends. The directors were alarmed by the violent measures which it threatened; they retraced their steps and discharged their official. A minority of their number at once resigned, and one of them, the Hon. Marmaduke Maxwell, has now made public the particulars of a shameful and disgraceful intrigue.

The Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Leith, who seems to have taken the leading part in the agitation, has attempted to vindicate the meddling of his clerical brethren in a matter with which they had no earthly concern. His pamphlet is worth reading; it will be considered a curiosity south of the Tweed, for its interpretation of the doctrines of Protestant freedom is certainly unique. Any argument it contains is either utterly worthless or curiously disingenuous. Proceeding upon the assumption that the Crichton Institution is 'a Protestant asylum'—as if Protestants only were in the habit of going out of their wits—it argues that it is incompetent to appoint a Roman Catholic matron. The assumption is perfectly unwarranted. The statute of incorporation, acts of Parliament which recognise the asylum, do not say a single word on the subject of religion; no test is enforced, no disabilities are imposed; the institution is a public one, open to patients of every creed and sect. But Dr. Stevenson will make himself superior to the Legislature. No Roman Catholic matron, no Baptist nurse, no Episcopalian housemaid, need apply at Dumfries so long as this vindicator of Presbyterian purity can wield a pen or draw a protest.

I noticed in an advertisement the other day that the applicant—a clergyman—after enumerating his other qualifications, added in conspicuous type, '*Views strictly those of Simeon.*' It might perhaps have been as assuring if he had stated that his views were 'strictly those of St. Paul;' but certain party shibboleths are, I presume, necessary in the Church. If the Leith Doctor's system of domestic disabilities, however, is to be carried out, it is difficult to see where we are to stop. We shall have our scullery maids disclaiming, through the medium of the public press, any connexion with St. Barnabas; and Mrs. Gamp* deponing on her 'mortial oath' that her religious convictions are 'strictly those of Calvin.' Dean Ramsay, in his quaint, genial, and racy *Reminiscences*,† tells a story of an old Scotch maiden lady resident in a provincial town, which must have cruelly shocked Dr. Stevenson:—

> A very strong-minded lady of the class, and in Lord Cockburn's language, 'indifferent about modes and habits,' had been asking from a lady the character of a cook she was about to hire. The lady naturally entered a little upon her moral qualifications, and described her as a very decent woman; the reply to which was, 'Oh, d—n her decency; can she make good collops?' —an answer which would somewhat surprise a lady of Moray-place now if engaged in a similar discussion of a servant's merits.

This is going a little too far the other way, no doubt; though the strong masculine shrewdness, and the vigorous contempt for what she

* Mrs. Gamp, to do her justice, has stated with great simplicity her Confession of Faith:—

'Ah, dear!' moaned Mrs. Gamp, sinking into the shaving chair, 'that there blessed Bull, Mr. Sweedlepipe, has done his wery best to conker me. Of all the trying inwalieges in this wally of the shadder, that one beats 'em black and blue. Talk of constitooshun! A person's constitooshun need be made of bricks to stand it. Mrs. Harris jestly says to me but t'other day, "Oh! Sairey Gamp," she says, "how is it done?" "Mrs. Harris, ma'am," I says to her, "we gives no trust ourselves, and puts a deal o' trust elsevere; these is our religious feelin's, and we finds 'em answer." "Sairey," says Mrs. Harris, "sech is life. Vich likeways is the hend of all things!"'

† *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. Ramsay, M.A., Dean of Edinburgh. Fourth Edition. Edinburgh. 1859.

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evidently considered a piece of effeminate fastidiousness, are very refreshing. But when we are required to discharge the nurse from our hospital, or the cook from our kitchen, because her views on consubstantiation are unsettled, then we emphatically concur in the old lady's hearty sentiment—'Oh, d—n her papistry; can she make good collops?'

It would be utterly unprofitable to follow Dr. Stevenson through his very oratorical and irrelevant defence. A man who sneers at the plainest maxims of civil and religious freedom as 'the commonplace platitudes of liberalism,' and at their application as dictated by 'a weak and almost maudlin sentiment,' is clearly beyond the pale of argument. But fortunately the form which his intolerance has assumed in this instance is one of which the public authorities can take cognisance. By the recent Lunacy Act the Crichton Institution is placed under the supervision of the Government Inspectors. These gentlemen will not perform their duties to the satisfaction of the public unless in their annual report they bring under the notice of the Home Secretary (and thereby enable him to redress) a grave wrong and a gross injustice.

* * * *

But even on a stormy day like this the sea-side is not altogether destitute of out-door interest.

A ship in sight! Let us put away our books and hurry down to the pier. *Thalatta! Thalatta!* But it is not 'the many-dimpled smile'—*ἀνηριθμον γελασμα*—that greets us this October afternoon; the lion-like monster has been roused from his summer slumber, and now lashes his tawny mane. 'Tis an awful day! The bay is crossed with crested billows; the white skua gulls are screaming over the uptorn tangle which the sea has cast on the beach; a troubled gleam of rainbow touches the troubled water and the slate-coloured cloud of rain in the offing. On the grey edges of the driven sleet, dimly visible through it, a large barque rushes on before the blast. She has beat about the horizon the whole morning, but cannot weather the Burrough Head, and now—unable to live the night out yonder—makes straight for the harbour mouth. 'Tis her last chance, and she needs must haste, for in another hour the retreating tide will shallow the channel, and strand her upon its beach. There,—you see her clearly now. A great Dutch barque—heavy and unwieldy—her rain-beaten sails sadly tattered—a red flag flying at her mizzen. On she comes with Dutch-like deliberation, yawing over the swell as if she would shake every timber in her to bits, and each moment nearing the white surf that breaks upon the bar. That is the point of danger. The bar is close outside the harbour mouth, and one after the other the great waves—mountains of water that tower up high over the pier, and seem to drain the sea to its bottom—burst with a thundering boom upon it.

'He's keepin' ower far to lee-'ard,' says one nautical-looking old bird. 'He'll land her on the back o' the pier.'

'Up with your top-gallantsail, man,' shouts another with an oath, as if he expected the skipper out there in the tempest to hear him. 'Clap on every rag you have, you ould idiot;' and he uses his arms like a pair of flails, to indicate what is needed.

The hint is taken, the topsail is slowly unfurled, and the barque, with better 'way' upon it, keeps up gallantly through the surf. As a mere matter of speculative curiosity the spectators, I dare say, would have wished to witness the effect which the billow that has just now broken like a cataract would have had upon her; but the steersman, who with some half dozen bearded Finns is now visible on the deck, has handled his tools well, and brings her rolling in upon the monster's back. Then there is a brief interval of calm—thirty seconds or so—and before the next 'sea' breaks, a cheer has greeted the drenched crew, and the storm-beaten is within shelter of the pier.

I see, my dear Editor, that you wax impatient. Very reasonably, I admit. But only consider, as poor Heine says, 'if this paper bores *you* to read it, how it must have bored *me* to write it.' Be merciful accordingly. *Euge et vale.*

SHIRLEY.

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HOLMBY HOUSE:

A Tale of Old Northamptonshire.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'THE INTERPRETER,' ETC.

Chapter XXXIII.

'THE BEACON AFAR.'

'EBENEZER the Gideonite' was no bad specimen of the class he represented—the sour-visaged, stern, and desperate fanatic, who allowed no consideration of fear or mercy to turn him from the path of duty; whose sense of personal danger as of personal responsibility was completely swallowed up in his religious enthusiasm; who would follow such an officer as George Effingham into the very jaws of death; and of whom such a man as Cromwell knew how to make a rare and efficient instrument. Ebenezer's orders were to hold no communication with his prisoner, to neglect no precaution for his security; and having reported his capture to the general in command at Northampton, to proceed at least one stage further on his road to London ere he halted for the night.

Humphrey's very name was consequently unknown to the party who had him in charge. As he had no papers whatever upon his person when captured, the subaltern in command of the picket at Brixworth had considered it useless to ask a question to which it was so easy to give a fictitious answer; and Ebenezer, although recognising him personally as an old acquaintance, had neglected to ascertain his name even after their first introduction by means of the flat of the Cavalier's sabre. Though his back had tingled for weeks from the effects of a blow so shrewdly administered; though he had every opportunity of learning the style and title of the prisoner whom he had helped to bring before Cromwell at his head-quarters; yet, with an idiosyncrasy peculiar to the British soldier, and a degree of Saxon indifference amounting to stupidity, he had never once thought of making inquiry as to who or what was this hard-hitting Malignant that had so nearly knocked him off his horse in the Gloucestershire lane.

Erect and vigilant, he rode conscientiously close to his prisoner, eyeing him from time to time with looks of curiosity and interest, and scanning his figure from head to heel with obvious satisfaction. Not a word, however, did he address to the captive; his conversation, such as it was, being limited to a few brief sentences interchanged with his men, in which Scriptural phraseology was strangely intermingled with the language of the stable and the parade-ground. Strict as was the discipline insisted on amongst the Parliamentary troops by Cromwell and his officers, the escort, as may be supposed, followed the example of their superior with stern faces and silent tongues; they rode at 'attention,' their horses well in hand, their weapons held in readiness, and their eyes never for an instant taken off the horseman they surrounded.

Humphrey, we may easily imagine, was in no mood to enter into conversation. He had indeed enough food for sad forebodings and bitter reflections. Wild and adventurous as had been his life for many weeks past—always in disguise, always apparently on the eve of discovery, and dependent for his safety on the fidelity of utter strangers, often of the meanest class—not a day had elapsed without some imminent hazard, some thrilling alternation of hope and fear. But the events of the last few hours had outdone them all. To have succeeded in his mission!—to have escaped when escape seemed impossible, and then to fail at the last moment, when safety had been actually gained!—it seemed more like some wild and feverish dream than a dark hopeless reality. And the poor sorrel! How sincerely he mourned for the good horse; how

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well he had always carried him; how gentle and gallant and obedient he was; how he turned to his master's hand and sprang to his master's voice. How fond he was of him; and to think of him lying dead yonder by the water-side! It was hard to bear.

Strange how a dumb animal can wind itself round the human heart! What associations may be connected with a horse's arching crest or the intelligent glance of a dog's eye. How they can bring back to us the happy 'long, long ago;' the magic time that seems brighter and brighter as we contemplate it from a greater and greater distance; how they can recal the soft tones and kindly glances that are hushed, perhaps, and dim for evermore; perhaps, the bitterest stroke of all, estranged and altered now. 'Love me, love my dog!'—there never was a truer proverb. Aye! love my dog, love my horse, love all that came about me; the dress I wore, the words I have spoken, the very ground I trod upon,—but do not be surprised that horse and dog, and dress and belongings, all are still the same, and I alone am changed.

So Humphrey loved the sorrel, and grieved for him sincerely. The rough Puritan soldiers could understand his dejection. Many a charger's neck was caressed by a rough hand on the march, as the scene by the Northern Water presented itself vividly to the dragoons' untutored minds; and though the vigilance of his guardians was unimpeachable, their bearing towards Humphrey was all the softer and more deferential that these veteran soldiers could appreciate his feelings and sympathize with his loss.

He had but one drop of comfort, one gleam of sunshine now, and even that was dashed with bitter feelings of pique and a consciousness of unmerited neglect. He had seen Mary once again. He liked to think, too, that she must have recognised him; must have been aware of his critical position; must have known that he was being led off to die.

'Perhaps even her hard heart will ache,' thought the prisoner, 'when she thinks of her handiwork. Was it not for her sake that I undertook this fatal duty—for her sake that I have spent years of my life in exile, risked that life ungrudgingly a thousand times, and shall now forfeit it most unquestionably to the vengeance of the Parliament? Surely, surely, if she is a woman, she must be anxious and unhappy now.'

It was a strange morbid sensation, half of anger, half of triumph; yet through it all a tear stole to his eye from the fond heart that could not bear to think the woman he loved should suffer a moment's uneasiness even for his sake.

Silently they rode on till they reached Northampton town. The good citizens were too much inured to scenes of violence, too well accustomed to the presence of the Parliamentary troops, to throw away much attention on so simple an event as the arrival of an escort with a prisoner. Party-feeling, too, had become considerably weakened since the continued successes of the Parliament. Virtually the war was over, and the Commons now represented the governing power throughout the country. The honest townsmen of Northampton were only too thankful to obtain a short interval of peace and quiet for the prosecution of 'business'—that magic word, which speaks so eloquently to the feelings of the middle class in England—and as their majority had from the very commencement of the disturbances taken the popular side in the great civil contest, they could afford to treat their fallen foes with mercy and consideration.

Unlike his entry on a previous occasion into the good city of Gloucester, Humphrey found his present plight the object neither of ridicule nor remark. The passers-by scarce glanced at him as he rode along, and the escort closed round him so vigilantly that a careless observer would hardly have remarked that the troop encircled a prisoner.

In consequence of their meditated movement against the King's liberty, the Parliament had concentrated a large force of all arms at Northampton, and the usually smiling and peaceful town presented the appearance of enormous barracks. Granaries, manufactories, and other large buildings were taken up for

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the use of soldiers; troop-horses were picketed in the streets, and a park of artillery occupied the market-place; whilst the best houses of the citizens, somewhat to the dissatisfaction of their owners, were appropriated by the superior officers of the division. In one of the largest of these George Effingham had established himself. An air of military simplicity and discipline pervaded the general's quarters: sentries, steady and immoveable as statues, guarded the entrance; a strong escort of cavalry occupied an adjoining building, once a flour-store, now converted into a guard-house. Grave upright personages, distinguished by their orange scarfs as officers of the Parliament, stalked to and fro, intent on military affairs, here bringing in their reports, there issuing forth charged with orders; but one and all affecting an austerity of demeanour which yet somehow sat unnaturally upon buff coat and steel head-piece. The general himself seemed immersed in business. Seated at a table covered with papers, he wrote with unflinching energy, looking up, it is true, ever and anon with a weary abstracted air, but returning to his work with renewed vigour after every interruption, as though determined by sheer force of will to keep his mind from wandering off its task.

An orderly-sergeant entered the room, and, standing at 'attention,' announced the arrival of an escort with a prisoner.

The general looked up for a moment from his papers. 'Send in the officer in command to make his report,' said he, and resumed his occupation.

Ebenezer stalked solemnly into the apartment: gaunt and grim, he stood bolt upright and commenced his narrative:

'I may not tarry by the way, general,' he began, 'for verily the time is short and the night cometh in which no man can work; even as the day of grace, which passeth like the shadow on the sun-dial ere a man can say, Lo! here it cometh, or lo! there.'

Effingham cut him short with considerable impatience. 'Speak out, man,' he exclaimed, 'and say what thou'st got to say, with a murrain to thee! Dost think I have nought to do but sit here and listen to the prating of thy fool's tongue?'

Ebenezer was one of those preaching men-of-war who never let slip an opportunity of what they termed 'improving the occasion;' but our friend George's temper, which the unhappiness and uncertainty of the last few years had not tended to sweeten, was by no means proof against such an infliction. The subordinate perceived this, and endeavoured to condense his communication within the bounds of military brevity, but the habit was too strong for him: after a few sentences he broke out again—

'I was ordered by Lieutenant Allgood to select an escort of eight picked men and horses, and proceed in charge of a prisoner to London. My instructions were to pass through Northampton, reporting myself to General Effingham by the way, and to push on a stage further without delay ere I halted my party for the night. With regard to the prisoner, the captive, as indeed I may say, of our bow and spear, who fell a prey to us under Brixworth, even as a bird falleth a prey to the fowler, and who trusted in the speed of his horse to save him in the day of wrath, as these Malignants have ever trusted in their snortings and their prancings, forgetting that it hath been said—'

'Go to the devil, sir!' exclaimed George Effingham, with an energy of impatience that completely dissipated the thread of the worthy sergeant's discourse; 'are you to take up my time standing preaching there, instead of attending to your duty? You have your orders, sir; be off, and comply with them. Your horses are fresh, your journey before you, and the sun going down. I shall take care that the time of your arrival in London is reported to me, and woe be to you if you "tarry by the way," as you call it in your ridiculous hypocritical jargon. To the right—face!'

It was a broad hint that in an orderly-room admitted of but one interpretation. Ebenezer's instincts as a soldier predominated over his temptations as an orator, and in

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less than five minutes he was once more in the saddle, wary and vigilant, closing his files carefully round the captured Royalist as they wound down the stony street in the direction of the London road.

George Effingham returned to his writing, and with a simple memorandum of the fact that a prisoner had been reported to him as under escort for London, dismissed the whole subject at once from his mind.

Thus it came to pass that the two friends, as still they may be called, never knew that they were within a hundred paces of each other, though in how strange a relative position; never knew that a chance word, an incident however trifling, that had betrayed the name of either, would have brought them together, and perhaps altered the whole subsequent destinies of each. George never suspected that the nameless prisoner, reported to him as a mere matter of form, under the charge of Ebenezer, was his old friend Humphrey Bosville; nor could the Cavalier Major guess that the General of Division holding so important a command as that of Northampton, was none other than his former comrade and captain, dark George Effingham.

The latter worked hard till nightfall. It was his custom now. He seemed never so uneasy as when in repose. He acted like a traveller who esteems all time wasted but that which tends to the accomplishment of his journey. Enjoying the confidence of Cromwell and the respect of the whole army, won, in despite of his antecedents, by a career of cool and determined bravery, he seemed to be building up for himself a high and influential station, stone by stone as it were, and grudging no amount of sacrifice, no exertion to raise it, if only by an inch. The enthusiasm of George's temperament was counterbalanced by sound judgment and a highly perspicuous intellect, and consequently the tendency to fanaticism which had first impelled him to join the Revolutionary party, had become considerably modified by all he saw and heard, when admitted to the councils of the Parliament, and better acquainted with their motives and opinions. He no longer deemed that such men as Fairfax, Ireton, even Cromwell, were directly inspired by Heaven, but he could not conceal from himself that their energies and abilities were calculated to win for them the high places of the earth. He knew, moreover, none better, the strength and the weaknesses of either side, and he could not doubt for a moment which must become the dominant party. If not a better, the *ci-devant* Cavalier had become unquestionably a wiser man, and having determined in his own mind which of the contending factions was capable of saving the country, and which was obviously on the high road to power, he never now regretted for an instant that he had joined its ranks, nor looked back, as Bosville would have done under similar circumstances, with a wistful longing to all the illusions of romance and chivalry, which shed a glare over the downfall of the dashing Cavaliers. Effingham's, we need hardly say, was a temperament of extraordinary perseverance and unconquerable resolution. He had now proposed to himself a certain aim and end in life. From the direction which led to its attainment he never swerved one inch, as he never halted for an instant by the way. He had determined to win a high and influential station. Such a station as should at once silence all malicious remarks on his Royalist antecedents, as should raise him, if not to wealth, at least to honour, and above all, such as should enable him to throw the shield of his protection over all and any whom he should think it worth his while thus to shelter and defend. Far in the distance, like some strong swimmer battling successfully against wind and tide, he discerned the beacon which he had resolved to reach, and though he husbanded his strength and neglected no advantage of eddy or back-water, he never relaxed for an instant from his efforts, convinced that in the moral as in the physical conflict, he who is not advancing is necessarily losing way. Such tenacity of purpose *will* be served at last, as indeed it fully merits to be, and this Saxon quality

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Effingham possessed for good or evil in its most exaggerated form.

The weaknesses of a strong nature, like the flaws in a marble column, are, however, a fit subject for ridicule and remark. The general, despite his grave appearance and his powerful intellect, was as childish in some matters as his neighbours. Ever since the concentration of a large Parliamentary force around Northampton, and the investment, so to speak, of Holmby House by the redoubtable Cornet Joyce, it had been judged advisable by the authorities to station a strong detachment of cavalry at the village of Brixworth, a lonely hamlet within six miles of head-quarters, occupying a commanding position, and with strong capabilities for defence. This detachment seemed to be the general's peculiar care; and who should gainsay such a high military opinion as that of George Effingham? Whatever might be the press of business during the day, however numerous the calls upon his time, activity, and resources, he could always find a spare hour or two before sundown, in which to visit this important outpost. Accompanied by a solitary dragoon as an escort, or even at times entirely alone, the general would gallop over to beat up Lieutenant Allgood's quarters, and returning leisurely in the dark, would drop the rein on his horse's neck, and suffer him to walk quietly through the outskirts of the park at Boughton, whilst his master looked long and wistfully at the casket containing the jewel which he had sternly resolved to win. On the day of Humphrey's capture, the very eagerness on the part of Effingham to fulfil his daily duty, or rather, we should say, to enjoy the only relaxation he permitted himself, served to render him somewhat impatient of Ebenezer's long-winded communications; and by cutting short the narrative of that verbose official, perhaps prevented an interview with his old friend, which, had he believed in its possibility, he would have been sorry to miss.

A bright moon shone upon the waving fern and fine old trees of Boughton Park as George returned from his customary visit to the outpost. He was later than usual, and the soft southern breeze wafted on his ear the iron tones that were tolling midnight from Kingsthorpe Church. All was still, and balmy, and beautiful, the universe seemed to breathe of peace, and love, and repose. The influence of the hour seemed to soothe and soften the ambitious soldier, seemed to saturate his whole being with kindly, gentle feelings, far different from those which habitually held sway in that weary, careworn heart; seemed to whisper to him of higher, holier joys than worldly fame and gratified pride, even than successful love—to urge upon him the beauty of humility, and self-sacrifice, and hopeful, child-like trust,—the triumph of that resignation which far outshines all the splendours of conquest, which wrests a victory even out of the jaws of defeat.

Alas that these momentary impressions should be transient in proportion to their strength! What *is* this flaw in the human organization that thus makes man the very puppet of a passing thought? Is there but one rudder that can guide the bark upon her voyage, veering as she does with every changing breeze? but one course that shall bring her in safety to the desired haven, when all the false pilots she is so prone to take on board do but run her upon shoals and quicksands, or let her drift aimlessly out seaward though the night? We know where the charts are to be found—we know where the rudder can be fitted. Whose fault is it that we cannot bring our cargo safe home to port?

The roused deer, alarmed at the tramp of George's charger, sprang hastily from their lair under the stems of the spreading beeches, blanched in the moonlight to a ghastly white. As they coursed along in single file under the horse's nose, he bounded lightly into the air, and with a snort of pleasure rather than alarm broke voluntarily into a canter on the yielding moss-grown sward. The motion scattered the train of thought in which his rider was plunged, dispelled the charm, and brought him back from his visions to his own practical, resolute self. He glanced once, and

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once only, at the turrets of the hall, from which a light was still shining, dimly visible at a gap in the fine old avenue; and then with clenched hand and stern, compressed smile, turned his horse's head homeward, and galloped steadily on towards his own quarters in Northampton town.

Chapter XXXIV.

'Past and Gone.'

Perhaps had Effingham known in whose room was twinkling that light which shone out at so late an hour from the towers of the old manor-house; could any instinctive faculty have made him aware of the council to which it was a silent witness; could he have guessed at the solemn conclave held by two individuals in that apartment, from which only a closed casement and a quarter of a mile of avenue separated him, even his strong heart would have beat quicker, and a sensation of sickening anxiety would have prevented him from proceeding so resolutely homewards, would have kept him lingering and hankering there the live-long night.

The solitary light was shining from Grace Allonby's apartment. In that luxurious room were the two ladies, still in full evening costume. One was in a sitting posture, the other, with a pale, stony face, her hair pushed back from her temples, and her lips, usually so red and ripe, of an ashy white, walked irregularly to and fro, clasping her hands together, and twisting the fingers in and out with the unconscious contortions of acute suffering. It was Mary Cave who seemed thus driven to the extremity of apprehension and dismay. All her dignity, all her self-possession had deserted her for the nonce, and left her a trembling, weeping, harassed, and afflicted woman.

Grace Allonby, on the other hand, sate in her chair erect and motionless as marble. Save for the action of the little foot beneath her dress, which tapped the floor at regular intervals, she might, indeed, have been a statue, with her fixed eye, her curved, defiant lip and dilated nostril expressive of mingled wrath and scorn.

Brought up as sisters, loving each other with the undemonstrative affection which dependence on one side and protection on the other surely engenders between generous minds, never before had the demon of discord been able to sow the slightest dissension between these two. Now, however, they seemed to have changed natures. Mary was writhing and pleading as for dear life. Grace sat stern and pitiless, her dark eyes flashing fiercely, and her fair brow, usually so smooth and open, lowering with an ominous scowl.

For five minutes neither had spoken a syllable, though Mary continued her troubled walk up and down the room. At last Grace, turning her head haughtily towards her companion, stiffly observed,

'You can suggest, then, no other method than this unwomanly and humiliating course?'

'Dear Grace,' replied Mary, in accents of imploring eagerness, 'it is our last resource. I entreat you—think of the interest at stake. Think of him even now, a prisoner on his way to execution. To execution! Great Heaven! they will never spare him now. I can see it all before me—the gallant form walking erect between those stern, triumphant Puritans, the kindly face blindfolded, that he may not look upon his death. I can see him standing out from those levelled muskets. I can hear his voice firm and manly as he defies them all and shouts his old battle-cry—"God and the King!" I can see the wreaths of white smoke floating away before the breeze, and down upon the greensward, Humphrey Bosville — dead! — do you understand me, girl? *dead*—stone dead! and we shall never, *never* see him more!'

Mary's voice rose to a shriek as she concluded, towering above her companion in all the majesty of her despair; but she could not sustain the horror of the picture she had conjured up, and sinking into a chair, she covered her face with her hands and shook all over like an aspen leaf.

Grace, too, shuddered visibly. It was in a softened tone that she said, 'He *must* be saved, Mary. I

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am willing to do all that lies in my power. He shall not die for his loyalty if he can be rescued by any one that bears the name of Allonby.'

'Bless you, darling, a thousand, thousand times!' exclaimed Mary, seizing her friend's hand and covering it with kisses; 'I knew your good, kind heart would triumph at the last. I knew you would never leave him to die without stretching an arm to help him. Listen, Gracey. There is but one person that can interpose with any chance of success on his behalf—I need not tell you again who that person is, Gracey; you used to praise and admire my knowledge of the world, you used to place the utmost faith in my clearsightedness and quickness of perception; I am not easily deceived, and I tell you George Effingham loves the very ground beneath your feet. Not as men usually love, Grace, with a divided interest, that makes a hawk or a hound, a place at court, or a brigade of cavalry, too dangerous and successful a rival, but with all the energy of his whole enthusiastic nature, with the reckless devotion that would fling the world, if he had it, at your feet. He is your slave, dear, and I cannot wonder at it. For your lightest whim he would do more, a thousand times more, than this. He has influence with our rulers (it is a bitter drop in the cup, that we must term the Roundhead knaves *our* rulers at last); above all, he has Cromwell's confidence, and Cromwell governs England now. If he can be prevailed on to exert himself, he can save Bosville's life. It is much to ask him, I grant you. It may compromise him with his party, it may give his enemies the means of depriving him of his command, it may ruin the whole future on which his great ambitious mind is set. I know him, you see, dear, though he has never thought it worth his while to open his heart to *me*; it might even endanger his safety at a future period, but it *must* be done, Grace, and you are the person that must tell him to do it.'

'It is not right,' answered Grace, her feminine pride rousing itself once more. 'It is not just or fair. What can I give him in exchange for such a favour? How can I, of all the women upon earth, ask him to do this for *me?*'

'And yet, Grace, if you refuse, Humphrey must die!' said Mary, in the quiet tones of despair, but with a writhing lip that could hardly utter the fatal word.

Grace was driven from her defences now. Conflicting feelings, reserve, pride, pity, and affection, all were at war in that soft heart, which so few years ago had scarcely known a pang. Like a true woman, she adopted the last unfailing resource, she put herself into a passion and burst into tears.

'Why am I to do all this?' sobbed Grace. 'Why are my father, and Lord Vaux, and you yourself, Mary, to do nothing, and I alone to interfere? What especial claim has Humphrey on me? What right have I more than others over the person of Major Bosville?'

'Because you love him, Grace,' answered Mary, and her eye never wavered, her voice never faltered when she said it. The stony look had stolen over her face once more, and the rigidity of the full white arm that peeped through her sleeve showed how tight her hand was clenched, but the woman herself was as steady as a rock. The other turned her eyes away from the quiet searching glance that was reading her heart.

'And if I did,' said poor Grace, in the petulance of her distress, 'I should not be the only person. You like him yourself, Mary, you know you do—am I to save him for your sake?'

The girl laughed in bitter scorn while she spoke, but tears of shame and contrition rose to her eyes a moment afterwards, as she reflected on the ungenerous words she had spoken.

Mary had long nerved herself for the task, she was not going to fail now. She had resolved to *give him up*. Three little simple words; very easy to say, and comprising after all—what? a mere nothing! *only* a heart's happiness lost for a life-time—*only* a cloud over the sun for evermore—*only* the destruction of hope, and energy, and all that makes life worth having, and dis-

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tinguishes the intellectual being from the brute. *Only* the exchange of a future to pray for, and dream of, for a listless despair, torpid and benumbed—fearing nothing, caring for nothing, and welcoming nothing but the stroke that shall end life and sufferings together. This was all. She would not flinch—she was resolved—she could do it easily.

'Listen to me, Grace,' she said, speaking every word quite slowly and distinctly, though her very eyebrows quivered with the violence she did her feelings, and she was obliged to grasp the arm of a chair to keep the cold, trembling fingers still. 'You are mistaken if you think I have any sentiment of regard for Major Bosville deeper than friendship and esteem. I have long known him, and appreciated his good qualities. You yourself must acknowledge how intimately allied we have all been in the war, and how stanch and faithful he has ever proved himself to the King. Therefore I honour and regard him, therefore I shall always look back to him as a friend, though I should never meet him again. Therefore I would make any exertion, submit to any sacrifice to save his life. But, Grace, *I do not love him*.' She spoke faster and louder now. 'And, moreover, if you believe he entertains any such feelings on my behalf, you are wrong—I am sure of it—look at the case yourself, candidly and impartially. For nearly two years I have never exchanged words with him, either by speech or writing—never seen him but twice, and you yourself were present each time. He may have admired me once. I tell you honestly, dear, I think he did, but he does not care two straws for me now.'

Poor Mary! it was the hardest gulp of all to keep back the tears at this; not that she quite thought it herself, but it was so cruel to be obliged to *say* it. After all, she was a woman, and though she tried to have a heart of stone, it quivered and bled like a heart of flesh all the while, but she went on resolutely with a tighter hold of the chair.

'I think you and he are admirably suited to each other. I think you would be very happy together. I think, Grace, you like him very much—you cannot deceive me, dear. You have already excited his interest and admiration. Look in your glass, my pretty Grace, and you need not be surprised. Think what will be his feelings when he owes you his life. It requires no prophet to foretell how this must end. He will love you, and you shall marry him. Yes, Grace, you can surely trust *me*. I swear to you from henceforth, I will never so much as speak to him again. You shall not be made uneasy by me of all people—only save his life, Grace, only use every effort, make every sacrifice to save him, and I, Mary Cave, that was never foiled or beaten yet, promise you that he shall be yours.'

It is peculiar to the idiosyncrasy of women that they seem to think they have a perfect right to dispose of a heart that belongs to them, and say to it, 'you shall be enslaved here, or enraptured there, at our good pleasure.' Would they be more surprised or angry to find themselves taken at their word?

Grace listened with a pleased expression of countenance. She believed every syllable her friend told her. It is very easy to believe what we wish. And it was gratifying to think that she had made an impression on the handsome young Cavalier, for whom she could not but own she had once entertained a warm feeling of attachment. Like many another quiet and retiring woman, this consciousness of conquest possessed for Grace a charm dangerous and attractive in proportion to its rarity. The timid are sometimes more aggressive than the bold; and Grace was sufficiently feminine to receive considerable gratification from that species of admiration which Mary, who was surfeited with it, thoroughly despised. It was the old story between these two: the one was courteously accepting as a trifling gift, that which constituted the whole worldly possessions of the other. It is hard to offer up our diamonds, and see them valued but as paste.

'There is no time to be lost, Mary,' observed Grace, after a few moments' reflection. 'I will make it my business to see General Effingham before twenty-four hours have

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elapsed. If, as you say, he entertains this—this infatuation about me, it will perhaps make him still more anxious on behalf of his old friend, to provide for whose safety I should think he would strain every nerve, even if there were no such person as Grace Allonby in the world. We will save Major Bosville, Mary, whatever happens, if I have to go down on my bended knees to George Effingham. Not that I think such a measure will be needful,' added Grace, with a smile; 'he is very courteous and considerate, notwithstanding his stern brows and haughty manner. Very chivalrous, too, for a Puritan. My father even avows he is a good soldier; and I am sure he is a thorough gentleman. Do you not think so, Mary?'

But Mary did not answer. She had gained her point at last. Of course it was a great comfort to know that she had succeeded in her object. Had the purchase not been worth the price, she would not surely have offered it; and now the price had been accepted, and the ransom was actually paid, there was nothing more to be done. The excitement was over, and the reaction had already commenced.

'Bless you, Grace, for your kindness,' was all she said. 'I am tired now, and will go to bed. To-morrow we will settle everything. Thank you, dear, again and again.' With these words she pressed her cold lips upon her friend's hand; and hiding her face as much as possible from observation, walked quietly and sadly to her room.

It was an unspeakable relief to be alone, face to face with her great sorrow, but yet *alone*. To moan aloud in her agony, and speak to herself as though she were some one else, and fling herself down on her knees by the bed-side, burying her head in those white arms, and weep her heart out while she poured forth the despairing prayer that she might die, the only prayer of the afflicted that falls short of the throne of mercy. Once before in this very room had Mary wrestled gallantly with suffering, and been victorious. Was she weaker now that she was older? Shame! shame! that the woman should give way to a trial which the girl had found strength enough to overcome. Alas! she felt too keenly that she had then lost an ideal, whereas this time she had voluntarily surrendered a reality. She had never known before all she had dared, if not to hope, at least to dream, of the future with *him* that was still *possible* yesterday—and now—

Lost, too, by her own deed, of her own free will. Oh! it was hard, *very* hard to bear!

But she slept, a heavy, sound, and exhausted sleep. So it ever is with great and positive affliction. Happiness will keep us broad awake for hours, to rise with the lark; gladsome, notwithstanding our vigils, as the bird itself, refreshed and invigorated by the sunshine of the soul. 'Tis an unwilling bride that is late astir on her wedding-morn. Anxiety, with all its harassing effects, admits of but feverish and fitful slumbers. The dreaded crisis is never absent from our thoughts; and though the body may be prostrated by weariness, the mind refuses to be lulled to rest. We do not envy the merchant prince his bed of down, especially when he has neglected to insure his argosies; but when the blow has actually fallen, when happiness has spread her wings and flown away, as it seems, for evermore, when there is no room for anxiety, because the worst has come at last, and hope is but a mockery and a myth, then doth a heavy sleep descend upon us, like a pall upon a coffin, and mercy bids us take our rest for a time, senseless and forgetful like the dead.

But there was a bitter drop still to be tasted in the full cup of Mary's sorrows. Even as she laid her down, she dreaded the moment of waking on the morrow; she wished—how wearily!—that she might never wake again, though she knew not then that she would dream that night a golden dream, such as should make the morning's misery almost too heavy to endure.

She dreamed that she was once again at Falmouth, as of old. She walked by the seashore, and watched the narrow line of calm blue water and the ripple of the shallow wave that stole gently to her feet along the noiseless sand. The sea-bird's

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wing shone white against the summer sky as he turned in his silent flight; and the hushed breeze scarce lifted the folds of her own white dress as she paced thoughtfully along. It was the dress *he* liked so much; she had worn it because he was gone, far away beyond those blue waters, with the Queen, loyal and true as he had ever been. Oh that he were here now, to walk hand-in-hand with her along those yellow sands! Even as she wished he stood by her, his breath was on her cheek, his eyes were looking into hers, his arm stole round her waist. She knew not how, nor why, but she was his, his very own, and for always, now. 'At last,' she said, putting the hair back from his forehead, and printing on the smooth brow one long, clinging kiss, 'at last! dear. You will never leave me, now?' and the dream answered, 'Never, nevermore!'

Yet when she woke, she did not waver in her resolution. Though Mary Cave looked ten years older than she had done but twenty-four hours before, she said to her own heart, 'I have decided: it *shall* be done!'

Chapter XXXV.

'The Landing-Net.'

Faith had excited Dymocke's jealousy. This was a great point gained; perhaps with the intuitive knowledge of man's weaknesses, possessed by the shallowest and most superficial of her sex, she had perceived that some decisive measure was required to land her fish at last. Though he had gorged the bait greedily enough, though the hook was fairly fixed in a vital spot, and nothing remained—to continue our metaphor—but to brandish the landing-net, and subsequent frying-pan, the prize lurked stolidly in deep waters. This state of apathy in the finny tribe is termed 'sulking' by the disciples of Izaak Walton; and the great authorities who have succeeded that colloquial philosopher, in treating of the gentle art, recommend that stones should be thrown, and other offensive measures practised, in order to bring the fish once more to the surface.

Let us see to what description of stone-throwing Faith resorted to secure the prey, for which, to do her justice, she had long been angling with much craft, skill, and untiring patience.

Dymocke, we need hardly now observe, was an individual who entertained no mean and derogatory opinion of his own merits or his own charms. An essential article of his belief had always been that there was at least one bachelor left, who was an extraordinarily eligible investment for any of the weaker sex below the rank of a lady; and that bachelor bore the name 'Hugh Dymocke.' With such a creed, it was no easy matter to bring to book our far-sighted philosopher. His good opinion of himself made it useless to practise on him the usual arts of coldness, contempt, and what is vulgarly termed 'snubbing.' Even jealousy, that last and usually efficacious remedy, was not easily aroused in so self-satisfied a mind; and as for hysterics, scenes, reproaches, and appeals to the passions, all such recoiled from his experienced nature, like hailstones from an armour of proof. He was a difficult subject, this wary old trooper. Crafty, callous, opinionated, above all, steeped in practical as well as theoretical wisdom. Yet, when it came to a trial of wits, the veriest chit of a silly waiting-maid could turn him round her finger at will.

We have heard it asserted by sundry idolaters, that even 'the *worst* woman is better than the best man.' On the truth of this axiom we would not venture to pronounce. Flattering as is our opinion of the gentle sex, we should be sorry to calculate the amount of evil which it would require to constitute *the worst* of those fascinating natures which are so prone to run into extremes; but of this we *are* sure, that the *silliest* woman in all matters of *finesse* and subtlety is a match, and more than a match, for the wisest of mankind. Here was Faith, for instance, who, with the exception of her journey to Oxford, had never been a dozen miles from her own home, outwitting and outmanœuvring a veteran toughened by ever so many campaigns, and sharpened by five-and-twenty years' prac-

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tice in all the stratagems of love and war.

After revolving in her own mind the different methods by which it would be advisable to hasten a catastrophe that should terminate in her own espousals to her victim, the little woman resolved on jealousy as the most prompt, the most efficacious, and perhaps the most merciful in the end. Now, a man always goes to work in the most blundering manner possible when he so far forgets his own honest dog-like nature as to play such tricks as these. He invariably selects some one who is diametrically the opposite of the real object of attack, and proceeds to open the war with such haste and energy as are perfectly unnatural in themselves, and utterly transparent to the laughing bystanders. When he thinks he is getting on most swimmingly, the world sneers; the fictitious object, who has, indeed, no cause to be flattered, despises; and the real one, firmer in the saddle than ever, laughs at him. It serves him right, for dabbling with a science of which he does not know the simplest rudiments. This was not Faith's method. We think we have already mentioned that in attendance upon the King at Holmby was a certain yeoman of the guard on whom that damsel had deigned to shed the sunshine of her smiles, in which the honest functionary basked with a stolid satisfaction edifying to witness. He was a steady, sedate, and goodly personage; and, save for his bulk, the result of little thought combined with much feeding, and his comeliness, which he inherited from a Yorkshire mother, was the very counterpart of Dymocke himself. He was nearly of the same age, had served in the wars on the King's side with some little distinction, was equally a man of few words, wise saws, and an outward demeanour of profound sagacity, but lacked, it must be confessed, that prompt wit and energy of action which made amends for much of the absurdity of our friend Hugh's pretensions.

He was, in short, such a personage as it seemed natural for a woman to admire who had been capable of appreciating the good qualities of the sergeant; and in this Faith showed a tact and discernment essentially feminine. Neither did she go to work 'hammer-and-tongs,' as if there were not a moment to be lost; on the contrary, she rather suffered than encouraged the yeoman's unwieldy attentions; and taxed her energies, not so much to captivate him, as to watch the effect of her behaviour on the real object of attack. She had but little time, it is true, for her operations, which were limited to the period of the King's short visit at Boughton; but she had no reason to be dissatisfied with the success of her efforts, even long before the departure of his Majesty and the unconscious rival.

Dymocke, elated with his last exploit, and full of the secret intelligence he had to communicate, at first took little notice of his sweetheart, or indeed of any of the domestics; and Faith, wisely letting him alone, played on her own game with persevering steadiness. After a time, she succeeded in arousing his attention, then his anxiety, and lastly his wrath. At first he seemed simply surprised, then contemptuous, afterwards anxious, and lastly undoubtedly and unreasonably angry, with himself, with her, with her new acquaintance, with the whole world; and she looked so confoundedly pretty all the time! When the yeoman went away, Faith gazed after the departing cavalcade from the buttery-window with a deep sigh. She remarked to one of the other maids 'that she felt as if she could die for the King; and what a becoming uniform was worn by the yeomen of the guard.' Dymocke, who had approached her with some idea of an armistice, if not a treaty of peace, turned away with a smothered curse and a bitter scowl. All that night he never came near her, all the next morning he never spoke to her, yet she met him somehow at every turn. He was malleable now, and it was time to forge him into a tool.

It was but yesterday we watched two of our grandchildren at play in the corridor. The little girl, with a spirit of unjust acquisitiveness, laid violent hands upon her brother's toys, taking from him successively the whole of his marbles, a dis-

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cordant tin trumpet, and a stale morsel of plum-cake. The boy, a sturdy, curly-headed, open-eyed urchin, rising five, resented this wholesale spoliation with considerable energy, and a grand quarrel, not without violence, was the result. The usual declaration of hostility, '*then I wont play*,' was followed by a retreat to different corners of the gallery; and a fit of 'the sulks,' lasting nearly twenty minutes, afforded a short interval of peace and quiet to the household.

A child's resentment, however, is not of long duration; and we are bound to admit that in this instance the aggressor made the first advances to a reconciliation. 'You began it, dear,' lisped the little vixen, a thorough woman already, though she can hardly speak plain. 'Kiss and make up, brother: *you began it!*' And we are persuaded that the honest little fellow, with his masculine softness of head and heart, believed himself to have been from the commencement wholly and solely in the wrong.

So Faith, lying in wait for Dymocke at a certain angle of the back-yard, where there was not much likelihood of interruption, stood to her arms boldly, and commenced the attack.

'Are you never going to speak to me again, sergeant?' said Faith, with a half-mournful, half-resentful expression on her pretty face. 'I know what new acquaintances are—the miller's daughter's a good girl, and a comely; but it's not so far from here to Brampton Mill that you need to be in such a hurry as not to spare a word to an old friend, Hugh!'

The last monosyllable was only whispered, but accompanied by a soft stolen glance from under a pair of long eyelashes, it did not fail to produce a certain effect.

'The miller's daughter! Brampton Mill!' exclaimed Hugh, aghast and open-mouthed, dumb-foundered, as well he might be, at an accusation so devoid of the slightest shadow of justice.

'Oh! I know what I know,' proceeded Faith with increased agitation and alarming volubility. 'I know where you were spending the day yesterday, and the day before,

and the day before that!
why you leave your wo
morning, and the dinner
it's cold, and the horse is
all day, and comes home i
of sweat; and it's "wh
sergeant?" and has "any
Hugh?" and "Mistress
you tell what's become
mocke?" all over the hou
I answer them, "I've noth
with Dymocke; Dymoc
belong to me. Doubtless
to see his friends in the ne
hood; and he knows his o
best." Oh! *I* don't wan
upon you, sergeant; it's
to *me* when you come and
no doubt, as I said before
good girl, and a comely; a
bit of money too; for he
that married Will Jenki
gone and quarrelled with he
and the brother, you know
hiding; and they're a bad
gether, all but *her;* and
you'll be happy, Sergeant D
and you've my best wish
(sob) prayers (sob), for al
come and gone yet (sob), *H*

To say that Dymocke w
nished, stupified, at his wit
but a weak mode of expres
utter discomfiture; the old
was completely routed, fron
and rear, disarmed and ta
soner, he was utterly at th
of his conqueror.

'It's not much to ask,'
Faith, her cheeks flushing,
bosom heaving as she wept
plaint; 'it's not much to
I *should* like to have b
broken sixpence, and th
buckles, and the—the—th
sweet marjoram I gave you
day was a fortnight, if i
for a keepsake and a reme
when you're married, Hu
you and me are separated fo

With these desponding
the disconsolate damsel bu
face in her apron and
aloud.

What a brute he felt
how completely she had
in the wrong—how his co
smote him, innocent as he
cerning the miller's daugh
many little instances of ina
and neglect towards his
bride, who was now so un

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giving him up, with such evident distress. How his heart yearned towards her now, weeping there in her rustic beauty, and he pitied her, *pitied* her, whilst all the time, with his boasted sagacity and experience, he was as helpless as a baby in the little witch's hands.

'Don't ye take on so, Faith,' he said, attempting an awkward caress, from which she snatched herself indignantly away, 'don't ye take on so. I never went *near* the miller's daughter, Faith—I tell ye I didn't, as I'm a living man!'

'Oh! it's nothing to me, sergeant, whether you did or whether you didn't,' returned the lady, looking up for an instant, and incontinently hiding her face in her apron for a fresh burst of grief. 'It's all over between you and me now, Hugh, for evermore!'

'Never say such a word, my dear,' returned Dymocke, waxing considerably alarmed, as the possibility of her being in earnest occurred to him, and the horrid suspicion dawned on his mind that this might be a *ruse* to get rid of him in favour of the comely yeoman, after all; 'and if you come to that, lass, you weren't so true to your colours yourself yesterday, that you need to turn the tables this way upon me.'

She had led him to the point now. Then he *was* jealous, as she intended he should be, and she had got him safe.

'I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Sergeant Dymocke,' answered Mistress Faith, demurely, sobbing at longer intervals, and drying her eyes while she spoke. 'If you allude to my conversation with one of his blessed Majesty's servants yesterday, I answer you that it was in presence of yourself and all my lord's servants; and if it hadn't been, I'm accountable to no one. A poor lone woman like me can't be too careful, I know; a poor lone woman that's got nobody to defend her character, speak up for her, or take care of her, and that's lost her best friend, that quarrels with her whether she will or no. Oh! what shall I do?—what shall I do?'

The action was very nearly over now. Another flood of tears, brought up like a skilful general's reserve, in the nick of time, turned the tide of affairs, and nothing was left for the sergeant but to surrender at discretion.

'It's your own fault if it be so,' whispered Hugh, with that peculiarly sheepish expression which pervades the male biped's countenance when he so far humiliates himself as to make a *bonâ fide* proposal. 'If you'll say the word, Faith, say it now, for indeed I love you, and I'll never be easy till you're my wife, and that's the truth!'

But Faith wouldn't say the word at once, nor indeed could she be brought to put a period to her admirer's sufferings, in which, like a very woman, she found a morbid and inexplicable gratification, until she had well-nigh worried him into a withdrawal of his offer, when she said it in a great hurry, and sealed her submission with a kiss.

On the subsequent festivities held both in the parlour and the hall—for Sir Giles drank the bride's health in a bumper, and the ladies of the family thought nothing too good to present to their favourite on the happy occasion of her marriage—it is not our province to enlarge. In compliance with the maxim that 'happy's the wooing that's not long in doing,' the nuptials took place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, and a prettier or a happier-looking bride than Faith never knelt before the altar.

The sergeant, however, betrayed a scared and somewhat startled appearance, as that of one who is not completely convinced of his own identity, bearing his part nevertheless as a bridegroom bravely and jauntily enough.

At his own private opinion of the catastrophe we can but guess by a remark which he was overheard to address to himself immediately after his acceptance by the pretty waiting-maid, and her consequent departure to acquaint her mistress.

'You've done it now, old lad,' observed the sergeant, shaking his head, and speaking in a deliberate, reflective, and somewhat sarcastic tone. 'What is to be must be, I suppose, and all things turn out for the best. But there's no question about it—*you've—done—it—now!*'

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ENGLAND'S LITERARY DEBT TO ITALY.

THERE are few passages, even in the works of John Milton, of more direct and touching interest than that in the *Second Defence of the People of England*, where, replying to the aspersions of Salmasius, he gives to the world the unvarnished narrative of his early life in Italy. We there see how well and wisely, how prudently and purely, he pursued the even tenor of his way in a country and amongst a people widely different from his own; how the English commoner became the friend of Italian nobles; how the youthful Puritan was the favourite of Romish prelates. It was his fortune, before starting for Italy, to receive the counsels of Sir Henry Wotton, the English diplomatist, beyond all others in that age well acquainted with Italian politics and life; as it was his still greater fortune in after years to pen the instructions in which another English diplomatist, Samuel Morland, bore the high resolve of Oliver to the Duke of Savoy, that the cruelties practised on his Waldensian subjects must cease at once. And his correspondence with his Italian friends shows that to the end of his life he bore an affectionate remembrance of Manso and Diodati, and Frescobaldi and Buonomattei, in whose society he had taken such delight during his stay in Naples and in Florence. He never alludes, save in terms of the warmest gratitude, to these early friends, and to the social intercourse and literary tastes which their names recal.

A debt of gratitude akin to that felt and proclaimed by Milton, is due by every English scholar and student, by every lover of English poetry, to the literature of Italy. We are about to trespass on the indulgence of our readers by passing in review some of the claims. They have of late been too much overlooked. Perhaps no greater change was ever witnessed in the current of general education among our countrymen, and still more of our countrywomen, than that by which their studies have been diverted from Italian to German letters. All elderly persons are well able to recollect when an acquaintance with the Italian language i essential part of the ed every young lady just en life; when a knowledge and Alfieri, of Metastasi doni, was regarded as the grace of her intellectu plishments; and when t of reading and understa *Egmont* of Goethe, or the *Tell* of Schiller, was hardl than an acquaintance in tl Sanscrit with the *Saka* Kalidasa. This state of m take it, is now strikingly The sunny slopes of th Parnassus are almost des the witch-haunted cliffs an of the Brocken: for one who has perused the *F* Alfieri, there are fifty who l the *Don Carlos* of Schiller traveller who has journe Dante from the regions o woe to the realms of celest a hundred at least have sh when Mephistopheles yel his infernal *Her zu mir*.

Nor are the causes of thi in the literary tastes of society extremely difficult prehension. A utilitarian a first to immediate utility in tellectual efforts and requi Quite apart from the symp race; from those not less p of religion, other reasons h to the preference at presen to German over Italian The Italian Muses, whether or lyric poetry, of the dram history, seem smitten with b barrenness. The actual pressing interests of life mirrored forth in their cr The political speculations most popular philosopher an tician whom Italy can boas the present century—the ide tures of national and ref Popes which Vincenzo Giober up to his countrymen—are ceptions to this censure. would have been simply a laughable hoax had they not been something infinitely wo mockery, a delusion, and a sn millions of Italians. The poe Prati on contemporary even not wanting in a certain me

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matic effect, which too frequently, it must be owned, passes into bombast; and though no such fault disfigures those of Giusti, the allusions in which the verse of the latter abounds are so local, so exclusively Tuscan—even Florentine in their character—that a reader must have lived for years under the shadow of Brunelleschi's cupola before he can thoroughly understand their political bearing or relish their sparkling wit. Manzoni had no sooner given to the world the only historical romance to be mentioned in the same breath with Scott's, than he followed it up by a ponderous dissertation in which the essence of historical romance was rudely assailed, and all writings of that class held up to critical contempt as the offspring of a corrupted taste and the symptoms of a degenerate age. In history one name, and only one, now represents the land of Machiavelli and Guicciardini, of Sarpi and Giannone. That name, however, is Michell Amari, whose narratives of the Sicilian vespers and of the Moslem domination in Sicily may rank worthily by the side of the historical masterpieces of either his own or former times. There are indeed writers on social philosophy and educational science, but they exercise comparatively little influence in their own country, and are almost wholly unknown beyond the Alps. What English student of political philosophy ever turns to the pages of Romagnosi, what jurist to those of Francesco Forti? What zealous preceptor seeks a guidance on his intricate path from the educational treatises of Lambruschini or Tommaseo? Some of these voices are even now uttering words of wisdom at Turin and Florence, but for any echo ever found in England they might as well be addressing an audience of Celestials in the college of Pekin. It was not always so. There was a time—it was the time of Spenser and Raleigh, of Shakspeare and Bacon—when Italian influences were reflected in the scholar's lore, and the courtier's speech, and the poet's song; when love-sick swains were wont to hang over the sonnets of Petrarch, and subtle politicians to seek inspiration from the pages of Machiavelli. We would fain recal the memory of that time, for it is inseparably associated with the grandeur and glory of English literature; nay, even with the political and social progress of our people: the tone of thought and feeling that then prevailed harmonizing so strongly with our national character, that though the literary tastes of later times may have acquired a transitory and fleeting influence, that tone will after all be the one in which the true masters of English poetry will best love to speak, and which all cultivated Englishmen will most delight to hear.

The influence of Italian literature on that of Germany and France has been treated within the last few years by two writers, both eminently qualified for that inquiry. Baron Alfred de Reumont, Chargé d'Affaires of Prussia at the late court of Tuscany, has published a carefully written dissertation on the relation between Italian and German letters. M. Rathery, the very learned librarian of the Louvre, has given to the world an essay which gained the prize of the French Academy, *On the Influence of Italian on French Literature*. Both works are stamped with the habits and pursuits of their respective authors. M. de Reumont examines in detail the influence of Italian tastes, as received and reflected by the petty courts and courtiers of his own country. The librarian of the Louvre passes in review every branch of letters, seldom spares his reader the title of a volume, even when refraining from all criticism on its contents, and clearly regards it as the chief glory of Boccaccio that he furnished materials for the humour of Lafontaine.

In a far more philosophical and comprehensive spirit, Arthur Hallam has passed in review the successive phases of the influence which Italian works of imagination have exercised on the development of our own poetical literature. In the following equally beautiful and discriminating passage of his *Cambridge Oration*, the benefits we owe to Italy are so fully and so eloquently set forth that it may be taken as a text which the literary historian need only expand and comment on:—

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We need only cast a hasty glance over the pages of Chaucer to see how readily he drank at the sources of old Roman and Provençal poetry. But we shall perceive also a vein of stronger thought and chaster expression than were common in Cisalpine countries, we shall recognise the subduing, yet at the same time elevating power, which passed into his soul from their spirits, who just before the season of his greatness had 'enlumined Italy of poetrie.' We know that he travelled to that land. We have on recorde his admiration of Francis Petrarke, the laureate-poet, and of that otherwise poet of Florence, bright Dante. From Boccacio he imitated as masters alone imitate, that incomparable composition *The Knight's Tale,* also the beautiful story of *Griseldis,* and probably the *Troilus and Cresseide.* In the latter he has inserted a sonnet of Petrarch; but it is not so much to his direct adoptions that I refer as to the general modulation of thought, that clear softness of his images, that energetic self-possession of his conceptions, and that melodious repose in which are held together all the emotions he delineates. The distinct influence of the Italian character is more evident with respect to the father of our poetry than afterwards with respect to Spenser and his contemporaries, precisely because it was in the first period more pure in itself, and had admitted little of the Northern Romance. The second development of the Italian poetry was, as we have seen, formed out of the old chivalrous stories, and may be considered as formed on the Norman French, just as the first had been on the Provençal. It came, therefore, bearing its own recommendation to our Norman land; exactly the same part of our national temper now caught with eagerness at Ariosto and Tasso, which in less civilized times had delighted in the *Brût d'Angleterre,* and the *Roman de la Rose.* No sooner had the mighty spirit of the Protestant reformation awakened all dormant energies and justified all lofty aspirations, than literature of all sorts, but especially poetry, began to arise in England, and one of its first results, or steps of progress, was to bring us into close communication with this second school of transalpine poets. Ascham, in his *Scholemaster,* informs us that about this time an infinite number of Italian books were translated into English. It should seem too that our metrical language acquired many improvements from this study. Warton assures us that the poets in the age of Elizabeth introduced a great variety of measures from the Italian; particularly in the lyrical pieces of that time, in their canzonets, madrigals, devis
thalamiums. It is needless
instances of so palpable a fa
Italian tone of sentiment in
writers to whom we owe al
thing. What soothed the so
of Surrey with a more pow
than Agrippa could have s
What comforted the noble Si
he sought refuge in flight fro
gerous kindness of his too
Stella? What potent charm
that genius, whose ambitiou
Eldorado had hardly suffice
his melodious plaint over
where Laura lay? From w
of perpetual freshness did
nourish his tenderness of so
pictorial powers, his deep a
melodies? And what shall
of him, that 'sage serious S
whom Milton speaks, and
dares be known to think a bet
than Scotus or Aquinas?' It
of remark that Spenser, attac
was to the wilder strains of t
rous epic, has not, like most o
neglected the higher mood of
Florentines. The hymns to
love and beauty, and many pa
Fairy Queen, especially the s
of the third book, attest how t
he felt the spirit of Petrarch,
generality of these writers see
known only through the Petra
little do they comprehend w
profess to copy. It would h
strange, however, if, in the
versal mind that ever existed,
been no express recognition
mode of sentiment, which
asserted the character and d
the direction of modern liter
cannot help considering the s
Shakspeare as a sort of homa
Genius of Christian Europe, n
exacted, although voluntari
before he was allowed to tak
the sceptre of his endless domi

The allusion, in the co
sentence of this eloquent ex
the Italian tastes of Sha
may justify a reference to
mirable tact and sound di
with which he selected h
from Northern tradition or S
romance. Whenever, ind
sternest work is to be done,
to his native north. In *I*
Macbeth, in *Hamlet,* in the s
of a whole world falling in r
heroic energies in subjectio
powers of darkness, of a gr
imposed by a voice from th
a task that may not be ren
but is still delayed, in these

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dramas the poet reverts to the early history of his own or kindred nations, for in these plays civil life stands more prominently forth, and Shakspeare required for his plot the broader foundations on which the Gothic peoples reared their empires. In the last two the sanctities of religion are clearly intimated; spiritual equally with natural influences are at work; we are reminded at every moment of the belief, fervent though rude, with which the Germanic tribes embraced the Christian faith. Above all, in *Hamlet,* from the shock which the hero receives at the discovery of a mother's guilt, we are made aware of the almost religious veneration with which, from the days of Tacitus, the Gothic tribes regarded female purity, and honoured female character, and which to this hour still influences the opinions, and feelings, and manners of northern as opposed to southern Europe.

But in other, in lighter, at least in more chequered moods, Shakspeare hies unto Italy. He loves to disport in the garden of the earth. He appropriates or creates Italian characters. When he would represent a noble and accomplished prince, wielding by his knowledge a power over nature, and solacing himself with volumes that he prizes above his dukedom, although the scene be the still vexed Bermoothes, he there exhibits to us the lord of absolute Milan, the city of the accomplished and magnificent Visconti. When he would charm us with a gay wit and dazzling rhetoric, he transports us to Messina; and the fencing of Benedict and Beatrice, the sports of a courtly leisure, are but the natural fruits of a degree of social elegance which had been attained in Italy alone. When describing the gorgeous splendour and the sudden vicissitudes of fortune of a great commercial community, and exhibiting the high mercantile integrity on which its prosperity is based, as well as the sordid and selfish spirit by which its lustre is so often tarnished—in holding up this picture to his countrymen the poet instinctively turns to the Queen of the Adriatic, and under the shadow of St. Mark's, or on the steps of the Rialto, finds a fitting stage for the enmity of Antonio and Shylock. And to show how well he knew that land, he has pictured the indignities which it has aye been doomed to suffer; he has shown Italy 'with her harvests trodden down by the horses of the stranger, and the blood of her children wasted in quarrels not their own;' he has depicted the Italy over which the hosts of Charles VIII. and Louis XII. rolled like the sea-waves; he pitches a French camp in Tuscany; he puts very big words into the mouths of terrible French colonels; he makes the braggart Parolles vaunt of achievements which he will never execute before the Roman gate of Florence.

It is difficult, however, in the case of Shakspeare, to separate the influences which assisted to mould his intellect from the glorious manifestations of that intellect itself; to say with any degree of certainty, if such and such models had not been offered to his imitation, we should never have laughed at the wit of Falstaff or shuddered at the wrongs of Lear. The Secretary of the Belfast Natural History Society, Mr. Patterson, published some years ago an able work on the entomology of Shakspeare, in which he established that the poet's acquaintance with the insect world was as accurate as it was extensive. But we should be jumping too hastily to a conclusion, were we to infer from that fact that entomological science was generally cultivated in the Elizabethan age. It is no otherwise with Shakspeare's Italian tastes. That they are so strongly reflected in his writings would not of itself prove that they were commonly diffused, any more than the fact that Hamlet abounds with illustrations and speculations on infirmity of will determines the character of the ethical inquiries most popular in the generation which first beheld it.

The true character of an age is not always most faithfully reflected in the works of its greatest and highest poets, nor, let us hasten to add, in those of its least and lowest. The extraordinary paradox once thrown out by Southey, that the progress of English poetry would be

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best illustrated by a succession of extracts from our *worst* poets, had nothing save the novelty of paradox to recommend it. Stupidity can boast of its unfathomable depths as truly as genius of its unapproachable heights, and it is difficult to understand by what title the author of a spasmodic tragedy may rave away the character of his age and nation. Our literature, which now owes so much to the influence of German poetry, would hardly accept as *its* legitimate representatives those who once imported a maudlin sentimentalism—

> from the University of Gottingen.

If, as common sense would at once suggest, the literary taste and social refinement of an age are best represented by neither its highest nor its lowest writers, but by the popular poet whom his contemporaries prized and loved, but whose strains fall unheeded on tl a later generation, we woul select Samuel Daniell, the of Spenser in the poet-laur and one of the most popula his day, as an example of in which the influences of a style might be combined thoroughly English tone of and a singular, by no mea ciently-estimated purity, of idiom.

Samuel Daniell repres Italian influence as accep dified, and outstripped by t pendence of English thougl poem addressed to the Co Pembroke, he expresses tl that Italian will be soon ecl English genius; that the masterpieces of Italian po be far surpassed by the cre his own countrymen. Ou position, he complains, a barrier to our fame:—

> O that the ocean did not bound our style
> Within these strict and narrow limits so,
> But that the melody of our sweet isle
> Might now be heard to Tyber, Arno, Po,
> That they might know how far Thames doth outgo
> The music of declined Italy;
> And listening to our songs another while,
> Might learn of thee their notes to purify.
> O why may not some after-coming hand
> Unlock these limits, open our confines,
> And break asunder the impris'ning band,
> T' inlarge our spirits and publish our designs,
> Planting our roses on the Apennines?

Far prouder anticipations, far loftier prophecies than these—anticipations and prophecies most gloriously fulfilled, inspire the concluding lines of his *Musophilus*. A truly filial love and reverence did Samuel Daniell cherish for his mother-tongue. His patriotic hopes wing their course beyond the Tyber and the Arno, and there shadowed in his verse the tim millions on the continent and the Far West shall speak the of Shakspeare and of Baco beholds in the scheme of Pro a great part assigned un English tongue. 'Why,' claims:—

> Why should we careless come behind the rest
> In power of words that go before in worth,
> When, as our accent's equal to the best,
> Is able greater wonders to bring forth?
> *And, who in time knows, whither we may vent*
> *The treasure of our tongue, to what strange shores*
> *This gain of our best glory shall be sent*
> *T'enrich unknowing nations with our stores?*
> *What worlds in the yet unformed Occident*
> *May come refined with the accents that are ours?*
> *Or who can tell, for what great work in hand,*
> *The greatness of our style is now ordained,*
> *What powers it shall bring in, what spirits command,*
> *What thoughts let out, what humours keep restrained;*
> *What mischiefs it may powerfully withstand,*
> *And what fair ends may thereby be attained.*

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Lord Bacon, some wiseacres have recently maintained, is the real author of the plays ascribed to William Shakespeare. It would have been easier to make out a case for his authorship of Daniell's poems. The speculations on the effects of the invention of printing and gunpowder in the *Civil Wars*, the strictures on the defects of university education, and the very passages we have just quoted from the poem of *Musophilus*, breathe more of Bacon's spirit than can be traced in any contemporary verse. And a taste so correct, that it almost appears an instinct, led Daniell to embody his thoughts in those words, and those alone, which have survived every caprice of fashion and vicissitude of style. The accomplished scholars who now aim at producing a more comprehensive and accurate dictionary of our language have naturally and necessarily directed their attention to the words hitherto unnoticed, or but imperfectly defined in our elder classics. Had the object of their inquiries been reversed, had they sought to determine the works in which archaisms *least* abound, they could have found no study more interesting and instructive than the poems of Samuel Daniell.

Daniell may be said to mark the turning-point in the influence of Italian upon English letters, the point when our writers, copying the affectations of Marini, began to lose sight of their greater models, Dante and Petrarch. His connexion with Italy was not merely literary, for his sister was married to John Florio, the original of Shakspeare's 'Holofernes,' and the translator of Montaigne. Florio, after having been tutor to the son of Barnes, Bishop of Durham, and acting as his preceptor in the French and Italian languages when he was sent to Magdalen College, Oxford, was admitted a member of that college, and became a regular teacher of languages in the University. He subsequently was appointed tutor to Prince Henry, and at length made one of the Privy Chamber and Clerk of the Closet to Queen Anne. 'He was a very useful man in his profession,' says Chalmers, 'zealous for the Protestant religion, and much devoted to the English nation.' Not so very zealous, not so thoroughly devoted, if credence must be given to certain despatches of the Tuscan envoy, published a few months ago in the *Archivio Storico* of Vieussieux, in which Florio is represented as pandering to Popish tendencies and tastes at the English Court. There can be no doubt of the great services he rendered in promoting and facilitating the study of Italian literature.

Even before the formation of the modern languages the influence of the Italian mind was necessarily powerful, because the great intellectual and moral influence was that of Rome. From every corner of Europe priests streamed to Rome, and Rome sent out her legates to every part of Europe. But we are not now engaged in examining the authority of the priest-schoolmen, the priest-lawyers, the priest-statesmen of Italy. Shakspeare has given us in his Pandulph the type of the whole class. With what Machiavellian coolness he deals with all existing relations; how the loves and hates, and hopes and fears, and prejudices and passions of rival princes and hostile states are weighed in the balance of his policy! If 'the apology of Bishop Blougram' be accepted as the true rationale of a cardinal's works and ways in our own age (and Robert Browning clearly means it to be so), the members of the Sacred College are quite as subtle and just as unscrupulous in the days of Wiseman as they ever showed themselves in those of Pandulph.

One must remember what Florence and the Florentines were for the rest of Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, to understand how the influence of their literature was often directly opposed to such clerical intrigues, how it powerfully assisted to form the lay element in modern society. The Florentines were all that the English now are: they were the great capitalists of their time; the Bardi and Peruzzi were the Barings and Rothschilds of the middle ages, and found sometimes to their cost that an English loan in the fourteenth was as unprofitable as a Spanish one in the nineteenth century. And to a com-

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mercial influence like that now possessed by modern London was joined a literary and social influence like that now exercised by modern Paris, and as if all this were not enough, there was added a supremacy in art to which no parallel can be found save in the annals of ancient Athens. To what causes must we ascribe this marvellous variety and versatility of genius? Whence came it that the most practical was beyond all comparison the most ideal people of modern Europe?

The explanation is not difficult. Gray, in one of his letters to Warton, was about the first writer who pointed out the resemblance between the republics of ancient Greece and those of mediæval Italy. How is the ascendancy of the ancient Athenians to be accounted for?

> The true solution of that phenomenon (it has been finely said by Lord Brougham) is to be found in the singular state and condition of Greece, and of Athens more particularly. A republic of independent nations, differing from each other in their particular habits and institutions, but united for purposes of general safety, burning with the most anxious and jealous desire of surpassing each other, brought into frequent contact and collision upon set and solemn occasions of religion, of games, of spectacles, nursed and pampered into the most unbounded nationality by the consciousness of great achievements, a nationality kept alive by poetry, by oratory, by monuments and inscriptions; impressed with an unshaken belief (not very far removed from the truth) that whatever was great, and good, and virtuous, and splendid, centred in and was confined to their own territory; such a people were continually goaded and stimulated to exertion by the most intense rivalry and impatient thirst for glory. The very narrowness of their limits, to which in their firm persuasion no accession of importance or of value would have been made if the rest of the world had been added, by facilitating frequent intercourse, served only to condense the spirit. In a nation composed of such materials, and in such a constant strife for eminence and superiority, the Athenians were unquestionably the foremost in the race of fame.

Now, in reading this passage, if we just substitute for the Greek the Italian republics, if we just substitute for ancient Athens mediæval Florence, we shall have the true key to the greatness of Dante and Boccaccio, of Cimabue and Giotto; we shall have the true explanation of their legitimate influence and lasting fame. See Naples, *and die*, is the fitting exhortation unto those for whom animal pleasures and physical delights form the sole end of life. See Florence, *and live*, is the moral that breathes in every outline of Giotto, that burns in every verse of Dante; live to imitate, to emulate the forefathers who have bequeathed you no mean and nameless glory—live with the true and earnest life by which they have won for the creations of their genius an unfading immortality!

The first great men of letters in Italy were not mere men of letters; they were statesmen and judges, diplomatists and warriors. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio were all engaged in important embassies. Dante, indeed, was ambassador no less than fourteen times; he was employed on an embassy to Rome when he got the news that he was sentenced to banishment; he was engaged on a mission to Venice shortly before his death. And it would be difficult to mention a single Florentine author of renown, poet, historian, or novelist, who had not been actively employed in the service of the State. All their writings, even the most imaginative, are still imbued with an eminently practical character. Nor was this the least beneficial side of their influence on their English imitators and admirers. The criticism of Mr. Arthur Hallam may seem at the first glance to savour of over-refinement, but it is strictly true that our literature has passed through three periods, an Italian, a French, and a German era; that in the first it exhibited a character at once practical and imaginative; in the second it became practical, but ceased to be imaginative; and now, reflecting the character of its German models, it is once more imaginative, but no longer practical. The first historian of our literature who shall bear this clearly in mind, who shall cease to dissert on Elizabethan and Georgian eras, and substitute this natural

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division for the artificial one hitherto in vogue, will render a lasting service to English letters.

A history of English literature, written on this natural system, would bring out in strong relief the marvellous vicissitudes of literary taste. Take Dante, for example. He was a favourite poet of Chaucer. He is the favourite poet of Tennyson. How often is he quoted by Queen Anne's wits? Just read Addison's *Travels in Italy*. That work has always appeared to us even more instructive for the things that are *not* said, than for those which it records. Addison was the first man of letters of his day in England: genial, many-sided, truly Catholic. This work relates that he started from Marseilles for Italy on the 12th December, 1699. His travels extend over the years 1700 to 1703. He passed through Genoa, Pavia, Milan, Verona, Padua, Venice, Ferrara, Rimini, Rome, and Naples, returning by Florence. Not one syllable does he utter about Dante, or Petrarch, or Boccaccio, or Machiavelli, or Guicciardini, or Boïardo, or Berni, or, indeed, with two insignificant exceptions, about any of the great names in Italian literature. The exceptions are, a passing sentence at Ferrara, 'here we were shown Ariosto's tomb;' and another at Venice, 'the boatmen are still said to sing the stanzas of Tasso.'

A few years ago one of the greatest scholars and critics of whom France can boast, M. Ampère, travelled through Italy, solely with the view better to understand and more fully to illustrate Dante, and has told us all that he saw and felt in a charming volume, the *Voyage Dantesque*. There we learn how he goes to Pisa that he may view the site of the Tower of Famine, and study in the Campo Santo the frescoes reproducing Dante's images. He hies to Lucca to appreciate the allusion to Santa Zita, and to contemplate her tomb in the church of San Frediano; to Pistoja, because there the factions of the Bianchi and Neri took their rise. At Florence he stands before the portrait, and muses by the stone of the stern Ghibelline; he enters the Baptistery to recall the feat once performed there. In Santa Maria Novella he is employed in tracing Dante's influence on Orgagna's pictures. When looking down on the Val d'Arno he follows the description of the poet in his attempt to trace the river's course. At Sienna he examines the justice of his strictures on the relative vanity of the French and the Siennese. Perugia recals his description of the climate. Assisi, how he loved to celebrate the privations and virtues of St. Francis. Rome, how he has pictured the throng at the jubilee. Rimini, how the love and death of Francesca have been consecrated by his genius. Ravenna, how his last days were spent, and his life terminated there.

The feeling of almost idolatrous veneration for Dante revealed in every sentence of Ampère, is now we apprehend, the common feeling of European scholars. Even in England the examples of individual enthusiasm for 'the Tuscan father's comedy divine,' might seem to compensate for the general neglect of Italian studies. Lord Brougham, we think, led the way in his inaugural address to the students of the University of Glasgow. The astonished 'nations' were then informed that, next to the 'oration for the crown,' there was no better preparation for pulpit or forensic eloquence than the verse that embodied the sufferings of Ugolino and the scorn of Farinata. Lord Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle, widely differing in their estimates of men and books, herein agree. Sydney Smith took to Dante in his old age; Robert Hall sought to soothe the agonies of his racking pain by the perusal of his verse. The learned principals of dissenting colleges, and the learned head of the Romish hierarchy, vie with each other in their admiration of his unrivalled descriptive powers, his keen relish for nature, the marvellous interpenetration of the loftiest idealism with shrewd practical common sense. Of his translators the name is Legion. Nor, we may add, is this Dante-worship less fervent in other lands. The most illustrious for science, the most exalted in rank, swell the number of the devotees. If there be any man in the nineteenth century who emphatically deserves the

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praise which Dante has bestowed on Aristotle, that he is 'maestro di color che sanno,' the master of all the learned, it is Alexander von Humboldt. In the second volume of his *Kosmos* he has stated that the *Divine Comedy* may be said to form an epoch in the history even of natural sciences, from the interest and the charms which the poet's descriptions lent to natural scenery. And the most faithful and spirited translation that has yet appeared is the German version of a reigning European sovereign, King John of Saxony.

In speaking of the practical element in Italian literature, we have said that the first great Florentine writers were not mere writers, that they were either statesmen or judges, or diplomatists or warriors; but they were all something else. Without a single exception they all were merchants. A nominal connexion at least with commerce was deemed a necessary qualification for office in a great commercial State. A nobleman who was nothing but a nobleman, was formally excluded from power and place. Strange as the thing may seem to us, very foreign to our traditions and experience, his only chance of advancement lay in entering one of the guilds or trading companies of his native city. He must publicly renounce the habits of his order—the good old feudal customs of robbing and ravishing, and burning and murdering—and he must publicly profess his willingness to contribute to the wants, and facilitate the intercourse, of his fellow-men. Dante himself, the father of modern poetry, the bard of hell, of purgatory, and of paradise, was a chemist and druggist before he became, and in order to become, a diplomatist. Doubtless he, with the greatest of his countrymen, felt what, four centuries later, Addison so beautifully expressed:

> I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politick world—they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often be[en] to hear disputes adjusted b[etween an] inhabitant of Japan and an a[lderman of] London, or to see a subject o[f the Great] Mogul entering into a leagu[e with one] of the Czar of Muscovy. I a[m infinitely] delighted in mixing with th[ese several] ministers of commerce, as th[ey are dis]tinguished by their different [walks and] different languages.

Assuredly these old I[talian] 'ministers of commerce,' a[s Addison] would have termed them, in their counting-houses a[n] aptitude for the conduct [of] affairs. The story is well [known of] Pope Boniface the Eighth [who,] finding that all the thirtee[n ambas]sadors sent by different [govern]ments to his court were Flo[rentines,] exclaimed, 'Why these Fl[orentines] form a fifth element in crea[tion!']

An examination of the [influence] of the literature of Italy u[pon that] of England within such [narrow] limits as those of the presen[t article] can do little more than hastil[y indicate] the names of the chief write[rs and] the epochs of their authority [among] us, and suggest a few of the i[nquiries] to which it would lead, and [which it] is likely to illustrate. It nec[essarily] embraces the influence of [the] earliest and greatest Italia[n poets,] Dante and Petrarch, on th[e whole] course of English poetry. [The in]fluence of Boccaccio and th[e Italian] novelists both on our prose li[terature] and on our dramatic and n[arrative] poetry. The influence of [Ariosto] and Tasso and the other wr[iters of] poetical romance on Spens[er and] his contemporaries in former [times, and] on Scott and his imitators [in our] own age.

The influence of the Itali[an pas]toral drama, of the *Aminta* o[f Tasso] and the *Pastor Fido* of Gua[rini, is] reflected above all in such po[ems as] the *Masque* of Ben Jonson, [and of] all poems of that class, in [which] Milton's *Comus* shines fort[h with] surpassing brightness. The [influ]ence (not of the most ben[eficial] kind) of Marini and his scho[ol, all] glare and glitter, all antithes[is and] point, never, happily, so dom[inant] with us as in France, where [it fell] under the lash of Molière, yet [strong] enough to mar the effect of H[abing]ton's pathos, to exaggerate an[d dis]tort the play of Cowley's fanc[y]

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The influence of the drama, which must not be overlooked, when we remember that the *Adamo* of Andreini contributed, if not to suggest the idea, certainly to exhibit to Milton the scheme of, and even to furnish many of the incidents in, the *Paradise Lost*. When we add to this the influence of Machiavelli and the Italian political writers on political speculation throughout Europe and in England, as elsewhere, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; that of Sarpi on the ecclesiastical history of all Protestant countries since the Reformation; and of Giannone on the historical inquiries of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon in the last century, the turn given to Mr. Bentham's speculations, and the formulæ which he derived from Beccaria's treatise on rewards and punishments, these all combine to show that graver as well as lighter themes are included in this inquiry.

We have already referred to the Italian tastes and studies of the father of our own poetry—of Chaucer—and to the admiration which he expresses for Dante and Petrarch; but his obligations to Boccaccio are even greater. From the ninth tale of the seventh day he took the Merchant's tale; the first tale of the eighth day is the source of the Shipmanne's tale; the fifth tale of the last day is the original of the Merchant's tale, and the last of that day and of the whole *Decameron*, the story of Griselda, is the one assigned by Chaucer to the Clerke of Oxenford, perhaps the most touching in the *Canterbury Tales*. It was not, however, till two centuries later that the Italian influence on our literature reached its height. In a passage often quoted from Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesy*, published in 1589, it is said that

> In the latter end of King Henry the Eighth's reign sprang up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains; who, having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and style of the Italian poesy, as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of poetry.

Surrey and Wyatt found in their Italian models something far higher and nobler than 'sweet and stately measures.' Dante and Petrarch, the two great founders, are the two great representatives of modern poetry. They stand to their readers in a position of direct individuality. In the ancient world the man was lost in the citizen. You would contrast rather than compare the *Divine Comedy* with the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. 'Sing, O Goddess! the wrath of Achilles, the son of Peleus,' is the invocation of the Grecian bard, and he then vanishes for ever from our sight: he speaks no more, he no more is heard, but the prayer has been heard and answered, and forth from heaven the goddess pours her celestial strain. How different with Dante. All things in heaven and earth—all that can be dreamt of in his philosophy—are brought into direct relation with himself—Dante the scholar, Dante the lover, Dante the partisan, Dante the Christian. For he is the poet of religion, of internal religion, of the religion of the heart, of personal responsibility. His poetry—high, grave, solemn, authoritative, monitory—never was, never could be extensively popular, for Dante is the poet of the thinker, while Petrarch is the poet of the lover, and Ariosto the poet of the people. It is in the pages of Petrarch that we best see what love has done for modern poetry. It has given a wholly different colouring to female life. In antiquity, the ideal, the poetic side of life was all the man's; hard, heavy drudgery was woman's inexorable fate. How completely all this was reversed; how the old Gothic veneration for the female sex, the increasing worship of the Virgin, the associations of cloistral life, combined to create a relation directly opposed to that of the Greek and Roman world—all this is best seen in the verse of Petrarch. Whilst the poems of Ariosto reflect the first in a gay and sportive, the second in a serious style—the great struggle of the Middle Ages between the Moslem and Christian powers, and the popular feelings and traditions which transformed the real into a mythical Charlemagne. It would be unjust, how-

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ever, to give any feebler character of the chief Italian poets when we can quote the noble passage from Mrs. Browning's *Vision of Poets.* There we are told how

Spenser droop'd his dreaming head
(With languid sleep-smile you had said,
From his own verse engendered)

On Ariosto's, till they ran
Their curls in one.—The Italian
Shot nimbler heat of bolder man

From his fine lids. And Dante, stern
And sweet, whose spirit was an urn
For wine and milk, poured out in turn.

Hard-souled Alfieri; and fancy-willed
Boiardo, who with laughter filled
The pauses of the jostled shield.

And Berni, with a hand stretched out
To sleek that storm. And, not without
The wreath he died in, and the doubt

He died by, Tasso! bard and lover,
Whose visions were too thin to cover
The face of a false woman over.

And Petrarch pale,
From whose brain-lighted heart were thrown,
A thousand thoughts beneath the sun,
Each lucid with the name of One.

It was *from having travelled* into Italy that Surrey and Wyatt acquired such a taste for the stately measures and style which they transferred to our own literature. To the same cause we owe so many Italian subjects and so many Italian allusions. Chaucer, Lydgate, Surrey, Wyatt, Sir Philip Sidney, Milton, Gray, Horace Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Goldsmith (it was at Padua that Goldie took his degree of Doctor of Medicine), these in former times, and in the present century Byron, Frere, Rogers, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, Barry Cornwall, the Brownings, and Landor—the mere enumeration of these names will suggest associations as Italian as they are English. We have already referred to the influence of Italian historians as reflected in the pages of Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon; but we have Gibbon's express testimony that to an Italian tour we owe the first idea of his great work. 'It was,' he says in the last sentence, 'among the ruins of the Capitol that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life.'

It would far exceed our present limits to show what the study of antiquities and art owes to the residence in Italy of Hamilton or Millingen or Gell; but the contemporaries of Mr. Layard may not forget that in a youth spent in Florence were fostered the tastes to which we must ascribe the discovery of ancient Nineveh.

Less evident than the Italian impressions received by Englishmen in Italy, has been the influence exercised upon English literature and society by the residence of remarkable Italians in England. John Florio, Joseph Baretti, and Ugo Foscolo may be regarded as the best specimens of Italian scholars known to the contemporaries of Shakspeare, of Dr. Johnson, of Scott and Byron. And all three—Florio 'the resolute' (for so he was termed in his own day); Baretti, the author of the *Literary Whip*, in which he remorselessly satirized the literary affectations of his own countrymen; and Ugo Foscolo, whose plain speaking astonished even Sir Walter Scott, seem to have been characterized by a bluntness of manner widely removed from our ideas of Italian suavity. Ugo Foscolo, by his writings in the *Edinburgh, Quarterly*, and *Westminster* Reviews, but still more through his friendship with Lord Holland, and connexion with the whole Holland House set, has been mainly instrumental in promoting a more profound and philosophical study of Dante and Petrarch. To many an Italian exile the late Lord Holland was, what Sir Philip Sidney proved himself to the Italian refugees of a former age, the patron and protector, the kind host and generous friend; but with no name will his memory be so closely linked as with that of Ugo Foscolo.

The Englishman in Italy, The Italian in England—such are the titles of two exquisitely beautiful poems among the dramatic lyrics of Robert Browning. In the first he exhibits his wonderful power of minute observation, of faithful description of external scenery; in the second, his gift of revealing the hidden thoughts and feelings of men; in both the energy of his robust though often too rugged genius. Many a strange and yet

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untold romance is suggested by the mere title of these poems. What a life of adventure, for example, was that of Robert Dudley, the able and inventive son of the haughty Leicester, who carried to the Tuscan Court the blighted fortunes of his family, and an engineering talent that proclaimed him the Brunel or Stephenson of his own age. What a strange wild story is that of Antonio de Dominis—'De Dominis, in the plural,' as old Bishop Halket says, 'for he could serve two masters, or twenty, if they would all pay him wages!' who came over to England, was installed Dean of Windsor, and admitted Master of the Savoy Hospital in the Strand, was thence decoyed over to Italy, 'the eagle flying away with the buzzard, and dropping him at Rome.' There he died in prison, whether by fair death or by strangling was uncertain, but his body was publicly burnt as that of a heretic.

The Englishwoman in Italy has been no less worthily represented than the Englishman,—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the last, Elizabeth Barrett Browning in the present century, have furnished us with the most faithful pictures of Italian life and manners, of Italian aims and aspirations. Indeed, we do not scruple to affirm that the *Casa Guidi Windows* of Mrs. Browning gives both a truer narrative of the last Italian revolution, displays a deeper insight into the causes of its failure, and reflects more vividly the political and religious state of the Italian populations, than all the works of Farini, Gualterio, and all their followers or adversaries put together.

J. Montgomery Stuart.

EARTHQUAKES.

'*E pur si muove.*' What if, when starry Galileo uttered these memorable words to the bigoted and unbelieving Inquisitors, the globe had moved, not, indeed, in the sense that the philosopher meant, but quaked under the influence of those mysterious and unknown causes which produce the astounding and terrific phenomena of Earthquakes? Then, indeed, the sceptical Jesuits—if they had not been whelmed in yawning gulphs, or crushed beneath falling columns—might have admitted that the all-powerful Being producing such phenomena might also cause the globe to revolve. And it is worthy of remark, that an earthquake of great severity occurred in Italy during the very year (1633) in which Galileo was brought before the Inquisition at Rome. At Mantua and Naples much damage was done, and the village of Nicolosi, at the foot of Etna, was totally destroyed. For Galileo, a bright light amidst his fellows, lived in an age when storms and tempests, thunder and lightning, flashing meteors, and, above all, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, were regarded either as instruments of punishment or as awful portents of the fall of kingdoms or the destruction of tyrants. Earthquakes were especially dreaded on account of their destructiveness. 'We know, indeed,' says Butler, in his *Analogy of Religion*, 'several of the general laws of matter, and a great part of the behaviour of living agents is reducible to general laws, but we know nothing in a manner by what laws earthquakes become the instruments of destruction to mankind.' The progress of science and education has stripped astronomical phenomena of many of the superstitions which the vulgar and uneducated attach to them. The lightning has been controlled, electricity made to obey our mandates, and storms have been brought in a great measure under certain well-established physical laws, but it is only very recently that volcanic and earthquake phenomena have been investigated by exact science; and although theory and speculation must still enter largely into all attempts to fathom the cosmical laws connected with earthquakes, still much has been done to enable us to arrive at a tolerably just knowledge of the nature of these phenomena.

Earthquakes have long engaged

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the attention of philosophers. The works of Aristotle and Pliny contain many passages and allusions to them; and innumerable books and tracts, some abounding with extraordinary, and curious, and occasionally with shrewd speculations, testify how interesting the study of earthquake phenomena has always been considered.

But, numerous as these investigations have been, it is equally certain that the bibliography of earthquakes is singularly deficient in scientific results of any value, the staple of earthquake stories being made up of gossip and accidents that befel men, animals, and buildings, rather than of the phenomena themselves.

This loose and inconclusive method led the Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science to devote a sum of money for the purpose of investigating earthquake phenomena, and drawing up a report on their principal features. The labour has been excessive, and the results, for which we are mainly indebted to Mr. Robert Mallet, F.R.S., are extremely interesting. Four valuable Reports have been made. The last consists of a large volume containing records of nearly seven thousand earthquakes, observed over every known part of the globe, both on land and ocean, from 285 years B.C. to A.D. 1850.

As may be supposed, the records of early observed earthquakes do not present that scientific exactitude desired by modern physicists anxious to explain earthquake phenomena; but nevertheless, the great mass of observations has enabled Mr. Mallet to arrive, by careful discussion, at results of great interest, and to him are we mainly indebted for the fact that seismology (from σεισμος, an earthquake) has become an exact science.

Before, however, giving any account of the deductions from the 6831 recorded earthquakes, we purpose laying before our readers some of the most striking phenomena noted in the *Catalogue*.

During the first three centuries of historic time—according to our commonly accepted chronology—there are no earthquake records; and while between A.C. 1700 and A.C. 1400 there are a few scattered facts, there is again, from A.C. 1400 to A.C. 900, nearly a period of five hundred years of perfect blank, followed again, with a few exceptions, by another blank from A.C. 800 to A.C. 600. Even in the succeeding century, but two earthquakes are recorded; so that in fact, records of any value for scientific analysis may be said to commence at the five hundredth year before the Christian era.

The sacred writings abound with allusions to earthquakes which occasioned the destruction of cities; and Thucydides, Tacitus, Josephus, Livy, Pliny, and Julius Obsequens, make frequent mention of disasters arising from these phenomena. Thus, in the year A.C. 33 an earthquake occurred in Palestine, by which 30,000 persons were killed. Thirteen important cities were destroyed in Asia Minor six years before the Crucifixion of our Saviour; and Matthew, Luke, and Eusebius have told us how the earth quaked during that awful tragedy. Passing on to the fifth century, we find that the whole of Europe was convulsed about that period. In the year 446, earthquakes, which lasted six months, desolated the greater part of the civilized world; and in 494 Laodicea, Hierapolis, Tripolis, and Agathicum, were overwhelmed. In the middle of the sixth century (562), bellowing noises proceeded from mountains adjoining the Rhone, and from the Pyrenees, followed by the falling of huge rocks and subterranean commotions. In 684 the Japanese province of Josa was visited by a terrible earthquake, causing great destruction of life, and the loss of 500,000 acres of land, which sank into the sea. In 801 the Basilica of St. Paul at Rome was destroyed by an earthquake felt over France, Germany, and Italy. In 842 the greater part of France was convulsed by shocks, attended by awful subterranean noises; and it is worthy of remark, that on this occasion we have the first record of the phenomenon having been followed by a very severe epidemic, of which many persons died. In 859 we read that upwards

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of 1500 houses were thrown down at Antioch; and in the following year Holland was greatly convulsed, and one of the mouths of the Rhone suddenly closed. The latter end of the ninth century witnessed a terrific earthquake in India, which destroyed 180,000 persons. This was preceded by an eclipse of the sun, the falling of showers of black meteoric stones, and followed by great storms. In 1021 extensive areas in Southern Germany, and especially Bavaria, were devastated by an earthquake, the wells were troubled, and the water in many became red, like blood. Great inundations were produced in many places, and igneous meteors were observed. In 1089 a terrible convulsion was felt over England; houses were seen to leap upwards; fruit trees were blasted; and the harvest was not gathered until the 30th November. In 1158 the Thames was dried up, so that it could be passed dryshod; and in 1179 the earth in Durham swelled up to a great height from nine in the morning to the setting of the sun, and then with a loud noise sank down again, leaving pools of water in various places. This, however, though extremely severe, was far exceeded in intensity by a convulsion in April, 1185, which destroyed many buildings in England, including Lincoln Cathedral. In 1348 shocks of great violence during the winter months desolated Europe. The earth opened in different places, and pestilential exhalations came forth. A rain of blood is mentioned as having fallen in several localities. In 1505, earthquakes, which lasted, with scarcely any intermission, for four weeks, day and night, occurred in Cabul and Afghanistan. The earth opened in many places, and closed again, after throwing forth water, which occupied the place of dry land. Over an area of forty-nine square miles the surface of the earth was so altered and disturbed that parts were raised as high as an elephant above their former level, and then sank as deeply below it. In 1580, England, and especially Kent, was visited by a terrible earthquake. At Sandwich, the sea was so much agitated that the ships in harbour were dashed against one another. The same happened at Dover. The great bells at Westminster and other places tolled, buildings were thrown down, and immense damage was done. It is recorded, that during the visitation the heavens were serene, and the air quite tranquil. In 1626, thirty towns and villages in the Neapolitan territory were destroyed by an earthquake, and 17,000 persons lost their lives. Clefts opened in the ground, lakes were dried up, mountains riven, forests overthrown, and jets of water and mud thrown out of the wells. The shock was accompanied by subterranean noises and a smell of sulphur. In 1683 England was again convulsed. The shocks were particularly violent in Oxfordshire. Persons on the Cherwell felt the boats in which they were tremble beneath them, the fish rushed about in great alarm, and articles of domestic furniture were moved from their places. Many persons stated that they saw the *ignis fatuus* before the earthquake. The barometer was higher than it had been for three years. In 1692 a remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in Jamaica. The island rose in waves like the sea, and then sank a little, permanently. At Port Royal, three-fourths of the houses were thrown down, 3000 persons perished; and a piece of land of about 1000 acres sank into the sea. A strange accident happened to an inhabitant of the island. He was precipitated into one of the fissures, and forcibly ejected, uninjured, by a second shock. This year seems to have been famous for earthquakes over the globe. In Sicily, 49 towns and villages, and 972 churches and convents, were overthrown, and 93,000 persons lost their lives. The earthquakes were accompanied by fearful eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius, and Hecla. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, earthquakes were again very prevalent in Europe, the oscillations were so powerful as to rock people in their beds, noises similar to those produced by grinding stones were heard, and great damage done.

The early part of the eighteenth century was also marked by very violent earthquakes. In Japan 200,000 persons were killed in 1703;

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the following year the south of Yorkshire experienced violent shocks; doors and furniture were set in motion, and a noise like the sighing of wind was heard, though the air was perfectly calm. The shocks were preceded by a violent tempest. In September, 1726, Sicily was again devastated. A great part of Palermo was destroyed. Four churches, ten palaces, and 1600 houses were thrown down, and 6000 persons perished. The earth opened and threw out burning sulphur and red-hot stones, and the atmosphere appeared as if on fire. The great earthquake of Lisbon, which occurred on the 1st of November, 1755, was preceded by an unusually large number of earthquakes in Europe, particularly during the years 1749 to 1755. In 1750 (March 19), the earth in St. James's Park and elsewhere swelled up and seemed on the point of opening. Dogs howled dismally, fishes threw themselves out of the water; one person is recorded to have been turned on his feet, and a girl had her arm broken. This earthquake, and another which occurred on the 20th of March, terrified the inhabitants of London to such a degree, that to avoid the fatal effects of a more terrible shock, predicted by a madman for the 8th of April following, thousands of persons, particularly those of rank and fortune, passed the night of the 7th of April in their carriages and in tents in Hyde-park.

A great number of strange meteorological phenomena are recorded as having been observed in October, 1755, throughout Spain and Portugal. Indeed, for some time before the Lisbon earthquake, accounts of halos round the sun and moon, igneous meteors, alterations in well and river water, which generally acquired an offensive odour, besides violent thunder, lightning, and rain, are to be found as having occurred in almost all parts of Europe. These phenomena, however, were most remarkable in Spain, where the well water was discoloured, rats and reptiles came forth from their holes terrified, and domestic animals were frightened and uneasy.

The great Lisbon earthquake was first perceived at 9.38. A.M. The convulsion, one of the and widely extended produced terrible eff space of the earth's sur between Iceland on Mogador, in Morocco, Töplitz, in Bohemia, and the West India Isl west. It was felt in the shores of Sweden, Indies, on the Lakes i Ireland, Thuringia, ar Germany. Taking the ar at 3300 miles long, an wide, which is equal square miles, and su motion only extended t twenty miles, there mu 150 millions of cubic m matter put in motion, a conveys to the mind a conception of the enorm of the originating impul shocks were not, howev the whole of this surfa places agitation of the lakes, canals, &c., bein sensible effect produced. of disturbance seems t situated beneath the Atla a little west of the coast o In Portugal itself, and e Lisbon, the most terrib tion took place, partly course, to its contiguity of volcanic action, and pa nature of the earth's surf place. The shocks appe been from west to east, a lasted from one minut minutes.

The calculated rate of the earth-wave was 795 second; at this rate the circumference of the ea have been gone round 45 hours. At ten o'cloc same day, the north-west Africa was violently c near Morocco a mountai and swallowed a village, or 10,000 people. At 11. was shaken, the lamps sw churches; and about the a noise like that of a gr breaking on the shore was Sweden and Norway, fol shocks which shook the fur the houses. The spring Pyrenees were affected, ar Alps some wells became sa

The latter part of the ei

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century was marked by numerous violent earthquakes. On the 27th of November, 1776, the Kentish coast experienced several shocks. The day was perfectly calm. Furniture was moved at Canterbury, Dover, and Ashford. Church bells rang, and rumbling noises were heard. In January, 1780, Sicily was again convulsed, and Etna, which had been tranquil for fourteen years, broke forth, and continued in violent eruption until the 16th of June, accompanied by frightful noise. At Florence, Fáenza, and Marseilles, the earth rose several times, and the Mediterranean and Swiss lakes were agitated in various localities. Passing over many violent earthquakes, we come to the year 1783, when a frightful convulsion, which proved fatal to 40,000 persons, desolated Calabria and Sicily. This earthquake, unparalleled for its duration, for it may be said to have lasted until 1786, abounds with interesting phenomena. Fortunately for science, these phenomena were observed with great care by various trustworthy persons, sent by the King of Naples to the scene of the disasters, and by Sir William Hamilton, who surveyed the country, at considerable personal risk, before the shocks had ceased. The earthquake commenced on the 5th of February, and between that period and the end of July the most violent shocks were experienced. The subsequent convulsions were comparatively slight. All the towns and villages in Calabria were shaken with tremendous violence. At first those built on loose detrital foundations were laid low, while others situated on rocks, though greatly shaken, for the most part remained standing. But strange to say, the earth-wave in March produced a contrary effect. The ground yawned throughout the convulsed district in a frightful manner. Statues and obelisks were twirled on their pedestals to such a degree as to give rise to the supposition that the earth had undergone a twisting movement. But Mr. Mallet, with greater probability, asserts that this movement of the stones arose from the centre of gravity of the body lying to one side of a vertical plane in the line of shock; and this is partly confirmed by the circumstance that at the monastery of St. Bruno stones were moved horizontally upon lower stones, without the position of the latter being altered.

The sea in the Straits of Messina was violently agitated, the quay sank fourteen inches below its original level, and the houses in the vicinity were much fissured. The course of rivers was arrested for a moment, and then renewed with such violence as to tear away every obstruction. In Calabria the darkness was so great that lights were obliged to be used. A disagreeable odour was very perceptible. Many persons were afflicted by nausea. During the violent period of the earthquake the weather was still and gloomy, and Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna were perfectly quiet.

In the winter of 1797, the territory of Quito was desolated by a terrific earthquake. No less than 40,000 persons are said to have been destroyed on this occasion. The earthquake was preceded by loud subterranean noises. The great volcano of Tunguragua, which usually acts as a safety valve to this highly Plutonic region, became still, and the smoke of Pacto, another volcano seventy-five leagues distant, disappeared suddenly into the crater. The movements of translation accompanying this and other earthquakes in South America, presented striking and most complicated phenomena. 'Avenues of trees,' says Humboldt, 'were moved without being uprooted, fields bearing different kinds of cultivation became intermixed; and articles belonging to one house were found among the ruins of others at a considerable distance, a discovery which gave rise to some perplexing law-suits.'

The winter of 1803 was attended by numerous violent earthquakes in Europe. On the 13th December, Mont Blanc was violently shaken, and a mass of ice 100 feet in height was precipitated from its sides. Shortly after this occurrence, the Breven mountains, rising from the Valley of Chamouni, suffered the same concussions, and great masses of rock were detached and rolled into the vale below. The force on this occasion must have been

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enormous to have produced such effects. In 1816, we find that Inverness and the country round for 100 miles suffered considerably from an earthquake. The spire of the church was greatly shaken, and six feet at the top twisted round, so that the angles of the octagon coincided with the middle of the faces of the part below. Doors swung to and fro. Bells rang. The water of Loch Leven was rendered muddy. Many persons experienced sickness. Dogs howled, and birds were scared from their roosting places.

And here we may take occasion to state that the *Catalogue* contains many records of earthquakes in Scotland, not indeed in recent years accompanied by fatal results, but still testifying that that region has been frequently visited by shocks. And if we examine a geological map of Scotland we find, from the two great bands of trappean eruption, that the northern part of our island was once a veritable *Terra del Fuego* convulsed by fiery depths. Worthy of remark, too, is the fact, that we are indebted to Plutonic agencies for those picturesque forms that charm the tourist's eye in Caledonia. The marvellous peaks of Skye, and

Arthur's craggy bulk,
That dweller of the air, abrupt and lone,

overhanging Edinburgh, were brought forth amidst convulsive earthquake throes. Originally a molten mass that came hissing from the deep, amidst the rending of rocks, and the roaring of flames, Arthur's seat cooled down into that picturesque form from the tranquil summit of which we now gaze with delight on the broad landscape. The castle of Edinburgh is built on another elevation born amidst earthquake paroxysms, and curiously enough, precisely where the Plutonic forces raged most, upheaving crests and pinnacles of trap rock, there history informs us human warfare has been most violent. For, on their commanding eminences warriors built their strongholds. The castles of Stirling, Dumbarton, and Dirleton, stand on trap rocks, and the thunder of battle was heard in those localities which in distant ages rocked under the influence of earthquakes.

Reverting to the *Catalogue*, we find that in 1808 a terrible earthquake in Catania was accompanied by the unusual phenomenon of walls opening horizontally, so that the light of the moon penetrated for an instant before the fissures closed.

In 1811, Carolina, and the valleys of the Mississippi, Ohio, and the Arkansas, were visited by a tremendous earthquake, remarkable from the absence of volcanoes in those regions. A vast area was affected, many persons were killed, and the effect produced on the trees, as the earth-wave passed through the forests, is represented as very extraordinary. Although the air was perfectly still, trees were twisted and their boughs wrenched off by the transit of the earth-wave; others, though undisturbed, were killed; and when Sir C. Lyell visited the locality in 1846, he observed that zones of trees affected by the earthquake of 1811 were dead and leafless, though standing erect and entire.

But probably no earthquake of which we have any record, exhibits the tremendous volcanic force so forcibly as that which occurred in 1822, in Chili. The centre of disturbance was near Valparaiso; that city was greatly injured, and the coast along a line of 1200 miles was shaken. But a more wonderful phenomenon was the permanent elevation of the land to a height of between two and seven feet over an area of 100,000 square miles, or within one-sixth of that of Great Britain and Ireland. Some idea of the force exercised to accomplish this, may be formed from a calculation made by Sir C. Lyell, that the mass uplifted contained fifty-seven cubic miles in bulk, equal to a conical mountain two miles high, with a circumference at the base of nearly thirty-three miles—or, assuming the great pyramid of Egypt to weigh six million tons, the mass upheaved by this earthquake, exceeded the weight of 100,000 pyramids.*

* See Lyell's *Principles of Geology* for further interesting speculations respecting this earthquake.

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Records like these—and now it must be borne in mind we are no longer dealing with doubtful authorities—testify, that however much other physical causes which have affected our globe may be modified, earthquakes still are mighty agents in changing the earth's crust, and the terrible earthquake in the Neapolitan territory in the winter of 1857-8, attests that the subterranean force is far from being exhausted. This earthquake occurred too recently to be included in the British Association Earthquake Catalogue, but our article would be incomplete were it to be omitted from the list of remarkable earthquake phenomena.

The tremendous visitation was preceded by subterraneous agitation. Vesuvius was in a state of chronic eruption for two years. The wells of Resina were dried up in the autumn of 1857. Fetid gaseous exhalations burst from the streams near Salandro, the waters of which attained a boiling temperature. The atmosphere for several weeks before the earthquake was unusually calm, and a light, like that proceeding from a misty moon, was seen in places where the earthquake was subsequently extremely violent. Dogs howled, and strange hissing sounds were heard.

The first decided intimation of the impending catastrophe occurred on the 7th December, when a slight shock threw down the cone of Vesuvius. It was hoped, and indeed expected, that this volcano would, as of old, prove a safety valve. But in place of the gorgeous pillar of fire that dominated the cone during the autumn, nothing now appeared but a wreath of smoke, and a lambent flame which lighted Naples with a supernatural glare, a convincing proof that the volcanic energies were about to expend their forces in another manner and direction.

On the 16th December, at ten P.M., the inhabitants of the Neapolitan States were made aware that the terrible enemy was at their doors. Soon, too soon, the ruin came. At Naples, the furniture first, then the walls, and next whole houses rocked, while bells rang: '*Terremuoto—terremuoto*,' shrieked the population, as they rushed wildly reeling into the streets, invoking the aid of their favourite saints. Then came the *replica* or return earth-wave which hurled them with irresistible force against the tottering walls, occasioning in many cases intense sickness. After midnight several other shocks were felt in the city, but although the wildest panic reigned, during which ruffians profited by the occasion to plunder the deserted houses and commit outrages, it was found when daylight returned that no life had been lost, and that the damage to buildings was confined to staircases having fallen, and walls having been fissured.

But although Naples thus escaped—ascribed by the superstitious to the belief that the blood of St. Januarius had liquified of its own accord—ruin, wide-spreading, terrible, and awful as that foreshadowed in the Apocalypse, fell upon the land. Throughout the provinces, and nearly in every commune, buildings of all descriptions were whelmed in common destruction, and so sudden and violent were the shocks, that thousands of human beings had not time to escape from the houses, beneath the ruins of which they were buried. In Potenzo, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, about ninety miles south-east of Naples, not a house remained in a habitable state. 'Our pens,' say the writers of the official reports of the awful calamity, 'fall in terror from our hands;' and no wonder, when we are assured by the same authorities that this terrible and wide-spreading earthquake killed upwards of 30,000 human beings, besides injuring thousands who were buried beneath the ruins, in some cases for days before being exhumed.

The phenomena attending this tremendous visitation were most remarkable. The ground in many districts is stated to have rolled like waves. At Resina the entire town and neighbourhood were in a state of vibration from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. on the 30th December. At Naples, from the 16th to the 30th of that month, eighty-four shocks were felt, and these would in all probability have been attended with great destruction and loss of life had not

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Vesuvius opened after the 16th December. 'For a day or two,' says a spectator, writing from Naples, 'the mountain had been singularly undemonstrative, but on the very night of the earthquake, subsequent to the shocks, a new vent was opened, and a great quantity of smoke and stones was thrown out. A few days after, a sound, as of a violent discharge of artillery, was heard, and a huge column of stones was shot up. It would be useless to speculate on what might have been the consequences had this valve not been opened; but one fact is undeniable, that Naples has escaped with shakings of the houses.'

Mariners at sea state that they felt the shocks as if their barks had struck upon the rocks; others as if they had been twirled suddenly round in the vortex of a whirlpool. The effect of earthquakes upon the sea has been much studied by Mr. Mallet. He states that when the earth-wave passes under the deep water of the ocean, it probably shows no trace of its progress at the surface, 'but as it arrives in soundings, and gets into water more and more shallow, the undulation of the bottom the crest of the long, flat-shaped earth-wave brings along with it—carries upon its back, as it were—a corresponding aqueous undulation, slight, long, and flat, upon the surface of the water. This, which may be called the *forced sea-wave* of earthquakes, and which has no proper motion of its own, communicates the earthquake shocks to ships at sea, as if they had struck upon a rock.'

The general direction of the earth-waves south-east of Naples seems to have been from north to south, crossed, however, not unfrequently, by other waves from east to west. In both cases the waves recoiled, producing the *replica* or return shock, involving certain destruction to every object within its influence. At Potenzo the motion was violently undulatory, accompanied by vertical and leaping movements, causing furniture to bound upwards. Mr. Mallet, who was commissioned by the Royal Society to examine the earth-shaken provinces, informs us that Saponara, a town of 8000 inhabitants
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first half of the nineteenth century, affords no proof that there has been a corresponding, or even any, increase in the frequency of earthquake phenomena. For, as the Report truly observes, the *Catalogue of Earthquakes* is not only a record of these phenomena, but also of the advance of human enterprise, travel, and observation. Indeed, to assume that earthquake disturbance has been continually on the increase, would be to contradict all the analogies of the physics of our globe. These analogies might lead us to suppose that, like other violent presumed periodical actions, that producing earthquakes was becoming feeble, and the series of earthquakes would consequently be found a converging one. Were this so, however, to any considerable extent, we should not find the vast expansions of results which the last three hundred years present. This expansion, it is believed, just keeps pace with that of contemporaneous human progress; for the increase in the number of recorded earthquakes always coincides with the epochs of increased impulse and energy in human enterprise. It is therefore pretty certain that earthquake action has remained nearly uniform throughout historic time; thus showing that if the interior of our globe is in a liquid or melting state, the cooling process is extremely slow. Earthquakes do not seem in any part of the world, as far as originating impulse is concerned, to be connected with the superficial character to the greatest known depth of geological formations. While earthquake waves diverge from axial lines that are generally of the older rock formations, and often of crystalline igneous rocks, or actively volcanic, they penetrate thence formations of every age and sort, and are direct agents of elevation.

Viewing as a whole, and at a single glance, the distribution of earthquake energy over the entire globe, it presents, according to Mr. Mallet, a vast loop, or band, round the Pacific, a more broken and irregular one around the Atlantic, with subdividing bands, and a broad band stretching across Europe and Asia, and uniting them.

Thus, an apparent preponderance of seismic surface seems to lie about the temperate and torrid zones, both northern and southern; but, as the Report observes, extended observation is yet required in high latitudes, and particularly in the Antarctic regions, where we know violent volcanic force exists, before it can be affirmed that there is a real preponderance extending over any one or more great climatic bands or zones of the earth's surface.

It may, however, be confidently assumed that there are few parts of the earth's crust that are not convulsed by earthquakes. The study of seismic force may indeed be said to concern us intimately; for though we do not suffer from earthquakes to a fatal extent, yet their occurrence in a slight degree in Scotland and the north of England shows that volcanic action exists beneath Great Britain.

The remarkable fact has been observed, that earthquakes are more prevalent and violent in winter than during summer.

Taking the whole of Europe, the preponderance of earthquakes during winter is very marked, the *Catalogue* showing that during fifteen centuries and a half, 857 earthquakes occurred during spring and summer, and 1165 during autumn and winter. Of 255 earthquakes in England and Scotland, 44 occurred during the spring months, 58 during the summer months, 79 during the autumn months, and 74 during the winter months. And with respect to earthquakes in the Italian peninsula, it is recorded that in several instances no alarm was felt when they broke out during summer, while those in winter inspired the greatest terror. The *Catalogue* further shows that earthquakes are more numerous and violent in those localities where volcanoes are most active. The connexion between volcanic and seismic effort is so obvious, although the nature of the connexion is but little understood, that we are quite prepared to find that the most violent earthquakes have occurred precisely where volcanic centres stand close in rank. An earthquake in a non-volcanic region may, in fact, be viewed as an uncompleted effort to establish a volcano. The forces of explosion and impulse are the same

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in both; they differ only in degree of energy, or in the varying sorts and degrees of resistance opposed to them.

Stretching in a vast horse-shoe convex to the south, from Burmah and Pegu, and surrounding the great island of Borneo, with an intervening belt of sea, and reaching round to Formosa on the north-west, we have an almost continuous girdle of volcanoes and lofty mountains. Every island of the group, including Java and Sumatra, is shaken by formidable and frequent earthquakes. Nothing even in South America or Mexico appears to rival the grandeur of volcanic energy and sympathetic earthquake action of that region. In 1815 the thundering of Tomboro, in Sumbava, was heard nearly 1000 miles away (through the earth no doubt), and the ashes or tufa-dust floating through the air converted the ordinary light of noon into darkness 300 miles distant in Java, and were precipitated at sea a thousand miles from the point of ejection, while vast tracts of country, with inhabited towns, suddenly became engulphed and disappeared during periods of eruption which may be said to have been almost continuous.

The great shock, or earth-wave, observes Mr. Mallet, is a true undulation of the solid crust of the earth, travelling with immense velocity outwards in every direction from the point vertically above the centre of impulse. If this be at small depth below the surface, the shock will be felt principally horizontally; but if the origin be profound, the shock will be felt more or less vertically, and in this case two distinct waves may be felt, the first due to the originating normal wave, the second to the transversal waves vibrating at right angles to it.

The earth-wave, as observed in Europe, is supposed to travel from W. 2° 39′ N. to E. 2° 39′ S. The velocity or transit of the earth-wave or shock has never been precisely ascertained, but it is computed with great probability to average 1760 feet per second. Humboldt, a high authority on all matters relating to telluric phenomena, states the velocity to be from five to seven geographical (German) miles pe[r] —equivalent to between tw[o] twenty-eight statute mi[les] great earthquakes, the wav[e] ling at the rate of probal[bly] thirty miles per minute, t[he] quently ten to twenty se[conds] pass a given point.

Grants of money made Royal Society and the Briti[sh] ciation, have enabled Mr. M[allet to] make a great number of ments on the velocity of th[e] wave through various Canisters and casks co[ntaining] powder were sunk in the distances varying from half to a mile from each other was found that the seismoco[...] passed through sand at the 965 feet per second, and t[hrough] solid granite at the rate of 1[...] per second.

Want of observations ren[ders it] of course difficult to arrive just conclusion respecting [the an]nual number of earthquakes [...] the ocean, but making every [allow]ance for imperfect informati[on, the] disparity of relative numbers as to warrant our estimatin[g, with] some confidence, that the se[ismic] energy is manifested with greater power, for equal areas the dry land than upon the bed.

Contemporary with Mr. M[allet's] valuable and interesting rese[arches] are those of M. Perrey, wh[o was] the first to notice a singula[r con]nexion between the phases [of the] moon and earthquakes. B[y] analysis of various catalogu[es of] earthquakes, he deduces

1.—That earthquakes occur frequently at the periods of ne[w and] full moon.

2.—That their frequency inc[reases] at the perigee and diminishes [at the] apogee of the moon.

3.—That shocks of earth[quake] are more frequent when the [moon] is near the meridian than she is 90 degrees away [from] it.

These conclusions point to existence of a terrestrial as we[ll as] an oceanic tide. The theory w[as so] novel as to lead the French [Aca]demy to appoint a commissio[n to] report upon it. Among the m[em]bers was the late M. Arago,

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here is their explanation of M. Perrey's views:—

If, as is generally believed in the present day, the interior of the earth is, owing to its high temperature, in a liquid or melted state, and if the globe has but a comparatively thin solid crust, the interior being deprived of solidity is compelled to yield, like the superficial mass of the ocean waters, to the attractive force exercised by the sun and moon, and it acquires a tendency to swell out in the direction of the rays of these two bodies; but this tendency meets with a resistance in the rigidity of the solid crust, which occasions shocks and fractures of the latter. The intensity of this force varies, like the tides, according to the relative position of the sun and moon, and consequently according to the moon's age; and we must also observe that as the tides ebb and flow twice in the course of a lunar day, at those hours which agree with the passing of the moon over the meridian, so the direction of the attraction exercised upon a point of the interior globe must change twice a day, according as the point recedes or approaches the meridian, the plane of which passes through the centre of the moon. Without entering into longer details, we can easily conceive that if the fusion of the interior mass of the globe plays a part among the causes of earthquakes, then its influence may become evident by a necessary connexion, capable of observation, between the occurrence of earthquakes and the circumstances which modify the moon's action upon the entire globe, or upon a portion of it—namely, its angular distance from the sun, its real distance from the earth, and its angular distance from the meridian of the place, or, in other words, the moon's age, the time of perihelion, and the hour of the lunar day.

Another hypothesis connects magnetism with earthquakes. The magnet is known to be periodically affected in a very extraordinary manner; magnetic storms, as they are called, recurring at the same hours. We also know that magnetism has a wonderful apparent connexion with solar spots, which increase and diminish with a periodicity due probably to some occult cosmical law; and thus while it is found that the sun, moon, and our earth are in direct physical relation to each other, and all are apparently affected by magnetism — for our satellite has a magnetic influence on our planet—then it is not, perhaps, too much to say that magnetism may affect earthquakes, and that the latter may obey some unknown magnetic law. At the same time, while Humboldt was willing to concede the possibility of there being a connexion between magnetic currents and earthquakes, he has placed on record in *Cosmos* that during the time he spent in South America he only once found that the magnetical inclination decreased during an earthquake. This was in 1799, after a violent earthquake at Cumana, when the inclination was diminished 90 centesimal minutes, or nearly a whole degree. During the three years subsequent to 1799 that he passed in South America, he states that he never again met with a sudden alteration of the magnetic inclination which he could ascribe to earthquake phenomena, various as were the directions in which the undulatory movement of the terrestrial strata was propagated.

Passing from the regions of theory to those of fact, the observations that have been made lead Mr. Mallet to the conclusion that the true definition of an earthquake is, the transit of a wave of elastic compression in any direction from vertically upwards to horizontally in any azimuth, through the surface and crust of the earth from any centre of impulse, or from more than one, and which may be attended with tidal and round waves dependent upon the former, and upon circumstances of position as to sea and land.

Besides the frightful devastation caused by earthquakes at the time of their occurrence, they have considerable effect on the outward form of our globe. Thus the rising of the earth's crust between Gothenburg and the North Cape, at the rate of five feet in a century, is believed to be due to seismic influence; while, on the other hand, the depression of the land on the west coast of Greenland and Denmark and the Faroe Islands, proceeds from the same cause. It is also supposed that there are great areas of gradual subsidence beneath the Pacific. A map accompanying the *Earthquake Catalogue*, shows that the bands or

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zones of probable depression are near the great seats of volcanic activity, and that the latter have generally subsiding areas at more than one side. Thus, in the Pacific, the blue band is along the great volcanic girdle from Celebes to New Zealand, and thence stretches between the line of suboceanic volcanic girdles from the New Hebrides to the Marquesas. And again, the great volcanic horse-shoe girdle of Sumbava is between the area of subsidence in the China Sea, north of Borneo, and the blue coral bands north of Australia, which whole continent, or at least its western and northern parts, may probably be subsiding also.

From the observations hitherto made, Mr. Mallet considers that general horizontal directions of seismic movement upon large tracts of the earth's surface do not exist. Indeed the apparent terrible twisting motion occasioned by the crossing of horizontal waves, is one of the most common features of earthquake phenomena. This is the motion producing the nausea which has been felt by human beings and also by some domestic animals. Although this consequence has been questioned, the fact, as respects man, admits of no doubt. Mr. Mallet has direct testimony of persons having been suddenly awakened by an earthquake, and immediately suffering nausea, amounting in many instances to vomiting. And in the late earthquake at Naples, many instances were related to Mr. Mallet of persons having been made sick by the shocks.

The general conclusions deducible from the observations, are thus summed up in the report:—

1. 'The superficial distribution of seismic influence over existing terrestrial space, does not follow the law of distribution in historic time, and is not one of uniformity. There is this resemblance, which, however, is not a true analogy; that, as the distribution is paroxysmal in time, so it is local in space.

2. The normal type of superficial distribution, is that of bands of variable and of great breadth, with sensible seismic influence extending from 5° to 15° in width transversely.

3. These bands very generally follow the lines of elevation which mark and divide the great oceanic or terra-oceanic basins of the earth's surface.

4. And in so far as these are frequently the lines of mountain chains, and these latter those of volcanic vents, so the seismic bands are found to follow them likewise.

5. Although the sensible influence is generally limited to the average width of the seismic band, paroxysmal efforts are occasionally propagated to great superficial distances beyond it.

6. The sensible width of the seismic band depends upon the energy developed, and upon the accidental geologic and topographic conditions at each point along its entire length.

7. Earthquake energy may become sensible at any point of the earth's surface, its efforts being, however, greater and more frequent as the great volcanic lines of activity are approached.

8. The surfaces of smallest or of no known disturbance, are the central areas of great oceanic or terra-oceanic basins or saucers, and the greater islands existing in shallow seas.'

Mr. Mallet justly observes that it is much to be regretted that the scientific departments and bodies of the chief civilized countries do not unite and agree upon some uniform system for observing earthquakes, in order that the records might be transmitted to some assigned locality for discussion. For until some system of this kind be adopted, it would be hopeless to deduce any certain laws from earthquake phenomena.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Mallet, trusting that something of this kind will be done, has paid great attention to the dynamics of earthquakes, and the present *Earthquake Catalogue* contains, in the form of an appendix, valuable observations upon instrumental seismometry, and seismometers, upon the excellence of which our future knowledge of earthquakes must in a great measure depend. Very great ingenuity has been displayed in the construction of these instruments, which are intended to show surface perturbation and the passage of the

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earth-wave. So exquisitely sensitive are some seismometers that, like the trembling peas on the tight drumhead which tell the engineer of insidious mining operations, their slightest movement conveys a warning of grave import.

The study of earthquake laws is of the highest interest and importance to geology and terrestrial physics, and as the information contained in the *Earthquake Catalogue* is not generally accessible, Mr. Mallet has rendered good service by reprinting from the third edition of the *Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry*, published this year, his contribution *On the Observation of Earthquake Phenomena.* With this earthquake hand-book, as it may be called, the traveller who may happen to visit the great seats of volcanic and seismic action will be able, by following Mr. Mallet's lucid instructions, to contribute largely to this interesting branch of science. We may also state that Herr Yeitteles, of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, has lately published some very interesting and valuable monographs descriptive of Hungarian earthquakes in the Carpathian chain, which throw considerable light on the seismic phenomena of that region.

C. R. WELD.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MOROCCO.

THE late simultaneous movement of France and Spain against Morocco, coupled with the obstinate determination of the Spanish Government in rejecting all proposals for accommodation, have naturally turned the public attention towards that country, though no very ready means exist for gratifying curiosity. The older and more authoritative works cannot always be procured, and, in the language of to-day, might be thought 'slow.' Either the bigoted and barbarous character of the people, the hardships that a stranger must undergo, or some more occult cause, have prevented modern tourists from journeying thither, at least beyond a flying visit from Gibraltar to Tangier. Yet is Morocco worthy of more examination than it has yet received. The effects of despotism are more distinctly marked there than elsewhere, for its Government is perhaps the most perfect autocracy that exists. Its natural phenomena, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, offer a rich field of exploration to the scientific traveller, if such dared venture thither. Its climate, its natural riches, and above all its position, render Morocco of great importance, especially when it is assailed without any very pressing reason, and for motives not very easy to solve. If Spain has a superfluity of wealth, it would be best expended in discharging her debts; if she has a plethora of warlike means and appliances, they would be more fitly employed in strengthening Cuba, which is in a state of chronic risk that filibusters may possibly turn into an acute danger while Spain is engaged in a little filibustering on her own account; if a new spirit of enterprise is animating the Spaniards, her two West Indian colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico, and her possessions in the East, offer a more legitimate sphere of action than an expedition against Morocco; especially as the Spaniards, left to themselves, may probably fail. The motives that actuated the Emperor of the French in his late suspiciously timed proceedings against Morocco, are difficult to tell, for *his* mind is inscrutable. They may have been part of a plan that consists in creating a 'double, double, toil, and trouble' for other nations, and one would fancy for France herself, merely to attract the world's attention, and increase what is called *prestige*, without any definite purpose beyond causing a sensation; or he may be contemplating schemes of conquest and permanent occupation, in which Spain, after being left in the lurch for the present, may, if successful, eventually find herself playing the dignified part of catspaw. Under Louis XIV. and the first Napoleon,

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Egypt has been the subject of speculative schemes or of actual invasion: for the better part of two centuries she has been a frequent dream of French ambition. But since the great changes which the last forty years have witnessed in maritime and industrial affairs, Morocco in point of position may vie with Egypt, while in natural wealth she excels her. With coasts extending along both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, Morocco possesses a well indented seabord of some nine hundred miles, well placed to menace one of the most frequented parts of the Atlantic, and commanding the Western Mediterranean, just as England commands the Straits of Dover and the Channel. Nay, her geographical position nearly equals that of Great Britain herself; in one sense perhaps she is superior; for if this island is better situated as regards a readier communication with the North Sea and the Baltic, Morocco not only communicates with, but dominates over the Mediterranean. With the actual improvements in steam navigation, the possession of even a part of the Atlantic coast of Morocco by a maritime Power, would be a counterpoise to the British station in the Tagus. It might also form a starting point from which the naval force of an active and ambitious people could readily beset the great Atlantic highway from Europe to the Indies, America, the Pacific, and Australia. For though the mouths of the rivers of Morocco have become sand-barred, the Bay of Agadeer (in north latitude 30° 30′, and west longitude 9° 38′) is a safe roadstead for large vessels; while if the spacious harbour of El Waladia (in north latitude 32° 42′ and west longitude 9° 0′) were improved, it would be one of the finest ports in the world, sufficiently extensive to contain five hundred sail of the line. From these haunts of the old Sallee rovers, but with far greater power, the steam cruisers of a dashing race might pounce upon the argosies of the world, laden with the produce of the new gold fields, as well as the varied products of regular industry. Should the principle which the *Great* *Eastern* was constructed
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Melilah, another (penal) possession of Spain, described by Admiral Smyth in his memoir on *The Mediterranean* as 'a Moor-bound space, with barely a pistol-shot range of territory.' According to Durrieu, who says he lived for three months at Ceuta, that fortress is apparently little better off than the Moor-bound Melilah, as part of his account of Ceuta may show:—

On the one side of the fosse you see, seated gravely, with his legs crossed under a wild palm-tree, one of the guards of the Sultan of Morocco. With his great arquebuss suspended to the tree, he smokes his pipe, and looks fixedly and gloomily at the soldier of the Provincial of Valentia or Seville, who on his side, huddled into his sentry-box, and leaning on his carbine, throws a distrustful glance across the ditch at his neighbour.

At every fifty paces you meet thus Europe and Morocco face to face, silently gazing at each other, in the persons of their sentinels.

* * * *

If the silence that reigns along the line is ever disturbed, it is by the report of a gun suddenly heard from the Moorish side. The Mussulman soldier, without troubling himself to get up, has shot a bull on the Spanish territory, which hunger had tempted to trespass within sight of the fat pastures usurped by the Moors fifteen years ago.

Whether the governor of Ceuta put up with the affront, or complain to the Pacha of Tetuan, makes very little difference. There is no instance on record of any amends being made for such an outrage.—(*The Present State of Morocco.* By Xavier Durrieu.)

To complete the note of the Spanish possessions on the Mediterranean: between Ceuta and Melilah are a rock (*Sexinsula*) on which the Spaniards possess a petty post, and the fortress of Peñon de Velez, that Admiral Smyth mentions as 'an elevated islet, surrounded by strong works; which being nearly inaccessible, is therefore held to be impregnable.'

Of so little importance were these four places under Old Spain, that few persons even knew of their existence —unless it was Ceuta, whose position might attract the attention of Mediterranean tourists. Under Young Spain and its rising ambition they would be of no great consequence as matters stood, but they may rise to importance with an extended territory round them. According to Senor Collantes, writing on the 21st October, 'it will be difficult for the Government of Spain to determine even approximately the nature of the guarantees they may find themselves under the necessity of asking,' from Morocco; while he reserves the right of demanding anything that can be got, for so we interpret 'according as it may suit their (the Spanish) interests.' These four possessions may therefore become a nucleus of great moment, not simply as regards England, but every nation that has transactions in the Mediterranean. If a large extension of the territory round the four fortresses were obtained (and something like this as regards Ceuta appears to have been demanded before the war); still more if the slip of coast between Ceuta (or Tangier) and Peñon de Velez (from sixty to seventy miles) be ceded by Morocco to Spain, the entrance to the Mediterranean would be dominated in time of war, and Spain would obtain troublesome rights in time of peace. If the reader turns to any map of Europe or Africa, he will see that the opposite coasts of Spain and Morocco would (if the Straits of Gibraltar were closed) form a not very wide bay, both coasts being held by Spain. In this case the passage of the Straits would be considerably narrowed, for Spain, holding both coasts, could compel ships, if she so pleased, to run the gauntlet through a series of obstacles for some seventy miles, if she went to the expense of creating them, and providing armed steamers. This, as we say, concerns all maritime peoples. The peculiar interest of this country, though of a narrower kind, is still worth consideration. It is from the port of Tangier that Gibraltar is fed, and from Tangier and Tetuan that our fleets can be watered and revictualled in case of need. At Tetuan, in 1799, 'a fleet of seventeen sail of the line watered without any loss of time, and took in stock and fresh provisions.' (Smyth's *Mediterranean*, p. 98). It was Nelson's opinion that should Great Britain be at war with any European maritime State,

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Morocco must be friendly to us, or else we must obtain possession of Tangier. The inconvenience and, under certain contingencies, the danger to this country, if Spain obtained the nautically advantageous points along the northern coast, or even if she obtained a preponderating power over the coast and people of Morocco, are obvious. It is true that Spain by herself is no very dangerous antagonist either by sea or land, to a power that stopped short of penetrating any distance into her territory. But since the time of Louis XIV., Spain has generally been in warlike alliance with France, and French influence is now rather likely to increase than diminish. If France should ever obtain the slice of land between Peñon de Velez and Algeria, the political consequences would be still more serious.

But independent of its position, the country of Morocco is of great value in itself. Every authority, from Lempriere (1789-90) to Smyth (1850), unites in praises of the climate, soil, and natural capabilities. Though nearer the tropics than any European territory, the sea breezes from its long lines of coast continually temper the air, and the range of the Atlas Mountains, that run in a sort of parallel with the sea, shut out the fiery winds of the Desert. Towards the south the weather is very hot, but throughout a part of this region, especially in the vicinity of the city of Morocco, the Atlas rises into the region of perpetual snow, and cools the air. 'The climate of Morocco is at once mild and salubrious,' says Smyth; Jackson terms it 'healthy and invigorating;' Lempriere, a medical officer stationed at Gibraltar, and not disposed to look at anything favourably, as he felt himself ungratefully treated by his princely patient, who had expressly sent for him, and ill-used by the prince's father, the Emperor Sidi Mahomet, speaks of it in even higher terms. Along the Atlantic seabord, and occasionally in the interior, rocky or sandy districts may be met, but the greater portion of the plains are exuberantly fertile; the mountain valleys are equally productive, though of course with different vegetations, the varying site and elevation of the country giving, as may be supposed, great variety to the productions, from the date in the furthest south, to the fruits and cereals of temperate climates in the valleys of the Atlas, or the higher land of the north. The summary of Lempriere, however, presents such a complete *coup-d'œil* of climate, soil, and vegetable productions, that it would be better to quote his words than attempt an inferior picture:

Within such latitudes, the climate, as might be expected, is comparatively mild in temperature; and as the country, in a great measure, is free from those marshy districts, which, in warm climates, not unfrequently engender the most fatal diseases; and as the plains are well ventilated and tempered by the approximation of lofty mountains; the country proves uniformly healthy to the inhabitants, and most highly beneficial to those Europeans who, from previous indisposition, have resorted thither for a change of air.

In the northern provinces, the climate is nearly the same as that of Spain, with the autumnal and vernal rains peculiar to that country, but towards the south, the rains are less general and certain, and of course the heat is more excessive.

* * * *

We may however generally observe, that throughout the whole of the emperor's dominions, the air, with exceptions as to certain periods of the year, and the occasional influence of particular winds, has a congenial softness, and a degree of serenity, which render the climate peculiarly delightful. The seaport towns have the additional advantage of being frequently refreshed with sea-breezes; and Mogodore, though so far to the southward, from being subject in the summer season to have the wind regularly at north-west, is quite as cool as the more temperate climates of Europe.

The soil of the empire of Morocco, though varying in its nature and quality, according to the province in which it is to be found, yet generally, is in the highest degree fertile, and under proper cultivation, is capable of producing all the luxuries of the eastern and western worlds. It must however be confessed, that on some parts of the seacoast, like every other country under similar circumstances, it is sandy and barren; but the plains of the interior uniformly consist of a rich black loam, which renders them fertile beyond all calcula-

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tion. The mountainous parts also, by suitable cultivation, no doubt might be rendered capable of producing most of those fruits and plants which succeed best in the hilly countries of warm climates; and I see no reason why plantations of coffee, cocoa, pimento, and those of most of the tropical productions, might not be brought to perfection in the southern provinces, as well as of sugar, cotton, rice, and indigo, the cultivation of which has already been successfully introduced into the country.

From the slight cultivation the ground at present receives, which is merely the burning the stubble before the autumnal rains come on, (for manure is not required,) and the ploughing it about six inches deep, it produces, at a very early season, and in most luxuriant abundance, excellent wheat and barley (though no oats), Indian corn, alderoy, beans, pease, hemp, flax, and a great variety of esculent vegetables. Among the fruits may be mentioned, oranges of a very superior quality, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, melons, water-melons, olives, figs, grapes, almonds, dates, peaches, apricots, apples, pears, cherries, plums, and, in short, all the fruits to be found in the southern provinces of Spain and Portugal, with many others peculiar to the country itself. To these productions may be added a variety of plants, capable of being applied to the most useful purposes, both in medicine and the arts, and probably a great many others which have not been noticed, or the uses of which have not been ascertained. As little encouragement, however, is given to emulation, or industrious exertion, many of the productions of the country do not arrive at the full perfection of which they seem capable. Could, indeed, a proper spirit for agriculture and foreign commerce be introduced, or, in other words, could the sovereign be persuaded, that by suffering his subjects to be enriched, he would improve his own treasury, this empire, from its convenient situation with respect to Europe, and from the natural luxuria[nce] of its soil, might, as we [have] once stated, become of t[he] tical and commercial i[mportance]. (*Tour through the Dom[inions of the] Emperor of Morocco.* [By William] Lempriere, M.D., Ph[ysician to the] Forces. Third Edition. —p. 361-365.)

Animal life is as [...] Morocco as the veg[etable ...] tions. The sheep [...] species, including t[he ...] tailed kind, which s[...] delicacy, and mountai[n ...] surpass the Southdo[wn ...] are very fine, and th[...] opinion of some, su[...] of Spain, as being [...] more capable of sus[...] The far-famed Moor[...] generated, not from [...] but through the t[...] Government. The [...] myrmidons seizing [...] animal, the people [...] in breeding. The c[...] be met with everyw[...] burden, wheel carr[...] known, has its more [...] the south. Where th[...] on the Sahara, ther[...] kind called El Hei[...] camel, of whose spee[d ...] approaching to the f[...]

Several of the r[...] late Mr. O'Connell [...] fish,' and in the Atl[...] are teeming. The [...] ments of nature, [...] duced in abundanc[e ...] the violet, and the [...] perate climes, to th[e ...] to the south. I[...] picture of the form[...] now province of [...] exaggerated, and i[...] and broad contrast [...] large portion of th[...]

> Her mother was a Moorish maid, from Fez,
> Where all is Eden or a wilderness.
>
> There the large olive rains its amber store
> In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, an[d fruit,]
> Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
> But there, too, many a poison tree has root,
> And midnight listens to the lion's roar;
> And long, long deserts scorch the camel's fo[ot,]
> Or heaving, whelm the helpless caravan.

The exceptions to this glowing picture are the 'long, long deserts,' which are not found on the western side of Atlas till the boundary of Morocco is passe[d ...] ing of caravans i[...] a storm is held by [...] a fable. To dro[p ...]

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matter of fact, one drawback to the country is, that it possesses no useful timber, apparently owing to the frequent wars among aspirants for the crown, the vanquished taking refuge in woods, whence the victors drive them by setting their covert on fire. The great infliction of Morocco, however, is occasional visits of locusts, which devastate the country, and leave famine and pestilence behind. In 1779, 1800, a fatal plague followed the locust visitation, and almost depopulated the country.

Admiral Smyth describes the surface of Morocco as 'equal to that of Spain,' including the division of Tafilet, which lies to the east of the Atlas range, and runs into the Great Sahara. The extreme point of the Empire on the north is Ceuta, in latitude 35° 51′, and towards the south Cape Non, or Noun, in latitude 28° 33′. This last headland or promontory is also the extreme point of the Empire towards the west. Its eastern limit may be loosely marked by a line drawn irregularly towards the south, from the mouth of the river Mulúwi, in about 2½ degrees of west longitude, to the Atlas range; the boundaries south of the Atlas are very arbitrary, the desert furnishing no well defined landmarks. The true geographical division would be Morocco within and beyond the Atlas, but the actual division is historical. Like most kingdoms that have arisen since the downfall of the Roman Empire, Morocco originally consisted of several principalities, which the emperors wanted power or policy to thoroughly consolidate. The divisions, therefore, follow those of the original kingdoms, and consist of—

1. *The Northern Division.* This division was the ancient kingdom of Fez; it is the largest, and perhaps on the whole the most important, of the four divisions. It is washed throughout its entire extent both by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, and on its shores are situated the best known ports or roadsteads, as Tetuan, Tangier, Al Harátch, or Larache, and the former 'name of fear,' Salée. The two first of these are dangerous in certain winds, and the others are now of small account, owing to the sand-bars, though Smyth is of opinion that they 'may some day be converted into good stations for steamers.' But the northern division of the Empire is deficient in not having roadsteads improveable into thoroughly secure harbours. The southern boundary of this division is the river Morbeya, which falls into the Atlantic at Azamoor. The inland towns are comparatively numerous, the principal being Fez, so celebrated as a centre of learning during the middle ages, and the capital of the kingdom named after it. Another important city is Mequinez, distinguished for its site, its beauty, and fertility, the hospitality of its men, and the charms of its women. Jackson says, 'The inhabitants are extremely hospitable; they invite strangers to their gardens, and entertain them sumptuously; indeed, the manners of the people in this part of the Empire are more mild perhaps than any other.' Warmed by his theme, and perhaps by his agreeable and extensive experiences, he continues, 'Nature seems to have favoured the women of Mequinas, for they are handsome *without exception*, and to a fair complexion, with expressive black eyes and dark hair, they unite a suavity of manners rarely to be met with even in the most polished nations of Europe.' The Spanish towns and fortresses already mentioned are situated on the northern or Mediterranean coast of this division. Along the Mediterranean, too, inhabit the Riff tribes, whose practices are one ground of the Spanish war.

2. The *Central Division* is bounded on the north by the Morbeya river; on the west by the Atlantic; on the east by the highest mountains of the Atlas range; and on the south by an offshoot which stretches from the main chain to the ocean, and is called by some geographers the Western Atlas. Although this division is not so extensive, or of so commanding a position as the first, it is still important from its natural advantages and the effects of accumulated labour as well as historical renown. The city of Morocco is situated in this division, as well as Mogodore the chief modern commercial port, and El Waladia, already alluded to as capable of being

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made 'one of the finest ports in the world.'

3. The *Third or Southern Division*, geographically speaking, consists of only the province of Suse or Sous, subdivided into two districts—Sous-al-Adna and Sous-al-Aska. Its boundaries are the Western Atlas on the north, the Atlantic on the west, the River Akassa on the south, and a sweep of the Hachar or Southern Atlas, which last also divides it from the province of Draha. This province, in the formal arrangement, is classed with Suse, though in situation Draha rather belongs to Tafilet.

The Bay of Agadeer, the largest and best natural port or sheltered roadstead of the Empire, is situated in this division. The province of Suse, according to Jackson, 'is the most extensive, and, excepting grain, the richest province of the Empire. The olive, the almond, the date, the orange, the grape, and all the other fruits produced in the northern provinces, abound here. * * * * * * The grapes of Edautenan are exquisitely rich (but the Jews, who are the wine-makers of Morocco, cannot produce a good article). Indigo grows wild in all the lowlands, and is of a vivid blue.' In summer, however, the heat in all these lowlands is great, and the picture of Fez already quoted from Byron is, in the darker features, more applicable to Suse, except 'the long, long deserts,' on which the province only borders. The whole of Suse admits the sovereignty of the Emperor of Morocco; but under a weak monarch, or with one who is involved in civil contests for his throne, the warlike tribes of Arabs and Shelluhs assume a practical independence, obeying and paying as they please.

4. *The Fourth or Eastern Division* was formerly the kingdom of Tafilet. It lies beyond the Atlas, like the province of Draha, from which it is only separated by a river, and with which it would naturally be joined. The caravan road from Fez to Timbuctoo runs through the city of Tafilet by a pass in the Atlas Mountains; but beyond this there is no necessary connexion between the Atlantic and Mediterranean provinces of the Empire and the half-desert lands of Tafilet and Draha. On the banks of some rivers which rise in the Atlas Mountains to lose themselves in the sands of the Desert, or to form a lake, there are plantations of Indian corn, rice, and indigo, with occasionally wheat and barley; but the staple produce of the country is dates. Water is tolerably plentiful, but brackish, that of one of the rivers being undrinkable, and the largest river that passes by Tafilet being saline. The heat is almost insufferable, the country being exposed to the hot winds of the Sahara, and in most parts being devoid of shade or shelter. 'A person who imagines a vast plain, bounded by an even horizon, similar to the sea out of sight of land, will have an accurate idea of this country.' Its relation to Morocco is historical. The Shereef, or descendant of Mahomet, who conquered the maritime provinces and compressed them into one kingdom, and whose descendants still occupy the throne, was a native of Tafilet.

The natural obstacles which the geographical features of the empire west of the Atlas offer to an invader are perhaps more troublesome than insuperable, unless they were backed by a sufficient and disciplined force. The Mulúwi, which, as before remarked, separates Algiers from Morocco, is difficult in the winter, and is said to be impassable from about the middle of December to the end of January; while the lesser Atlas range and the mountainous country beyond it as far as Tangier would present great impediments. But these difficulties, as well as the daring and activity of the Riffs, would be merely checks. They could not resist the science, gallantry, and pertinacious pressure of a French army, whatever might be the case with a Spanish. Even if they could, the long line of coast is assailable in too many points to stop an invader, unless the Moors were his masters at sea, which they clearly would not be in the case of *any* existing maritime power. The possession of Ceuta gives to Spain a ready access to the country. When her army has passed the high lands beyond Tangier, the principal

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natural difficulties will be overcome. Rivers swollen by the winter rains may delay the march, flooded lands, and the spurs of mountains, may interpose obstacles, but there is nothing to stop the course of an army short of the Southern Atlas, or perhaps of the Great Sahara, unless it be the Spanish character for procrastination, and want of method and power of combination. If an army rashly entangles itself in mountains, it may suffer considerable loss; if mad enough to enter the true desert, it must quickly get out, or be destroyed. The great natural enemies the Spaniards have to fear are the wintry winds on a lee shore; for Admiral Smyth pronounces that Charles V. was too late by three months in his disastrous expedition against Algiers, though he cast anchor in the bay on the 26th of October, 1541. But more fatal than shipwreck would be the appearance of cholera, or some other deadly epidemic, in their army; as is said to have been the case with the late French expedition; which, at first treated lightly in the published accounts, is now admitted to have cut off one-fifth of the force.

From Morocco having no direct influence on the progress of the world, and its slender connexion with European sympathies, a detailed history of the Empire would have little interest for the general reader. The numerous petty States into which Barbary was divided on the decomposition of the Saracen empire, and their continuous wars and revolutions, have much less attraction than even the heptarchal combats of kites and crows, by the difference between the present importance of England and Barbary, and the greater interest we all feel in ourselves. The most curious subject of investigation or speculation for some centuries, would be the greater spirit and power, if not numbers, which the Desert and Atlas tribes possessed then, compared with their condition for many years past. Though Morocco was founded in 1052, just before the Norman Conquest, it was not till the subjugation effected by the Shereef of Tafilet, already mentioned, that the Empire of Morocco assumed its present form. From that time its

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He turned merchant himself, and buying goods from foreign traders, he compelled the Jews to pay him five times their value. According to Lempriere, who himself felt the effects of the Emperor's penuriousness in the shabbiness of his reward, the mode of dealing with private individuals was in this wise. 'He was always surrounded by people who, for the sake of rising into favour, were ready to give him information concerning any of his subjects who were rich. It was then his usual course of proceeding to invent some plea for confining them in prison; and if that did not succeed, he put them in irons, chained them down, and proceeded in a course of severity and cruelty, till at last, wearied out with punishments and disgraces, the unfortunate victims surrendered the whole of their possessions.' In compelling his governors and other officials to disgorge, the Emperor only followed the regular practice of Oriental potentates, but Sidi Mahomet required to be propitiated in great gifts from his own sons. He seems to have possessed more control over his passions than his countrymen in general, and to have shown a regard for public decorum not always exhibited by absolute monarchs. When at his regular public audiences he felt his temper rising beyond his government, it was his habit to order the court to be cleared, lest he should make an unseemly exhibition; and as both courtiers and suitors understood what that order meant, he was obeyed in a twinkling. He could, notwithstanding, be cruel enough when he was offended. A Jew who had imprudently written something to his prejudice, was quartered alive, cut to pieces, and his flesh afterwards given to the dogs. Lempriere has an illustration of his tyranny, which, Eastern cruelty being considered, is really not so extraordinary. The cuffer of some absolute monarchs might have fared worse.

A Moor of some consequence, and very opulent, gave a grand entertainment on the marriage of one of his sons. The emperor, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, and who well knew that magnificence was a striking proof of wealth, was determined to be present at the festival, in order that he might more fully inform himself of the circumstances of the Moor. For this purpose he disguised himself in a common dress, and entered the house in the midst of all the jollity, and perhaps the licentiousness, of the entertainment. The master of the ceremonies observing a person of mean appearance intrude himself into the room so abruptly, ordered him out; and upon the refusal of the stranger, he gave him a kick, and pushed him by violence out of the house. For a short space of time after this occurrence, the whole affair passed without notice, and probably had escaped the memory of most; and it was a matter of the utmost surprise to the master of the house, to receive an order, commanding him immediately to repair to Morocco. Upon being introduced to the emperor, he was asked if he recollected the circumstances which have just been related, to which he replied in the affirmative. 'Know then,' said the emperor, 'I was that Moor whom you treated thus contumeliously; and to convince you I have not forgot it, that foot and that hand which insulted me shall perish.'—I have seen this unfortunate victim of tyranny walking about the streets without his leg and arm.—(Lempriere's *Tour*, p. 204.)

His son and immediate successor, Muley Yazid, was suspected and persecuted by Sidi Mahomet, who sent an army against him, and when that hesitated in attacking the sanctuary where the Prince had taken refuge, the descendant and representative of the Prophet set out himself with more forces, in addition to reinforcements he had already sent, but he died on his journey northward. Notwithstanding the displeasure of the old Emperor, the open claims of another of his sons to the crown, with an army ready to back his pretensions, the mere force of public opinion carried Muley Yazid to the throne without bloodshed, or scarcely disturbance, through the general estimation of his character. And this seems naturally to have been of a rare kind. He was quick in apprehension, brave, self-determined, and politic, with a disregard of money and a touch of magnanimity rarely found in an Eastern or in any monarch. Indeed, his chief vice appears to have been a propensity to strong drink (perhaps inherited from his mother, an Irish widow), which he had either concealed or controlled

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during the life of his father. The undue indulgence of this habit on his accession, and the absence of any check on his proceedings, rendered him as Emperor a monster of cruelty. In two years the people who had carried him to the throne, induced Muley Hasem, one of his brothers, to declare against him. The pusillanimity of this prince led him to yield the command of his army to one of his generals, while the approach of danger seemed to rouse the Emperor. After an obstinate battle he defeated the enemy, but either from a necessary or a reckless exposure of his person in the action, he received wounds which in a few days proved mortal.

During the short period of life which remained to him, his whole attention was occupied in punishing the people of Morocco for their attachment to his brother. Between two and three thousand of the inhabitants, without regard to age or sex, were massacred in cold blood; while some of them he ordered to be nailed alive to the walls, he tore out the eyes of others with his own spurs, and, in his dying moments, passed an edict that sixty people of Mogodore, among whom were most of the European merchants, should be decapitated, for the assistance which he supposed they had afforded to his enemy. Fortunately for them, he died soon after issuing the order, and it was not forwarded.—(Lempriere's *Tour*, p. 445.)

It has been already intimated that the Constitution or rather Government of Morocco, is the most perfect autocracy that has existed, at least since the Caliphs, and for the same reason, the asserted descent of the Emperor from Mahomet, and the assumed claim to his powers. The measures of the Turkish Sultans may be checked by the Divan; the Ulema, as the head of religion, may offer some opposition to their tyranny; a Ministry or particular Viziers may exercise some influence over their masters; and in Turkey, as elsewhere in the Mahometan world, the Koran has often been held up as a buckler against a tyrant, and not always without success. But none of these means exist to check the will of the Emperor of Morocco. He has neither divan, nor council, nor ministry, his highest officer be-

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filled by men of experience and general capacity, or of great consideration, the sons of the Emperor being often appointed to these posts. One common fate, more or less, overtakes them all. As soon as they have grown rich by extortion and plunder, the Emperor plunders them in turn. Under such a system, approach to security, even of property, is impossible; it is, however, a system not peculiar to Morocco, but extending throughout the East.

Immediately below the bashaws are two officers who differ rather in name than in functions—1. Alkaldes (whose name the Moors left behind them in Spain, as the Spaniards transferred it to their possessions in America), and sheiks. The alkalde is the officer of a town and district; the sheik of an encampment; and encampments of Arabs and of other tribes are numerous in Morocco. Allowance being made for the difference arising from the habits of a resident population and a nomade tribe, both officers discharge the same duties—collecting taxes, maintaining order, and punishing delinquents. They combine in themselves both civil and military authority, though it may be doubted whether the alkalde rightfully takes cognizance of what we call civil cases.

These are more properly the function of the well-known Cadi, a civil judge found wherever the doctrines of Mahomet prevail, and who is also chief priest, so far as Mahometanism admits of a priesthood. Unless by usurpation of the alkalde, all civil disputes concerning property, debts, &c., and all personal offences not of a criminal kind, are heard and decided by him. Both alkalde and cadi have subordinate officers, who act as their deputies in their absence. From the decision of these judges there is an appeal to the Emperor: but the expense, the distance, and the uncertainty, to a poor man who cannot propitiate the Sultan of Sultans by presents, render such appeals rare. Nor, when a man has been punished, say by the bastinado, is it easy to see what an appeal would do for him, unless the Emperor were in a jocular mood, and ordered it to be returned to him. Cases of death of necessity go to the Emperor (at least, in theory).

It is extremely difficult to pass any opinion upon the administration of justice in Morocco. In the first place, writers not only differ from each other, but from themselves at different times; particular instances and passing opinions being often contradicted by general conclusions. Thus Lempriere, after giving a bad account of the administration of the law, speaks in raptures of the police, evidently contrasting it in his mind with the London 'Bow-street runners' and 'old Charleys' of eighty years ago. Jackson, who in his time had probably paid some bills of costs, is equally satisfied with the promptness, cheapness, and substantial justice of cadi law; and he expresses a similar satisfaction with the Emperor's decisions in appeals, or original cases brought before him from his immediate neighbourhood. Durrieu, the latest authority, presents a worse picture; but his opportunities of acquiring full knowledge were slight, and he seems to have written to provoke and justify a war against Morocco, if not the present war. Hay, also a man of our generation, and possessing much more experience of the Moors than Durrieu can even pretend to, says that capital punishments are now rare, as if the mildness of the age had even reached the Court of Morocco; but the mode of execution is still barbarous. The popular tales generally exhibit in the people a sense of justice, amounting to a romantic love, but this may arise from having no actual acquaintance with the lady. From a story told by Hay, it seems that the affair of Sidi Mahomet and the rich man who cuffed him, has been turned into a sort of popular Haroun al Raschid tale, pointing morals to illustrate both pride and hospitality.

Unless the navy of Morocco has been improved lately, it is poor enough. This is Hay's picture of it twenty years ago:—

Having traversed a sandy and sterile soil for above three miles, we descended to that part of the river where the imperial squadron lay in ordinary; and less than *ordinary* they were, consisting in all of a corvette, two brigs—once mer-

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chant-vessels, which had been bought of the Christians—and a schooner, with some few gunboats; and all of them, I was assured by sailors, were unfit for sea. Anchors, sails, and ropes were lying in a state of decay along the bank of the river. Such was the sorry remnant of the naval force of Morocco, whose Sallee rovers used to keep in constant alarm the peaceful merchantmen of Christendom!

The military forces of Morocco are of two kinds, the Emperor's troops, who form the regular army, and the militia; and this is about all that is known of them with any certainty. The Emperor's troops are, or perhaps rather were, chiefly negroes and cavalry. They were originally raised by Muley Ismael from a large number of blacks whom he imported from Guinea. They are said to have amounted in the outset to a hundred thousand men, but this seems an exaggeration. By Lempriere's time they had dwindled down to about thirty-six thousand men, including some whites, two thirds being cavalry. In a late article in the French *Moniteur de l'Armée*, quoted by the *Times* of the 4th November, the Moroccan army is said to consist of twenty thousand men, and this is probably very near the truth, whatever may be thought of the exactness of the subdivision into about equal parts of infantry and cavalry. The organization, such as it is, resembles that of the civil government. There is a commander-in-chief, four principal bashaws, and alkaldes who command distinct divisions. There are, however, three orders of alkaldes, the lowest apparently similar to our lieutenants.

As to the militia, rashness itself would shrink from attempting particulars. In theory, no doubt every man capable of bearing arms is bound to serve, and to a great extent would do so in practice, at least at the beginning of a war. The bashaws of the provinces would discharge the functions of the military bashaws of the regular army, and the alkaldes of the districts and the sheiks of encampments would fulfil the office of alkaldes. What calculation can be made of the numbers of the militia may be conjectured from the estimates of the population. These vary from nearly fifteen millions (14,886,600) in Jackson's particular and detailed account, drawn in part from so-called official documents, to six millions, the estimate of Chenier! This last, as some hold, is probably beyond the truth, though regard must be paid to the remark of Jackson on this point. With the Arabs, he says, hospitality is not only a duty and a virtue, but a positive law, which becomes an expensive affair to a patriarchal people. They therefore form their encampments or *douars* in secluded places at a distance from the high roads, to avoid the visits of travellers; so a stranger may pass through a district and deem it depopulated, though in reality very fairly peopled.

But be the population much or little, there are no doubt men enough to defend the country possessing arms, and trained to use them in their own fashion. The question is, what is that fashion worth when opposed to the discipline and improved arms of modern Europe. We suspect the answer will be not much. Almost every man indeed is a capital horseman, skilled in the use of his weapons, such as they are, capable in most cases of enduring hunger, thirst, and fatigue. They may be fiery, if not brave, and make good irregular troops under certain advantages of ground; but neither army nor militia has any discipline even of their own. According to Lempriere, who must have had some military knowledge, the Emperor's soldiers 'appear well calculated for skirmishing, or for the purpose of harassing an enemy, but where they were obliged to undergo a regular attack, from their total want of discipline they would soon be routed.' Since his day the armies of Morocco have doubtless rather retrograded than improved, while the European has wonderfully advanced in the means of destruction even within the last decade. But, as the Spaniard says, 'who knows?' Mountains—swollen rivers—the lateness of the season—the difficulty of getting supplies should those of the country be removed or destroyed—the indomitable fierceness and bigotry of the people, inflamed by national hatred, and above all, sickness in an

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epidemic form—may possibly do something for the Moors, although 'Providence *is* always on the side of strong battalions.'

In earlier times the 'foreign relations' of Morocco pretty much resembled those of Ishmael's descendants, their hand against every man, and every man's hand against theirs, when he dared to lift it, that is to say. After Western Europe settled down into its present form from the confusion of the feudal and medieval ages, and nations grew richer and more regularly diplomatic, it was deemed by many States more politic to pay a 'tribute' to the Moors, to exempt their national flag from plunder, than to punish the plunderers. This was not done without warning, for many writers protested against the shame; or from necessity, as Europe was unquestionably advancing in arms, and in that surplus wealth which is requisite to give effect to modern arms; while all the Mahometan States, whether of Europe, Asia, or Africa, were stationary, if not declining. But so general was this discreditable practice that almost every commercial nation adopted it; and so inveterate is custom, that within these twenty years two maritime States continued to pay toll to the Emperor of Morocco, if they do not continue it to this day. Mr. Hay, the son of the Consul-General at Tangier, is the authority for this strange fact. After the description of the Moroccan navy already quoted, Mr. Hay continues: 'The terror they (the Sallee rovers) once inspired, would appear not yet to have lost all its influence upon some maritime States, although the spirit and the power of those rovers are utterly defunct; for two nations, famed deservedly for their sea-kings of the north, and possessing gallant navies, continue, through some curious policy, or out of veneration, it may be, for olden custom, to pay annually a large and disgraceful tribute to the Moorish potentate, as if he were still the formidable toll-keeper of the Herculean States.'

Till the possession of Algiers by the French brought them into such 'relations' with Morocco as the invasion of her frontier and the bombardment of her ports, the connexion of France with the Empire was rather formal and ostentatious than of much real importance. For very many years the closest intercourse has been with Spain and England—Spain from her situation and the fortresses she possesses in the country, England from her commercial intercourse. The attitude Morocco, even sixty or seventy years ago, assumed towards Spain was so lofty, not to say imperial, that it was wonderful how Spain, weak and degraded as she was, submitted to it. But she did, and when Imperial caprice suspended commercial intercourse, and forbade exportation, resorted to presents and bribes to get the interdict taken off. Whether from distance, the advantages of our commercial intercourse, or respect for the English character, or mere caprice, the relations with this country were as close as with any other, and more independent, notwithstanding the alleged indifference, neglect, and mismanagement of the authorities at home. Both Jackson and Lempriere are loud in their complaints on this subject, and doubtless all they say is true enough. But it may be questioned whether the neglect of the Foreign-office has not turned out for the best. At present it is as well that our connexion with Morocco is not, or rather has not been closer, if it be true that Lord John Russell has informed the Emperor that we cannot assist him otherwise than by words. No blame attaches to the Ministry for this. Any attempt to go further than Lord John has gone would probably have sealed the fate of the Government, and been of no benefit to Morocco. The present and obvious interest of this country in that Empire being slight, and our future interests in its independence contingent upon circumstances that the many cannot be made to feel, if they can even be brought to see them, an embroglio for the defence of Morocco would not have carried the country with it; and Lord John was quite right not to threaten, when he could not carry out his threats.

When we consider how many different kingdoms and races the Peninsula contained, it is singular

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that governments so weak as Spain and Portugal should have amalgamated aborigines, Roman colonists, Goths, and Moors so completely into one people, and that mainly since Ferdinand of Aragon, 1479-1516. Differences of complexion and manners may remain, kept up by physical differences of country, but the Spaniards are probably more one than the Gauls, Franks, and Bretons of France, and certainly than the inhabitants of the British Isles, where four (and if we reckon the Channel, five) different languages are yet popularly spoken. Indeed, it is only within these few weeks that, at an important coroner's inquest held in Wales, not one man in the district could understand English, and perhaps something similar might be found in the Scottish Highlands. The government of the Emperor being rather fierce and violent than 'strong;' and the Moors not being blessed with an inquisition, and having more religious tolerance than the Roman Catholics, it is not really very wonderful that the different races which inhabit Morocco still remain distinct. They consist of—

1. The *Berebbers*, or as the word is now spelt, *Berbers*. These tribes inhabit the Atlas from the latitude of the city of Morocco to the Mediterranean. They are described as a robust, active, and warlike people. They live generally in tents; their usual occupation is husbandry and rearing of bees for honey and wax. The Riffs, however, are said to disdain agriculture, and to subsist upon their herds and flocks, with a little piracy and plunder superadded. The Berbers are a brave race, though possessed of much cunning and duplicity. Their language is peculiar to themselves, and has been held to be a dialect of the ancient Carthaginian. They are considered to be the aborigines of the country; though if many persons among some of the tribes possess 'the old Roman physiognomy,' they must be a mixed breed. Jackson in his *Population Tables*, previously alluded to, sets down 'the tribes of the Berebbers of North Atlas altogether' at three millions, a number quite incredible. Scotland contained only 2,870,784 persons at the last census in 1851.

2. The *Shelluhs*, or [illegible]
These tribes inhabit the [illegible]
its branches south of t[illegible]
Morocco; and in their [illegible]
living seem akin to the B[illegible]
cept that the Shillahs oft[illegible]
walled habitations or tow[illegible]
writers consider them to [illegible]
same race as the Berb[illegible]
they probably are. Jac[illegible]
ever, strenuously com[illegible]
opinion on the grounds of [illegible]
language; having, as re[illegible]
guage, procured 'inc[illegible]
proofs to the contrary.' [illegible]
to have had a close conn[illegible]
the Portuguese during the [illegible]
people had possessions on [illegible]
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scendants. Jackson, in h[illegible]
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them into his summary, s[illegible]
may include the entire i[illegible]
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lions; but that must st[illegible]
great. Neither the Berbe[illegible]
Shillahs are very obedie[illegible]
Emperor of Morocco, esp[illegible]
matters of requisition; b[illegible]
they could be brought to a[illegible]
him, as Durrieu suggests [illegible]
a question, especially i[illegible]
against the infidels.

3. *The Moors.*

4. *The Arabs.*

The origin of both thes[illegible]
matter of dispute. If we [illegible]
to words, the Moors wou[illegible]
ancient Mauritanians, *M*[illegible]
it is clear that the Moors [illegible]
were originally Saracens [illegible]
When they were finally [illegible]
from Spain they joined [illegible]
countrymen in Barbary [illegible]
but especially in Morocco. [illegible]
probable that both Moors a[illegible]
formed the armies of the s[illegible]
of Mahomet that conque[illegible]
bary and Spain; the d[illegible]
which are now found betw[illegible]
arising from habits, and [illegible]
less mixture of foreign blo[illegible]
Moors inhabit the towns, [illegible]
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form the only really indu[illegible]
habitants of the empire, f[illegible]

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excepted, at least as regards manufactures and commerce.

The Arabs, so called, for many tribes are probably not so pure in blood as the genuine Arabian, live in tents, and form encampments or douars. In Tafilet their mode of life, from the nature of the country, resembles more closely that of the Arab in his native seat. In Morocco they are often an agricultural people, 'squatting' on unoccupied land, of which there is a good deal in the western provinces, especially after famine, pestilence, or any other public calamity has depopulated the country. When the land they occupy is exhausted, they pass on to another place. This facility of removal it has been remarked would be one source of difficulty to an invader; and so it would, if the towns and villages could not furnish sufficient supplies to an army, and the system of removal or destruction were thoroughly carried out; but want of system, or of regularity—of the discipline and organization which can not only fight a battle, but carry on a campaign—seems the great want of Morocco. These Arab tribes are continually at feud with each other, and are well exercised in desultory warfare. A century and a half ago Shaw pronounced the Arabian cavalry superior to the Turkish, when Turkey, though declining, was able to contend with Austria and Eugene. But it will not be men that will be wanted in the coming war, so much as leaders, and probably arms.

There are various subdivisions among the Berbers and Arabs that are sometimes raised into the rank of tribes. Occasionally, however, a native name is merely a social sign, not an ethnological distinction. Thus Kabyle denotes a cultivator; no matter what his race. An Arab of the desert *cannot* be much of an agriculturist, while some of the tribes who encamp in Morocco are both Arabs and Kabyles.

Besides foreigners and renegades, there are two more distinct peoples inhabiting Morocco, namely, Jews and Negroes. The Jew is not persecuted for his religious belief, but he is despised and oppressed on account of his religion, the authorities subjecting him to extortion and cruelty, the faithful at large to any and every species of indignity, and often of injury. Still the keenness, the business skill, the perseverance, and a somewhat larger knowledge of the world than the Moor possesses, render the despised Jew a necessary evil when affairs of any complexity or extent are to be carried out; while their suppleness often gives them, as was the case in medieval Spain, considerable secret influence. Jacob Attal, a native of Tunis, was a favourite of Sidi Mahomet, but he illustrated the usual fate of favourites, being cruelly put to death by Muley Yazid for a supposed hostility to that prince during his father's lifetime.

Negroes are very numerous in Morocco. The alleged importation of a hundred thousand by Muley Ismael has been already spoken of, but ever since the conquest of the country by the Mahometans, if not earlier, there has doubtless been a large and regular trade in slaves. There is, however, no prejudice against colour among the Moors; while, as among Mahometans in general, the negroes are treated with humanity, considered as servants indeed, rather than slaves, and frequently manumitted. It is probably from concubinage among the middle and lower classes, and from the harems of the rich, that the difference between the Moors and the Arabs mainly arises.

One of the most difficult things in the world appears to be to form a correct judgment of the character of a people. What different opinions were promulgated regarding the Turks during the late Crimean war. According to some the whole nation was stolid, slothful, spiritless, bigoted, cruel, and unnatural. In the estimation of others, and with better opportunities of judging, the vices of the Turks were such as a corrupt and incapable government would naturally produce. Removed from its influence and the contamination of large towns, the Turk, in their estimation, was honest, kindly, and hospitable, with a touch of simple and patriarchal dignity about the effendi or gentleman. So it is with the Moors.

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Most writers describe them as bigoted, ferocious, cruel, treacherous, and licentious; insolent when treated with civility; servile if you domineer. At the same time these writers will adduce incidents or tell stories which shall illustrate Moorish hospitality, or family duties affectionately fulfilled, or a sense and love of justice, or even traits of compassion. The truth seems to be, that great distinctions should be drawn between the mass and individual, and between each in a state of quiet or of excitement. As a people, the Moors are probably arrogant and contemptuous towards foreigners; but these qualities might have been paralleled in Europe, nay, perhaps in Britain, some fifty years ago, if not now. Neither Spaniard, Italian, Frenchman, nor Englishman is in his heart of hearts truly cosmopolitan. A Moorish rabble, stimulated by religious bigotry, is unquestionably a fearful body; but it may be doubted whether a Spanish mob would be one whit better under the circumstances. It we look to what Frenchmen are when under political excitement, as exemplified in the first Revolution, the same doubt may be entertained of the French. It might be said that the Moors, if not more cruel, are more *torturous* in their cruelty. It may also be said that the Moors have received no light or softening influence from modern improvements, but are as they were in those days when Spain burnt heretics by scores at an auto-da-fée, and France suspended her victims to opinion over slow fires, and, much later, broke criminals upon the wheel, the court and ladies of fashion looking on approvingly in all these cases. The bigotry of the Moors seems rather a passion than a principle, though they pride themselves upon the purity of their Mahometanism compared with other Mussulmans. Jackson says that 'the toleration of the Western Arabs and Moors is such, that the Emperor (although religiously disposed himself) will allow, on proper application being made, any sect which does not acknowledge a plurality of gods, to appropriate a place to public worship; and even the more ignorant and bigoted Mohammedans maintain that every mar
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1. There is a land-tax, g
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perty in the soil centres in the sovereign (an idea which is acted upon as regards *unappropriated* lands, not only in England, but in America). The Oriental theory is rather *rent* than *tax*. The practice, at all events in Morocco, is of the nature of tithe. It is a levy of one-tenth (ten per cent.) on the produce of land, and one-fiftieth (two per cent.) on animals, as camels, horses, cattle, sheep, &c. It may be paid either in money or in kind.

2. There is a duty on fish, but heavier. It is usually farmed; and the farmer pays, according to Jackson, about twenty per cent. on the value of the fish caught; but what the fisherman pays to the farmer is, we suppose, a matter between themselves.

3. Customs duties, both on importation and exportation. These vary with the caprice of the reigning Emperor (who sometimes prohibits exportation altogether, unless to Gibraltar), just as customs duties vary in Europe as circumstances or opinions change.

4. The hereditary tax. The Emperor is heir to all his subjects who die without heirs; and on occasions, as in the case of the plague of 1799-1800, this tax produces large sums.

5. A poll tax, levied on the Jews. This is a species of income-tax raised by themselves, and may amount to about ten per cent. on their income.

6. A gate duty, not so minute as the French octroi, but of similar nature. It is an impost, varying in amount, on every camel-load of merchandize entering into or passing out of a town.

7. Fines. These are levied on offenders, especially for disturbing the peace, or on *douars* or encampments when a robbery occurs in their district, which the law holds they ought to have prevented. Both of these are analogous to old European practice, the latter having a strong resemblance to an Anglo-Saxon law that made the district responsible.

8. Some of these taxes may be impolitic, and all may be levied arbitrarily or corruptly. Still they are regular in theory. Another great source of revenue may be considerable in amount, but is extremely irregular in its nature. Substantially it consists of *presents*. Every man who approaches the Emperor, must approach him with a present. Access to the ministerial servants, or to influential courtiers, is obtained in the same mode. The bashaws must be propitiated by a gift, so must the alkalde and inferior officers; even the cadi's attention is called to the case by a present. In what proportion the Emperor shares with his subordinate officers may be difficult to say; but either immediately or eventually he gets the lion's share. It is easy to imagine the abuses to which this custom may give rise, and difficult to suppose that it does not produce deep corruption. At the same time, it should be remembered that two centuries ago the practice was common throughout Europe, and is not yet extinct on the Continent. Jackson seemed to consider it so established a custom, that little evil flowed from it, because every one followed it; nay, that it had a certain kind of advantage. 'The ministers and other persons in authority do not conceal their operations, but will tell you what you are to pay for such a privilege or favour, which has at least this good effect, that you have a certain *quid pro quo*, and are not seduced under false promises to attend on ministers ineffectually; your business is expedited generally to your satisfaction.'

What the total of all these sources of revenue may amount to, is really unknown. Some writers seem to have gone upon the principle of turning ducats or some Moroccan coin into pounds sterling. The last and probably the most correct, is contained in the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, quoted by the *Times*. The piastre is rated at about five francs, or say four shillings.

	Piastres.
Receipts	2,600,000
Expenditure . . .	900,000
Surplus in piastres .	1,500,000

As Morocco is about the only State that always contrives to have a surplus revenue, the Emperor's treasury is reported to be wondrously full. Here again, however,

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the reports differ, and there is the same difficulty in approaching certainty as in other statistical matter. The amount has been rated as high as eleven millions (sterling), an improbable sum; but the golden hope of 'looting the Treasury' may have been one reason for the warlike pertinacity of Spain.

The foreign commerce of Morocco is chiefly in raw materials, such as grain, fruits, and gums, as well as live stock and provisions to Gibraltar, and formerly, if not so much of late, to Spain and Portugal. The celebrated morocco leather is in some degree a manufacture; for though we think the quality of the skin is an essential point, yet a good deal undoubtedly depends upon the dye. It is also reported that there are mines both of the precious and useful metals in the Empire, but 'this requires confirmation.' That the foreign trade could be wonderfully extended under a better and more regular government, where the duties were certain, the trader secure, and the people encouraged to industry by leaving them free to follow its natural promptings and enjoy its profits, does not admit of doubt. The Moors have a few manufactures, the remains of former industry, of which the only articles applicable to a foreign trade with Europe are a species of carpet somewhat inferior to Turkish, but cheaper; a beautiful kind of matting, made of the palmetto, or wild palm-tree; and some silk goods. With the other Barbary States they carry on a trade in haiks, a kind of cross between the Scotch plaid and the Roman toga; and the well-known cap, called from the city where it is manufactured, Fez. This city, too, produces pottery, slippers, embroidery, &c., and is, with Tafilet, the chief seat of the leather manufactory. The Arabs make a species of black hair-cloth from camels' hair, which is impervious to rain, and of which they form their tents. Still, under the best system and for years to come, the most natural exportation of Morocco must be articles of the nature of raw materials rather than of manufactured goods. The same obscurity hangs over the extent of the commerce of Morocco as over everything else dependent on statistics and accurate accounts. Durrieu says that 'the maritime commerce of Morocco may be estimated at about two millions of pounds sterling; of this about two-thirds are carried on by England through Gibraltar, and the remaining third is divided unequally among the other Christian Powers, and the two regencies of Tunis and Tripoli.' The nearest official return we have to the time when Durrieu's *Present State of Morocco* was published (London, 1854), is an 'Account of the Exports from the United Kingdom to all Countries in the Year 1852.' These exports are given to

Gibraltar	£510,889
Morocco.	110,126
Total	£621,015

which total only reaches about one-half of the amount represented by Durrieu, even if everything shipped to Gibraltar was afterwards sent to Morocco. This, however, is obviously impossible, especially as the Spaniards accuse Gibraltar of being the great smuggling depôt whence English goods are poured into Spain. The 'return' to Morocco doubtless is the nearest the truth, regard being had to the difference between Custom-house values, cost prices in England, and selling prices in Morocco.

When there is so much difficulty in matters of trade and general statistics, it is not likely that precision would be found in so knotty a subject as currency; nor is there. The unit of the money of account is the mitkal (called by Europeans the ducat), which, according to Waterston's *Manual of Commerce*, contains 10 ounces, 40 blankeels, or 960 fluces. Thus far all is plain sailing, though some of these are imaginary coins; the discrepancy begins when we try to ascertain their value in English money. Lempriere rates the ounce at about 5*d*. English, which would raise the mitkal to some 4*s*.; Jackson gives it at 3*s*. 8*d*.; Hay in one place at 2*s*. 6*d*., in another it will amount to nearly 2*s*. 8*d*.; while Waterston makes it 3*s*. 1*d*. Durrieu writes thus: 'The bandqui of gold is worth two Spanish duros, or eight shillings. The silver bandqui

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thirteen reals, or about one and eightpence (a strange discrepancy as to the respective values of gold and silver), and something less than a farthing. The copper flous (fluce) four maravedis, or two-thirds of a halfpenny.' These would seem to be actual currency; and no doubt all common Spanish coins pass current in the ports and large towns. For practical purposes, Hay's estimate of the mitkal, *2s. 6d.* to *2s. 8d.*, is probably the best.

All authorities agree that Morocco has declined, and that every thing is going, or more properly has gone, to ruin. Nor does there appear, we must frankly say, much prospect of native renovation; for in addition to the narrow sectarianism of spirit that seems to prevent Mahometanism from self-reinvigoration, Morocco has causes peculiar to itself in the claims of its Emperor, and the opposite character of its races, which furnish slender hopes of internal reform. The only chance is the advent of some great Sultan, who should establish a sense of security in his people, refrain from the incessant meddling with foreign commerce, which has been the bane of maritime trade, and allow the people to develop the riches of their country. Such a monarch, however, is a very unlikely accident.

But as the mismanagement of an estate does not entitle another person to seize it, so we know not that the 'comity of nations' entitles one nation rightly to seize the country of another because that country is not made the best of, though the principle may have been acted upon. But were public justice otherwise, it is by no means clear that the French or Spaniards would make the country any better or richer than do the Moroccans themselves. The past history and present state of the French and Spanish colonial possessions do not warrant any such conclusion. Neither does Algeria; for that region was kept in a chronic state of warfare during the earlier part of the Gallic occupation, and since incessant war has ceased by the submission or destruction of the native tribes, the colony has done little to advance the commerce or wealth of its parent State or of any other country. The return which gives the exports of Great Britain to Morocco as £110,000, shows for Algeria the munificent sum of £6000! But there are more important questions connected with national life than imports and exports and markets. These things indeed are of great importance in their way. They furnish means of living in comfort or luxury, as may be. They indicate the nature of the government and the dispositions of the people. Brought to this test, not a great deal can be said for either France or Spain. Certainly not enough to reconcile us to their occupation of Morocco, or to the establishment of such an influence there as would supersede ours, such as it is.*

* Throughout the paper, the reader who refers to maps or other authorities, will find many discrepancies in the spelling. This is unavoidable in all cases with Oriental names, from the license which modern writers assume of spelling every word after their own fashion. With Morocco a further perplexity arises from some places being known by different names. Thus Agadeer, or Agadir (Arabic), is also called (by the Portuguese, during their occupation) Santa Cruz, and Guestynessem (the ancient African name). The system adopted in this paper is to spell Anglicized names in the popular way. Thus Morocco and Mahomet are not presented as *Marocco* or *Moham*, with half a dozen or more terminations. In less known words, that which seemed the best mode has been followed.

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THE VICTORIA CROSS.

We were all sitting together in the shaded *salon* of my house in Valetta when Victor, the young midshipman, brought in the letters and newspapers, one glowing afternoon in the beginning of April, 1857.

It was a strange but very welcome chance that brought Victor and his ship to Malta at that time, for Mrs. Riversdale had not seen this her youngest darling since they parted in the spring of that terrible '54 which sounded the knell of so many tender home ties, and made Great Britain to give forth throughout her length and breadth such a voice of weeping as had not been heard for well nigh forty peaceful years.

Many and bitter tears had been shed in the Riversdale family since that parting hour, for Claude, their pride and joy, lay in a soldier's grave on the fatal heights before Sebastopol, and one nearly as dear was hovering on the brink of the grave from wounds received in the same deadly struggle; and the journey to Malta which my uncle and aunt and Mabel undertook at my urgent request to see poor Charlie Powis, was almost as much needed by the grief-worn mother as by the gentle girl whose heart was longing to comfort and tend her betrothed.

Detained much against my will in the service I undertook at Malta when the war began, hoping to make it a stepping-stone to more active employment, my chief consolation was that it placed me in a position to offer a quiet restingplace to the many sick and wounded friends who arrived there on their homeward journey. But in none had I felt the deep and painful interest inspired by Charlie Powis, who had now been my guest for nearly eighteen months, during which time I could not conceal from myself that his life was slowly but too surely ebbing away.

It was this conviction which, after more than a year had passed in alternations of hope and fear, prompted me to make so urgent an appeal to my uncle that he would bring Mabel and her mother to see my patient, that even the Arch-deacon, surrounded as duties and business of home, found it irresistib had been nearly a mon when the unexpected ar *Minotaur* brought Vict complete the family par

On this said sultry a April, then, we were all —the three elders nea window looking into the with its fountain and p trees, and Charlie reclini near the door, with Mab on a low seat by his side more languid and weak the first flush of happy caused by Mabel's societ sided, and the heat of began to deprive him o we at the window were the advisability—we did say the *possibility*, thoug the word we all thoug taking him to England heat became more inte Victor bounded up the st or four at a time, and straw hat and a shower and newspapers on the ta

'Pouf!' exclaimed he will you all give me for my precious brains to suc this, and all that you your letters an hour b time?'

Nobody answered, for intent on their letters. T some for each of us, excep who signed to Mabel to the latest English newspa

We were all so much that it startled even Mab thoughts were rarely inde from the invalid, when Ch denly jumped up, his face with excitement.

'Who has done this?' panting for breath.

'Done what? What is ter? Don't agitate yours Charlie,' said Mrs. Riversd iously. But he paid no att her, and held the newspape me with a reproachful look.

'This must be your doi bert. I wish you had a first. I would rather th thing this had not happe said, in broken sentences.

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I was so perfectly unconscious of having done anything ever so remotely calculated to annoy him, that my look of blank surprise as I took the paper from his hand seemed to calm and reassure him; and he suffered himself to be placed again on the sofa, and his cushions adjusted by Mrs. Riversdale's tender and motherly hand. I looked down the columns of the *Times* for the cause of this sudden emotion, and saw in large letters—

'THE VICTORIA CROSS.'

Then followed the list of names selected to receive the new decoration, with a short statement appended to each, of the act of bravery for which it was to be bestowed, and my eye at once lighted on the following paragraph:—

'— Foot.—Brevet-Major Charles Powis.—For conspicuous gallantry at the Battle of Alma, in saving the colours of the regiment, when Ensign Riversdale who carried them was struck down and surrounded by the enemy. He defended Ensign Riversdale, and shot three Russians who were in the act of seizing the colours; and was among the first to enter the Russian battery. Also, for devoted bravery on the 8th of September, 1855, in leading two assaults on the Redan; and subsequently bringing in the body of Lieutenant Riversdale, who was killed in the open space before the Redan. In performing this last act of gallantry, Brevet-Major Powis was severely wounded.'

I handed the paper to Doctor Riversdale, who read it in silence, and then said:—

'Charlie, my son, if ever man earned the reward of valour——' but here the Archdeacon's voice faltered, and he could say no more.

Mabel stole behind her father and read the words, and then went silently up to the sofa where Charlie lay, now with his eyes closed, and pressed one long heartfelt kiss on his brow. He looked up as she did so, and whispered, '*That* is my reward, Mabel. I looked for and wanted no other.'

'Well, Charlie,' now said Victor, who had possessed himself of the paper, and grew very red over its perusal, 'I always knew you were a real brick, but I never knew half of this before,' and here Victor seemed in a fair way of catching the general infection; for I own my eyes were far from clear; and as for Mrs. Riversdale, she sat with her hands clasped before her face, and said softly, 'I know what it is—do not show it to me, please. Oh, my boy, my boy!'

Charlie was the first to speak. Calling me to him, he began, in a low tremulous voice, that showed how much he was shaken by the sudden emotion—

'Herbert,' he said, 'I am afraid your friendship has led you to do this, and I am very sorry for it. I cannot tell you the pain it gives me to have these things made public.'

'My dear fellow, I give you my word of honour that I have never mentioned the subject, in an official manner, to any human being. I cannot deny that I may have said, when this Victoria Cross has been made the subject of conversation, that I knew no one more deserving of it than yourself; but believe me, I should not have considered myself in any way justified in making application for this or anything else in your behalf without your sanction.'

'Then who can have done it? I did not know that any one but yourself was aware of the circumstance.'

'That I cannot tell; but it must have been witnessed by several persons, and after the affair of the colours at Alma you were a marked man, in the regiment, at least. I think it more than probable that Colonel Freeman sent in the application himself.'

'Oh Charlie,' said Mabel, with tears, 'do not regret that such an action should be known. If you knew how proud, how happy—'

She could not say more, but her flushed cheek and glittering eye spoke more eloquently than words.

'My own Mabel,' murmured Charlie, 'it was for your sake and your mother's that I regretted the thing should be spoken of. I thought it would grieve you more to know how I came by my wound.'

'Then you judged us—me at least—wrongly,' said Mabel, with flashing eyes. 'To think that we owe it to you that he sleeps in that quiet grave on Cathcart's Hill—that we were able to mark his resting-

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place, and know the spot where he lies—oh, Charlie, this is more than to owe you the happiness of a lifetime!'

'I have indeed done you injustice, darling,' replied Charlie, his face lighting up with fond pride as he gazed at her; 'that was the very thought that was in my mind when I knew he was lying there, and felt irresistibly urged to go in search of him; and I cannot tell you how it comforts and strengthens me to know you share my feelings.'

'And you must feel glad too, for this mark of distinction, Charlie,' said the Archdeacon, affectionately. '*I* do—I rejoice that all the world should know what good reason we have to be proud of our son.'

Alas, alas! it struck a chill to my heart to hear them calling him by the fond name to which his marriage with Mabel would have given him a right, and to know how different was the bridal that awaited him.

'But now we must in good earnest think of our journey homewards,' continued Dr. Riversdale, taking up the *Times*. 'I see the day for the distribution of the Victoria Cross is not yet named, but it will not be long deferred, I suppose; and you will have to take the journey leisurely, Charlie.'

Charlie looked at me. He knew as well as I did the frail tenure of his life, and as I afterwards found, had given up all hope of returning to England. But my uncle's words roused a new sensation in his breast. He had never thought before of worldly distinction, except as the vague dream that floats before the mind of all young soldiers at the beginning of their career. Earnest, single-hearted, and deeply religious, he had gone through all the trying work of the last three years as the mere performance of his duty; 'doing whatsoever his hand found to do with all his might.' First in all scenes of danger and enterprise, he was to be found also by the side of the sick, the wounded, and the dying—cheering, exhorting, and consoling them with the blessed truths which almost unconsciously inspired his own calm heroism in the excitement of battle, or the more painful endurance of the weary hours of forced inactivit[illegible] sciously he offered to [illegible] him the perfect example [illegible] tian soldier; and he wo[illegible] jected with unaffected [illegible] assurance of any one wh[illegible] him that there was [illegible] courage and conduct tha[illegible] found in that of every [illegible] the service. The idea t[illegible] done anything worthy [illegible] distinction had never fo[illegible] crossed his mind, and hi[illegible] ing was one of pain whe[illegible] that such was the case. [illegible] the latent spark—the ye[illegible] that fame to which no m[illegible] of the name can be wh[illegible] ferent—was kindled in [illegible] and his cheek flushed, [illegible] turning to me, he said,

'What do you think, [illegible] Do you think I am up [illegible] really have felt much [illegible] lately.'

'I think we had better [illegible] Stracey into our counsel[illegible] as indifferently as I cou[illegible] member that I shall lose [illegible] when you all go, that y[illegible] expect me to advocate y[illegible] ture.'

'Oh! but you must c[illegible] Herbert,' said Mabel; 's[illegible] have well earned a little [illegible] it would be such a comfor[illegible] you with us.'

'We will see about that [illegible] time comes,' said I, feelin[illegible] would indeed be a trial to [illegible] the sweet vision that had b[illegible] my solitary home for the [illegible] weeks.

I could not help it—M[illegible] been the delight of my [illegible] sole possessor of my heart [illegible] days when, a tiny fairy [illegible] great boy-cousin so man[illegible] older than herself had [illegible] champion, her constant an[illegible] ful companion, her faithfu[illegible] and though she knew no[illegible] this, and came to me as to [illegible] in the first flush of her inn[illegible] when Charlie Powis told [illegible] loved her, I swore then a[illegible] in my aching heart, to de[illegible] life, so far as I should be p[illegible] to do so, to her welfare and [illegible] ness. These motives ming[illegible] the love I had borne my de[illegible] Powis since our school-da[illegible]

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added to the watchful care with which it was my comfort to tend him during the long and weary illness that followed on his arrival—a dying man, as I thought—at Malta, soon after the fall of Sebastopol. Dear fellow! he was shot through the lungs while climbing the parapet of our advanced trenches, with the body of poor Claude Riversdale in his arms; and it scarcely needed the thought of how dear he was to her I loved best of all the world, to make me tend him as a beloved brother. But I knew that all our cares would be vain, and that ere long that perfect bliss would be his for which, even in the bright summer of his happy life, his spirit yearned; and I felt it would be difficult indeed to part from him without the shadow of a hope of meeting again on earth.

We were still sitting round Charlie's couch and discussing the journey to England, when Doctor Stracey was announced.

'Ah! I knew how it would be,' were his first words; 'I knew I should find you with your cheeks like a beetroot, and your pulse going fifty to the dozen. I came off here as soon as I saw the papers, as I know what idiots men make of themselves about this kind of trash.'

This was not a very sympathetic speech, but perhaps it answered the purpose better than if it had been; for Charlie immediately became extremely cool and indifferent, and scarcely gave himself the trouble to take the Doctor's extended hand, while I answered for him—

'There is no question whatever of any excitement, Doctor: we were only discussing the necessity of the Archdeacon's return to England, which cannot be much longer postponed; and Charlie wishes if possible to accompany him.'

'Don't tell me,' said Dr. Stracey, possessing himself of his patient's unwilling hand, and placing his fingers on the pulse; 'ninety-eight, if it's one, and as weak as a sucking sparrow's. Now, my good young friend, though you may not care for knocking yourself up, I have a considerable objection to having all my work undone for me: so I request you will have the goodness to go and lie down for two hours at least, and not speak a word during the time.'

'Nonsense, Doctor,' said Charlie, rather pettishly; 'my pulse is right enough if you would leave it alone; you know it always fidgets me to have it felt.'

A pretty confession for a man who is thinking of taking a journey of a couple of thousand miles or so! —but I don't want to torment you, except for your good. Go and lie down like a good boy, and we will see what can be done for you.'

Charlie took himself off most unwillingly, and after a few remarks from the rest of the party, to which Dr. Stracey returned very vague answers, he asked me, if I had nothing to do, to walk into the town with him. On our way he spoke seriously, and with more feeling than I had been inclined to give him credit for, about Charlie's case, and all he said but confirmed my own forebodings.

'Poor lad, it would be a pity he should not go to England, if it can be managed with decent prudence. No human skill—at least so it seems to me—can prolong his life for more than a few months, and the happier those can be made the better.'

So we agreed that at the end of another week Dr. Stracey's opinion as to the degree of risk which would attend a journey to England should decide Charlie's plans; and I took advantage of an accidental meeting with General P—— to obtain the promise of a couple of months' leave that I might accompany my friend. That night, when I paid my accustomed visit to Charlie's room before going to my own, he said, 'Do sit down for a few minutes, Herbert; there is something I want very much to say to you.'

'Say it, by all means,' I replied, taking a chair by the bedside.

'It is about this cross,' said he, hesitating. 'I suppose one could not refuse it?'

'Surely you would not wish to do so,' I asked, with some surprise.

'I wish I could explain my feeling about it,' answered Charlie, with a heightened colour. 'You see they talk of acts of bravery, and of giving this cross for valour. Now,

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in that point of view I cannot feel that I deserve it.'

'Well, other people have judged differently, my dear fellow, and you had better acquiesce in their decision.'

'But that is just what I cannot do comfortably,' said Charlie. 'The fact is, I feel a regular humbug, and I cannot tell you how uncomfortable it makes me.'

'Do not be absurd, and split hairs unnecessarily,' I said. 'I know your conscience is of so fine a texture that the least thing frets it; but as you happen to have done things which are considered by your fellow men as acts of bravery, and as a certain recompence has been awarded to such, what is to hinder you from taking it?'

'The fact that I do not think that they can fairly be so considered. My whole object was to protect poor dear Claude, and when I could do nothing more for him, to give him a Christian burial. It was friendship, not duty to my country, which actuated me.'

'I do not see that that makes any difference, my dear fellow. Do, if you can, go to sleep quietly, and leave this microscopic self-examination alone. You have fairly earned the cross, believe me, and may wear it without a scruple.'

'But the microscope has shown me something more,' said Charlie, and he looked so genuinely distressed that though I felt half angry with him for his useless self-torment, I could not but sympathize in the feelings it aroused. 'I have been thinking this over for some hours, and I cannot conceal from myself that love for Mabel was the real spring of all my actions; and when that dear creature spoke so nobly of what I had done for her brother, I cannot tell you, Herbert, what a hypocrite I felt. In short, it would be the greatest relief possible to me not to have this Victoria Cross.'

'Well,' said I, 'I really do not see how you could refuse it. It is not given for motives but for actions; and as far as I can see, any action which springs from the honest love of a man's heart for a worthy object, deserves praise as much as if it had been done for mere [illegible]tion.'

'I dare say,' repli[illegible] musingly. 'Perhaps I [illegible] to expect you to enter i[illegible] which I can scarcely d[illegible] self with sufficient clea[illegible] it into words: but I wi[illegible] not given me this cross.

'And I wish you w[illegible] sleep, and forget its exi[illegible] I. 'Good night.'

As I was turning awa[illegible] me back. 'If I were [illegible] he said, in a low voice.

I looked at his thin, [illegible] and remembering the p[illegible] nation and steadfast faitl[illegible] never forsaken him duri[illegible] months of suffering, I fe[illegible] rush hotly to my eyes; [illegible] unused to any outward [illegible] emotion, I could not re[illegible] 'Then yours would be [illegible] crown, instead of an ear[illegible]

He pressed my hand w[illegible] did not speak. The hop[illegible] in him was so strong, so f[illegible] that even his perfect hum[illegible] not deny or disavow it[illegible] parted in silence.

At the end of a fortnig[illegible] all on our way to England i[illegible] luxurious of steam-ships, [illegible] Dr. Stracey considered th[illegible] would be better able to [illegible] voyage, than the fatigue [illegible] of the overland journey [illegible] event seemed fully to j[illegible] expectations. The soft b[illegible] the gentle, soothing mon[illegible] sea-voyage in fine weathe[illegible] so exactly suited to his [illegible] that by the time we lande[illegible] land he was a very diffe[illegible] from the pale sufferer w[illegible] barkation caused us so [illegible] iety at Malta; and eve[illegible] my fuller knowledge of [illegible] could scarcely refuse to sh[illegible] joyful hopes of the [illegible] family, that he would so[illegible] stored to complete health.

On our arrival we all [illegible] for a time. Charlie wen[illegible] with his married sister—[illegible] near relation he had in E[illegible] Sir George Powis had no[illegible] turned from South Ame[illegible] I had so many friends to [illegible] my short holiday, that it

in June before I could join the party at Monksleigh, where Charlie had now been for some time with the Riversdales.

'How do you think him looking?' was my aunt's first anxious question, when we were alone together for a moment.

'Wonderfully well: I never expected to see him so well again; and yet——'

'Ah, that is what everyone says,' rejoined Mrs. Riversdale, her eyes filling with tears. 'There is something about him—I cannot express what it is—but he is so gentle, so unspeakably loveable—so like an angel, that I feel as if he could not be much longer spared to us.'

'Has Mabel any fears for him?'

'If she has, she says nothing to me on the subject. I fancy, poor darling, she tries to throw herself altogether into the happiness of the present moment, and to shut her eyes to the future. The memory of these few weeks will be a sorrowful joy to her by and bye; and I would not for worlds that it should be clouded. And after all, who can tell?'——

We were interrupted by the entrance of Mabel and Charlie.

'Herbert, will you ride with us to Seacliff this evening, to see the sun set? I have wished to do it every year since I was a child, on the longest day; and I am determined to make it out at last.'

'With pleasure, dear Mabel, if you think the evening air will not be bad for Charlie.'

'Oh, Charlie!' she laughed, merrily, 'Charlie is the strongest of us all now—nothing hurts him.'

I wish I had not looked at Charlie as she spoke. The memory of his smile, as he stood, leaning against the window, and looking fondly and sadly at the unconscious girl, will never leave me.

Goethe says somewhere of his friend Herder, 'I think of him far aloft in the Heavens, and beyond the stars, as in his natural place; and as one but little altered from what he was, except by the blotting out of his earthly sorrows.'

Thus it is that I think of Charlie Powis.

* * * *

Monksleigh is situated in a lovely valley of Southern Devonshire; and with its tiny village and hereditary living, is all the property of Doctor Riversdale. The road winds through a noble wood of oak and fir to the open downs, from which the ground falls in abrupt cliffs and bold precipices of red sandstone to the waters of the Channel. The top of Leigh Ness, the highest headland on that part of the coast, was the spot chosen by Mabel to watch the close of the longest day of 1857; and thither we rode slowly through the deep shade of the woodland, and the golden glow of the evening light on the tranquil sea beyond it.

It was truly a glorious scene which spread itself above, around, and beneath us, as we approached the margin of the cliff. Above our heads, the sky was of a pale fine blue, melting gradually into the rosy orange tint, in the midst of which, as in a sea of glory, the mighty ball of living light was slowly sinking to its rest. The horizon was veiled with a light tinge, which turned to purple in the rich glow of the sky, and floated upward in tiny cloudlets of crimson and gold.

Below, a long line of quivering light looked like a pathway traced out for the setting sun, leading to regions of unimaginable brightness, beyond mortal ken; and the soft heaving of the waveless ocean threw an unspeakable charm of repose over the whole scene. The silence was unbroken, save by the bleating of a few small black-faced sheep, clustered in a hollow near the summit of the hill; and now and then a single wild cry from a sea-bird, winging its homeward way to its nest in the cliffs below our feet.

The spot, too, on which we stood was not without the interest of association with times long past. A chapel had once crowned this wild eminence, vowed by some storm-tossed Baron of old to Our Lady of Succour; and the soft green turf scarcely concealed the remnants of masonry, which in one spot remained sufficiently entire to show a cluster of marble pillars, and part of an old Norman arch. The contrast was striking. Before us, the grand pageant of Nature, re-enacted in undimmed glory from day to day, and year to year, while the work of

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human hands grew and flourished, and decayed and crumbled back into its original elements: the only object in that noble prospect of earth, sky, and sea, which bore the impress of man's hand, and gave its silent testimony to the perishable nature of all human things.

Silently we watched the departing sun. One small boat, the only sail visible on the wide expanse of water, came slowly landward, bound to the fishing village, hundreds of feet below us. As it crossed the wake of the setting sun, it showed against the intense light, as if made of polished jet; then gradually disappeared in the gathering shade, and was seen no more.

Still we watched silently—so slow, so gradual, was the decline of the great orb, that it seemed to fascinate the gaze till it became the only object visible in all the wide gorgeous prospect. As the last streak of intense crimson disappeared, I turned to look at my companions. Mabel was sitting with her hands clasped, the reins hanging loosely on her pony's neck, and her earnest gaze fixed on the horizon, as though she would follow with her eyes the sunken sun. She was very pale, and tears gathered slowly in her eyes as, with a sigh, she prepared to move away from the spot. Charlie had turned from the glorious sight to look at her; and an expression of infinite tenderness and pity was on his face.

'It will rise again,' he said, softly—but it was evident that he thought not then of the setting sun; and Mabel understood him, for the tears fell quietly over her cheeks, though she scarcely seemed to know that they did so. They did not think of me, and I followed them silently homeward through the rich afterglow of the evening and the gathering shades of the deep oak woods.

The following morning I left Monksleigh and returned to London. I had taken a house near Hyde Park for the Riversdales, and it was arranged that Charlie Powis should be their guest. I cannot describe the state of restless nervousness in which I passed the few days that intervened before that appointed for the distribution of the Victoria Cross. It was increased by the necessity of appearing calm and cheerful before my uncle and the others, who were all more or less anxious about the approaching ceremony. There was an unearthly serenity about Charlie which discomposed me more than anything else: he listened to all the arrangements and discussions as if he were in no manner concerned in them, and more than once I could scarcely refrain from a passing feeling of impatience at his calm indifference.

It was settled that I should take Mabel to the Stand, for which we had obtained admissions, as the Archdeacon and Mrs. Riversdale were both unequal to the fatigue and heat which must be encountered; and when the morning came, and after a sleepless night I joined the party in Grosvenor-street about eight o'clock in the morning, Mabel looked so pale and agitated, that I strove earnestly, but vainly, to dissuade her from the exertion.

'I *must* go,' she said; 'please do not think me obstinate if you can help it, Herbert; but I cannot give it up.' So we went. Any one who was present on that sultry summer morning will not need to be reminded of the physical suffering endured by the patient crowd; to those who were not it would be impossible for me to convey an idea of the discomforts we went through before winning our way to the much-envied position to which our tickets admitted us. The Stand was already crowded, and I saw that it would be impossible for Mabel to witness the ceremony from the only spot where we could find standing-room. As I was whispering this to her, and trying to persuade her to give the thing up, and return home, I perceived that we attracted the notice of a fair young girl in the front row, who was watching us attentively. Presently she took a memorandum-book from her pocket, and hastily writing a few lines in it, tore out the leaf; and directing the attention of a lady near her to Mabel, in a moment the scrap of paper was passed from hand to hand till it reached us, and a bright smile from the writer showed that it had arrived at its destination. 'Pardon me,'—these were the words she had written—

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'I feel sure your interest in this scene is even deeper than mine. Let me change places with you.' A glow of grateful pleasure lighted up my poor Mabel's pale face as she read the words; an instinctive sympathy seemed to pervade the crowd around us; and in a moment I saw her safe beside the kind and feeling girl, who made way for her to pass to the front with a smile, and then considerately turned away that she might not appear to notice the almost overpowering emotion with which Mabel looked down on the bright array before her, and strove to single out the figure of Charlie Powis, while the whole scene wavered before her tearful eyes.

And now the bright *cortège*, heralded by distant shouts, approached. The Queen took up her station, and the short, simple, but most interesting ceremony began. I could see nothing of what passed, but I read it in the changes of Mabel's countenance. I saw the brightening glance as she first caught sight of Charlie—the breathless interest with which she watched his approach, and the flush that mounted to her cheek as she saw him receive from his Queen's hand the hard-earned badge of bravery. As he turned away to resume his place in the little band, a deep sigh of relief and thankfulness escaped from Mabel's lips. It was over: the hour so long thought of—so much dreaded, and yet longed for—had come and gone, and he was there, safe, before her eyes. Another moment, and the advancing ranks had hidden him; and with a whispered word, and a cordial pressure of the hand, Mabel left the side of her unknown friend, and made her way to mine.

If these pages should ever meet the eye of that tender-hearted woman, sought for in vain at all possible places of public resort long after the remembrance of her gracious kindness has probably faded from her mind, she will learn from them how well it was bestowed, how deeply appreciated, and upon what thankful hearts its memory is graven.

I would fain linger here: I feel acutely the pain of my self-imposed task, now that the short and uneventful story I have undertaken to record draws to its tragic close. I would gladly dwell on those last few happy moments when, with a tender joyful pride fluttering at her heart, Mabel walked homeward by my side, describing the scene she had witnessed. But the end must be told. As we neared the house, I noticed that a brougham was standing at the door, and two or three persons, a policeman among them, were lingering about. Mabel exclaimed hastily, 'Oh, there are visitors there—what a bore!' when, just as we approached the door, it was opened by a servant, who had evidently been watching for us, and on whose face I read at once that something unusual had occurred. Mabel did not notice him, however, and was passing quickly toward the staircase, when the dining-room door opened, and Doctor Riversdale, quite calm, but with his features set in a deathly pallor, appeared.

'Mabel, my child, go to your mother,' he said; and laying his hand on my arm, he drew me silently into the small back room which he had used as a study.

I do not know at this moment whether he told me the dread tidings, or if 'untold,' I 'saw them in his eyes.' I seemed to feel it at once. Charlie was gone, and the light of Mabel's life was quenched for ever.

Presently the Archdeacon led me into the dining-room. He lay there, my beloved friend, in his last calm, blessed sleep, with his left hand on his breast clasping the cross.

When I was able to listen, they told me how it happened. He had moved but a few paces onward, after receiving the cross, when he faltered and fell, apparently fainting; and his servant, who with great difficulty had made his way through the crowd, dreading, as he afterwards told me, that the excitement would be too much for his master, contrived, with the assistance of two or three spectators, to remove him from the ground. At this moment a surgeon happened to be passing, and stopped to inquire into the accident, and at his request Charlie

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Powis was placed, still insensible, in his brougham, and conveyed to the house. He breathed once or twice faintly, and as they were removing him from the carriage he put up his hand and clasped the cross on his breast. It was the last sign of life; and though every means were had recourse to without a moment's delay, all was in vain. The brave and blessed spirit had passed away with that slight but, to me, deeply significant action.

It is needless to say more. It was all accounted for by the sudden inward bleeding of the wounded lung, and in my dear friend's papers abundant evidence was found that he had expected and prepared for a sudden death; and when we could nerve our aching hearts to think of his gain, and forget for a moment our own irreparable loss, there seemed something strangely and touchingly appropriate in the time and manner of his death.

I am alone at Malta now. My silent solitary room is often peopled with the shadows of the past, and haunted with the memory of those who have gone from it for ever. I hear that Mabel bears her sorrow meekly and unrepiningly; and the thought of dear Charlie Powis comes ever with a healing balm to quiet the restless longing that possessed me when I first returned to my lonely home for his sorely missed companionship, by sweet and solemn images of his perfect bliss.

'He hath outsoared the shadow of our night,' and who would wish him back in this world of change and woe?

Nov. 1857.

ENGLISH POETRY *versus* CARDINAL WISEMAN.

IN one of the publications of Cardinal Wiseman is a lecture delivered by him some time ago, in which two of our greatest English poets are accused of never having given 'a rich description of natural beauty' unconnected with 'wantonness, voluptuousness, and debauchery.'

Whether it is owing to the lecture's having been hitherto little known out of the pale of the Cardinal's circle, or to the incuriosity of readers in general, or to the indifference of readers in particular as to what his Eminence might think fit to assert, I cannot say; but nobody, to the best of my knowledge, having noticed either the passage itself or the points that are covertly connected with it, I venture, as one of the grateful readers of those poets, and one of the spectators of the Catholic movements of the day, whom circumstances have much interested in those movements (having been a sufferer of old in the cause of Catholic emancipation) to make some remarks on the subject. The use to which Catholics are apt to turn their assertions, if uncontradicted, appears to me to render the notice desirable; and if only as a matter of literary curiosity, I hope it may be found not unamusing.

The following is his Eminence's exordium:—

The title (he says) which a lecture bears, will seldom convey an accurate idea of what its author intends. He endeavours, no doubt, to express in a few words the subject of which it will treat, but it can hardly prepare the future hearer for his method, and his particular view. We might as well expect the inscription which once graced the front of a destroyed temple, found in a field, to teach us what were the proportions, the materials, or even the architecture of the ancient edifice. It may have inscribed on it—'To Jove the Thunderer,' or 'To Minerva the Healing,' or 'To the God Rediculus,' or 'To Antoninus and Faustina;' but what manner of building it indicated to the traveller no one could tell, unless some fragment at least, a broken capital, a shaft, or a splintered cornice, remained to guide us.

And yet, perhaps, to continue the illustration, the boldness and dimensions of the very inscription might allow us at least to conjecture, whether great or small was the structure to which it gave a name. And so far, I hope, the title of my Lecture may not mislead. Each one may have built up for it 'the fabric of a vision,' his own idea, probably more stately, more beautiful, more finished than the reality will prove; and so far he may be doomed to disappointment. But at any rate, the title will express how copious, how vast, how un-

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bounded is the theme which I have undertaken to illustrate.

For short as is that title, it incloses the whole range of natural beauty, from the mountain chain, with its snows and huge forests, to the green sward and its flowers; art pictorial in all its branches, descriptive in all its varieties, verse and prose. It comprises all ages and all nations—antiquity sacred and classical; the mediæval and modern periods.

How then will it be possible to contain one's self within reasonable bounds? Only, as it appears to me, by not running beyond those of one's own thoughts; by not wandering for new scenes into new roads, and losing one's self in other speculations. One's own mind is limited; one's reading circumscribed; one's views perhaps narrowed; at least one's vision is bounded by a horizon referable to *position*. Such is my only chance of not running riot, and carrying my audience over a vast field without path or landmark. I must be content to feed your kind curiosity *only* with such poor ideas as may spring from my *own mind*, or emanate from my own *casual pursuits*.

These italics are the transcriber's.

Now the whole object of this, and of all the other proceedings of the Cardinal, is that of his one great and by no means 'casual' pursuit, the extension of the authority of the see of Rome.

Why couldn't he say so?

The answer to that single question would lay open the whole history of what has been false and foolish in the conduct of the see of Rome, what gave it worldly success for a time, what has filled it with secret unbelievers always, and what necessitates, in spite of occasional appearances to the contrary, its decay and dissolution. This answer is, that the see of Rome is not a thing true enough to afford speaking the truth.

Why should the title of a book and the contents of a book suggest such ideas of difference in the mind of a Roman Catholic advocate? And why, above all, when the book is his own?

The phrase 'we might as well expect,' applied to an inscription on a temple, is to intimate an equality of doubt between two things, one of which is not at all doubtful, or intended to be doubtful. For the object of the temple, be its architecture, &c., what it may, is the worship of the god whom the inscription designates; whereas that of the book may indeed, as in the instance before us, be unguessable from the title.

The 'god Rediculus,' besides being intended to imply the ridiculousness of Pagan gods in general (though the meaning of the Latin word is not what it sounds in English), is made to precede the mention of 'Antoninus and Faustina,' in order to dishonour the memory of the good Pagan emperor, and to remind us that he had a wife to whose vices he was blind. But the gods and deified emperors of Pagan Rome are notoriously represented, or at least were succeeded in deification, by the saints of Rome Catholic. Gods, emperors, and saints, they were all alike objects of worship, and divine; all alike Divi. There was Divus Rediculus, Divus Augustus, Divus Trajanus, Divus Antoninus, &c.; and as there was once a Divus Antonius—Marc Antony, to wit—who reigned in Egypt by the side of a Diva Cleopatra, so there was, after him, and is still, another Divus Antonius—*Saint* Antony, to wit—who presides over pigs. The Divus or god Rediculus presided over people returning to their homes. His name comes from the word *redire*, to return, not from *ridere*, to laugh. Is presiding over pigs, then, a diviner office than protecting returners home? Or is the palm to be given to Saint Feriol, the Divus who presides over geese; to Saint Erasmus, who is the Divus of the stomach; to Saint Main, who guards us against pimples; Saint Blaise, who is the Divus against 'bones sticking in the throat;' or Saint Martin and Saint Urban (for it takes two saints to uphold this office), who are invoked to save gentlemen who have been drinking too freely at Catholic dinners, from falling into the gutter?

Should Protestant readers take this list of saints for a jest, let them look into a work called the *Perennial Calendar*, the production of an honest Catholic, and they will find it to be but a small portion of a like array of divinities.

If ever there was a Pagan whose conduct and aspirations were saintly,

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Marcus Antoninus was one. His whole life was saintly, which cannot be said of many a saint in the calendar, the best of them not excepted. Yet suppose, as a set-off against Antoninus and Faustina, the Catholic Church were to be confronted with Augustin and his 'wild oats;' or with Pope Clement and the Viscountess of Turenne; or with Pope Innocent and Donna Olympia Maldachini? I suppress worse instances for the sake of common humanity, and because I cannot believe them.

His Eminence proceeds to quote some passages from Chaucer and Spenser, descriptive of the beauties of nature; and here we are presented with the extraordinary charge against those poets which gave rise to the present remarks. Note the tone and the *sigh* of it, in connexion with what has been said, especially when a yearning is conceived for 'the wilderness or the hermitage.'

The lecture is *On the Perception of Natural Beauty by the Ancients and the Moderns;* and it is bound up in a pamphlet with another, subsequently delivered, entitled *Rome, Ancient and Modern:*—

Before leaving these authors (observes the lecturer), I cannot but express a natural regret, that in both too much, but I think exclusively in the later one, every rich description of natural beauty is connected with wantonness, voluptuousness, and debauchery; so as almost to drive one to the fear, that, after all, virtue may well disdain to feed its thoughts even on the most innocent of earthly contemplations, and fly to the wilderness or the hermitage, and there habitually nourish penitential ideas.—p. 8.

'Habitually penitential ideas'! and 'forced, after all,' to 'fly to the hermitage'! Oh the good Lord Cardinal!—jovial and pleasurable man! delighting to expatiate on the beauties of nature and art—what could induce him to conjure up this frightful image of his sudden abandonment of the world? of his desperate rush into solitude from books, and turning his noble person into a lath of mortification? and all because of those hitherto esteemed English poets, Chaucer and Spenser. Were there no previous poets to fly from? no pleasurable gentlemen of his own southern countries and creed?—poets at once sacred and seductive? singers of crusades, and absolute Inquisitors writing naughty comedies?

But this premature sally of the Cardinal in behalf of a life of roots and water must not betray me into a like irregularity. Let me begin at the beginning, and take all in order.

I have, then, a counter-charge, or rather series of counter-charges, to bring against the distinguished accuser, which may be thus stated:—

First, That the accusation against the poets is not true.

Second, That such amount of truth as it might be admitted to contain, had it been far more qualified, had credit been given to exuberances for the lesson which they were intended to include, and had the license been charged not merely upon the poets in their own persons, but upon the age in which they lived, and upon writers before them, would be found, as the accuser knows, to have originated with Catholic, and not with Reforming or Protestant poets.

Third and last, That the object of the whole lecture is not to compare ancients with moderns, except as a means to an end, but to insinuate Catholic associations and Catholic interests into the minds of its readers, and this too by the help and at the expense of opponents of the Catholic Church, notwithstanding the like better knowledge on the part of the lecturer, and in rash assumption of the ignorance of his hearers.

Proofs of the whole of these charges will be made manifest as the remarks proceed, chiefly in their order, but more or less throughout what is said; for the points on which they are founded are so artfully mixed up in the lecture, that they necessitate a like compound treatment in handling them.

To speak first, then, of Chaucer. Readers the best acquainted with that poet, and readers the least acquainted with him, provided in the latter case they know Dryden's modernization of the *Flower and the Leaf*, are equally qualified to refute the Cardinal's assertion: for though Dryden's production may be roughly stated to be as inferior to

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his original as art is to nature, still, besides being a beautiful poem of its kind, it is no unworthy representative of the original's moral treatment; and neither in original nor in copy is there a syllable warranting the Cardinal's accusation. Chaucer's *Flower and Leaf*, like that of his imitator, is 'rich' in its 'description of natural beauty;' it is rich also in gorgeous accessories of dress and display; rich in pomps of knights and ladies; rich in opportunities of license; and yet it not only declines availing itself of the least of those opportunities, but its entire treatment is eminently chaste and reserved, and its moral is the triumph of manly and womanly virtue over idle dissipation.

Let anybody take up the poem, and find a word inconsistent with this account of it if he can.

Indeed, in a passage only two pages preceding his accusation, the Cardinal speaks of this very poem as being full of 'delicate' as well as 'loving description,' and does not venture a hint that it contains a syllable the reverse.

How, then, is his other statement to be defended?

The same spotless treatment, as well as sentiment, is characteristic of the poem entitled *The Cuckow and the Nightingale*, in which there is one of the writer's 'rich descriptions' of scenery in spring. 'After an introduction' (says the late welcome Annotated Edition of his works), 'in which the poet extols the universal power of love, he tells us, that being unable to sleep, he rose at daybreak one morning in May to hear the nightingale sing, and wandered through a wood by the margin of a brook, till he came to a green lane powdered with daisies. Lulled by the sound of the running water and by the songs of the birds, he falls into a half-waking dream, when he thinks he hears the ominous note of the cuckoo, whom the nightingale begs to go somewhere away, that he may not interrupt those who really can sing. Then ensues a dispute between them on the merits of love. Here, as in *The Assembly of Foules*, the cuckoo represents profligate celibacy and the nightingale pure conjugal affection. The poet, whose indignation is roused by the base sentiments of the cuckoo, at last starts up, and drives him off; upon which the nightingale thanks Chaucer, and promises to sing him one of her newest songs. She then calls the other birds, and they consult together how to be avenged on the cuckoo for his slanders against love; when it is finally agreed that they shall hold a parliament on the morrow of St. Valentine before the Queen's window in Woodstock Park. The nightingale then sings so loud a song that she awakens the poet, who, in the *Envoye*, dedicates his book to his lady.'

Now what is there in all this, or in any one passage of the poem (which I beg the reader to inspect for the purpose of answering the question), that is to be characterized as connected with 'wantonness, voluptuousness, and debauchery'?

So, in the poet's beautiful description of the daisy and the meadow, in his Prologue to *The Legend of Good Women;* of blooming Emily walking and singing in the garden of 'Palamon and Arcite;' and of womanhood itself, an especial and exquisite picture in the poem entitled *The Book of the Duchesse*, where is there a particle that might not be read out loud to any ears in the world, except such as might pollute with their own grossness the simplest and best-intentioned utterances of the minds of their forefathers?*

The Cardinal might object to the last, and the last but one, of these instances; to the last, as being too exclusively human for inclusion in what he means by 'rich descriptions of natural beauty;' and to the last

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* The picture just alluded to begins—

> Among these ladyes thus ech one,

and ends—

> These were hir maneres every del.

Note particularly the twelve lines describing her countenance, and ending with—

> It was no counterfeited thing;
> It was her owne pure looking.

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but one as not being of sufficient length. But he must allow that the occasions were tempting to such a writer as he would have us believe Chaucer to have been; and it is allowable in the poet's defence to adduce them as samples of a hundred instances, in which a writer so 'hinted at,' declined to avail himself of the like opportunities.

So much for the letter as well as spirit of Dr. Wiseman's accusation against Chaucer. But it is unfounded in further instances, as regards spirit, and perhaps, if rightly and liberally considered, in all; for though there are passages, and indeed whole poems, which for the coarseness and license both of their plot and manner give pain to the most devoted of Chaucer's admirers, and are never re-perused by them but for some purpose of criticism by which they cannot be overlooked, those passages and stories, by the consent of common charity, and of a proper knowledge of the times in which the writer lived, when courtiers themselves talked as grossly as scavengers may now, are justly held attributable to those times, and to the very tendency of so uncircumscribed a nature as Chaucer's to be intolerant of no social phase of his fellow-creatures. Not even in the freest of those stories is it the intention of the poet to side with any selfish, degrading, or unprincipled feeling. On the contrary, he is manifestly all for gentlemanly and womanly spirit, for innermost refinement of mind, and the noblest open-heartedness. The vulgar licentiousness of his millers and his *friars* is anything but alluring. He plainly wishes to make it repulsive. His biographer in the edition above mentioned, Mr. Robert Bell, is so struck with this prevailing tendency of his genius, and consequently holds him up in a light so different from that which is cast on him by his lecturer, that in one of his comments on the poem of *The Flower and the Leaf* he says, 'No unimportant element of beauty in Chaucer's poetry is the elevated tone of moral feeling that pervades it, notwithstanding the occasional grossness of expression that belongs to the age rather than to the man. There is not a single piece of his which, on the whole, does not tend to the admiration of virtue, and to make vice hateful and ridiculous.'

If by the help of this light, and not by that of the Cardinal, which deteriorates what it finds, readers peruse some even of the poems which are apparently more open to the charge preferred in the lecture, *The Assembly of Foules*, for instance, which seems to have been the immediate occasion of it, he will find how true a light it is. *The Assembly of Foules* is a story of Saint Valentine's Day, when birds assemble to choose their mates. A dispute among three eagles for the possession of a favourite female is concluded with a recommendation on the part of Nature to go and prove, for the space of a year, which of them shall best deserve her; and the object of the poem, as Mr. Bell observes, is to show that 'where all profess equal love, the criterion must be constancy.' But as love, in all the phases of its ordinance, and all the causes and consequences of its effects on different dispositions, emphatically concerns the fortunes of St. Valentine's Day, the poet, alluding to its combination of animal with spiritual impulses, has one stanza out of ninety-nine which refers to the Deity presiding over the former, and which, though it had better have been away, would, it may be affirmed, be as little dwelt upon by readers in general, and as imperfectly understood by any readers but scholars, as it would be harmless to them all. There is nothing in the spirit of the whole poem calculated to turn its general impression into a connexion with 'wantonness, voluptuousness, and debauchery,' except with minds which, from whatever causes, would put the connexion there themselves, or with any scene in nature itself in which love was concerned.

So much for the charge against Chaucer, considered apart from the particular motives which occasioned it, and from suppressions on a side which should have withheld it altogether. To the former I have before alluded, and I shall speak of both more distinctly before I conclude.

I now proceed to the charge against Spenser.

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In Spenser's poems are many scenes rich in descriptions of natural beauty, and almost all of them connected with love; yet even in those so connected, when the allegory itself does not lead the poet to set forth the perils of temptation, none of the scenes lie open in the least degree to the Cardinal's imputations. Such are those of the Knight and Una in the Wood (*Faerie Queene*, Book the First, Canto the First); Una in the 'shady place' (Canto Third); Una and the Satyrs (Canto the Sixth); the Garden of Proserpina (Book the Second, Canto Seven); the 'dainty place,' in which the wounded Squire is nursed by the lovely Belphœbe in a pavilion (Book the Third, Canto Fifth); the Bath of Diana (Ditto, Canto the Sixth); the seat of the Nymphs in the *Visions of Bellay;* and two long scenes, rich in description, one in the poem entitled *Muiopotmos*, and the other in that of the *Gnat*, from Virgil; which have nothing to do with any pleasures but those of a butterfly feeding and a shepherd reposing.

Now, how comes it that the Cardinal's memory, or his want of memory, or his sequestered and *célibataire* imagination, allowed him to put into the very Bath of Diana what is not to be found there? How was it possible, according to this forbidden gentleman, that Spenser should have surrounded his Una with Satyrs in a beautiful spot, yet not have attributed to them a word, or even a thought, of offence? How came a youthful squire to have his wounds healed, and his love excited, by the charming Belphœbe, in one of the most sequestered of spots, yet nothing be intimated by lover or by poet that could be objected to by imaginations the nicest? And lastly, how came the poet to indulge himself in the two long descriptions, rich in natural beauty, last mentioned—those in the *Gnat* and the *Muiopotmos*—and love itself have no concern in the matter? Is it possible, thinks this genial Prince of the Church, for a poet of any luxury of imagination to heap stanza upon stanza in descriptions of fields and gardens, and yet not let a corner be found in them for connexion with 'wantonness, voluptuousness, and debauchery?' Yes; it is very possible—very possible and very indisputable—and Spenser is the poet to show his Eminence how it may be done. The butterfly, it is true, in the *Muiopotmos* enjoys his feastings on thyme and lavender with an appetite amounting to excess; an excess which, moreover, the poet owns, and does not rebuke. Taking measure of his forces of deglutition according to the clerical standard set up by a late famous wit, he has a 'seven-*butterfly* power.' Alas! how weak the word compared

> With that large utterance of the burly gods!

Having thus established the first counter-charge against the illustrious critic, I come to the second, which, briefly stated, is, that the license which he has laid to the account of the Reforming poet, Chaucer, and the Protestant poet, Spenser, as if in any respect or to any degree it had been of their own creation, originated with Catholic writers their predecessors, respecting whom he is silent.

This origin is a fact so notorious to all persons who are in the least degree acquainted with the subject, that the wonder is, on what kind of understandings the lecturer thought to impose by his silence, or how he could reckon upon its non-exposure.

Chaucer, though a wholly original writer as regards characterization, manners, and style, and though a great improver of the stories which he borrowed, invented few or none of the main incidents of those stories; and unfortunately, in compliance with the taste of his times, he sometimes borrowed the indecencies with which the comic portion of them was accompanied. The writers who were thus at once his originals and his examples were the French and Italian novelists, authors of *Decamerons* and *Fabliaux*, and writers of tales in Latin—all Catholics. The liberties taken by them with morals, or with monks and nuns, did not hinder them from boasting themselves good holders to the Church, or even from entering it professionally. Boccaccio, who mingled indecent stories of the clergy with some of the noblest and most affecting on

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other subjects that ever were written, ultimately assumed the clerical habit himself; and before as well as after that intimation of his leading a graver life than he had been used to, he was employed as an envoy to Popes. In fact the indecencies which, according to the charge in the Cardinal's lecture, might be concluded to have been the sole property in Chaucer's day of the father of English poetry, were thought as little contrary to good manners during the times in which he and his exemplars flourished, as allusions to physical infirmities or scandalous diseases were thought long afterwards in the times of Pope and Swift; or as modes of dress, male as well as female, were considered no long time ago by ourselves, though the draperied Mussulman looked on them with astonishment. To see an Eastern envoy even now at an evening party, moving about among a crowd of lovely women, with their well-outlined forms, and shoulders from which their attire seems ready to slip down, cannot but set visitors reflecting on what he must think when he compares them with his own secluded or muffled-up females. Had the sense of propriety or allowability been other than what it was in the times when Boccaccio and others wrote, a man of his fine nature would never have made the stories in his *Decameron* indiscriminately acceptable to the accomplished party of ladies and gentlemen who are represented as relating them to one another. Nor would his follower Bandello, whom Francis I. made a bishop, have addressed one of the most indecent stories in the whole circle of the Italian novelists to a Princess who was accounted a pattern of virtue.

My object in proving this second counter-charge against the reverend critic has not been to bring odium on the Catholic predecessors of Chaucer (though it is impossible not to see how little their religion restrained them or their times), but to vindicate our countryman against the exclusive responsibility with which a Catholic has tacitly charged him.

The case in every respect is the same with Spenser. The court of Elizabeth (as Catholic writers well know, for they have taken care to exaggerate the circumstance) was as little a pattern of delicacy for later ages as that of her father Henry VIII., or her successor James. Shakspeare is understood to have made Falstaff in love on purpose to please Elizabeth; and see what love it is, and how the lover talks of it. The *Merry Wives of Windsor* is the least decent in its language of all Shakspeare's plays. One of the favourites of the same Queen, Sir John Harington, dedicated to her his translation of Ariosto, in which none of the indecency of the original is suppressed. But did these manners commence with anti-Catholic courts? No; they flourished in preceding courts Catholic. The Pope himself, in the person of Leo X., had encouraged them in the age preceding Elizabeth; and as Shakspeare might have adduced Leo's example in behalf of his play (not to mention one of Leo's cardinals also, Bibbiena, in his comedy of *Calandra*), so Harington might have instanced the same Pope's favour in behalf of the indecencies of Ariosto, whose poem in which they occur, and the poet too, were graced with his Holiness's particular countenance.

Hence the excuse, such as it is, for the license in the poetry of Spenser; not that the Protestant English poet needs the excuse in anything like the degree in which it was needed by Ariosto. There is but one production in the so-called collected works of Spenser which ought not to have been in them; and strangely enough, this alleged production, which was posthumous in its appearance, and which the collectors agree in thinking spurious, they nevertheless retain; for which, insignificant and little noticed as it is, they deserve severe reprehension. The freest of the poems avowed and published by Spenser himself was as superior to the freest passages of Ariosto in point of decency, as refinement itself is to the lowest coarseness. Spenser, in imitating some other of Ariosto's passages far less objectionable, has incurred the reproof of Cardinal Wiseman; but not a word does the Catholic churchman say of the offender's Catholic

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misleader; no, not even though, in addition to his setting these erroneous examples, Ariosto himself was the holder of a benefice in the Church, and therefore a contributor to the scandals that were brought upon it in the eyes of the Reformation. Yes, gentle and candid reader, the author of *Orlando Furioso*, the singer of Alcina and of Giocondo, was himself a kind of clergyman, strange as it would be now-a-days to hear of the *Reverend Mr. Ariosto;* for I believe he had a right to the title, inasmuch as the benefice which he held prohibited his taking a wife. At all events, it was on account of that prohibition that, like many a perplexed Catholic clergyman before him (his friend the Reverend Dr. Bembo, afterwards Cardinal Bembo, for one), he took a mistress, to whom, as the same friend was to his own, he is understood to have been conjugally attached; for Ariosto, though he was bred in corrupt times and amidst all sorts of moral confusions, was a good-hearted man as well as fine poet, and besides being a tender parent to his own children, was a second father to the family of brothers and sisters which had been left to the care of his slender resources. Thus much for poor, erring, semi-clerical Ariosto, out of that very sense of justice which his natural pastor, Cardinal Wiseman, declines doing either to him or to Spenser.

But Ariosto was not the only Catholic beguiler of Spenser. Tasso, the rival of Ariosto, was another; and if Tasso was a clergyman of no kind, he may be accounted nevertheless a more sacred kind of layman, being the author of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, a poem which is the pride and glory of the Catholic Church for its exaltation of that church and its glorification of the crusades. Now the 'richest' description of natural beauty in all Spenser was suggested, and in part supplied, by that very poem. The passage is where the knights in search of Rinaldo come upon the bathing-place of the nymphs of Armida. Spenser, it is true, enlarged upon his instructions. He seems to have thought it necessary to show how very tempting a thing a temptation is; and if this may have led him to prove too much, it is to be observed, as a counteraction, that no poet ever tore the mask off the tempter with greater indignation than he, or showed the pretensions which it disguised in colours more revolting. But the Cardinal does not say a word of such points in Spenser, or of any other of those numerous counteractions of vice in his poetry which, by the common consent of critics, has rendered the general impression of it upon his readers favourable to the loftiest morality, so favourable, that a graver and greater theologian than Cardinal Wiseman, one who was also a great poet—no less a man than Milton—does not scruple to call him 'the sage and serious Spenser;' adding, as if in defiance of the Catholic Church to prove the contrary, that he 'dared be known to think him a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.'

A like moral testimony to his merits is borne by Wordsworth, in the preface to his poems, where he speaks of the works of Milton and Spenser as the 'two grand store-houses' of poetical imagination.

Spenser (he says) maintained his freedom (from the anthropomorphitism of Paganism) by aid of his allegorical spirit; at one time inciting him to create persons out of abstractions; and at another, by a superior effort of genius, to give the universality and permanence of abstractions to his human beings by means of attributes and emblems that belong to the highest moral truths and the purest sensations—of which his character of Una is a glorious example. (p. xxi. of the edition of 1832.)

No warning is here implied against a general perusal of Spenser, on account of an occasional luxury of description.

There is, in fact, a healthy view of matters of this kind, which the severest moral poets are better qualified to take than any *célibataire.* And so are readers in general. I, for one, have been a reader of Spenser during almost the whole of my life; and while his poetry has furnished me with a constant and, as it were, far-off retreat from care, full of comfort and beauty inexpressible, with his woods, his

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visions, his virtues, his music, his mythologies, his masterly and most pictorial paintings, his noble and most refined sentiments, I am not aware that his tendency to see fair play to the whole round of natural and genial impressions ever did me an atom of harm. Nor do I conceive that the most innocent persons among the Cardinal's audiences would be more injured by the perusal than myself, if the bounteousness of the reverend bachelor's imagination would but let that of the poet suffice for itself, and so leave equivocal passages in possession of none but that surbordinate and very mingled interest which in a nature so abundant and various as Spenser's may be likened to the amount of room which they occupy in the works of nature herself. There have been ascetics in religion of so strange and unprovidential a kind, especially such as combine luxury of imagination with austere professions of conduct, nay, there is a whole ordained class of ascetics in the Cardinal's church, himself among them, so at variance with the ordinations of heaven itself in regard to the human race, that if their doctrine could be taken at its word by nature, we should speedily have such an edition of her works as would put an end to them altogether. Such an edition she insists upon not having. She preserves her works inviolate, trusting that the very amount of impression which she allows to them will induce us to treat her liberality worthily, and save us from the worse perils of restrictions unfounded in reason. See, as a late poet and philosopher intimated, what the monstrous institution alluded to—the celibacy of the clergy—

> Defaming as impure what God has pure deem'd,

has done to degrade the institution of marriage itself, and to occasion the prevalence of one extreme as the natural consequence of another, —that of intriguing licence, the answer to the consecrate desecration.

But our emissary of Rome, for one of those reasons (as we shall see presently), which for reasons of a different description are pleasantly said to be best known to a man's self, seems unable to mention Spenser in this extraordinary lecture on beautiful perceptions without a wish to disparage him; a strange proceeding in regard to such a poet—one, too, who has been a special favourite with the reverend critic, as, somewhat indiscreetly, perhaps, he lets us know in a previous portion of his works; for what business he had to take pleasure in so naughty a writer, and be in the habit of thinking him 'delicious,' is not, under existing circumstances, very clear. Perhaps a question to that effect from his confessor led to the alteration of tone in the lecture. Be this as it may, Spenser, though it was impossible to omit him, or to deny his beauty, in treating of such a subject as that of the lecture, has something constantly intimated to his disadvantage. We have seen the unqualified moral condemnation of the poet's descriptions. In a subsequent passage his critic, instead of contrasting what he quotes with passages from the ancient poets, as the professed subject of the lecture required, compares two of them to Spenser's disadvantage with Chaucer, omitting to notice at the same time how far the difference in point of treatment might not be owing to difference of impression on the persons from whose mouths they proceed. And on another occasion he goes so far as to accuse Spenser of 'destroying the whole beauty' of a sentiment in Scripture, — a formidable charge against a poet who was at once so refined and so religious. But the charge is founded on a mistake upon the part of the critic himself, of a nature so extraordinary, that it is worth while to quote the entire passage in which it occurs.

The reader will know the sentiment well. It is expressed in the beautiful words in the New Testament respecting Solomon and the lilies of the field. But it will be proper to quote also (which the Cardinal takes care not to do, or unfortunately for himself forgot to do) the words which in the Testament precede and follow it.

> No man (says the memorable text) can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other;

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or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. (Matthew, chap. vi.)

Now, without stopping to consider these remarkable words in the rest of their import, one thing is clear throughout them, and not contradictory to any portion of what they say; namely, that the lilies are introduced, not so much for the sake of contrasting them with Solomon, as to render the contrast itself an enforcement of the warning against too much toiling and spinning. Our gorgeous Cardinal, however, thinking more of Solomon than of the lilies, even when he is going to accuse Spenser of committing the same mistake, is not content with referring to the text in which they are mentioned. Fancying that he has caught the poet at fault on his own gorgeous side, and blind to the tables which he is about to turn on himself, he raises, instead of a simple picture of Jesus and his simple and beautiful words, a grand melodramatic *tableau* of the monarch, and the court of the monarch, with whom the lilies are compared; and in pompous words of his own describes what he fancies might have taken place on the occasion.

A right royal scene (says his Eminence) is opened before us. The Queen of the South is come to see the marvels, and hear the wisdom of Solomon, both the topics of Asiatic fame. She has gone with wonder through his palace, and surveyed its grandeur and order, 'the meat of his table and the apartments of his servants, and the order of his ministers, and their apparel and cupbearers.' (II. *Reg.* ix. 5.) But now she stands before him in solemn court, where everything that can dazzle and astonish is concentrated. Twelve smaller lions of gold form the avenue to the throne, itself of 'elephant and gold,' of such workmanship that 'there never was any such work done in any kingdom,' and supported by larger golden lions. His very guards bear two hundred shields of purest gold, and all the furniture around is of the same precious metal—for silver is of no account there. How magnificently arrayed then must be his princes, his generals, and his many ministers, the envoys of his tributaries, and the ambassadors of Hiram, the gold-merchant king? Then let us imagine to what a pitch of oriental sumptuousness is the king of Israel's own person decked. How have multitudes toiled for the splendour of his array! The caves of India and Ethiopia have been explored by patient miners, who have plucked from the rock the emerald and the diamond, and skilful workmen have ground and polished them till they dazzle by their blaze. The divers of Persia have explored the depths of ocean, to bring thence pearls of matchless dimensions and perfect shapes. Then a whole fleet has made a three years' voyage to Ophir, and bought and carried home the gold which hundreds have been engaged in picking, and smelting, and refining. Now begins the work of artists, domestic and foreign. The looms of Damascus furnish the richest textures; the purple which the Tyrian fisherman has brought up from the sea, is applied perhaps by the double dyers (*διβαφεις*) of Thyatira; the embroiderers of Sidon, Babylon, or Phrygia have covered the mantle with variegated 'needle-paintings,' as they were gracefully called. The jewellers and gold-

smiths of Jerusalem have vied with one another, in producing the most perfect work out of the most lavish materials; the anvil and the hammer, the graver and every delicate instrument for chasing, and inlaying, and setting, have been at work for weeks; till, from the crown and the armlets, to the girdle and the very sandals, all is royal, exquisite, in its magnificence. And Arabia and Saba have sent their most fragrant spices, to shed around the throne an atmosphere of fragrance.

So we may imagine King Solomon, as Ahasuerus is described to us, when 'he sat on his royal throne, clothed with his royal robes, and glittering with precious stones,' but not like him 'terrible to behold.' (Esther xv. 9.) For his countenance is noble, and his eyes full of the inspiration of wisdom; and his parted lips are uttering sentences to the Queen, worthy of everlasting record; and she is exclaiming in her heart, 'Blessed are thy servants, who stand before thy face all day and hear thy wisdom.'

Now, at this moment, when his heart is the most full, and his soul the most expanded, and when he is, and feels himself to be, the king in all outward and all moral greatness, let us imagine a little angel-child to enter into the midst of this splendid assembly, holding in his hand but one simple lily of the field, plucked by anticipation from some cottage-garden in Nazareth, or from the purlieus of Bethlehem, and stretching it forth, say, 'O great King Solomon, now in all thy glory, thou art not arrayed even as this little flower!'

And that monarch, who had discoursed of every plant, from the cedar of Libanus to the hyssop creeping on the wall, must have bowed his head in reverent assent, and might be well supposed to have answered, 'Thou sayest truly, O mysterious child; and thou hast, moreover, spoken more wisdom in those few words than I have uttered this day. For my sentences have been but the emanations of human knowledge, but thy words have been those of a God.'

What a wonderful pre-eminence is here given to the lowliest work of God over the most splendid works of man! What an idea of the perfection which exists in the one, in its soft and tender texture, in the brilliancy of its colour, in the elegance of its form, in the delicacy of its organization, yea, in the very life which gives it elasticity, sweetness, and healthiness, compared with the lumpish, dead splendour of metal and jewel. And yet the poet who calls it

> The lily, lady of the flowering field,

(as Pliny calls it 'the queen of flowers'),

which

> Yet neither spins nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
> But to her mother Nature all her cares she lets,
> (SPENSER,)

has destroyed the whole beauty of the sentiment. For ladies and queens are pompously clothed without this manual labour. No; the charm of the thought lies in this—that God 'so clothes the very grass of the field' (for in Palestine it is such) 'which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven,' that day and night the wondrous loom of nature, who is but God's handmaid, is weaving over the whole earth, mountain, vale, meadow, and desert, a veil of exquisite texture, variegated to infinity in pattern and colour, in spite of scythe and plough, drought and flood, from which you cannot pick an ornament—a snowdrop as well as a tulip—that can be matched by the complicated efforts of man's skill. What a new perception is here of natural beauty, hidden from the classic mind! (p. 28.)

Such is the Cardinal's account of the matter hidden from Spenser's 'classic mind,' but yielding up its secret to his Eminence's more delicate perceptions. Now take the real state of the case. The question in the first place, as I have intimated, is not so much between Solomon and the lily, as between toil and no toil—between trust in Providence and too much thought for the morrow. It suited the lecturer to state otherwise, because it accommodated his fancied discovery of what everybody had learnt before him, namely, that natural beauty is better than artificial. But setting this aside, his Eminence has made the same mistake, though to worse purpose, which quoters of Shakspeare make when they attribute indiscriminately to the poet himself the sentiments which he puts into the mouths of his characters; for though Spenser wrote the words, he does not speak them in his own person. He puts them into the mouth which of all others was the one to disfigure and do them wrong, namely, that of Idleness itself, or the Nymph of the 'Idle Lake,' whose business it was to convey

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passengers to the bower of the witch Acrasia, or Intemperance. In *her*, when she made use of the lilies in the text, it was proper to speak of 'ladies and queens,' and of their being 'clothed without manual labour;' and the Cardinal might have saved himself the mortification of his ostentatious mistake and his fancied triumph over the poet, if he had read what is said upon the passage by Spenser's commentator, the Rev. Mr. Upton; who being a Protestant, not a Catholic clergyman, and therefore not confused in his intellects by the 'pomps and vanities' which blinded the describer of Solomon, simply and truly says, that the allusion to the lilies is put into the mouth of Idleness, 'to show how the best of sayings may be perverted to the worst of meanings.'

His Eminence, it might be thought by some, has even endangered the sentiment he extols, by the way in which he has handled it; for circumstances make a difference in the truthfulness of truths themselves, when the application of them is rendered of doubtful propriety; and it is one thing to make an abstract comparison of Solomon's glory with a lily, in order to show the latter's unlaboured excellence, and another to taunt the king with it to his face, when he had not merited, by any bad conduct, such a visitation on the glory which God had given him. We cannot therefore take for granted that Dr. Wiseman's angel on such an occasion was to be considered any angel at all. We may rather suppose him to have been one of the Queen of Sheba's pages, dressed up in the fashion of a little opera performer of angels, for the purpose of putting his Majesty to one of those tests of his wisdom which it pleased his visitor to call forth. And we may imagine the king smiling, and saying, 'Very well done, my little fellow, and so are your wings; and nobody is readier than myself to acknowledge, that works of man are not to be compared with those to which you allude. I take the challenge to that acknowledgment as a compliment. But we must bear in mind, that colours of all kinds, and gems also, and pearls, and aromatics, and gold —aye, and the workmen that work in them, and the kings that wear them—nay, and the lilywhite hands of ladies who teach lessons to kings, are all (not to speak it lightly) of the same Divine manufacture: so that the lesson given us this time is hardly so good as it might have been, had it been addressed to one of the workmen themselves, that may have been too anxious to labour to make me fine.'

A similar mistake to this about Spenser's intention, though of less consequence, has been made by the Cardinal in his criticism on a passage in Shakspeare; one of those mistakes originating in the kind of thoughtlessness which has just been noticed as too common with the quoters of the great dramatist; but, unfortunately, the thoughtlessness of his Eminence becomes less excusable than theirs, because it assumes to be supereminently thoughtful, and this too at Shakspeare's expense. He quotes a fine passage from the prophet Hosea, in which 'the sower calls to the corn, and wine, and oil, to grow, and they entreat the earth for nourishment, and earth supplicates the heavens for their dew, and rain, and sunshine; and these pray to the Lord for the breath that makes all live. And he hears the prayer of the heavens, and they hear the earth; and the earth hears the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and these hear their husbandman.' 'How poor,' exclaims the Cardinal, 'is Shakspeare beside this:—

> And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
> The trumpet to the cannoneers without,
> The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.'

Poor, indeed, if Shakspeare on the occasion intended to give us a sample of the riches of his imagination, or to write in emulation of the Prophet's text. But the words are uttered by a poor mouthing king, who is presiding over a fencing-match, and exhibiting a cowardly zeal for the success of a man whom he fears. 'Set me,' says he,—

> The stoups of wine upon that table.
> If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

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Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an union* shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneers without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

How would Shakspeare have stared to find his king's pompous toast gravely compared with a passage from the Bible! How sagacious a compliment to the Bible, and what a compliment, above all, to poor criminal King Claudius! Did the Cardinal never hear of such things as the proprieties of time, place, circumstance, persons, and character?

Desirous, however, as Dr. Wiseman appears, at all hazards, to find our great poets at fault, when it suits the indiscreet literature of his church to do so, he takes care, in the course of the little which he quotes from them, to intimate the testimony which he considers them capable of being made to bear to the merits of its institutions and the æsthetical suggestions of its worship. The favourite Catholic reference to 'good friar Laurence,' in the play of *Romeo and Juliet*, is not omitted in the lecture. We are called upon to note the 'angel voices' and 'divine respondence' of 'instruments' in Spenser and Chaucer. From Chaucer a passage is quoted in honour of the Virgin Mary, and his Eminence contrives to quote a similar passage from Wordsworth, incidental to an equivocal mention of a shrine erected on a Swiss mountain to 'Our Lady of the Snow.' But he does not say a word of the 'snow' in the same poet, to which the Waldenses fled with their 'pure church,' from the corruptions and cruelties of the Church of Rome. As little is breathed respecting Chaucer's ridicule of friars and monks, as little respecting the tremendous denouncements of Popery in Spenser, and as little respecting the wicked cardinals and the souls of 'howling priests' in Shakspeare. It will be said that the subject of his lecture, the *Perception of Natural Beauty by the Ancients and the Moderns*, did not require him to do otherwise. True; but neither did it require him to mix up Catholicism with his æsthetics, and make Reforming and Protestant poets appear as if they agreed with him. Requisites and non-requisites are treated by him with equal indifference as far as the lecture's title is concerned. Other English or British poets, Cowley, Cowper, Thomson, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, all of whom had claims on his notice upon such a subject, he wholly ignores, not having found, or called to mind, anything in them to suit his purpose; and Keats, an enthusiast for the beauty of nature, he mentions only to disparage for the very enthusiasm, saying it amounted to something 'almost frenzied,' and accusing him at the same time of its being 'icy cold,' and exhibiting nothing but 'cheerless, earthly affections,' things void of all 'moral glow,' and of every 'virtuous emotion!' Such are actually his words! I must own that, desirous as I am to observe conventional proprieties, and to treat with due courtesy a personage who is said to be so distinguished for urbanity of manners in private as this great church dignitary, I find it difficult to express myself as I could wish in regard to a passage like that. For I knew Keats himself as well as his poetry; knew him both in his weakness and his strength; knew how far removed both of them were from want of impressibility by his fellow-creatures; knew in particular how he felt for those connected with him by ties of natural affection, and with what 'glow' and 'emotion' he has written of the best moral principles, public and private. But he shall speak for himself presently. My own feelings I shall endeavour to content with observing, that a robust, prosperous, and satisfied elderly gentleman might have spared, if he could

* A kind of pearl.

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not pity or do justice to, the inspired and impassioned youth whose death was embittered by the agonies of a love which he was never to enjoy, and the like of which, in reverence to the maiden sincerity of the Catholic priesthood, his Eminence is to be supposed never to have felt—certainly never gave way to.

For the point has now been reached in these remarks at which it is proper for Chaucer, Spenser, and Wordsworth to show, by other passages from their works, what they really thought on Roman Catholic subjects; and Keats, as the youngest and latest poet concerned in the Cardinal's lecture, shall follow them with a few points of his own not unworthy his Eminence's consideration. The passages shall be as brief as possible; and fortunately they are enabled to be so without injury to their just effect, for they are all of the essence of good writing, and therefore strong to the purpose.

Chaucer, though the Cardinal's audiences and readers are warned against becoming acquainted with him by the sweeping objection to his descriptions of natural beauty, is held up, nevertheless, by implication, as an unobjecting Catholic. This is very hard—to accuse, and at the same time use a man, just as it suits a critic's purposes, and contrarily to what the critic knows to be fact; for nobody is more intensely aware than the Cardinal, of Chaucer's hostility to the corruptions of his church. Here then, in these pages, are the poet's answers to the treatment which he has experienced. Evidence has been given in proof of his honest character as a descriptive poet: here follow manifestations of what he thought respecting the doings of Catholicism.

Chaucer has hardly begun the account of his *Canterbury Pilgrims*, when we are introduced to a prioress, who has three priests attending her, and but one female. Her rosary is adorned with a golden brooch—

On which was first ywritten a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Love conquers all things. The motto is from Virgil, and the probability of its being applicable in the ordinary rather than the religious sense is a supposition not uncharitable to the wearer, for reasons that might be drawn from passages in the tale told by one of these priests, and from the description (somewhat too 'rich') which is given of himself.

Her ladyship is followed by a monk, who, in jovial contempt of the canon laws, is a great huntsman and diner-out. The text which applied the saying 'a fish out of water' to

A monk out of his cloistre,
This ilke (same text) held he not worth an oistre.

His Reverence was sumptuously dressed:—

And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He had, of gold ywrought, a curious pinne:
A love-knotte in the greater end there was.
His head was ball'd, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face as it had been anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyën stepe and rolling in his hed,
That stemëd as a forneis of a led;
His botës (boots) souple, his hors in gret estàt;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelàt.
He was not pale as a forpinëd gost:
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.

To the monk succeeds a friar—

A wanton and a merry,

yet at the same 'a ful solemne man;' that is to say, he was a man who could be solemn or frisky, according to the occasion.

Ful swëtëly herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.

The proofs of repentance, however, which he exacted at confession were of the solidest description—to wit, hard cash. His reason for preferring them to the equivocal evidence of tears is not to be disputed. Tears

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might be touching, but nothing was like evidence that, in a modern sense of the word, might be 'touched.' For, argued he, when penitents part with their money, then, and th only, can you be sure that they a sorry. Besides, it is not eve sinner who is able to shed tears.

> Therefore in stede of weping and praieres (prayers),
> Men mote give silver to the poorè freres.

Money-making and love-making, the gurgling of decanters, the smell of good dishes, jollity of person, after-dinner tendencies of discourse, and other indications of 'wantonness, vóluptuousness, and debauchery,' attend the clergy in Chaucer, wherever they appear, almost without exception. The train of his Pilgrims is closed by two ecclesiastical worthies, one of whom is a Sompnour or Summoner (a church-officer now called an Apparito and the other a Pardoner, or sell of indulgences. The Summon considers a man's soul to be safe i proportion to the worth of his purs The Pardoner has a wallet with hin brimfull of pardons from Rom 'all hot,' together with a heap relics, all equally convertible in cash. And yet, to tell the trut adds the poet—

> He was, in chirche, a noble ecclesiast;
> Wel coude he rède a lesson or a storie,
> But alderbest (best of all) he sang an offertorie;—

that is, the portion of the mass during the performance of which people make their offerings.* The Pardoner subsequently enlarges much on these relics, and on the horrible sin of covetousness, which suffers people to keep in their pockets what he candidly confesses he wishes to put into his own. For in the course of the pilgrimage to Canterbury this purveyor of pardons keeps himself in a continual state of drunkenness by stopping at every ale-house; upon the strength of which, and taking, it seems, for granted, that none of the pilgrims are much more in earnest than hin self, he sets no bounds to the joll effrontery of his tongue. He say that he never preached but upo one text—namely, that 'the love money is the root of all evil,' or a he phrases it, in the Latin of th Vulgate—

> *Radix malorum est cupiditas;*

a theme which he delights in re peating, like the burden of a song and which, in the skilful hands the great old poet, becomes a fine sounding verse, and makes a gloriou finish to his paragraphs.†

> Lordings, quod he, in chirchè whan I preche,
> I peiné me (I take pains) to have an hautein speche,

(that is, a haughty or lofty tone of delivery),

> And ring it out, as round as goth a bell,
> For I can al by rotè that I tell;

(he learns everything by heart, in order that he may show off the better:

> My teme (theme) is alway one, and ever was—
> *Radix malorum est cupiditas.*
> First I pronouncè whennès that I come,
> And than my bullès (bulls) shew I all and some;
> Our liegès lordès seal on my patént,
> *That* shew I first, my body to warrént,
> That no man be so bold, ne preest ne clerk,
> Me to disturbe of Christès holy werk.‡

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* 'And while we offer—(that we should not be weary, or repent us of our cost —the music and minstrelsy goth merrily all the offertory time.' *Book of Homilies* Quoted in Mr. Robert Bell's edition of *Chaucer*, above-mentioned, vol. i. p. 106.

† I quote from the text of Tyrwhitt, believing, with him, that Chaucer i always correct in his metre.

‡ The liege lord here mentioned is the Pope. 'The system (says Mr. Bell pursued in issuing these indulgences was this:—The court of Rome granted th privilege of distributing them to some religious house, for which that order paid certain sum, and then made the most of their bargain.' Edition, as above, vol. iii p. 68.

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And, after that, than tell I forth my tales.
Bullès of Popès and of Cardinales,
Of Patriarkes and Bishoppès I shewe,
And in Latin I speke a wordès few,
To saffron (give a colour to) with my predication,
And for to stere men to devotion.

He then shows forth, he says, his relics, consisting of rags and bones; promises pardon to every sin, however shocking; flatters or defames people, according as they treat him; and concludes by owning that there is not a greater rascal upon earth than himself, only he can none the less tell a good 'moral tale,' or preach a good sermon, to make people

free
To give their pence; and namely, unto me.
* * * * * * *

Therefore my theme is yet, and ever was,
Radix malorum est cupiditas.

I think this will suffice for Chaucer, though there is a great deal more of it. All is full of wit and humour, of genius and good sense.

We now come to the ecclesiastical reasons which Cardinal Wiseman had to quarrel with Spenser; and very strong, it must be allowed, they were, for Spenser was more bitter against Popery even than Chaucer:—far more. Chaucer satirized its preachers and officers, but he almost always satirized merrily; and although this was calculated to do it great harm, and did, Papists might pretend, that inasmuch as the poet held up to ridicule the more vulgar and openly vicious of the Church's emissaries, he objected to none which good Catholics did not discountenance themselves, though he did it with less discreetness. But Spenser struck his blows at the Papacy with wrath and indignation: he held it in the light of a blasphemy and a horror; and applied to it the most portentous phenomena of the vision of St. John in the Apocalypse. Nor did he fail to treat it with ridicule also. He suffered no mode of attacking it to escape him, great or small. At one time he describes it under the guise of a class of shepherds, who, instead of being a blessing to their sheep, famish them while they feast on their profits; shepherds, who turn their crooks to gold, and take upon them to dress and live like princes—

Lovers of lordships, and troublers of states.

(*Vide* the case at the present moment, here and elsewhere.) At another time Popery is a fox, addicted to kidnapping, and throwing parents into despair for their children. (Note the curious continuance of this also.) Then it is the arch-magician Hypocrisy, disguised as a hermit, who

Well could file his tongue as smooth as glass.
He told of Saints and Popes, and evermore
He strow'd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

Again, it appears as a woman, the witch Duessa (Duplicity) exalted into the woman of the Apocalypse, clothed in purple, wearing a triple crown, and riding upon a beast with seven heads. Then it is the same witch in the likeness of

A lady of great countenance and place

(Mary Queen of Scots), plotting against the Crown of Queen Mercilla (Elizabeth); and then it is an idol set upon an altar, under which, fed with the flesh of human creatures who die in flame and torment, lies a horrible monster (the Inquisition), which, with the face of a maid, utters the most dreadful blasphemies.

Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herself for very heart's despight,
That he had red her riddle.*

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* Story of Œdipus and the Sphinx.

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In like manner (thinks the Protestant poet) the riddle of the Popish creed has been read, and it will die of the discovery.

Here be proofs enough why Cardinal Wiseman, the arch-emissary of the See of Rome, should think it as well to warn off the rising generation from the perusal of these two great poets, Chaucer and Spenser, the latter in particular, and to how little amounts the value of anything which he thinks he can glean from them, in spite of themselves, that shall redound to the credit of that See.

So in regard to Shakspeare's 'good friar Laurence.' Shakspeare, it is easy to believe, was disposed to treat friars and priests with the same impartiality as he did other men; and therefore he would not baulk the claims of a good one, when the latter came in his way. But he does not appear to have found goodness manifesting itself in ordinary among the ecclesiastics of his time, or in the pages of history, so much as the interests of their order, or contradictions to the purity of their professions; and therefore he certainly did not take the Roman Catholic view of his duty in such matters. He would not have written the *Lives of the Four Last Popes* in the manner of Dr. Wiseman. He would have given the book fair play; but so he would the answer to it, under the same title, by Signor Gavazzi; and with all due allowance for the extremes on both sides, for the Cardinal's incredible rose colour and the Signor's outrageous black, his dramas tell us plainly enough which of the two works, on the whole, he would have considered as giving the likelier account of Papal government. Be the speakers in Shakspeare, and not himself, as responsible as they should be for what they say, it is not difficult to gather from a writer so voluminous what his opinions are on great reigning subjects. There are things which no dramatist would suffer any of his speakers to say, if he himself held them in secret or sectarian horror; and without considering how far Shakspeare carried his self-permissions in this respect, it is certain that he did not stop them as short as Dr. Wiseman would fain leave us to suppose. His Popes and Cardinals are far more worldly than holy. Several of his plays are connected with priestly ambition, and he spares none of the hard and contemptuous words which civilians and soldiers are inclined to bestow upon it, any more than he does a clown's allusion to the fitness of the 'nun's lips' for the 'friar's mouth.' He pits the 'Good Duke Humphrey' against the wicked Cardinal Beaufort; makes one of his best puns or bits of slipslop on a 'woman cardinally given;' and brings upon the stage, in all its particulars, a remarkable occurrence which took place in the reign of Henry VI., namely, the detection, by the Duke just mentioned, of a pretended Catholic miracle of the cure of a blind man. The man, amidst cries from the multitude of 'a miracle! a miracle!' is brought in, pretending that he was born blind, and that he had just had his sight bestowed on him at the shrine of St. Alban.

> What colour is this cloak of? (says the Duke.)
>
> Red, master; red as blood.
>
> Why that's well said. What colour is my gown of?
>
> Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

So he knows colours by name, though he had never seen them. The man has pretended furthermore to be lame, and the Duke offers him his choice between a jump over a stool and a whipping. He jumps over; and the multitude follow him off, again crying 'a miracle!'

Observe that this is an episode in his play, which Shakspeare need not have introduced. Bring a miracle before Cardinal Wiseman, and his Eminence, it seems, will notice it also, and with equal boldness; but it will be in order to express his belief in it, let it have been never so scoffed at; for this is what he has done for no less worn-out a story than the miracle of St. Januarius. To miracles like this, and to others more startling still, because new, 'all hot' from Rome, and coming fresh over the Channel in no conveyance but their duffel cloaks, is to be added, it seems, in this nineteenth century, and in minds the least given either to ner-

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vous sensibility or to an ignorance of books, the miracle of all miracles; namely, that of believing in them.

I waive the excessively jesting manner in which Shakspeare allows many of his characters to speak on the most tremendous points of theology, particularly in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Cymbeline*, *Macbeth*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, because it might be considered travelling out of the necessity of the record; but it is really time for Catholics to have done with 'good friar Laurence,' lest upon the principle of the greater including the less, other respondents may not think such a proceeding superfluous.

We come, therefore, to Wordsworth, whom it would also have been prudent in Dr. Wiseman to let alone. Even the reference to *Our Lady of the Bower* was not very wise; for though the poet on the occasion puts himself into as Catholic a frame of mind as he can, and makes the best of the comfort which the mountaineers get out of their resort to her shrine, he cannot help saying, that in despite of themselves, or without any intent on their parts, their very offerings, in thanks for relief, tell of reliefs not obtained; of 'comfortless despairs,' and many a 'cureless pang.' But what does the Cardinal say to the following remarks on 'Transubstantiation,' or the Mass?

> With dim association
> The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
> A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;
> The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
> And, while the Host is raised, its elevation
> An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
> And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
> To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
> This Valdo brooked not.

(Valdo or Waldo, the Reformer, from whom his disciples, the Waldenses [Vallenses, or valley-men] are erroneously supposed to have taken their name.)

> On the banks of Rhone
> He taught, till persecution chaced him thence,
> To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
> Nor were his followers loth to seek defence
> Mid woods and wilds, or nature's craggy throne,
> From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

'Rites that trample upon soul and sense.' That is a pretty strong description of the mass by the recorder of *Our Lady of the Snow*.

The following, too, from a sonnet entitled 'Monastic *Voluptuousness*,' is not a little potent,—somewhat indeed '*rich* and strange,' I fear, from the precise Wordsworth; though it is perfectly warrantable, and will harm nobody but the monks themselves, who are described by existing reformers as liable to similar charges still:—

> Round many a convent's blazing fire
> Unhallow'd threads of revelry are spun:
> There Venus sits disguisèd as a Nun,
> While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,
> Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher
> Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run
> Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won
> An instant kiss of masterful desire
> To stay the precious waste. Through every brain
> The domination of the sprightly juice
> Spreads high conceits, to madding Fancy dear;
> Till the arch'd roof, with resolute abuse
> Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,
> Whose votive burthen is, 'OUR KINGDOM'S HERE.'

These last words are in the poet's own capitals. 'My kingdom is not of this world,' said One, whose name, though he is thus alluded to, it is not easy to mention in bacchanalian company. What sort of comment is made on that saying, not merely by such contradictions of it as these, but by the worldly spectacles, the pompous processions, the gorgeous

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dresses, the grand military and musical accompaniments, drums, trumpets, and guns, and the supreme, uplifted figure of the Pontiff over all, which Cardinal Wiseman delights to paint?

Yet fond as he thus is of noise and show, he finds the 'bright' poetry of Keats 'icy cold,' with 'no moral glow' in it, 'no virtuous affection,' 'no sight of that real Sun, the "intellectual Light" of Dante, without whom nature is dull' to 'observe the most dainty landscape.' His 'affections' are 'cheerless;' and it is no wonder that 'Endymion, the enamoured of the cold moon,' should be their type. It is to be regretted perhaps that Keats, under the combined impulse of a sense of his lofty aims as a youth and of his admiration for some fair object of his affections whose beauty may have been thought to have a look of coldness, took Endymion for the hero of his first considerable effort in poetry; and it is not to be denied that the poem, with all its genius, is as sensuous of its kind and as full of external glitter as the Cardinal's favourite descriptions are in their own way. But Dante's 'intellectual sun' had a side to it, the heat of which was more calculated to wither up the best affections, human and divine, than all the coldest earthly materialities conceivable. Modern emissaries of his creed take care never to mention it. Keats was sorry afterwards that he wrote *Endymion;* but it is only one of his poems, and a most false impression is left upon the minds of his critic's believers by constituting it the representative of all which his poetry contains. Even *Endymion* is not without strong evidences of an affectionate and warm-hearted nature to those who are not unwilling to find them; and there is a passage in it which, offensive as it was to the then ruling powers (those of the Regent), and severely visited as it was by the literary portion of their servants, hurt perhaps other readers not so desirous, till they came to it, of finding fault. It is at the beginning of Book the Third, where the poet speaks of personages

> Who lord it o'er their fellow-men
> With most prevailing tinsel;

and who, without one redemption

> Of sanctuary splendour, are still dight
> By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests.

But what does the Cardinal say to the bold personal denouncement of the Regent himself, as the 'minion of grandeur,' with his 'wretched crew?' is there 'no moral glow' there?—or to the poet's prayer for his 'country's honour,' in the *Ode to Hope?*—to his enthusiastic praises, more than once, of Alfred the Great and Kosciusko?—or to the numerous affectionate little poems addressed to his brothers and friends, the former in particular, evincing a loving domestic nature, willing to be content with the gentlest household pleasures? Is there 'no virtuous emotion' in all these effusions? Even in the Paganism of his last and greatest production, the noble fragment of *Hyperion*, a sentiment is put into the mouth of one of the gods, the loving and truly divine beauty of which might have shamed many a theological opinion not so consistent with it, as all Keats's religious opinions were. 'I am smother'd up,' says decaying Saturn,

> And buried from all godlike exercise
> Of influence benign on planets pale,
> Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
> Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
> And all those acts *which Deity supreme*
> *Doth ease its heart of love in.*

This is the poem, however, in which, I fear, is to be found the secret of Cardinal Wiseman's apparently unaccountable charge of the absence of all 'moral glow' and 'virtuous emotion' from the pages of his brother enthusiast for natural beauty; for the subject of the poem is the change of one dynasty of creed for another; and this subject, which of itself is not of a nature to bespeak the goodwill of any old and declining church, was calculated to excite the special hatred of one in which incurability and infallibility, whatever it may pretend to the contrary, are secretly felt to be

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identical. The only church which can live is that which can reform; and nothing whatsoever which needs reform can ultimately live in that. Saturn and Hyperion, the reigning gods in Keats's poem, had grown old, and were to be displaced by Jove and Apollo, and the melancholy necessity is acknowledged by one of the family:

> Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain.
> O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
> And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
> This is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
> As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far,
> Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs,
> And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
> In shape and form compact and beautiful,
> In will, in action free, companionship,
> And thousand other signs of purer life,
> So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
> A power more strong in beauty, *born of us*
> *And fated to succeed us,* as we pass
> In glory that old Darkness.

Amen. So be it. So may Catholicism pass away, as the poet undoubtedly wished, leaving to reign in its stead a religion with all the good in it of its predecessor, and none of its evil.

This consummation all Dr. Wiseman's uses or misuses of English poets will not hinder; and the more cunningly he makes his efforts, the more they will betray themselves, and the sooner the consummation will be hastened. He is a man of great natural abilities, considerable scholarship, and no little taste, when his critical palate is not tempted to excess. But disingenuous statements, and gorgeous and luxuriating descriptions, whether of art or nature, are not calculated to remove certain impressions respecting scarlet ladies from the severe English mind; and it would have done no harm to the credit given him, and I dare say justly given him, for consideration towards others when speaking in his own person, if he had spared his fellow-readers of the English poets the necessity of charging him with false accusations of their common benefactors.

LEIGH HUNT.

A FEW WORDS ON NON-INTERVENTION.

THERE is a country in Europe, equal to the greatest in extent of dominion, far exceeding any other in wealth, and in the power that wealth bestows, the declared principle of whose foreign policy is, to let other nations alone. No country apprehends, or affects to apprehend from it any aggressive designs. Power, from of old, is wont to encroach upon the weak, and to quarrel for ascendency with those who are as strong as itself. Not so this nation. It will hold its own, it will not submit to encroachment, but if other nations do not meddle with it, it will not meddle with them. Any attempt it makes to exert influence over them, even by persuasion, is rather in the service of others, than of itself: to mediate in the quarrels which break out between foreign States, to arrest obstinate civil wars, to reconcile belligerents, to intercede for mild treatment of the vanquished, or, finally, to procure the abandonment of some national crime and scandal to humanity, such as the slave-trade. Not only does this nation desire no benefit to itself at the expense of others, it desires none in which all others do not as freely participate. It makes no treaties stipulating for separate commercial advantages. If the aggressions of barbarians force it to a successful war, and its victorious arms put it in a position to command liberty of trade, whatever it demands for itself it demands for all mankind. The cost of the war is its own; the fruits it shares in fraternal equality with the whole human race. Its own ports and commerce are free as the air and the sky: all its neighbours have

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full liberty to resort to it, paying either no duties, or, if any, generally a mere equivalent for what is paid by its own citizens; nor does it concern itself though they, on their part, keep all to themselves, and persist in the most jealous and narrow-minded exclusion of its merchants and goods.

A nation adopting this policy is a novelty in the world; so much so, it would appear, that many are unable to believe it when they see it. By one of the practical paradoxes which often meet us in human affairs, it is this nation which finds itself, in respect of its foreign policy, held up to obloquy as the type of egoism and selfishness; as a nation which thinks of nothing but of out-witting and out-generalling its neighbours. An enemy, or a self-fancied rival who had been distanced in the race, might be conceived to give vent to such an accusation in a moment of ill-temper. But that it should be accepted by lookers-on, and should pass into a popular doctrine, is enough to surprise even those who have best sounded the depths of human prejudice. Such, however, is the estimate of the foreign policy of England most widely current on the Continent. Let us not flatter ourselves that it is merely the dishonest pretence of enemies, or of those who have their own purposes to serve by exciting odium against us, a class including all the Protectionist writers, and the mouthpieces of all the despots and of the Papacy. The more blameless and laudable our policy might be, the more certainly we might count on its being misrepresented and railed at by these worthies. Unfortunately the belief is not confined to those whom they can influence, but is held with all the tenacity of a prejudice, by innumerable persons free from interested bias. So strong a hold has it on their minds, that when an Englishman attempts to remove it, all their habitual politeness does not enable them to disguise their utter unbelief in his disclaimer. They are firmly persuaded that no word is said, nor act done, by English statesmen in reference to foreign affairs, which has not for its motive principle some peculiarly English interest. Any profession of the contrary appears to them too ludicrously transparent an attempt to impose upon them. Those most friendly to us think they make a great concession in admitting that the fault may possibly be less with the English people, than with the English Government and aristocracy. We do not even receive credit from them for following our own interest with a straightforward recognition of honesty as the best policy. They believe that we have always other objects than those we avow; and the most far-fetched and unplausible suggestion of a selfish purpose appears to them better entitled to credence than anything so utterly incredible as our disinterestedness. Thus, to give one instance among many, when we taxed ourselves twenty millions (a prodigious sum in their estimation) to get rid of negro slavery, and, for the same object, perilled, as everybody thought, destroyed, as many thought—the very existence of our West Indian colonies, it was, and still is, believed, that our fine professions were but to delude the world, and that by this self-sacrificing behaviour we were endeavouring to gain some hidden object, which could neither be conceived nor described, in the way of pulling down other nations. The fox who had lost his tail had an intelligible interest in persuading his neighbours to rid themselves of theirs: but we, it is thought by *our* neighbours, cut off our own magnificent brush, the largest and finest of all, in hopes of reaping some inexplicable advantage from inducing others to do the same.

It is foolish attempting to despise all this—persuading ourselves that it is not our fault, and that those who disbelieve *us* would not believe though one should rise from the dead. Nations, like individuals, ought to suspect some fault in themselves when they find they are generally worse thought of than they think they deserve; and they may well know that they are somehow in fault when almost everybody but themselves thinks them crafty and hypocritical. It is not solely because England has been more suc-

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cessful than other nations in gaining what they are all aiming at, that they think she must be following after it with a more ceaseless and a more undivided chase. This indeed is a powerful predisposing cause, inclining and preparing them for the belief. It is a natural supposition that those who win the prize have striven for it; that superior success must be the fruit of more unremitting endeavour; and where there is an obvious abstinence from the ordinary arts employed for distancing competitors, and they are distanced nevertheless, people are fond of believing that the means employed must have been arts still more subtle and profound. This preconception makes them look out in all quarters for indications to prop up the selfish explanation of our conduct. If our ordinary course of action does not favour this interpretation, they watch for exceptions to our ordinary course, and regard these as the real index to the purposes within. They moreover accept literally all the habitual expressions by which we represent ourselves as worse than we are; expressions often heard from English statesmen, next to never from those of any other country—partly because Englishmen, beyond all the rest of the human race, are so shy of professing virtues that they will even profess vices instead; and partly because almost all English statesmen, while careless to a degree which no foreigner can credit, respecting the impression they produce on foreigners, commit the obtuse blunder of supposing that low objects are the only ones to which the minds of their non-aristocratic fellow-countrymen are amenable, and that it is always expedient, if not necessary, to place those objects in the foremost rank.

All, therefore, who either speak or act in the name of England, are bound by the strongest obligations, both of prudence and of duty, to avoid giving either of these handles for misconstruction: to put a severe restraint upon the mania of professing to act from meaner motives than those by which we are really actuated, and to beware of perversely or capriciously singling out some particular instance in which to act on a worse principle than that by which we are ordinarily guided. Both these salutary cautions our practical statesmen are, at the present time, flagrantly disregarding.

We are now in one of those critical moments, which do not occur once in a generation, when the whole turn of European events, and the course of European history for a long time to come, may depend on the conduct and on the estimation of England. At such a moment, it is difficult to say whether by their sins of speech or of action our statesmen are most effectually playing into the hands of our enemies, and giving most colour of justice to injurious misconception of our character and policy as a people.

To take the sins of speech first: What is the sort of language held in every oration which, during the present European crisis, any English minister, or almost any considerable public man, addresses to Parliament or to his constituents? The eternal repetition of this shabby *refrain*—'We did not interfere, because no English interest was involved;' 'We ought not to interfere where no English interest is concerned.' England is thus exhibited as a country whose most distinguished men are not ashamed to profess, as politicians, a rule of action which no one, not utterly base, could endure to be accused of as the maxim by which he guides his private life; not to move a finger for others unless he sees his private advantage in it. There is much to be said for the doctrine that a nation should be willing to assist its neighbours in throwing off oppression and gaining free institutions. Much also may be said by those who maintain that one nation is incompetent to judge and act for another, and that each should be left to help itself, and seek advantage or submit to disadvantage as it can and will. But of all attitudes which a nation can take up on the subject of intervention, the meanest and worst is to profess that it interferes only when it can serve its own objects by it. Every other nation is entitled to say, 'It seems, then, that non-interference is not a matter of principle with you. When you abstain from interference, it is not because you think it wrong. You have no

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objection to interfere, only it must not be for the sake of those you interfere with; they must not suppose that you have any regard for their good. The good of others is not one of the things you care for; but you are willing to meddle, if by meddling you can gain anything for yourselves.' Such is the obvious interpretation of the language used.

There is scarcely any necessity to say, writing to Englishmen, that this is not what our rulers and politicians really mean. Their language is not a correct exponent of their thoughts. They mean a part only of what they seem to say. They do mean to disclaim interference for the sake of doing good to foreign nations. They are quite sincere and in earnest in repudiating this. But the other half of what their words express, a willingness to meddle if by doing so they can promote any interest of England, they do not mean. The thought they have in their minds, is not the interest of England, but her security. What they would say, is, that they are ready to act when England's safety is threatened, or any of her interests hostilely or unfairly endangered. This is no more than what all nations, sufficiently powerful for their own protection, do, and no one questions their right to do. It is the common right of self-defence. But if we mean this, why, in Heaven's name, do we take every possible opportunity of saying, instead of this, something exceedingly different? Not self-defence, but aggrandizement, is the sense which foreign listeners put upon our words. Not simply to protect what we have, and that merely against unfair arts, not against fair rivality; but to add to it more and more without limit, is the purpose for which foreigners think we claim the liberty of intermeddling with them and their affairs. If our actions make it impossible for the most prejudiced observer to believe that we aim at or would accept any sort of mercantile monopolies, this has no effect on their minds but to make them think that we have chosen a more cunning way to the same end. It is a generally accredited opinion among Continental politicians, especially those who think themselves

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our language, a thousand times more obligatory is it upon us to be careful of our deeds, and not suffer ourselves to be betrayed by any of our leading men into a line of conduct on some isolated point, utterly opposed to our habitual principles of action—conduct such that if it were a fair specimen of us, it would verify the calumnies of our worst enemies, and justify them in representing not only that we have no regard for the good of other nations, but that we actually think their good and our own incompatible, and will go all lengths to prevent others from realizing even an advantage in which we ourselves are to share. This pernicious, and, one can scarcely help calling it, almost insane blunder, we seem to be committing on the subject of the Suez Canal.

It is the universal belief in France that English influence at Constantinople, strenuously exerted to defeat this project, is the real and only invincible obstacle to its being carried into effect. And unhappily the public declarations of our present Prime Minister not only bear out this persuasion, but warrant the assertion that we oppose the work because, in the opinion of our Government, it would be injurious to the interest of England. If such be the course we are pursuing, and such the motive of it, and if nations have duties, even negative ones, towards the weal of the human race, it is hard to say whether the folly or the immorality of our conduct is the most painfully conspicuous.

Here is a project, the practicability of which is indeed a matter in dispute, but of which no one has attempted to deny that, supposing it realized, it would give a facility to commerce, and consequently a stimulus to production, an encouragement to intercourse, and therefore to civilization, which would entitle it to a high rank among the great industrial improvements of modern times. The contriving of new means of abridging labour and economizing outlay in the operations of industry, is the object to which the larger half of all the inventive ingenuity of mankind is at present given up; and this scheme, if realized, will save, on one of the great highways of the world's traffic, the circum-

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out a nation in keeping all the rest of mankind out of some great advantage, because the consequences of their obtaining it may be to itself, in some imaginable contingency, a cause of inconvenience? Is a nation at liberty to adopt as a practical maxim, that what is good for the human race is bad for itself, and to withstand it accordingly? What is this but to declare that its interest and that of mankind are incompatible—that, thus far at least, it is the enemy of the human race? And what ground has it of complaint if, in return, the human race determine to be *its* enemies? So wicked a principle, avowed and acted on by a nation, would entitle the rest of the world to unite in a league against it, and never to make peace until they had, if not reduced it to insignificance, at least sufficiently broken its power to disable it from ever again placing its own self-interest before the general prosperity of mankind.

There is no such base feeling in the British people. They are accustomed to see their advantage in forwarding, not in keeping back, the growth in wealth and civilization of the world. The opposition to the Suez Canal has never been a national opposition. With their usual indifference to foreign affairs, the public in general have not thought about it, but have left it, as (unless when particularly excited) they leave all the management of their foreign policy, to those who, from causes and reasons connected only with internal politics, happen for the time to be in office. Whatever has been done in the name of England in the Suez affair has been the act of individuals; mainly, it is probable, of one individual; scarcely any of his countrymen either prompting or sharing his purpose, and most of those who have paid any attention to the subject (unfortunately a very small number) being, to all appearance, opposed to him.

But (it is said) the scheme cannot be executed. If so, why concern ourselves about it? If the project can come to nothing, why profess gratuitous immorality and incur gratuitous odium to prevent it from being tried? Whether it will succeed or fail is a consideration totally irrelevant; except thus far, that if it is sure to fail, there is in our resistance to it the same immorality, and an additional amount of folly; since, on that supposition, we are parading to the world a belief that our interest is inconsistent with its good, while if the failure of the project would really be any benefit to us, we are certain of obtaining that benefit by merely holding our peace.

As a matter of private opinion, the present writer, so far as he has looked into the evidence, inclines to agree with those who think that the scheme cannot be executed, at least by the means and with the funds proposed. But this is a consideration for the shareholders. The British Government does not deem it any part of its business to prevent individuals, even British citizens, from wasting their own money in unsuccessful speculations, though holding out no prospect of great public usefulness in the event of success. And if, though at the cost of their own property, they acted as pioneers to others, and the scheme, though a losing one to those who first undertook it, should, in the same or in other hands, realize the full expected amount of ultimate benefit to the world at large, it would not be the first nor the hundredth time that an unprofitable enterprise has had this for its final result.

There seems to be no little need that the whole doctrine of non-interference with foreign nations should be reconsidered, if it can be said to have as yet been considered as a really moral question at all. We have heard something lately about being willing to go to war for an idea. To go to war for an idea, if the war is aggressive, not defensive, is as criminal as to go to war for territory or revenue; for it is as little justifiable to force our ideas on other people, as to compel them to submit to our will in any other respect. But there assuredly are cases in which it is allowable to go to war, without having been ourselves attacked, or threatened with attack; and it is very important that nations should make up their minds in time, as to what these

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cases are. There are few questions which more require to be taken in hand by ethical and political philosophers, with a view to establish some rule or criterion whereby the justifiableness of intervening in the affairs of other countries, and (what is sometimes fully as questionable) the justifiableness of refraining from intervention, may be brought to a definite and rational test. Whoever attempts this, will be led to recognise more than one fundamental distinction, not yet by any means familiar to the public mind, and in general quite lost sight of by those who write in strains of indignant morality on the subject. There is a great difference (for example) between the case in which the nations concerned are of the same, or something like the same, degree of civilization, and that in which one of the parties to the situation is of a high, and the other of a very low, grade of social improvement. To suppose that the same international customs, and the same rules of international morality, can obtain between one civilized nation and another, and between civilized nations and barbarians, is a grave error, and one which no statesman can fall into, however it may be with those who, from a safe and unresponsible position, criticise statesmen. Among many reasons why the same rules cannot be applicable to situations so different, the two following are among the most important. In the first place, the rules of ordinary international morality imply reciprocity. But barbarians will not reciprocate. They cannot be depended on for observing any rules. Their minds are not capable of so great an effort, nor their will sufficiently under the influence of distant motives. In the next place, nations which are still barbarous have not got beyond the period during which it is likely to be for their benefit that they should be conquered and held in subjection by foreigners. Independence and nationality, so essential to the due growth and development of a people further advanced in improvement, are generally impediments to theirs. The sacred duties which civilized nations owe to the independence and nationality of each other, are not binding towards those to whom nationality and independence are either a certain evil, or at best a questionable good. The Romans were not the most clean-handed of conquerors, yet would it have been better for Gaul and Spain, Numidia and Dacia, never to have formed part of the Roman Empire? To characterize any conduct whatever towards a barbarous people as a violation of the law of nations, only shows that he who so speaks has never considered the subject. A violation of great principles of morality it may easily be; but barbarians have no rights as a *nation*, except a right to such treatment as may, at the earliest possible period, fit them for becoming one. The only moral laws for the relation between a civilized and a barbarous government, are the universal rules of morality between man and man.

The criticisms, therefore, which are so often made upon the conduct of the French in Algeria, or of the English in India, proceed, it would seem, mostly on a wrong principle. The true standard by which to judge their proceedings never having been laid down, they escape such comment and censure as might really have an improving effect, while they are tried by a standard which can have no influence on those practically engaged in such transactions, knowing as they do that it cannot, and if it could, ought not to be observed, because no human being would be the better, and many much the worse, for its observance. A civilized government cannot help having barbarous neighbours: when it has, it cannot always content itself with a defensive position, one of mere resistance to aggression. After a longer or shorter interval of forbearance, it either finds itself obliged to conquer them, or to assert so much authority over them, and so break their spirit, that they gradually sink into a state of dependence upon itself: and when that time arrives, they are indeed no longer formidable to it, but it has had so much to do with setting up and pulling down their governments, and they have grown so accustomed to lean on it, that it has become morally responsible for all

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evil it allows them to do. This is the history of the relations of the British Government with the native States of India. It never was secure in its own Indian possessions until it had reduced the military power of those States to a nullity. But a despotic government only exists by its military power. When we had taken away theirs, we were forced, by the necessity of the case, to offer them ours instead of it. To enable them to dispense with large armies of their own, we bound ourselves to place at their disposal, and they bound themselves to receive, such an amount of military force as made us in fact masters of the country. We engaged that this force should fulfil the purposes of a force, by defending the prince against all foreign and internal enemies. But being thus assured of the protection of a civilized power, and freed from the fear of internal rebellion or foreign conquest, the only checks which either restrain the passions or keep any vigour in the character of an Asiatic despot, the native Governments either became so oppressive and extortionate as to desolate the country, or fell into such a state of nerveless imbecility, that every one, subject to their will, who had not the means of defending himself by his own armed followers, was the prey of anybody who had a band of ruffians in his pay. The British Government felt this deplorable state of things to be its own work; being the direct consequence of the position in which, for its own security, it had placed itself towards the native governments. Had it permitted this to go on indefinitely, it would have deserved to be accounted among the worst political malefactors. In some cases (unhappily not in all) it had endeavoured to take precaution against these mischiefs by a special article in the treaty, binding the prince to reform his administration, and in future to govern in conformity to the advice of the British Government. Among the treaties in which a provision of this sort had been inserted, was that with Oude. For fifty years and more did the British Government allow this engagement to be treated with entire disregard;

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aid the people of another country in struggling for liberty; or may impose on a country any particular government or institutions, either as being best for the country itself, or as necessary for the security of its neighbours.

Of these cases, that of a people in arms for liberty is the only one of any nicety, or which, theoretically at least, is likely to present conflicting moral considerations. The other cases which have been mentioned hardly admit of discussion. Assistance to the government of a country in keeping down the people, unhappily by far the most frequent case of foreign intervention, no one writing in a free country needs take the trouble of stigmatizing. A government which needs foreign support to enforce obedience from its own citizens, is one which ought not to exist; and the assistance given to it by foreigners is hardly ever anything but the sympathy of one despotism with another. A case requiring consideration is that of a protracted civil war, in which the contending parties are so equally balanced that there is no probability of a speedy issue; or if there is, the victorious side cannot hope to keep down the vanquished but by severities repugnant to humanity and injurious to the permanent welfare of the country. In this exceptional case it seems now to be an admitted doctrine, that the neighbouring nations, or one powerful neighbour with the acquiescence of the rest, are warranted in demanding that the contest shall cease, and a reconciliation take place on equitable terms of compromise. Intervention of this description has been repeatedly practised during the present generation, with such general approval, that its legitimacy may be considered to have passed into a maxim of what is called international law. The interference of the European Powers between Greece and Turkey, and between Turkey and Egypt, were cases in point. That between Holland and Belgium was still more so. The intervention of England in Portugal, a few years ago, which is probably less remembered than the others, because it took effect without the employment of actual force, belongs to the same category. At the time, this interposition had the appearance of a bad and dishonest backing of the government against the people, being so timed as to hit the exact moment when the popular party had obtained a marked advantage, and seemed on the eve of overthrowing the government, or reducing it to terms. But if ever a political act which looked ill in the commencement could be justified by the event, this was; for, as the fact turned out, instead of giving ascendancy to a party, it proved a really healing measure; and the chiefs of the so-called rebellion were, within a few years, the honoured and successful ministers of the throne against which they had so lately fought.

With respect to the question, whether one country is justified in helping the people of another in a struggle against their government for free institutions, the answer will be different, according as the yoke which the people are attempting to throw off is that of a purely native government, or of foreigners; considering as one of foreigners, every government which maintains itself by foreign support. When the contest is only with native rulers, and with such native strength as those rulers can enlist in their defence, the answer I should give to the question of the legitimacy of intervention is, as a general rule, No. The reason is, that there can seldom be anything approaching to assurance that intervention, even if successful, would be for the good of the people themselves. The only test possessing any real value, of a people's having become fit for popular institutions, is that they, or a sufficient portion of them to prevail in the contest, are willing to brave labour and danger for their liberation. I know all that may be said. I know it may be urged that the virtues of freemen cannot be learnt in the school of slavery, and that if a people are not fit for freedom, to have any chance of becoming so they must first be free. And this would be conclusive, if the intervention recommended would really give them freedom. But the evil is, that if they have not sufficient love of liberty to be able to wrest it from merely domestic

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oppressors, the liberty which is bestowed on them by other hands than their own will have nothing real, nothing permanent. No people ever was and remained free, but because it was determined to be so; because neither its rulers nor any other party in the nation could compel it to be otherwise. If a people —especially one whose freedom has not yet become prescriptive— does not value it sufficiently to fight for it, and maintain it against any force which can be mustered *within* the country, even by those who have the command of the public revenue, it is only a question in how few years or months that people will be enslaved. Either the government which it has given to itself, or some military leader or knot of conspirators who contrive to subvert the government, will speedily put an end to all popular institutions: unless indeed it suits their convenience better to leave them standing, and be content with reducing them to mere forms; for, unless the spirit of liberty is strong in a people, those who have the executive in their hands easily work *any* institutions to the purposes of despotism. There is no sure guarantee against this deplorable issue, even in a country which has achieved its own freedom; as may be seen in the present day by striking examples both in the Old and New Worlds: but when freedom has been achieved *for* them, they have little prospect indeed of escaping this fate. When a people has had the misfortune to be ruled by a government under which the feelings and the virtues needful for maintaining freedom could not develope themselves, it is during an arduous struggle to become free by their own efforts that these feelings and virtues have the best chance of springing up. Men become attached to that which they have long fought for and made sacrifices for; they learn to appreciate that on which their thoughts have been much engaged; and a contest in which many have been called on to devote themselves for their country, is a school in which they learn to value their country's interest above their own.

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must be accepted by all governments. The despots must consent to be bound by it as well as the free States. Unless they do, the profession of it by free countries comes but to this miserable issue, that the wrong side may help the wrong, but the right must not help the right. Intervention to enforce non-intervention is always rightful, always moral, if not always prudent. Though it be a mistake to *give* freedom to a people who do not value the boon, it cannot but be right to insist that if they do value it, they shall not be hindered from the pursuit of it by foreign coercion. It might not have been right for England (even apart from the question of prudence) to have taken part with Hungary in its noble struggle against Austria; although the Austrian Government in Hungary was in some sense a foreign yoke. But when, the Hungarians having shown themselves likely to prevail in this struggle, the Russian despot interposed, and joining his force to that of Austria, delivered back the Hungarians, bound hand and foot, to their exasperated oppressors, it would have been an honourable and virtuous act on the part of England to have declared that this should not be, and that if Russia gave assistance to the wrong side, England would aid the right. It might not have been consistent with the regard which every nation is bound to pay to its own safety, for England to have taken up this position single-handed. But England and France together could have done it; and if they had, the Russian armed intervention would never have taken place, or would have been disastrous to Russia alone: while all that those Powers gained by not doing it, was that they had to fight Russia five years afterwards, under more difficult circumstances, and without Hungary for an ally. The first nation which, being powerful enough to make its voice effectual, has the spirit and courage to say that not a gun shall be fired in Europe by the soldiers of one Power against the revolted subjects of another, will be the idol of the friends of freedom throughout Europe. That declaration alone will ensure the almost immediate emancipation of every people which desires liberty sufficiently to be capable of maintaining it: and the nation which gives the word will soon find itself at the head of an alliance of free peoples, so strong as to defy the efforts of any number of confederated despots to bring it down. The prize is too glorious not to be snatched sooner or later by some free country; and the time may not be distant when England, if she does not take this heroic part because of its heroism, will be compelled to take it from consideration for her own safety.

JOHN STUART MILL.

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