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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

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

"Made up of every creature's best."

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

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XXIV.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXXXIX.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER,

1878.

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THE CREATURE'S SONG OF EXPECTATION.

BY A. L. WARING.

"For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." — ROM. viii. 19.

THY creatures suffer, O Most High!
And yet thy sons rejoice;
Thy birds sing on to dying men
With clear, exulting voice;
Thy sunbeams dance among the flowers
That veil our dead from sight,
And sorrow lays a harmless hand
On ever-fresh delight.

O sacred Unity of Love!
This life and death behind,
Attracting heart aloof from heart
And mind at war with mind.
To the worn spirit grieved for thee
At every passing jar,
How touching in their fearless tone,
How sweet thy concords are!

If out of depths that sin has made,
And would have filled with woe,
We hear above creation's groan
Her music soft and low,
It is that lovely things on earth
The atoning truth declare —
The hallelujah of thy heaven
Receives an answer there.

Thou hast a spring of endless health,
With issues great and wide,
In the free heart that dares to live
Because thy Christ has died;
An element of bliss divine
That passes mortal bound,
And worships with the heavenly host
At every joyful sound.

When through the haunting shades of death
We take our hallowed way,
And see in resurrection dawn
The place where Jesus lay,
Still love to love in quest of him
The word of comfort gives;
Still angels watching at his grave
Bear witness that he lives.

A gloom may gather as we go,
And sound and sight grow dim;
But day has risen on the paths
That lead his friends to him.
All through the dull decline of sense
And even while we die,
His triumph finds the listening ear
And fills the expecting eye.

We follow him, and earth shines on,
From our faint gaze set free;
Her psalms, that call no more on us,
Pursue their praise of thee.
While thou, on our eternal life
Through all decay intent,
Art keeping for the day of power
Thy human instrument.

Then may our silence in thy hand,
Mid sickness and distress,
Take part in that ascending hymn
Which serves thee none the less;
Till the whole Church's bridal joy,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Shall win a blessed universe
To its Redeemer's feet.

Sunday Magazine.

LAMENT OF MARJORY COCKBURNE.

I SEWED his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself, alane;
I watched his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, awa' to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

"EIN JUNGLING LIEBT EIN MADCHEN."

A YOUNG man loves a maiden,
She somebody else prefers,
That somebody else loves another,
Who makes him by wedlock hers.

The maiden in mere vexation,
Because of the loss she has had,
Weds the first kind soul that offers,
And this makes the young man mad.

'Tis an old, a very old story,
But still it is always new;
And when and wherever it happens,
A man's heart is broken in two.

HEINE.

"EIN FICHTENBAUM STEHT EINSAM."

A PINE-TREE stands alone on
A bare bleak northern height;
The ice and snow they swathe it,
As it sleeps there, all in white.

'Tis dreaming of a palm-tree,
In a far-off Eastern land,
That mourns, alone and silent,
On a ledge of burning sand.

HEINE.

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CYPRUS.

II.

UNDER the Sublime Porte the island of Cyprus formed part of the Vilaet of the Archipelago. The chief residence of the vali was at the Dardanelles. The governor of Cyprus, called a mutassurrif, resided in the island, at Leufcosia or Nicosia. He administered the affairs of the island with a council, over which he presided. This council was composed of the mufti, or highest Mussulman religious authority in the island, the Greek archbishop, the muhasebegi, or financial agent, the evcaf-nazir, or administrator of Mussulman religious property, three Mussulman and two Christian notables. The council met as often as it was summoned by the governor, and always once a week. Its decisions were embodied in documents called *musbatas*, which were signed by all the members present. These decisions relieved the governor of much personal responsibility, and received the highest consideration at Constantinople. The council occupied itself with all questions of public utility and general administration. From the large Mussulman majority in the council it will be evident that no initiative could be taken by the Christian members; indeed, as a matter of fact, all initiative came from the governor. The council was advantageous in giving the governor, invariably a stranger to the island, the benefit of local advice, and in obliging him to act in harmony with the representatives of the country. To a good governor the council never proved a hindrance; to a bad one it was an impediment to be overcome, but it was no protection against the evils of an inactive administration. The island was divided into five districts and sixteen arrondissements. The chief functionary over a district was called a caimakam, and that over an arrondissement was called a mudir. The caimakam, or prefect, administered with a council, and reported to the governor. The mudirs reported to the caimakam. The council of the caimakam consisted of the cadi, or judge, and four notables. Such was the system of administration which prevailed in Cyprus, and which is known in Turkey as the vilaet system. It assigned to the representatives of the people an important position, but, partly from incapacity and partly from servility, the Christian population did not profit by the liberal advantages accorded to it. The result was that the Christian representatives were in reality, although not avowedly, the choice of the governor and caimakams; but this was a defect, not in the system, but in its execution.

It is evident that much of the system which we have just described might be profitably adopted by the British government. Substituting British for the Turkish functionaries who *ex officio* are members of the councils, eliminating the ecclesiastical members, both Mohammedan and Christian, and giving to Mussulmans and Christians equal representation, there would be the elements of a very desirable council, containing a highly civilized element, in whose hands would be all the initiative, and a less advanced section, possessing local knowledge and practical experience of the country. The evils of a too-greatly personal government would be avoided, and the people would be trained gradually to take an interest in the administration which ruled them. It cannot be too often insisted upon that our task is not to Anglicize Cyprus, but simply to preserve order, to facilitate the development of the material resources of the island, and to further the moral and intellectual interests of its people. We have to practise what we have so long urged on the Porte — viz., to afford to the native races, by an enlightened and impartial administration, the means of moral elevation and material prosperity. For this result too much government is nearly as detrimental as too little. Our administration must be only the enlightened conception which guides the native hand; and the queen of England must be not only the mistress of Cyprus, but also the honored object of the love and devotion of its native races. There is a vast gulf between the natives of Cyprus and the natives of India, which we must not ignore, and our rule in Cyprus will be an utter failure if we apply to it, without important modifications, our Indian notions of government.

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The prosperous days of Cyprus were those in which she enjoyed a large share of self-government; and it is to this elevated position that we must again raise her out of the depths of moral degradation and material bankruptcy into which an unenlightened foreign domination has plunged her.

The revenues which the Porte derived from Cyprus may be classified under three heads: (1) Revenues resulting from the administration of property belonging exclusively to the State. (2) A royalty upon the produce of all lands. (3) Taxes, direct and indirect. The general budget of receipts may be estimated as follows:—

1. Revenue from the salt monopoly	£40,000
2. " " tithes of land	70,000
3. " " customs and excise	23,000
4. " " the monopoly of weighing and measuring .	2,300
5. Revenue from stamp duties and transfer of property . .	3,300
6. Revenue from tobacco monopoly	7,000
7. Revenue from direct contributions called verghi . .	30,000
8. Revenue from tax on sheep and goats	6,000
9. Revenue from exemption from military service . . .	7,000
Total . . .	£188,600

Such are the chief taxes, and we will proceed to examine them in detail.

In a former article we explained the nature of the salt monopoly. It is simply an enterprise worked by the government for the exclusive benefit of the treasury, and only in so far as it imposes a fixed price upon the quantity of salt consumed in the island is it a burden upon the population. Of the revenue obtained, 27,000*l.* is derived from salt exported to foreign parts, so that only about 13,000*l.* is paid by local consumers. The working of this revenue is very simple, and the new administration will not do wrong in continuing the system of accounts and control which existed in the past. Some years ago there were extensive abuses perpetrated in the working of this administration, such as charging to the government expenses never incurred, and the delivery of larger quantities of salt than was paid for to the treasury. But these abuses have been, in great measure, put a stop to by a fairly perfect system of control. The revenue from salt may be expected to increase under the British rule. Greater facilities for shipment must be provided, which will be of importance in increasing the export consumption. The expensive and inconvenient transport by carts, from the salt mounds to the shore, must give place to a rapid and easy transport, either by tramway wagon, or by wire tramway bucket; and a good jetty should be constructed to facilitate the loading of small craft. With these facilities, and a slightly reduced tarif, the volume of export shipments may be considerably increased. As the chief object to be aimed at is the enlargement of the circle of consumption, it may be wise to supply the export trade for distant countries, such as England, at lower rates. The article is suitable for ballast, and consequently will be cheaply carried. It is expedient that this source of revenue from export should be developed to its fullest extent, seeing that it benefits the treasury without being in any way a burden upon the island.

The second item of revenue we have described as a royalty upon the produce of all lands. This tax is called "dimes," a contraction of *decima*, the tenth part. Its existence dates back from very ancient times, and may justly be connected in the mind of the reader with the tithes or tenth part which Abraham paid to Melchizedek, king of Salem. In Turkey, all lands are sold and purchased with this burden, and the natives scarcely regard it as a tax, but rather as the share of the government in the cultivation of the land. It is upon this account that the tithe-tax, although apparently very heavy, is paid by the peasants with far less grumbling than any other tax, and the only disadvantage connected with it is the impediment which the measures necessary for its proper collection are apt to throw in the way of the freedom of the cultivator. This disadvantage is certainly a very serious one, and when speaking of the cultivation of cotton, in my former article, I had occasion to give a very good example of the hurtful manner in which it may operate. Many schemes have been proposed in

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Turkey for the abolition of this tax, but the difficulty is to find an equally profitable source of revenue which shall vary according to the prosperous or adverse circumstances of the cultivator. One proposition received considerable favor amongst Anglo-Turkish reformers at Constantinople, and that was the imposition of a fixed tax upon each pair of bullocks. Taxing the possession of land presented the inconvenience of imposing a burden upon lands which might not be under cultivation, a serious disadvantage in a country where proprietors of large estates often leave extensive tracts of land fallow for years; and it was argued, that by taxing the cultivator according to the number of the bullocks which he possessed, this evil would be obviated. But a grave injustice would have been inflicted by the proposed new system. The tax per pair of bullocks would be necessarily a fixed one, without regard to the value or quality of the bullocks; and in this the small peasant would have been sacrificed. A good pair of bullocks such as most large proprietors possess, will easily cultivate forty acres of grain land, while the small bullocks which the peasant rears and employs cannot cultivate more than twenty to twenty-five acres. The burden of the tax would therefore fall with unjust severity upon the small cultivator. Fuad Pasha, without exception the most enlightened of Turkish statesmen and whose ability would have done honor to any country, was quite conscious of the disadvantages arising from the tax of tithes, and, as an experiment, in one of the provinces of the empire, he converted the tax into a fixed money value, based upon the average of five preceding years. But the experiment did not succeed, and he was obliged to revert to the old system at the urgent request of the inhabitants whom he had wished to benefit by the innovation.

Later on, a somewhat similar experiment was made in Cyprus during my residence. Upon the urgent representations of Halet Bey, then governor of the island, the Porte did not lease the dimes of Cyprus, but agreed, during three years, to give their collection to each village for a yearly payment of the average amount of its tithes during five preceding years. In this way it was hoped that all arbitrary exactions, and all inconvenience to cultivators would be avoided, and that the farmers of the island would benefit by the profits formerly gained by the tax collectors. What occurred in the village of Pyla, with which I was connected, will exemplify the working and defects of the experiment. All the three years were fairly good agricultural years. During the first the primates of the village administered the tax, and at its close declared that there was a loss of about one thousand piastres between the value of tithes collected and the amount fixed by the treasury. The accounts, however, were very imperfectly kept. The loss had to be levied *pro rata* upon the cultivators, and gave rise to a great deal of angry talk — the result of which was, that the villagers requested me to arrange for the future administration of the tax. This was comparatively easy for me, as more than a third of the tithe had to be paid by me. An accurate account was kept; every one was satisfied, and the village had a profit at the end of the second year of about seven thousand piastres, while the profits of the third year sufficed to pay the personal tax of all the village. Unfortunately, the experience of the first year at Pyla was general in all the island, and repeated during the remaining two years, so that at the end of the period there was a loud demand for a return to the old system. The mass of cultivators did not benefit by the profits, while all were responsible for the losses, and it was evident that if a bad year came round the consequences might be very disastrous. The danger to the treasury and to the peasant cultivators of the conversion of tithe into a fixed yearly sum was thus clearly demonstrated. In a good year the peasant does not set aside of his profits for future contingencies. All his profits he invests in land or cattle if he is frugal, or he spends them thoughtlessly if he is not; and in either case they are not available when a bad year comes round. The land becomes absolutely unsalable, the cattle die off, and the credit of the farmer is so shaken that he generally cannot borrow. In these circumstances, what be-

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comes of the claims of the treasury? They are either not satisfied, which cripples the treasury, or in being satisfied they cripple the peasant. Until the peasant has become more provident, and places his savings where a bad year does not affect them, or until land is a sure source of credit at all times, it will be wiser for the treasury to accept the risk of the seasons with the cultivators, and defend itself against the consequences of a bad year by encashing larger revenues in a good one. The treasury will frequently find compensation for one bad crop in the goodness of another; but under the system of a fixed average tithe this advantage is lost. The tithe due by the unfortunate cultivator becomes a bad debt for which there is no compensation from his more fortunate neighbor. Some years ago it was the intention of the Sublime Porte, yielding to the outcry of Western critics, to substitute for the revenue of dime a tax of four per mille upon the estimated value of all lands, cultivated or uncultivated; and in Cyprus all the necessary estimations were made. To the peasant proprietor this system would generally be advantageous, because, as a rule, he possesses little uncultivated land, but even he regarded the change with disfavor, as he would become subject to the danger of capricious evaluation.

I have entered at some length into this question for two reasons: firstly, because the revenue from tithes is the most important in the island, and, secondly, because I have reason to believe that the idea of imitating the Indian treatment of the question has found considerable favor in influential quarters. I do not deny the expediency of freeing agriculture from the inconveniences of the tithe-collector; all I insist upon is that any conversion into a fixed and invariable money value will be dangerous to both treasury and island until land has got to be a sure and good source of credit; and that any other substitute, such as a fixed rate upon valuations arbitrarily established, or a tax per pair of bullocks, is certain to prove in great measure unjust.

In the preceding remarks I have not spoken except of a real dime or tenth part, but it is right to say that the Turkish government in its extreme impecuniosity exacted during recent years an eighth part. As the British government happily is not in a similar condition, its first fiscal measure ought to be the reduction of "dime" to its true proportion of a tenth part, and this reduction will be most highly esteemed.

The dimes of Cyprus were leased to the highest bidder. When leased as one lot they invariably fell into the hands of a Turkish, Armenian, or Greek banker of Constantinople. But in recent years the Sublime Porte, before adjudging them at Constantinople, authorized the governor of the island to receive and transmit local offers, and these offers were generally made for the dimes divided into five portions — the dimes of the Messorie, of Larnaca, Limasol, Paphos, and Kyrinia. In this way a very advantageous competition was established. The smaller the lots into which the dimes were divided the greater the number of competitors. The dimes were leased from the 13th of March of each year, but it was never found expedient to adjudicate them until after the "latter" rains of spring, when the prospects of the agricultural year could be fairly estimated. The treasury had no expense whatever in the collection.

The revenue from the dimes is certain to increase rapidly and considerably, and this will afford the treasury an opportunity of favoring by reductions certain products which it may be for the interest of the country to encourage. Thus it will be very wise to abolish all dimes upon the product of trees. The loss from such a measure will not amount to 7,000*l.* per annum, and the advantage will be immense in encouraging the plantation of trees — the surest remedy against drought. It will also greatly facilitate the collection of the revenue, for the tax upon the fruit of trees is paid in very small sums, and gives a disproportionate amount of trouble.

We now come to the taxes direct and indirect, but it may be well to draw attention to the fact, that in the salt and dime revenues we have found more than half of all the revenues of the island.

Of indirect taxes that derived from customs is the most important. The customs tarif established by treaty represents eight per cent. upon all imports and one per cent. upon all exports. The justice of these proportions it is difficult to prove — the inconvenience of it is very great. Thus the collection of an export duty of one per cent. is scarcely worth the trouble — the gain is nearly all expended in collection, and great trouble is given to the merchant for very little benefit to the treasury. There appears to be only one of two things to do, either to diminish the import duty and increase proportionately the export duty, or, better still, abolish the export duty. The custom-house administration in Turkey is exceptionally good, and

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greatly better in the provinces than at Constantinople. The system of accounts gives an effective control, and the fact that all the *employés* of the custom-house are punctually paid out of encashments before these are accounted for to the treasury has had a great influence in raising the standard of integrity in that branch of the civil service in Turkey. To his Excellency Kiani Pasha are due the reforms in the custom-house service, and while he was at its head the *comptabilité* of the department was quite equal to that of most European countries. The new administrators of Cyprus will find it an easy task to continue the work of reform which his Excellency so well began.

The monopoly of weighing and measuring produces about 2,300*l.* per annun. This revenue is leased out by the government annually in the same way as the dimes, but it is a revenue which ought to be devoted to municipal purposes.

Stamps and a fee upon the transfer of property produce about 3,300*l.* This revenue may with advantage be considerably increased, and indeed the increase is justified by the better commercial facilities and superior administration of justice which are assured by British rule.

Since I left the island a tobacco monopoly has been instituted, which yielded in 1875, 3,300*l.*, and in 1876, 7,000*l.* All such institutions are, however, in direct antagonism to British notions, and only justifiable when extreme financial pressure exists.

The chief direct tax is one called "verghi," which is a personal tax levied upon all householders and bread-winners in the island. The treasury does not directly either apportion or collect the tax. Each village has to contribute a fixed amount to the treasury, for the payment of which the villagers as a whole are responsible. The notables of the village apportion the quantum of the tax to be paid by each bread-winner according to his means, and as they judge just. As may be imagined, absolute justice is not always meted out, but on the other hand it would be difficult to find a better system. Proportionately, the well-to-do pay less than the laboring man, for the simple reason that the former have most to do with the distribution of the tax. The sum usually paid by a working man not proprietor of land, is about twelve shillings per annum. His gross income may be estimated at twelve pounds, so that the tax represents an income tax, without deductions, of one shilling per pound. Few of the peasant farmers, however, paid more than two pounds ten shillings, and as their incomes frequently amount to one hundred pounds, their personal contribution only represented an income-tax of sixpence per pound. The large proprietors, not peasants, did not contribute their just share of this tax, and the Mohammedan proprietors especially got off easily. It will be necessary to obtain accurate statistics of the contributions of each class, and adjust the burden more equitably. Many of the villages will be found to be considerably in arrear of their payments. Years of drought always left their mark in arrears of village contributions, and considerable sums must be due to the Porte from this cause. I hope, however, that the Porte will forego all such claims, as it would be impossible to allow the Turkish authorities to prosecute them, and very disagreeable for British agents to exact them. In the majority of cases, the villagers would contest the exactitude of the account furnished, invoking payments made to the provincial treasurers which were misappropriated.

A tax upon sheep and goats produced a revenue of 6,000*l.* net. This tax was leased annually by the government in the same manner as the tithes of land. If I remember right, the amount paid for each sheep or goat was four-and-a-half piastres annually, while the average value of each animal at that time was only thirty piastres, and the annual income from it did not exceed twenty piastres. As the proprietor of a flock of about six hundred head, I found the tax exorbitantly heavy; but the peasant shepherds relieve themselves from great part of its burden by cheating the collector in regard to the number of their flocks. The rate fixed was the same all over the Turkish empire, and this produced great injustice, as the sheep of Roumelia are worth three times as much as those of Cyprus.

The last item of revenue which has to be mentioned is the indemnity paid by the Christian population for exemption from military service. Either this tax upon the Christian population must now be abolished or it must be extended to the Mohammedan population as well; seeing that both will in future be exempted from military service. The sum produced by the tax is only 7,000*l.*, and it would seem most expedient to abolish it altogether.

From this brief and general survey of the taxation of Cyprus under Turkish rule there appears to me to be much cause for satisfaction to the British taxpayer. We have seen that the revenue derived from

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the island amounts to about 180,000*l.*, and that nearly a quarter of the whole is derived from a property belonging exclusively to the government, and which is very slightly burthensome to the inhabitants of the island. The tithes contribute more than one-third of the whole, and this source of revenue is certain to increase in proportion to the development of the agricultural resources of the island. Customs contribute 23,000*l.*, and this income will also be largely augmented from the importations necessitated by a greatly increased population. British administration will certainly be more costly than that of the Turkish government, but as a set-off against that increase there will be an enlarged income. It will only, therefore, be mismanagement which can make Cyprus a burden to the imperial treasury, and the remedy for this mismanagement will speedily be found when accounts are published. The only urgent necessity is that the accounts connected with the general administration of the island should not be mixed up with those which concern imperial interests. For works of general utility, such as irrigation, roads, and government offices, the local administration may well be debited with the interest upon the capital thus judiciously and economically expended, but the imperial treasury alone has to support the cost of barrack accommodation, a harbor for ironclads, and military depots.

It has frequently been said that Cyprus is unsuitable for imperial purposes in consequence of its complete want of harbors, in which the British fleet may find shelter. This defect must be acknowledged, but it is, I think, greatly exaggerated. In all the roadsteads on the southern coast of the island ships have the very best holding-ground, and, with proper care, may ride out any storm without the least danger. It is otherwise on the northern coast, where the sea-room is more restricted; but the northern coast will never be of value for imperial purposes. The great disadvantage of the roadsteads upon the southern coast is the shallowness of the water, which runs out a considerable distance from the shore, and over which an ugly surf breaks in stormy weather. Anchored within the line of that surf, no vessel will hold in a storm, and in consequence native craft which have not enough of chain to lie outside come ashore yearly in considerable numbers; but during the nine years of my residence in Cyprus no casualty occurred to a European vessel at anchor, nor do I ever remember any such vessel being obliged to go out to sea for safety. January and February are generally the most stormy months, and it then frequently happens that ships in the roadsteads can hold no communication with the shore during several days. But there is no especial danger whatever in ironclads or any seaworthy vessel with good anchors lying off Larnaca, Limasol, or Famagusta, in the worst of the winter months. At Famagusta the Venetians had a little harbor of sufficient size to hold a small fleet of ships of the tonnage of that day. The harbor is now much filled up, but at a moderate expense could be cleared and repaired. The sea-wall is still sufficient to cause calm water within the harbor, and I remember a French steamer of the Frassinet Company entering the harbor and lying in it for some days, when undergoing repairs which could only be made in calm water. I confess that I cannot pretend to be a competent authority, but I feel convinced that no difficulty will be experienced in greatly enlarging the Venetian harbor of Famagusta, and providing good shelter there for large vessels. Such a harbor will be an immense boon to the shipping which frequents that part of the Mediterranean, for there is no shelter for vessels along all the coast of Syria. Any outlay, therefore, incurred in the construction of a harbor at Famagusta would confer great advantages upon very extensive shipping interests, and in a few years a revenue of some importance might be obtained from harbor dues. Famagusta also presents great advantages for a military depot. In the time of the Venetians it must have sufficed for a population of fully thirty thousand inhabitants, and the walls of most of the houses are still standing. The town is surrounded by a ditch, and inclosed within well-built walls of strong masonry, which are in good repair. For the accommodation of a garrison of ten thousand men little more would be needed than restoring the stones to their former places, covering the houses, and delivering the place from the stagnant pools which surround it and the mounds of *débris* which encumber it. Famagusta might thus become the imperial military station, while Leufcosia or Nicosia, in the centre of the island, was the seat of the local government.

With all these "dry-as-dust" details about taxes and administration my readers must be sufficiently tired, and will feel pleased to change the subject. Equally glad were my sister and I to vary our life

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in Cyprus with a yearly excursion of three weeks into the interior of the island. Every year we went as much as possible over new ground, and so got to know the island from end to end. I hope many of my readers may decide upon following our example, and I desire for them a great treat when I wish them as much happiness as we experienced. It was always about the middle of April when we started, just as settled weather might be fairly expected, and when the trees were still clad in foliage, the mountain streams boisterous in their fulness, and the fields rich in waving corn, or carpeted in green. Our preparations were simple, for we made up our minds before starting to become, for the time being, children of nature, accepting the homely fare with which the land could furnish us. The only exception in this respect was in providing ourselves with coffee, tea, claret, and brandy — the last only for medicinal purposes. Each had a travelling-bed, which folded into small compass, with its pliable mattress, pillows, sheets, and quilt; and the cavalcade, as it started, was as follows. First a muleteer on his donkey, which all followed, and which was always the freshest at the end of the day's journey. Next came, on a mule, my cawass Hasen, bristling with pistols and dangling a sword, from vanity, not necessity; then your humble servant on his own horse, and my sister on hers. The worthy old Arab groom, Mohammed, who followed on a mule, would allow no one ever to interpose between him and my sister's horse, which he watched with a kind of paternal solicitude. Next came Jacob, my servant, factotum, and paymaster; and behind him a muleteer, on his donkey, followed by a pack-mule, with the beds and bedding. Thus we started about two o'clock in the afternoon, and made our first halt at the hospitable country-seat of an Italian gentleman and large landed proprietor at Nisso, four hours distant from Larnaca. On the way we had passed through the ancient Idalium, and just as we entered it had looked up to a slight rising ground on the left, where was the site of the temple of Venus, which I uncovered, thus recalling pleasant reminiscenes of intensely interesting days. All the valley lying to the left of the village of Dali was a vast cemetery, which the men of Dali turned over. The beautiful earrings of gold and the elegant vases which these tombs contained, speak of a wealth and refinement in past days far greater than is to be found amongst the simple Daliotes who crowd around to see our cavalcade passing, and the contrast reminds us that the world has not everywhere been progressing. But in the grateful shade of the wooded valleys through which we pass, the fine grain crops, and the well-tilled land prepared for cotton, we may easily comprehend the wealth of the past, and indulge in hopes for the future. After enjoying the hospitable cheer of Mrs. Matei, and sleeping comfortably without unpacking our beds, we start next morning, as soon as it is day, for Leufcosia or Nicosia, the capital of the island, three-and-a-half hours distant. About half-way we come upon a large bed of oyster-shells — jolly big oysters, such as are got in England, not the puny ones of Constantinople — and in the first moments of surprise we feel inclined to ask what oystermonger has been throwing out his shells here. Getting down, we pick up some of the finest specimens, thoroughly petrified, and in no danger of giving an indigestion, and look around to see where the sea was which left these disconsolate esculents stranded high and dry. We see ourselves in the midst of a remarkable country of hill and valley, which seems to speak of volcanic action during which the sea retired, and left dry land between the Bay of Morphou and that of Salamis.

Just as the sun begins to feel warm we are passing on our left a little village in no way very attractive, and notice two or three men and women approach us asking alms. Had we been on the other road to Nicosia by Athienou, similar poor creatures would have offered us a drink of water from an aqueduct which crosses the road. From the noses, in some, eaten away, and in others, the fingers rapidly disappearing, we shudder before the sad victims of leprosy, which in these poor creatures we see before us, and then learn that that little village is solely inhabited by lepers, who procure themselves a livelihood by begging alms and cultivating a little soil around the village. It is a sad sight to notice the different stages of the disease. Some are still comparatively fresh and fair, upon others the gradual death has made considerable progress. And yet, how insensible they seem to the dreadful reality! They clamor for food, and seem as thoughtless as other men.

We are glad when, a few minutes past this village, we find ourselves on the breast of a plateau, and see Nicosia lying before us, in what seems nearly the centre of a valley at the base of the rugged-peaked hills of the northern range of mountains. The view is very picturesque, and espe-

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cially striking, because it comes upon us unexpectedly. The tall minarets of the once Catholic Cathedral of St. Sophia, the zinc roofs of the Greek churches glistening in the sunshine, and the rich foliage which surrounds all the houses, invest the first view of Nicosia with a peculiar charm. A quarter-of-an-hour's further ride brings us to the city gateway. The town is completely surrounded by a ditch and well-built fortifications. It is entered by four gateways, that of Larnaca, Famagusta, Kyrinia, and Morpho. The gate of Larnaca, through which we are now passing, looks as if it belonged to primeval times. It is formed of massive, rough-cut wood, of about nine inches thick, and the primitive fastening is simply a large, square-cut beam, fastened on a pivot to the one half of the door, and inserted, when closed, into an iron catch upon the other. When we enter the town, all the beauty which we saw from the outside is dispelled. We pass along ill-paved, narrow streets, the nasal organs rapidly attest that no attention is paid to the cleansing of the town, and the ruined houses here and the broken aqueducts there serve as a signboard to declare that we are in the neglected domains of the crescent and the star. With difficulty we pass through the bazaars, which are crowded with donkeys, mules, and camels bringing produce, and a noisy rabble squabbling over their sales and purchases. From this troublesome crowd, after having rested and refreshed ourselves, we gladly repair to the Church of St. Sophia. The iron chain under which we must stoop in order to enter reminds us disagreeably, as it is intended to do, that this once Christian cathedral is now sacred to Mohammed. The change has affected the architecture as disagreeably as it does our feelings. The minarets blemish the external view just as the dirty mats, faded carpets, and trumpery pulpits destroy the interior. It requires some effort of the imagination to restore the building in thought to its once solemn and sacred aspect, when during three centuries the kings of Cyprus were crowned within its walls with royal pageant. We venture, with considerable misgiving, to disturb the repose of myriads of fleas, and cause to be uncovered the marble slabs on the floor which mark the graves of some of the Lusignan kings. But we are glad to get up into the minarets, and look out upon the grand beauties of nature which are before us. The peaks of the northern range of hills are very fantastic in their cutting. One is called Pentadactylon, or the Five Fingers, from its resemblance to the half-closed fist, with the thumb extended. The next is Mount Buffavento, three thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. On the summit of the next is the ruin of an old castle, and close to it the one hundred chambers cut out of the rock. Along all that range of mountains are found quarries of stone, excellent for building, and most durable. In Nicosia we find ourselves in the centre of a great plain, richly covered with grain, and stretching for sixty miles from sea to sea. The highest point of the southern range, five thousand three hundred and eighty feet, is still glistening with snow, and richly covered with pines.

The next afternoon we start for Bellapais, or Dellapais, a convent built in the time of the Lusignans for white-robed nuns. We cross the ridge of hills by a pass near the village of Dikom, and, after winding through wooded valleys for nearly an hour, get the first view of the fine ruins. We go at once inside, and pass to the left, into what was the refectory. Hardly can we tear ourselves away from the exquisite view which meets our eye on looking out from the windows. I will not attempt to describe it. The common sentiment which rises to our lips is that here we would like to stay. It is not like Naples, it is not like Constantinople, it is not like the Lebanon, but it is a sweet sylvan scene which speaks of peace and plenty. Ere many months pass I doubt not the old monastery will have been restored to its pristine completeness, and will shelter British functionaries instead of the white-robed nuns of the past. On leaving the monastery we accepted the hospitality of a very quaint but worthy man, Haggi Sava, a notable of the village, blessed with the luxury of a one-storyed house in the midst of a dense orchard of fruit-trees of every kind. On another occasion, in the month of September, in walking through these orchards I was astonished to observe the ground thickly strewed with fallen bitter oranges, and wondered why this waste. On inquiry it was explained to me that it was not worth while gathering them, for the price which they could obtain in Nicosia barely covered the cost of carriage. My sister thought this would be a paradise to marmalade Keiller of Dundee. The fruit-trees are chiefly, and in some cases only, valued for their flowers, from which are made deliciously fragrant waters. The caroub and olive trees are in great abundance in this district, and our host gathers yearly, from his own property, two hundred

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tons of locust-beans. Both these trees require to be grafted, else the fruit is not good, and the graft used is simply the insertion into the stem of a shoot — in the case of the olive, of what the natives call the male olive-tree, and in the case of the caroub, of an already grafted caroub-tree. The trees grow spontaneously, and are grafted after they have attained a certain height. Our host, Haggi Sava, has grafted the most of all his caroub-trees during his lifetime, and increases his wealth yearly by the same simple means. This leads me to say that in the district of Paphos there are extensive tracts of wild olive-trees which only wait for the hand of man to graft them.

I could with pleasure continue to carry the reader along with us in our pleasant tour from Bellapais to Kyrinia, thence by Lapithos to Morphon, thence by lovely Soli to the convent of Chico, near the summit of Mount Troados; thence to Paphos, old and new; thence, retracing our steps, to Limasol, by the ruins of ancient Curium, and from Limasol to Larnaca, accomplishing the whole tour, without any great fatigue, in twenty-one days. But I gladly leave the pleasant task to the more able pen of some equally fortunate tourist, of whom I hope ere long the names may be "legion." The public will, however, do well to refuse to read all impressions of Cyprus written before next April, and to prepare themselves for most lugubrious accounts from the pens of all summer excursionists.

This leads me to say a few words in conclusion on the climate of Cyprus. The island is very commonly called unhealthy, but I object to the expression until I know what is meant. If it is meant that Englishmen cannot go out there during the summer months without a considerable risk of catching fever and ague, I admit its correctness. But I ask to what country, with the thermometer generally about 90° in the shade, can Englishmen, with their national love of heavy eating, and of alcoholic liquors, be sent without incurring a considerable risk of sickness of some kind? It will be found, however, that a large proportion of those who go to Cyprus enjoy as good health as they can hope for in any country. Further, I object to blaming the climate for evils which result from defective sanitary regulations, and especially from the over-crowding, without previous preparation, of towns without sewers or street-cleansers, surrounded by stagnant pools and by all that the laziness and indifference of man can accomplish to infect the air. I would judge of the healthiness or unhealthiness of the climate from its effects upon those who, from long wont, live in accordance with its requirements, and who inhabit places free from exceptional and removable disadvantages. Judged by this standard, the climate of Cyprus cannot be declared unhealthy. It is inhabited, and has been from time immemorial, by a perfectly healthy and robust native population, free from all serious sickness, and living to a hale old age. A climate of which this can be said is not justly called unhealthy. Facts, however, often carry more conviction than reasoning, and it is a fact that I lived in Larnaca, and went about the island summer and winter during nine years, and never enjoyed better health anywhere. My sister did so during four years with a similar experience. The consular changes which I witnessed during my residence there were of three French consuls, three Italian consuls, three British and two American consuls, and the only casualties amongst them were the death of a French consul from cholera and of an Italian consul when absent from the island. All the others, although disgusted with an inactive life destitute of social resources, left the island in perfectly robust health, and never suffered from any serious sickness. Of the pernicious fevers which destroy many lives, reported by Dr. Clarke — who spent ten days in the island — I can only say that I never heard of them during my residence, although they may have existed before my arrival. Of the dreadful asps, taruntulas, etc., I admit that they exist, but I only found specimens after considerable search.

R. HAMILTON LANG.

August 9, 1878.

From The New Quarterly Review.

AN INDISCRETION IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel.

THE congregation in Tollamore church were singing the evening hymn, the people gently swaying backwards and forwards like trees in a soft breeze. The heads of the village children, who sat in the gallery, were inclined to one side as they uttered

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their shrill notes, their eyes listlessly tracing some crack in the old walls, or following the movement of a distant bough or bird, with features rapt almost to painfulness.

In front of the children stood a thoughtful young man, who was plainly enough the schoolmaster; and his gaze was fixed on a remote part of the aisle beneath him. When the singing was over, and all had sat down for the sermon, his eyes still remained in the same place. There was some excuse for their direction, for it was in a straight line forwards; but their fixity was only to be explained by some object before them. This was a square pew, containing one solitary sitter. But that sitter was a young lady, and a very sweet lady was she.

Afternoon service in Tollamore parish was later than in many others in that neighborhood; and as the darkness deepened during the progress of the sermon, the rector's pulpit candles shone to the remotest nooks of the building, till at length they became the sole lights of the congregation. The lady was the single person besides the preacher whose face was turned westwards, the pew that she occupied being the only one in the church in which the seat ran all round. She reclined in her corner, her bonnet and dark dress growing by degrees invisible, and at last only her upturned face could be discerned, a solitary white spot against the black surface of the wainscot. Over her head rose a vast marble monument, erected to the memory of her ancestors, male and female; for she was one of high standing in that parish. The design consisted of a winged skull and two cherubim, supporting a pair of tall Corinthian columns, between which spread a broad slab, containing the roll of ancient names, lineages, and deeds, and surmounted by a pediment, with the crest of the family at its apex.

As the youthful schoolmaster gazed, and all these details became dimmer, her face was modified in his fancy, till it seemed almost to resemble the carved marble skull immediately above her head. The thought was unpleasant enough to arouse him from his half-dreamy state, and he entered on rational considerations of what a vast gulf lay between that lady and himself, what a troublesome world it was to live in where such divisions could exist, and how painful was the evil when a man of his unequal history was possessed of a keen susceptibility.

Now a close observer, who should have happened to be near the large pew, might have noticed before the light got low that the interested gaze of the young man had been returned from time to time by the young lady, although he, towards whom her glances were directed, did not perceive the fact. It would have been guessed that something in the past was common to both, notwithstanding their difference in social standing. What that was may be related in a few words.

One day in the previous week there had been some excitement in the parish on account of the introduction upon the farm of a steam threshing-machine for the first time, the date of these events being some thirty years ago. The machine had been hired by a farmer who was a relative of the schoolmaster's, and when it was set going all the people round about came to see it work. It was fixed in a corner of a field near the main road, and in the afternoon a passing carriage stopped outside the hedge. The steps were let down, and Miss Geraldine Allenville, the young woman whom we have seen sitting in the church pew, came through the gate of the field towards the engine. At that hour most of the villagers had been to the spot, had gratified their curiosity, and afterwards gone home again; so that there were only now left standing beside the engine the engine-man, the farmer, and the young schoolmaster, who had come like the rest. The laborers were at the other part of the machine, under the cornstack some distance off.

The girl looked with interest at the whizzing wheels, asked questions of the old farmer, and remained in conversation with him for some time, the schoolmaster standing a few paces distant, and looking more or less towards her. Suddenly the expression of his face changed to one of horror; he was by her side in a moment, and, seizing hold of her, he swung her round by the arm to a distance of several feet.

In speaking to the farmer she had inadvertently stepped backwards, and had drawn so near to the band which ran from the engine to the drum of the thresher that in another moment her dress must have been caught, and she would have been whirled round the wheel as a mangled carcase. As soon as the meaning of the young man's act was understood by her she turned deadly pale and nearly fainted. When she was well enough to walk, the two men led her to the carriage, which had been standing outside the hedge all the time.

"You have saved me from a ghastly

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death!" the agitated girl murmured to the schoolmaster. "Oh! I can never forget it!" and then she sank into the carriage and was driven away.

On account of this the schoolmaster had been invited to Tollamore House to explain the incident to the squire, the young lady's only living parent. Mr. Allenville thanked her preserver, inquired the history of his late father, a painter of good family, but unfortunate and improvident; and finally told his visitor that, if he were fond of study, the library of the house was at his service. Geraldine herself had spoken very impulsively to the young man — almost, indeed, with imprudent warmth — and his tender interest in her during the church service was the result of the sympathy she had shown.

And thus did an emotion, which became this man's sole motive power through many following years, first arise and establish itself. Only once more did she lift her eyes to where he sat, and it was when they all stood up before leaving. This time he noticed the glance. Her look of recognition led his feelings onward yet another stage. Admiration grew to be attachment; he even wished that he might own her, not exactly as a wife, but as a being superior to himself — in the sense in which a servant may be said to own a master. He would have cared to possess her in order to exhibit her glories to the world, and he scarcely even thought of her ever loving him.

There were two other stages in his course of love, but they were not reached till some time after to-day. The first was a change from this proud desire to a longing to cherish. The last stage, later still, was when her very defects became rallying-points for defence, when every one of his senses became special pleaders for her; and that not through blindness, but from a tender inability to do aught else than defend her against all the world.

CHAPTER II.

She was active, stirring, all fire —
Could not rest, could not tire —
Never in all the world such an one!
And here was plenty to be done,
And she that could do it, great or small,
She was to do nothing at all.

FIVE mornings later the same young man was looking out of the window of Tollamore village school in a fixed and absent manner. The weather was exceptionally mild, though scarcely to the degree which would have justified his airy situation at such a month of the year. A hazy light spread through the air, the landscape on which his eyes were resting being enlivened and lit up by the spirit of an unseen sun rather than by its direct rays. Every sound could be heard for miles. There was a great crowing of cocks, bleating of sheep, and cawing of rooks, which proceeded from all points of the compass, rising and falling as the origin of each sound was near or far away. There were also audible the voices of people in the village, interspersed with hearty laughs, the bell of a distant flock of sheep, a robin close at hand, vehicles in the neighboring roads and lanes. One of these latter noises grew gradually more distinct, and proved itself to be rapidly nearing the school. The listener blushed as he heard it.

"Suppose it should be!" he said to himself.

He had said the same thing at every such noise that he had heard during the foregoing week, and had been mistaken in his hope. But this time a certain carriage did appear in answer to his expectation. He came from the window hastily; and in a minute a footman knocked and opened the school door.

"Miss Allenville wishes to speak to you, Mr. Mayne."

The schoolmaster went to the porch — he was a very young man to be called a schoolmaster — his heart beating with excitement.

"Good morning," she said, with a confident yet girlish smile. "My father expects me to inquire into the school arrangements, and I wish to do so on my own account as well. May I come in?"

She entered as she spoke, telling the coachman to drive to the village on some errand, and call for her in half an hour.

Mayne could have wished that she had not been so thoroughly free from all apparent consciousness of the event of the previous week, of the fact that he was considerably more of a man than the small persons by whom the apartment was mainly filled, and that he was as nearly as possible at her own level in age, as wide in sympathies, and possibly more inflammable in heart. But he soon found that a sort of fear to entrust her voice with the subject of that link between them was what restrained her. When he had explained a few details of routine she moved away from him round the school.

He turned and looked at her as she stood among the children. To his eyes her beauty was indescribable. Before he had met her he had scarcely believed that any woman in the world could be so lovely.

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The clear, deep eyes, full of all tender expressions; the fresh, subtly-curved cheek, changing its tones of red with the fluctuation of each thought; the ripe tint of her delicate mouth, and the indefinable line where lip met lip; the noble bend of her neck, the wavy lengths of her dark brown hair, the soft motions of her bosom when she breathed, the light fall of her little feet, the elegant contrivances of her attire, all struck him as something he had dreamed of and was not actually seeing. Geraldine Allenville was, in truth, very beautiful; she was a girl such as his eyes had never elsewhere beheld; and her presence here before his face kept up a sharp struggle of sweet and bitter within him.

He had thought at first that the flush on her face was caused by the fresh air of the morning; but, as it quickly changed to a lesser hue, it occurred to Mayne that it might after all have arisen from shyness at meeting him after her narrow escape. Be that as it might, their conversation, which at first consisted of bald sentences, divided by wide intervals of time, became more frequent, and at last continuous. He was painfully soon convinced that her tongue would never have run so easily as it did had it not been that she thought him a person on whom she could vent her ideas without reflection or punctiliousness — a thought, perhaps, expressed to herself by such words as, "I will say what I like to him, for he is only our schoolmaster."

"And you have chosen to keep a school," she went on, with a shade of mischievousness in her tone, looking at him as if she thought that, had she been a man capable of saving people's lives, she would have done something much better than teaching. She was so young as to habitually think thus of other persons' courses.

"No," he said simply; "I don't choose to keep a school in the sense you mean, choosing it from a host of pursuits, all equally possible."

"How came you here, then?"

"I fear more by chance than by aim."

"Then you are not very ambitious?"

"I have my ambitions, such as they are."

"I thought so. Everybody has nowadays. But it is a better thing not to be too ambitious, *I* think."

"If we value ease of mind, and take an economist's view of our term of life, it may be a better thing."

Having been tempted, by his unexpectedly cultivated manner of speaking, to say more than she had meant to say, she found it embarrassing either to break off or to say more, and in her doubt she stooped to kiss a little girl.

"Although I spoke lightly of ambition," she observed, without turning to him, "and said that easy happiness was worth most, I could defend ambition very well, and in the only pleasant way."

"And that way?"

"On the broad ground of the loveliness of any dream about future triumphs. In looking back there is a pleasure in contemplating a time when some attractive thing of the future appeared possible, even though it never came to pass."

Mayne was puzzled to hear her talk in this tone of maturity. That such questions of success and failure should have occupied his own mind seemed natural, for they had been forced upon him by the difficulties he had encountered in his pursuit of a career. He was not just then aware how very unpractical the knowledge of this sage lady of seventeen really was; that it was merely caught up by intercommunication with people of culture and experience, who talked before her of their theories and beliefs till she insensibly acquired their tongue.

The carriage was heard coming up the road. Mayne gave her the list of the children, their ages, and other particulars which she had called for, and she turned to go out. Not a word had been said about the incident by the threshing-machine, though each one could see that it was constantly in the other's thoughts. The roll of the wheels may or may not have reminded her of her position in relation to him. She said, bowing, and in a somewhat more distant tone: "We shall all be glad to learn that our schoolmaster is so — nice; such a philosopher." But, rather surprised at her own cruelty in uttering the latter words, she added one of the sweetest laughs that ever came from lips, and said, in gentlest tones, "Good morning; I shall *always* remember what you did for me. Oh! it makes me sick to think of that moment. I came on purpose to thank you again, but I could not say it till now!"

Mayne's heart, which had felt the rebuff, came round to her with a rush; he could have almost forgiven her for physically wounding him if she had asked him in such a tone not to notice it. He watched her out of sight, thinking in rather a melancholy mood how time would absorb all her beauty, as the growing distance between them absorbed her form. He then went in, and endeavored to recall every

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word that he had said to her, troubling and racking his mind to the utmost of his ability about his imagined faults of manner. He remembered that he had used the indicative mood instead of the proper subjective in a certain phrase. He had given her to understand that an old idea he had made use of was his own, and so on through other particulars, each of which was an item of misery.

The place and the manner of her sitting were defined by the position of her chair, and by the books, maps, and prints scattered round it. Her "I shall always remember," he repeated to himself, aye, a hundred times; and though he knew the plain import of the words, he could not help toying with them, looking at them from all points, and investing them with extraordinary meanings.

CHAPTER III.

But what is this? I turn about
And find a trouble in thine eye.

EGBERT MAYNE, though at present filling the office of village schoolmaster, had been intended for a less narrow path. His position at this time was entirely owing to the death of his father in embarrassed circumstances two years before. Mr. Mayne had been a landscape and animal painter, and had settled in the village in early manhood, where he set about improving his prospects by marrying a small farmer's daughter. The son had been sent away from home at an early age to a good school, and had returned at seventeen to enter upon some professional life or other. But his father's health was at this time declining, and when the painter died, a year and a half later, nothing had been done for Egbert. He was now living with his maternal grandfather, Richard Broadford, the farmer, who was a tenant of Squire Allenville's. Egbert's ideas did not incline to painting, but he had ambitious notions of adopting a literary profession, or entering the Church, or doing something congenial to his tastes whenever he could set about it. But first it was necessary to read, mark, learn, and look around him; and, a master being temporarily required for the school until such time as it should be placed under government inspection, he stepped in and made use of the occupation as a stop-gap for a while.

He lived in his grandfather's farmhouse, walking backwards and forwards to the school every day, in order that the old man, who would otherwise be living quite alone, might have the benefit of his society during the long winter evenings. Egbert was much attached to his grandfather, and so, indeed, were all who knew him. The old farmer's amiable disposition and kindliness of heart, while they had hindered him from enriching himself one shilling during the course of a long and laborious life, had also kept him clear of every arrow of antagonism. The house in which he lived was the same that he had been born in, and was almost a part of himself. It had been built by his father's father; but on the dropping of the lives for which it was held, some twenty years earlier, it had lapsed to the Squire.

Richard Broadford was not, however, dispossessed: after his father's death the family had continued as before in the house and farm, but as yearly tenants. It was much to Broadford's delight, for his pain at the thought of parting from those old sticks and stones of his ancestors, before it had been known if the tenure could be continued, was real and great.

On the evening of the day on which Miss Allenville called at the school Egbert returned to the farmhouse as usual. He found his grandfather sitting with his hands on his knees, and showing by his countenance that something had happened to disturb him greatly. Egbert looked at him inquiringly, and with some misgiving.

"I have got to go at last, Egbert," he said, in a tone intended to be stoical, but far from it. "He is my enemy after all."

"Who?" said Mayne.

"The squire. He's going to take seventy acres of neighbor Greenman's farm to enlarge the park; and Greenman's acreage is to be made up to him, and more, by throwing my farm in with his. Yes, that's what the squire is going to have done. . . . Well, I thought to have died here; but 'tisn't to be."

He looked as helpless as a child, for age had weakened him. Egbert endeavored to cheer him a little, and vexed as the young man was, he thought there might yet be some means of tiding over this difficulty. "Mr. Allenville wants seventy acres more in his park, does he?" he echoed mechanically. "Why can't it be taken entirely out of Greenman's farm? His is big enough, Heaven knows; and your hundred acres might be left you in peace."

"Well mayest say so! Oh, it is because he is tired of seeing old-fashioned farming like mine.. He likes the young generation's system best, I suppose."

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"If I had only known this this afternoon!" Egbert said.

"You could have done nothing."

"Perhaps not." Egbert was, however, thinking that he would have mentioned the matter to his visitor, and told her such circumstances as would have enlisted her sympathies in the case.

"I thought it would come to this," said old Richard vehemently. "The present Squire Allenville has never been any real friend to me. It was only through his wife that I have stayed here so long. If it hadn't been for her, we should have gone the very year that my poor father died, and the house fell into hand. I wish we had now. You see, now she's dead, there's nobody to counteract him in his schemes; and so I am to be swept away."

They talked on thus, and by bedtime the old man was in better spirits. But the subject did not cease to occupy Egbert's mind, and that anxiously. Were the house and farm which his grandfather had occupied so long to be taken away, Egbert knew it would affect his life to a degree out of all proportion to the seriousness of the event. The transplanting of old people is like the transplanting of old trees; a twelvemonth usually sees them wither and die away.

The next day proved that his anticipations were likely to be correct, his grandfather being so disturbed that he could scarcely eat or drink. The remainder of the week passed in just the same way. Nothing now occupied Egbert's mind but a longing to see Miss Allenville. To see her would be bliss; to ask her if anything could be done by which his grandfather might retain the farm and premises would be nothing but duty. His hope of good results from the course was based on the knowledge that Allenville, cold and hard as he was, had some considerable affection for or pride in his daughter, and that thus she might influence him.

It was not likely that she would call at the school for a week or two at least, and Mayne therefore tried to meet with her elsewhere. One morning early he was returning from the remote hamlet of Hawksgate, on the further side of the parish, and the nearest way to the school was across the park. He read as he walked, as was customary with him, though at present his thoughts wandered incessantly. The path took him through a shrubbery running close up to a remote wing of the mansion. Nobody seemed to be stirring in that quarter, till, turning an angle, he saw Geraldine's own graceful figure close at hand, robed in fur, and standing at ease outside an open French casement.

She was startled by his sudden appearance, but her face soon betrayed a sympathetic remembrance of him. Egbert scarcely knew whether to stop or to walk on, when, casting her eyes upon his book, she said, "Don't let me interrupt your reading."

"I am glad to have ——" he stammered, and for the moment could get no farther. His nervousness encouraged her to continue. "What are you reading?" she said.

The book was, as may possibly be supposed by those who know the mood inspired by hopeless attachments, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," a poem which at that date had never been surpassed in congeniality to the minds of young persons in the full fever of virulent love. He was rather reluctant to let her know this; but as the inquiry afforded him an opening for conversation he held out the book, and her eye glanced over the page.

"Oh, thank you," she said hastily, "I ought not to have asked that — only I am interested always in books. Is your grandfather quite well, Mr. Mayne? I saw him yesterday, and thought he seemed to be not in such good health as usual."

"His mind is disturbed," said Egbert.

"Indeed, why is that?"

"It is on account of his having to leave the farm. He is old, and was born in that house."

"Ah, yes, I have heard something of that," she said with a slightly regretful look. "Mr. Allenville has decided to enlarge the park. Born in the house, was he?"

"Yes. His father built it. May I ask your opinion on the point, Miss Allenville? Don't you think it would be possible to enlarge the park without taking my grandfather's farm? Greenman has already five hundred acres."

She was perplexed how to reply, and evading the question said, "Your grandfather much wishes to stay?"

"He does, intensely — more than you can believe or think. But he will not ask to be let remain. I dread the effect of leaving upon him. If it were possible to contrive that he should not be turned out I should be grateful indeed."

"I — I will do all I can that things may remain as they are," she said with a deepened color. "In fact, I am almost certain that he will not have to go, since it is so painful to him," she added in the sanguine

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tones of a child. "My father could not have known that his mind was so bent on staying."

Here the conversation ended, and Egbert went on with a lightened heart. Whether his pleasure arose entirely from having done his grandfather a good turn, or from the mere sensation of having been near her, he himself could hardly have determined.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh, for my sake, do you with fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmful deed,
That did not better for my life provide.

NOW commenced a period during which Egbert Mayne's emotions burnt in a more unreasoning and wilder worship than at any other time in his life. The great condition of idealization in love was present here, that of an association in which, through difference in rank, the petty human elements that enter so largely into life are kept entirely out of sight, and there is hardly awakened in the man's mind a thought that they appertain to her at all.

He deviated frequently from his daily track to the spot where the last meeting had been, till, on the fourth morning after, he saw her there again; but she let him pass that time with a bare recognition. Two days later the carriage drove down the lane to the village as he was walking away. When they met she told the coachman to stop.

"I am glad to tell you that your grandfather may be perfectly easy about the house and farm," she said; as if she took unfeigned pleasure in saying it. "The question of altering the park is postponed indefinitely. I have resisted it: I could do no less for one who did so much for me."

"Thank you very warmly," said Egbert so earnestly that she blushed crimson as the carriage rolled away.

The spring drew on, and he saw and spoke with her several times. In truth he walked abroad much more than had been usual with him formerly, searching in all directions for her form. Had she not been unreflecting and impressionable — had not her life dragged on as uneventfully as that of one in gaol, through her residing in a great house with no companion but an undemonstrative father; and, above all, had not Egbert been a singularly engaging young man of that distracting order of beauty which grows upon the feminine gazer with every glance, this tender waylaying would have made little difference to anybody. But such was not the case. In return for Egbert's presence of mind at the threshing she had done him a kindness, and the pleasure that she took in the act shed an added interest upon the object of it. Thus, on both sides it had happened that a deed of solicitude casually performed gave each doer a sense of proprietorship in its recipient, and a wish still further to establish that position by other deeds of the same sort.

To still further kindle Geraldine's indiscreet interest in him, Egbert's devotion became perceptible ere long even to her inexperienced eyes; and it was like a new world to the young girl. At first she was almost frightened at the novelty of the thing. Then the fascination of the discovery caused her ready, receptive heart to palpitate in an ungovernable manner whenever he came near her. She was not quite in love herself, but she was so moved by the circumstance of her deliverer being in love, that she could think of nothing else. His appearing at odd places startled her; and yet she rather liked that kind of startling. Too often her eyes rested on his face; too often her thoughts surrounded his figure and dwelt on his conversation.

One day when they met on a bridge, they did not part till after a long and interesting conversation on books, in which many opinions of Mayne's (crude and unformed enough, it must be owned) that happened to take her fancy, set her glowing with ardor to unfold her own.

After any such meeting as this, Egbert would go home and think for hours of her little remarks and movements. The day and minute of every accidental rencounter became registered in his mind with the indelibility of ink. Years afterwards he could recall at a moment's notice that he saw her at eleven o'clock on the third of April, a Sunday; at four on Tuesday, the twelfth; at a quarter to six on Thursday, the twenty-eighth; that on the ninth it rained at a quarter past two, when she was walking up the avenue; that on the seventeenth the grass was rather too wet for a lady's feet; and other calendrical and meteorological facts of no value whatever either to science or history.

On a Tuesday evening, when they had had several conversations out of doors, and when a passionate liking for his society was creeping over the reckless though pure girl, slowly, insidiously, and surely, like ripeness over fruit, she further committed herself by coming alone to the school. A heavy rain had threatened to fall all the

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afternoon, and just as she entered it began. School hours were at that moment over, but he waited a few moments before dismissing the children, to see if the storm would clear up. After looking round at the classes, and making sundry inquiries of the little ones in the usual manner of ladies who patronize a school, she came up to him.

"I listened outside before I came in. It was a great pleasure to hear the voices — three classes reading at three paces." She continued with a laugh: "There was a rough treble voice bowling easily along, an ambling sweet voice earnest about fishes in the sea, and a shrill voice spelling out letter by letter. Then there was a shuffling of feet — then you sang. It seemed quite a little poem."

"Yes," Egbert said. "But perhaps, like many poems, it was hard prose to the originators."

She remained thinking, and Mayne looked out at the weather. Judging from the sky and wind that there was no likelihood of a change that night, he proceeded to let the children go. Miss Allenville assisted in wrapping up as many of them as possible in the old coats and other apparel which Egbert kept by him for the purpose. But she touched both clothes and children rather gingerly, and as if she did not much like the contact.

Egbert's sentiments towards her that evening were vehement and curious. Much as he loved her, his liking for the peasantry about him — his mother's ancestry — caused him sometimes a twinge of self-reproach for thinking of her so exclusively, and nearly forgetting all his old acquaintance, neighbors, and his grandfather's familiar friends, with their rough but honest ways. To further complicate his feelings to-night there was the sight, on the one hand, of the young lady with her warm rich dress and glowing future, and on the other of the weak little boys and girls — some only five years old, and none more than twelve, going off in their different directions in the pelting rain, some for a walk of more than two miles, with the certainty of being drenched to the skin, and with no change of clothes when they reached their home. He watched the rain-spots thickening upon the faded frocks, worn-out tippets, yellow straw hats and bonnets, and coarse pinafores of his unprotected little flock as they walked down the path, and was thereby reminded of the hopelessness of his attachment, by perceiving how much more nearly akin was his lot to theirs than to hers.

Miss Allenville, too, was looking at the children, and unfortunately she chanced to say, as they toddled off, "Poor little wretches!"

A sort of despairing irritation at her remoteness from his plane, as implied by her pitying the children so unmercifully, impelled him to remark, "Say poor little *children*, madam."

She was silent — awkwardly silent.

"I suppose I must walk home," she said, when about half a minute had passed. "Nobody knows where I am, and the carriage may not find me for hours."

"I'll go for the carriage," said Egbert readily.

But he did not move. While she had been speaking, there had grown up in him a conviction that these opportunities of seeing her would soon necessarily cease. She would get older, and would perceive the incorrectness of being on intimate terms with him merely because he had snatched her from danger. He would have to engage in a more active career, and go away. Such ideas brought on an irresistible climax to an intense and long-felt desire. He had just reached that point in the action of passion upon mind at which it masters judgment.

It was almost dark in the room, by reason of the heavy clouds and the nearness of the night. But the fire had just flamed up brightly in the grate, and it threw her face and form into ruddy relief against the grey wall behind.

Suddenly rushing towards her, he seized her hand before she comprehended his intention, kissed it tenderly, and clasped her in his arms. Her soft body yielded like wool under his embrace. As suddenly releasing her he turned, and went back to the other end of the room.

Egbert's feeling as he retired was that he had committed a crime. The madness of the action was apparent to him almost before it was completed. There seemed not a single thing left for him to do, but to go into lifelong banishment for such sacrilege. He faced round and regarded her. Her features were not visible enough to judge of their expression. All that he could discern through the dimness and his own agitation was that for some time she remained quite motionless. Her state was probably one of suspension; as with Ulysses before Melanthus, she may have

> entertained a breast
> That in the strife of all extremes did rest.

In one, two, or five minutes — neither of

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them ever knew exactly how long — apparently without the motion of a limb, she glided noiselessly to the door and vanished.

Egbert leant himself against the wall, almost distracted. He could see absolutely no limit to the harm that he had done by his wild and unreasoning folly. "Am I a man to thus ill-treat the loveliest girl that ever was born? Sweet injured creature — how she will hate me!" These were some of the expressions that he murmured in the twilight of that lonely room.

Then he said that she certainly had encouraged him, which, unfortunately for her, was only too true. She had seen that he was always in search of her, and she did not put herself out of his way. He was sure that she liked him to admire her. "Yet, no," he murmured, "I will not excuse myself at all."

The night passed away miserably. One conviction by degrees overruled all the rest in his mind — that if she knew precisely how pure had been his longing towards her, she could not think badly of him. His reflections resulted in a resolve to get an interview with her, and make his defence and explanation in full. The decision come to, his impatience could scarcely preserve him from rushing to Tollamore House that very daybreak, and trying to get into her presence, though it was the likeliest of suppositions that she would never see him.

Every spare minute of the following days he hovered round the house, in hope of getting a glimpse of her; but not once did she make herself visible. He delayed taking the extreme step of calling, till the hour came when he could delay no longer. On a certain day he rang the bell with a mild air, and disguised his feelings by looking as if he wished to speak to her merely on copy-books, slates, and other school matters, the school being professedly her hobby. He was told that Miss Allenville had gone on a visit to some relatives thirty-five miles off, and that she would probably not return for a month.

As there was no help for it, Egbert settled down to wait as he best could, not without many misgivings lest his rash action, which a prompt explanation might have toned down and excused, would now be the cause of a total estrangement between them, so that nothing would restore him to the place he had formerly held in her estimation. That she had ever seriously loved him he did not hope or dream; but it was intense pain to him to be out of her favor.

CHAPTER V.

So I soberly laid my last plan
To extinguish the man,
Round his creep-hole, with never a break
Ran my fires for his sake;
Over head did my thunder combine
With my underground mine:
Till I looked from my labor content
To enjoy the event.
When sudden — how think ye the end?

A WEEK after the crisis mentioned above, it was secretly whispered to Egbert's grandfather that the park enlargement scheme was after all to be proceeded with; that Miss Allenville was extremely anxious to have it put in hand as soon as possible. Farmer Broadford's farm was to be added to Greenman's, as originally intended, and the old house that Broadford lived in was to be pulled down as an encumbrance.

"It is she this time!" murmured Egbert gloomily. "Then I did offend her, and mortify her; and she is resentful."

The excitement of his grandfather again caused him much alarm, and even remorse. Such was the responsiveness of the farmer's physical to his mental state that in the course of a week his usual health failed, and his gloominess of mind was followed by dimness of sight and giddiness. By much persuasion Egbert induced him to stay at home for a day or two; but indoors he was the most restless of creatures, through not being able to engage in the pursuits to which he had been accustomed from his boyhood. He walked up and down, looking wistfully out of the window, shifting the positions of books and chairs, and putting them back again, opening his desk and shutting it after a vacant look at the papers, saying he should never get settled in another farm at his time of life, and evincing all the symptoms of nervousness and excitability.

Meanwhile Egbert anxiously awaited Miss Allenville's return, more resolved than ever to obtain audience of her, and beg her not to visit upon an unoffending old man the consequences of a young one's folly. Any retaliation upon himself he would accept willingly, and own to be well deserved.

At length, by making off-hand inquiries (for he dared not ask directly for her again) he learnt that she was to be at home on the Thursday. The following Friday and Saturday he kept a sharp look-out; and, when lingering in the park for at least the tenth time in that half-week, a sudden rise in the ground revealed her coming along a path.

Egbert stayed his advance, in order that,

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if she really objected to see him, she might easily strike off into a side path or turn back.

She did not accept the alternatives, but came straight on to where he lingered, averting her face waywardly as she approached. When she was within a few steps of him he could see that the trimmings of her dress trembled like leaves. He cleared his dry throat to speak.

"Miss Allenville," he said, humbly taking off his hat, "I should be glad to say one word to you, if I may."

She looked at him for just one moment, but said nothing; and he could see that the expression of her face was flushed, and her mood skittish. The place they were standing in was a remote nook, hidden by the trunks and boughs, so that he could afford to give her plenty of time, for there was no fear of their being observed or overheard. Indeed, knowing that she often walked that way, Egbert had previously surveyed the spot and thought it suitable for the occasion, much as Wellington antecedently surveyed the field of Waterloo.

Here the young man began his pleading speech to her. He dilated upon his sensations when first he saw her; and as he became warmed by his oratory he spoke of all his inmost perturbations on her account without the slightest reserve. He related with much natural eloquence how he had tried over and over again not to love her, and how he had loved her in spite of that trying; of his intention never to reveal his passion, till their situation on that rainy evening prompted the impulse which ended in that irreverent action of his; and earnestly asked her to forgive him — not for his feelings, since they were his own to commend or blame — but for the way in which he testified of them to one so cultivated and so beautiful.

Egbert was flushed and excited by the time that he reached this point in his tale.

Her eyes were fixed on the grass; and then a tear stole quietly from its corner, and wandered down her cheek. She tried to say something, but her usually adroit tongue was unequal to the task. Ultimately she glanced at him, and murmured, "I forgive you;" but so inaudibly, that he only recognized the words by their shape upon her lips.

She looked not much more than a child now, and Egbert thought with sadness that her tear and her words were perhaps but the result, the one of a transitory sympathy, the other of a desire to escape. They stood silent for some seconds, and the dressing-bell of the house began ringing. Turning slowly away without another word she hastened out of his sight.

When Egbert reached home some of his grandfather's old friends were gathered there, sympathizing with him on the removal he would have to submit to if report spoke truly. Their sympathy was rather more for him to bear than their indifference; and as Egbert looked at the old man's bent figure, and at the expression of his face, denoting a wish to sink under the earth, out of sight and out of trouble, he was greatly depressed, and he said inwardly, "What a fool I was to ask forgiveness of a woman who can torture my only relative like this! Why do I feel her to be glorious? Oh that I had never seen her!"

The next day was Sunday, and his grandfather being too unwell to go out, Egbert went to the evening service alone. When it was over, the rector detained him in the churchyard to say a few words about the next week's undertakings. This was soon done, and Egbert turned back to leave the now empty churchyard. Passing the porch he saw Miss Allenville coming out of the door.

Egbert said nothing, for he knew not what to say; but she spoke. "Ah, Mr. Mayne, how beautiful the west sky looks! It is the finest sunset we have had this spring."

"It is very beautiful," he replied, without looking westward a single degree. "Miss Allenville," he said reproachfully, "you might just have thought whether, for the sake of reaching one guilty person, it was worth while to deeply wound an old man."

"I do not allow you to say that," she answered with proud quickness. "Still, I will listen just this once."

"Are you glad you asserted your superiority to me by putting in motion again that scheme for turning him out?"

"I merely left off hindering it," she said.

"Well, we shall go now," continued Egbert, "and make room for newer people. I hope you forgive what caused it all."

"You talk in that strain to make me feel regrets; and you think that because you are read in a few books you may say or do anything."

"No, no. That's unfair."

"I will try to alter it — that your grandfather may not leave. Say that you forgive me for thinking he and yourself had better leave — as I forgive you for what

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you did. But remember, nothing of that sort ever again."

"Forgive you? Oh, Miss Allenville!" said he in a wild whisper, "I wish you had sinned a hundred times as much, that I might show how readily I can forgive all."

She had looked as if she would have held out her hand; but, for some reason or other, directly he had spoken with emotion it was not so well for him as when he had spoken to wound her. She passed on silently, and entered the private gate to the house.

A day or two after this, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and whilst Egbert was giving a lesson in geography, a lad burst into the school with the tidings that Farmer Broadford had fallen from a corn-stack they were threshing, and hurt himself severely.

The boy had borrowed a horse to come with, and Mayne at once made him gallop off with it for a doctor. Dismissing the children, the young man ran home full of forebodings. He found his relative in a chair, held up by two of his laboring men. He was put to bed, and seeing how pale he was, Egbert gave him a little wine, and bathed the parts which had been bruised by the fall.

Egbert had at first been the more troubled at the event through believing that his grandfather's fall was the result of his low spirits and mental uneasiness; and he blamed himself for letting so infirm a man go out upon the farm till quite recovered. But it turned out that the actual cause of the accident was the breaking of the ladder that he had been standing on. When the surgeon had seen him he said that the external bruises were mere trifles; but that the shock had been great, and had produced internal injuries highly dangerous to a man in that stage of life.

His grandson was of opinion in later years that the fall only hastened by a few months a dissolution which would soon have taken place under any circumstances, from the natural decay of the old man's constitution. His pulse grew feeble and his voice weak, but he continued in a comparatively firm state of mind for some days, during which he talked to Egbert a great deal.

Egbert trusted that the illness would soon pass away; his anxiety for his grandfather was great. When he was gone not one of the family would be left but himself. But in spite of hope the younger man perceived that death was really at hand. And now arose a question. It was certainly a time to make confidences, if they were ever to be made; should he, then, tell his grandfather, who knew the Allenvilles so well, of his love for Geraldine? At one moment it seemed duty; at another it seemed a graceful act, to say the least.

Yet Egbert might never have uttered a word but for a remark of his grandfather's which led up to the very point. He was speaking of the farm and of the squire, and thence he went on to the daughter.

"She, too," he said, "seems to have that reckless spirit which was in her mother's family, and ruined her mother's father at the gaming-table, though she's too young to show much of it yet."

"I hope not," said Egbert fervently.

"Why? What be the Allenvilles to you — not that I wish the girl harm?"

"I think she is the very best being in the world. I — love her deeply."

His grandfather's eyes were set on the wall. "Well, well, my poor boy," came softly from his mouth. "What made ye think of loving her? Ye may as well love a mountain, for any return you'll ever get. Do she know of it?"

"She guesses it. It was my saving her from the threshing-machine that began it."

"And she checks you?"

"Well — no."

"Egbert," he said after a silence, "I am grieved, for it can but end in pain. Mind, she's an inexperienced girl. She never thinks of what trouble she may get herself into with her father and with her friends. And mind this, my lad, as another reason for dropping it; however honorable your love may be, you'll never get credit for your honor. Nothing you can do will ever root out the notion of people that where the man is poor and the woman is high-born he's a scamp and she's an angel."

"She's very good."

"She's thoughtless, or she'd never encourage you. You must try not to see her."

"I will never put myself in her way again."

The subject was mentioned no more then. The next day the worn-out old farmer died, and his last request to Egbert was that he would do nothing to tempt Geraldine Allenville to think of him further.

CHAPTER VI.

Hath misery made thee blind
To the fond workings of a woman's mind?
And must I say — albeit my heart rebel
With all that woman feels but should not tell;
Because, despite thy faults, that heart is moved —
It feared thee, thank'd thee, pitied, madden'd, loved?

IT was in the evening of the day after Farmer Broadford's death that Egbert first

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sat down in the house alone. The bandy-legged little man who had acted as his grandfather's groom of the chambers and stables simultaneously had gone into the village. The candles were not yet lighted, and Mayne abstractedly watched upon the pale wall the latter rays of sunset slowly changing into the white shine of a moon a few days old. The ancient family clock had stopped for want of winding, and the intense silence that prevailed seemed more like the bodily presence of some quality than the mere absence of sound.

He was thinking how many were the indifferent expressions which he had used towards the poor body lying cold up-stairs — the only relation he had latterly had upon earth — which might as well have been left unsaid; of how far he had been from practically attempting to do what in theory he called best — to make the most of every pulse of natural affection; that he had never heeded or particularly inquired the meaning of the different pieces of advice which the kind old man had tendered from time to time; that he had never even thought of asking for any details of his grandfather's history.

His musings turned upon Geraldine. He had promised to seek her no more, and he would keep his promise. Her interest in him might only be that of an exceedingly romantic and freakish soul, awakened but through "lack of other idleness," and because sound sense suggested to her that it was a thing dangerous to do; for it seemed that she was ever and only moved by the superior of two antagonistic forces. She had as yet seen little or no society, she was only seventeen; and hence it was possible that a week of the town and fashion into which she would soon be initiated might blot out his very existence from her memory.

He was sitting with his back to the window, meditating in this minor key, when a shadow darkened the opposite moonlit wall. Egbert started. There was a gentle tap at the door; and he opened it to behold the well-known form of the lady in his mind.

"Mr. Mayne, are you alone?" she whispered, full of agitation.

"Quite alone, excepting my poor grandfather's body up-stairs," he answered, as agitated as she.

Then out it all came. "I couldn't help coming — I hope — oh, I do so pray — that it was not through me that he died. Was it I, indeed, who killed him? They say it was the effect of the news that he was to leave the farm. I would have done anything to hinder his being turned out had I only reflected! And now he is dead. It was so cruel to an old man like him; and now you have nobody in the world to care for you, have you, Egbert — except me?"

The ice was wholly broken. He took her hand in both his own and began to assure her that her alarm was grounded on nothing whatever. And yet he was almost reluctant to assure her out of so sweet a state. And when he had said over and over again that his grandfather's fall had nothing to do with his mental condition, that the utmost result of her hasty proceeding was a sadness of spirit in him, she still persisted, as is the custom of women, in holding to that most painful possibility as the most likely, simply because it wounded her most. It was a long while before she would be convinced of her own innocence, but he maintained it firmly, and she finally believed.

They sat down together, restraint having quite died out between them. The fine-lady portion of her existence, of which there was never much, was in abeyance, and they spoke and acted simply as a young man and woman who were beset by common troubles, and who had like hopes and fears.

"And you will never blame me again for what I did?" said Egbert.

"I never blamed you much," she murmured with arch simplicity. "Why should it be wrong for me to be honest with you now, and tell everything you want to know?"

Mayne was silent. That was a difficult question for a conscientious man to answer. Here was he nearly twenty-one years of age, and with some experience of life, while she was a girl nursed up like an exotic, with no real experience, and but little over seventeen — though from the fineness of her figure she looked more womanly than she really was. It plainly had not crossed her young mind that she was on the verge of committing the most horrible social sin — that of loving beneath her, and owning that she so loved. Two years thence she might see the imprudence of her conduct, and blame him for having led her on. Ought he not, then, considering his grandfather's words, to say that it was wrong for her to be honest; that she should forget him, and fix her mind on matters appertaining to her order? He could not do it — he let her drift sweetly on.

"I think more of you than of anybody in the whole world," he replied. "And you will allow me to, will you not? — let

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me always keep you in my heart, and almost worship you?"

"That would be wrong. But you may think of me, if you like to, very much; it will give me great pleasure. I don't think my father thinks of me at all — or anybody, except you. I said the other day I would never think of you again, but I have done it, a good many times. It is all through being obliged to care for somebody whether you will or no."

"And you will go on thinking of me?"

"I will do anything to — oblige you."

Egbert, on the impulse of the moment, bent over her and raised her little hand to his lips. He reverenced her too much to think of kissing her cheek. She knew this, and was thrilled through with the delight of being adored as one from above the sky.

Up to this day of its existence their affection had been a battle, a species of antagonism wherein his heart and the girl's had faced each other, and being anxious to do honor to their respective parts. But now it was a truce and a settlement, in which each one took up the other's utmost weakness, and was careless of concealing his and her own.

Surely, sitting there as they sat then, a more unreasoning condition of mind as to how this unequal conjunction would end never existed. They swam along through the passing moments, not a thought of duty on either side, not a further thought on his but that she was the dayspring of his life, that he would die for her a hundred times; superadded to which was a shapeless uneasiness that she would in some manner slip away from him. The solemnity of the event that had just happened would have shown up to him any ungenerous feeling in strong colors — and he had reason afterwards to examine the epoch narrowly; but it only seemed to demonstrate how instinctive and uncalculating was the love that worked within him.

It was almost time for her to leave. She held up her watch to the moonlight. Five minutes more she would stay; then three minutes, and no longer. "Now I am going," she said. "Do you forgive me entirely?"

"How shall I say 'yes' without assuming that there was something to forgive?"

"Say 'yes.' It is sweeter to fancy I am forgiven than to think I have not sinned."

With this she went to the door. Egbert accompanied her through the wood, and across a portion of the park, till they were about a hundred yards from the house, when he was forced to bid her farewell.

The old man was buried on the following Sunday. During several weeks afterwards Egbert's sole consolation under his loss was in thinking of Geraldine, for they did not meet in private again till some time had elapsed. The ultimate issue of this absorption in her did not concern him at all: it seemed to be in keeping with the system of his existence now that he should have an utterly inscrutable to-morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

Come forward, some great marshal, and organize equality in society.

THE month of August came round, and Miss Allenville was to lay the foundation-stone of a tower or beacon which her father was about to erect on the highest hill of his estate, to the memory of his brother, the general. It was arranged that the school children should sing at the ceremony. Accordingly, at the hour fixed, Egbert was on the spot; a crowd of villagers had also arrived, and carriages were visible in the distance, wending their way towards the scene. When they had drawn up alongside and the visitors alighted, the master mason appeared nervous.

"Mr. Mayne," he said to Egbert, "you had better do what's to be done for the lady. I shall speak too loud, or too soft, or handle things wrong. Do you attend upon her, and I'll lower the stone."

Several ladies and gentlemen now gathered round, and presently Miss Allenville stood in position for her office, supported on one side by her father, a hard-featured man of five-and-forty, and some friends who were visiting at the house; and on the other by the school children, who began singing a song in keeping with the occasion. When this was done, Geraldine laid down the sealed bottle with its enclosed memorandum, which had been prepared for the purpose, and taking a trowel from her father's hand, dabbled confusedly in the mortar, accidentally smearing it over the handle of the trowel.

"Lower the stone," said Egbert, who stood close by, to the mason at the winch; and the stone began to descend.

The dainty-handed young woman was looking as if she would give anything to be relieved of the dirty trowel; but Egbert, the only one who observed this, was guiding the stone with both hands into its place, and could not receive the tool of her. Every moment increased her perplexity.

"Take it, take it, will you?" she impa-

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tiently whispered to him, blushing with a consciousness that people began to perceive her awkward handling.

"I must just finish this first," he said.

She was resigned in an instant. The stone settled down upon its base, when Egbert at once took the trowel, and her father came up and wiped her glove. Egbert then handed her the mallet.

"What must I do with this thing?" she whispered entreatingly, holding the mallet as if it might bite her.

"Tap with it, madam," said he.

She did as directed, and murmured the form of words which she had been told to repeat.

"Thank you," she said softly when all was done, restored to herself by the consciousness that she had performed the last part gracefully. Without lifting her eyes she added, "It was thoughtful of you to remember that I shouldn't know, and to stand by to tell me."

Her friends now moved away, but before she had joined them Egbert said, chiefly for the pleasure of speaking to her: "The tower, when it is built, will be seen many miles off."

"Yes," she replied in a discreet tone, for many eyes were upon her. "The view is very extensive." She glanced round upon the whole landscape stretched out before her, in the extreme distance of which was visible the town of Westcombe.

"How long does it take to go to Westcombe across this way?" she asked of him while they were bringing up the carriage.

"About two hours," he said.

"Two hours — so long as that, does it? How far is it away?"

"Eight miles."

"Two hours to drive eight miles — who ever heard of such a thing!"

"I thought you meant walking."

"Ah, yes; but one hardly means walking without expressly stating it."

"Well, it seems just the other way to me — that walking is meant unless you say driving."

That was the whole of their conversation. The remarks had been simple and trivial, but they brought a similar thought into the minds of both of them. On her part it spread a sudden gloom over her face, and it made him feel dead at heart. It was that horrid thought of their differing habits and of those contrasting positions which could not be reconciled.

Indeed, this perception of their disparity weighed more and more heavily upon him as the days went on. There was no doubt about their being lovers, though scarcely recognized by themselves as such; and, in spite of Geraldine's warm and unreflecting impulses, a sense of how little Egbert was accustomed to what is called society, and the polite forms which constant usage had made almost nature with her, would rise on occasion, and rob her of many an otherwise pleasant minute. When any little occurrence had brought this into more prominence than usual, Egbert would go away, wander about the lanes, and be kept awake a great part of the night by the distress of mind such a recognition brought upon him. How their intimacy would end, in what uneasiness, yearning, and misery, he could not guess. As for picturing a future of happiness with her by his side there was not ground enough upon which to rest the momentary imagination of it. Thus they mutually oppressed each other even while they loved.

In addition to this anxiety was another; what would be thought of their romance by her father, if he were to find it out? It was impossible to tell him, for nothing could come of that but Egbert's dismissal and Geraldine's seclusion; and how could these be borne?

He looked round anxiously for some means of deliverance. There were two things to be thought of, the saving of her dignity, and the saving of his and her happiness. That to accomplish the first he ought voluntarily to leave the village before their attachment got known, and never seek her again, was what he sometimes felt; but the idea brought such misery along with it that it died out under contemplation.

He determined at all events to put the case clearly before her, to heroically set forth at their next meeting the true bearings of their position, which she plainly did not realize to the full as yet. It had never entered her mind that the link between them might be observed by the curious, and instantly talked of. Yes, it was his duty to warn her, even though by so doing he would be heaping coals of fire on his own head. For by acting upon his hint she would be lost to him, and the charm that lay in her false notions of the world be forever destroyed.

That they would ultimately be found out, and Geraldine be lowered in local estimation, was, indeed, almost inevitable. There was one grain of satisfaction only among this mass of distresses. Whatever should become public, only the fashiona-

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ble side of her character could be depreciated; the natural woman, the specimen of English girlhood that he loved, no one could impugn or harm.

Meetings had latterly taken place between them without any pretence of accident, and these were facilitated in an amazing manner by the duty imposed upon her of visiting the school as the representative of her father. At her very next appearance he told her all he thought. It was when the children had left the room for the quarter of an hour's airing that he gave them in the middle of the morning.

She was quite hurt at being treated with justice, and a crowd of tears came into her sorrowful eyes. She had never thought of half that he feared, and almost questioned his kindness in enlightening her.

"Perhaps you are right," she murmured, with the merest motion of lip. "Yes, it is sadly true. Should our conduct become known, nobody will judge us fairly. 'She was a wild, weak girl,' they will say."

"To care for such a man — a village youth. They will even suppress the fact that his father was a painter of no mean power, and a gentleman by education, little as it would redeem us; and justify their doing so by reflecting that in adding to the contrast they improve the tale.

And calumny meanwhile shall feed on us
As worms devour the dead: what we have done
None shall dare vouch, though it be truly known.

And they will continue, 'He was an artful fellow to win a girl's affections in that way — one of the mere scum of the earth,' they'll say."

"Don't, don't make it so bad!" she implored, weeping outright. "They cannot go so far. Human nature is not so wicked and blind. And they *dare* not speak so disrespectfully of me, or of any one I choose to favor." A slight haughtiness was apparent in these words. "But, oh, don't let us talk of it — it makes the time miserable."

However, she had been warned. But the difficulty which presented itself to her mind was, after all, but a small portion of the whole. It was how should they meet together without causing a convulsion in neighboring society. His was more radical and complex. The only natural drift of love was towards marriage. But how could he picture, at any length of years ahead, her in a cottage as his wife, or himself in a mansion as her husband? He in the one case, she in the other, were alike painfully incredible.

But time had flown, and he conducted her to the door. "Good-bye, Egbert," she said tenderly.

"Good-bye, dear, dear madam," he answered; and she was gone.

Geraldine had never hinted to him to call her by her Christian name, and finding that she did not particularly wish it he did not care to do so. "Madam" was as good a name as any other for her, and by adhering to it and using it at the warmest moments it seemed to change its nature from that of a mere title to a soft pet sound. He often wondered in after days at the strange condition of a girl's heart, which could allow so much in reality, and at the same time permit the existence of a little barrier such as that; how the keen, intelligent mind of woman could be ever so slightly hoodwinked by a sound. Yet, perhaps, it was womanlike, after all, and she may have caught at it as the only straw within reach of that dignity or pride of birth which was drowning in her impetuous affection.

CHAPTER VIII.

The world and its ways have a certain worth,
And to press a point while these oppose
Were a simple policy: best wait,
And we lose no friends, and gain no foes.

THE inborn necessity of ransacking the future for a germ of hope led Egbert Mayne to dwell for longer and longer periods on the at first rejected possibility of winning and having her. And apart from any thought of marriage, he knew that Geraldine was sometimes a trifle vexed that their experiences contained so little in common — that he had never dressed for dinner, or made use of a carriage in his life; even though in literature he was her master, thanks to his tastes.

For the first time he seriously contemplated a visionary scheme which had been several times cursorily glanced at; a scheme almost as visionary as any ever entertained by a man not yet blinded to the limits of the possible. Lighted on by impulse, it was not taken up without long calculation, and it was one in which every link was reasoned out as carefully and as clearly as his powers would permit. But the idea that he would be able to carry it through was an assumption which, had he bestowed upon it one hundredth part of the thought spent on the details of its working, he would have thrown aside as unfeasible.

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To give up the school, to go to London or elsewhere, and there to try to rise to her level by years of sheer exertion, was the substance of this scheme. However his lady's heart might be grieved by his apparent desertion, he would go. A knowledge of life and of men must be acquired, and that could never be done by thinking at home.

Egbert's abstract love for the gigantic task was but small; but there was absolutely no other honest road to her sphere. That the habits of men should be so subversive of the law of nature as to indicate that he was not worthy to marry a woman whose own instincts said that he was worthy, was a great anomaly, he thought, with some rebelliousness; but this did not upset the fact or remove the difficulty.

He told his fair mistress at their next accidental meeting (much sophistry lay in their definition of "accidental" at this season) that he had determined to leave Tollamore. Mentally she exulted at his spirit, but her heart despaired. He solemnly assured her that it would be much better for them both in the end; and she became submissive, and entirely agreed with him. Then she seemed to acquire a sort of superior insight by virtue of her superior rank, and murmured, "You will expand your mind, and get to despise me for all this, and for my want of pride in being so easily won; and it will end unhappily."

Her imagination so affected her that she could not hinder the tears from falling. Nothing was more effective in checking his despair than the sight of her despairing, and he immediately put on a more hopeful tone.

"No," he said, taking her by the hand, "I shall rise, and become so learned and so famous that ——" He did not like to say plainly that he really hoped to win her as his wife, but it is very probable that she guessed his meaning nearly enough.

"You have some secret resources!" she exclaimed. "Some help is promised you in this ambitious plan."

It was most painful to him to have to tell her the truth after this sanguine expectation, and how uncertain and unaided his plans were. However, he cheered her with the words, "Wait and see." But he himself had many misgivings when her sweet face was turned away.

Upon this plan he acted at once. Nothing of moment occurred during the autumn, and the time for his departure gradually came near. The sale of his grandfather's effects having taken place, and notice having been given at the school, there was very little else for him to do in the way of preparation, for there was no family to be consulted, no household to be removed. On the last day of teaching, when the afternoon lessons were over, he bade farewell to the school children. The younger ones cried, not from any particular reflection on the loss they would sustain, but simply because their hearts were tender to any announcement couched in solemn terms. The elder children sincerely regretted Egbert, as an acquaintance who had not filled the post of schoolmaster so long as to be quite spoilt as a human being.

On the morning of departure he rose at half past three, for Tollamore was a remote nook of a remote district, and it was necessary to start early, his plan being to go by packet from Melport. The candle-flame had a sad and yellow look when it was brought into his bedroom by Nathan Brown, one of his grandfather's old laborers, at whose house he had taken a temporary lodging, and who had agreed to awake him and assist his departure. Few things will take away a man's confidence in an impulsive scheme more than being called up by candlelight upon a chilly morning to commence working it out. But when Egbert heard Nathan's great feet stamping spiritedly about the floor downstairs, in earnest preparation of breakfast, he overcame his weakness and bustled out of bed.

They breakfasted together, Nathan drinking the hot tea with rattling sips, and Egbert thinking as he looked at him that Nathan had never appeared so desirable a man to have about him as now when he was about to give him up.

"Well, good mornen, Mistur Mayne," Nathan said, as he opened the door to let Egbert out. "And mind this, sir; if they used ye bad up there, th'lt always find a hole to put thy head into at Nathan Brown's, I'll warrant as much."

Egbert stepped from the door, and struck across to the manor-house. The morning was dark, and the raw wind made him shiver till walking warmed him. "Good heavens, here's an undertaking!" he sometimes thought. Old trees seemed to look at him through the gloom, as they rocked uneasily to and fro; and now and then a dreary drop of rain beat upon his face as he went on. The dead leaves in the ditches, which could be heard but not seen, shifted their positions with a troubled rustle, and flew at intervals with a little rap against his walking-stick and hat. He was

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glad to reach the north stile, and get into the park, where, with an anxious pulse, he passed beneath the creaking limes.

"Will she wake soon enough; will she be forgetful, and sleep over the time?" He had asked himself this many times since he rose that morning, and still beset by the inquiry, he drew near to the mansion.

Her bedroom was in the north wing, facing towards the church, and on turning the brow of the hill a faint light in the window reassured him. Taking a few little stones from the path he threw them upon the sill, as they had agreed, and she instantly opened the window, and said softly, "The butler sleeps on the ground floor on this side, go to the bow-window in the shrubbery."

He went round among the bushes to the place mentioned, which was entirely sheltered from the wind. She soon appeared, bearing in her hand a wax taper, so small that it scarcely gave more light than a glowworm. She wore the same dress that she had worn when they first met on the previous Christmas, and her hair was loose as at that time. Indeed, she looked throughout much as she had looked then, except that her bright eyes were red, as Egbert could see well enough.

"I have something for you," she said softly as she opened the window. "How much time is there?"

"Half an hour only, dearest."

She began a sigh, but checked it, at the same time holding out a packet to him.

"Here are fifty pounds," she whispered. "It will be useful to you now, and more shall follow."

Egbert felt how impossible it was to accept this. "No, my dear one," he said, "I cannot."

"I don't require it, Egbert. I wish you to have it; I have plenty. Come, do take it." But seeing that he continued firm on this point she reluctantly gave in, saying that she would keep it for him.

"I fear so much that papa suspects me," she said. "And if so, it was my own fault, and all owing to a conversation I began with him without thinking beforehand that it would be dangerous."

"What did you say?"

"I said," she whispered, 'Suppose a man should love me very much, would you mind my being acquainted with him if he were a very worthy man?' 'That depends upon his rank and circumstances,' he said. 'Suppose,' I said, 'that in addition to his goodness he had much learning, and had made his name famous in the world, but was not altogether rich?' I think I showed too much earnestness, and I wished that I could have recalled my words. 'When the time comes I will tell you,' he said, 'and don't speak or think of these matters again.'"

In consequence of this new imprudence of hers Egbert doubted if it would be right to correspond with her. He said nothing about it then, but it added a new shade to the parting.

"I think your decision a good and noble one," she murmured, smiling hopefully. "And you will come back some day a wondrous man of the world, talking of vast schemes, radical errors, and saying such words as the 'backbone of society,' the 'tendency of modern thought,' and other things like that. When papa says to you, 'My lord the chancellor,' you will answer him with 'A tall man, with a deep-toned voice — I know him well.' When he says, 'Such and such were Lord Hatton's words, I think,' you will answer, 'No, they were Lord Tyrrell's; I was present on the occasion;' and so on in that way. You must get to talk authoritatively about vintages and their dates, and to know all about epicureanism, idleness, and fashion; and so you will beat him with his own weapons, for he knows nothing of these things. He will criticise you; then he will be nettled; then he will admire you."

Egbert kissed her hand devotedly, and held it long.

"If you cannot in the least succeed," she added, "I shall never think the less of you. The truly great stand on no middling ledge; they are either famous or unknown."

Egbert moved slowly away amongst the laurestines. Holding the light above her bright head she smiled upon him, as if it were unknown to her that she wept at the same time.

He left the park precincts, and followed the turnpike road to Melport. In spite of the misery of parting he felt relieved of a certain oppressiveness, now that his presence at Tollamore could no longer bring disgrace upon her. The threatening rain passed off by the time that he reached the ridge dividing the inland districts from the coast. It began to get light, but his journey was still very lonely. Ultimately the yellow shore-line of pebbles grew visible, and the distant horizon of water spreading like a grey upland against the sky, till he could soon hear the measured flounce of the waves.

He entered the town at sunrise, just as

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the lamps were extinguished, and went to a tavern to breakfast. At half past eight o'clock the boat steamed out of the harbor, and reached London after a passage of five-and-forty hours.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

CHILD'S PLAY.

THE regret we have for our childhood is not wholly justifiable: so much a man may lay down without fear of public ribaldry; for although we shake our heads over the change, we are not unconscious of the manifold advantages of our new state. What we lose in generous impulse, we more than gain in the habit of generously watching others; and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers. Terror is gone out of our lives, moreover; we no longer see the devil in the bed-curtains, nor lie awake to listen to the wind. We go to school no more; and if we have only exchanged one drudgery for another (which is by no means sure), we are set free forever from the daily fear of chastisement. And yet a great change has overtaken us; and although we do not enjoy ourselves less, at least we take our pleasure differently. We need pickles nowadays to make Wednesday's cold mutton please our Friday's appetite; and I can remember the time when to call it red venison, and tell myself a hunter's story, would have made it more palatable than the best of sauces. To the grown person cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over; not all the mythology ever invented by man will make it better or worse to him; the broad fact, the clamant reality, of the mutton carries away before it such seductive figments. But for the child it is still possible to weave an enchantment over eatables; and if he has but read of a dish in a story-book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week.

If a grown man does not like eating and drinking and exercise, if he is not something positive in his tastes, it means he has a feeble body and should have some medicine: but children may be pure spirits, if they will, and take their enjoyment in a world of moonshine. Sensation does not count for so much in our first years as afterwards; something of the swaddling numbness of infancy clings about us; we see and touch and hear through a sort of golden mist. Children, for instance, are able enough to see, but they have no great faculty for looking; they do not use their eyes for the pleasure of using them, but for by-ends of their own; and the things I call to mind seeing most vividly, were not beautiful in themselves, but merely interesting or enviable to me as I thought they might be turned to practical account in play. Nor is the sense of touch so clean and poignant in children as it is in a man. If you will turn over your old memories, I think the sensations of this sort you remember will be somewhat vague, and come to not much more than a blunt, general sense of heat on summer days, or a blunt, general sense of well-being in bed. And here, of course, you will understand pleasurable sensations; for overmastering pain — the most deadly and tragical element in life and the true commander of man's soul and body — alas! pain has its own way with all of us; it breaks in, a rude visitant, upon the fairy garden where the child wanders in a dream, no less surely than it rules upon the field of battle, or sends the immortal war-god whimpering to his father; and innocence, no more than philosophy, can protect us from this sting. As for taste, when we bear in mind the excesses of unmitigated sugar which delight a youthful palate, "it is surely no very cynical asperity" to think taste a character of the maturer growth. Smell and hearing are perhaps more developed; I remember many scents, many voices, and a great deal of spring singing in the woods. But hearing is capable of vast improvement as a means of pleasure; and there is all the world between gaping wonderment at the jargon of birds, and the emotion with which a man listens to articulate music.

At the same time, and step by step with this increase in the definition and intensity of what we feel which accompanies our growing age, another change takes place in the sphere of intellect, by which all things are transformed and seen through theories and associations as through colored windows. We make to ourselves day by day, out of history, and gossip, and economical speculations, and God knows what, a medium in which we walk and through which we look abroad. We study shop windows with other eyes than in our childhood, never to wonder, not always to admire, but to make and modify our little incongruous theories about life. It is no longer the uniform of a soldier that arrests our attention; but perhaps the flowing carriage of a woman, or perhaps a countenance that has been vividly stamped with passion and carries an adventurous story

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written in its lines. The pleasure of surprise is passed away; sugarloaves and watering-carts seem mighty tame to encounter; and we walk the streets to make romances and to sociologize. Nor must we deny that a good many of us walk them solely for the purposes of transit or in the interest of a livelier digestion. These, indeed, may look back with mingled thoughts upon their childhood, but the rest are in a better case; they know more than when they were children, they understand better, their desires and sympathies answer more nimbly to the provocation of the senses, and their minds are brimming with interest as they go about the world.

According to my contention this is a flight to which children cannot rise. They are wheeled in perambulators or dragged about by nurses in a pleasing stupor. A vague, faint, abiding wonderment possesses them. Here and there some specially remarkable circumstance, such as a watercart or a guardsman, fairly penetrates into the seat of thought and calls them for half a moment out of themselves; and you may see them, still towed forward sideways by the inexorable nurse as by a sort of destiny, but still staring at the bright object in their wake. It may be some minutes before another such moving spectacle reawakens them to the world in which they dwell. For other children, they almost invariably show some intelligent sympathy. "There is a fine fellow making mud pies," they seem to say; "that I can understand, there is some sense in mud pies." But the doings of their elders, unless where they are speakingly picturesque or recommend themselves by the quality of being easily imitable, they let them go over their heads (as we say) without the least regard. If it were not for this perpetual imitation, we should be tempted to fancy they despised us outright, or only considered us in the light of creatures brutally strong and brutally silly; among whom they condescended to dwell in obedience like a philosopher at a barbarous court. At times they display an arrogance of disregard that is truly staggering. Once, when I was groaning aloud with physical pain, a young gentleman came into the room and nonchalantly inquired if I had seen his bow and arrow. He made no account of my groans, which he accepted, as he had to accept so much else, as a piece of the inexplicable conduct of his elders; and, like a wise young gentleman, he would waste no wonder on the subject. Those elders who care so little for rational enjoyment, and are even the enemy of rational enjoyment for others, he had accepted without understanding and without complaint, as the rest of us accept the scheme of the universe.

We grown people can tell ourselves a story, give and take strokes until the bucklers ring, ride far and fast, marry, fall, and die; all the while sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed. This is exactly what a child cannot do, or does not do, at least when he can find anything else. He works all with lay figures and stage properties. When his story comes to the fighting, he must rise, get something by way of a sword and have a set-to with a piece of furniture, until he is out of breath. When he comes to ride with the king's pardon, he must bestride a chair, which he will so hurry and belabor and on which he will so furiously demean himself, that the messenger will arrive, if not bloody with spurring, at least fiery red with haste. If his romance involves an accident upon a cliff, he must clamber in person about the chest of drawers and fall bodily upon the carpet, before his imagination is satisfied. Lead soldiers, dolls, all toys in short, are in the same category and answer the same end. Nothing can stagger a child's faith, he accepts the clumsiest substitutes and can swallow the most staring incongruities. The chair he has just been besieging as a castle, or valiantly cutting to the ground as a dragon, is taken away for the accommodation of a morning visitor, and he is nothing abashed; he can skirmish by the hour with a stationary coal-scuttle; in the midst of the enchanted pleasance, he can see, without sensible shock, the gardener soberly digging potatoes for the day's dinner. He can make abstraction of whatever does not fit into his fable; and he puts his eyes into his pocket, just as we hold our noses in an unsavory lane. And so it is, that although the ways of children cross with those of their elders in a hundred places daily, they never go in the same direction nor so much as lie in the same element. So may the telegraph wires intersect the line of the high road, or so might a landscape painter and a bagman visit the same country and yet move in different worlds.

People, struck with these spectacles, cry aloud about the power of imagination in the young. Indeed there may be two words to that. It is, in some ways, but a pedestrian fancy that the child exhibits. 'Tis the grown people who make the nursery stories; all the children do, is jealously to preserve the text. One out of

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a dozen reasons why "Robinson Crusoe" should be so popular with youth, is that it hits their level in this matter to a nicety; Crusoe was always at makeshifts and had, in so many words, to *play* at a great variety of professions; and then the book is all about tools, and there is nothing that delights a child so much. Hammers and saws belong to a province of life that positively calls for imitation. The juvenile lyrical drama, surely of the most ancient Thespian model, wherein the trades of mankind are successively simulated to the running burthen "On a cold and frosty morning," gives a good instance of the artistic taste in children. And this need for overt action and lay figures testifies to a defect in the child's imagination which prevents him from carrying out his novels in the privacy of his own heart. He does not yet know enough of the world and men. His experience is incomplete. That stage wardrobe and scene-room that we call the memory is so ill-provided, that he can overtake few combinations and body out few stories, to his own content, without some external aid. He is at the experimental stage; he is not sure how one would feel in certain circumstances; to make sure, he must come as near trying it as his means permit. And so here is young heroism with a wooden sword, and mothers practise their kind vocation over a bit of jointed stick. It may be laughable enough just now; but it is these same people and these same thoughts, that not long hence, when once they are on the theatre of life, will set you weeping and trembling. For children think very much the same thoughts, and dream the same dreams, as bearded men and marriageable women. No one is more romantic. Fame and honor, the love of young men and the love of mothers, the business man's pleasure in method, all these and others they anticipate and rehearse in their play hours. Upon us, who are further advanced and fairly dealing with the threads of destiny, they only glance from time to time to glean a hint for their own mimetic reproduction. Two children playing at soldiers are far more interesting to each other than one of the scarlet beings whom both are busy imitating. This is perhaps the greatest oddity of all. "Art for art" is their motto; and the doings of grown folk are only interesting as the raw material for play. Not Théophile Gautier, not Flaubert, can look more callously upon life, or rate the reproduction more highly over the reality; and they will parody an execution, a deathbed or the funeral of the young man of Nain, with all the cheerfulness in the world.

The true parallel for play is not to be found, of course, in conscious art, which is an abstract, impersonal thing, and depends largely upon philosophical interests beyond the scope of childhood. It is when we make castles in the air and personate the leading character in our own romances, that we return to the spirit of our first years. Only, there are several reasons why the spirit is no longer so agreeable to indulge. Nowadays, when we admit this personal element into our divagations we are apt to stir up uncomfortable and sorrowful memories, and remind ourselves sharply of old wounds. Our day-dreams can no longer lie, all in the air, like a story in the "Arabian Nights;" they read to us rather like the history of a period in which we ourselves had taken part, where we come across many unfortunate passages and find our own conduct smartly reprimanded. And then the child, mind you, acts his parts. He does not merely repeat them to himself; he leaps, he runs, and sets the blood agog over all his body. And so his play breathes him; and he no sooner assumes a passion than he gives it vent. Alas! when we betake ourselves to our intellectual form of play, sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed, we rouse many hot feelings for which we can find no outlet. Substitutes are not acceptable to the mature mind, which desires the thing itself; and even to rehearse a triumphant dialogue with one's enemy, although it is perhaps the most satisfactory piece of play still left within our reach, is not entirely satisfying, and is even apt to lead to a visit and an interview which may be the reverse of triumphant after all.

In the child's world of dim sensation, play is all in all. "Making believe" is the gist of his whole life, and he cannot so much as take a walk except in character. I could not even learn my alphabet without some suitable *mise-en-scène*, and had to act a business man in an office before I could sit down to my book. Will you kindly question your memory, and find out how much you did, work or pleasure, in good faith and soberness, and for how much you had to cheat yourself with some invention? I remember, as though it were yesterday, the expansion of spirit, the dignity and self-reliance, that came with a pair of mustachios in burnt cork, even when there was none to see. Children are even content to forego what we call the realities, and prefer the shadow to the substance. When they might be speaking

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intelligibly together, they chatter senseless gibberish by the hour, and are quite happy because they are making believe to speak French. I have said already how even the imperious appetite of hunger suffers itself to be gulled and led by the nose with the fag end of an old song. And it goes deeper than this: when children are together even a meal is felt as an interruption in the business of life; and they must find some imaginative sanction, and tell themselves some sort of story, to account for, to color, to render entertaining, the simple processes of eating and drinking. What wonderful fancies I have heard evolved out of the pattern upon teacups! — from which there followed a code of rules and a whole world of excitement, until tea-drinking began to take rank as a game. When my cousin and I took our porridge of a morning, we had a device to enliven the course of the meal. He ate his with sugar, and explained it to be a country continually buried under snow. I took mine with milk, and explained it to be a country suffering gradual inundation. You can imagine us exchanging bulletins; how here was an island still unsubmerged, here a valley not yet covered with snow; what inventions were made; how his population lived in cabins on perches and travelled on stilts, and how mine was always in boats; how the interest grew furious, as the last corner of safe ground was cut off on all sides and grew smaller every moment; and how, in fine, the food was of altogether secondary importance, and might even have been nauseous, so long as we seasoned it with these dreams. But perhaps the most exciting moments I ever had over a meal, were in the case of calves' feet jelly. It was hardly possible not to believe — and you may be sure, so far from trying, I did all I could to favor the illusion — that some part of it was hollow, and that sooner or later my spoon would lay open the secret tabernacle of the golden rock. There might some miniature Red Beard await his hour; there might one find the treasures of the Forty Thieves, and bewildered Cassim beating about the walls. And so I quarried on slowly, with bated breath, savoring the interest. Believe me, I had little palate left for the jelly; and though I preferred the taste when I took cream with it, I used often to go without, because the cream dimmed the transparent fractures.

Even with games, this spirit is authoritative with right-minded children. It is thus that hide-and-seek has so pre-eminent a sovereignty, for it is the wellspring of romance, and the actions and the excitement to which it gives rise lend themselves to almost any sort of fable. And thus cricket, which is a mere matter of dexterity, palpably about nothing and for no end, often fails to satisfy infantile craving. It is a game, if you like, but not a game of play. You cannot tell yourself a story about cricket; and the activity it calls forth can be justified on no rational theory. Even football, although it admirably simulates the tug and the ebb and flow of battle, has presented difficulties to the mind of young sticklers after verisimilitude; and I knew at least one little boy who was mightily exercised about the presence of the ball, and had to spirit himself up, whenever he came to play, with an elaborate story of enchantment, and take the missile as a sort of talisman bandied about in conflict between two Arabian nations.

To think of such a frame of mind, is to become disquieted about the bringing up of children. Surely they dwell in a mythological epoch, and are not the contemporaries of their parents. What can they think of them? what can they make of these bearded or petticoated giants who look down upon their games? who move upon a cloudy Olympus, following unknown designs apart from rational enjoyment? who profess the tenderest solicitude for children, and yet every now and again reach down out of their altitude and terribly vindicate the prerogatives of age? Off goes the child, corporally smarting, but morally rebellious. Were there ever such unthinkable deities as parents? I would give a great deal to know what, in nine cases out of ten, is the child's unvarnished feeling. A sense of past cajolery; a sense of personal attraction, at best very feeble; above all, I should imagine, a sense of terror for the untried residue of mankind: go to make up the attraction that he feels. No wonder, poor little heart, with such a weltering world in front of him, if he clings to the hand he knows! The dread irrationality of the whole affair, as it seems to children, is a thing we are all too ready to forget. "Oh, why," I remember passionately wondering, "why can we not all be happy and devote ourselves to play?" And when children do philosophize, I believe it is usually to very much the same purpose.

One thing, at least, comes very clearly out of these considerations; that whatever we are to expect at the hands of children, it should not be any peddling exactitude about matters of fact. They walk in a vain show, and among mists and rainbows;

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they are passionate after dreams and unconcerned about realities; speech is a difficult art not wholly learned; and there is nothing in their own tastes or purposes to teach them what we mean by abstract truthfulness. When a bad writer is inexact, even if he can look back on half a century of years, we charge him with incompetence and not with dishonesty. And why not extend the same allowance to imperfect speakers? Let a stockbroker be dead stupid about poetry, or a poet inexact in the details of business, and we excuse them heartily from blame. But show us a miserable, unbreeched human entity, whose whole profession it is to take a tub for a fortified town and a shaving-brush for the deadly stiletto, and who passes three-fourths of his time in a dream and the rest in open self-deception; and we expect him to be as nice upon a matter of fact as a scientific expert bearing evidence. Upon my heart, I think it less than decent. You do not consider how little the child sees, or how swift he is to weave what he has seen into bewildering fiction; and that he cares no more for what you call truth, than you for a gingerbread dragoon.

I am reminded, as I write, that the child is very inquiring as to the precise truth of stories. But indeed this is a very different matter, and one bound up with the subject of play, and the precise amount of playfulness, or playability, to be looked for in the world. Many such burning questions must arise in the course of nursery education. Among the fauna of this planet, which already embraces the pretty soldier and the terrifying Irish beggarman, is, or is not, the child to expect a Bluebeard or a Cormoran? Is he, or is he not, to look out for magicians, kindly and potent? May he, or may he not, reasonably hope to be cast away upon a desert island, or turned to such diminutive proportions that he can live on equal terms with his lead soldiery, and go a cruise in his own toy schooner? Surely all these are practical questions to a neophyte entering upon life with a view to play. Precision upon such a point, the child can understand. But if you merely ask him of his past behavior, as to who threw such a stone, for instance, or struck such and such a watch; or whether he had looked into a parcel or gone by a forbidden path; why he can see no moment in the inquiry, and 'tis ten to one, he has already half forgotten and half bemused himself with subsequent imaginings.

It would be easy to leave them in their native cloudland, where they figure so prettily — pretty like flowers and innocent like dogs. They will come out of their gardens soon enough, and have to go into offices and the witness-box. Spare them yet a while, O conscientious parent! Let them doze among their playthings yet a little! for who knows what a rough, warfaring existence lies before them in the future? R. L. S.

From The Contemporary Review.

MR. FROUDE'S "LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BECKET."

PART IV.

In approaching the career of Thomas as archbishop, I must again remind the reader of the difference between Mr. Froude's way of looking at the matter and my own. Mr. Froude has undertaken to wage war on "sacerdotalism," and in that quarrel to run a tilt against Thomas of London as a representative of sacerdotalism. In that warfare it would seem from Mr. Froude's practice that any weapon may be used except one. Accurate statement of what really happened, even though such accurate statement might serve Mr. Froude's purpose, is clearly forbidden by the destiny which guides Mr. Froude's literary career. On the other hand, I have nothing to do with "sacerdotalism" or "anti-sacerdotalism." I am not concerned to attack or to defend either, if only for the very good reason that neither of those long and new-fangled words gives me any very clear meaning. All that I have undertaken is the humbler task of finding out the things that really happened, and of trying to find out from the things which happened what manner of men they were who did those things. Above all things, let it be remembered that, while Mr. Froude holds a position which makes it his business to make out all the acts of Archbishop Thomas to be as blameworthy as may be, I hold no position which makes it my business to make out any of his acts to be either blameworthy or praiseworthy. Mr. Froude fights against the archbishop; I fight, not for the archbishop, but simply for truth. I am not concerned to defend a single action of Thomas; everything that he did as archbishop may be proved to be altogether blameworthy, and I am none the worse. I am touched only if he can be shown to be a mere factious, intriguing hypocrite; for that I believe that he was not. But, on the other hand, if any one action of Thomas as archbishop can be proved to be

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praiseworthy, Mr. Froude is so far the worse. Something is taken away from the utter blackness of the picture of sacerdotalism and its champion. I am in the happier position of having nobody to blacken, and indeed nobody to whitewash. My personal partisanship, so far as I have any, ceases when Thomas lays down the chancellorship. I have neither to defend the cause which the archbishop maintained, nor the particular way in which he maintained it. All that I have to say on behalf of either is that the cause was one which in those days might honestly be maintained, and that the way in which Thomas maintained it was one which was natural in a man of his character placed in his position.

It must always be remembered, though it does not seem always to be remembered by Mr. Froude, that there were, at different stages of the story, two distinct subjects of dispute between the archbishop and the king, and that the point for which Thomas died was not the point about which the dispute began. The dispute began out of a number of small quarrels which gathered round the great question of the exemption of the clergy from temporal jurisdiction. Thomas actually died for the rights of his own church, for the right of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and none other, to crown the king of England.* No doubt the two quarrels were closely connected; the second quarrel would never have arisen except as a kind of appendage to the first. It is hardly possible that, had other things gone smoothly, any quarrel could have arisen on this particular point; it is certain that, unless a great deal had gone before, such a quarrel, if it had arisen, could not have led to the primate's death. As a matter of fact, the immediate question for which Thomas was a martyr was the right of coronation, or, if any one chooses to be yet more precise, the right of undisturbed censure on those who infringed the right of coronation. The martyrdom was undoubtedly the result of the earlier quarrel, and the instinct of the age was practically not wrong in looking on Thomas as the martyr of the general cause of ecclesiastical privilege. But it is well to remember what the immediate point at issue was. And we may perhaps be inclined to think that the immediate cause of martyrdom was a worthier cause than the more general matter of dispute. We can now hardly enter into the intense feeling of the age with regard to all local and corporate rights. At least we can hardly enter into it when it takes an ecclesiastical shape. We could understand Thomas dying for the rights of the city of London better than we can understand his dying for the rights of the Church of Canterbury. But, if we throw ourselves into the feelings of the time, we shall perhaps learn to enter into the state of mind which, even if nothing else had gone before would deem it a duty in the head or in any other member of the Church of Canterbury to die rather than do anything which could seem to infringe the highest privilege of that Church or to lessen the guilt of those who had infringed it. This side of the case ought not to be forgotten; at the same time it should not be so pressed as to forget that the question would never have put itself in that form unless a great deal besides had gone before.

I have already said that the claims of the clergy to an exemption from temporal jurisdiction might be fairly said to be the greatest evil of the time in 1164, though they certainly were not the greatest evil of the time in 1154. They were now the greatest evil, because the combined energies of Henry and Thomas had swept away the still greater evils which had been rife ten years earlier. When the power of the temporal law had been fully established over all other classes, the fact stood out more plainly that there was one class, more truly that there were two classes, in the realm who were exempted from its full sovereignty. If the layman wronged his fellow-layman, the sharp justice of the Angevin king knew how to deal with him. King Henry's punishments were stern; but they were punishments at which men's feelings had not hitherto learned to revolt so long as they were meted out to the guilty only. Cruel mutilations were the penalty even of very trifling thefts, while, for the murderer and the robber on a great scale, the law of the Conqueror which forbad the putting to death of any man had long passed out of men's minds. The means were bloody, but the work had been done. One group of exceptions only remained. Let the clerk slay or rob the layman, let the layman slay or rob the clerk, let the clerk slay or rob his brother clerk, and the hand of King Henry's justice was shortened. The Church claimed that all matters in which ecclesiastical persons — taking those words in the very widest sense — were either doers or sufferers should be exempt from the secular jurisdiction, and should be reserved for her

* This is clearly brought out by Mr. Robertson: Becket, p. 290.

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own milder tribunals. Before those tribunals life and limb were safe; imprisonment and stripes were the heaviest sentences. King Henry found that such an exemption made his work imperfect; a crowd of offenders were every year rescued from the authority of his own courts, and were handed over to tribunals which were believed to be often partial and corrupt, and which in any case could deal only very inadequately with the worst class of offenders. Holy orders were then bestowed with such amazing lavishness, and the ecclesiastical privileges sheltered such large classes of persons who were not, according to modern notions, in holy orders at all, that the number of clerical offenders — to say nothing of the lay offenders against clerks — was positively very large. The evil was a crying one. It was absolutely necessary to the completion of King Henry's work that both the priestly murderer and the murderer of a priest should be amenable to the king's justice like other men. To carry out this end Chancellor Thomas was, as far as we can see, perfectly ready; the king thence made the mistaken inference that Archbishop Thomas would be equally ready. Archbishop Thomas, as the facts show, was not so ready; if my estimate of his character is right, it was impossible that he should be.

Mr. Robertson has gone through the matter at some length, and comes to this conclusion: "Nothing, as appears to us, can be plainer than that the archbishop's cause was decidedly wrong."* I have nothing to gainsay in Mr. Robertson's arguments; I have nothing to gainsay in his conclusion, if it simply means that the archbishop's cause was wrong in the sense that we, seven hundred years later, can clearly see that it was wrong. A privilege which was thoroughly mischievous in itself was defended by arguments, scriptural, historical, and legal, all of which were thoroughly fallacious. But if Mr. Robertson means that the archbishop's cause was wrong in the sense that he was morally blameworthy for supporting it — that is, that it was so clearly wrong that he was morally bound to see that it was wrong — I am hardly prepared to go that length. It is certain that many wise and good men supported the same cause, some of them men who thoroughly took in all that could be said on the other side. It was not left for the nineteenth century to weigh the actions of Henry and Thomas in the balance of a perfectly fair judgment. Ages before either Froude arose, William of Newburgh, the father of historical criticism, as Giraldus is the father of comparative philology, held his court on king and primate, and, while ruling that the zeal of both was praiseworthy, gave sentence that the zeal of both had sadly outrun discretion.* The same line is taken by others from whom we might have looked for less impartiality than from a critic far away in another province. The king's case is stated with all fulness and fairness by more than one of the archbishop's own biographers.† No one does more thorough justice to Henry than Herbert of Bosham, the primate's most fiery admirer, the man who did not scruple to reprove King Henry to his face for setting a bad example to a long string of followers who have not known how an emperor of the Romans ought to be described.‡ Herbert pours forth all his rhetoric to set forth the righteous motives of both disputants. King and primate alike had a zeal for God; which zeal was according to knowledge, he will leave God himself to judge.§ Now when men could so fairly and favorably judge what was to be said on the other

* Becket, p. 80.

* The two chapters of this writer which are given to this subject, the sixteenth and the twenty-fifth of his second book, should be most carefully studied, as a wonderfully fair contemporary judgment on both sides. He says of the king (ii. 130): "Acri motu turbatus, in spiritu vehementi contra malefactores clericos posuit leges, in quibus utique zelum justitiæ publicæ habuit, sed fervor immoderatior modum excessit. Sane hujus immoderationis regiæ nostri temporis episcopos tantum respicit culpa, quantum ab eis processit et causa." In speaking of the archbishop (ii. 154), he was tied by the reverence due to a canonized saint; yet he ventures to say: "Itaque quod a venerabili pontifice tunc actum est, nec laudandum esse judico, nec vituperare præsumo; sed dico quod si vel modice in hujus modi a sancto viro per zeli laudabilis paulo immoderatiorem impetum est excessum, hoc ipsum est sacræ, quæ consecuta noscitur, igne passionis excoctum." He argues that Gregory the Great, in his wise condescension to human weakness, would have acted otherwise than Thomas did.

† Henry's case is well put by the anonymous Lambeth writer, Giles ii. 85. And in the other accounts, as in Roger of Pontigny, 120, if Henry's case is not stated in the same formal way, yet the facts which were his justification are plainly set forth.

‡ See the most remarkable conversation between the king and Herbert of Bosham, reported by William Fitz-Stephen, Giles, i. 266; Robertson, iii. 99. (On coming to England, I find Mr. Robertson's edition of William Fitz-Stephen and Herbert of Bosham. I have therefore thought it right to verify my references to Dr. Giles's edition by the new, and doubtless more correct, text.)

§ Herbert has a whole chapter on this head, beginning at p. 102 (iii. 264, Robertson). At p. 108 (272) he bursts into a torrent of declamation in joint honor of both disputants: "O rex et O pontifex, quorum utrumque Dei apprehendit æmulatio." He winds up more gravely: "Certo enim certius quod uterque habuerit æmulationem, unus pro populo, alter vero pro clero; utrius tamen eorum fuerit cum scientia zelus, non hominis, qui cito fallitur, sed scientiarum Domini qui in fine declarabit judicium."

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side, we must allow that a cause which they accepted, though it may rightly seem monstrous now, must have had something about it which hindered it from seeming utterly monstrous then. Again, nothing is plainer than that, while statesmen and great churchmen were divided, popular feeling everywhere, in his own province and out of it, in his own country and out of it, went enthusiastically along with Thomas and his cause. From his first struggle at Northampton to his last struggle at Canterbury, an admiring multitude is always ready to welcome, to applaud, to wait upon his steps. We may with advantage stop to think what this fact proves and what it does not prove. We need not discuss the meaning put upon it by Thierry, though the fact is valuable the other way, as showing how well a man of Norman descent could win the love of all classes of Englishmen. Nor is the importance of the fact put aside by Mr. Froude's easy process of talking about a "mob."† Let it be that it was only the "mob" which followed Thomas from the gate of Northampton castle to the gate of St. Andrew's Priory, and that it was only the "mob" which came forth from every town and village of Kent, from Southwark, from his own London, to welcome him on his last return. Mobs often go wrong in their judgments, but they hardly shower their applause on men who are known only as unscrupulous and tyrannical ministers. The popular admiration for Thomas in no way proves his cause to have been a cause in itself wise and righteous, a cause which we could wish to have triumphed in the long run; but it does prove that his cause was not at the time palpably the cause of wrong and oppression. Thomas was the champion of clerical immunities; if clerical immunities had been felt by the mass of the people as a wrong to themselves, they would not have applauded the champion of those immunities. Besides the religious — if it will please Mr. Froude, we will call it the superstitious — feeling which would draw the "mob" to the primate's side, the mob would contain comparatively few who had suffered heavy and unpunished wrongs from priestly offenders; it would contain many who had been themselves, who had seen their friends and neighbors, rescued from the bloody sentences of the king's courts by the interposition of the milder jurisdiction of the bishop. A cause which was strongly supported by many of the highest minds of the age, and which was no less strongly supported by the mass of the people, must have had more to be said for it than Mr. Froude, and even than Mr. Robertson, seems to see.

The arguments from Scripture, the civil law, and other sources, by which it was sought to defend the ecclesiastical privileges, may be fairly left to Mr. Robertson's refutation.* They are much on a level with most other such arguments in those ages. When we read Robert Grosseteste's dispute with his refractory canons, we decide that the bishop was right and the canons wrong; but we are in no way helped to that decision by the bishop's arguments about the sun, moon, and stars. When we read the great dispute about the relations between the crowns of England and Scotland, whatever conclusion we may come to, we are not led to it by the statements made on both sides about the children and the contemporaries of Brutus. Those ages were quite capable of arguments purely legal or purely logical. But in attempting disputation of a wider kind, they seem always to have mistaken mere illustrations — illustrations, some of them, which we should very likely make now, but which we should not make without a smile — for serious arguments which proved something. But one special fallacy ran through all arguments on this subject. The course of affairs for several centuries in western Europe, while it had been such as to throw much temporal power into the hands of the clergy, had also been such as at once to extend the class of clergy more widely, and to draw the line between them and the laity more broadly, than in any other time or country. It is not too much to say, with a keener observer than either Mr. Froude or Mr. Robertson, that "the clerical order in the Middle Ages extended far beyond the priesthood; it included in Henry's day the whole of the professional and educated classes."† There is nothing like this in our own time; there never was anything like it in Eastern Christendom, where such learning as there was never died out among the laity. In the West the clergy — taking that word in the widest sense — formed so distinct a class, and a class in many respects so superior to all other classes, that it is not wonderful if there grew up among them the very strongest form of that corporate or quasi corporate spirit, that *esprit de corps* as it is

† Living Age, No. 1730, p. 368. Elsewhere there are "crowds," "swarms," and the like.

* Becket, pp. 77–85.
† Green: History of the English People, i. 164.

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called, which is found in a greater or less degree in all marked classes and professions. Considering again many features of the society in which they lived, it is not wonderful if the clergy sometimes fancied that they, the ministers of the Church, were themselves the Church, and if they applied to the clergy, as distinguished from the laity, much which Scripture says, or was interpreted to say, of the Church as distinguished from the world. This way of looking at things almost naturally led, on the part of the more zealous members of the order, into a way of looking at the civil power which is quite unintelligible in modern times, and which would always have been unintelligible in the East. It is of course, in all times and places, an easy figure of speech to compare a prince whose policy is disliked to all the persecutors and royal sinners in Scripture and ecclesiastical history. But the language of ecclesiastical writers sometimes goes far beyond this. It sometimes almost puts on a tone of Manichæan dualism, as if that one of the two swords which was wielded by Cæsar had been put into Cæsar's hand, not by God, but by his enemy.* The doctrine of the Ghibelline came as the needful answer, and Henry, with all his Guelfic alliances, was really fighting the Ghibelline battle. A prodigious mass of talk of all these kinds is to be found in the writings of the time. It would not be hard to help Mr. Froude to a string of passages which would serve his purpose better than anything that he has either quoted or imagined. To a modern mind all this needs no refutation; my point simply is that the more reasonable forms of this teaching were accepted by good and moderate men, and that, even in its extremest form, it was no cunningly devised scheme for the enslavement of the laity, but was simply something which grew up, like other things, by the force of circumstances.

But we have the further fact that the champions of ecclisastical privilege won for themselves by such championship the admiration of the people in general, of the "mob," in the words of Mr. Froude. Why should men sympathize with the exclusive privileges of a class to which they did not belong? The great master of English history has lately taught us that there is a stage in constitutional development at which the assertion even of exclusive privileges may be popular. The privileges gained by one class may be felt to be a kind of earnest that the same privileges may one day be gained by other classes.* This would seem to be true whenever the privilege is a mere exemption, when nothing is taken from the unprivileged class, but when all that is done is to exempt a single class from some grievance common to all. I confess that, notwithstanding Mr. Robertson's judgment the other way,† I do see in the struggle for ecclesiastical exemptions a struggle for the mitigation of the criminal code. I do see in Thomas's generation the beginnings of a feeling against the barbarous punishments inflicted in the king's courts of which there is no trace in the earlier part of the same century. Herbert of Bosham, stating the case of Thomas, claims it as a clerical privilege to be exempted from branding and mutilation. But he also implies that branding and mutilation are punishments which ought not to be inflicted on any man. His reasoning indeed is as much theological as humanitarian; it is a crime to deface the image of God.‡ Still, in whatever shapes and by whatever arguments, the voice of humanity was making itself heard. Punishments which men accepted as the ordinary course of things in the days of Henry the First were beginning to be cavilled at in the days of Henry the Second. It was openly said that such punishments were too bad for the clergy; it was beginning to be whispered that they were too bad for the laity also. In such a case as this, the establishment of the class privilege is distinctly a step towards the general deliverance. It is idle to dispute whether Thomas was or was not "a kindred spirit to our modern reformers and mitigators of the criminal code." It is enough for my purpose that the cause which he maintained was one which tended, even if indirectly, towards the mitigation of that code, and that the people instinctively saw that it did so tend.

* Some passages go almost further than this. Edward Grim (34), in describing the king's severities towards the criminous clerks, states the facts fairly enough; but when he comes to rhetoric, he speaks of "sanctus archiepiscopus, dolens conservos suos *pro quibus Christus mortuus est* tantis ascribi indignitatibus."

* See Stubbs: Constitutional History, iii. 562.

† Becket, pp. 86, 87.

‡ Comparing the ecclesiastical and temporal jurisdictions (i. 105; Robertson, iii. 269), he says of the former: "Inde est quod absque membrorum mutilatione et sine omni deformatione corporis est. Spiritualis est enim. Adeo etiam quod ordinis privilegium excludat cauterium, quam tamen pœnam communiter inter homines etiam jus forense damnat: ne videlicet in homine Dei imago deformetur." So the preachers of humanity in the eleventh and twelfth centuries denounced the crime of selling Christians into slavery; those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries denounced the crime of selling men of any kind. Yet there is one canon of Anselm (see Eadmer, 68) which seems to denounce slavery in the abstract.

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Nor, while judging of the ecclesiastical privileges, must we leave out of sight the fact that the rule cut both ways. It is most important to insist on the fact, one which I have already tried to point out, that the privileges of the clerical order were in some cases privileges in which that word seemed to have come back to the older meaning of *privilegium*. Mr. Froude makes one of his most daring assertions when he says, speaking of the murderers of Thomas: —

> They had been excommunicated, but they had received no further molestation. It has been conjectured that they owed their impunity to Becket's own claim for the exclusive jurisdiction of the spiritual courts in cases where spiritual persons were concerned. But the wildest advocates of the immunities of the Church had never dreamed of protecting laymen who laid their hands on clerks. The explanation was that the king had acted honorably by taking the responsibility on himself, and had not condescended to shield his own reputation by the execution of men whose fault had been over-loyalty to himself.*

I am afraid, as I have hinted more than once, that we must not expect to find kings, bishops, or any class of men in the twelfth century acting honorably in the sense in which Mr. Froude doubtless understands "honorably." But let this pass. I do not know whether the phrase "it has been conjectured" is meant as a rebuke to Mr. Robertson; if so, Mr. Froude has got on rather dangerous ground. Much as I differ from many of Mr. Robertson's conclusions, greatly as I dislike the tone of much of his book, there are few people who are less likely to go wrong on a mere question of fact. Nothing is more certain than that Mr. Froude is utterly wrong in the above hasty assertion, and that Mr. Robertson is perfectly right when he asserts the exact contrary. As the law stood at the time of the murder of Thomas, his murderers could not be touched except by ecclesiastical censures. The law was presently altered; we can hardly doubt that one reason for its alteration was because such offenders as the slayers of the martyr had escaped. These facts should surely have been known to the writer who so powerfully urges the claims of English law to be looked on as the foundation of English history, and it is one of the most surprising cases of Mr. Froude's constant ill-luck that they should not have been known. This will be seen when we compare Mr. Froude's statements with Mr. Robertson's.

Mr. Robertson, in discussing the general question of the immunities, says: —

> No other answer is needed to the claims set up by Becket for the exemption of the clergy from the secular courts than such as is furnished by a letter of his immediate successor, written at a time when the clergy had begun to feel that their immunities were attended by considerable inconveniences. For the Church's claim to exclusive jurisdiction over all cases which concerned the clergy had not only the effect of withdrawing clerical robbers and murderers from the secular tribunals, but also the robbers and murderers of the clergy, so that (*as was most signally instanced in Becket's own case*) *the murderer of an ecclesiastic was subject to no other than ecclesiastical punishments;* and the effect of this came to be so seriously felt that Archbishop Richard endeavored to procure an alteration of the law. He argues that misdeeds ought to be punished in any case. "I should be content," he says, "with the sentence of excommunication, if it had the effect of striking terror into evil-doers; but through our sins, it has become ineffective and despised. The slayers of a clerk or a bishop are sent to Rome by way of penance; they enjoy themselves by the way, and return with the pope's full grace, and with increased boldness for the commission of crime. The king claims the right of punishing such offences; but we of the clergy damnably reserve it to ourselves, and we deserve the consequences of our ambition in usurping a jurisdiction with which we have no rightful concern. . . ." The archbishop's argument was intended to protect the clergy from violence, but it is evident that it is equally applicable to the protection of the laity against the violence of clergymen (Becket, pp. 82, 83).

Later, towards the end of the book, Mr. Robertson says again: —

> We have seen that the immunities of the clergy were found a bar to the punishment of the murderers of ecclesiastics: and in consequence of this, Archbishop Richard, the successor of Becket, wrote the letter already quoted, in which the argument, although intended only to secure the punishment of offences against the clergy, is equally strong against that exemption of criminal clergymen from secular jurisdiction which had been the foundation of Becket's cause. It was probably in consequence of this that, in 1176, a council at Westminster, under the legate Hugh Petroleone, enacted that the murderer of a clerk, on conviction or confession before the king's justiciary, should undergo the usual punishment for his crime, and, moreover, should forfeit his inheritance. At the same time it was decreed (although as Henry tells the pope, not without much opposition from the greatest and the wisest men of the realm) that clergymen should not be subject to the

* LIVING AGE, No. 1749, p. 732.

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secular courts except for offences against the forest laws, or on account of fees to which the duty of lay service was attached. The indignation with which contemporary writers assail the legate for consenting to these exceptions, appears to show that they were of great practical importance; but in any case, the principle of the immunity of ecclesiastics from all secular jurisdiction was abandoned, and the sanction of Rome was given to decrees which Becket would have denounced as intolerable and impious (pp. 209, 210).

Mr. Robertson then quotes passages from Giraldus and Peter of Blois, in which Archbishop Richard is blamed for giving up rights for which Thomas had died. This was a somewhat inaccurate statement of the real cause of Thomas's death; but it illustrates the received way of looking at the matter. Now Mr. Froude, who a few pages before had said that "the wildest advocates of the Church had never dreamed of protecting laymen who had laid their hands on clerks," had, somewhere or other, read about this act of Archbishop Richard; but he read it in his usual fashion. He saw enough to make merry about clerical deer-stealers; he never saw the passages which showed that hitherto laymen who laid their hands on clerks had been protected. Here stands his version, well worthy to be compared with Mr. Robertson's. For be it remembered, Mr. Robertson is just as glad as Mr. Froude to catch at anything that will tell against Thomas and his cause. But, unlike Mr. Froude, he sees and reads all that is in his book. Mr. Froude says: —

> In the October following, Cardinal Hugezun came from Rome to arrange the vexed question of the liability of clerks to trial in the civil courts. The customs for which Henry pleaded seem at that time to have been substantially recognized. Offenders were degraded by their ordinaries and passed over to the secular judges. For one particular class of offences definite statutory powers were conceded to the State. The clergy were notorious violators of the forest laws. Deer-stealing implied a readiness to commit other crimes, and Cardinal Hugezun formally consented that orders should be no protection in such cases. The betrayal of their interests on a matter which touched so nearly the occupation of their lives was received by the clergy with a scream of indignation. . . . "Archbishop Richard," says Giraldus, "basely surrendered the rights which the martyr Thomas had fought for and won, but Archbishop Stephen recovered them." The blood of St. Thomas had not been shed, and the martyr of Canterbury had not been allowed a monopoly of wonder-working, that a priest should be forbidden to help himself to a haunch of venison on festival days.*

It may be a question whether a joke about a haunch of venison is worth the cost of a direct misstatement of the law; but, if the joke told against the clergy and the accurate statement of the law told in their favor, it might be too much to expect the assertor of the claims of the statute-book to count the cost in such a case. And it may be that a simple layman cannot throw himself into the point of view from which these things are looked at by one who has himself, like Thomas, "put off the deacon." To the simple layman the fact that the ecclesiastical claims cut both ways, that they sometimes tended to the damage of the clergy as well as to their profit, is an important element in the case, one which not only should not be denied, but should be prominently set forth. By virtue of the privileges for which Thomas struggled, the blood of Thomas remained, as far as temporal punishment was concerned, unavenged. In truth each side of the exemption was a further reason for abolishing the exemption, because each side of the exemption increased the number of offenders who escaped the due reward of their deeds. But we can understand that the fact that the exemption did cut both ways, the fact that, while the clerk was liable to lighter punishments than other men, he was also placed under feebler protection than other men, did something to take away anything that seemed exclusive and invidious in the clerical exemption from temporal jurisdiction.

Such then was the character, such were the various sides and aspects, of these famous claims of the clergy to answer for their crimes in the spiritual courts only which formed the subject of the first struggle between Thomas and the king. Here was a whole system of teaching, supported by great names and precedents, which formed a part, an essential and prominent part, of the clerical belief of the time. Into the midst of this teaching, into an atmosphere where its doctrines floated on every breath, Thomas was suddenly plunged. If he became archbishop, these were the principles which an archbishop was bound to profess and act upon. They were the principles which an archbishop who had sinned against those principles as chancellor was bound to profess and to act

* Living Age, No. 1749, p. 735.

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upon, even more strongly than his predecessors who had needed no such repentance. Anselm stood before his eyes, and, though we may greatly doubt whether Anselm would have countersigned all the doctrines of Thomas — he assuredly would not have approved of all his acts — it was perfectly natural that both Thomas and his contemporaries should honestly believe that he was walking in the steps of Anselm. Once archbishop, with Anselm as his chosen model, Thomas could not fail to become the champion of the ecclesiastical claims in all their fulness. He could not fail to throw into his championship, not only all the inborn fervor of his nature, but the further artificial fervor of one who was acting a part, though a part in acting which he believed that he was only doing his duty.

It is therefore almost vain to inquire whether Thomas was morally justified in taking up the cause which he did take up. Being the man that he was, in the position in which he found himself, it was impossible that he should do otherwise than take up that cause. And being the man that he was, and in the position in which he found himself, it was further impossible that he should do otherwise than take up that cause with a fervor, with an obstinacy, with a kind of reckless defiance of consequences, which was peculiar to himself. Beside him all other assertors of the same claims in his own day, or before his day, seemed lukewarm. It was only natural that they should seem lukewarm. No one else had in the same way the necessity constantly laid upon him of carrying out the part of an ecclesiastical champion in all its fulness. We need hardly stop to argue whether a man was right or wrong in taking up a certain cause when he could not fail to take up that cause unless he had been another man. To Henry at this stage we may pay a higher tribute. We have seen that the most enthusiastic admirers of Thomas fully admit the integrity of his motives. He found a great source of evil in his kingdom, weakening the course of justice and disturbing the peace of the realm. He gave the whole power of his mind to put an end to that evil. Thomas and Henry alike, in the general part which they took, acted as they could not fail to act. Of Henry we may further say that, in the general part which he took, he acted as it was abstractedly right to act. It is more profitable to examine the particular acts both of king and primate, to look at the way in which each, starting from a perfectly defensible position, carried out the cause which he had in hand. In thus weighing their particular acts, we are often driven to pronounce a harsh judgment on both. The pair of disputants with whom we have now to deal have indeed fallen away from the pair of disputants two generations earlier whom they must have had before their eyes. Henry the Second and Thomas are not as Henry the First and Anselm. Each alike loses his dignity and forsakes his position. Thomas is violent, obstinate, provoking; Henry does not shrink from any act of meanness or cruelty which could crush or distress his adversary. But we must insist on king and primate alike being judged by their real acts, as recorded by writers of their own age, not by imaginary acts which ingenious writers of the nineteenth century may think good to discover for them. Now it is not too much to say that Mr. Froude's narrative of the first ground of quarrel between Thomas and Henry, of the events between the consecration of Thomas and the Council of Clarendon, is purely fictitious. The names of the chief actors are the same in the real and in the fictitious narrative. The general course of events in the fictitious narrative might seem to be suggested by the real one. But this is all that we can say. In all the details of the story, in all the points of law and fact on which the controversy turned, Mr. Froude gives us a story which is altogether different from that of the contemporary writers. Mr. Froude deals with facts in the kind of way in which the popes claimed to deal *ex plenitudine potestatis* with the kingdoms of the earth. He pulls down and he builds up, he plants and he destroys, after a fashion which may be lawful to those whose object it is to make a point against sacerdotalism or anti-sacerdotalism, but which can only be looked at with simple wonder by those whose object is the lowlier one of finding out the truth of history.

Mr. Froude begins his narrative of the grounds of quarrel by a statement of law.

> Knights holding their lands from the Church on military tenure had hitherto done homage for them to the crown. The new archbishop demanded the homage for himself. He required the Earl of Clare to swear fealty to him for Tunbridge Castle. The Earl of Clare refused and appealed to the king, and the archbishop dared not at once strike so large a quarry. But he showed his teeth with a smaller offender. Sir William Eynesford, one of the king's knights, was patron of a benefice in Kent. The archbishop presented a priest to it. The knight ejected the archbishop's

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nominee, and the archbishop excommunicated the knight.*

The names here are the same as the names in the real story; so are some of the facts. But every fact is so altered, so colored, so mixed up with fictitious statements of fact and erroneous statements of law, that Mr. Froude's story, as it stands, can only be called a fiction. The statement that "knights holding their lands from the Church on military tenure had hitherto done homage for them to the crown" is mere nonsense. Mr. Froude has doubtless got hold of some glimmering of the Conqueror's great law of Salisbury, by which every man in the realm, knights holding their lands from the Church on military tenure among the rest, had to become the man of the king. But this did not, as Mr. Froude seems to think, shut out the homage due to the intermediate lord, ecclesiastical or temporal. Nor was there anything new, as he implies, in the archbishop demanding such homage. Knights holding their lands from the archbishop on military tenure owed homage to the archbishop, but a homage in which their higher allegiance to the king was reserved. Mr. Froude tells the story about Tunbridge Castle, as if the castle had been undoubtedly a fief held of the see of Canterbury by military tenure, and as if the archbishop was guilty of some innovation in demanding homage for an estate so held. The real point of controversy was quite different. The archbishop asserted that the castle was a fief of the archbishopric. When the archbishop therefore demanded homage for it, the earl's answer was not, as Mr. Froude represents it, a mere refusal; it was a proposal of compromise, which reminds us of relations of homage between still greater personages than earls and archbishops. Earl Roger offered to do homage to the archbishop, but he declined to say for what fief the homage was to be done.† This would have had the effect of making the earl personally the archbishop's man, as so many others were, but it would have left the claims of the see over the castle of Tunbridge undecided. The state of things would have been that which sometimes existed between the crowns of England and Scotland, when the two kings were on friendly terms, and when it was not the interest of either to stir the question whether the Scottish king's homage was done for the kingdom of Scotland or for anything else. All these touches, which give so much life and meaning to the story, seem to have no meaning for Mr. Froude. They certainly count for nothing in an argument against sacerdotalism; but they count for a great deal in bringing the life and times of Thomas Becket as a living thing before us. Having done with Earl Roger, Mr. Froude passes on to William of Eynesford, and his story is still more utterly perverted than the other. As Mr. Froude tells it, it reads like a wanton attack on the archbishop's part on the layman's right of patronage. Mr. Froude leaves out the fact, on which the whole story turns, that William, while one of the king's knights, was also one of the archbishop's knights, and that the archbishops claimed to appoint clerks to all churches on lands held of the see.* There seems to have been fair ground for doubt whether this claim was a good one, and it may be that William was right in his law and that Thomas was wrong. In the case of the Earl of Clare, the dispute was a simple question of fact; in the case of William of Eynesford the dispute was a simple question of law. To say that Mr. Froude has misstated the fact in one case and the law in the other, would be paying his narrative too high a compliment. It would imply that his narrative contains intelligible statements which can be affirmed or denied. Instead

* LIVING AGE, No. 1730, p. 361.

† Herbert, i. 86 (iii. 251, Robertson): "Comes vero hominium obtulit, sed super quo, quod quærebat archipræsul, exprimere recusavit." I take this to be the earl's final answer, not as at all contradicting the version given by Ralph de Diceto (i. 311, Stubbs), which, I conceive, refers to an earlier stage of the controversy. Here the earl, called on by the archbishop to do homage for the castle, "archiepiscopo duriorem opposuit adversarium, respondens totum illud feodum in servitio militari et publicis pensionibus persolvendis regem potius attendisse quam archiepiscopum." The proposal put into the earl's mouth by Herbert would naturally come as a later compromise. But, in any case, Ralph's story is quite different from Mr. Froude's. In Ralph's version the earl refuses homage to the archbishop on the ground that he held the castle directly from the king. Granting the earl's fact, his law follows as a matter of course. Granting the archbishop's fact, his law follows equally. Mr. Froude takes, not the earl's fact, but the archbishop's, and gets his law out of his own head.

* See the story in William Fitz-Stephen, 208 (Robertson, iii. 43), who says of the archbishop: "Ejus est tam baronum suorum quam monachorum Cantuariensium vacantes in villis donare ecclesias." As Mr. Robertson says (Becket, p. 72), the claim of the archbishop was a very doubtful one; but it was one which Thomas had inherited from his predecessor Theobald, while Mr. Froude makes the archbishop's collation of the benefice an interference with the rights of a man with whom he had nothing to do. The references which Mr. Robertson makes to Gervase (X. Scriptt. 1667, 1675) throw great doubt on the archbishop's right, which was given up by the next primate Richard. But I do not see that very much is proved by the fact that the monks afterwards received the advowson as a gift ("Willielmus dominus ejusdem fundi dedit conventui Cantuariensi, exenio quoque reddidit"). This sounds to me like a compromise.

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of such statements, his narrative is mere careless confusion, but of course a confusion in which everything so falls out as to put Thomas in the worst light. And, again to mark the straws which show the way of the wind, where William Fitz-Stephen says "ecclesiam *donaverat*," Mr. Froude says, "The archbishop *presented* a priest to it." Mr. Froude ought to know that to talk of a bishop "presenting" in his own diocese is sheer nonsense.*

It is a question whether this happened before or after the Council of Tours in 1163. Mr. Froude seems to place it before; Mr. Robertson places it after. The point is of some little consequence, as it involves a question whether Thomas was, in these proceedings, carrying out a canon of that council which decreed the restoration of alienated church property.† That Thomas had a general license from the king to recover the lost estates of the see is not stated by Mr. Froude, but it is stated by William Fitz-Stephen.‡ It is likely enough in itself, though Henry may not have foreseen the special use to which the license was to be put. As for the rest of the Eynesford story, if Mr. Froude's study of the statute-book had gone as far back as the few genuine ordinances of the Conqueror, he might have made his case against Thomas stronger than he has done. William was a tenant-in-chief of the crown as well as a tenant of the archbishop, and Mr. Froude understates his case when he says that "it had been usual to pay the king the courtesy of consulting him" before excommunicating such an one. It was no mere matter of courtesy, but a matter of law or established custom, of the Conqueror's own ordaining; and the answer made by Thomas that it was not for the king to meddle in matters of absolution and excommunication was one which goes to the very root of the matter, and might, one would have thought, have served Mr. Froude's purpose well. On the other hand, Mr. Froude seems not to mention that Thomas absolved William of Eynesford, that William, as his man, appeared as one of his sureties at Northampton, and that the question about the advowson was settled by William giving it as a gift, not indeed to the archbishopric, but to the convent of Christ Church.

Mr. Froude's account of the Council of Tours is also remarkable:—

> The English prelates attended. The question of precedence was not this time raised. The Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans sat on the pope's right hand; the Archbishop of York and his suffragans sat on the pope's left. Whether anything of consequence passed on this occasion between the pope and Becket is not known: probably not; it is certain, however, that they met.*

It is proverbially hard to prove a negative, and it is strange if so minute an account as Mr. Froude's should be a pure dream. But there is nothing in any book, old or new, to which I have access at this moment which leads me to think that there was a single English bishop at Tours besides Thomas himself. Herbert of Bosham, who was clearly present, gives a minute account of Thomas's journey and of his reception by Alexander. The English primate was received with extraordinary honors, and was treated as first in rank after the pope himself. But of Mr. Froude's picture of the pope in the middle, with Thomas on one side and Roger on the other, there is not a word.† Moreover, it is known that something of very considerable consequence passed on this occasion between the pope and Thomas; "that they met" there is no need to prove. We need not accept the story of William of Newburgh — which is doubtless transferred hither from a later time — that Thomas now resigned his archbishopric and received it again from the pope.‡ But there is no doubt that it was now that Thomas tried to procure the canonization

* The phrase of Ralph de Diceto (i. 311, Stubbs), "Thomas archiepiscopus vacantem ecclesiam Ainefordiæ *contulit* in Laurentium," is still more accurate.

† Mr. Robertson (Becket, 71) argues that the abuses forbidden by the Council of Tours were of a different kind from those which Thomas was, rightly or wrongly, trying to reform. The words of the canon, as given by William of Newburgh (i. 127), stand thus: "Statuimus ut quisquis alicui laico in seculo remanenti ecclesiam decimamve concesserit," etc. (The text seems to be somewhat different from that quoted by Mr. Robertson.) But the words which go before, "quidam fratrum et coepiscoporum nostrorum aliorumque prælatorum ecclesiæ decimas eis, et ecclesiarum dispositiones indulgent," seem to meet the case of the church of Eynesford, as conceived by Thomas, an advowson which had passed from spiritual into temporal hands. "Habere ecclesiam" and similar phrases are often applied to advowsons. See Domesday, 280, and Norman Conquest, v. 502.

‡ Giles, i. 208 (Robertson, i. 43): "Tamen prius a rege petitam obtinuerat archiepiscopus licentiam revocandi prædia ecclesiæ Cantuariensis, a prædecessoribus suis male alienata, vel a laicis occupata."

* Living Age, No. 1730, p. 362.

† Herbert, i. 90 (Robertson, iii. 255): "Quod cæteris majus adhuc, Romana ecclesia nostrum archipræsulem, tanquam ex multis qui convenerant primogenitum, quodam quæsi primogeniti honore et cultu honestabat præ cæteris." Mr. Froude seems still to be followed by the memory of the day when Archbishop Roger had to be "drawn out of his ill-chosen place."

‡ ii. 130: "Ubi, ut dicitur, pontificatum, minus sincere et canonice, id est, per operam manumque regiam, susceptum, pungentis conscientiæ stimulos non ferens, secreto in manus domini papæ resignavit." This must be a confusion with the scene of the same kind at Sens recorded by Edward Grim (52) and William Fitz-Stephen (244).

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of Anselm. Such an attempt is most significant in connection with what had gone before and with what followed. It could have no other meaning than that of declaring to the world that Anselm was the model which Thomas had chosen to imitate. For Alexander the Sixth to canonize Anselm at the request of Morton was a very harmless proceeding, one which in no way threatened the throne of Henry the Seventh. For Alexander the Third to canonize Anselm at the request of Thomas would have been an act which could have had but one meaning, and that a meaning which might be understood to threaten the throne of Henry the Second. The wily pontiff neither agreed nor refused, but bade Thomas bring the matter before the judgment of the English bishops.* Both Thomas and the English bishops had before long quite other matters to see to.

Just after the matter of William of Eynesford a very remarkable sentence is found in Mr. Robertson's book. "In another case the primate appeared as a sort of Hampden." † As Mr. Froude gives no narrative of this case, I am relieved from giving any counter-narrative; and I am specially glad to be relieved from deciding whether the story has anything to do with Danegeld or no. It is enough to say that Thomas withstood, and successfully withstood, the levying of a tax which he deemed oppressive and illegal — that his so doing brought on him the king's anger — and that Mr. Robertson, no very favorable judge, approves of his conduct. Surely we have here a side of the archbishop's character which deserves some place in the narrative of his life and times. But then the character of a Hampden and the character of an unscrupulous and tyrannical minister are hardly consistent with one another. Still less would it suit Mr. Froude's theory to argue that the consecrating hands of Henry of Winchester had changed the one character into the other. The Hampden-like side of Thomas therefore remained invisible to Mr. Froude's eyes.

And now we have reached the time when Henry deemed, and deemed most rightly, that the time was come to put an end to what, now the greater evils still had been put an end to, might be fairly called the greatest evil of the time, the immunity of criminous clerks from temporal jurisdiction. Several gross cases of crimes done by clerical offenders drew special attention to the matter at this time. Mr. Froude picks out one story to tell in detail. But, while he might have chosen more than one case about which there seems to have been no kind of doubt, Mr. Froude has characteristically chosen a case in which it is by no means clear that any crime was committed at all. As usual, he tells the story after his own fashion, confusing every fact and every point of law on which the real story turns.

A canon of Bedford, named Philip of Broi or Broc, was charged with the murder of a knight. He was tried before his diocesan, the Bishop of Lincoln. As the tale is told to us, the evidence against him was insufficient; he was therefore admitted to a canonical purgation. That is, he was allowed to declare his innocence by a solemn oath.* On this the kinsmen of the slain men declared themselves satisfied, and in ordinary course the matter would have ended. But the sheriff of Bedfordshire, Simon Fitz-Peter, having, it is said, a private grudge against Philip,† demanded that he should be tried again in the king's court. Philip refused to answer a second time on the same charge, especially before a lay tribunal, and being, as we are told, a man of high birth, he used very violent and abusive language to the sheriff. ‡ The sheriff complained to

* See the letter of Pope Alexander to Thomas; Giles, G. Foliot, 261; and the bulls in Anglia Sacra, ii. 177.

† Becket, p. 73.

* The story of Philip of Brois or Broc is told most fully by Edward Grim (22; Robertson, iii. 374), by Roger of Pontigny (114), and by Garnier (30). William Fitz-Stephen (214; Robertson, iii. 43) and Herbert (i. 101; Robertson, iii. 265) tell the story without reference to the charge of murder. They begin with the insults offered to the sheriff, or, as Herbert makes it, to the itinerant justices. The purgation comes out in the accounts both of Edward and Roger: "Ecclesiastico jure purgatur, et soluta controversia liber a parentibus clamatus est," "quum coram episcopo suo super objecto sibi homicidio sufficienter respondisset, et deficientibus in causa adversariis ipse ad innocentiam suam certius comprobandum se sacramento purgasset." The "purgatio" occurs again in the story of the dean at Scarborough (Will. Fil. Steph. 213; Robertson, iii. 44), in a passage which, at least in Dr. Giles's text, is not easy to construe. This dean, one may add, was really brought before the king, which may have helped towards Mr. Froude's notion that Philip of Broi was. The *purgatio* was not always satisfactory, as in the counter-story in Herbert (i. 101; Robertson, iii. 264), which begins so like this of Philip. Here a priest in the diocese of Salisbury is charged with murder. The accusers fail in their proof: the purgation also fails, and the accusers are not satisfied ("Sacerdote constanter inficiante, quum non posset super homicidio per accusatores convinci canonica indicitur purgatio accusato, accusatoribus præsertim fama consentiente et ipsis etiam probabiliter arguentibus accusatum. Sed eo in purgatione deficiente, mittit episcopus ad archipiæsulem de jure consulens"). Thomas's sentence is that the priest be deprived of his benefices and kept in a monastery, under the strictest penance, for the rest of his days. And this though the charge seems to have been "Not proven."

† "Volens clericum deperire ex antiquo odio," says Edward Grim.

‡ E. Grim, 23 (Robertson, iii. 375): "Clericus autem,

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the king; the king, greatly wroth at the insult done to his officer, which he held to be done to himself,* ordered that Philip should be tried again on the old charge of murder. The archbishop was present, and asserted the freedom of the clerk from trial by a secular court. It seems at last to have been agreed that Philip should be tried at Canterbury by a mixed court of bishops and barons.† He was there arraigned for the murder. He denied the charge and pleaded his former trial and purgation. The plea was admitted.‡ His insolence to the sheriff he confessed and professed his readiness to give satisfaction. His sentence was that he should make a personal *amende honorable* to the sheriff,§ that his prebend should be forfeited to the king for two years, during which time he should leave England, and that his movable goods should be also forfeited to the king, to be disposed, some add, to charitable uses at the king's pleasure.‖ The king was very angry; he demanded that the bishops should themselves make a purgation, and swear that they had judged according to their consciences, and had not let Philip off because he was a clerk.*

Now it is of the essence of this story that Philip was, rightly or wrongly, acquitted of the murder after a manner which was usual in the jurisprudence of the time. It is open to Mr. Froude or to any other man to set very little store on a canonical purgation as a means of getting at truth; it is not open to him or to any other man to represent canonical purgation as being a quite different kind of thing from what it was. The canon law, like the older law of England, attached a certain value to the accused man's oath. In default of conclusive evidence, his solemn denial of the charge was accepted. We know not what the evidence against Philip was. For him there is the fact that the kinsmen of the dead man accepted his denial; against him there is the fact that the sheriff was dissatisfied with the proceedings, balanced by the alleged fact — one very easy to allege — that the sheriff was Philip's personal enemy. I should be sorry positively to affirm either that Philip had killed the knight or that he had not. The point is that he denied the charge, and that both the Bishop of Lincoln and the kinsfolk of the dead man accepted the denial. Mr. Froude, on the other hand, knows much more about the matter. "Philip de Broi . . . had killed some one in a quarrel." The murder being thus assumed, the nature of canonical purgation has to be changed to suit the story. Instead of a solemn denial of a crime, it is turned into a penance or composition for a crime which is not denied. "He made his purgation *ecclesiastico jure* — that is, he paid the usual fees and perhaps a small fine." Mr. Froude would have us believe that the fact of the murder was allowed on all hands, but that the murderer was let off on payment of fees. This new view of purgation involved some further changes in the story.

The king sent for Philip de Broi, and cross-questioned him in Becket's presence. It was not denied that he had killed a man.†

ut vir ingenuus, dolore tactus et indignatione, convitiis vicecomitem aggressus est." So Queen Elizabeth in the ballad "swore most like a royal queen," and there is a story of some one who knew that Sarah Duchess of Marlborough must be "a great lady," because of her oaths. Roger (114) and Garnier (319, "Li clerc fu gentiz hom") witness to Philip's good birth; but they do not so distinctly connect his good birth and his bad language. In Mr. Froude's version, he becomes "a young nobleman," though I do not think that there is anything elsewhere about his age.

* Roger, 114: "Sic se habere convitia illa militi suo illata, ac si sibi ipsi intulisset Philippus." Edward Grim gives the matter another turn: "Gavisus, ut creditur, rex accepta occasione sæviendi in clericum."

† E. Grim, *u. s.*: "Missis igitur a rege episcopis aliisque ordinis utriusque, qui clericum judicarent." So Roger: "Quosdam episcopus et proceres ad diem sibi ab archiepiscopo constitutam Cantuariam transmisit."

‡ Roger, 115: "Quum venissent, Philippum de veteri querela homicidii instanter impetebant. Quumque causam ecclesiastico judicio terminatam iterari non debere judicatum fuisset, ventum est tandem ad contumelias regio militi illatas."

§ The description of the *amende* is curious. Edward Grim gives it thus: "Quod nudus astaret ministro regis, laicali more, et ipsi offerret arma pro injuria, et in illius viveret subjectione." "Ipse vero ante militem, nudum se secundum morem patriæ satisfacturus offerret," is Roger's account. In the French rime of Garnier (32), it stands —

"Ultre ço, li jugèrent n'il se despuillereit,
Devaunt le chevaler, se suffrir le voleit;
Et, véaunt ses amis, armes aportereit,
A la lei del païs de sus li jurereit,
De teus mesfet de lui teus amendes prendreit."

Herbert (102) says: "Publica virgarum disciplina clerico adjudicata." William Fitz-Stephen (214) says nothing about the *amende*, but sends Philip into banishment: "Simul et regni inhabitatione Philippum privandum." So the best authority of all, Ralph de Diceto (i. 313, Stubbs): "Pulsus est e regno per biennium."

‖ This stands in Garnier (31) —

"Jugent li ke dous aunz sa pruvende lerra,
Et li Reis entretant les rentes en prendra,
A musters et à pofres et à punz les durra;
Et en autres almones, einsé cun lui plerra.
— *Or pot dire Phelipes ke riche almoner a.*"

According to Roger (115), the king was not bound in this way to be Philip's almoner: "Rex iterum [interim?] de reditibus ejus quod vellet faceret." Edward Grim clearly distinguishes between the prebend and Philip's other property. "Decernimus ut biennio maneat sub manu regis præbenda tua, et possessiones, omniaque quæ in reditibus habes, ad nutum ipsius eroganda pauperibus."

* E. Grim, *u. s.*: "Per oculos Dei, ait, jam mihi jurabitis quod justum judicium judicastis nec pepercistis viro quia clericus est."

† Living Age, No. 1730, p. 362.

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That the king sent for Philip is a pure imagination of Mr. Froude's. The "cross-questioning" was suggested by the words of Edward Grim, "*facta quæstione de clerico in præsentia archiepiscopi.*" But this does not mean a cross-questioning of Philip by the king, but a discussion of Philip's case by king, sheriff, and archbishop. The words "it was *not denied* that he had killed a man" seem to be suggested by the words of Edward Grim a little later, "*negat* ille homicidium."* To be sure, the words which suggest Mr. Froude's statement, and Mr. Froude's statement itself, have exactly opposite meanings, and on the opposition between their meanings the whole story turns. Still the words "*negat ille homicidium*" have that outward and physical likeness to Mr. Froude's statement which seems to be all that Mr. Froude cares for in dealing with his authorities. There is in both something about a denial, and something about killing a man. The only difference is as to the place of the negatives in the sentence. But negatives are but little words after all, and it is easy to leave them out or to put them in. We have all heard of the edition of the Bible which left out the "not" in the seventh commandment. I have sometimes wondered whether, in an Oxford convocation, the proctors can always distinguish a vote of "*Placet*" from one of "*Non placet.*" It is certain that Mr. Froude looks on the difference between "*negat*" and "*non negat*" as a very trifling matter. In his eyes it is clearly open to a writer on the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket" to use either phrase at pleasure, according as the negative or the affirmative may best serve to blacken the character of Thomas and the ecclesiastical order generally.

And now we come to the great central point of the whole story, to the famous Constitutions of Clarendon, and to all that followed on their enactment or proposed enactment. From this point I shall cease to follow Mr. Froude in detail. I have, I trust, already done my main work. I have, I trust, shown how utterly untrustworthy is Mr. Froude's whole narrative of the acts of Thomas, how utterly groundless is the imaginary portrait which he paints by way of inference from a series of imaginary acts. For the part of Thomas's life with which I am most concerned, for his chancellorship, I have tried to substitute a more trustworthy narrative of his acts, and a portrait which, as it is drawn by way of inference from acts which are not imaginary, is, I trust, itself not an imaginary portrait. I have also tried to show what was the real position of both parties at the opening of the quarrel between the king and the archbishop, to show what was the real nature of those ecclesiastical exemptions which formed their first main ground of quarrel, how they looked at the time, how they worked in practice. I have, I hope, done enough to show that the cause which Thomas took up, though a cause which, by the light of the nineteenth century, we see to be wholly wrong, was one which an honest man might well take up in the twelfth century. I wish to establish, in opposition to partisan writers on either side, that king and archbishop alike were, as Herbert of Bosham so strongly sets forth, acting with thorough honesty, in Herbert's phrase, with a "zeal for God." It is not needful for my purpose to go through that long controversy, or to examine in detail a long series of acts of both Henry and Thomas, many of which on both sides must be condemned. My general position I believe I have made good; and, as to Mr. Froude's way of telling particular stories, it is hardly needful to give any more detailed examples after this last of Philip of Broi. I shall now therefore do no more than make some further remarks on some aspects of Mr. Froude's treatment of the general story, without examining either the contemporary or the modern narrative in the same minute way in which I have thus far examined some portions of it.

This then is the place for a word or two as to the famous Constitutions themselves. Were they, as the king and his party said, really the old law of England, or were they, as the archbishop and his party said, mere modern innovations, perhaps not of Henry himself, but of tyrants a little before his day? Very vague language was used on both sides, and the state of the case was such that it is in no way wonderful that vague language was used on both sides. Looking at the Constitutions as a

* It is hardly possible that Mr. Froude can have fancied himself to be following the short account of Ralph de Diceto (i. 313, Stubbs): "Controversiæ præstitit occasionem Phillippus de Broc, canonicus de Bedeford, qui tractus in causam propter homicidium, in justiciarum regis verbum protulit contumeliosum. Quod cum coram archiepiscopo negare non posset, præbendæ suæ multatus est beneficio, pulsus est a regno per biennium." Here certainly is the verb "negare" with a negative. The word "homicidium" is not very far off, and a reader who had seen no fuller account might doubt for a moment whether "negare" referred to "homicidium" or to "verbum contumeliosum." But the purgation and the other details, of which Mr. Froude has made so strange a use, can never have come from this source; they are clearly from Edward Grim.

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whole, he would be a rash historian who should venture to call them, as a whole, either old or new. But there was quite air enough of both age and newness about them to make it perfectly natural for one side to call them old and for the other side to call them new. On the one hand, it is quite certain that not one of the Constitutions can be fairly called an innovation of Henry's own devising. On the other hand, it is equally certain that the Constitutions, as a code, would have had a very strange look in the eyes of an Englishman a hundred years earlier. Henry professed, and on the whole he was justified in the profession, that his object was to restore the law as it had stood under his grandfather. A state of things two reigns back, a state of things ranging from thirty to more than sixty years back, commonly seems to statesmen quite old enough for all practical purposes. But the fact that it was a state of things two reigns back, and not only one reign back, gave its restoration an air of innovation. After the time of anarchy anything might seem new. The root of the whole matter lay in the Conqueror's separation of the ecclesiastical and temporal jurisdictions. In the old times of England these questions had never been stirred. Even after the Conquest there was for a long while very little disposition to stir them. Under the Conqueror we hear of claims to exemption from the mouth of Odo; but William and Lanfranc knew how to deal with a Bishop of Bayeux who was also Earl of Kent. Under Rufus comes the much more remarkable but much less known story of William, Bishop of Durham, which I hope some day to have an opportunity of dealing with in the detail which it deserves.* Under Henry the First ecclesiastical claims grew, as they could not fail to grow at such a time, even with the strong hand of the Lion of Justice to keep them down.† Then, under the anarchy, they grew apace; as we have seen, every aspect of the time combined to make them grow. They grew both for good and for evil. We may be sure that, when Henry and Thomas entered on their first work of reform, the question had put on much larger dimensions than it had ever borne under the earlier reign of law. Both clerkly murderers and murderers of clerks must have become much larger classes than they had been before the anarchy. Now that other classes of evil-doers had been brought under the power of the law, Henry wished to complete his work by bringing these classes under the power of the law also. So to do was his duty as king, and with the experience of so many ages to enlighten us, we cannot deem that he did other than his duty as king in his attempt to secure the full ecclesiastical independence of England, to put a stop to all appeals, to all reference to a foreign power, in the affairs of his realm. It must always be remembered that, as far as dealings with the court of Rome went, what Henry the Eighth did Henry the Second had tried to do. We honor him for the attempt; but we see also that the attempt was premature. The mind of western Europe was not yet advanced enough for its success; Henry could not keep his own position; he forbade appeals and then appealed himself. The system of appeals was itself a novelty; but the new views had grown so fast that it was now their prohibition which had the look of innovation. The constitution about the revenues of vacant bishoprics and abbeys was a device of Randolf Flambard; it could no longer be called an innovation in the days of Henry. The constitution about ecclesiastical elections will be best understood if we bear in mind the wonderful irregularity which had prevailed in the way of appointing bishops and abbots at least down to the settlement between Anselm and Henry the First. It was thoroughly understood at the time of Thomas's own appointment that the king was the real elector.* Henry the Second, like Henry the Eighth, wished to establish this acknowledged fact somewhat more clearly. One constitution, which generally gets overlooked, but which was not overlooked by Thomas's French biographer,† that which forbids the ordination of villains without their lord's consent, was founded on a very old piece of canon law which forbade the ordination of slaves in such cases. Granting the existence of slavery, there is nothing unreasonable in such a law. But, as applied to villains, the rule had, though it is quite possible that neither Thomas nor Henry remarked the fact, a special importance at that time when the free churls of an earlier day were fast sink-

* I refer to the story in the Monasticon, i. 244.

† See Norman Conquest, v. 236.

* Roger, 105: "Regis voluntas . . . ex qua totam electionis summam pendere oportebat."

† Garnier, 89: —

"Fils à vilains ne fust en nul liu ordenez
Sanz l'otrei sun seignur de cui terre il fu nez.
— Et deus à sun servise nus a tuz apelez!
Mielz valt filz à vilain qui est preuz et senez,
Que ne feit gentilz hum failliz et debutez."

See Robertson, 99. Stubbs: Constitutional History, iii. 367.

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ing into villainage.* Taken one by one, the Constitutions, looked at as customs, cannot be called novelties. The novelty lay in drawing them up in precise language and in the form of a code, and in calling on men to promise obedience to them under their seals. Things to which people are very well accustomed in practice often have an air of novelty when they are drawn out in a formal way, still more when men are called on to pledge themselves to them in a formal way. Each way of looking at the Constitutions had in it an element of truth. In such cases party spirit is commonly satisfied with the element of truth which is on its own side. A priest of the eleventh century, with an element of truth in his case, was not likely to see the element of truth in his adversary's case; he could hardly be expected to do so when an historian of the nineteenth is so carried away that he cannot see the facts, even when all the truth is on the other side and not even an element on his own. And yet Herbert of Bosham, William of Newburgh, the writer of the anonymous life, have fully and frankly done that justice to Henry, which Mr. Froude, I will not say of set purpose, but under the influence of some misguiding and avenging Atê, has refused to do to Thomas.

To these Constitutions, as every one knows, Thomas gave a consent of which he afterwards repented — "affected penitence," Mr. Froude ventures to call it. It is not easy to get at the exact truth of the matter; for it is not very clear whether Thomas really set his seal to the Constitutions or gave a mere verbal assent — two very different things in the morality of his age. Some of the biographers look one way, some another, while Gilbert Foliot has a version,† whose seeming differences from all other accounts remind us of the counter-statements of Aischinês and Dêmosthenês. Still even his story may perhaps, by allowing for a little exaggeration, be reconciled with the main facts of the other stories with no very great trouble. I am not called on to defend the conduct of Thomas from Mr. Froude's very harsh constructions, all the less as, this time, a very sufficient defence against Mr. Froude's worst charges has been made beforehand by Mr. Robertson.‡ On the whole, it seems most likely that Thomas was led to believe that the king would be satisfied with a mere verbal assent, to save the king's honor, and that the matter would be pressed no further. When he was further called on to set his seal to the document, he felt himself, I still venture to say, "entrapped;" in the end he yielded and repented.

The successive scenes in the Northampton Council form such a vivid piece of personal history that Mr. Froude has, as it were, in spite of himself, allowed some measure of life to find its way into his narrative of them. Mr. Froude can tell a story; he could have told this story nobly; even as it is, the master of narrative sometimes prevails over the hater of sacerdotalism. But the most touching incident of all, when the fiery Herbert stirs up the archbishop to fierce action, when the milder William Fitz-Stephen counsels patience, when the king's officer forbids him to speak to his master, and he still points in silence to the suffering figure on the crucifix,* — this scene finds no place in Mr. Froude's picture. But it is more important to notice that again every detail on which the issue turns is wrongly told by Mr. Froude. Of the nature of the great assembly which met at Northampton, Mr. Froude could have had no idea when he talked about "every *peer* and prelate." It was the old assembly of England, which Gilbert Foliot, rhetorically perhaps, speaks of as a gathering of the people, and to which at least all the king's tenants-in-chief were summoned.† "Becket alone had hesitated to appear." There is no evidence that this was so; but, if so it was, it was because he was not summoned in usual form as a member of the assembly, but was cited to appear before it as a party accused,

* See Norman Conquest, v. 475–479.

† This is the famous letter printed by Dr. Giles, in his collection of Gilbert Foliot's Letters, i. 275, and the genuineness of which is discussed by Mr. Robertson: Becket, p. 325. See especially Gilbert's version of Thomas's conduct, p. 272.

‡ Pp. 103, 104.

* This is told by William Fitz-Stephen: "Post modicum, idem Willielmus filius Stephani volens loqui archiepiscopo, et a quodam marescallo regis, qui cum virga sua astabat, prohibitus, dicente, quod nullus ei loqueretur. Post intervallum, intendens in archiepiscopum, erectione oculorum et motu labiorum, signum fecit ei, quod crucis suæ exemplum, et crucifixi, quam tenebat, imaginem respiceret, et quod in ratione esset; archiepiscopus signum illud intellexit bene, et fecit sic, confortatus in Domino." He adds, that Thomas reminded him of the incident some years later. It is worth notice that William Fitz-Stephen often mentions Herbert of Bosham, as well as John of Salisbury and others, in his narrative; but I do not think that Herbert ever mentions William.

† "Generale concilium," says William Fitz-Stephen (218). "Omnes qui de rege tenerent in capite mandari fecit," says Edward Grim (39). So the French rimer (50) —

"Et prelaz et baruns par ban i fait venir
Trestuz ceus ke en chef de lui deivent tenir."

He does not here use the beautiful word which he has in p. 86,

"Nuls qui tenist del rei sa terre *chevalment*,"

which would hardly have been wide enough.

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to answer the suit of John the marshal. John the marshal's name does not occur in Mr. Froude's account, where everything is wrapped in vague phrases, and where John's suit is darkly alluded to in one of the vaguest of them. Yet the alleged denial of justice in the archbishop's court in the cause of John the marshal was the root of the whole matter. It was solely for his conduct in that cause that Thomas was legally summoned to answer at Northampton. All Mr. Froude's hints and surmises are without authority; they all come from one source, that ludicrous misunderstanding of Edward Grim's language about the war of Toulouse of which I spoke long ago. Nothing is plainer than that Henry was now determined to crush Thomas by any means, right or wrong. Up to this point Henry was distinctly in the right. Outwardly he was so on every point; the only question as to his personal integrity in the matter is whether he had any deliberate share in the process by which Thomas was undoubtedly entrapped at Clarendon. Anyhow he was formally in the right. Thomas had lost his ground by his conduct at Clarendon. But Henry could not keep in the right. Thomas was now his enemy, to be overthrown by any means, fair or foul. All money claims against the chancellor had been released to the archbishop at his consecration. Yet Henry was not ashamed to bring them up again, in order to crush Thomas yet further. All this shows the same spirit as Henry's later barbarous dealings with the guiltless kindred and friends of Thomas; it shows the spirit of the man who put out the eyes of the children of the Welsh princes. Henry was a great king, a great lawgiver, a ruler who did much for England and whose name England ought to hold in honor. But in a crowd of acts of this kind he showed the blood that was in him. We feel that we are dealing with a prince who ruled over England and Normandy, but who was himself neither English nor Norman. In all this we see the man who came of the dæmon stock of Anjou.

In the behavior of Thomas, on the other hand, we see throughout the artificial character of his saintship. The thing is overdone; there is no simplicity about it; the fierce fanaticism, the overwrought spiritual excitement, the morbid craving for martyrdom, the evident delight in the mere wielding of his spiritual arms, all belong to the man who, honestly no doubt, but consciously, asked himself at each stage what was the right thing for a candidate for saintship to do. Anselm before him, Edmund after him, assuredly never asked any such question. But then Anselm and Edmund had not been suddenly changed from chancellors into archbishops. They had never felt the joys of combat — the *certaminis gaudia* — in unhorsing Ingelram of Trie; so they never felt the kindred joy of excommunicating Roger of York and Gilbert of London. Human nature is so complex and contradictory that such a joy need not make us think that the tears and the broken voice with which some of Thomas's excommunications and denunciations were pronounced * were in any degree counterfeit. A much later prelate has been known to sign himself the "afflicted servant" of a metropolitan whom he was routing with all the vigor of an unanswerable logic, and to speak — doubtless in all sincerity — of the "pain" which he felt in dealing blows which must have been attended by that satisfaction with which human skill cannot help looking on its own successful efforts. No wonder if Pope Alexander, calm, crafty, politic, with his own objects to gain, felt the living saint an encumbrance till he was, so happily for all Alexander's objects, changed into the dead martyr. We feel indignant with the way in which Alexander takes Thomas up and puts him down again, as suits the purpose of the moment; but we must remember how strange, how unintelligible, how untoward for his own plans, the stubborn — he would call it perverse — obstinacy of the Englishman must have seemed to the wily Italian. And, of all things in the world, when peace had been made, when Thomas came back to his Church, he surely should not have come back amidst a whirlwind of suspensions and excommunications. However deeply the rights of the Church of Canterbury had been sinned against, that was surely the moment for an amnesty. Moderate men, warm admirers of his own, saw this fully at the time.† So, earlier in his career, his wise and cool-headed friend John of Salisbury warned him against studies, the canon law above all, which were likely to gender to pride and wrath rather than to

* Herbert, i. 230 (Robertson, iii. 391): "Confestim, omnibus, audientibus et constupentibus, miro modo compunctus, voce quidem flebili et intentissimo compassionis affectu in ipsum Anglorum regem Henricum nominative comminatorium emisit edictum." Mr. Froude (LIVING AGE, No. 1733, p. 546) naturally knows nothing of this; but he adds that Thomas was "in high delight with himself," which is perfectly possible. "Excommunicavit" is of course throughout translated "cursed."

† This is strongly put in the anonymous "Lambeth Life," ii. 116, 119.

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meekness and long-suffering.* Yet there was, after all, some meekness and long-suffering left in the man who took such an adviser's rebukes in thorough good part.† All this part of Thomas's career, the hardest to justify, the most wearisome to study, is one on which I have no call to dwell. Yet even here I must ask for justice. It is hard measure when Mr. Robertson blames Thomas for outspoken English words against the corruptions of the Roman court which in another mouth might have been hailed as signs of premature Protestantism.‡ And though every excommunication was in some sort a curse, it is an invidious way of putting it, when Mr. Froude always uses the word "curse" instead of "excommunication."

And now I have done. I have said enough for my purpose both as to the character of Thomas and as to his treatment by Mr. Froude. I conceive that, since men began to write history at all, not many so-called historical narratives have been written which have so utterly departed from the truth of fact as Mr. Froude's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket." I know one parallel, and only one; that is "The Annals of an English Abbey." I know of no other writings professedly historical in which page follows page in which it is really safe to follow the rule of contrary. A large part of Mr. Froude's narrative can only be used negatively: when we have read his account and have not yet turned to his authorities, we do not know how things did happen, but we know one of the ways in which they did not happen. Now, though there are other writers who are very untrustworthy, I know none beside Mr. Froude who has reached such a depth of untrustworthiness as this. The thing is quite distinct from mere ordinary blunders, springing from ordinary ignorance or ordinary carelessness. Mr. Froude has plenty of them too; but mere blunders of this kind would not have given Mr. Froude that special character which is wholly his own, and which no one else can dispute with him. Mere inaccuracy in detail is quite another matter from the purely fictitious character of large parts of Mr. Froude's story. All inaccuracy is a fault; but some kinds of inaccuracy are not inconsistent with very high merits. The best historian, like the best general, is he who makes fewest mistakes. The difference between the accurate and the inaccurate writer is not that the accurate writer makes no mistakes, but that the accurate writer finds out his own mistakes, while the inaccurate writer leaves his mistakes to be found out by other people. The all but unfailing accuracy — I say "all but," in order to be ready for any mischance, rather than from any distinct conviction that the qualification is needed — of a Thirlwall or a Stubbs is not given to ordinary men. The rest of us must be prepared to make mistakes, and we must be satisfied if our mistakes are such that we can correct them in our *errata* or in our second edition. I am now speaking of mistakes strictly so called, as distinguished from theories and inferences which may be held to be erroneous. Take the work of Thierry. Never was a work founded on a theory more utterly groundless; but the mere errors in detail are fewer than might have been looked for, and they are of quite another kind from Mr. Froude's. Thierry uses authorities in the wildest way; he has no notion of the different value of authorities; any book older than the invention of printing seems to him to be as good as any other book. He takes a piece from one account and a piece from another, and puts them together without seeing that they are inconsistent with one another. He kills the

* See the letter in Giles, i. 194, of which Mr. Froude (LIVING AGE, No. 1733, p. 543) gives a very singular summary. He leaves out all about the canon law, and when John says, "Expedit conferre de moribus cum aliquo spirituali, cujus exemplo accendamini quam inspicere et discutere litigiosos articulos sæcularium literarum," he translates — "To confer with spiritual men, whose example may influence your devotion, would profit you more than *indulging in litigious speculations*." It is hard to guess what idea Mr. Froude's readers will form of Thomas's "litigious speculations." The passage is translated with perfect accuracy by Mr. Robertson: Becket, 167.

† It is some comfort that Mr. Froude does not make Thomas "curse" John of Salisbury for this letter. It seems, from Mr. Robertson's note on the page just quoted, that he would have found some precedents for so doing.

‡ Mr. Robertson (Becket, 236) is much displeased with Thomas's certainly very violent letter to the Cardinal Albert in Giles, Ep. i. 95. The references to Barabbas and the like are the usual commonplaces of the time, which popes down to our own day have always known how to deal back again.

As I have now come to the end, I may mention a passage in a letter in the same collection which has a curious sound in connection with Thomas's early pluralities. This is the letter of Nicholas "de monte Rothomagensi" (explained by Mr. Robertson, 153, as "master of a hospital, at Mont. S. Jacques, near Rouen"), Giles, Ep. ii. 187. It is the letter which describes the reading of the Constitutions of Clarendon to the empress Matilda. Matilda makes a speech, in which, among the other evils of the time, she mentions how "uni clericulo quatuor aut septem ecclesiæ tribuuntur aut præbendæ, cum sacri canones ubique manifeste prohibeant, ne clericus in duabus ecclesiis connumeretur." The whole letter is remarkable on many grounds, both those which have to do with the history of Thomas, and those which have not. She approved of some of the Constitutions, but not of others, and she especially disapproved of their being put in the shape of a code.

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same man two or three times over by different names, or he records his acts in two or three inconsistent ways, if Norman and English writers happen to give his name in different shapes. He colors too; so we all do more or less; but Thierry colors more than most of us. He puts in the word "*Saxon*" or "*Anglais*" wherever, according to his theory, the word "*Saxon*" or "*Anglais*" ought to have been found. Yet, with all this, for nearly every direct statement Thierry has, I will not say authority, but something which he chose to take for authority. We do not find in Thierry page after page which has no likeness to anything earlier than his own book, except the mere physical likeness of names and words which seems to have been suggested, but only suggested, by the sight of some ancient record. Thierry's book could never be made a useful or safe book by any amount of correction; but the reason lies far more in the general unsoundness of the theory, in the utterly uncritical use of authorities, than in the actual mistakes in detail, though they are not few. Sir Francis Palgrave again — I speak of those of his writings which he had himself corrected — is full of theories which I must deem to be, if not erroneous, at least exaggerated; he is full of inferences from his authorities which I cannot see that his authorities bear out. But every word is written from some authority; even if we reject the authority, if we refuse to accept the inference from the authority, the authority itself is not misrepresented or made to say the opposite of what it does say. Take again Dean Milman. It might seem a bold thing to call him an inaccurate writer; yet there is a sense in which the charge would not be untrue. No style is more massive and forcible than his; no narrative is more weighty and instructive. But go into details; there are many sentences which are not strictly grammatical, and the slips in names, titles, dates, and the like, are endless. But these are not mistakes which touch the essence of the matter; a few strokes of the pen would set them all right for another edition. I know not how Dr. Milman wrote; but his text always reads to me like the first draft of a manuscript which the author has not read over. The mistakes are of the kind which are sure to be made in such a draft even by the most accurate of men. Not long ago I was very severely taken to task by a most distinguished German scholar for having quoted Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People." I ought not, I was told, to have quoted a book which, like Mr. Green's, "swarmed with errors." Yet, notwithstanding the distinguished German scholar's rebuke, I mean to go on quoting Mr. Green's "Short History," except so far as I may find it more convenient to quote the more agreeable print of his longer history. Mr. Green's book — at least its first edition — did indeed abound in errors, errors which one was amazed to find in a book of such astonishing knowledge, insight, and power of writing. But, allowing for what is a wholly different matter, conclusions in which one might not wholly agree, Mr. Green's errors were mainly — I will not say always — errors of the same kind as Dr. Milman's, errors which a correction here and there would set right. And there are a crowd of writers, some of great popular reputation, against whom accurate scholarship has far heavier charges to bring. There are books, popular books, celebrated books, which are full of errors of a very different kind from the slips of Dr. Milman and Mr. Green — errors of gross carelessness, gross ignorance. Still, the narratives of which I speak are not purely fictitious; the main outlines of the real story are there; no amount of correction could make the narratives really good, but a careful improvement in detail might make them fairly trustworthy. Mr. Froude stands alone as the one writer of any importance of whose writings one can say that on them any process of correction would be thrown away. The evil is inherent, it is inborn. It is not mere coloring; it is not mere mistaken inference; it is not mere mistakes in detail, however gross the carelessness or ignorance which they might imply. It is the substitution, through page after page, of one narrative for another — the substitution of a story which bears no likeness to the original story except that the same actors appear in both. When such narratives as that of Mr. Froude appear under the garb of history, it becomes the duty of those who have really studied the times which he ventures to touch to put in their protest in the name of historic truth. I leave others to protest against Mr. Froude's treatment of the sixteenth century. I do not profess to have mastered those times in detail from original sources. I have however been often led to particular points in those times from various local and special quarters; and when I have been so led, I have always found Mr. Froude's treatment of the matter which I had in hand both inadequate and inaccu-

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rate. But in the twelfth century I feel myself at home, only less at home than if Mr. Froude had come and sought me out in the eleventh. If history means truth, if it means fairness, if it means faithfully reporting what contemporary sources record and drawing reasonable inferences from their statements, then Mr. Froude is no historian. The "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," whatever it may be, is not a history; because history implies truth, and the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket" is not truth but fiction. It does not record the life of a chancellor and archbishop of the twelfth century, but the life of an imaginary being in an imaginary age. It may be a vigorous and telling party pamphlet; it is not a narrative of facts. Mr. Froude is a man of undoubted ability, of undoubted power of writing. If there is any branch of science or learning in which accuracy of statement is a matter of indifference, in which a calm putting forth of statements which are purely arbitrary can be accepted in its stead, in that branch of science or learning Mr. Froude's undoubted ability, his gift of description and narrative, may stand him in good stead. But for the writing of history, while those gifts are precious, other gifts are more precious still. In that field "before all things truth beareth away the victory;" and among those whom truth has enrolled in her following as her men, among those who go forth to do battle for her as their sovereign lady, Mr. Froude has no part nor lot. It may be his fault; it may be his misfortune; but the fact is clear. History is a record of things which happened; what passes for history in the hands of Mr. Froude is a writing in which the things which really happened find no place, and in which their place is taken by the airy children of Mr. Froude's imagination. EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE CHINESE AS COLONISTS.

THE Chinese are, by common consent of all Western nations, pronounced to be an eccentric and impracticable race. And not without reason; for, in nearly every characteristic which marks a people, they seem to be hopelessly antagonistic to nations occupying the western hemisphere, and usually included in the conventional term "civilized." Oil and water would seem to be scarcely less reconcilable to each other than is the Chinaman to the European or American; and the greater the opportunities of intercommunication the less they appear likely to harmonize. Yet the Chinese do not, like most dark-skinned races, flinch or degenerate in the contact. On the contrary; homogeneous, sturdy, clannish, and enterprising, they not only hold their own, hand to hand and foot to foot, with more favored races, but compete with them successfully upon Chinese soil, and bid fair to wrest from them the prizes of art, labor, and commerce even in their own territories. As a natural result, Chinese immigration has become a red rag to Australians and Americans alike, and the question of putting a decided stop to it, or so dealing with it as to keep it within manageable bounds, forces itself with daily increasing weight upon the attention of the several administrations concerned.

Summarize the charges brought against Chinese immigrants by those most nearly interested, namely, British colonist and United States citizen, and these may be stated as follows: They are pronounced to be the scum of the population of the worst districts of China; they migrate without their families, and the few women they import are shipped under a system of slavery for the vilest purposes; they introduce their own *bizarre* habits and ideas, and studiously eschew all sociability with colonists of other races; they outrage public opinion by hideous immoralities; they ignore or defy judicial and municipal institutions; they form secret and treasonable associations amongst themselves; they manage to afford, by their low, miserable style of living, to undersell and underwork white men as mechanics, laborers, and servants; they fail to take root in the soil, making it their aim always to carry home their gains to the old country, and even to have their bones conveyed back thither for interment; in a word, so far from seeking to become colonists or citizens in the true sense of the terms, and striving to enrich or benefit the country of their temporary adoption, they are mere vagrants and adventurers, and that of a kind positively hurtful to the general welfare and progress.

Some of these accusations are serious enough, and the remainder of the traits ascribed derive an importance which they would not otherwise possess from mere association with a race which has unfortunately rendered itself obnoxious. The object of this paper is to inquire how far the generally received opinion is to be accepted as correct, and whether any, and, if so, what, steps can be taken to remove or

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modify any difficulties which may actually lie in the way of acclimatizing (so to speak) the Chinese upon a foreign soil with advantage to themselves and to those amongst whom they settle. It will be presumed, as a matter of course, that the Chinaman has as much right to emigrate, and claim for his motto the maxim "Live and let live," as any other denizen of this earth's surface. Any one thinking otherwise must seek elsewhere than in this paper for a refutation of his dog-in-the-manger doctrine.

In dealing with the charges brought against the Chinese immigrant it would seem only necessary to give attention to the more material ones of vagrancy, immorality and insubordination. As regards those other traits which derive their importance from association rather than from any inherently objectionable features, it will suffice if their influence be not lost sight of when the question of remedial measures comes to be considered. If clannishness, patriotism, persistence in the habits and ideas to which one has been brought up, frugality, the desire to acquire money in order to lay it out at home, and a settled determination to lay one's bones on native soil, can be characterized as crimes or objectionable traits, then many are the Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Americans, who cannot afford to throw stones at the "heathen Chinee."

First, as regards the character of vagrancy ascribed to the Chinese immigrants as a class. This is to a certain extent merited, and it is a difficulty which, for some time to come at any rate, must beset the question more or less, seeing that it is of necessity chiefly the poor and wretched, who, finding existence at home impossible or intolerable, seek to better themselves by going abroad. But it is by no means the fact that it is solely the scum of the Chinese population who emigrate. It depends much upon the part of country from which they may hail. The chief, indeed the only, provinces whose populations have thus far shown a tendency to overflow seaward, are those of Canton, Fukien, and Chekeang, and the principal points of embarkation are (commencing from the west and going northward and eastward) Haenan, Canton and Macao, Swatow and Chaochow, Amoy, Chinchew, and, to a limited extent, Wenchow and Ningpo. The Haenan people make their way principally to the Straits of Malacca and that neighborhood, where they find ready and useful occupation as domestic servants. The province of Canton and some of its conterminous districts are drained through Canton and Macao, whence a vast number of mechanics and petty tradesmen yearly go southwards to the straits and Australia, and eastwards to California; and these ports have been the chief centres of the abominable traffic in coolies, which, fed as it has been by the refuse of a redundant population, has given to Chinese emigration the low character which is now universally attached to it. Swatow, Amoy, and Chinchew, although likewise outlets of late for coolies, were points of escape for the adventurous Chinaman long before the country was opened up by treaties, or coolie emigration was rendered practicable by the complicity of the foreigner; and it was from these districts principally that in those early times junks carried away the tradesmen, mechanics, agriculturists, fishermen, sailors, and hucksters who had already formed large and thriving communities in Java, Singapore, Malacca, Penang, and a hundred other places in the eastern seas, when English guns first woke up the echoes upon the Chinese coast. Thus tradition and association have alike helped to maintain the character of the emigrants who hailed from these particular districts, and to this day they constitute the most respectable type of the migrating class, and are perhaps as little open to the charge of being the scum of the population as any emigrants in the world. From this it will be seen that whilst the refuse of the Chinese population does to a great extent foul the stream of emigration going on from the Chinese shores, there is nevertheless in it a vast, if not preponderating, element of that class who form the backbone of trade, and have as much interest in leading a quiet, well-ordered life as any colonist who leaves the shores of Great Britain for the purpose of bettering his prospects.

The notable immorality ascribed to the Chinese immigrant comes next to be considered. That the Chinese are without the vices common to mankind, no one can for a moment pretend to maintain; but the question is, are they so specially and hopelessly addicted to the grosser forms of immorality as to render it inexpedient to encourage their introduction amongst Christian peoples? This query may safely be answered in the negative. Morality, although, properly speaking, a virtue hedged about with unmistakable limits, is practically and taking the world as it goes, at best but an elastic term. There is not a single nation, be it ever so Christian

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and civilized, in which immortality is not indulged in to a greater or less degree, and in which its practice is not tolerated by society so long as it is not obtruded too glaringly upon the public notice. Even religious and highly moral England has much to deprecate in this particular, and, if one may judge by what is to be seen every day in the streets, theatres, refreshment bars and rooms, places of entertainment, and other public resorts in the principal towns, the evil, instead of diminishing, seems to keep pace with the high-pressure rate of advance which marks every phase of life. But China is heathen, and, taking her with this qualification, it may be safely asserted that her people act more strictly up to their limited lights, and that their immoralities are fewer and far less obtruded upon the notice, than is the case in countries which have been vastly more privileged in the way of teaching, examples, and opportunities.

It has been too much the habit with some travellers, newspaper correspondents, and other hasty observers, who have ventured to write about China, to pander to the preconceived notions of their readers by mocking at the pretended mental and moral characteristics of the Chinese, and representing that, with all their loud talking about codes and maxims of renowned sages, they are, practically and without qualification, a dishonest, treacherous, cowardly, cruel, and degraded people. But it is as false as it is unmanly so to picture them. As a matter of fact, and making due allowance for the proportion of evil which must exist in every community, they regard the writings of their sages with all the reverence which we give to Bibles and liturgies in the West, and in the main carry out the excellent principles therein laid down most strictly in their social economy and personal relations. How otherwise could vast communities exist, as they do in China's thousand cities, person and property secure, peace, happiness, and plenty universal, education encouraged, local and general trade flourishing, business contracts sacred, poverty exceptional, and vice only to be found if sought out in its own special haunts? It is true, famine and flood periodically devastate huge tracts of country, rebellion decimates whole provinces from time to time, official rapacity and cruelty find their victims, alas! too frequently; cases of robbery, murder, infanticide, embezzlement, abduction, and other crimes are not uncommon; gambling-houses, brothels, and opium-dens thrive, and are winked at by the executive; and opium-smoking has its votaries in the most respectable family circles. But all these blots and blisters upon society are, in China as elsewhere, exceptions, not the rule; and they are apt to attract the observation of the superficial traveller or book-maker, while he shuts his eyes to, or purposely ignores, the background of the picture, where may be seen the Chinaman as he is at home, an intelligent, patient, hardworking, frugal, temperate, domestic, peace-loving, and law-abiding creature.

Thus much for the Chinese from a collective point of view. What this paper, however, has more directly to do with is the low character of that portion of the people which emigrate. Here circumstances and associations have to be taken into consideration, and the two facts already noticed — namely, that it is chiefly the poor and wretched who leave the country, and that no respectable females accompany the men — go far to explain how it comes to pass that they appear to be addicted to so many and such serious vices. This tendency, however, seems to have been more markedly observed in the case of those Chinese who have migrated to San Francisco, and to a certain extent also in the Australian communities. It certainly cannot be said to characterize those who have found their way into the Malayan archipelago, owing no doubt to the fact that, finding themselves among kindred dark-skinned races, they have in most cases married, settled down, and become serviceable members of society. Their successful introduction amongst such races would go far to prove, at any rate, that, given the necessary encouragement and protection, as well as reasonable facilities for attaching themselves to the soil, they are capable of becoming as contented and useful workers as they are in their own country.

As regards the insubordination and impatience of restraint ascribed to the Chinese immigrant, there is also something to be said both for and against. A frequent and well-founded occasion for complaint against the Chinese on this score has been their tendency to form secret associations, which, originally constituted in China for political purposes, are apt, when entered into abroad, to degenerate into conspiracies to resist unpopular government measures, or to determine disputes between clans or factions by resort to force. In fact, the instant and implacable severity with which any attempt to form a *hoei* or secret society in

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China is met by the executive, however neglectful or venal otherwise, and the comparative immunity from interference which such associations have usually enjoyed elsewhere, except when brought into notoriety by some overt act of resistance to lawful authority, have had the effect of fostering the growth of the evil amongst Chinese communities abroad; and until the same precautions are taken by foreign governments to check the tendency in the bud, as is the practice in China, these societies must always form a hot-bed of intrigue and machination against the public weal. There seems to be but one remedy for the nuisance, and that is to prohibit by the severest penalties the formation by the Chinese of any clubs or associations whatever whose books and proceedings are not open to periodical supervision by the police authorities. Apart from this proneness to club together for defensive purposes, and which may be ascribed to governmental maladministration, rather than to any impatience of restraint inherent in the Chinese character, there is every evidence to show that the Chinaman, in his own country and in his normal condition, is willingly submissive to constituted authority, and gladly accepts its obligations and restraints, so long as his rights as a man and a citizen are not unreasonably entrenched upon. Indeed, instances may be pointed out, all over China, in which large villages, which in Europe would rank as towns, pass a peaceful and unobtrusive existence, free from the supervision of either civil or military officials, and governed solely by a system of "ancients" or elders, by whom every dispute or difficulty is easily adjusted.

Under this category may be ranged another characteristic noticeable in the Chinese immigrant, namely, his contempt for, and resistance to, municipal arrangements for the public good. This is a feature of social economy quite foreign to a Chinaman's ideas of what is necessary or expedient in the general interest. In China, if a charitable or wealthy individual expends his spare funds in a public work, or if the government, or a club, or an association of householders more immediately interested take upon themselves to erect a bridge, pave a roadway, widen a street, improve the drainage, and such like, the general public gratefully accepts the boon, and avail itself of the advantages afforded. But, failing the occurrence of any such fortunate contingency, the Chinaman is content to take matters as he finds them, and never dreams of burdening himself or his neighbors with any obligations beyond what may be needful to keep body and soul together. Such a thing as an association for keeping streets clean and in repair, facilitating traffic, improving the drainage, securing general comfort and health, and otherwise promoting the public welfare, he is not accustomed to, and it is difficult to force upon his comprehension. No doubt he carries this prejudice with him into foreign lands, and thinks to live free of such superfluous luxuries, as he does in his own country. But the remedy of this weakness is a mere question of time and effort. It is not so very long since Western people were content to exist amidst surroundings fully as wretched, filthy, and obnoxious as anything now observable in Chinese cities; and the reformation which has since proved possible in their case gives reason to hope that the Chinese are not incapable of a similar regeneration, could similar inducements and opportunities be afforded them. A proof of what is practicable in this respect may at this moment be quoted in the Chinese quarter of the foreign settlement of Shanghai, where the arrangements for the public welfare, supported and aided to a great extent by the Chinese population, would do credit to many a European town.

Assuming the premises above set forth to be sound — namely, that the Chinese as a race are not hopelessly degraded nor insubordinate to reasonable restraint, that on the contrary they show every evidence, when in their own country, of being an industrious, intelligent, frugal, temperate, peace-loving, and orderly people, and that that portion of them which emigrate do not as a rule come from amongst the dregs of the population — the question very naturally presents itself, how it comes to pass that these people, when they go abroad, become metamorphozed into such vicious, obnoxious members of society as to be positively hurtful to any community amongst whom they settle. The reason is obvious to any one who has studied the Chinese in their own country, and is not inoculated by party or national prejudice. It is that the many commendable traits by which their character is marked have not been sufficiently understood or encouraged, whilst their bad points, developed unfortunately by adventitious and unfavorable circumstances, have not been dealt with in the manner best calculated to work an effectual remedy. Misappreciation and mismanagement have in fact been to a great extent, if not altogether, the true

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source of all our troubles with Chinese immigrants. And how can it be expected to be otherwise, when a government undertakes suddenly to bring within the scope of its legislative enactments tens and hundreds of thousands of an entirely alien race, without having them in any way represented in the executive, or without taking the precaution to see that some one member of the ruling power, at any rate, is familiar with the language, customs, and habits of thought of the people governed? A move in this direction has fortunately been made of late in Hongkong and Singapore, and with on the whole favorable results, considering the partial nature of the measures adopted. But until this reform was introduced, and as is even now the case in Australia, the West Indian islands and the United States, it may safely be affirmed that there was no one in official circles who comprehended one word of the spoken or written Chinese language, and that the members of the government one and all were utterly ignorant of the peculiarities of the people whom they were set to govern. Here at once would be a fruitful source of mutual misunderstandings between the governing and governed, leading inevitably to exaction and harsh treatment on the one side, and to shrinking, isolation, discontent, and despair on the other.

Happily there seems to be a remedy for this untoward condition of affairs, and one not beyond the reach of accomplishment, if only the proper course be taken to adopt and apply it. Much may be effected in the first place by efforts to improve the type and condition of the Chinese who emigrate, and by encouraging female emigration in the case of those countries where the Chinaman finds himself thrown among peoples of alien race to himself, as, for instance, in the British colonies and western American states. This result can only be attained by international arrangement with the Chinese government, and, more than one Western power being concerned, it would be a happy thing if concerted action could be brought to bear so as to secure unity of purpose in the general interest. The Chinese government, although always intolerant of the efflux of their people from their own dominions, have of late learned to accept the inevitable, and to show an interest in the welfare of their expatriated subjects, as has been evinced by the commission sent a few years ago to South America to inquire into the condition and treatment of their people there, and by their negotiations with more than one foreign government with a view to the legislation of emigration and its conduct upon humane and properly recognized principles. Nothing can have a more mischievous effect than the attempts which have been made both in America and Australia to legislate upon the subject independently of the Chinese government, and to place restrictions upon the influx of Chinese which are utterly opposed to treaty stipulations, and which foreign governments would certainly never tolerate in the case of their own subjects resorting to Chinese territory. Then, again, an entirely different system will need to be introduced in respect to the treatment of the Chinese who settle upon foreign shores. Every administration, within whose jurisdiction Chinese happen to place themselves, should lose no time in supplying itself, as a *sine quâ non*, with respectable interpreters, competent both to speak and write the language — such men, in fact, as those who, under the enlightened policy of the British Foreign Office, have done so much of late years to smooth away the asperities of our relations with China itself — men who, on the one hand, can, by their experience of the Chinese character, pilot the government into a discreet threading of its many intricacies, and on the other, by their familiarity with the language, court the trust and confidence of the people themselves.

Another most effectual method of conciliating the Chinese, and inducing content in their minds whilst under an alien rule, would be to hold out encouragements to individuals from amongst their own number to merit the distinction of taking a part, however limited, in the administration of their affairs. The Chinese are, as has been advanced at the commencement of this paper, an eccentric people. Their mental architecture is so entirely different from that of any other race as to be simply unique, and to attempt to lead them to a result by any other process of thought or argument than that to which they have been accustomed is to court almost certain failure. Hence the wisdom of humoring them to a certain extent; and this is nowhere more necessary than when dealing with them from an administrative point of view. The Dutch, with their usual acuteness, have detected this peculiarity, and met it in Java and their other Eastern possessions by appointing what are called "*capitan Cheena*" over certain sections of population, a species of small court magistrates, in fact, to whom are relegated all cases, civil and criminal, of a petty na-

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ture arising amongst their several districts, and who are responsible to the higher courts for the mode in which these are dealt with. Important cases, as a matter of course, are treated by the Dutch authorities; and a system of appeal, it is presumed, exists, so as to obviate corruption or injustice. The system is found to work well, and the Chinese like it; and example might with advantage be taken from it to introduce something of the same co-ordinate jurisdiction in other foreign states resorted to by Chinese. Could ameliorations of the kind described be once introduced, no long time would elapse before the results would show themselves in the increased attraction to foreign shores and happy settlement there of a people who, if properly understood and dealt with, are certainly capable of proving the most tractable and useful colonists in the world.

But, it may be argued, it does not suffice merely to establish the fact that the Chinaman is capable of becoming a useful colonist if properly understood and discreetly dealt with. There remains yet the difficulty of reconciling the white man to the damaging competition in the labor market to which he is subjected by the presence of the Chinaman, be he ever so quiet, good, and useful. The experience of all modern colonization goes to prove that the white working man cannot and will not tolerate the having to measure himself against colored labor. Not only does it inevitably drive him out of the market, but its mere introduction amongst a community of white men seems to have the direct effect of paralyzing their energies and creating a lower scale of society with which the white working man can have no sympathy, be he ever so poor and starving; and the result is that he either takes his place above the black and employs him to work for him, or he sinks to something below and becomes demoralized and lost.

This may be all very true, but it is open to question whether, as a consequence, the white man possesses the right to exclude the colored man from sharing with him any portion of God's earth, or competing with him in the great struggle for life which is the lot of humanity. A curse of servitude seems indeed to have been placed by an inscrutable Providence upon the colored races, and however philanthropists may claim that the colored man is by nature the equal of the white man, yet there can be no doubt that the time is still far distant when the colored man can fit himself for the equality political and social which theoretically should be his. But the white man may well be content to assert the ascendency which a more advanced state of civilization and intelligence has secured him, and to take the lead politically of his darker brother. There can be no justice in his attempting to appropriate likewise the loaves and fishes that should be common to all, or to grudge to the colored man the fruits of labor earned by the sweat of his own brow. If the interests of the two races clash, or harmony of sentiment and action be found difficult, it is for the government of the country concerned to meet the case by judicious legislation, which shall insure to every class the enjoyment of its reasonable and legitimate rights. For the masses to interfere, and to say, "This or that shall not be so long as it does not suit us," is to throw contempt on all government, and sooner or later to bring about a condition of anarchy dangerous alike to all. The latest accounts from San Francisco report that vast bands of working men have associated themselves by oath to stop the immigration of the Chinese altogether, and, if needs be, to destroy any Pacific mail steamer that attempts to introduce them. But let the case be reversed, and let a Chinese mob attempt such a high-handed measure as against American or other foreigners arriving upon their native shore — an outrage they would be quite capable of if driven thereto in retaliation — and what would be the consequence? Treaty rights would be instantly quoted against the disturbers of the peace, and the "inevitable gunboat" would forthwith appear on the scene to maintain these rights by force of arms. The white man, in fact, considers himself entitled to bring China and her commercial resources under tribute to his untiring enterprise and greed of gain, and the least he can do is to tolerate the admission into his own lands of Chinese whose object in resorting thereto is not so much to acquire wealth as to find bread for their daily needs.

The question very naturally suggests itself, what is then to be the future of the Chinese in Australia and America? It is difficult to make a forecast on this head with any approach to precision in view of the ever-varying phases which mark the political atmosphere in these days. In the United States especially paroxysms of political fever so continually agitate individual states, and even at times the nation at large, that he would be a bold man who would presume to predict what will be the condition of the country or any section of

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the population a hundred or even fifty years hence. One thing, however, it would seem allowable to assert without risk of mistake. The Chinaman is by tradition and education a monarchist, regarding autocracy as the only reasonable form of government; and he thrives best under its sway, so long as his just rights are respected. For the elective franchise he is entirely unfit, nor would he care for the privilege of exercising it if thrust upon him. After generations of association with white races and experience of the advantages of freedom of thought, the case might be different; but until his nature is materially modified, and the scope of his aims and wants becomes more extended, he progresses more safely led than leading. It follows that, whatever may be the political changes that may transpire in the countries to which Chinamen resort, their condition will be the happiest for themselves and the safest for the country concerned if they are dealt with as a subject people, and, as has already been remarked, as a community possessing abnormal characteristics, and therefore needing otherwise than ordinary treatment.

The preceding remarks represent the opinion of many who have been able to judge of the Chinese merely from observation of them in their own country, and apart from foreign associations and influences. But, as a matter of fact, little or no attention has been given to their condition and character as colonists abroad beyond the one-sided and sweeping condemnation of them which it has been the purpose of this paper to deprecate; and until full information upon these heads can be obtained, it may be to a certain extent unsafe to come to a definite conclusion as to the proper course to be pursued in dealing with the case. A very effective method of acquiring this information, and one that would have a most happy effect in conciliating and satisfying the Chinese immigrants themselves, would be to appoint a public commission of responsible persons, some of whom should speak and write the Chinese language, to visit all the places resorted to by Chinese, and to make it their duty to ascertain from the people themselves what grievances they have to complain of, what difficulties lie in the way of their harmonious incorporation with other colonists, and generally what remedial measures the circumstances of the case demand. Great Britain, as having an important interest in the results of such an inquiry, and as a power which is always found in the van where a policy of progress, enlightenment, and humanity is concerned, might very well take upon herself this duty, and there can be no doubt that she would have the grateful co-operation of the Chinese government and people in the undertaking, as well as the sympathy of other nations interested in the satisfactory solution of the problem.

W. H. MEDHURST.

From The Spectator.

THE RELATION OF MEMORY TO WILL.

AMID all the varied general interest of the great *cause célèbre* of our day — the Tichborne trial — perhaps the most distinct and important was the light thrown by it on people's different ideas of what it was possible to remember and to forget. When the trial was under general discussion, the contrast, or possibly the resemblance, between the powers of oblivion demanded for the claimant, and those which A and B were conscious of possessing, were matters of frequent mention, and most of us gained some knowledge of the different distance to which the past recedes in different lives. Hardly any knowledge can be more interesting or more fruitful, whether we consider its bearing on the moral atmosphere of the persons thus differently affected, or on the suggestion so expressively conveyed in the German name for memory, — *Erinnerung* (the *inward* faculty). Plutarch, in an attempt to vindicate the possible knowledge of the future, by showing the mysterious element in our knowledge of the past, calls memory "the sight of the things that are invisible, and the hearing of the things that are silent;" and a thinker, whose great metaphysical achievement was almost avowedly the obliteration from our mental inventory of all those powers which are supposed to deal with the invisible, recalls this description, in his confession that the analysis which reduced every other source of apparently ultimate knowledge to a trick of association was checked when we came to that within us which bore witness to a real past; and the concession that in this case we do know what we cannot prove, seems to us a pregnant one. *How* we know that these dim pictures on our walls — at once faint and indelible — are the work of another artist than imagination, must, J. S. Mill allows, be a question as vain as how we know that the things around us are real. But it is under its personal aspect that we would speak of memory to-day.

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Apart from some such test as the Tichborne trial, we are curiously ignorant of the different aspects of the past to different minds. One would have expected, perhaps, that we should discern any idiosyncracy in this region clearly enough. A good memory may be avowed without vanity, and a bad one confessed without shame, while the exigencies of practical life are continually confuting or confirming the claim or the confession. But as for the test at all events, and we suspect as to the self-revelation, it belongs exclusively to the recent past, and concerns rather what we should call the materials for memory than memory. A man would say he had a bad memory if he forgot to call for an important letter at the post-office, but there is nothing in such a fact as this to throw any light on his relation to the past. While he is chafing at his forgetfulness, the words — even the insignificant words — of those who have been for more than a generation unseen among men, may be distinct in his inward ear; he may see the flower-beds whence he plucked nosegays with tiny fingers, and feel again the push of a door that taxed his childish strength, on the threshold of a house whose very bricks and mortar have long since been mingled with the dust. And on the other hand, the most unique and one of the longest lives we ever knew — the life richest in material of the knowledge that would have found an eager listener — was obscured by the profusion of detail in the near past; far off, moved figures known to the historian, but close at hand there were so many of the doings and arrangements of contemporaries, remembered with a really surprising accuracy, that a glimpse at the giants who moved on our sphere when the century was young was hardly discernible through the cobwebs. Of this memory for the distant, we may almost say, in the exaggeration permissible to any short utterance on such a subject, that it differs, with different persons, as a window by day differs from a window by night. To some persons, hardly anything within the room is so distinct as its prospect. Those far-off hills, that winding road, that distant indication of busy life attracts their eye from open book, or pressing letter, or picture of some far fairer scene within. To others, the past is much what the outlook becomes when the candles are lit. A hasty glance in that direction reveals nothing but the reflection of the observer on the window-pane, and if he opens the window, and makes an effort to look out, still nothing is visible but the dim outline of things close at hand. Yet it is likely enough that for all practical exigencies one of the last class may have a good memory, and one of the first a bad one.

In this region our very silence is misleading. We are silent about what we have forgotten. We are silent also about what we remember most profoundly. "*Rien ne se ressemble comme le néant et la profondeur.*" We are apt to make mistakes both ways. Sometimes we take the silence of oblivion for the silence of profound and overpowering recollection, sometimes our mistake is in the opposite direction; and it is impossible to say which error is the commonest, for the one occurs when the deep mind judges the shallow, and the other when the shallow mind judges the deep. At all events, this misconception is one of the many causes which hide from us the meaning of memory in one mind and in another, and thus curtain off from us the moral background of every life.

We could be far more nearly just to each other, if we realized that with some persons the past years remain, and with others they depart. Take, for instance, the new light thus thrown on the sin of which, perhaps, we can least bear to believe ourselves guilty. Ingratitude, in the sense of an opportunity deliberately neglected to repay a great benefit, we should hope was a crime as rare as it is repulsive, but in the sense of a half-voluntary oblivion of small benefits, of the importance of which it is possible to take very different views, we do not think it is at all uncommon. Now look at it in the light of this intellectual difference between man and man. You are surprised that So-and-so shows no recollection of the kindly dealings which, having happened at a time when he was nobody, and you were somebody, surely deserved to be remembered. No intellectual explanation can exonerate one who has forgotten a kindness; still it makes a great difference, surely, if the ungrateful person has forgotten everything else that happened at the same time, wrongs to himself included. To him, the long-ago means something it is an effort to see. To you, it may mean something it is an effort not to see. You, perhaps, are imagining him to *see* these past actions of yours, and choose to ignore them, while it needs as great an effort on his part to recall them (to return to our first figure) as to look out from a lighted room. And his loss is not pure loss. His short memory may improve his relations with his fellow-men as often as it injures them; indeed, men and

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women being what they are, it is to be feared rather more often. A generous person dismisses the slight of yesterday to oblivion and recalls the kindnesses that enriched his far-off youth, whatever be the medium through which he habitually views the past. But we shall never know the difficulty in either action without some reference to this medium, and by the same principle, we cannot, without such a reference to it, rightly judge him who forgets what he ought to remember, or who remembers what he ought to forget.

Nevertheless, the "ought" remains. The very illustrations which bring home to us the difficulty of discarding or retaining the past, impress on us also its aspect as a part of duty, and while we shall best understand other lives by realizing its difficulty, it is a constant sense of its possibility which we need in order to mould our own. That any one *ought* to remember, indeed, and that recollection therefore is, to some extent, a matter of will, we admit every time we blame a child or a servant for forgetting a message, whatever difficulty we may find in carrying out our own view consistently. But can we say that the possibility of remembering at will involves the possibility of forgetting at will? Because we may make a successful effort to resist sleep, does it follow that we may make a successful effort to resist wakefulness? There is a natural fitness in effort to produce recollection, is there not also a natural fitness in effort to prevent oblivion? Does not the very desire to forget, imply that we are doomed vividly and permanently to remember? This question was, in fact, one of the great points of interest in the famous trial to which we have alluded. The possibility of obliterating a painful past from the mind was the plea put forward on the part of the person who had, it was asserted, voluntarily reduced certain parts of his life to a blank. "This possibility," said the chief justice, in that masterly summing-up which most of its readers must have wished they had made their exclusive source of knowledge of the history, "will not be confirmed by the experience of most people." How many, indeed, must have wondered that any other suggestion had not been made in preference to one that defied all their most vivid experience, — that any one should forget a part of his youth *because* it was painful. You might as well suggest that a speech had been unheard by him *because* of the loud voice of the speaker. And what is surprising is that, however ardently we may wish that such and such things had not been, it is wonderfully difficult even to *desire* that they should be forgotten. Whilst the past seems a part of oneself, that clinging to life which belongs to our whole being makes itself manifest in the recoil from oblivion, even with regard to what we would so gladly have avoided altogether. Oblivion is near enough; we approach that time, to borrow the fine, though rather confused, image of Locke, when our memory is to resemble the tombs to which we are hastening, in which, though the marble and brass remain, "yet the inscriptions are effaced, and the imagery withers away." We will not go half-way to meet the chill shadow; even pain is less an object of dread than the loss of something that has become a part of our intellectual being.

It is true, there is in the effort to forget, something that seems a sort of intellectual suicide. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which forgetting, we believe, is as much of a duty as remembering. There is such a mental attitude, however difficult it be to describe, and though it is impossible to give it a single name, as turning our back on the past, or on part of the past. Duty has no more despotic claim on any part of our being than on that faculty which surrenders its possessions to oblivion. Doubtless it is impossible to put into words the kind of effort a man makes when he wills to do something which *will*, apparently, has no tendency to achieve. Or rather, perhaps, the effort to move the will is a thing indescribable in words. How can I make myself cease to wish what I do wish? It must be possible, for it is sometimes the demand of conscience. The past must remain, but we may open the door to something that hides it. The well-known and often repeated condemnation of the Bourbons, — that they had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, commemorates the general impression, which we believe to be a profoundly true one, that a man must forget in order to remember. There are some things in the history of every man which he must cease to contemplate, in order to see anything else. We remember hearing the biography of one eminent lawyer by another criticised by a third as rendered nugatory by the constant reminder, "I have been very much ill-used by him." The biographer needed to forget one fact about his hero, in order to state clearly anything else about him. The necessity

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is seen most clearly in the lives of the great, but it is common to them and their humblest fellow-men.

We believe that hardly anything would do more to open springs of sympathy, and close those of bitterness, than the recognition of our responsibility for what we remember. That it should cease to be true that

> Each day brings its petty dust,
> Our soon-choked hearts to fill,
> And we forget because we must,
> And not because we will,

this, we believe, would bring about such a transformation of the moral nature as would resemble, or rather as would supply, new motives for all strenuous action, new dissuasion from all useless thought. It would be something like choosing from out the whole circle of our acquaintance the wisest and best to be our daily companions, and so occupying our attention with their large and fruitful interests, that all that was small, or futile, or bitter should, under this beneficent encroachment, wither away of itself.

From The Spectator.

GARDEN-PARTIES.

CAN it be possible that all writers of poetry and fiction are leagued together to deceive mankind in the matter of garden-parties? The idea of such a conspiracy must be a painful one, but the most unsuspicious of men may well ask himself what other theory will fit the facts. Our poets and novelists are alike fond of introducing us to garden-parties, and invariably lavish their prettiest phrases on such descriptions. This might be proved, if any proof were needed, by a multitude of quotations, but one or two will be enough. Every one will remember how George Eliot tells us of a festival where the guests,

> descending at the garden gate,
> Streamed, with their feathers, velvet, and brocade,
> Through the pleached alleys;

and how she gives us a charming glimpse of them later;

> A joyous hum is heard the gardens round;
> Soon there is Spanish dancing, and the sound
> Of minstrel's song, and autumn fruits are pluckt.

Or we may take, as even more to the purpose, a few lines from Mr. Morris, who excels in painting such sweet summer pictures. This is what he says of a garden-party, in the "hot, bright days" towards the end of June: —

> On such a day
> These folk among the trellised roses lay.
> . . . . . .
> Nor did the garden lack for younger folk,
> Who cared no more for burning summer's yoke
> Than the sweet breezes of the April-tide;
> But through the thick trees wandered far and wide
> From sun to shade, and shade to sun again.
> . . . . . .
> Both youths and maidens; and beneath their feet
> The grass seemed greener, and the flowers more sweet
> Unto the elders as they stood around.

We do not offer this as a complete description of a garden-party, but it is a delightful sketch, in which no essential point is omitted. We have been obliged to cut out a few references to customs which are somewhat out of fashion. The elders have perhaps grown wiser since those days, and they do not usually lie about on the grass while the young people take their gentle exercise. And certainly they do not employ these leisure moments in crowning themselves with flowers. Many of them are quite as fond of telling stories now as then, but the practice does not, as a rule, attract the "younger folk" from distant corners of the garden. Still, allowing for these little differences, the picture, as far as it goes, is charming. Details may be wanting, but we have here all that is absolutely necessary, — garden and shrubberies, summer-time and flowers, chaperons and young people. Perhaps with us the garden-party season begins rather late for "trellised roses," and the words must be taken to represent ribbon borders of geraniums and calceolarias. But poetry is apt to require a little adaptation, to make it fit the facts of every-day life, and the rest is accurate enough. We have the maidens, — the daughters of the squire, the lawyer, the doctor, and the neighboring clergy; and the youths, — the few eligible young men who live within reach, or can be coaxed from town for the day, eked out with a sprinkling of tall schoolboys, and two or three officers from the nearest garrison. And they are certain to wander together as far and as wide as the limits of the garden permit, having nothing else to do. But is it quite like one of Mr. Morris's poems, after all? And is going to a garden-party really the most perfect way of spending a summer afternoon?

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We begin to doubt when we remember many summer afternoons which we have spent indoors, even, it may be, with feet on the fender, for it must be confessed that our climate is not to be trusted. There is a touch of shy caprice about the seasons, something of March and April underlying our summer weather. A "wet, bird-haunted English lawn" has a loveliness of its own, but on a chilly August day it is not exactly the spot where one would choose to linger, even though a brass band from the county town should do its best to make up for the autumnal silence of the birds by playing a set of quadrilles. And our doubts increase if we leave the poets altogether, and attempt a sketch in more appropriate prose. We can easily make a study from the life, for garden parties do not seem likely to go out of fashion. In spite of wind and rain, they show themselves in our grounds year after year, like shrubs that put forth blighted leaves and blossoms, but will not die. Garden-parties are flowers which will not flourish in our chilly air, and — since doubt, once admitted, spreads ever faster — we may question whether they would be worth very much if they did. They do not harmonize well with the traditions of old-fashioned country-houses and English hospitality. There is something hollow and pretentious about them. A man might be dull, and his entertainment poor, yet you felt that he had done what he could when he welcomed you to his home. But there is something not quite so cordial about the hospitality which stops to shut the house-door before unfastening the garden-gate. It is true that the welcome, such as it is, is widely diffused. People do not send out invitations to dinner without considering a little how their friends will suit each other, but they deal in a more haphazard fashion with the guests who are to stay out-of-doors, and be refreshed with tea and thin bread-and-butter. There is plenty of room, and "The more the merrier" is a proverb of hopeful sound, so why should any one be excluded? Unluckily there is nothing to be done with these miscellaneous crowds when they arrive. The host and hostess can only walk about in smiling helplessness, devoutly hoping that all will go well, and that the pleasant people will come together and enjoy themselves. They are secretly aware that they have invited a great many who are not particularly pleasant. If the bores would but fasten on each other, there might not be much harm done; but of course, being bores, they do nothing of the kind, and even the pleasant people seem less pleasant than usual. There is nothing to do but to talk, which would be very well indeed, if it were not impossible to talk while standing on a lawn in the midst of a continually shifting crowd. Every one knows this who has made the attempt. Every sentence is broken by greetings from fresh arrivals, every body is anxious to make a remark about the weather, and to ask whether you have seen everybody else; the people you like best are going as you come or coming as you go, and the time slips away in a succession of glimpses of faces, and tantalizing snatches of conversation.

Yet this is a garden-party under comparatively favorable circumstances. Who does not know what it is when circumstances are unfavorable? There have been three or four wet days in succession, and the morning comes with threatening clouds. Still it does not actually rain, and some one who is weather-wise says the glass is going up, and even if there should be a shower, it will be nothing of any importance. There *is* one, of course, just to give a final touch of wetness to the grass; but after that it clears up more decidedly, and at the appointed time you start, hoping for the best. You are not one of those fortunate but unsympathetic people who do not care about the color of their weather, and the dull, grey sky oppresses you with a guilty sense of melancholy. As you drive up to the house, however, you remark on the pleasant animation of the scene, sorely as it needs a gleam of sunshine; and you hasten to join the groups that come and go, with a certain briskness of movement, along the paths and underneath the trees. You understand it better a few minutes later, when you have ascertained that the garden is bleak and exposed, and that the wind (which is decidedly getting up) is either north or east, or that delightful mixture of the two which has found a poet of its own. There is lawn-tennis, of course, but the greatest happiness of the greatest number was never more deliberately ignored than when lawn-tennis was introduced at garden-parties. For every four who play, there are forty who must stand out, either because they cannot play, or because there is no room for them. It is not very amusing to look on, especially when an old lady at your elbow wants the game explained to her, but cannot get rid of the impression that it is very like battledore and shuttlecock, and that they might keep the ball up

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better, if they tried. It is only fair, however, to say that the players are not really enjoying themselves either. They are playing badly, and they know it. The men want to take off their coats, and the girls are evidently hampered by their unbusiness-like dresses, and afraid of slipping on the wet grass. The closely-shaven lawn is unpleasantly like a damp sponge, and the forty who are standing on it, and getting very chilly, feel it a distinct aggravation of their misery that the four who are actively exerting themselves should be very much too hot. Presently the necessity for exercise sends the lookers-on to wander once more, perhaps to find their way into the kitchen-garden. But they will not stay there long, for cabbages are hideously depressing on a dreary day, and a time comes when every possibility of amusement is exhausted. It is terrible to realize this, and to know that the carriages have been sent to the village a mile and a half away, and that yours will not come for another hour or more. Then it is that you feel that you are certainly catching cold, and that you hate your shivering fellow-creatures, though you hate those most who shiver least. You do not wonder that under certain circumstances people take to drinking. You begin to think that they are far from inexcusable, if the circumstances are at all like yours. You would take to it yourself, only, fortunately for your reputation and your future career, you can find nothing to drink but claret-cup with gnats in it, and there is not much to be got out of that except the gnats. So you resign yourself to your fate, and gloomily resolve that you will go to no more garden-parties, unless, indeed, one should be given in the grounds of the Palace of Truth. It would be worth while to go to that; for there would never be another.

Some such experience as this is only too common in the months of August and September, and yet there are people who cherish a dream, made up of poetry such as we quoted, and of memories of sunshine in sweet, old-fashioned gardens. To such we can only say, — If you care for your beautiful vision, deal tenderly with it. Call it up by the fireside on winter evenings, when the ground is like iron with the blackest of frosts, and the bleak wind tyrannizes over leafless trees. But think of it as little as may be when the long days come round once more, and never, if you prize it, take it with you to one of the garden-parties of the present day.

From The Spectator.

INVALIDS.

MISS MARTINEAU'S low estimate of her "Life in the Sick-room" strikes us as a curious (though in this case quite explicable) example of the inability of authors to judge the relative value of their own productions. It is the one of her writings we should place highest. The fresh, pure sense of nature's homely grace, expressed as it is in so many pictures which owe their charm wholly to the painter, or at least in the originals of which a common eye would find no attraction; combined with an appreciation, which is indeed seldom separated from this taste for nature, of the pathos of ordinary human life, with its undistinguished joys and sorrows, give the book a refreshing influence which it is curious to find in any volume with such a title. It is, indeed, an eminently healthy book. After saying this, we need hardly add that we cannot accept it as a picture of average life in the sick-room. Though full of shrewd and thoughtful observation, or perhaps because of this wealth, it fails to represent the usual experience of the invalid who,

> gazing round this little room,
> Must whisper, "This shall be thy doom.
> *Here* must thou struggle, here alone
> Repress tired nature's rising moan."

Miss Martineau's experience was, indeed, modified by too many exceptional influences to allow her to feel this trial as it weighs on hundreds and thousands, and perhaps hardly any one who feels it could describe it. However, she was far too clever a woman to write on any subject she understood without giving many sensible hints about it, and although other parts of the book seem to us more valuable, these suggestions, based on experience, and bearing on one of the most difficult problems of life, form no despicable portion of this particular invalid's legacy to her kind.

It would be a very valuable book which should teach the sick to understand the healthy, and the healthy to understand the sick. No two classes so urgently need this mutual understanding, and perhaps no two classes find it equally difficult. It is very desirable that the rich should be just to the poor, and the poor to the rich, but it is a great alleviation of mutual misunderstanding in this case that the rich and the poor live apart. The sick and the well, on the other hand, are separated not by a dividing line crossing society, but by

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a thousand small centres of divergence sprinkled all over it. *This* difficulty divides families and separates friends; it introduces sources of hopeless misapprehension between those who have been intimate from childhood, and who are still, and must continue, in direct outward contact. Moreover, it is not only more necessary for sick and well to understand each other than for rich and poor, it is also more difficult. How misleading are the external suggestions of illness! Who can approach some one lying on a couch, in an atmosphere of stillness and careful order, and not find his imagination filled with the idea of repose? And yet nothing is so unlike any sensation of lifelong illness as repose is. Hurry, and overdriven weariness, and distracting annoyances, and all the disasters of an overbusy life, give one far more insight into the condition of an invalid than that which is suggested to us by everything about him. We cannot always remember this paradox, but it does not cease to be true when we forget it.

The great hindrance to an understanding of lifelong illness is that every one knows a little of illness, and most people fancy that transitory experience enables them to judge of a permanent condition. No mistake is more natural, but we believe none to be more entire. We can judge about as well of the hardships of poverty from remembering some Alpine journey in which dinner was not to be had when it was much wanted, as we can, by recalling some attack of sharp fever, or the confinement of a sprained ankle, imagine what it is to exchange the interests, pains, and pleasures of this busy world for those of the sick-room. There are two main reasons for this misleading effect of what is transitory. The most important, perhaps, is our inability to represent to ourselves adequately the effect of difference of degree. We are apt to reason about cause and effect as if we could by multiplying a small result arrive at a large result. And yet the every-day lessons of nature are full of warnings against this kind of reasoning. Imagine a logical thinker for the first time learning that a certain degree of cold made water solid; any attempt on his part, short of success, to verify the statement would make it seem more improbable. "It is true," he might say, "we cannot get the thermometer quite so low as what you call the freezing-point, but you see we have come very near it, without detecting the slightest tendency to this startling change from fluid to solid." The laws of chemistry are a standing protest against this kind of reasoning, and it would be well for every logician to be forced to study them. People are constantly arguing about moral questions in the style of our supposed disbeliever in ice, and we believe nobody can quite shake off the influence of this fallacy in judging of illness. It is wonderfully difficult to realize that the effect of some condition may be different, according as it is permanent or transitory, not only in degree, but in kind. Yet it is undeniable. A short taste of some privations might prove a positive enjoyment; a day of painless blindness, for instance, might prove to a busy worker a delightful rest. Such a person would, after such an experience, be further from knowing what it is to be blind always, than one who had never been blind at all. A short trial of illness, therefore, or indeed of any misfortune, is not only an imperfect means of forming any judgment as to its permanent effect, it is very often the means of forming a wrong judgment. It resembles, in this respect, a slight knowledge of a foreign language. A foreigner, speaking English, once said of Beethoven, whom he had personally known, — "He was very brutal." The information thus conveyed to an English ear by a veracious and well-informed witness was as correct as much opinion that is founded on a short experience. But in the case of illness, we fear, the reality is "brutal" in English, and not in French.

But in the second place, it is very important, and not very easy, to remember that the actual circumstances of anything permanent are altogether different from the circumstances of anything transitory. There would be abundant sympathy for the ills of life, if they would last only a short time. Many invalids will say that they do not want sympathy, but this is hardly ever entirely true, and it is never true that they do not want what sympathy brings. Eager and devoted attention may sometimes actually lessen suffering, and if this is often not the case, it is undeniable that an atmosphere of tender, absorbing anxiety does make bearable all but the worst and rarest physical ills. Many who can recall some short attack of dangerous illness, preceded and followed by health, will say that no memory is more precious to them. When death and estrangement have done their work, the recollection of hours of feverish pain, in which the patient's acceptance of food or drink caused more gratitude than all the beneficence of his subsequent career, shines through the

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vista of cold, loveless years with a radiance that is only partly delusive. That experience did really belong to the struggle between life and death, but it is utterly unlike the experience of the very same physical condition when death and life have alike receded, and that awful, potent, all-healing fear of separation is as remote as the hope and stir that belong to the ordinary course of things in the world. Is it no trial to watch relaxed devotion, and feel it the result simply of the heaviness of the misfortune which first called forth devotion? Let no one plead in answer that the sufferer gets used to pain. His nearest and dearest get used to the thought of his suffering — it is a law of nature, to which they can but submit — but never let us suppose that the pain of another grows less because we think less about it. It is possible to get used to privation, and to some kinds of minor discomfort. Any one who says it is possible to get used to pain has forgotten what pain is.

It is wonderfully easy to forget pain. We have often thought there was a sort of witness to immortality in the strange fact that while emotion remembered, is, to some extent, emotion experienced, sensation is never really remembered at all. Whatever belongs to the body seems to bear the stamp of mortality, — it passes at once into the region of oblivion when we are delivered from its pressure. How different is the relation of memory to the maladies of the soul! Place the unkindness of long years ago side by side in your recollection with the toothache of last week, and you feel at once you are comparing a living thing and a dead thing. The unkindness, whether remembered by him who felt or inflicted it, is a living reality, potent to reopen and envenom the wound it had made. The toothache is gone, as if it had never been. To this fact, we are convinced, must be traced the common assumption that any degree of bodily suffering would be chosen rather than severe pain of mind. What people mean in saying this is, no doubt, that they would rather *remember* physical than mental pain, and of course a short experience of the pain which leaves no trace is to be preferred to an equally short experience of the pain which leaves a profound trace. But we are considering the case of one who knows that this fierce companion will not quit his side till the clay which gives it its power is laid in the grave, — and no sufferer, we think, is to be set by his side. The deadliest mental anguish allows some respite, when the body claims its due; an undying grief does not prevent faint gleams of pleasure when sleep comes on after fatigue, or hunger and thirst are relieved. But there is no converse to the picture. An unintermittent pain of body, when very severe, leaves room for nothing but itself.

The effort at understanding a state very different from their own, like every other effort, cannot be urged on the sick as it can on the sound. Yet we are far from thinking that it ought not to be urged on the sick at all. Lifelong illness would be, we are certain, more tolerable, if the invalid could realize the difficulties it imposes on the surrounders. Doubtless there is pain in the recognition, and a sort of pain to which there is nothing parallel in the corresponding effort on the part of the sound. But it would save far more pain than it inflicts, in all circumstances, to recognize the cost at which every one puts himself in the place of another. Those who are bustling about in the world must take their neighbors as they find them. They at any moment can change their atmosphere, and they do not carry about a moral thermometer, to see whether it is exactly suited to their taste and temperament, or if they do, they are taught their mistake. The invalid, on the other hand, has a right to demand that you should bring no jarring ideas to an atmosphere he cannot change at will; but he seldom sees that this, like every other peculiar demand, must release some form of energy to compensate for that which it absorbs. The principle of the conservation of force is the greatest help to mutual toleration that the intellectual world can supply, and translated into the language of common life, this scientific expression means no more than the homely adage that you cannot eat your cake and have it. We are always experiencing the truth of this saying, and always forgetting it. It is a constant temptation to believe that any one who behaved rightly would be able to spend great moral energy in one direction, without having less to spend in another. Certainly a man's moral energy is not limited in the way that his purse is. Practically, however, it is limited. Every exceptional claim implies some surrender. The invalid whose nerves must be sheltered, who must have intercourse adjusted to suit him, cannot be looked up to as a source of influence. He must not expect to be at once deferred to as a capable person and sheltered as a weak one.

But one of the great difficulties of the sick-room is the absence of those circum-

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stances which help self-appreciation. Most people overrate themselves in certain directions, but in the jostling of the world, most of us are taught our place. The atmosphere of the sick-room, on the other hand, quite shuts out the possibility of the small checks which make us feel that we have thought too much of ourselves. It is quite evident that Miss Martineau suffered in this way, though perhaps her deafness had as much to do with the result as her ill-health. At any rate, she is a memorable example of the disadvantages of being cut off from the discipline which teaches modesty. No doubt a great deal of the deference which fed her vanity was both deserved and sincere, but probably not quite all. And with ordinary invalids, there is and cannot but be much illusion as to the interest they inspire, for nothing is so like deference as well-bred compassion. But indeed it has been a truth insufficiently considered, although its causes are obvious, that all influences which isolate the soul tend to give it an undue idea of its own importance. It is hard — we believe almost impossible — for a solitary being to attain humility.

What, we may be asked, in conclusion, is our remedy for all these disadvantages? Or what is the use of dwelling on disadvantages for which there is no remedy? Is it not better to forget incurable ills, till they are forced on the mind by the pressure of experience?

No, emphatically no. The ordinary misfortunes of the world would lose much of their pain if they were distinctly recognized. And although it is true that we do not remove misunderstanding in accounting for it — that we cannot make it otherwise than painful — yet the difference between a pain which we trace to unkindness or selfishness and that which we trace to inevitable mistake, is as great as the difference between the pain of a sprained ankle when we try to stand on it, and when we let it rest on a cushion. The mind loses the bitterness of its sufferings in discerning their necessity, and is sometimes surprised in this acquiescence to find them almost disappear.

THE treaty between Japan and Corea of February 26, 1876, gave the Japanese the right to settle and trade on certain points of the Corean coasts. The first of these settlements was formed in Fusan, not far from Torai, and a correspondent thence to the Japanese journal *Sakigake Shinbun* says: —

It was very cold in January at Fusan: the thermometer stood between —2° and —22° F. (—19° and —30° C.). Our settlement numbers about a hundred houses, with about eight hundred Japanese inhabitants of both sexes. A school for teaching the Corean language was lately opened in the newly-built temple of Honganji. The populous city of Torai, which is about three *ri* (seven miles) from our settlement, is frequently infested by tigers, and on that account every door is closed early in the evening, after which no one ventures into the streets. An animal called "tonpi" by the Coreans, and which resembles a cat, attacks the tiger, which seems to fear it greatly. Noticing this, the Coreans, when they go into the hills, put on a cap of tonpi-skin. Very few of the lower class of Coreans sleep in beds; most of them have only a sheet of Corean paper for a couch, and keep up a fire beside them for warmth. The articles of import are chiefly muslin, silk, dyes, tin, copper, and various small wares. The Coreans, on the other hand, bring golden and other valuable manufactured goods for export. No customs are paid in trading.

THE Rev. W. G. Lawes, the well-known New Guinea traveller and missionary, has communicated to the *Colonies* an interesting account of a visit which he paid, towards the close of last year, to the previously unknown village of Kalo, on the western bank of the Uanekela (or Kemp-Welch) River, which empties into Hood Bay, New Guinea, not far from Kerefunu. Mr. Lawes says that the village is laid out in streets and squares, all of which are kept scrupulously clean, being swept every day by the women. He induced one of the chiefs to accompany him some three miles up the river, which he found takes a sharp curve a little way above Kalo, and becomes narrower, but after about a mile it widens out again into a fine broad stream. It is said to be navigable for a long distance, and, according to native accounts, runs to Manumanu, in Redscar Bay. On the Kalo side of the river groves of cocoanut trees abound, and betel-palms are also plentiful, while on the east bank numerous and extensive plantations of bananas and sugarcane were seen. Mr. Lawes states that the villages round and near Hood Bay are inhabited by a fine race of men, who are industrious and kindly-disposed, though at first shy and suspicious. They have a warlike character, but their hostility to each other would probably be soon removed if more constant intercourse were established among them. Cocoanuts are at present the only article of any commercial value which the natives possess, and it is probable that some day large quantities of *copra* will be exported from this part of New Guinea; no doubt, too, the country has other resources which are as yet undeveloped.

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THE SPRAY OF SEAWEED.

NESTLED below the hollow bank,
In the rugged northern land,
Where the breakers leap and the wild winds sweep
Over the long grey sand;
Where the great tides' ceaseless ebb and flow
Leave curving lines of foam,
Amid rush and sedge, on a rocky ledge,
The fisherman made his home.

Forever through blaze of noonday,
Through midnight's solemn sleep,
Through morn's soft ray, and gloaming grey,
Thrilled the music of the deep;
And the foam-flakes flew on the breezes,
And rested, where sparse and thin,
The grasses shook in the sheltered nook,
As the flood-tide thundered in.

She stands in the lowly doorway,
The girl with the wild blue eyes,
The floating hair, and the startled air,
And the blush that deepens and flies,
Whenever a sudden footstep
Treads the path o'er the turfy down,
Or the bells peal out, or a laugh or a shout
Rings up from the little town.

She goes not with the red-cloaked girls
To the pier at evening tide,
Nor lingers to watch for the herring catch,
On the staithes at the harbor side;
Nor wanders among the sand-hills,
Where the sea-pinks creep and cling,
Nor to lanes where they know the violets blow,
And the merry bluebells ring.

But ever she keeps her vigil
By her father's lonely cot,
With a listening ear — what would it hear?
Fixed eyes, that strain for — what?
And always the frail, soft fingers
Toy with a strange love-token;
A seaweed spray from the rocky bay,
Its trails all dried and broken.

They talk sometimes in whispers,
Among the fisher-folk,
Of a stranger who came with a foreign name,
To win a heart he broke;
And one would tell he watched them,
On the sands-reach by the heath,
And saw him twist, round the curls he kissed,
The sea-bloom's coral wreath.

Fast fled that golden summer.
Oh, many a lonely year,
Through change and loss, through care and cross,
Has the pale girl wasted here!
For him who wooed, and won, and went,
Fair promise on his tongue;
Nor ever returned to the faith he spurned,
To the heart his falsehood wrung.

Yet still she keeps the seaweed,
That as his pledge he gave,
That happy night, in the soft rose light,
At the margin of the wave;
And ever she waits and watches,
For him who will never more
Trace the winding road, too often trode,
To the cottage on the shore.

And the few life leaves to love her,
No longer strive to win
The wildered brain from the sweet, dull pain,
It so long has wandered in;
Better they think to let her keep
Her poor dim dream of trust,
Till at last at rest, she bears on her breast,
The seaweed and the dust.

All The Year Round.

THE SEA-HORSE.

SEA-MINNOW this with pony's crest,
Just one of Amphitrite's toys,
With which her Nereids coax to rest
The little stormy Triton boys;

In truth, a tiny twisted thing
Which, cast upon that golden shore,
The dark-eyed lads to strangers bring
Where sang Parthenope of yore.

Device befitting sculptured page,
Quaintly with whiffs of song entwined,
Waif from the ebbing tide of age,
A hippocampus of the mind,

Which seeks from out the old and new,
A happy canto to compile,
Whose signs and words around may strew
The soothing of a quiet smile.

Now in the fish some hearts may claim
A symbol ever dear to us;
And some the pony pet, though lame,
A little mule of Pegasus.

Then haste, thou atom of a book,
To young and old with cheery call;
In town or train, or pastoral nook,
Thy message has a word to all.

A Century of Emblems.

"SO WANDL' ICH WIEDER DEN ALTEN WEG."

So again I am pacing the well-known streets,
The road I so oft have taken;
I come to the house where my darling dwelt,—
How blank it looks and forsaken!

The streets are too narrow, they shut me in!
The very stones of them scare me!
The houses fall on my head! I fly
As fast as my feet can bear me!

HEINE.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

HENRI GREVILLE'S SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

A FEW years ago a lady offered a novel to a well-known French editor. He not only refused it, but spoke of it most slightingly. "Never, never," said he to her husband who offered him the manuscript, "will any newspaper or review accept any of your wife's writings: if she ever obtains the slightest success in Paris, come and tell me I was mistaken." So discouraged was she by her repeated failures that she was inclined to abandon Paris for St. Petersburg, a city which had more kindly received her literary efforts. Suddenly, as in so many other instances of long-unappreciated talent, a change came. Newspaper after newspaper opened wide its columns. In the year 1876 she published with full success no less than six (long before written) novels, and four more in 1877. At present her position is assured. What the above-mentioned editor now thinks of his outspoken condemnation has never been made public.

For a great many years the professorship of French in the University of St. Petersburg has been held by M. Jean Fleury, the author of a highly successful work on Rabelais.* His daughter, Mlle. Alice Fleury, was educated by him so well that at fifteen she was well acquainted with Latin, English, and Italian. It was when she had attained that age that she accompanied her father from Paris to St. Petersburg, where she spent many winters, generally passing the summers in Russian country houses. Having thus gained a perfect knowledge of Russian life, she began to publish her experiences, the French *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* opening its columns to a series of her novels between the years 1871 and 1876. Meantime she had married M. Durand, a professor of French at St. Petersburg, and had left that city for Paris, which long, in its literary capacity, treated her with the inhospitality described above. Now, however, all is changed, and her fame as a novelist is established under the pseudonym of "Henri Gréville." That name is taken from a hamlet in Normandy, the province from which the Fleurys originally came.*

In a few of Henri Gréville's novels the scene is laid in France. "*Suzanne Normis*" is the record of a father's affection for a daughter married to an unworthy husband. "*Autour d'une Phare*" is the story of a faithless wife's remorse. "*La Maison de Maurèze*" relates the story of a noble and pure-hearted wife who struggles onwards amid many sufferings and leaves them behind her at last. But these stories of French life have not the charm of novelty which renders so attractive those of the author's novels of which the scene is laid in Russia. In the latter all is new and strange. The reader is transported into an unknown land. The landscapes are unfamiliar, the peasants who till the fields or meet together before the village church are different from those of other lands, and even the superior beings who inhabit the seigneurial halls speak and think and conduct themselves in a manner which often offers a sharply defined contrast to that to which we are accustomed in better-known regions. And about these pictures of Russian life there is a singular charm. The splendor of the summer nights, when the glorious moon reveals the landscape revelling in the fresh coolness which has followed the intolerable blaze of the day; the silence of the winter, when the crackling frost goes about seeing that the rivers are well bridged, and the earth well wrapped in snow, and the trees adorned with their crystal gauds; the dull villages, with their dark wooden cottages drawn up in two lines separated by a space of mud in spring, of dust in summer, of snow in winter; the white-walled, green-domed church, and the seigneur's house with its surrounding household buildings and its adjoining wood — all these are brought as clearly before the reader's eyes as they could be in the Russian novels of which he is probably unable to read a line. Then the

* *Rabelais et ses Œuvres* (Didier).

* For many of these details the writer is indebted to an interesting and trustworthy article by M. Louis Leger in the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse* for last March.

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time-honored customs of the villagers; their half-savage life, but little altered from what it was in the olden days before Peter introduced his reforms, when Russia was warred upon by Lithuanians and Poles, or still earlier when the land lay prostrate beneath the Mongol yoke, or earlier still when it was divided among countless independent princes of Rurik's line, or even earlier in pre-historic times when the Slav immigrants first dotted the country with their village communities and shared the lands they tilled among the fathers of their families; and the easy-going, hospitable manners of the country house, where the superiors used to recline like gods upon their divans careless of the peasant kind who paid them worship and worked wearily for their pleasure; the constant comings and goings, the long drives over the crackling snow in winter, the cheery wanderings on fine summer's evenings beneath the "dreaming" trees, the frequent tea, the gossipings, the flirtations, and the unceremonious visitings — all these things are clearly pictured in "Henri Gréville's" books, and may be clearly realized by all who read them. Let us give an idea of some of the most characteristic.

The darkest picture which they contain is that offered by "*L'Expiation de Savéli*," a record of the fearful sufferings inflicted upon a village community by a tyrannical proprietor in the old days of serfdom. As a general rule the Russian nobles were easy landlords, who treated their serfs with no small kindness, being regarded by their vassals with a respect, even with an affection, similar to that which the Scotch Highlanders entertained for the chief of their clan. But here and there were brutal exceptions, like the Bagrianof of the tale, a domestic tyrant, who ill-used his trembling wife, and gave his mind to making his villagers miserable, sending their sons to Siberia or into the army, and behaving even worse towards their daughters. Long did the peasants suffer under his cruel wrath. At length they rose against him, and one night seized and bound him in his bedroom and prepared to slay him. But he spake them fair, sware by all that was holy that he would bear no malice, and promised them all manner of advantages if they would let him live. They yielded, trusting to his oaths. But he laughed all his pledges to scorn, and soon the soldiers were called in, and the ringleaders were pitilessly flogged and sent to Siberia. A little time passed, and his wrath fell upon Savéli, a young peasant, who was about to marry the fair village maiden Fédotia. In an ill-starred moment she went to the tyrant to ask for mercy. When she left his house her cheeks were white, her eyes were wild, and, rushing down to the river, she ended her insulted life beneath its waves. Then her betrothed swore vengeance. Again the brutal lord was seized in bed by his peasants, who this time faltered not, and his foul life ended beneath their strong blows. Then they set fire to the house and retired. And in the flames would have perished his wife and child had not Savéli come to their rescue. Years passed by: the tyrant dead, the village flourished, and among others Savéli grew rich, and his son was well educated, and became a handsome and cultured lad, who eventually won the heart of the late seigneur's daughter, the girl whom Savéli had rescued from the flames. Then Savéli felt himself obliged to tell his son the fearful story of her father's death, and how they two must be forever kept apart by the stream of blood which his hand had caused to flow. Till then he had known no remorse for the murder he had committed, but at last his sin had found him out, and, "prostrated before the holy pictures, his head smiting the floor, he passed long hours crying aloud for pardon to the God against whom he had sinned." Nor did peace revisit him till he lay on his deathbed, and the young girl whom he had rendered fatherless pronounced his pardon and made the sign of the cross over the forehead of her father's murderer. "Then a strange joy lighted up the features of the guilty man, and he died."

Lest any one should think the horrors in this story have been exaggerated beyond belief, let him turn to Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia," ii. 251, where he will find a reference to the case of a fiend in human

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shape, a Madame Saltykóf, who was brought to justice in 1768. In the course of eleven years she had killed by inhuman tortures about a hundred of her serfs, including several young girls of eleven and twelve years of age. But let us turn from this dark realistic picture to the idyllic scenes portrayed in "*Sonia*," one of the most charming of Madame Durand's stories.

General Goréline was a good-natured Russian seigneur, who was kept in a state of chronic subjugation by an imperious and scheming wife. When in the country his principal delight was to smoke long-stemmed pipes, which he was always leaving about in all manner of out-of-the-way places. So there was attached to his service a little peasant maiden, ten or eleven years old, whose chief business it was to recover the stray pipes and bring them back to the forgetful general. A pretty child she was, bronzed of course by the sun, and but scantily clothed, for she was an orphan with none to care for her, but full of life, and running about deftly on feet which, though always bare, were not flat or distorted. The only person besides the general who ever gave her a kind word was the tutor, young Boris Grebof, who had been engaged by the general's wife to spend the summer in the country in order to superintend the education of her exceedingly spoilt child Eugene. With his pupil's sister, the fair and somewhat foolish Lydia, the young tutor of course fell in love, and she, full of romance, and being naturally thrown much into his company, fully returned his young affection. There could be but one termination to such a courtship. The good-natured old general was not disinclined to look favorably on Boris; but when that ingenuous youth asked the general's wife for permission to marry Lydia a terrible scene ensued, which ended in his being ordered to leave the house. He did so, of course, but before he went he asked the general to let him take away with him the little Sonia. For the poor child had been driven away from the house in a fit of passion by the *generalsha*. A pin left in the carpet of her mistress's room had entered one of Sonia's bare feet as she carried a pitcher of water, and the pain it caused made her forget herself so far as to drop her burden upon one of the generalsha's dresses. The poor child would have been compelled to beg from door to door for a livelihood had not Boris, for whom she had contracted a sort of canine attachment, taken her away with him and consigned her to the care of his mother, an excellent old lady who doated upon her only son. The generalsha strongly objected to this improvement in Sonia's prospects, and ordered her husband to refuse to let her go. But he, for perhaps the first time in his life, had the hardihood to refuse to listen to her imperious voice, and sent away his little pipe-finder with a kindly farewell. How happily then went the days of Sonia by when she found herself well clothed, well fed, well cared for in the quiet household of Boris's mother and her three old servants who had lived with her all her life! Into this quiet family circle she entered almost a little savage, ragged and wild and ignorant of all civilized life, astonished at the church services which she had scarcely ever been allowed to attend in her former home, wondering at finding herself no longer cold and famished and aching from cruel blows. It was long indeed before she could be induced to allow herself to be shod, but a word from Boris was enough to persuade her to submit. For his desires were a law to her. She followed him about with her eyes, and, when he left his home for Moscow, her heart was heavy within her as she stood amid the snows watching his sleigh disappearing into the distance. Three years elapsed, and Boris, whose love for Lydia Goréline had never lessened, though it was evidently fated to remain a dream, was recalled home by the news of his mother's illness. He came in time to hear her last words, to pay her the last sad rites, and after he had laid her in the village graveyard, escorted to her last resting-place by the sorrowing peasants to whom she had all her life been an untiring benefactress, he returned to Moscow, taking with him the young Sonia, in whom it was now difficult to recognize the little savage who had run about the Gorélines' domains ragged and barefoot. She had learned much in the interval, and now in

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Moscow she taught herself to read and write, working through the long evenings when Boris was absent, to the accompaniment of the monotonous ticking of the cuckoo clock on the wall, till sleep would render dim her weary eyes. At length Boris's relations with Lydia came to a crisis. Determining to marry an elderly general, she demanded back her letters from her faithful lover, an unexpected blow which reduced him to despair. Long he sat alone and heartbroken in his room, thinking of the past, of how he had been treated by her whom he had loved so long and so well. Then Sonia came to the rescue. Standing by his side in the darkening twilight, her arms hanging down straight beside her, her somewhat severe features wearing an air of tender reproach, she told him it was a sin thus to yield to grief, and solace entered into his heart as he listened. Two years later he was completely consoled. Good and steady work abroad had soothed his grief, and he could enjoy life once more. Meanwhile Sonia had grown into womanhood. And with her body her mind had developed, her natural intelligence stimulated by a well-chosen course of study. Scarcely could Boris, when he returned and saw her for the first time after his absence, believe that the graceful girl who stood before him could be the Sonia whom he had saved some seven years before from the sad fate which awaits a homeless orphan. Strange, very strange, did the past seem to him that night, as he gazed from his open window, and listened to the three thousand bells of Moscow proclaiming that Lent was past, and Easter had come, and light and joy were about to take the place of darkness and sorrow. Is it needful to say how the story ends? Methinks not.

As a companion sketch to the charming portrait of Sonia, may be taken that of Dosia, a young Russian girl whose unconventional behavior is long the despair of her aristocratic relatives, but who, under the care of a charming woman who understands how to treat this somewhat fitful being, developes into a heroine worthy to win the hearts of all who see her. The story has already gone into seven editions in France. Nor is it wonderful, for a more attractive figure than that of Dosia has seldom been put upon a novelist's canvas. Perhaps the best way of describing her will be to quote a few lines from the introduction to "The Fortunes of Nigel." The author of "Waverley," apologizing for the White Lady of Avenel, says to Captain Clutterbuck: "Could I have evoked an *esprit follet*, at the same time fantastic and interesting, capricious and kind; a sort of wildfire of the elements, bound by no fixed laws or motives of action; faithful and fond, yet teasing and uncertain ——" upon which the captain breaks in with: "If you will pardon the interruption, sir, I think you are describing a pretty woman." Of such a kind is Dosia Zaptine. Another noble woman is the heroine of "*Les Epreuves de Raïssa.*" Raïssa is the daughter of an old couple, honorable but not aristocratic, who doat upon their only child. Suddenly their happiness is destroyed, their lives are before long shortened, by the horror which comes over them when they learn how she has been treated by a young aristocrat, an officer of the Guard. His friends endeavor to hush up the matter, but she and her father persist in crying for vengeance, and at last the matter comes to the knowledge of the emperor, who behaves somewhat as did our James the First in the case of Lord Dalgarno and the Lady Hermione. Count Gretsky is ordered to make Raïssa his wife, and is then sent to Siberia. Raïssa finds herself a countess, with a gorgeous palace awaiting her, and vassal and serf ready to obey her orders. But she will none of these things. Continuing to live as modestly as before, she constitutes herself the steward of her husband's property, and forwards him the money which is brought to her. He meanwhile lives in Siberia, black hatred towards his enforced wife devouring his heart. At length she goes down to one of his estates in the country, and finds herself the neighbor of his sister Helen Marsof. Of this sister-in-law, at first most unwilling to see her, she becomes the guardian angel. On one occasion she saves Helen's child when an attempt to poison him had been made by a villanous peasant woman of the name of Mavra Moroza. Soon afterwards she appears just in time to save both Helen and her child, against whom the peasantry had been excited by Mavra, who pretended that their mistress had poisoned their wells. And finally she is able to disperse a dark cloud of calumny which had long hung over Helen's head, due to the slanders of Mavra and her husband, who had murdered Helen's husband, and managed to direct suspicion against her. No wonder that Raïssa becomes the bosom friend of Helen, who does all she can to plead her cause with Count Gretsky. For in reality Raïssa is in love with the husband who hates her. Long does she strive in vain. But at length comes the news that

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Count Gretsky is ill in his Siberian exile. Raïssa loses no time in flying to the emperor to ask for leave to visit and to nurse him. Not only is her request granted, but she obtains his pardon too. And so she speeds away on her long journey eastward towards her husband, accompanied by his faithful old servant Fadei. She finds him alive but insensible, and she watches long and anxiously over his couch. Her tender care, her skilful nursing, saves him from sinking; but when he becomes conscious to whom he owes his life, nothing warmer than a feeling of obligation is stirred within his heart. He is coldly polite and deferential, but neither liking nor love can she obtain. One day, as they sit together, she takes from her finger her marriage-ring and gives it to him, saying that they had better be separated on their return to Europe, so that he may be a free man once more. And he is pleased, little thinking how passionate a love for him is burning within the heart of the wife who has done so much for him, and for whom he still feels so strong an aversion. But more time passes by. He learns from his companions all that has taken place during his illness, he gradually begins to awaken to a sense of Raïssa's merits, and a suspicion of her feelings towards him begins to dawn upon his mind. At length one day, as they sit together in their sleigh travelling westwards towards civilization, happiness, and home, there comes a sudden change in his feelings. "All the admiration he had concealed, all the tenderness he had turned into hatred, all the gratitude which he had forced into ingratitude, mounted to his lips like an overflowing stream; but he could not utter a word." Only he took the wedding-ring which Raïssa had given back to him, and once more placed it upon her finger.

It will have been observed that the author does not love tragic endings. We can read her stories without being depressed. She loves a clear and tranquil sunset, full of the promise of the morrow's brightness, better than such a lurid ending of the day as brings to a close the sad fortunes of Lucy Ashton. In this Henri Gréville differs from the Russian authors themselves, who are apt to write the most lugubrious stories. Even Ivan Tourguéneff, by far the greatest literary artist whom Russia has produced, even he who has lived so much abroad that he is sometimes styled a *Zapadnik* or Western, dwells with manifest fondness on the dark side of human life, and, in many of his stories, almost crushes the reader's spirits. Take, for instance, his wonderful tale called "*Neschastnaya*," or "The Unhappy One," in which a cruel step-father persecutes out of the world an unoffending step-daughter, feeling no remorse even when she dies, and he throws clods of earth into her grave "with the air of a man stoning an enemy." After reading this saddest of stories, the gloom of which is, from first to last, relieved by scarcely a gleam of light, you feel as if, like Henry the First, you never cared to smile again. There is one, however, of Henri Gréville's stories which is an exception to the general rule, for it is melancholy throughout. It records the sorrows of one those poor pilgrims through the world who never have a chance of faring well, who seem to be opposed by some such cruel fate as that which, to the eye of the ancient Greek, ever lowered over certain families destined to constant sorrow and ultimate extinction. Probably the story is an over-true one, and therefore it has been invested with a sadness which its fellows do not wear.

The Institute N. at St. Petersburg, intended for young ladies of noble birth, enjoyed a high reputation, patronized as it was by the imperial family, and attended by the daughters of many of the best families in Russia. Unfortunately it was exploited for her own benefit by the directress, a Madame Batourof, who had received the post as a mark of respect for her late husband, a general who had died of his wounds on the field of battle. In twenty-seven years she contrived, out of what in America would be called her stealings, to settle in life three daughters to whom she gave good dowries, and to enable her four sons in military service to live sumptuously. For all this the *institutki*, the young ladies who were ruled over by Madame Batourof, suffered greatly. They used to arrive as little girls, rosy and vigorous. Seven or eight years afterwards they were restored to their relatives — who, if they lived at a distance, had never seen them in the interval — thin, haggard, weak, the shadows of their former selves. Far worse, however, than Madame Batourof was Mademoiselle Grabinof, one of the teachers, a jealous, malicious, hateful creature, always striving to stand well with the pupils of influence and to crush beneath her feet those of less estate. One day when the young ladies were assembled in class, and the professor of history was detailing to their drowsy ears the reasons for the decline of the House of Austria, a rich contralto voice suddenly burst

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into loud, clear song. General stupefaction occurred for a moment, and then the offender was discovered to be Ariadne Ranine, an orphan girl, poor, unprotected, fitted to be an object of scorn and hatred to Grabinofs. Summoned before the directress, and asked why she disturbed the class, she quietly replied that she could not help doing so; she felt that she must sing, or she would die, or at least choke. Whereupon she was ordered to sing again, and, as it turned out that she had a magnificent voice and great musical aptitude, it was resolved that she should be allowed to study seriously the art to which she was already devoted. For a time all went well. Her life became more tolerable to her, her studies soothed her, in the sacred music which she sang in the chapel she poured forth all her soul. It seemed for a while as if her evil destiny had forgotten her. But the Grabinof had not, and at last came an opportunity for poisoning the happiness of the orphan girl she hated. A grave scandal made itself heard in the establishment. Three of the pupils, in the silence of the night, met three young guardsmen in one of the deserted rooms, and supped with them off the pies and champagne which their admirers had brought. The story came round to the ears of the directress, who trembled for her post. It was necessary to punish some one, to make an example of some vile person. As to expelling the real culprits, the young princess Olga Orline and her aristocratic friends, such a course was not to be thought of; and so, at the instigation of the Grabinof, the directress solemnly expelled the innocent Ariadne, an unconscious scapegoat destined to suffer for others' sins. Fortunately for her, Ariadne had found a friend. An old lady who was acquainted with Madame Batourof, and who thus knew the story of Ariadne's ill-treatment, took her home to live with her. Finding for her a "phœnix" of singing-masters, she enabled her to carry on her studies, and in the course of time Ariadne appeared in public, under a feigned name, and achieved a thorough success. But the second time she appeared in the concert-room, just as she was about to sing, she heard a voice say, "Her real name is Ranine; she was expelled from the institute on account of an intrigue with a young man;" and for a moment she almost lost consciousness. Then by a great effort she drove away the recollection of the words which had stung her, and sang with even more fire and pathos than before. But her heart was almost broken. Returning home she found her kindly friend, the old lady who had protected her, prostrated by illness. A little later, and her friend's death left her alone in the world, with none to turn to for aid, and with thirty-two roubles in her purse. But another friend unexpectedly appeared. Olga Orline, the young princess for whose fault she had been punished at the institute, had always resolved to repay the obligation. In order to be able to aid her, she was obliged to tell the whole story of the midnight supper with the young guardsmen to her mother, who quickly pardoned her for the indiscretion she confessed, and determined to help the poor orphan who had suffered in her daughter's behalf. And so, after a while, Ariadne was installed in comfort in the house of the Orlines. With time her voice increased in power and compass, until at length a new success was achieved by her. At the opera one of the principal singers was suddenly taken ill. Ariadne's master compelled her to take the defaulter's place. She sang with full success, and was received by her hearers with the enthusiasm which a St. Petersburg audience has always at its command. But even then she was not destined to be happy. A few days later appeared an article in a journal, once more telling the old scandalous falsehood about her character. Overcome by the shock, she decided to sing no more at the opera. Then the princess Orline invited her to accompany her and her daughter to France for a while. She went, and the party was joined by a young Constantin Ladof, who had paid Ariadne much attention, and had indeed become the object around which her young affections had twined themselves. At last a chance of happiness seemed to glimmer before her from out of the darkness to which she was accustomed. But at Fécamp she learned that Ladof and Olga Orline were to be married. Not long afterwards her body was found at the base of one of the high chalk cliffs. She was buried in the Fécamp cemetery, and the princess Orline paid the gardener of the graveyard to look after her tomb, on which he places flowers during the summer season. But when the visitors have left, it remains as desolate as her whole life had been.

For descriptions of country life, and for a careful study of a lady who, without being aware of the fact, and without meaning to do wrong, renders miserable her niece and ward, the reader may be referred to the longest of our author's works, "*Les Koumiassine*," which occupies two

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volumes. But its incidents are too numerous to allow of justice being done to it by so short an account of it as could be given here. Another interesting story of society is "*La Princesse Oghérof*," which tells how the slanderous tongue of Pauline Hopfer, a jealous German governess, separates two loving hearts. Marthe Milaguine, instead of marrying Michel Avérief, weds the Prince Oghérof, and the rejected lover seeks for solace in the Caucasus. There he is supposed to have died while attempting to save from her burning hut a Circassian woman, but in reality he escapes, and makes his way back to Russia. Meanwhile Prince Oghérof is drowned in an attempt to rescue from the waters of a frozen river the scandalmonger Pauline Hopfer; and at last all is cleared up, and the long-parted lovers are brought together again.

There still remain to be noticed a number of characteristic stories of Russian life which do not deal so exclusively with the loves of princes and princesses. With some account of them the present article may be brought to a close. They are grouped under the title of "*Nouvelles Russes*," and they contain in a small compass some of the most remarkable of the pictures which our author has drawn. Stepan Makarief is a Russian peasant, honest and pious and thoroughly dutiful to his old father, who chooses for him a wife whom he at once accepts. But the choice turns out to be a bad one. She often leaves him at home while she goes on pilgrimages to the neighboring churches, where she does not disdain the attentions paid her by the village youth. At length the old father dies, telling Stepan on his death-bed that his wife does not fear him enough, and that he ought to chastise her vigorously. Stepan, for once, does not obey his father, but when the advice is a second time given him by a respected female neighbor, he follows it, and when his spouse Irene returns home from her next gadding about, he receives her in a way which leaves its traces behind for several days. "This action," we learn, "raised Stepan high in the opinion of his fellows, and when he went to work next day the married men of the village received him with marked respect." His wife is congratulated by her female friends on the beating as a mark of her husband's returning love, and all goes well for a time. But at the end of the fourth year of wedded life, while Stepan is absent in Moscow on commercial business, his wife deserts him, going away with a travelling petty merchant. Stepan returns to his desolate home, which he continues to inhabit, aided in his household arrangements by a neighbor, a poor widow with two small children. One day, however, when he comes home at night from afield, he finds that his wife has returned. He orders her to leave him. She refuses to depart, saying that she has no one else to turn to, for the companion of her flight is dead, and her husband is bound to support her. Vainly does Stepan appeal to the head of the village. He is told that nothing can be done, for she is only claiming what is her legal right. Vainly on his return home does he beat his wife. She bears the blows, but will not release him from her hated presence. Next Sunday she dresses herself in her best, decks herself with beads and false pearls, and prepares to seek for admiration in church. But he tears the finery from her back and strews her ornaments upon the ground. Still she will not leave him. And so this terrible life goes on for a time, Stepan's house becoming for him a hell, from which he seeks refuge in the dram-shop. Finally in a quarrel, when she has provoked him more than he in his drunken state can endure, he takes his axe and frees himself forever from his burden. The head of the commune comes with others among the villagers, and they find the wife dead in a pool of blood, with the murderer crouching beneath the holy pictures. Stepan tells them what has taken place, how his faithless wife vexed him beyond all endurance, how she even struck him, her lord — a statement which sends a thrill through the assembly — and how he had at last avenged himself. "She was a wicked woman," he ends by saying; "I was not wrong in killing her. Still, if the commune orders me to Siberia, I will go. I ask for no favor." Then the feeble voice of the head of the commune is raised in reply, saying: "We are all sinful men: no one among us knows what he might do if temptation came in his way. Brother, thou hast taken away a life; but she was a wicked woman, as thou hast said. We are not agents of the law; we are thy brethren. Is it not so?" A murmur of assent arises from the crowd of peasants to whom he has turned. "Thou hast been unhappy," he continues; "is it for us to judge thee?" "No," replies the crowd; "let God forgive him!" And so no further notice is taken of the fatal deed. The body of the dead woman is prepared for the funeral, and on the next Sunday is interred in the village cemetery. Stepan

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lives peacefully in his now quiet home. His neighbors respect him, no remorse troubles him. But his countenance wears a strange expression. Ever do his blue eyes gaze at those who look him in the face, with a steady regard which seems to say, "Knowest thou what I have done? And if thou dost know, dost thou condemn me?"

Thoroughly Russian is the tale entitled "*Le Meunier*." The miller in question is an old ruined noble, Mérikof by name, who, after the loss of almost all his property, retired to a small estate still remaining to him in the country, and there lived like a hermit, occupying himself with the business of a mill, and consoling himself with strong liquors. One of his neighbors is a Countess Marie, a handsome and charming woman, who is touched by the sad tale of Mérikof's life, and sets to work to draw him from his hermitage, and to render his existence brighter than it was before. In this she succeeds thoroughly, and Mérikof becomes attached to her with a kind of humble devotion. One day she expresses her horror of drink, and says that if she happened to see one of her friends under its influence, she would never be able to look at him again without aversion. Mérikof listens, and when he goes home he takes from a cupboard a bottle of spirits, empties it out of window, and makes a vow to drink no more. And he long keeps his vow. But once, during the absence of the countess from her estate, he consents to assist at the christening feast of the sacristan's child, a boy to whom he has stood godfather. And at such a feast in Russia it is hard for any one to be present without drinking much. That same day the countess unexpectedly returns home. The next morning, surprised at not receiving a visit from her "tame bear," she goes down to the mill with her children to ask for news of him. His old servant Stepanida says he is ill, and tries to prevent him from being disturbed. But the countess, grieved to hear of her old friend's illness, insists on seeing him, and makes her way into the room where he lies. He is sleeping heavily, his face flushed, his breathing stertorous. A strong smell of spirits pervades the room, but to this the countess pays no special attention, and goes away without perceiving that her old friend's sleep is a drunken slumber. But when two hours later Mérikof awakes, he knows not this. He imagines that she must have become aware of his condition, and that henceforward he will be an object of aversion to her eyes. Stepanida could have undeceived him, but his fury when he discovers that the countess has visited him is so great that she becomes frightened, and postpones what she has to say till the evening. To him, however, that evening never comes. Going down to his mill, he walks across a little wooden bridge which crosses the mill-stream, and throws himself into the swiftly running waters. The truth is never known, his death being universally attributed to an accident. The countess mourns for him as for a kinsman, and her children go every year, on the anniversary of his death, to lay on his grave chaplets of fresh flowers. Only his old servant, the faithful Stepanida, has her own ideas as to the cause of his death. She lives alone in a small cottage near the church, from which she can see the grave of her late master without moving from the window, by the light of which she sees to knit the socks which bring her in her daily bread.

One more story, this time of a more cheerful nature, and the present sketch may be brought to a close. It depicts a few scenes taken from that professorial life which Henri Gréville has had such excellent opportunities of studying. It is called "*L'Examinateur*."

Professor Maréguine was peacefully smoking his pipe one day on the verandah of his little country house, a modest home to which he delighted to betake himself when the summer vacation allowed him to leave hot and dusty Moscow. The professor was forty-two years old, and had never so much as dreamed of marriage. Absorbed in his work, he thought of little else while at Moscow. When the summer came he was perfectly happy in his little house amid the woods, to which he retired along with two old servants. Contented, but somewhat sad, he there spent his time without ever yielding to day-dreams about a possible wife or child. On the evening in question, however, while the professor calmly smoked his long pipe, he was attracted by the noise made by a number of village children who had collected around the well, the centre point of rustic gossip, and were amusing themselves by plaguing in a friendly manner a big dog which came to drink from the trough alongside. They hung round his neck, they pulled his ears, his tail, they kept him from the water he longed for. But he bore no malice. Only at last, uttering a warning bark, he plunged through their ranks, upsetting them on all sides, and thrust his hot muzzle into the cool water. Then sitting quietly down, with half-closed eyes, and tongue hanging

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from his mouth, the drops of water streaming down on his white chest, he delivered himself up to the embraces and teasings of his young friends. All this the professor watched from the other side of a thick hedge, enjoying the sight, and finally dispersing the children by the gift of a coin capable of procuring them gingerbread. The sun sank lower. Maréguine found himself alone and disposed to melancholy. Presently he was conscious of the voices and laughter of a couple of village lovers; and he pensively went indoors. Over his tea he questioned one of his old servants about her experiences of married life, especially about her recollections of her children, listening long to her pleased gossiping. Then he went to bed, and all night long saw before his eyes the dog with its lolling tongue and the children with their bare feet and shocks of uncombed hair.

Some months later Maréguine happened to act as examiner of a number of young ladies who wished to qualify themselves as governesses. One of the candidates was rejected, and so great was her sorrow at being refused her diploma that Maréguine was greatly touched. She was a certain Annette Larionof, who had come with her mother from the government of Yaroslaf to obtain leave to practise as a teacher, having no other means of livelihood. So much did Maréguine sympathize with her distress that he promised to give her gratuitous instruction, thereby greatly delighting her and her old mother. For the mother and daughter were very poor, possessing only some seven hundred roubles a year, barely enough to furnish them with the necessaries of existence. Twice a week, then, they came to the professor's rooms, and with the greatest patience he attempted to instruct Annette. But it was time thrown away. She could not learn. One morning she came alone and said that her mother was ill. In the afternoon Maréguine took a droschky and went to visit her in the far-away abode from which Annette used to make her way to her lessons on foot. Madame Larionof was in bed, but still engaged in the knitting which she never seemed to abandon, and which it appeared enabled her to earn some twenty kopecks a day. That evening when Maréguine returned home he forwarded a hundred-rouble note anonymously to Madame Larionof, with a few lines in a feigned hand to say that it was sent in payment of an old debt by one who wished to remain unknown.

At length came the eve of the day on which Annette was to be once more examined. "What will these poor women do if she fails again?" thought Maréguine as he lay down to rest. For a long time he could not sleep, and when at last slumber came it brought with it strange dreams. He saw before him his little country house. Before it lay stretched the watch-dog. A swarm of children threw themselves upon it and played it all manner of tricks. Long it put up with them. Then becoming bored, up it jumped and trotted away out of sight, followed by the laughing little ones. Maréguine found himself alone and sad. Then on the verandah appeared a female form holding a child by the hand. And her face, he presently felt, was the face of Annette — and he woke with a start. Next day came Annette in the deepest grief to tell him she was again unsuccessful, and to entreat him to break the sad news to her mother. Suddenly at the sight of her utter despair his dream recurred vividly to his imagination. "Annette," he cried, "I am neither young nor handsome, but I think we might be happy together." And so the old bachelor became a married man, and Annette's mother spent the last years of her life in knitting socks for his five children. Maréguine is perfectly happy. The dog has died of old age, but it has a successor exactly like it.

Among the many points in favor of the stories of which an attempt has been made to give some idea, is their moral tone, one which enables them to be safely recommended for general reading. And, with the exception of the scene of crime in the opening of "*Les Epreuves de Raïssa*," there is nothing in them which can shock an English taste. The best proof that they have attained to a happy medium in dealing with passion is afforded by the fact that some of the clerical journals of France have objected to them as being too outspoken, while some more mundane French critics have accused them of English coldness and reticence. To "*Dosia*," it may be added, the Académie Française allotted last May a *Prix Montyon* of two thousand francs. In the present article, however, they have been regarded from a special point of view. From the majority of Henri Gréville's works much may be learned about a great country of which we, as a general rule, know little. What is said in them about Russia may be taken by English readers as accurate. It may be that Russian eyes may see flaws, may detect here and there a line, a hue, which are not absolutely Russian, may hear a foreign accent, as it were, in Henri Gré-

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ville's words. But into that question it is quite needless for the foreign reader to enter. The Russians may be described, to borrow an idea from Dr. Wendell Holmes, after three fashions. There are the Russians as they really are, the Russians as they themselves think they are, and the Russians as they appear to foreigners. It is enough that the present works represent them graphically after the third fashion. It is possible that no such sweet, fair maiden as Sonia could ever be developed from a barefooted Russian peasant girl. It is possible that into the character of Dosia may have entered something of French *espiéglerie*. But no foreign author has ever before drawn so generally correct a series of Russian female portraits; no one has made so clear to foreign eyes the inner life of Russian homes. With what artistic skill and delicacy these pictures have been drawn and colored all readers of Henri Gréville's works will be able to judge for themselves.

W. R. S. RALSTON.

From The New Quarterly Review.

AN INDISCRETION IN THE LIFE OF AN HEIRESS.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

He, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
Views all the approaches with observing eyes;
This and that other part in vain he tries,
And more on industry than force relies.

SINCE Egbert Mayne's situation is not altogether a new and unprecedented one, there will be no necessity for detailing in all its minuteness his attempt to scale the steeps of fame. For notwithstanding the fact that few, comparatively, have reached the top, the lower tracts of that troublesome incline have been trodden by as numerous a company as any allegorical spot in the world.

The reader must then imagine five years to have elapsed, during which rather formidable slice of human life Egbert had been constantly striving. It had been drive, drive from month to month; no rest, nothing but effort. He had progressed from newspaper work to criticism, from criticism to independent composition of a mild order, from the latter to the publication of a book which nobody ever heard of, and from this to the production of a work of really sterling merit, which appeared anonymously. Though he did not set society in a blaze, or even in a smoke, thereby, he certainly caused a good many people to talk about him, and to be curious as to his name.

The luminousness of nature which had been sufficient to attract the attention and heart of Geraldine Allenville had, indeed, meant much. That there had been power enough in the presence, speech, mind, and tone of the poor painter's son to fascinate a girl of Geraldine's station was of itself a ground for the presumption that he might do a work in the world if he chose. The attachment to her was just the stimulus which such a constitution as his required, and it had at first acted admirably upon him. Afterwards the case was scarcely so happy.

He had investigated manners and customs no less than literature; and for a while the experience was exciting enough. But several habits which he had at one time condemned in the ambitious classes now became his own. His original fondness for art, literature, and science was getting quenched by his slowly increasing habit of looking upon each and all of these as machinery wherewith to effect a purpose.

A new feeling began to animate all his studies. He had not the old interest in them for their own sakes, but a breathless interest in them as factors in the game of sink or swim. He entered picture-galleries, not, as formerly, because it was his humor to dream pleasantly over the images therein expressed, but to be able to talk on demand about painters and their peculiarities. He examined Correggio to criticise his flesh shades; Angelico, to speak technically of the pink faces of his saints; Murillo, to say fastidiously that there was a certain silliness in the look of his old men; Rubens for his sensuous women; Turner for his Turneresqueness. Romney was greater than Reynolds because Lady Hamilton had been his model, and thereby hung a tale. Bonozzi Gozzoli was better worth study than Raffaelle, since the former's name was a learned sound to utter, and all knowledge got up about him would tell.

Whether an intense love for a woman, and that woman Geraldine, was a justifiable reason for this desire to shine it is not easy to say.

However, as has been stated, Egbert worked like a slave in these causes, and at the end of five full years was repaid with certain public applause, though, unfortunately, not with much public money. But this he hoped might come soon.

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Regarding his love for Geraldine, the most noteworthy fact to be recorded of the period was that all correspondence with her had ceased. In spite of their fear of her father, letters had passed frequently between them on his first leaving home, and had been continued with ardor for some considerable time. The reason of its close will be perceived in the following note, which he received from her two years before the date of the present chapter: —

"Tollamore House.

"MY DEAR EGBERT, —

"How shall I tell you what has happened! and yet how can I keep silence when sooner or later you must know all?

"My father has discovered what we feel for each other. He took me into his room and made me promise never to write to you, or seek you, or receive a letter from you. I promised in haste, for I was frightened and excited, and now he trusts me — I wish he did not — for he knows I would not be mean enough to lie. So don't write, poor Egbert, or expect to hear from miserable me. We must try to hope; yet it is a long, dreary thing to do. But I *will* hope, and not be beaten. How could I help promising, Egbert, when he compelled me? He is my father. I cannot think what we shall do under it all. It is cruel of life to be like this towards us when we have done no wrong.

. . . . . .

"We are going abroad for a long time. I think it is because of you and me, but I don't know. He does not tell me where we shall go. Just as if a place like Europe could make me forget you. He doesn't know what's in me, and how I can think about you and cry at nights — he cannot. If he did, he must see how silly the plan is.

"Remember that you go to church on Sunday mornings, for then I think that perhaps we are reading in the same place at the same moment; and we are sometimes, no doubt. Last Sunday when we came to this in the Psalms, 'And he shall be like a tree planted by the waterside that will bring forth his fruit in due season: his leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper,' I thought, 'That's Egbert in London.' I know you were reading that same verse in your church — I felt that you said it with us. Then I looked up to your old nook under the tower arch. It was a misery to see the wood and the stone just as good as ever, and you not there. It is not only that you are gone at these times, but a heavy creature — blankness — seems to stand in your place.

"But how can I tell you of these thoughts now that I am to write no more? Yet we will hope, and hope. Remember this, that should anything serious happen, I will break the bond and write. Obligation would end then. Good-bye for a time, I cannot put into words what I would finish with. Good-bye, good-bye.

"G. A.

"P.S. Might we not write just one line at very wide intervals? It is too much never to write at all."

On receiving this letter Egbert felt that he could not honorably keep up a regular correspondence with her. But a determination to break it off would have been more than he could have adhered to if he had not been strengthened by the hope that he might soon be able to give a plausible reason for renewing it. He sent her a line bidding her to expect the best results from the prohibition, which, he was sure, would not be for long. Meanwhile, should she think it not wrong to send a line at very wide intervals he would promptly reply.

But she was apparently too conscientious to do so, for nothing had reached him since. Yet she was as continually in his thought and heart as before. He felt more misgivings than he had chosen to tell her of on the ultimate effect of the prohibition, but could do nothing to remove it. And then he had learnt that Miss Allenville and her father had gone to Paris, as the commencement of a sojourn abroad.

These circumstances had burdened him with long hours of depression, till he had resolved to throw his whole strength into a production which should either give him a fair start towards fame, or make him clearly understand that there was no hope in that direction for such as he. He had begun the attempt, and ended it, and the consequences were fortunate to an unexpected degree.

CHAPTER II.

Towards the loadstar of my one desire
I flitted like a dizzy moth, whose flight
Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light.

MAYNE'S book having been launched into the world and well received, he found time to emerge from the seclusion he had maintained for several months, and to look into life again.

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One warm, fashionable day, between five and six o'clock, he was walking along Piccadilly, absent-minded and unobservant, when an equipage approached whose appearance thrilled him through. It was the Allenville landau, newly painted up. Egbert felt almost as if he had been going into battle; and whether he should stand forth visibly before her or keep in the background seemed a question of life or death.

He waited in unobserved retirement, which it was not difficult to do, his aspect having much altered since the old times. Coachman, footman, and carriage advanced, in graceful unity of glide, like a swan. Then he beheld her, Geraldine, after two years of silence, five years of waiting, and nearly three years of separation; for although he had seen her two or three times in town after he had taken up his residence there, they had not once met since the year preceding her departure for the Continent.

She came opposite, now passively looking round, then actively glancing at something which interested her. Egbert trembled a little, or perhaps a great deal, at sight of her. But she passed on, and the back of the carriage hid her from his view.

So much of the boy was left in him still that he could scarcely withhold himself from rushing after her, and jumping into the carriage. She had appeared to be well and blooming, and an instinctive vexation that their long separation had produced no perceptible effect upon her, speedily gave way before a more generous sense of gratification at her well-being. Still, had it been possible, he would have been glad to see some sign upon her face that she yet remembered him.

This sudden discovery that they were in town after their years of travel stirred his lassitude into excitement. He went back to his chambers to meditate upon his next step. A trembling on Geraldine's account was disturbing him. She had probably been in London ever since the beginning of the season, but she had not given him a sign to signify that she was so near; and but for this accidental glimpse of her he might have gone on for months without knowing that she had returned from abroad.

Whether she was leading a dull or an exciting life Egbert had no means of knowing. That night after night the arms of interesting young men rested upon her waist and whirled her round the ball-room he could not bear to think. That she frequented gatherings and assemblies of all sorts he calmly owned as very probable, for she was her father's only daughter, and likely to be made much of. That she had not written a line to him since their return was still the grievous point.

"If I had only risen one or two steps further," he thought, "how boldly would I seek her out! But only to have published one successful book in all these years — such grounds are slight indeed."

For several succeeding days he did nothing but look about the Park, and the streets, and the neighborhood of Chevron Square, where their town house stood, in the hope of seeing her again; but in vain. There were moments when his distress that she might possibly be indifferent about him and his affairs was unbearable. He fully resolved that he would on some early occasion communicate with her, and know the worst. Years of work remained to be done before he could think of appearing before her father; but he had reached a sort of half-way stage at which some assurance from herself that his track was a hopeful one was positively needed to keep him firm.

Egbert still kept on the look-out for her at every public place; but nearly a month passed, and she did not appear again. One Sunday evening, when he had been wandering near Chevron Square, and looking at her windows from a distance, he returned past her house after dusk. The rooms were lighted, but the windows were still open, and as he strolled along he heard notes from a piano within. They were the accompaniment to an air from the "Messiah," though no singer's voice was audible. Egbert readily imagined who the player might be, for the "Messiah" was an oratorio which Geraldine often used to wax eloquent upon in days gone by. He had not walked far when he remembered that there was to be an exceptionally fine performance of that stirring composition during the following week, and it instantly occurred to him that Geraldine's mind was running on the same event, and that she intended to be one of the audience.

He resolved upon doing something at a venture. The next morning he went to the ticket-office, and boldly asked for a place as near as possible to those taken in the name of Allenville.

"There is no vacant one in any of those rows," the office-keeper said, "but you can have one very near their number on the other side of the division."

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Egbert was astonished that for once in his life he had made a lucky hit. He booked his place, and returned home.

The evening arrived, and he went early. On taking his seat he found himself at the left-hand end of a series of benches, and close to a red cord, which divided the group of seats he had entered from stalls of a somewhat superior kind. He was passing the time in looking at the extent of orchestra space, and other things, when he saw two ladies and a gentleman enter and sit down in the stalls diagonally before his own, and on the other side of the division. It delighted and agitated him to find that one of the three was Geraldine; her two companions he did not know.

"Policy, don't desert me now," he thought; and immediately sat in such a way that unless she turned round to a very unlikely position she would not see him.

There was a certain half-pleasant misery in sitting behind her thus as a possibly despised lover. To-night, at any rate, there would be sights and sounds common to both of them, though they should not communicate to the extent of a word. Even now he could hear the rustle of her garments as she settled down in her seat, and the faint murmur of words that passed between her and her friends.

Never, in the many times that he had listened to that rush of harmonies, had they affected him as they did then; and it was no wonder, considering what an influence upon his own life had been and still was exercised by Geraldine, and that she now sat there before him. The varying strains shook and bent him to themselves as a rippling brook shakes and bends a shadow. The music did not show its power by attracting his attention to its subject; it rather dropped its own libretto and took up in place of that the poem of his life and love.

There was Geraldine still. They were singing the chorus "Lift up your heads," and he found a new impulse of thought in him. It was towards determination. Should every member of her family be against him he would win her in spite of them. He could now see that Geraldine was moved equally with himself by the tones which entered her ears.

"Why do the nations so furiously rage together" filled him with a gnawing thrill, and so changed him to its spirit that he believed he was capable of suffering in silence for his whole lifetime, and of never appearing before her unless she gave a sign.

The audience stood up, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" began. The deafening harmonies flying from this group and from that seemed to absorb all the love and poetry that his life had produced, to pour it upon that one moment, and upon her who stood so close at hand. "I will force Geraldine to be mine," he thought. "I will make that heart ache of love for me." The chorus continued, and her form trembled under its influence. Egbert was for seeking her the next morning and knowing what his chances were, without waiting for further results. The chorus and the personality of Geraldine still filled the atmosphere. I will seek her to-night — as soon as we get out of this place," he said. The storm of sound now reached its climax, and Geraldine's power was proportionately increased. He would give anything for a glance this minute — to look into her eyes, she into his. "If I can but touch her hand, and get one word from her, I will," he murmured.

He shifted his position somewhat and saw her face. Tears were in her eyes, and her lips were slightly parted. Stretching a little nearer he whispered, "My love!"

Geraldine turned her wet eyes upon him, almost as if she had not been surprised, but had been forewarned by her previous emotion. With the peculiar quickness of grasp that she always showed under sudden circumstances, she had realized the position at a glance.

"Oh, Egbert!" she said; and her countenance flagged as if she would have fainted.

"Give me your hand," he whispered.

She placed her hand in his, under the cord, which it was easy to do without observation; and he held it tight.

"Mine, as before?" he asked.

"Yours now as then," said she.

They were like frail and sorry wrecks upon that sea of symphony, and remained in silent abandonment to the time, till the strains approached their close.

"Can you meet me to-night?" said Egbert.

She was half frightened at the request, and said, "Where?"

"At your own front door, at twelve o'clock." He then was at once obliged to gently withdraw himself, for the chorus was ended, and the people were sitting down.

The remainder was soon over, and it was time to leave. Egbert watched her and her party out of the house, and, turning to the other doorway, went out likewise.

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CHAPTER III.

Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

WHEN he reached his chambers he sat down and literally did nothing but watch the hand of the mantel-clock minute by minute, till it marked half past eleven, scarcely removing his eyes. Then going again into the street he called a cab, and was driven down Park Lane and on to the corner of Chevron Square. Here he alighted, and went round to the number occupied by the Allenvilles.

A lamp stood nearly opposite the doorway, and by receding into the gloom to the railing of the square he could see whatever went on in the porch of the house. The lamps over the doorways were nearly all extinguished, and everything about this part was silent and deserted, except at a house on the opposite side of the square, where a ball was going on. But nothing of that concerned Egbert: his eyes had sought out and remained fixed upon Mr. Allenville's front door, in momentary expectation of seeing it gently open.

The dark wood of the door showed a keen and distinct edge upon the pale stone of the porch floor. It must have been about two minutes before the hour he had named when he fancied he saw a slight movement at that point, as of something slipped out from under the door.

"It is but fancy," he said to himself.

He turned his eyes away, and turned them back again. Some object certainly seemed to have been thrust under the door. At this moment the four quarters of midnight began to strike, and then the hour. Egbert could remain still no longer, and he went into the porch. A note had been slipped under the door from inside.

He took it to the lamp, turned it over, and saw that it was directed only with initials, — "To E. M." Egbert tore it open and glanced upon the page. With a shiver of disappointment he read these words in her handwriting: —

"It was when under the influence of much emotion, kindled in me by the power of the music, that I half assented to a meeting with you to-night; and I believe that you also were excited when you asked for one. After some quiet reflection I have decided that it will be much better for us both if we do not see each other.

"You will, I know, judge me fairly in this. You have by this time learnt what life is; what particular positions, accidental though they may be, ask, nay, imperatively exact from us. If you say 'not imperatively,' you cannot speak from knowledge of the world.

"To be woven and tied in with the world by blood, acquaintance, tradition, and external habit, is to a woman to be utterly at the beck of that world's customs. In youth we do not see this. You and I did not see it. We were but a girl and a boy at the time of our meetings at Tollamore. What was our knowledge? A list of other people's words. What was our wisdom? None at all.

"It is well for you now to remember that I am not the unsophisticated girl I was when you first knew me. For better or for worse I have become complicated, exclusive, and practised. A woman who can speak, or laugh, or dance, or sing before any number of men with perfect composure may be no sinner, but she is not what I was once. She is what I am now. She is not the girl you loved. That woman is not here.

"I wish to write kindly to you, as to one for whom, in spite of the unavoidable division between our paths, I must always entertain a heartfelt respect. Is it, after this, out of place in me to remind you how contrasting are all our associations, how inharmonious our times and seasons? Could anything ever overpower this incongruity?

"But I must write plainly, and, though it may grieve you now, it will produce ultimately the truest ease. This is my meaning. If I could accept your addresses without an entire loss of position I would do so; but, since this cannot be, we must forget each other.

"Believe me to be, with wishes and prayers for your happiness,

"Your sincere friend,

"G. A."

Egbert could neither go home nor stay still; he walked off rapidly in any direction for the sole sake of vehement motion. His first impulse was to get into darkness. He went towards Kensington; thence threaded across to the Uxbridge Road, thence to Kensal Green, where he turned into a lane and followed it to Kilburn, and the hill beyond, at which spot he halted and looked over the vast haze of light extending to the length and breadth of London. Turning back and wandering among some fields by a way he could never afterwards recollect, sometimes sitting down, sometimes leaning on a stile, he lingered on until the sun had risen. He then slowly walked again towards London, and, feeling by this time very weary, he entered the

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first refreshment-house that he came to, and attempted to eat something. Having sat for some time over this meal without doing much more than taste it, he arose and set out for the street in which he lived. Once in his own rooms he lay down upon the couch and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was four o'clock. Egbert then dressed and went out, partook of a light meal at his club at the dismal hour between luncheon and dinner, and cursorily glanced over the papers and reviews. Among the first things that he saw were eulogistic notices of his own book in three different reviews, each the most prominent and weighty of its class. Two of them, at least, would, he knew, find their way to the drawing-room of the Allenvilles, for they were among the periodicals which the squire regularly patronized.

Next, in a weekly review he read the subjoined note: —

"The authorship of the book —— ——, about which conjecture has lately been so much exercised, is now ascribed to Mr. Egbert Mayne, whose first attempt in that kind we noticed in these pages some eighteen months ago."

He took up a daily paper, and presently lighted on the following paragraph: —

"It is announced that a marriage is arranged between Lord Bretton, of Tosthill Park, and Geraldine, only daughter of Foy Allenville, Esq., of Tollamore House, Wessex."

Egbert arose and went towards home. Arrived there he met the postman at the door, and received from him a small note. The young man mechanically glanced at the direction.

"From her," he mentally exclaimed. "What does it ——"

This was what the letter contained: —

"Twelve o'clock.

"I have just learnt that the anonymous author of the book in which the world has been so interested during the past two months, and which I have read, is none other than yourself. Accept my congratulations. It seems almost madness in me to address you now. But I could not do otherwise on receipt of this news, and after writing my last letter. Let your knowledge of my nature prevent your misconstruing my motives in writing thus on the spur of the moment. I need scarcely add, please keep it a secret forever. I am not morally afraid, but other lives, hopes, and objects than mine have to be considered.

"The announcement of the marriage is premature, to say the least. I would tell you more, but dare not.

"G. A."

The conjunction of all this intelligence produced in Egbert's heart a stillness which was some time in getting aroused to excitement. His emotion was formless. He knew not what point to take hold of and survey his position from; and, though his faculties grew clearer with the passage of time, he failed in resolving on a course with any deliberateness. No sooner had he thought, "I will never see her again for my pride's sake," than he said, "Why not see her? she is a woman; she may love me yet."

He went down-stairs and out of the house, and walked by way of the Park towards Chevron Square.

Probably nobody will rightly appreciate Mayne's wild behavior at this juncture, unless, which is very unlikely, he has been in a somewhat similar position himself. It may always appear to cool critics, even if they are generous enough to make allowances for his feelings, as visionary and weak in the extreme. Yet it was scarcely to be expected, after the mental and emotional strain that he had undergone during the preceding five years, that he should have acted much otherwise.

He rang the bell and asked to see Mr. Allenville. He, perhaps fortunately, was not at home. "Miss Allenville, then," said Mayne.

"She is just driving out," said the footman dubiously.

Egbert then noticed for the first time that the carriage was at the door, and almost as soon as the words were spoken Geraldine came down-stairs.

"The madness of hoping to call that finished creature wife!" he thought.

Geraldine recognized him, and looked perplexed.

"One word, Miss Allenville," he murmured.

She assented, and he followed her into the adjoining room.

"I have come," said Egbert. "I know it is hasty of me; but I must hear my doom from your own lips. Five years ago you spurred me on to ambition. I have followed but too closely the plan I then marked out, for I have hoped all along for a reward. What am I to think? Have you indeed left off feeling what you once felt for me?"

"I cannot speak of it now," she said

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hurriedly. "I told you in my letter as much as I dared. Believe me I cannot speak — in the way you wish. I will always be your friend."

"And is this the end? Oh, my God!"

"And we shall hope to see you to dinner some day, now you are famous," she continued, pale as ashes. "But I — cannot be with you as we once were. I was such a child at that time, you know."

"Geraldine, is this all I get after this lapse of time and heat of labor?"

"I am not my own mistress — I have my father to please," she faintly murmured. "I must please him. There is no help for this. Go from me — do go!"

Egbert turned and went, for he felt that he had no longer a place beside her.

CHAPTER IV.

Then I said in my heart, "As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise?"

MAYNE was in rather an ailing state for several days after the above-mentioned event. Yet the lethean stagnation which usually comes with the realization that all is over allowed him to take some deep sleeps, to which he had latterly been a stranger.

The hours went by, and he did the best he could to dismiss his regrets for Geraldine. He was assisted to the very little success that he attained in this by reflecting how different a woman she must have become from her old sweet self of five or six years ago.

"But how paltry is my success now she has vanished!" he said. "What is it worth? What object have I in following it up after this?" It rather startled him to see that the root of his desire for celebrity having been Geraldine, he now was a man who had no further motive in moving on. Town life had for some time been depressing to him. He began to doubt whether he could ever be happy in the course of existence that he had followed through these later years. The perpetual strain, the lack of that quiet to which he had been accustomed in early life, the absence of all personal interest in things around him, was telling upon his health of body and of mind.

Then revived the wish which had for some time been smouldering in his secret heart — to leave off, for the present, at least, his efforts for distinction; to retire for a few months to his old country nook, and there to meditate on his next course.

To set about this was curiously awkward to him. He had planned methods of retrogression in case of defeat through want of ability, want of means, or lack of opportunity; but to retreat because his appetite for advance had gone off was what he had never before thought of.

His reflections turned upon the old home of his mother's family. He knew exactly how Tollamore appeared at that time of the year. The trees with their half-ripe apples, the bees and butterflies lazy from the heat; the haymaking over, the harvest not begun, the people lively and always out of doors. He would visit the spot, and call upon some old and half-forgotten friends of his grandfather in an adjoining parish.

Two days later he left town. The fine weather, his escape from that intricate web of effort in which he had been bound these five years, the sensation that nobody in the world had any claims upon him, imparted some buoyancy to his mind; and it was in a serene if sad spirit that he entered Tollamore Vale, and smelt his native air.

He did not at once proceed to the village, but stopped at Fairland, the parish next adjoining. It was now evening, and he called upon some of the old cottagers whom he knew. Time had set a mark upon them all since he had last been there. Middle-aged men were a little more round-shouldered, their wives had taken to spectacles, young people had grown up out of recognition, and old men had passed into second childhood.

Egbert found here, as he had expected, precisely such a lodging as a hermit would desire. It was in an ivy-covered detached house which had been partly furnished for a tenant who had never come, and it was kept clean by an old woman living in a cottage near. She offered to wait upon Egbert whilst he remained there, coming in the morning and leaving in the afternoon, thus giving him the house to himself during the latter part of the day.

When it grew dusk he went out, wishing to ramble for a little time. The gibbous moon rose on his right, the stars showed themselves sleepily one by one, and the far distance turned to a mysterious ocean of grey. He instinctively directed his steps towards Tollamore, and when there towards the school. It looked very little changed since the year in which he had had the memorable meetings with her there, excepting that the creepers had grown higher.

He went on towards the park. Here

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was the place whereon he had used to await her coming — he could be sure of the spot to a foot. There was the turn of the hill around which she had appeared. The sentimental effect of the scenes upon him was far greater than he had expected, so great that he wished he had never been so reckless as to come here. "But this is folly," he thought. "The betrothed of Lord Bretton is a woman of the world in whose thoughts, hopes, and habits I have no further interest or share."

In the lane he heard the church-bells ringing out their five notes, and meeting a shepherd Egbert asked him what was going on.

"Practising," he said, in an uninterested voice. "'Tis against young miss's wedding, that their hands may be thoroughly in by the day for't."

He presently came to where his grandfather's old house had stood. It was pulled down, the ground it covered having become a shabby, irregular spot, half grown over with trailing plants. The garden had been grassed down, but the old apple-trees still remained, their trunks and stems being now sheeted on one side with moonlight. He entertained himself by guessing where the front door of the house had been, at which Geraldine had entered on the memorable evening when she came to him full of grief and pity, and a tacit avowal of love was made on each side. Where they had sat together was now but a heap of broken rubbish half covered with grass. Near this melancholy spot was the cottage once inhabited by Nathan Brown. But Nathan was dead now, and his wife and family had gone elsewhere.

Finding the effect of memory to be otherwise than cheerful, Mayne hastened from the familiar spot, and went on to the parish of Fairland in which he had taken his lodging.

It soon became whispered in the neighborhood that Miss Allenville's wedding was to take place on the 17th of October. Egbert heard few particulars of the matter beyond the date, though it is possible that he might have known more if he had tried. He preferred to fortify himself by dipping deeply into the few books he had brought with him; but the most obvious plan of escaping his thoughts, that of a rapid change of scene by travel, he was unaccountably loth to adopt. He felt that he could not stay long in this district; yet an indescribable fascination held him on day after day, till the date of the marriage was close at hand.

CHAPTER V.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy!

ON the eve of the wedding the people told Mayne that arches and festoons of late summer flowers and evergreens had been put up across the path between the church porch at Tollamore and the private gate to the squire's lawn for the procession of bride and bridesmaids. Before it got dark several villagers went on foot to the church to look at and admire these decorations. Egbert had determined to see the ceremony over. It would do him good, he thought, to be witness of the sacrifice.

Hence he, too, went along the path to Tollamore to inspect the preparations. It was dusk by the time that he reached the churchyard, and he entered it boldly, letting the gate fall together with a loud slam, as if he were a man whom nothing troubled. He looked at the half-completed bowers of green, and passed on into the church, never having entered it since he first left Tollamore.

He was standing by the chancel-arch, and observing the quantity of flowers which had been placed around the spot, when he heard the creaking of a gate on its hinges. Two figures entered the church, and Egbert stepped behind a canopied tomb.

The persons were females, and they appeared to be servants from the neighboring mansion. They brought more flowers and festoons, and were talking of the event of the morrow. Coming into the chancel they threw down their burdens with a remark that it was too dark to arrange more flowers that night.

"This is where she is to kneel," said one, standing with her arms akimbo before the altar-railing. "And I wish 'twas I instead, Lord send if I don't."

The two girls went on gossiping till other footsteps caused them to turn.

"I won't say 'tisn't she. She has been here two or three times to-day. Let's go round this way."

And the servants went towards the door by a circuitous path round the aisle, to avoid meeting with the new-comer.

Egbert, too, thought he would leave the place now that he had heard and seen thus much; but from carelessness or design he went straight down the nave. An instant afterwards he was standing face to face with Geraldine. The servants had vanished.

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"Good evening," she said serenely, not knowing him, and supposing him to be a parishioner.

Egbert returned the words hastily, and, in standing aside to let her pass, looked clearly into her eyes and pale face, as if there never had been a time at which he would have done anything on earth for her sake.

She knew him, and started, uttering a weak exclamation. When he reached the door he turned his head, and saw that she was irresolutely holding up her hand, as if to beckon to him to come back.

"One word, since I have met you," she said in unequal, half-whispered tones. "I have felt that I was one-sided in my haste on the day you called to see me in London. I misunderstood you."

Egbert could at least out-do her in self-control, and, astonished that she should have spoken, he answered in a yet colder tone, —

"I am sorry for that; very sorry, madam."

"And you excuse it?"

"Of course I do, readily. And I hope you, too, will pardon my intrusion on that day, and understand the — circumstances."

"Yes, yes. Especially as I am most to blame for those indiscreet proceedings in our early lives which led to it."

"Certainly you were not most to blame."

"How can you say that?" she answered with a slight laugh, "when you know nothing of what my motives and feelings were?"

"I know well enough to judge, for I was the elder. Let me just recall some points in your own history at that time."

"No."

"Will you not hear a word?"

"I cannot. . . . Are you writing another book?"

"I am doing nothing. I am idling at Monk's Hut."

"Indeed!" she said, slightly surprised. "Well, you will always have my good wishes, whatever you may do. If any of my relatives can ever help you ——"

"Thank you, madam, very much. I think, however, that I can help myself."

She was silent, looking upon the floor; and Egbert spoke again, successfully hiding the feelings of his heart under a light and untrue tone. "Miss Allenville, you know that I loved you devotedly for many years, and that that love was the starting-point of all my ambition. My sense of it makes this meeting rather awkward. But men survive almost anything. I have proved it. Their love is strong while it lasts, but it soon withers at sight of a new face. I congratulate you on your coming marriage. Perhaps I may marry some day, too."

"I hope you will find some one worth your love. I am sorry I ever — inconvenienced you as I did. But one hardly knows at that age ——"

"Don't think of it for a moment — I really entreat you not to think of that." What prompted the cruelty of his succeeding words he never could afterwards understand. "It was a hard matter at first for me to forget you, certainly; but perhaps I was helped in my wish by the strong prejudice I originally had against your class and family. I have fixed my mind firmly upon the differences between us, and my youthful fancy is pretty fairly overcome. Those old silly days of devotion were pretty enough, but the devotion was entirely unpractical, as you have seen, of course."

"Yes, I have seen it," she faltered.

"It was scarcely of a sort which survives accident and division, and is strengthened by disaster."

"Well, perhaps not, perhaps not. You can scarcely care much now whether it was or not; or, indeed, care anything about me or my happiness."

"I do care."

"How much? As you do for that of any other wretched human being?"

"Wretched? No!"

"I will tell you — I must tell you!" she said with rapid utterance. "This is my secret, this. I don't love the man I am going to marry; but I have agreed to be his wife to satisfy my friends. Say you don't hate me for what I have told. I could not bear that you should not know!"

"Hate you? Oh, Geraldine!"

A hair's breadth further, and they would both have broken down.

"Not a word more. Now you know my unhappy state, and I shall die content."

"But, darling — my Geraldine!"

"It is too late. Good-night — good-bye!" She spoke in a hurried voice, almost like a low cry, and rushed away.

Here was a revelation. Egbert moved along to the door, and up the path, in a condition in which his mind caused his very body to ache. He gazed vacantly through the railings of the lawn, which came close to the churchyard; but she was gone. He still moved mechanically on. A little further and he was overtaken by the parish clerk, who, addressing a few words to him, soon recognized his voice.

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The clerk's talk, too, was about the wedding. "Is the marriage likely to be a happy one?" asked Egbert, aroused by the subject.

"Well, between you and me, Mr. Mayne, 'tis a made-up affair. Some says she can't bear the man."

"Lord Bretton?"

"Yes. I could say more if I dared; but what's the good of it now!"

"I suppose none," said Egbert wearily.

He was glad to be again alone, and went on towards Fairland slowly and heavily. Had Geraldine forgotten him, and loved elsewhere with a light heart, he could have borne it; but this sacrifice at a time when, left to herself, she might have listened to him, was an intolerable misery. Her inconsistent mannner, her appearance of being swayed by two feelings, her half-reservations, were all explained. "Against her wishes," he said; "at heart she may still be mine. Oh, Geraldine, my poor Geraldine, is it come to this!"

He bitterly regretted his first manner towards her, and turned round to consider whether he could not go back, endeavor to find her, and ask if he could be of any possible use. But all this was plainly absurd. He again proceeded homeward as before.

Reaching Fairland he sat a while in his empty house without a light, and then went to bed. Owing to the distraction of his mind he lay for three or four hours meditating, and listening to the autumn wind, turning restlessly from side to side, the blood throbbing in his temples and singing in his ears, and the ticking of his watch waxing apparently loud enough to stun him. He conjured up the image of Geraldine in her various stages of preparation on the following day. He saw her coming in at the well-known door, walking down the aisle in a floating cloud of white, and receiving the eyes of the assembled crowd without a flush, or a sign of consciousness; uttering the words, "I take thee to my wedded husband," as quietly as if she were dreaming them. And the husband? Egbert shuddered. How could she have consented, even if her memories stood their ground only half so obstinately as his own? As for himself, he perceived more clearly than ever how intricately she had mingled with every motive in his past career. Some portion of the thought, "marriage with Geraldine," had been marked on every day of his manhood.

Ultimately he fell into a fitful sleep, when he dreamed of fighting, wading, diving, boring, through innumerable multitudes, in the midst of which Geraldine's form appeared flitting about, in the usual confused manner of dreams — sometimes coming towards him, sometimes receding, and getting thinner and thinner till she was a mere film tossed about upon a seething mass.

He jumped up in the bed, damp with a cold perspiration, and in an agony of disquiet. It was a minute or two before he could collect his senses. He went to the window and looked out. It was quite dark, and the wind moaned and whistled round the corners of the house in the heavy intonations which seem to express that ruthlessness has all the world to itself.

"Egbert, do do come to me!" reached his ears in a faint voice from the darkness.

There was no mistaking it: it was assuredly the tongue of Geraldine.

He half dressed himself, ran downstairs, and opened the front door, holding the candle above his head. Nobody was visible.

He set down the light, hastened round the back of the house, and saw a dusky figure turning the corner to get to the gate. He then ran diagonally across the plot, and intercepted the form in the path. "Geraldine!" he said, "can it indeed be you?"

"Yes, it is, it is!" she cried wildly, and fell upon his shoulder.

The hot turmoil of excitement pervading her hindered her from fainting, and Egbert placed his arm round her, and led her into the house, without asking a question, or meeting with any resistance. He assisted her into a chair as soon as they reached the front room.

"I have run away from home, Egbert, and to you!" she sobbed. "I am not insane: they and you may think so, but I am not. I came to find you. Such shocking things have happened since I met you just now. Can Lord Bretton come and claim me?"

"Nobody on earth can claim you, darling, against your will. Now tell it all to me."

She spoke on between her tears. "I have loved you ever since, Egbert; but such influences have been brought to bear upon me that at last I have hardly known what I was doing. At last, I thought that perhaps, after all, it would be better to become a lady of title, with a large park and houses of my own, than the wife of any man of genius who was poor. I loved you all the time, but I was half ashamed that I loved you. I went out continually, that gaiety might obscure the past. And then

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dark circles came round my eyes — I grew worn and tired. I am not nearly so nice to look at as at that time when we used to meet in the school, nor so healthy either . . . I think I was handsome then." At this she smiled faintly, and raised her eyes to his, with a sparkle of their old mischief in them.

"And now and ever," he whispered.

"How innocent we were then! Fancy, Egbert, our unreserve would have been almost wrong if we had known the canons of behavior we learnt afterwards. Ah! who at that time would have thought I was to yield to what I did? I wish now that I had met you at the door in Chevron Square, as I promised. But I feared to — I had promised Lord Bretton — and I that evening received a lecturing from my father, who saw you at the concert — he was in a seat further behind. And then, when I heard of your great success, how I wished I had held out a little longer! for I knew your hard labor had been on my account. When we met again last night it seemed awful, horrible — what I had done. Yet how could I tell you plainly? When I got indoors I felt I should die of misery, and I went to my father, and said I could not be married to-morrow. Oh, how angry he was, and what a dreadful scene occurred!" She covered her face with her hands.

"My poor Geraldine!" said Egbert, supporting her with his arm.

"When I was in my room this came into my mind, 'Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.' I could bear it no longer. I was determined not to marry him, and to see you again, whatever came of it. I dressed, and came down-stairs noiselessly, and slipped out. I knew where your house was, and I hastened here."

"You will never marry him now?"

"Never. Yet what can I do? Oh! what can I do? If I go back to my father — no, I cannot go back now — it is too late. But if they should find me, and drag me back, and compel me to perform my promise!"

"There is one simple way to prevent that, if, beloved Geraldine, you will agree to adopt it."

"Yes."

"By becoming *my* wife, at once. We would return to London as soon as the ceremony was over; and there you may defy them all."

"Oh, Egbert! I have thought of this ——"

"You will have no reason to regret it. Perhaps I can introduce you to as intellectual, if odd-mannered and less aristocratic, society than that you have been accustomed to."

"Yes, I know it, — I reflected on it before I came . . . I will be your wife," she replied tenderly. "I have come to you, and to you I will cling."

Egbert kissed her lips then for the first time in his life. He reflected for some time, if that process could be called reflection which was accompanied with so much excitement.

"The parson of your parish would perhaps refuse to marry us, even if we could get to the church secretly," he said, with a cloud on his brow. "That's a difficulty."

"Oh, don't take me there!" I cannot go to Tollamore. I shall be seen, or we shall be parted. Don't take me there."

"No, no; I will not, love. I was only thinking. Are you known in this parish?"

"Well, yes; not, however, to the clergyman. He is a young man — old Mr. Keene is dead, you know."

"Then I can manage it." Egbert clasped her in his arms in the delight of his heart. "Now this is our course. I am first going to the surrogate's, and then further; and while I am gone you must stay in this house absolutely alone, and lock yourself in for safety. There is food in the house, and wine in that cupboard; you must stay here in hiding till I come back. It is now five o'clock. I will be here again at latest by eleven. If anybody knocks, remain silent, and the house will be supposed empty, as it lately has been so for a long time. My old servant and waitress must not come here to-day — I will manage that. I will light a fire, which will have burnt down by daylight, so that the room will be warmed for you. Sit there while I set about it."

He lit the fire, placed on the table all the food the house afforded, and went away.

CHAPTER VI.

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

In half an hour Egbert returned, leading a horse.

"I have borrowed this from an old neighbor," he said, "and I have told the woman who waits upon me that I am going on a journey, and shall lock up the house to-day, so that she will not be wanted. And now, dearest, I want you to lend me something."

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"Whatever it may be, you know it is yours."

"It is that," he answered, lightly touching with the tip of his finger a sparkling ring she wore on hers — the same she had used to wear at their youthful meetings in past years. "I want it as a pattern for the size."

She drew it off and handed it to him, at the same time raising her eyelids and glancing under his with a little laugh of confusion. His heart responded, and he kissed her; but he could not help feeling that she was by far too fair a prize for him.

She accompanied him to the door, and Mayne mounted the horse. They parted, and, waiting to hear her lock herself in, he cantered off by a bridle-path towards a town about five miles off.

It was so early that the surrogate on whom he called had not yet breakfasted, but he was very willing to see Mayne, and took him at once to the study. Egbert briefly told him what he wanted; that the lady he wished to marry was at that very moment in his house, and could go nowhere else for shelter — hence the earliness and urgency of his errand.

The surrogate seemed to see rather less interest in the circumstances than Mayne did himself; but he at once prepared the application for a license. When it was done, he made it up into a letter, directed it, and placed it on the mantelpiece. "It shall go by this evening's post," he said.

"But," said Egbert, "considering the awkward position this lady is in, cannot a special messenger be sent for the license? It is only seven or eight miles to ——, and yet otherwise I must wait for two days' posts."

"Undoubtedly; if anybody likes to pay for it, a special messenger may be sent."

"There will be no paying; I am willing to go myself. Do you object?"

"No; if the case is really serious, and the lady is dangerously compromised by every delay."

Mayne left the vicarage of the surrogate and again rode off; this time it was towards a well-known cathedral town. He felt bewildering sensations during this stroke for happiness, and went on his journey in that state of mind which takes cognizance of little things, without at the time being conscious of them, though they return vividly upon the memory long after.

He reached the city after a ride of seven additional miles, and soon obtained the precious document, and all else that he required. Returning to the inn where the horse had been rested, rubbed down, and fed, he again crossed the saddle, and at ten minutes past eleven he was back at Fairland. Before going to Monk's Hut, where Geraldine was immured, he hastened straight to the parsonage.

The young clergyman looked curiously at him, and at the bespattered and jaded horse outside. "Surely you are too rash in the matter," he said.

"No," said Egbert; "there are weighty reasons why I should be in such haste. The lady has at present no home to go to. She has taken shelter with me. I am doing what I consider best in so awkward a case."

The parson took down his hat, and said, "Very well; I will go to the church at once. You must be quick if it is to be done to-day."

Mayne left the horse for the present in the parson's yard, ran round to the clerk, thence to Monk's Hut, and called Geraldine.

It was, indeed, a hasty preparation for a wedding ceremony that these two made that morning. She was standing at the window, quite ready, and feverish with waiting. Kissing her gaily and breathlessly he directed her by a slightly circuitous path to the church; and, when she had been gone about two minutes, proceeded thither himself by the direct road, so that they met in the porch. Within, the clergyman, clerk, and clerk's wife had already gathered; and Geraldine and Egbert advanced to the communion railing.

Thus they became man and wife.

"Now he cannot claim me anyhow," she murmured when the service was ended, as she sank almost fainting upon the arm of Mayne.

"Mr. Mayne," said the clergyman, aside to him in the vestry, "what is the name of the family at Tollamore House?"

"Strangely enough, Allenville — the same as hers," said he coolly.

The parson looked keenly and dubiously at Mayne, and Egbert returned the look, whereupon the other turned aside and said nothing.

Egbert and Geraldine returned to their hermitage on foot, as they had left it; and, by rigorously excluding all thoughts of the future, they felt happy with the same old unreasoning happiness as of six years before, now resumed for the first time since that date.

But it was quite impossible that the hastily married pair should remain at Monk's Hut unseen and unknown, as they fain would have done. Almost as soon as they had sat down in the house they came

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to the conclusion that there was no alternative for them but to start at once for Melport, if not for London. The difficulty was to get a conveyance. The only horse obtainable here, though a strong one, had already been tired down by Egbert in the morning, and the nearest village at which another could be had was about two miles off.

"I can walk as far as that," said Geraldine.

"Then walk we will," said Egbert. "It will remove all our difficulty." And, first packing up a small valise, he locked the door and went off with her upon his arm, just as the church clock struck one.

That walk through the woods was as romantic an experience as any they had ever known in their lives, though Geraldine was far from being quite happy. On reaching the village, which was larger than Fairland, they were fortunate enough to secure a carriage without any trouble. The village stood on the turnpike road, and a fly, about to return to Melport, where it had come from, was halting before the inn. Egbert hired it at once, and in little less than an hour and a half bridegroom and bride were comfortably housed in a quiet hotel of the seaport town above mentioned.

CHAPTER VII.

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THEY remained three days at Melport without having come to any decision on their future movements.

On the third day, at breakfast, Egbert took up the local newspaper which had been published that morning, and his eye presently glanced upon a paragraph headed "The Tollamore Elopement."

Before reading it he considered for a moment whether he should lay the journal aside, and for the present hide its contents from the tremulous creature opposite. But deeming this unadvisable, he gently prepared her for the news, and read the paragraph aloud.

It was to the effect that the village of Tollamore and its neighborhood had been thrown into an unwonted state of excitement by the disappearance of Miss Allenville on the eve of the preparations for her marriage with Lord Bretton, which had been alluded to in their last number. Simultaneously there had disappeared from a neighboring village, whither he had come for a few months' retirement, a gentleman named Mayne, of considerable literary reputation in the metropolis, and apparently an old acquaintance of Miss Allenville's. Efforts had been made to trace the fugitives by the young lady's father and the distracted bridegroom, Lord Bretton, but hitherto all their exertions had been unavailing.

Subjoined was another paragraph, entitled "Latest particulars."

"It has just been discovered that Mr. Mayne and Miss Allenville are already man and wife. They were boldly married at the parish church of Fairland, before any person in the village had the least suspicion who or what they were. It appears that the lady joined her intended husband early that morning at the cottage he had taken for the season, that they went to the church by different paths, and after the ceremony walked out of the parish by a route as yet unknown. In consequence of this intelligence Lord Bretton has returned to London, and her father is left alone to mourn the young lady's rashness."

Egbert lifted his eyes and watched Geraldine as he finished reading. On perceiving his look she tried to smile. The smile thinned away, for there was not cheerfulness enough to support it long, and she said faintly, "Egbert, what must be done?"

"We must, I suppose, leave this place, darling; charming as our life is here."

"Yes; I fear we must."

"London seems to be the spot for us at once, before we attract the attention of the people here."

"How well everything might end," she said, "if my father were induced to welcome you, and make the most of your reputation! I wonder, wonder if he would! In that case there would be little amiss."

Mayne, after some reflection, said, "I think that I will go to your father before we leave for town. We are certain to be discovered by somebody or other, either here or in London, and that would bring your father, and there would possibly result a public meeting between him and myself at which words might be uttered which could not be forgotten on either side; so that a private meeting and explanation is safest, before anything of that sort can happen."

"I think," she said, looking to see if he approved of her words as they fell, "I think that a still better course would be for me to go to him — alone."

Mayne did not care much about this plan at first; but further discussion gave

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it a more feasible aspect, since Allenville, though stern and proud, was fond of his daughter, and had never crossed her, except when her whims interfered, as he considered, with her interests. Nothing could unmarry them; and Geraldine's mind would be much more at ease after begging her father's forgiveness. The journey was therefore decided on. They waited till nearly evening, and then, ordering round a brougham, Egbert told the man to drive to Tollamore.

The journey to Geraldine was tedious and oppressive to a degree. When, after two hours' driving, they drew near the park precincts, she said shivering, —

"I don't like to drive up to the house, Egbert."

"I will do just as you like. What do you propose?"

"To let him wait in the road, under the three oak-trees, while you and I walk to the house."

Egbert humored her in everything; and when they reached the designated spot the driver was stopped, and they alighted. Carefully wrapping her up he gave her his arm, and they started for Tollamore House at an easy pace through the moonlit park, avoiding the direct road as much as possible.

Geraldine spoke but little during the walk, especially when they neared the house, and passed across the smooth broad glade which surrounded it. At sight of the door she seemed to droop, and leant heavily upon him. Egbert more than ever wished to confront Mr. Allenville himself; morally and socially it appeared to him the right thing to do. But Geraldine trembled when he again proposed it; and he yielded to her entreaty thus far, that he would wait a few minutes till she had entered and seen her father privately, and prepared the way for Egbert to follow, which he would then do in due course.

The spot in which she desired him to wait was a summer-house under a tree about fifty yards from the lawn front of the house, and commanding a view of the door on this side. She was to enter unobserved by the servants, and go straight to her father, when, should he listen to her with the least show of mildness, she would send out for Egbert to follow. If the worst were to happen, and he were to be enraged with her, refusing to listen to entreaties or explanations, she would hasten out, rejoin Egbert, and depart.

In this little summer-house he embraced her, and bade her adieu, after their honeymoon of three short days. She trembled so much that she could scarcely walk when he let go her hand.

"Don't go alone — you are not well," said Egbert.

"Yes, yes, dearest, I am — and I will soon return, so soon!" she answered; and he watched her crossing the grass and advancing, a mere dot, towards the mansion. In a short time the appearance of an oblong of light in the shadowy expanse of wall denoted to him that the door was open: her outline appeared on it; then the door shut her in, and all was shadow as before. Even though they were husband and wife the line of demarcation seemed to be drawn again as rigidly as when he lived at the school.

Egbert waited in the solitude of this place minute by minute, restlessly swinging his foot when seated, at other times walking up and down, and anxiously watching for the arrival of some messenger. Nearly half an hour passed, but no messenger came.

The first sign of life in the neighborhood of the house was in the shape of a man on horseback, galloping from the stable entrance. Egbert saw this by looking over the wall at the back of the summer-house; and the man passed along the open drive, vanishing in the direction of the lodge. Mayne, not without some presentiment of ill, wondered what it could mean, but thought it just possible that the horseman was a special messenger sent to catch the late post at the nearest town, as was sometimes done by Squire Allenville. So he curbed his impatience for Geraldine's sake.

Next he observed lights moving in the upper windows of the building. "It has been made known to them all that she is come, and they are preparing a room," he thought hopefully.

But nobody came from the door to welcome him; his existence was apparently forgotten by the whole world. In another ten minutes he saw the Melport brougham that had brought them, creeping slowly up to the house. Egbert went round to the man, and told him to drive to the stables and wait for orders.

From the length of Geraldine's absence, Mayne could not help concluding that the impression produced on her father was of a doubtful kind, not quite favorable enough to warrant her in telling him at once that her husband was in waiting. Still, a sense of his dignity as her husband might have

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constrained her to introduce him as soon as possible, and he had only agreed to wait a few minutes. Something unexpected must, after all, have occurred. And this supposition was confirmed a moment later by the noise of a horse and carriage coming up the drive. Egbert again looked over into the open park, and saw the vehicle reach the carriage entrance, where somebody alighted and went in.

"Her father away from home perhaps, and now just returned," he said.

He lingered yet another ten minutes, and then could endure no longer. Before he could reach the lawn door through which Geraldine had disappeared it opened. A person came out and, without shutting the door, hastened across to where Egbert stood. The man was a servant without a hat on, and the moment that he saw Mayne he ran up to him.

"Mr. Mayne?" he said.

"It is," said Egbert.

"Mr. Allenville desires that you will come with me. There is something serious the matter. Miss Allenville is taken dangerously ill, and she wishes to see you."

"What has happened to her?" gasped Egbert breathlessly.

"Miss Allenville came unexpectedly home just now, and directly she saw her father it gave her such a turn that she fainted, and ruptured a blood-vessel internally, and fell upon the floor. They have put her to bed, and the doctor has come, but we are afraid she won't live over it. She has suffered from it before."

Egbert did not speak, but walked hastily beside the man-servant. The only recollection that he ever had in after years of entering that house was a vague idea of stags' antlers in a long row on the wall, and a sense of great breadth in the stone staircase as he ascended it. Everything else was in a mist.

Mr. Allenville, on being informed of his arrival, came out and met him in the corridor.

Egbert's mind was so entirely given up to the one thought that the life of his Geraldine was in danger, that he quite forgot the peculiar circumstances under which he met Allenville, and the peculiar behavior necessary on that account. He seized her father's hand, and said abruptly,

"Where is she? Is the danger great?"

Allenville withdrew his hand, turned, and led the way into his daughter's room, merely saying in a low, hard tone, "Your wife is in great danger, sir."

Egbert rushed to the bedside and bent over her in agony not to be described. Allenville sent the attendants from the room, and closed the door.

"Father," she whispered feebly, "I cannot help loving him. Would you leave us alone? We are very dear to each other, and perhaps I shall soon die."

"Anything you wish, child," he said with stern anguish; "and anything can hardly include more." Seeing that she looked hurt at this, he spoke more pleasantly. "I am glad to please you — you know I am, Geraldine — to the utmost." He then went out."

"They would not have let you know if Dr. Williams had not insisted," she said. "I could not speak to explain at first — that's how it is you have been left there so long."

"Geraldine, dear, dear Geraldine, why should all this have come upon us?" he said in broken accents.

"Perhaps it is best," she murmured. "I hardly knew what I was doing when I entered the door, or how I could explain to my father, or what could be done to reconcile him to us. He kept me waiting a little time before he would see me, but at last he came into the room. I felt a fulness on my chest, I could not speak, and then this happened to me. Papa has asked no questions."

A silence followed, interrupted only by her fitful breathing: —

> A silence which doth follow talk, that causes
> The baffled heart to speak with sighs and tears.

"Do you love me very much now, Egbert?" she said. "After all my vacillation, do you?"

"Yes — how can you doubt?"

"I do not doubt. I know you love me. But will you stay here till I get better? You must stay. Papa is sure to be friendly with you now."

"Don't agitate yourself, dearest, about me. All is right with me here. Your health is the one thing to be anxious about now."

"I have only been taken ill like this once before in my life, and I thought it would never be again."

As she was not allowed to speak much, he remained holding her hand; and after some time she sank into a light sleep. Egbert then went from the chamber for a moment, and asked the physician who was in the next room, if there was good hope for her life.

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"It is a dangerous attack, and she is very weak," he replied, concealing, though scarcely able to conceal, the curiosity with which he regarded Egbert; for the marriage had now become generally known.

The evening and night wore on. Great events in which he could not participate seemed to be passing over Egbert's head; a stir was in progress, of whose results he grasped but small and fragmentary notions. And, on the other hand, it was mournfully strange to notice her father's behavior during these hours of doubt. It was only when he despaired that he looked upon Egbert with tolerance. When he hoped, the young man's presence was hateful to him.

Not knowing what to do when out of her chamber, having nobody near him to whom he could speak on intimate terms, Egbert passed a wretched time of three long days. After watching by her for several hours on the third day, he went downstairs, and into the open air. There intelligence was brought him that another effusion, more violent than any which preceded it, had taken place. Egbert rushed back to her room. Powerful remedies were applied, but none availed. A fainting-fit followed, and in two or three hours it became plain to those who understood that there was no Geraldine for the morrow.

Sometimes she was lethargic, and as if her spirit had already flown; then her mind wandered; but towards the end she was sensible of all that was going on, though unable to speak, her strength being barely enough to enable her to receive an idea.

It was a gentle death. She was as acquiescent as if she had been a saint, which was not the least striking and uncommon feature in the life of this fair and unfortunate lady. Her husband held one tiny hand, remaining all the time on the right side of the bed in a nook beside the curtains, while her father and the rest remained on the left side, never raising their eyes to him, and scarcely ever addressing him.

Everything was so still that her weak act of trying to live seemed a silent wrestling with all the powers of the universe. Pale and hopelessly anxious they all waited and watched the heavy shadows close over her. It might have been thought that death felt for her and took her tenderly. She sighed twice or three times; then her heart stood still; and this strange family alliance was at an end forever.

THOMAS HARDY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PUBLIC CAREER AND PERSONAL CHARACTER OF FRANCIS BACON.*

BY JAMES ROWLEY.

THE subject of this paper, difficult as it is even to men of exceptional knowledge and capacity, has yet two conspicuous advantages — its limits are marked with tolerable distinctness, and the area those limits inclose is not too wide to be fairly taken in by any mind of average capacity. It is true that to most the mere mention of the name "Lord Bacon" suggests a field of intellectual labor that stretches far beyond the horizon of all ordinary and of most extraordinary observers; but that is because those that think and talk about Lord Bacon generally think and talk about the writer of the "*Novum Organum*" and "History of Henry VII.," not about the learned counsel, the attorney-general, the lord chancellor. My business at present is exclusively with the latter. Not only too is the range of the subject distinctly limited, but also the facts it deals with have been fairly ascertained. Thanks to Bacon's own care in preserving the letters and other documents that reveal or illustrate his actions, and the loving diligence of a succession of scholars — of whom Mr. James Spedding is the latest, fullest, and worthiest — the most eventful passages of his life have been laid bare to the satisfaction of rational curiosity. There is not much dispute about what Bacon actually said and did on the occasions which supply the most abundant matter for controversy; it is almost invariably on the right interpretation of his sayings and doings that the disputants join issue. Bacon's apologists do not deny that he had been nobly befriended by the man against whose life he pleaded in court, that he watched — so far as we know, without flinching — the agonies of a half-crazy parson in whose unpreached sermon the king professed that he saw most dangerous treason, that he allowed the reigning favorite to write him letters desiring him as chancellor to show all the favor he might to particular suitors, that he took presents from parties to causes in his court whose cases were still undecided, and that he was active in many of the transactions that the historians of James's reign have visited with emphatic reprobation; but they maintain that in most of these alleged misdeeds Bacon was justified by their circumstances or by the practice of the time, and in the

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remainder that his sin was not of so dark a hue as not to be easily forgiven by fellow-sinners. Even over the minor details of his actions there is little wrangling.

Now the proper method of treating this subject seems to be, to fix the attention solely on Bacon as a lawyer and statesman, forgetting for the moment that he was ever anything else. If we do not carefully separate the chancellor from the philosopher, or rather — to take a hint from the poet Cowley — contemplate the chancellor of King James's laws apart from the chancellor of nature's laws, do not succeed in *isolating* the former, we shall be sure to go astray. Bacon chose to cast in his lot with the Cecils, Howards, and Egertons of the day, and as a Cecil, a Howard, or an Egerton he must consent to be judged. In his will "he leaves his name and memory to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next ages." But every one whom fortune or his own energy has lifted into high place does pretty much the same, though he may not often say as much. One, however, cannot help suspecting that the spoken appeal of the author of the "Essays" and "Advancement of Learning" has been more potent with the dispensers of posthumous justice than the dumb appeal of his unlettered brethren. Literature has taken charge of all alike, and literary men are not the "kinless loons" that Cromwell's Scottish judges were; the justice they deal out to historical characters of their own craft is more generously tempered with mercy than that which they deal out to those whose kinship they do not acknowledge. In this there is nothing to be surprised at, and little to blame; working in the full sunlight of a grand intellectual reputation, literature can hardly help being dazzled. But at present my course is clear; strictly speaking, it is to Viscount St. Albans, not Francis Bacon, that we must now give our attention.

Yet, comparatively narrow as our field is thus made, there is in it, as experience has shown, ample scope for criticism and controversy. Bacon's public career has provoked a good deal of both; of the latter something more than its fair share. For the criticism I make no apology. The subject demands it; I must only take care that it be as just as my knowledge, insight, and critical gift permit.

Bacon's public career stretches over thirty-seven years. He sat in every Parliament — nine in all — that was called between his twenty-fourth and sixty-first years, being a member of the Commons' House in all but the last, in the last being for a time not only a member of the Lords' House, but in a certain sense its leading member. There is no special distinction about his Parliamentary career, though constituencies and fellow-members seem to have been sensible of his fine qualities. Middlesex chose him to one Parliament, Cambridge University to another, the latter carrying him off from Ipswich and St. Albans, which had also elected him. But the time had not yet come when men could rise to what Bacon seems to have sought after — power, honor, and wealth — by the Parliamentary ladder alone; and Bacon, though not undistinguished, cannot be said to have shone as a Parliament man. The day for shining in Parliament had, however, not yet dawned. His name is found in the debates from the very first, appears with increasing frequency in every successive Parliament or session of Parliament, and is now and then conspicuous in originating, supporting, or pushing forward important measures. There are two or three noticeable things about his notions and behavior in the Commons and the sentiments of the other members regarding him. He had a somewhat higher conception of the Parliamentary functions than prevailed in the sixteenth century. Thinking it unworthy of a great nation that its representatives should be called together merely to vote money to the crown, he not only strove to give the appearance of a more dignified purpose and a loftier tone to the debates, but also did somewhat to take away their reproach by introducing several measures of public utility himself. One of these, for the repeal of superfluous laws, on which he tried to awaken some degree of interest in Elizabeth's last Parliament, is notable as showing Bacon's forecast of a monstrous abuse, and attempted anticipation of a great reform of modern times. Even in speaking on a subsidy bill — a not very inspiriting subject — he is seen endeavoring to pitch the note of the discussion a little higher than honorable gentlemen were accustomed to, and to stir up within the Commons some sense of their own dignity.

It is also honorable to Bacon that the Commons appear to have had a large measure of faith in his capacity, honesty, and discretion. He was their favorite — in his mature days perhaps their invariable — reporter of committees, as the chairman was then called, and of conferences with the king or the Lords: and so entirely did the Commons trust him that they more than once put him at the head of commit-

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tees charged to carry out objects that he had strongly opposed. Many proofs of this unlimited confidence in his punctual fulfilment of a trust are found in those stirring passages of Parliamentary history connected with the impositions, purveyance, and other grievances over which James's first Parliament was so fretful. For part of this time Bacon was solicitor or attorney general, and took the side of the crown on every disputed question with a promptitude and adhered to it with a steadiness that have drawn down on him the scorn of some modern writers; yet the House would have *him* and no other as the leading member of committees appointed to search for precedents, argue before the Lords, or address the king, in favor of opinions that were the reverse of his own. And in no single instance did the House show the slightest dissatisfaction with him; in the only one in which his conduct seemed open to exception, "the acclamation of the House was" — these are the very words of the report — "that the course" Bacon had taken "on the spur of the moment" in the king's presence "was a testimony of their duty and no levity."* Mr. Spedding clearly has excellent grounds for his opinion that the Commons found Bacon to be the man among them in whose hands "any business of delicacy or difficulty always prospered best."

And in the Parliamentary element Bacon's bearing was self-possessed, dignified, and manly. So far as we know, Parliament seldom heard an intemperate word fall from his lips; though his opinions were often ill-received by the majority in the most exciting debates, he maintained an unruffled serenity; he seems to have never once forgotten himself when upholding unpopular views. For after the great queen's death the temper of the Commons changed; the premonitory symptoms, though none understood them, of a great revolution began to show themselves; the House not seldom betrayed a disposition to fall into an ungovernable mood without precedent in Elizabethan Parliaments. This was a new experience to Bacon. He had hitherto striven to raise Parliament out of the region of humdrum, but had never dreamed of its asserting a position in the State injurious to the prerogative of the crown. A state of things in which the Commons should be supreme would have been to him a revelation of political chaos, a confusion worse confounded. To Bacon the idea that the affairs of a great nation should be controlled, and its policy dictated, by a miscellaneous collection of country gentlemen, lawyers, and merchants, would have been ridiculous. Accordingly, from the beginning of the seventeenth century Bacon held steadfastly to the crown. He took the same side as King James on every public question, was diligent in seeking arguments in favor of every pet scheme of the king's, pushed himself into the front of the king's partisans in every dispute, in a word placed his reasoning and persuading powers absolutely at the king's disposal. It would not be easy to find a trace of a difference of opinion between the king and Bacon during the first fourteen years of Stuart rule.

For all that, it is not necessary to pronounce Bacon a servile tool of tyranny, though some have not scrupled to do so. It is easy to point out the close association between Bacon's worldly interests and the course he pursued, and to hint that like many philosophical politicians he had a turn for swimming with the stream. It is true that during a part of this time Bacon was hungry for office, during another part actually in office, the paid servant of the crown; but there is nothing to show that the opinions he expressed were not the opinions he held. We may have our suspicions, may be eager to find indications that the motives ascribed to him did not operate, but we can confidently assert that in Bacon's Parliamentary career there is nothing to fix a dishonorable stain on his name. If he went with the crown now, whereas he had once shown another inclination, the circumstances were altered. Instead of lying in stagnation, Parliament was now instinct with life. Bacon had now little reason to fear that the Lower House would settle down into a mere political mechanism for increasing the royal revenue. His apprehension may now have been that it would show too great activity, and advance pretensions irreconcilable with order and good government, and Mr. Spedding actually credits him with such an apprehension; and Bacon, whose longing for good government was undoubtedly a genuine feeling, may have been convinced that with the crown only lay the possibility of giving the nation that one priceless blessing. For this is the theory on which his champions rest their vindication of his conduct in attaching himself to the court. What his eyes desired to see above all things was the establishment of rational principles and sound methods of government; there was but one means of secur-

* Spedding, iii. 172.

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ing this, he thought, the royal prerogative, and so he was ready to defend the royal prerogative against all attacks. Unless I am much mistaken in my reading of Bacon's political career, this is a well-founded theory; it seems to me to rhyme accurately with everything we know of his sayings and doings as a political thinker, a Parliamentary speaker, and a minister of State. If this be so, there is little to object to in Bacon's conduct as a Parliament man. The case against him would have little plausibility if it drew its materials from this province of his life alone.

But the far more active sphere of Bacon's political labors lay outside Parliament, and to it belong those parts of Bacon's conduct over which historians and moralists have shaken their heads, and regarding which thoroughly informed critics are not yet agreed as to their verdict. Into this sphere Bacon did not find admission so easy as into Parliament. He had to wait for nearly a quarter of a century and to sit in seven Parliaments before he was appointed to any office under the crown, or was even given any permanent public employment. Why he was kept in the antechamber so long has never been satisfactorily explained. His transcendent ability seems to have been admitted from the first; his father, who had been for twenty-one years among the most faithful and valued of Elizabeth's ministers, had designed and partly trained him for the service of the queen; he was himself more than willing to be dedicated to the same service; the man highest in the confidence of the sovereign was his close connection, for some years the young noble whom the queen delighted to honor was his enthusiastic friend and vehement advocate, for a time the royal ear was open to his own pleadings; one could hardly conceive an aspirant with greater advantages, internal and external, better gifted or better circumstanced. Yet, though a seeker as early as 1580, he was not a finder of what he sought until 1607, when he was made solicitor-general. He had certainly been before this one of the learned counsel to both Elizabeth and James, and an occasional bit of employment had been thrown him, in which he did his part so well that it is surprising he did not get more. It would have been well for his fame, however, had he been passed over in one too notorious case; his appearance in court against his benefactor, Essex, and his acceptance of 1,200*l.* (about 6,000*l.* now), the fine of one of Essex's less unlucky associates, still make a dark blot on his memory, which, to my mind, no amount of apologetic literature will ever wholly wash away. The fact remains that the greatest intellect of his time was kept shivering in the shade for two-thirds of his working life.

Some think that the Cecils, father and son, looked with a jealous eye on their young kinsman, and seeing in him a possible obstacle to their own designs, craftily poisoned their mistress's mind against him. For this notion there is nothing that can be called evidence, unless the fact that Bacon and his mother were at one time strongly suspicious of the younger Cecil — and with Lady Bacon at least suspicions were certainties — is to be taken as such. The elder Cecil gave him the reversion of the clerkship of the Star Chamber, a post worth 1,600*l.* a year, equal to 8,000*l.* now; to the younger, Bacon is almost passionate in protesting his devotion. "I do protest before God," he once wrote to Robert Cecil, "without compliment or any light vein of mind, if I knew in what course of life to do you best service, I would take it, and make my thoughts, which now fly to many pieces, be reduced to that centre." * I am nearly sure that the tardiness in Bacon's upward progress was not due to any active ill-will on the part of the Cecils.

Some think that the deep offence that Bacon gave the queen by his unexpected display of spirit in the Parliament of 1593, when he helped to spoil an ingenious plan for entrapping the Commons into an acknowledgment of a co-ordinate power in the Lords over money bills, thrust him back from the door at a critical moment. There is no doubt that the queen was greatly displeased on this occasion, and denied the offender admission to her presence for a considerable time. Yet patience and prudent management brought back the queen's favor, though it did *not* bring the preferment his soul longed for. Elizabeth died, and all that Bacon gained from the new king was a pension of 60*l.* a year, security in his position of learned counsel, and the cheap honor of knighthood: more than four years had yet to pass before the coveted solicitorship was given him.

It might be thought that Bacon was unfortunate in his choice of a profession. That a man whom so fastidious a critic as Joubert decides to have been "a grand and noble intellect," and who was fully alive to his own powers, should have elected to win his way to wealth and learned leisure through

* Spedding, iv. 247.

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The codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,

called the law of England, is not exactly what we should have expected. Bacon wrangling with Coke about the reseizure of the lands of a relapsed recusant! * Cutting blocks with a razor is a most inexpressive image of such a proceeding; a Beethoven or a Wagner grinding "Yankee Doodle" on a barrel-organ daily from morning to evening would be more like the thing. But it was only when all other avenues were apparently closed against him that Bacon took seriously to practising the law.

Perhaps the true reason of Bacon's being kept waiting so long lies nearer the surface. May it not have been that both Elizabeth and James were unwilling to take him into their service because they thought him unfit for it? The most excellent of Elizabeth's many royal excellences, historians tell us, was a keen insight into character and a readiness to be served by available merit, wherever found; it is well-nigh inconceivable that she would have declined to employ Bacon had she been assured that to employ him would have been for her advantage and the nation's. And James simply picked up the reins as they had fallen from Elizabeth's hands; the early part of his reign was merely a continuance of his predecessor's so far as the change of charioteers allowed. It is not unlikely — there are not a few touches in Bacon's biography that suggest it — that Bacon was regarded at court rather as a thinker than as a man of action, a speculative dreamer rather than an efficient worker. Now, the clerkship of the Star Chamber was just the place for such a man; its income, managed with ordinary prudence, would have given him abundant leisure to dream on things to come and to build up great instaurations to his heart's content. And if Mr. Mill, the man in possession, had no sense of his responsibilities, and kept Bacon out of the place for nineteen years by living unconscionably long, that was not Elizabeth's fault or Burghley's. Now and then Bacon himself betrays a consciousness of unfitness for the work he was so eager to undertake. Writing to Bodley in 1606, he says: "I do confess, since I was of any understanding my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done; and in absence are many errors which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest this great one that led the rest; that knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes; for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind." * Too much significance, however, may easily be given to words like these; so much depends on the humor a man is in when he writes them. Other passages may be found in Bacon's letters and papers that speak a different language.

One thing, however, is clear; if Bacon failed to win preferment in early life, it was not through any excess of modesty or backwardness in asking. There is no blinking the fact, Bacon was a sturdy beggar all his life. He prayed, and never fainted; he kept steadily knocking at the doors of office; no disappointment disheartened him, no rebuff daunted him; it would be curious to calculate what proportion of his extant letters thank for past or solicit future favors or support. The result of such a calculation would, I am afraid, be humiliating. Almost his first letter that has survived, one to his uncle Burghley, had "no further errand but to commend unto your lordship the remembrance of my suit which then I moved unto you;" † almost the last entreats Sir Humphrey May "to sound the Duke of Buckingham's good affection towards me before you do move him in the particular petitions." ‡ And the forty-five years of Bacon's life that lie between these two letters are of a piece with such a beginning and ending. His first suit, which lasted for some seven years, fairly over, no practice coming, and Mr. Mill, the Star-Chamber obstructive, being insensible to his clear duty, Bacon in his thirty-third year, briefless barrister as he was, addressed himself to the task of winning the vacant attorney-generalship. His rival was Edward Coke, the great common-lawyer; but Coke's massive legal knowledge was, Bacon thought, more than counterbalanced as an advantage by the warm friendship the queen's favorite, Essex, felt for himself. Essex certainly did his part thoroughly; he made his friend's case more than his own, spending, as he said, "his utmost friendship, credit, and authority" in promoting Bacon's suit, and during fourteen months of hot strife never letting slip an opportunity of pressing Bacon's claim and "driving in a nail for the negative of the Huddler," § as Bacon phrases

* Spedding, iii. 1–5.

* Spedding, vol. iii. 253.
† Ibid. i. 12.
‡ Ibid. vii. 548.
§ Ibid. i. 263.

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it in one of his letters, "Huddler" being Coke's nickname with Bacon and Essex, It was all lost labor, however; the Huddler got the place. But his appointment left the solicitorship vacant; and a fight began for the solicitorship which was kept up for eighteen months with an almost passionate, certainly injudicious, pertinacity on Essex's part. Essex's letters to Bacon testify to his utter abandonment of himself to his friend's service. In one he writes, "She [that is, the queen] in passion bade me go to bed, if I could talk of nothing else. Wherefore, in passion I went away, saying while I was with her I could not but solicit for the cause and man I so much affected."* In another he comforts Bacon by telling him that the queen "doth not contradict confidently, which they that know the minds of women say is a sign of yielding."† Bacon threatened that, if refused the place, he would retire with a couple of men to Cambridge, and there spend his life in studies and contemplations.‡ But neither Bacon's threats, nor Essex's ardor, nor yet the colder advocacy of Burghley, availed Bacon aught; the solicitorship went to another. Bacon swallowed his disgust, and did not retire to Cambridge. In a few months Egerton's elevation to the office of lord keeper threw open the mastership of the rolls to legal ambition, and Bacon at once turned a longing eye on the place. Essex was at Plymouth, deep in preparations for the grand enterprise against Cadiz, which in a month's time was to make his own fame and the nation's ring through Europe. Yet he responded promptly and heartily to his friend's appeal. If Bacon was once more disappointed it was not through lack of zeal in Essex. While this suit was still waiting for a final answer, others were going on, the ghosts of which flit across Mr. Spedding's pages. One of these is remarkable as involving in its rejection the gravest consequences, if the suitor is to be believed. "I will," writes Bacon to his uncle, "use no reason to persuade your lordship's mediation but this: that your lordship and my other friends shall in this beg my life of the queen; for I see well the bar will be my bier, as I must and will use it rather than that my poor estate or reputation shall decay. But I stand indifferent whether God call me or her Majesty."§ That is, if I do not get this post, I will take to practising at the bar, and the bar is sure to be the death of me. He did not get the post, but he was, notwithstanding, no more careful to die than he had been before to retire to Cambridge. He then tried to make a bargain with Egerton, offering to give up the reversion of the clerkship of the Star Chamber to one of Egerton's sons, if Egerton would only induce his mistress to make him master of the rolls. But Egerton declined the offer — had, perhaps, no mind to so one-sided a compact. About this time the death of Sir William Hatton created a vacancy of another kind, and Bacon was as ready to take Sir William's place in his family and household, as he had ever been to serve the queen. Essex rushed with characteristic energy and fire into this new suit of Bacon's, but his fervent pleadings went the way of their predecessors; the lady preferred to be consoled by Coke, who thus a second time carried off a coveted prize from Bacon.

To go through the list of Bacon's applications for good things, that were nearly always refused him, in the later years of Elizabeth's and earlier of James's reign, were a wearisome and thankless task. It is worth while, however, to take a passing glance at the motives he sometimes assigned for his eagerness to get them. In 1600 he petitioned the queen for an estate. There were three feelings at work, he declares, to make him ask the favor — his love for his mother, who he mightily desired might carry to her grave the comfort of seeing her son with an unincumbered property, his desire to secure Gorhambury, and be able to entertain her Majesty there, and "to trim and dress the grounds for her Majesty's solace," and his wish to be freed "from the contempt of the contemptible, that measure a man by his estate."* This last is that ignoblest of motives which the great-hearted Diogenes of our day has called "striking the surrounding flunkeys yellow." And a few months after James's accession, when he found a royal favor, the then dishonoring honor of knighthood, which Ben Jonson refused, within his reach, he asks for it "because of my late disgrace" — an arrest for debt, presumably — "and because I have three new knights in my mess in Gray's Inn commons, and because I have *found out* (the phrase is significant) an alderman's daughter, an handsome maiden, to my liking."† At that time the king

* Spedding, i. 289.
† Ibid. i. 290.
‡ Ibid. i. 291.
§ Ibid. ii. 49.

* Spedding, ii. 166.
† Ibid. iii. 80.

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never seemed so happy as when making knights; and in a few days the high-souled philosopher was able to woo his handsome maiden as *Sir* Francis Bacon. And having, after three years' wooing, won the handsome maiden, he proceeds to utilize her as he had before utilized his mother. Pleading anxiously with the lord chancellor for the solicitorship, he wrote: "Were it not to satisfy my wife's friends, and to get myself out of being a common gaze and speech, I protest before God I would never speak word for it." * And though one feels a shock at hearing or seeing the word "shameless" applied to any part of Bacon's conduct, yet the word *will* leap to one's lips in front of one passage of his life. When the death of Elizabeth put him in a flutter of expectation, and he was busy speeding self-recommendatory letters to every person possessing influence with the new king that he could claim any degree of acquaintance with, he sent one to Southampton, the man who had been tried and condemned with Essex, on the day when Bacon stood among the accusers of his former benefactor. In this he assures Southampton, "It is as true as a thing that God knoweth that this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your lordship than this, that I may safely be now that which I was truly before." † Surely the force of philosophical effrontery could hardly farther go than this.

At last, after twenty-seven years of crushing and pushing and elbowing among the "press" of place-hunters, Bacon got his feet planted on the lowest round of *his* Jacob's ladder; having, in 1606, wrung from the king a promise of the solicitorship on the next vacancy, he became solicitor-general in 1607. Six years later he was made attorney-general, ten years later lord keeper, and eleven years later lord chancellor. Thus the ladder was ascended, and heaven gained! But neither in scaling nor in attainment did Bacon's craving allow him any respite. Omitting the smaller instances, I shall just look at two prominent ones. In 1612 his cousin Salisbury, high treasurer and secretary of state, died. Bacon thought he would himself make an admirable secretary, and drew up, perhaps sent to the king, an application for the place. And this brings us face to face with a very unpleasant feature in Bacon's character, his habit of flattering men in their lifetime and depreciating them after their death. Five years before he had told Salisbury: "I do esteem whatsoever I have or may have in this world but as trash, in comparison of having the honor and happiness to be a near and well-accepted kinsman to so rare and worthy a counsellor, governor, and patriot." * What is his language now? "Now that he is gone, in whose lifetime the virtues might reckon on destruction with the utmost certainty." † The inducements, too, which he suggests to James are curious: "I will be as ready as a chessman to be wherever your Majesty's royal hand will set me." ‡ James, however, chose to be his own secretary for a time. The second application is perhaps the strangest of all Bacon's proceedings in this way. Lord Chancellor Egerton having fallen ill in February 1616, Bacon jumps at the conclusion that he is going to die, and straightway pens a letter to the king worthy of careful study as a specimen both of Bacon's literary style and character. He begins by making God the king's gardener. "Your worthy chancellor, I fear, goes his last day. God hath hitherto used to weed out such servants as grew not fit for your Majesty. But now he has gathered to himself a true sage, or *salvia*, out of your garden." "But," he goes on to say, "your Majesty's service must not be mortal." To save it from such a fate he is of opinion that his Majesty should appoint *him* to the dying man's place, and points out to his Majesty that his appointment would give his Majesty the disposal of offices worth 7,600*l.* (about 40,000*l.*) per annum; a chancellor that would be ever on the look-out to prevent his Majesty being distracted with business; that was in the good graces of the Lower House, had some interest with the gentlemen of England, and would strengthen the inventive part of the council, "who now commonly do exercise rather their judgments than their inventions." This was the blowing of his own trumpet, a process for which Bacon never wanted breath; he made as little scruple to dwell on the defects of possible rivals. The Lord Coke, his old enemy the Huddler, "was of an over-ruling nature," and would ill fit "an over-ruling place," would be more useful in a financial office, and was a popular man; "and popular men are no sure mounters for your Majesty's saddle." § Two days after writing this letter he went to see Egerton. A

* Spedding, iii. 296.
† Ibid. iii. 75.

* Spedding, iv. 12.
† Quo vivente virtutibus certissimum exitium.
‡ Spedding, iv. 282.
§ Ibid. v. 241–4.

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postscript of a note to Villiers tells us the substance of the interview: "My lord chancellor is prettily amended. I was with him yesterday almost half an hour. He used me with wonderful tokens of kindness. We both wept, which I do not often." * The chancellor rallied, however, and Bacon had to keep the curb on his impatience for another year.

All through these experiences his eye often wandered to right and to left in search of an occasional windfall. At one time he offers to farm the alienations for the king at a handsome rent; at another he thinks the king ought to give him 2,000*l.* out of certain fines; at another he begged the privilege of "making a baron," that is, selling a peerage — a usual and very lucrative practice in James's reign — and pocketing the price. But it was after his fall, when suddenly flung out of the Olympus to gain which he had toiled so painfully and borne so much, that he made the most piteous appeals to Buckingham and the king. He begs for an additional pension, for the provostship of Eton, for payments anticipatory of a handsome pension already granted him, for an immediate remission of his whole sentence and restoration to the House of Lords. He even stooped to pray that an arrear of about 2,000*l.*, which had been discovered to be due to the crown by his half-brother, Sir Nicolas Bacon, should be given him. "It is a suit," he writes to Buckingham, "whereunto I may as it were claim kindred." † Towards the end of his life Bacon figures in history as a kind of St. Simeon Stylites, "battering the gates of heaven" — *his* heaven — "with storms of prayer."

So far for the way he took to win power in the State. But how did he use the power when won? The best that can fairly be said for him is, I think, that he used it in the main not altogether unsatisfactorily. But it should not be forgotten that the side of Bacon's public life, which can be contemplated with the nearest approach to unqualified admiration, was not connected with the direct exercise of political power. If I were asked what I believed to be Bacon's most conscious feeling regarding himself, I should answer, intellectual self-confidence. Pride of intellect, some would perhaps prefer to call it, and perhaps they would be right. From first to last Bacon leaned with implicit faith on his own intelligence; whatever else might play him false, that, he seemed to think, never could. The first article of his creed was the practical infallibility of his own judgment. When still young he told his uncle that he had "taken all knowledge for his province;" and when over forty he discerned in his nature a kind of relationship and familiarity with truth, as being "gifted with desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to consider, carefulness to dispose and set in order." It is significant of this element in Bacon's character that on the only two occasions when he took an independent course that displeased the sovereign, he was never for a moment tempted, after he found out his mistake, into an acknowledgment that he had been wrong. He was ready to do anything to atone for his conduct; in the second instance, being chancellor, he promptly wheeled round and undid everything he had done before in the matter; but neither in the first nor in the second did he utter a single word capable of being construed into a confession of error. The theory of the unconsciousness of genius in its highest developments assuredly receives no support from Bacon's case.

Now, either from natural impulse or from motives of self-advancement, Bacon scrutinized very keenly and pondered very carefully the politics, domestic and international, the burning religious questions, the tendencies, movements, and other easily conceived manifestations of the then dominant time-spirit. Thus endowed with a piercing and discriminating intellect, and having of his own free will turned that intellect on the subjects that then engaged the attention of the rulers of men, he considered himself justified in giving advice, generally unasked, to those that needed it most, the great personages that were in the thick of the fight, and might therefore, Bacon may have thought, be the better of seeing things as the clearest pair of eyes in Christendom saw them. Accordingly Bacon from his youth up seems to have constituted himself a sort of counsel-general — unattached, but very willing to be attached — to the great and powerful. He drew up weighty papers of considerations for the queen, for Walsingham, for Cecil, for Essex, for King James, for any one in fact that was in a position to profit by the advice and bring profit to the adviser. His first occasional paper, written in his twenty-fifth year, is a letter of advice to the queen, in which he respectfully interprets to her the leading questions of the hour, and prescribes the attitude she ought

* Spedding, v, 245.
† Ibid. vii. 451.

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to take towards them. Many people would look on this as presumption and monstrous self-conceit. A youth of twenty-five thrusting his views and counsel on the veteran ruler who had taken her seat in the centre of public affairs before her self-appointed adviser was born, and had watched them Argus-eyed ever since, cannot certainly be quoted as an example of all that is most graceful in youth. Yet it is worth noting how much of this volunteered advice is in harmony with the soberest judgment of the present day, and how little of the passion or prejudice of the moment is visible in it. Indeed most of these extra-official observations are rich in thought of almost priceless value; a spirit of calm contemplation, as of one that dwelt in a serener atmosphere, far above the "dust of systems and of creeds," pervades them; and to us who live on the safe side of the historic convulsions to the movements tending to which these papers belong, they seem weighty with solid practical sense as well. To give a single example: the "Considerations touching the Queen's Service in Ireland," which he sent to his cousin Robert Cecil, in 1602, to help him to see his way through the intricacies of the Irish problem then calling as loudly to English statesmen for solution as ever it has called in our own times, reveal him as not only perfect master of the subject, but as urging a policy that in most of its features every one not a fanatic now believes would have been the wisest. Let us take this extract as a sample. "Therefore a toleration of religion (for a time not definite), except it be in some principal towns and precincts, after the manner of some French edicts, seemeth to me to be a matter warrantable by religion, and in policy of absolute necessity." * Yet the one recommendation of Bacon's regarding Ireland that he lived to see carried out, the plantation of Ulster, has been emphatically condemned by the intolerant dogmatism of later years that plumes itself on being judicial history; but fact, I take it, has abundantly vindicated the wisdom of Bacon in this particular in the eyes of those who have not surrendered their natural eyesight to a theory.

But I would limit this almost unqualified commendation of Bacon's expositions of state policy to his comparatively unofficial days. When attorney-general or chancellor, he seems to have now and then allowed unworthy considerations to dim somewhat his clearness of vision, to have been a little disposed to find a solution of the question before him that would be agreeable to the king rather than one that would be just and politic. The same familiar ground furnishes us with an illustration of this. During his attorney-generalship he advised the king to prohibit absolutely the exportation of wools from Ireland, thus doing his worst to strangle in the cradle, from purely selfish purposes, a natural and growing branch of Irish industry, the suppression of which in later times did perhaps more to injure Ireland and to evoke the Nemesis under whose lash England still winces, than any other single cause. It is suggestive also to compare the tolerant course towards the Catholics that Bacon pleaded for when unemployed, with his actual treatment of the Catholics when he was attorney-general. Writing to the king in 1615, he says: "I have heard more ways than one of an offer of 20,000*l.* per annum for farming the penalties of recusants. . . . Wherein I will presume to say that my poor endeavors, since I was by your great and sole grace your attorney, have been no small spurs to make them feel your laws and seek this redemption." * But these are among the exceptional cases that prove the rule, and the rule is that Bacon's "Considerations," whether upon a war with Spain or upon Sutton's estate, upon the pacification of the Church or upon jury reform, are wise with a wisdom far beyond the wisest working wisdom of his century, having but one obvious drawback — that they were too far in advance of the times they were intended to benefit to be of much use to them. This passion for giving advice continued with Bacon to the last. Two years after his fall he writes to Buckingham: "But when I look abroad and see the times so stirring, and so much dissimulation, falsehood, baseness, and envy in the world, and so many idle clocks going in men's heads; then it grieveth me much that I am not sometimes at your lordship's elbow, that I mought give you some of the fruits of the careful advice, modest liberty, and true information of a friend that loveth your lordship as I do." †

Clear-sighted, however, as Bacon was, he was as blind as the most horn-eyed among his contemporaries to the real significance of the signs of the times. Fourteen years after his death, the deepest and broadest political upheaval that has ever convulsed English life put itself in motion,

* Spedding, iii. 49.

* Spedding, v. 102.
† Ibid. vii. 423.

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and in two years more became a war that shook the firmest-based political and religious fabric in Europe to its foundations. The forces that gave birth to that upheaval were gathering, indeed must have been actively at work, in Bacon's time. Their outward manifestations were familiar, and a subject of grave reflection to Bacon. Yet his writings betray little sensibility to the "whitherward" of English politics and religion in his day as they do to the other great spiritual phenomenon that makes his age so absorbingly interesting, the Shakespearian drama. The fact is really worth more than a passing thought. Here was the most penetrating and vigilant intelligence that has ever employed itself on contemporary politics, and an imagination of rare breadth and power, entirely ignorant of the leading tendency of the politics they studied, and utterly indifferent to the noblest works of imagination that were getting produced and published within a mile's distance. The party that in its manhood scattered princes and their armies at Naseby and Worcester, and gave to England its last ruler of the old colossal type, was called by Bacon in its infancy "a small number of very silly and base people, now by the good remedies that have been used suppressed and worn out." And the picture of a contented people, a church luminous "as an heaven of stars," a learned and just bench of judges, a careful, loyal, and free-spoken council, an efficient magistracy, and the rest, that Bacon painted for the king as a New Year's gift for 1619,* would be ludicrous if it were not so sad when looked at in the lurid light that a tragic event of almost exactly thirty years later throws upon it. Bacon could gaze fixedly on the face of the sky and of the earth, but could not discern the cloud that had already risen out of the west. The words of Mr. Ruskin, slightly altered, will convey the lesson to us. "Above all things let us see that we be modest in our thoughts, for of this one thing we may be absolutely sure, that all our thoughts are but degrees of darkness." †

The story of Bacon's public *acts* will, I think, kindle in the unbiassed mind a very different feeling from that kindled by a study of his speculations. To me, at least, many of them are of a very questionable character, though the best informed of Bacon's biographers can see nothing in the worst of them that is not excusable. Bacon's public career has one very suspicious feature — its history is studded with facts that require elaborate explanations and apologies before any ingenuous mind can be reconciled to them. For Bacon's letters are not like Cromwell's, do not bear the stamp of a disinterested spirit on their very face; unlimited comment and explanation are necessary. One can easily fancy an essentially upright man doing now and then a thing whose blameless character is not obvious at first sight; but an essentially upright man doing so many things that require such an expenditure of explanation to show that they were all right as Bacon did, is not so easily fancied. And Bacon's justification necessitates the reversal of all that was seemingly solid in our long-established conceptions of English history in James's reign, and a reconstruction of that history on an entirely new basis. For with James's whole course of policy, and with many of the proceedings of his reign that later history has pronounced wrong, unjustifiable, ill-judged and wicked, Bacon was closely connected; the reputation of the reign must stand or fall with his reputation; it is impossible to defend or excuse him without defending or excusing the master he served under and the men he acted with. From this task of revolutionizing our thoughts regarding the character of the British Solomon and of his reign, Mr. Spedding has not shrunk; his sympathetic readers will carry away from the perusal of his pages notions the very opposite of those found in Lord Macaulay's pages, and even radically different from those given by that most scrupulous and veracious writer, Mr. Gardiner. This is the price, then, we must pay for getting Francis Bacon reclaimed to the paths of integrity: we must unlearn all that we have hitherto learned of a big section of English activity, and learn its history all over again, taking special care to change all our sinners into saints and all our saints into sinners. I am not sure whether we shall not also have to overhaul, in some measure, our old ideas of right and wrong — at any rate have to make those we strive to judge by somewhat elastic.

Perhaps the chapter of Bacon's life that looks ugliest to the casual observer, as yet a stranger to the power of explanations, is the chapter that unfolds his dealings with the young Earl of Essex. Yet Bacon's admirers find no difficulty whatever in it.

* Spedding, vi. 452.

† The essay "Of Empire" supplies another striking illustration of the dimness of even Bacon's spiritual vision. In 1625 he says of the "Second Nobles" or "Gentlemen" that kings need not apprehend "much danger from them, being a body dispersed: they may sometimes discourse high, but that doth little hurt." If he had only lived till 1645!

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They admit that Essex worked zealously to advance Bacon's interests, became his champion against every possible rival, labored with a generous enthusiasm to win office and distinction for him, and when all his efforts failed to overcome the reluctance of the queen, gave Bacon an estate, which he afterwards sold for what would be nearly 9,000*l.* now. They assert, however, that Bacon paid for these benefits by services rendered to Essex of at least equal value — letters of advice, and such like, accepting as literal truth Bacon's own statement, "I did not only labor carefully and industriously in that he set me about, whether it were matter of advice or otherwise, but neglecting the queen's service, mine own fortune, and in a sort my vocation, I did nothing but devise and ruminate with myself to the best of my understanding, propositions and memorials of anything that might concern his lordship's honor, fortune, or service." * The obligations being thus about equal, there was no reason, they think, why Bacon should not bring into play all his powers of persuasion to insure his former friend's conviction for treason, when he was manifestly guilty of treason. Bacon, they also say, had a stronger feeling within him than friendship — a devouring zeal for the public service. Again to use his own words: "Whatsoever I did concerning that action and proceeding (the trial of Essex) was done in my duty and service to the queen and the State; in which I would not show myself false-hearted nor faint-hearted for any man's sake living." Bacon, it is clear, was more an antique Roman than a vulgar Englishman: he would cheerfully have settled the rope round the neck of his own brother to save from the slightest harm a queen or State — that had offices to bestow!

As to the first of these pleas, it can owe its validity only to the principle that all friendship is but a debit and credit account, and that, when the two sides exactly balance each other, the so-called friends are quits, their relations return to their original state, and each is at liberty to act as if he had never received from or done a kindness to the other. Bacon's apology, after his friend's death, is therefore a kind of lawyer's bill; *Dr.* so much advice and looking after somewhat complicated affairs,† *Cr.* so much zeal on various occasions and a small estate. The columns are totted up, the amounts are exactly equal; no one who knows how to do a sum in simple addition can reasonably blame Bacon for giving his professional services to the crown against Essex. Yet few, I am sure, can see without a pang the largest-brained philosopher of the modern world rising in court and coldly shutting the door of hope against the generous, unselfish, eager-hearted friend of former days who stood at bay before him gallantly fighting for his life. "I have never yet seen in any case," he said, "such favor shown to any prisoner; so many digressions, such delivering of evidence by fractions, and so silly a defence of such great and notorious treasons," * and so on, giving a keener edge to the axe by every sentence. "To this," an eye-witness reports, "the earl answered little;" and we can well believe him.

What Essex's case is in Bacon's extra-official public career Peacham's is in his official. Peacham was a Somersetshire clergyman among whose papers was found a manuscript sermon that had never been preached, in which the king's policy was assailed with virulence, and a sweeping vengeance was predicted for the king and his ministers. James took fright; the spectre of a wide-spread nefarious Puritan conspiracy rose before his mind; Peacham was seized, charged with treason, and measures were taken to make him disclose the names of his supposed accomplices. Peacham had no accomplices to disclose. Thereupon it was resolved in council to put him to the torture, and a warrant was issued to Winwood the secretary, Bacon the attorney-general and six others, to see the poor wretch tortured. The warrant was duly executed — in the words of the report that Bacon himself signed, "Peacham was examined before torture, in torture, between tortures, and after torture." The case of the luckless would-be pulpit libeller need not be pursued in detail further. Though a mighty fuss was made about it, the very record of which covers nearly forty pages of Spedding,† it is enough to say here that Peacham was tried for treason at Taunton, found guilty and left for death, the gaol fever, however, not the gallows, killing him a few months afterwards. It is surely startling to find Bacon assisting in person at the torture of a fellow-creature only thirteen years before torture was unanimously declared by the judges to be contrary to law; yet his admirers preserve

* Spedding, iii. 143.
† "Anxiety of Mind," "Mythical Lawyer's Bill."

* Spedding, ii. 229.
† v. 90–128.

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their equanimity. "All we know," pleads Mr. Spedding, "is that he did not refuse to be present at an examination under torture." Even if this were so, it could not much avail Bacon; but I submit that we know more. We know that he busied himself greatly about Peacham's case, taking the management of the process of screwing a pre-judicial expression of opinion out of the judges concerning it. We know that he wrote lightly, not to say unfeelingly, to the king regarding it: "It grieveth me exceedingly that your Majesty should be so much troubled with this matter of Peacham, whose raging devil seemeth to be turned into a dumb devil." Bacon was always very sensitive to the sorrows of kings and great placemen. We know that five years later, on being called upon to deal with "one Peacock charged with an attempt to infatuate the king's judgment by sorcery," and finding Peacock too possessed by a dumb devil, this chancellor of nature's laws *recommended* torture. His own words are: "I make no judgment yet, but will go on with all diligence; and if it may not be done otherwise, it is fit Peacock be put to the torture. He deserveth it as well as Peacham did."* But, another admirer urges, Bacon was doing no more than his duty in seeing Peacham tortured; he was first law officer of the crown, and as such was bound to carry out his instructions. "Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation! Hal, 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation!"

Bacon's conduct as lord keeper and lord chancellor I have left myself little room to discuss. I am not aware that fault has been found with his general discharge of the duties of his office, and posterity seems to have acquiesced in his own judgment of himself: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years." The two broad blemishes — to use the very mildest term possible regarding them — on his judicial career are, that he too often listened to Buckingham's one-sided applications on behalf of suitors in his court, and that he had what Shakespeare calls "an itching palm" — a few hundred pounds slipped into his hand by a litigant seldom found its way back to its original owner. Here is a sample of Buckingham's letters: "Lest my often writing may make your lordship conceive that this letter has been drawn from me by importunity, I have thought fit, for preventing of any such conceit, to let your lordship know that Sir John Wentworth, whose business I now recommend, is a gentleman whom I esteem in more than an ordinary degree. And therefore I desire your lordship to show him what favor you can for my sake in his suit, which his Majesty hath referred to your lordship: which I will acknowledge as a courtesy unto me."* With regard to the second blemish, Bacon himself, when impeached, pleaded guilty to twenty-seven circumstantially stated instances of taking gifts from suitors. But it is alleged that his guilt in these two particulars, crimson as its dye looks to the carelessly glancing spectator, fades into a comparatively neutral tint before a searching examination. Neither of his aberrations marred the character of his decisions; he read Buckingham's letter or took the suitor's money or cabinet, and then decided according to the merits of the case and the law that ruled it; no charge of having perverted justice was ever made against him; the Commons themselves, while arraigning him as a corrupt judge, never questioned even the soundness of a single decision. Moreover, most of the gratuities — that is the happy euphemism — "were received after the cause had been ended, and without relation to any precedent promise;" and the accepting such gratuities, Bacon, to use his own words, "conceived to be no fault." And to crown all, the chancellor's oath contained no clause against corruption; and corruption in a chancellor was not forbidden by either the written or unwritten law of England. These are the leading features of the case for the defence.

Many topics of great interest connected with the subject still remain; but I must be satisfied with a mere indication of one or two of them. Bacon's love of management, which he himself describes as "a middle thing between art and chance," strikes one very often in watching his ways. He took a pleasure in laying little traps, generally harmless; in arranging for a longish pedigree of events, in which the last was the thing sought; in aiming with a great show of earnestness at one object, while all the time he was intent at knocking over another. It was an innocent game of guile, appropriate in the servant of the great master of transparent kingcraft that then ruled England. Then, his extravagant flattery of the great, especially of King James, must surely be offensive to every mind not yet fortified against

* Spedding, vii. 77.

* Spedding, vii. 6.

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healthy human feeling by reasonings and explanations. And his taste for expense and love of splendor, by keeping him constantly in debt, accounts for much of what is condemnable or questionable in his career.

To conclude. The general impression of Bacon's character that a careful and certainly not unfavorably prepossessed reading of his letters and occasional papers has left on my mind is something like this. He was not a man to whom superlatives or strong language of any color can fairly be applied. He was not the "meanest of mankind." "Base" and "despicable," "generous" and "noble," are words that the historian of Bacon's life will never have occasion to draw from his vocabulary. Most assuredly his place is not with the morally great, the strong-hearted, much-enduring, self-sacrificing, heroic spirits, the Keplers and Newtons, the Miltons and Johnsons. Bacon's place is not with these; it is with the Lakes, the Cranfields, the Yelvertons, the Nevilles of his day; ranked with such men he is a respectable figure enough. It is when you withdraw him from the crew of contemporary politicians and courtiers, and set him among the great and noble of all time, that his figure shrinks and his features become commonplace. There is no trace of the heroic about his moral character; there is nothing in the man that appeals to the universal heart, nothing to stir enthusiasm, nothing to win admiration. His literary partisans struggle desperately for his good name; but the utmost that their efforts, if successful, could gain from us is, that we should refrain from condemning. His nature wanted elevation, a finer tone, a richer flavor; his motives were the motives of the crowd of self-seekers around him. We might even go farther and say that Bacon lacked common manliness. When misfortune came, he lost all sense of dignity, buried himself in his bedclothes, moaned forth his confessions of guilt, and begged piteously for mercy. "My lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart. I do beseech you, my lords, be merciful to a broken reed." Compare the demeanor of certain other historic Englishmen in the presence of circumstances immeasurably more trying: the cheery humor of More, the calm self-possession of Raleigh, the stately self-respect of Strafford, the high-toned courage of Vane, remain forever part of England's wealth and the world's; their story gives a warmer tint to life. But Bacon prostrate and crying for mercy — this is a sight that no one can care to look at; the emotion it awakens is neither sympathy nor pity. The truth would seem to be that Bacon hardly ever touches humanity on the moral and emotional side. He seems to have been incapable of deep feeling, seems hardly ever to have known what love or hate was; there are few traces of tenderness in his letters and papers, there are as few traces of malice. His was an almost passionless nature; there was little moral spontaneity of any kind. He had to jot down among his memoranda "to bear in mind the attorney's weaknesses," and to run up a column of that official's disadvantages for his future use. Mr. Spedding construes these and similar memoranda of Bacon's into a proof of his goodness of nature; an evil nature would have remembered all these against a man whose place it sought to fill without tables. This explanation makes Bacon a man who deliberately does violence to his own nature, commits treason against his own soul, for selfish ends. The fact seems rather to be that Bacon had no strong natural impulses either to good or to evil; and had his intellect told him that it would be for his interest to do a good action of a particular kind, he would have had to jot down a memorandum of it also. For in Bacon's opinion intellect held the highest place. "A man is but what he knoweth," he wrote in his thirty-fourth year; and then continues: "Are not the pleasures of the affections greater than the pleasures of the senses? and are not the pleasures of the intellect greater than the pleasures of the affections?" Yet — this knowledge —

> What is she, cut from love and faith,
> But some wild Pallas from the brain
>
> Of demons? fiery hot to burst
> All barriers in the onward race
> For power. Let her know her place —
> She is the second, not the first.

"Born for the universe" — the phrase is almost his own — Bacon narrowed, not his mind — *that* was incompressible — but his soul, and gave up to his worse self, to his craving after power, distinction, grandeur, everything that the philosophical mind professes to despise most, those peerless gifts which might have made his name an ennobling influence to all time.

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From The Contemporary Review.

SELLING THE SOUL.

"This word "Damnation" terrifies not me,
For I confound Hell in Elysium.
A sound Magician is a demigod!"
MARLOWE'S *Faustus.*

"CYPRIAN. Oh, could I possess that woman,
To my aid from Hell I'd summon
A potent Devil, — and my soul
Give by bond to his control;
Suffering, wheresoe'er he swept it,
Endless tortures!
DEMON (from below). I accept it."
CALDERON'S *Magico Prodigioso.*

"And had not his own wilfulness
His soul unto the Devil bound,
He must, with certainty no less,
His self-damnation soon have found."
GOETHE'S *Faust.*

WITHOUT seeking to fix the exact date when the greatest of Spanish poets wrote his lyrical tragedy of "*El Magico Prodigioso*," it is certain that one of the greatest of our English dramatists had previously written "The Tragical Life and Death of Dr. Faustus." It appears to have been first published in 1604 (black-letter quarto), and Calderon de la Barca was not born till 1601. The subject or ruling principle of each of these extraordinary dramas is *essentially* the same, and is in some respects identical with the "Faust" of the greatest poet of Germany. There are no signs whatever that Calderon knew anything of Marlowe's tragedy, either in the original or through translation. That Goethe was conversant with both the above dramas is more than probable, although there is only a general resemblance in some of his earlier scenes. Howbeit, in our own period the richly-adorned poem of Goethe has (very unjustly, in our opinion) concentrated and absorbed the exclusive attention of the literary public in his version of the profoundly interesting legend of Dr. Faustus. The learned and admirable essay by Dr. Hueffer is scarcely an exception.

The theological and philosophical arguments in the German drama differ from those of the Spanish poet, chiefly in their greater breadth and their variety of illustration; as also from those of the English Faustus, who contents himself, for the most part, with certain scholastic problems in cosmogony and astronomy, and a declaration of his determination to become a great magician. To obtain this power he is ready to barter his soul. He says: —

Why should he not? — *is not his soul his own?*

A Good Angel and a Bad Angel appear to him, and advance their several arguments. The latter prevails with him, and then the magnificent Kit Marlowe puts these words into the mouth of Faustus: —

Had I as many souls as there are stars,
I'd give them all!

The Bad Angel exhorts him to "despair in God, and trust to Belzebub." Still, he is not without serious misgivings; and, when he is about to sign the deed of gift with his blood, the influence of the Good Angel prevails, and the blood suddenly stops flowing.

My blood congeals — and I can write no more!

He had previously asked himself, —

Why waverest thou?
Oh, something soundeth in mine ear, —
Abjure that magic — turn to God again!

Suddenly he sees the words "*Homo, fuge!*" written upon his arm. It vanishes. He does not fly. It returns! Yet he will not fly. He has duly read the Latin incantation; and in the end, after stipulating for four-and-twenty years of magical power and human enjoyments of every kind, he signs a deed of gift in a regular legal form, which gives it a ghastly air of diabolical reality.

In the "*Magico Prodigioso*," the sale of "the immortal soul" is effected by a similar bond, which Cyprian signs with his blood; but the preliminaries are very different from the above, and the main incentive and object is different. The Mephistopheles is also a far more learned, philosophical, and courtly person. On his first appearance, as Shelley translated it (in "The Liberal"), we read, "*Enter the Devil as a fine Gentleman.*"* The surrender of Cyprian's soul to the demon, though preceded by intense intellectual struggles, dissatisfactions with the results of philosophical studies, theological arguments, and a yearning after forbidden knowledge, is nevertheless finally determined upon for the sake of obtaining personal possession of a certain beautiful and virtuous lady. This lady (Justina) exercises an influence upon the hero (Cyprian) throughout the drama, far surpassing that of Helen in Marlowe's tragedy, and quite equal to the influence Margaret exercises over Faust. But it is of a very different kind in some respects, for Justina, besides being a boldly reasoning theologian, placing her life in peril as a heretic, is pursued

* Mr. Rossetti's alteration of devil to *demon* loses the familiar wit and humorous irony. In Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of Shelley, we also have, — "The *demon*, dressed in a court-dress, enters." It is no doubt a more direct translation of "*Sale el Demonio vestido de gala;*" and the rendering by Mr. D. F. MacCarthy, of "Enter the Demon in gala dress," is yet more rigidly literal; still one regrets that Mrs. Shelley's transcription from the first publication was not adopted.

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in the first instance by two lovers before Cyprian sees her. Other situations are also in the highest style of the Spanish comedy of intrigue. These two lovers are prevented from fighting a mortal duel by the mediatorial reasonings of Cyprian, who takes so much interest in what is said of the lady that he is quite prepared to fall in love with her himself. This happens shortly after. Justina's character being regarded as of immaculate purity by these three adorers, the demon adopts a peculiarly Spanish *treta fraudulenta* in order to damage, if not destroy, her reputation. He secretes himself in the balcony of her bed-chamber, and when the two former lovers are advancing from opposite sides under cover of the night, down slips the demon by a rope, and suddenly diving into the earth, the two lovers come close upon each other, each one believing the other had just descended by the rope! A second duel is also prevented by the entrance of Cyprian. His love is of course much troubled by what they tell him. In some sort he is glad of it, as they agree to give her up as an unworthy object, and this relieves him of their rivalry; but partly he disbelieves the scandalous statement, and in any case his passion is too engrossing to be turned aside. He throws off his student's dress, and orders a rich court suit, with sword and feathers; away with books and studies, for "love is the homicide of genius." He calls to his servants Moscon and Clarin: —

> Moscon, prevenme mañana
> Galas; Clarin, tráeme luego,
> Espada y plumas; que amor
> Se regala en el objeto,
> Airoso y lucido. Y ya
> Ni libros ni estudios quiero;
> Porque digan, que es amor
> Homicida del ingenio.
>
> *Jornada* 1.

From this point in the drama Cyprian pursues Justina with devoted passion. She does not encourage his hopes, and the demon, by reason of her purity and holiness of spirit, has no real power over her. Nevertheless, he promises her to Cyprian. And the "juggling fiend" brings the meeting about in the following fashion. In a lonely wood a phantom figure of Justina appears, which Cyprian embraces, and presently carries off in his arms, — when the following scene occurs: —

> *Cypr.* Ya, bellísima Justina,
> En este sitio que oculto,
> Ni el sol le penetra á rayos, etc.
>
> *Jornada* 3.

> *Cypr.* Now, O beautiful Justina,
> In this sweet and secret covert,
> Where no beam of sun can enter,
> Nor the breeze of heaven blow roughly;
> Now the trophy of thy beauty
> Makes my magic toils triumphant,
> For here, folding thee, no longer
> Have I need to fear disturbance.
> Fair Justina, *thou hast cost me*
> *Even my soul!* But in my judgment,
> Since the gain has been so glorious,
> Not so dear has been the purchase.
> Oh! unveil thyself, fair goddess,
> Not in clouds obscure and murky,
> Not in vapors hide the sun, —
> Show its golden rays refulgent!
> [*He draws aside the cloak, and discovers a skeleton.**

In the brief space at our disposal in the present paper it must be obvious that no attempt can be made to give more than a synthetical view of this wonderful poem; sufficient, however, has been presented to show that it takes rank, together with Marlowe's tragedy, as the earliest of the high-class poetical, magical, amatory, philosophical, and theological treatment to which the remarkable old legend of Doctor Faustus is so manifestly open. And this would be the more palpable with respect to "*El Magico Prodigioso*" if we could give some of the argumentative discussions between Cyprian and the Demon; but for these, as well as the love-scenes, the reader must be referred to the original, or to the translations of Shelley as the most beautifully poetical, and to those of Mr. D. F. MacCarthy as the most complete and literal.

Highly, and justly, has Milton been eulogized for his portrait of Satan, thus redeeming the "Prince of Darkness" from the old grotesque monster with horns and tail, as described and "illuminated" in monastic missals and legends. But in the intellectual sorrow and retrospective pangs of the "archangel ruined," Milton was preceded in some degree by Marlowe, and in a direct and sustained manner, both in sorrow and intellectual grandeur, by Calderon.

> Tan galan fui por mis partes,
> Por mi lustre tan heróica,
> Tan noble por mi linage,
> Y por mi ingenio tan docto, etc.
> *El Magico Prodigioso.* — *Jornada* 2.

Here is Shelley's noble translation: —

> Since thou desirest, I will then unveil
> Myself to thee; for in myself I am

* Calderon's Dramas, translated in the metre of the original by D. F. MacCarthy.

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A world of happiness and misery;
This I have lost, and *that* I must lament
Forever. In my attributes I stood
So high and so heroically great,
In lineage so supreme, and with a genius
Which penetrated with a glance the world
Beneath my feet, that, won by my high merit,
A king — whom I may call the King of Kings,
Because all others tremble in their pride
Before the terrors of his countenance,
In his high palace roof'd with brightest gems
Of living light — call them the stars of heaven —
Named me his counsellor. But the high praise
Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose
In mighty competition, to ascend
His seat and place my foot triumphantly
Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know
The depth to which ambition falls; too mad
Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now
Repentance of the irrevocable deed: —
Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory
Of not to be subdued, before the shame
Of reconciling me with him who reigns,
By coward cession.

So powerful in its features and individuality is the portrait of Satan drawn and painted by Milton, that one cannot suppose he was at all indebted to "*El Magico Prodigioso*" for the hero of "Paradise Lost;" but the coincidence is surely very remarkable, and remarkable also as never having been noticed before, so far as I am aware; but I say this under correction. The Demon proceeds in a strain equally Miltonic: —

Nor was I alone,
Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone;
And there was hope, and there may still be hope,
For many suffrages among his vassals
Hailed me their lord and king, and many still
Are mine, and many more, perchance, shall be.
Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,
I left his seat of empire, from mine eye
Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words
With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,
Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,
And imprecating on his prostrate slaves
Rapine, and death, and outrage.

We must admit that Shelley's translation, being in his stately and harmonious blank verse, makes the resemblance to Milton far greater than the *asonante* lyrics of the original (or those of the literal translation of Mr. MacCarthy — for neither of them *sound* at all like Milton); the sense and purport, however, is not affected by the difference in the genius and style of the two languages.

Without searching ancient classic times, or times yet more remote, for philosophers and other celebrated men who had a "familiar demon" in frequent attendance, we may regard it as pretty certain that the sale of the human soul to the Devil in order to obtain forbidden knowledge, together with magic powers enabling the possessor to work wonders, and also to obtain unlimited enjoyments of life during a specified number of years, originated in German country towns, and probably in the form of itinerant plays and puppet-shows, as early as 1404. Some of these, or of similar kind, were subsequently printed. There was the "*Wahrhaftigen Historien von denen gräulichen Sünden Dr. Johann Faustens;*" Hamburgh, 1599. There was "Doctor Faustus, von J. Widman," printed in Berlin 1587, and another in the same year by Spiess. Plays on this subject, if not printed, were acted in travelling shows in Poland and in France; and it was probably not long after this period that Marlowe wrote his tragedy, and had it produced on the stage, though it seems not to have been printed till some years later.

This subject was produced in various forms during the next twenty years; but it is remarkable how closely they all held to the main principle of the early legend. A curious old theatrical pamphlet is now before me, entitled "The Necromancer, or Harlequin Doctor Faustus, as performed at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Printed and sold at the bookseller's shop at the corner of Searle Street, and by A. Dodd at the Peacock, without Temple Bar. 1723." It is preceded by "The Vocal Parts of the Entertainment." The reader of the present day, having before his mind the vulgar comic stuff that is "said and sung" at three-fourths or more of the London theatres, and at nine-tenths of our provincial theatres, and of the theatres in all English-speaking countries — for which London managers are directly answerable — will naturally anticipate that these "vocal parts," introductory to the necromantic entertainment of "Harlequin Doctor Faustus," can be nothing else than a *burlesque*, and one of the most unmitigated kind. It is no such thing. The title, no doubt, is not a little misleading; but the treatment of the old legend is worthy of all respect, as the opening scene will testify: —

SCENE — *A Study. The* DOCTOR *discovered reading at a Table. A Good and Bad* SPIRIT *appear.*

Good Spirit.

O Faustus! thy good Genius warns;

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Break off in time; pursue no more
An Art that will thy Soul ensnare!

Bad Spirit.

Faustus, go on! — That fear is vain:
Let thy great heart aspire to trace
Dark nature to her secret springs,
Till knowledge make thee deem'd a god.

[*Good and Bad Spirits disappear. The Doctor uses magical motions, and an Infernal Spirit rises.*

This infernal spirit informs the doctor that his spells have been successful, and that the "King of Night" proposes to divide his power with the magician. The infernal spirit then significantly *shows a paper.* The good spirit again appears, and warns Faustus; but in vain, and we then have the following

INCANTATION.

Arise! ye subtle forms that sport
Around the throne of sable night,
Whose pleasures in her silent court
Are *unprofaned* with *baleful* light.

As the doctor still hesitates to sign the fatal "paper," the infernal spirit "strikes the table, and it appears covered with gold, crowns, sceptres, etc." All sorts of promises are then made, and finally the apparition of the beautiful Helen of Troy is called up. The doctor's scruples being overcome by that, he is "preparing to address Helen with fondness," when the infernal spirit "interposes," and, conditionally, "offers the paper!"

The doctor — "gazing at Helen" — signs the bond, but after this, on "attempting to approach Helen," she vanishes, together with the infernal spirit, "who sinks laughing," in the most dishonorable manner. The next scene is called "The Doctor's School of Magic;" and pupils are seated on each side of the stage to receive lessons, and "see the power of his art." Not much, however, comes of this, even though the phantom of the Stygian ferryman, Charon, proposes to show them "ghosts of every occupation." We are not favored in this old theatrical curiosity with an account of the "Harlequinade," which is to follow; and as we know nothing of the scenery, the dresses, and the music, it is impossible to form any judgment or conjecture as to its effect as a stage representation. My only object was to make apparent the earnestness with which this old necromantic legend was treated by all parties. Even the prose stories had a grim air of reality about them. In an old pamphlet I picked up when a child, one of the feats of magic performed by Dr. Faustus was during a walk in the high road near a little market-town, when, for a "pleasant wager" with some friend, he stops a wagoner, and "eats a load of hay." A moment never to be forgotten, from its startling effect upon the imagination of childhood, on reading — all in secret — the heading of one of the chapters, — "Doctor Faustus eats a load of hay!" With devouring eyes we read the account of the preposterously impossible performance, and more than half believed it.

That scenes of comedy, even of low comedy, and occasionally broad farce, have been introduced in the great majority of the numerous dramas that have been written on this subject, is well known. Even the classic Spanish of "*El Magico Prodigioso*" is made to stoop from its dignified earnestness and poetical altitude to indulge in several of the dullest attempts at fun, and the dreariest of humor, except in the malignant gymnastics of the demon in his several manœuvres to destroy the reputation of Justina. The "jovial fellows" in Auerbach's cellar, and certain other characters in Goethe's "Faust," are also introduced with a view to variety and relief; and the same may be urged in justification of the broad, and coarse, as well as farcical scenes introduced in Marlowe's tragedy. But with regard to these latter offences, a very acceptable exoneration may be discovered. We find it in old records of his time that one "William Bride, and one Samuel Rowled received £4 *for their adycions* to Dr. Faustus, in 1602," — *i.e.*, before its first publication in quarto, and probably before it was acted. The ears of the "groundlings" of that day required to be tickled with stuff of that sort, just as in our own day the eyes, both of the groundlings and the upperlings, require — or are constantly assumed by managers to require — a grossness of an equal though a different kind. It is fairly open to opinion that Marlowe did not write the coarse nonsense in the above drama, although he may have interpolated a passage or two. For instance, — the doctor having had a quarrel with Mephistopheles on some question of astronomy, is abruptly left by the latter, and then Faustus calls upon Christ "to save distresséd Faustus' soul!" Whereupon, Lucifer and Belzebub, having been apprised by Mephistopheles of the danger of losing their prey, enter suddenly to bring him to his senses. With this view they "entertain" him with a sight of the Seven Deadly Sins, who appear in succession. One of these (viz., Envy) is certainly not unworthy of Marlowe, in his grotesque vein: —

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I am Envy! begotten of a chimney-sweep and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine all over the world! that all might die, and I live alone. Then thou should'st see how fat I'd be! But (*to Lucifer*) must *thou* sit while I stand? Come down with a vengeance!

Among other entertaining things Faustus wishes to have a good look at Hell. He exclaims to Lucifer in passionate accents, "Oh, might I see Hell — *and return again safe* — how happy were I then!"

After this we have more vulgar tricks, not so much like magic for the "lower orders," as conjuring tricks for country clowns; and all this we may, without offence, set down to the account of the £4 paid to "right wittie" Master W. Bride, and the very worthy and ingenious Master Rowled, for their pleasant "adycions." It may be asked, how did Marlowe relish this? Why, just as Shakespeare relished, or disregarded, the many interpolations made in his plays. Besides, these things were continually done. In those days, they didn't care a straw about such matters. But the profound tragic pathos and power of Marlowe begins to show itself as he is approaching the closing scenes of the tragedy. His Mephistopheles has previously displayed, occasionally, both pathos and dignity; and Milton found some thoughts worthy of being placed in the mouth of his grand Satan. In one of the early scenes, the devil says, in reply to a question about the infernal regions: —

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; but *where we are is Hell.*
MARLOWE'S *Faustus.*

The closing movements in "*El Magico Prodigioso*" are conducted with great dignity and impassioned earnestness. Cyprian has sold his soul to the demon for various services to be rendered; but, by a puzzling kind of theological contradiction, he is doomed to die, not in fulfilment of his contract with the demon, but by public execution as one of the early Christian martyrs of Antioch. How the fiend could allow this to happen is perplexing, for surely he must have known that it would be very difficult to carry off the soul of a man who had earned the crown of martyrdom. Justina also abjures the gods of her country, and dies on the scaffold as a convert to Christianity. Having always refused herself to Cyprian in life, she very pathetically reminds him, while they are both in the condemned cell, that she had said she could only love him in death, and that now she is ready to fulfil her promise. They both declare themselves prepared to endure any tortures, and Cyprian grandly adds that one who has given his soul for her, should make light of giving up his body to God.

Cyp. Quien el alma dió por ti,
Qué hará en dar por Dios el cuerpo?
Just. Que en la muerte te queria
Dije; y pues á morir llego
Contigo, Cypriano, ya,
Cumpli mis ofrecimientos.
Jornada 3.

Soon after this scene a terrible storm shakes the whole city, to the dismay of the governor, and all the people who appear to crowd round him in the hall of justice. The last scene then opens, and discovers a scaffold, upon which the heads and bodies of Cyprian and Justina are seen; while in the air above them the demon is seated upon a winged serpent. He addresses the spectators, declaring the purity of Justina, and that the two martyrs have ascended to the "spheres of the sacred throne of God," who commands him, most unwillingly, to make this announcement. The demon than darts downward under the earth; but the pagan governor, standing firm for the State religion, assures the people that what they have just seen and heard are the enchantments effected as the last despairing act of the wicked Cyprian.

Gov. Todos estos son encantos,
Que aqueste mágico ha hecho
En su muerte.

In the preternatural workmanship — the *diablerie* of Goethe — the close and vivid familiarity with thaumaturgic scenes of picturesque glamor, as well as fast and frantic revels — not to speak of the apparently intimate knowledge of the secret movements of the devil's mind, prodigally displayed in his "Faust" — with all the dialogues, characters, scenery, songs, and choruses in the "*Walpurgisnacht*" — the great German poet may fairly be said to surpass every other; and, indeed, to put all others, except Shakespeare, far into the shade. The comical devilries interpolated in Marlowe's "Faustus" are mere clownish pretences in comparison; and even the mountain-moving and other *encantaciones* in Calderon's "*Magico Prodigioso*" are poor enough beside what is seen, said, sung, and done, after the Ignis Fatuus has led Faust and Mephistopheles into the

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"true witch element" of the Hartz Mountains on May-day night. This is the very perfection of realized unreality in high fantastic incantations. But what are we to make of the last scene of this tragedy, whether we take it from the first part (as is usually done) or from the second part? As to the last scene in Marlowe's tragedy, it is worthy of special note that with regard to the three heroes of these three extraordinary tragedies, in which each hero has, by a bond sealed with his blood, sold his soul to the devil — not through a juggle, but by direct intention — Marlowe's man is the only one who is really damned. The other two, by one means or other, are "saved;" but an Elizabethan dramatist was not likely to play at fast and loose, and he therefore "gives the devil his due," and allows him to take full possession of his horror-stricken bondman. This is preceded by agonizing mental struggles and writhings to avoid what he knows to be inevitable; and few things can be more touching than the amiability and unselfishness — now brought out for the first time, as by the uprooting of his inmost depths of feeling — with which Faustus reverts to his early love of study among his dear fellow-students; while he now wishes from his heart, with scalding tears, that he had "never seen Wittenberg — never read book." And then, a few hours before midnight, he begs his friends not to imperil their own lives by coming in to his assistance, whatever cries and screams they may hear, "for nothing can save him." They take a last farewell, and Faustus calls upon the "hours" to stand still. "*O lente, lente, currite Noctis equi!*" The whole of this final scene is worked up with a dreadful power of ideal realization that perhaps surpasses every other scene in the entire range of tragic composition. "See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!" He calls upon Christ, and madly endeavours to "leap up" — but *something* "pulls him down"! If tragic terror and the profoundest pathos of pity ever attained their utmost limits, they certainly do so in this closing scene, wherein he cries: —

> O Soul, be changed into small water-drops,
> And fall into the ocean! — ne'er be found!

We have seen how the hero of "*El Magico Prodigioso*" escapes from his bondholder. Let us now see how it fares with the Faust of the great German poet. We shall have a word or two to say as to the close of the second part; but, by common literary consent, the tragedy is not unfairly considered, as a clearly intelligible matter, to end with the first part. Margaret cries out with horror that Mephistopheles is coming to bear her away. The fiend calls to Faust to come to his side, or he will leave him in the same predicament as Margaret, who, he says, has been "judged." But a "voice from above says she is *saved!*" That is, Eternal Justice recognizes the fact that, whatever may have been her wrong-doings, they were really attributable to her brain-seething, seductive lover — the theological *roué*, Faust. And what becomes of *him?* Why, the fiend now becomes his guardian genius, having previously warned him not to stay and *share the expected doom* of Margaret, — and calling him to his side, vanishes with him! That the great author did not intend him to make good his damnatory bond at this time seems evident, by this close of the drama, and next by his writing a second part.

If any great author of a former date could uplift his head from the tomb, and note with astonishment what was said about him and his works at the present day, it may safely be assumed that no astonishment could surpass that of Master William Shakespeare. And this feeling would probably rise to its height on finding that Dr. Hermann Ulrici has proved that Shakespeare had, though unconsciously, a special ethical, philosophical, or theological *design* in each of his principal plays!* Something not unlike this might perhaps be expected in the case of Goethe, and more particularly with regard to the second part of "Faust." All the English critics, as well as the translators "fight shy" of it, so that really the great majority of foreign readers scarcely know of its existence. But a deep-seeing, subtly inventive and expounding genius at length came to light in the person of William Kyle. His cabalistic book is entitled "An Exposition of the Symbolic Terms of the Second Part of 'Faust;'" which "*proves itself* to be a dramatic treatment of the modern history of Germany."† Alluding to this second part, a writer in the *Saturday Review* observed that it was "too hopelessly mystical" not to find a great number of profound admirers in Germany. One of these students and a sincere one, let us frankly and unhesitatingly admit, is Herr Kyle. To examine this remarkably *German* book is of course impossible in

* See an excellent translation by Dora L. Schmitz. G. Bell, 1877.

† Nuremberg: J. A. Stein. London: Trübner & Co.

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this paper. We can only observe that an elucidatory diagram is given in the page preceding the introduction, something like a trapezium, or rather an imperfect square with nothing inside; and we must then proceed at one vigorous dash through all the physical *elements*, and their respective symbolic signification, etc., and come to the last act. We are here informed that "Faust has already accomplished a part of his prescribed task." "This consisted in *hemming* the bounds of the sea." This rather bold figure of rhetoric is explained to mean "rendering it more adapted for the service of the rational man; *i.e.*, the great ocean of (religious) sentiment existing in the breast of the German nation." And this task "attracted the attention of ideal genius since the year 1750." The great names of Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Feuerbach, Strauss, and others are then adduced as apostles of this work, which was to culminate in Faust! He is the ideal genius of rationalism, as Mephisto is "the spirit of religious dogmatism." The era of "ideal toleration now begins, and" (without a word about real toleration) "Faust is reconciled to the imagination of the world at large." How this fine finishing up releases him from his *soul's bond* one cannot well perceive; but we are now told that "he ascends into heaven, guided by the ideal of eternal love." It is added, casually, that "royalty, aristocracy, and the Church, are no more visible. Henceforth, ideal genius is to be regarded as the sacred power of the world at large." Finally (and it is with extreme preparations and difficulty that we are allowed ever to get to any finality) Margaret pleads for her lover and seducer, who caused her evil-doing and pathetically tragic death, and "appeals to the higher power in heaven — to the ideal of Eternal love."

Mater Gloriosa.

Komm! hebe dich zu höhern Sphären!
Wenn er dich ahnet, folgt er nach.

Our author, Herr Kyle, does not stop even here, but we *must;* and we take leave of him with great respect for what is evidently his sincere belief in this highly poetical *omnium gatherum* and cryptological gallimaufry, called the second part of "Faust."

One closing word as to the *use* — not the mere utility, but the public or private acts and advantages — derivable from the great preternatural powers which the three philosophical heroes of these three wonderful dramas have obtained by forbidden and perilous means. Beyond personal enjoyments and sundry magic pranks, they really seem not to have had the least idea what to do with their new faculties and endowments. Mr. Hewlett, in a recently published essay on "The Devil in English Poetry," remarks, and for the first time we believe, that the various acts of Marlowe's Faustus in necromantic travels and tricks are so comparatively trifling that the tragic scene of his terrific death seems almost like an anti-climax. This is a pregnant piece of criticism; for I consider that the same thing may very nearly be said of the other two great dramas on this subject. What use do the philosophical heroes make of their preternatural powers? The best things done — that is, the most poetical of them — are where Marlowe's Faustus exclaims, "Have I not made blind Homer sing to me?" —when he has heard the "melodious harp (of Orpheus) that built the walls of Thebes;" — and when we witness his rapturous love-scene with Helen of Troy. The rest of his thaumaturgic feats are, for the most part, coarse nonsense, whoever wrote them. In "*El Magico Prodigioso*" we hear of mountains being made to shift sides — of trees being frightened at the menacing groans Cyprian utters — that flowers faint away — that the birds hush their sweet melodies at his weighty incantations (*prodigios graves*) — that wild beasts are dazzled and confused, etc.; and after all this, Cyprian says boastively he has now made it evident that his *estudio infernal* has not been in vain! In fact, he is now able to teach his master (*que puedo dar leccion á mi maestro*). All the necromantic things Faust does, or gets done for him by Mephistopheles in Auerbach's cellar, in the Hartz Mountains, or elsewhere, are of no greater importance than the above, when we think of the dreadful price he has agreed to pay for them. If this view be accepted, we may say, and with profoundest respect for the "dead kings of melody," that another fable of Faustus may yet be imagined, though not very easily written. Thus: extreme personal enjoyments and egoistical triumphs can only charm for a few years; and the world around needs all sorts of improvements and peaceful glories. When thou hast obtained preternatural power, O Faustus of a nobler time! what wilt thou do with it?

R. H. Horne.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

A FETISH CITY.

SOME of the irreverent have long felt a suspicion that the ancients knew more about this world of ours than is accredited to them in the "Classical Atlas." Greeks and Romans did not publish the log of every ship entering their ports, nor examine the crew of each *oneraria* returned from parts unknown. The silence of pedantic geographers, who evidently took small pains to verify the accounts handed to them, is not to be relied on. Gentlemen of that sort feel more interest in refuting a predecessor, in triumphing over his misstated facts and mangling his theories, than in widening the general knowledge. Nevertheless a man is startled at first when local antiquaries invite him to credit Greek ruins in the Transvaal. They do wisely to put forward unquestionable evidence in support of such a statement. That has been done. Friezes, capitals, and miscellaneous objects, Greek in character beyond any doubt, have been forwarded to Cape Town from the neighborhood of Bloemhof. They are important enough to show — if one may trust the judgment of those who have examined them — that a large city once stood there, and that high civilization reigned therein. As is usual when the spell of oblivion breaks, it is suddenly discovered that the fact was known long ago. The œkist of Cape Colony, Van Riebeck, mentioned incidentally (edition of 1657, London) that far to the north lay a great city, Momotopata, adorned with temples, porticos, and columns. No one appears to have heard of the place from that time till now. Upon this evidence the ruins below Bloemhof have been called by the name Van Riebeck gives; by the by, he adds that diamonds abound there. Without committing myself to any opinion, I wish to put forward a very curious report I received on the diamond fields from a digger, very poor and very eccentric. At that time the idea of a Greek city in south Africa would have been ridiculed without mercy. I myself paid no attention to the tale, but since a Greek city is now admitted, I cannot but remember this man's declaration.

Very poor and very eccentric he was indeed. At that time rags commanded no pity on the fields, for they often contained, in their dirtiest recesses, some little store of gems which duchesses might envy. Nor were we prone to accept a miserable way of life as evidence of poverty, since examples familiar to every one inculcated caution. But seeing this man every day — for I lived just above his claim at Bultfontein — seeing him always at work, with an animated jack-jumper of a bush-boy for sole companion, I fell into the habit of wishing him good-day and luck. He seldom answered, which fact gave, perhaps, a zest to my unwearied courtesy. But when he did throw back the dirty hair from his eyes, swollen and bloodshot — the digger's eye, inflamed with dazzle of the grit, and sunshine blazing in the snowy walls of "stuff," and poisonous dust of lime that fills the air — his reply was always "Nix, mate!" Early in our acquaintance I told him to bring me his first "find," promising a fabulous price for luck. He never brought it. His bush-boy grew more bird-like and less human daily. It was not difficult to see that these poor wretches were starving, presently. The conviction struck me one day, and I invited the man to my tent, whilst intrusting his boy to my head Kaffir, Chawles.

The urchin had a due share of those extraordinary gifts with which Providence has supplied his race for our bewilderment. He mimicked successively a lion, an elephant, a baboon, an ostrich, and other animals within his experience; fought a battle, and died; imitated me; and then, whilst my Kaffirs rolled with laughter, suddenly changed to a likeness of Chawles, — all in that nervous, restless, uncomprehending manner which makes the bush-boy resemble a bird the more, the more he shows a simian intelligence. He neither laughed nor seemed to know what he was doing. His eyes never ceased to glint and turn. His small muscles quivered restlessly even when he imitated, with marvellous truth, the stately pawing of a lion. Before his performance, and immediately after, he devoured "mealies" and offal, nearly raw, in quantities to astonish even a Kaffir. And then he laid him supine, and slept, with features twitching, stomach swollen like a drum, and little thin legs extended, but unrelaxed, ready to bound upon his feet at the slightest noise. An extraordinary creature is the Bushman, — one to drive conscientious anthropologists to despair.

Meanwhile I entertained my guest. He told me that he was an Africander of Huguenot blood. He had traded on a large scale up country; but one misfortune after another had broken up his connection with the Kaffir chiefs, and reduced him to digging on Bultfontein. Compassion would

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be quite thrown away upon many of his fellows in that state of life, but Vasson was not lucky. In four months of hard work he had found nothing. I was able to put the poor fellow into a small claim I had just purchased, where the usual percentage of half the finds for his labor should make him comfortable, and might give him a fortune. So, the next day, he set to work rejoicing.

I did not see much of Vasson after that, except on a Saturday, when he brought my diamonds, if any, and balanced accounts. The venture was fairly successful. After a time I moved to New Rush, with a round sum which my particular claim had brought me; and then, though not unlucky upon the whole, I met with an accident which laid me up for several months. It was in that time that I really made acquaintance with Vasson, who was very shy and retiring. Many stories he told to relieve the horrible tedium of my illness. My friends more prosperous were not unkind; but the business of diamond-digging in that halcyon day was too full of excitement, too cruelly checkered by ups and downs, to leave remembrance for those "shut up and left" in the struggle. A joyous word at the door, a hasty tale of somebody's luck, or of somebody's folly, exhausted the charitable impulse of my comrades. Vasson was a man of another stamp — lower, I think, but more grateful to me then. Somewhat dull, very self-conscious, silent, as are all who have passed their life among savages, and unable by constitution and habit to see the best point of his own stories, he was still my pleasantest companion — in fact, my only one. Many curious hints and details I picked up from him of life "up country," which I now regret to have let pass without a note. But one tale of his — that which I am about to transcribe — was impressed by three repetitions. I am sure I have it correct. After hearing, the reader may decide for himself whether Cape Town antiquaries are right in identifying the ruins below Bloemhof with the ancient Momotopata.

In 1861 Vasson went up towards "the lakes" with a train of five wagons, carrying about £5,000 worth of goods, cotton, gunpowder, cutlery, and the like. Even at that time the trade was not what it had been. Competition had set in, and, as a necessary consequence, a reckless system of credit. Though the great chiefs still held themselves bound to one or other trader, they began to cease coercing their inferiors. These, unrestrained by pride, and incapable of balancing the advantages of honesty, did not regard their bargains as sacred. They took what they could get, promised everything, and performed as little as possible. Under sufficient pressing, the kings would still perpetrate horrible tortures upon a swindler; but the ferocity of their justice deterred humane traders from appealing to it, the more especially since one serious word from his black suzerain would have stopped any chief — which word was not pronounced. In fact, the monopoly was breaking up. But without monopoly, in these days of enterprise and universal speculation, savage trade cannot be carried on. I must ask the reader to think out for himself the necessity of this case, since I have no room to demonstrate it. His reflections will be greatly aided by a short conversation with any merchant who has commercial relations with Africa, with the far East, and such latitudes.

Vasson understood his business, and he foresaw the dead-lock which has since come about. He resolved to leave the track, already too much beaten by Jews and carpet-baggers, who, getting their own goods on credit, could afford, in a dishonest sense, to sell them on the same terms. After eighteen months' wandering amongst old customers, he reached the northern limit of the Matabele country. That warlike people claim authority over all bordering tribes; and if the king had known that one of "his traders" had ventured across the frontier, it might have cost that daring man his life. But Vasson was well acquainted with the risk. The Matabele keep a line of desert round them, like the ancient Suevi. Their ferocious bands constantly traverse it, but Vasson trusted to his own vigilance, and the superhuman cunning of his bush-boys. These people to the trader are more than dogs to the sportsman. My friend's oxen and horses were all "salted" — that is, had suffered and survived the attacks of the tzetze-fly; with them he confidently ventured into parts unknown; and upon leaving the trade-route, he followed a course due westward, in about the latitude, as he thinks, of Sofala.

The desert barrier of the Matabele is about thirty miles wide, beyond which, as they tell you, extends a country to which "no man comes nor hath come since the making of the world." That was the question which Vasson proposed to test. A week's journey through lands where his oxen found abundance of forage, showed him that the Matabele in this respect as

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in others, are indifferent to the truth. He came upon a district well wooded, full of game, and not uncultivated, though the people remained invisible. They had cause to hide, with such savage neighbors. Vasson scouted assiduously, but failed to discover so much as a farm-hut. He had not yet quite passed the area of *veldt* lands, and with some judgment and risk could take his wagons in a line tolerably straight. Twenty Hottentots and Bastards well armed made his company, besides half-a-doxen teamsters, and as many bush-boys. They had stood by him in worse fights than he was likely to encounter.

Where there is cultivation there must be people, and where people, trade. For the raw material appeared in plenty, and if these barbarians did not yet know the delight of cotton cloths and rum, business would be only the more profitable. Exciting work it is to push through an unknown country when the population remains obstinately out of sight, but African traders of the old school do not easily take alarm. Nevertheless, when he had marched for three weeks on end through this peopled solitude, passing never a road, seeing no house nor any inhabitant, Vasson began to feel anxious. For his life he entertained no fear at all, but a thousand accidents might wreck his fortune; and his Hottentots, afraid, like all negroes, of the unknown, grew more and more gloomy as they advanced. Game, however, showed in plenty, and thus the men escaped all pretence of hunger, that supreme excitement of insubordination and alarm.

After three weeks' steady journeying they found themselves before a chain of hills which barred their course. The vegetation had become more dense, and each day it grew more difficult to force the wagons on. Vasson announced that if from their tops no satisfactory prospect could be seen, he would turn back, and try districts eastward of the Matabele, which are known, indeed, but rarely visited. Accordingly, he left the wagons there, and climbed the nearest hill with a few trusty Hottentots. A day and a half brought him to the top, and from a clear knoll he looked across the plain below. First to catch his sight was a great river flowing northward, along the foot of the high ground. Its banks, thickly wooded, were patched with clearings of lighter green, which showed more frequent towards the left, where a long space seemed to mark a town. Not less than twenty miles of country lay before Vasson's eye, so far as he could judge, and it was all peopled and cultivated. He took rough bearings of a *kloof* or pass which seemed likely to be practicable for his wagons, and returned in great contentment. Half-way back he met a couple of the men left in charge escorting a number of strangers. The latter halted, whilst the Hottentots delivered their message. They brought overtures of friendship from an unknown sovereign. Vasson instantly produced his flask, and opened communication. The ambassadors were much like any other negroes — almost naked, well-shaped, and snub-featured. Their ornaments and cloths showed no sign of intercourse with Europeans, at which view the trader rejoiced. They wore a smiling and gentle expression, and carried no arms. The one peculiarity which struck Vasson was their mode of arranging the hair — that distinctive mark among negro tribes. These people shaved the crown of the head, and twisted their wool back over a pad from forehead to nape. They spoke Matabele with some difficulty.

The purport of their message was an invitation to the royal kraal. They said that the white man's presence had been reported to their king long ago, to his great satisfaction. He wished no better than to trade, and he would make himself responsible for the white man's stock. In earnest of his good intentions, he had sent these officers to guide the travellers, intrusting them with presents of food. All this is so usual on the part of a negro monarch that Vasson did not feel surprise. Though omitting no precaution, he followed the ambassadors readily. They did not lead him through the kloof which his sagacity had chosen, but guided the wagons by a longer route, perhaps more convenient, but toilsome enough.

It is hard work to gather details from an African trader. A negro is a negro to him, a king is a king, and his palace is sufficiently described by the noun-substantive. All that occurred to Vasson as worth mentioning about this people was, that they seemed more intelligent and better-tempered than the warrior tribes with whom he had hitherto done business. They were fairer, perhaps; but in a negro kraal of the interior every shade of complexion may be noticed, from soot-black to bronze-yellow. Their features, too, were comparatively regular, but scarcely more so than in other cases. No exercise of memory could recall anything more peculiar about king or subjects. His majesty received the guest with usual ceremonies, raised him a large hut, and showed a per-

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fect bewilderment of joy at the presents offered. He had never seen a white man before; and such European manufactures as had hitherto made his choicest spoil had been won from marauding Matabele. The king was young and good-looking. He possessed some hundreds of wives, a little army of *caboceers*, and used such ceremonial as is affected by other negro potentates. Trade proved to be excellent. The people had quantities of ivory, dressed skins, a good deal of gold-dust, and a few ostrich-feathers of high class. Some ancestral stones they valued also, which Vasson now recognizes to have been diamonds. For the sake of encouragement he bought a few from influential personages; but, putting no value on them, they were soon lost. The trade could be properly described by no word less emphatic than "roaring." Whole tusks of ivory Vasson bought for a roll of cotton, feathers at six pennyworth of rum, superb *karosses* at a similar rate. In two months he had sold all his stock remaining, and justly considered himself a capitalist.

During this time he passed through the adventure which struck my imagination. The royal town, as I have said, was clustered on a spur of the mountain, with an arm of the river at its foot. The guides had brought Vasson over a defile many miles to the southward, and so down the river-bank. But when he began to think of returning, he remembered that kloof upon the northern side of the spur, which would certainly cut off many miles of road, if practicable. To his inquiries the answer was unanimous, that a thousand difficulties intervened. But something in the manner of his hosts convinced Vasson that they were telling a falsehood. Having now such a precious cargo, all kinds of fancies and suspicions gathered in his mind. He resolved to explore; and with that object accustomed the people to see him take long walks into the country with his gun and a bush-boy. Then, having disarmed the jealousy of these simple fellows, he set out one day for the excursion.

Several paths led from the town to farmlands on the river-bank. Vasson intended to round the hill, but, after walking a couple of miles, he crossed a narrow track that mounted on his right. Without hesitation he followed this short cut. The steep and broken path seemed to have had few travellers of late, but it climbed in a direction such that Vasson began to hope it would take him to the kloof itself. The distance was greater than he had thought; four hours' good walking carried him only to the crest of the descent. He met no soul, but fetishes in abundance, which chilled the very marrow of his bush-boy. Fearsome objects they were indeed, bits of awful rag tied to sticks, rotten chunks of wood across the road, feathers and strings fluttering on a branch. These things became more frequent as they went on, and Vasson began to fear that the kloof might be a fetish place, which would account for everything.

The path ended suddenly at a table-rock, which stood sheer above the entrance to a defile. Vasson halted in amaze. Before and above him rose a great propylon garlanded with creepers. Its blocks of huge stone showed scarcely one effacing mark of time. Gods long forgotten held court thereon, accepted tribute of peoples extinct, received the worship of mighty monarchs unrecorded. The cornice harbored flowers and birds in its bold ledge, but the shadow of it fell almost as clean as on the day when ancient colonies raised it — who shall tell how many centuries ago! The great arch stood at right angles to Vasson's place, and spanned nearly half the narrow cleft. Twenty men abreast could have walked through it, and the ground below was level like a causeway, though overgrown with brush. To left, the sheer precipice advanced so suddenly that Vasson could catch but a glimpse of the river; to right, at a hundred yards' distance, the semicircle was completed, shutting out all further view up the pass. A deadly silence reigned. Not a breath stirred the glossy leaves, shining and glittering against the hot blue sky. Whip-like creepers trailed from the cornice without a shiver, and their bright stars of blossoms hung motionless. The sunshine burned with stilly vehemence upon the pale-red stone, and checkered it with shadows deep as sculptured leaves. Such sight as that never came before the wanderer's eye. Vasson was seized with a reckless curiosity to know what lay beyond.

Right and left the cliff rose like a wall, so cut by human labor. Where he looked down, the vines beneath his feet had been smoothed away, but at a little distance on either side they fell to the very ground. He turned to force a way through the bush, and thus caught sight of his companion, who lay prostrate and shivering with fear, his eyes covered. Thus were the natives used to fall, no doubt, while they supplicated the fetish. Vasson told the half-inanimate creature that he wished to consult the gods in their very home, and

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left him there. He pushed without difficulty along the escarpment, for such it was — designed, without doubt, for the use of archers in case of attack. A few yards on, he found a creeper suitable, slung his rifle, and dropped down. Thoughtlessly letting go his hold, he fell waist-deep into a morass, hidden by broad-leaved plants and herbage. A cry of despair escaped him, but the bottom of the morass proved to be hard as stone. After great exertions, sounding with his ramrod, he gained the bank, which was faced with slabs of granite. Superhuman in its grandeur the arch appeared as Vasson stood beneath it and looked through. Upon the side remote from his former station, footholes had been rudely cut, and two strong ropes hung from the top. He saw the trick now. By this staircase mounted the fetish-priests to play their savage tricks upon the simple folk who asked their aid.

Keeping a look-out for treacherous magicians and snakes scarcely less harmful, Vasson walked up the kloof. After two or three turnings, always between those barriers of cliff, which at each corner bore a ruined turret, he saw at length the open space beyond, and once more halted with a thrill. What he had supposed a kloof was a level basin of many hundred acres. Though it was well clothed with trees, he could trace the lie of the land; but no opening appeared save that in which he stood. Lofty hills closed round it like a wall. But other sights absorbed him. The causeway he had followed led to another propylon, and through that to a maze of stately ruins. White as marble in the distance shone the walls of a city, gapped, dismantled, but still superb. Only a glimpse of their circuit could be gained through intervening clumps of wood. Above and under and among the ruins green heads of foliage rose high into the air, with white columns gleaming through. Vasson was but a trader, and not imaginative; but such a sight killed fear. Experience told him that the fetish-men themselves would not be likely to dwell in these haunted ruins; indeed he marked a few brown huts under a knoll, with people moving to and fro. Heedless of consequences in his excitement, he plunged into the woods upon his left.

Stumbling over broken columns, turned from his course by walls half erect, he struggled on, guided by the hunter's instinct. After two hours' work the bastions of the city gleamed on a sudden through the trees. He had approached within fifty yards before seeing them. Like a hill of masonry the dismounted blocks sloped upwards. Trees stood amongst them, bushes sprang in every cleft between huge stones. Ten yards in air hung a big rock, lifted by the crest of a young cotton-tree, hurrying towards the light. Vasson climbed easily over the ruins. Within he found a vigorous jungle reigning, pavements all covered and broken, streets and houses uprooted. A few yards on either side bounded his utmost view, but what he saw convinced him of the luxury once ruling in this savage land. To right and left he made his way, finding only trees and thickets in a wilderness of rubbish. The tall white columns evidently stood in another quarter of the town. It was time to set back. But just as he made up his mind to turn, Vasson caught a glimpse of more important ruins, and pushed on for a last chance.

Another scramble on walls overthrown brought him to the edge of such a cavity as misdirected experience enabled him to recognize with ease. It was a "pan," says Vasson, fitted with seats half-way round. Those who know south African scenery will perceive how natural was the mistake. What Vasson thought to be a "pan" was doubtless a theatre. It seemed to me strong evidence of truth that the man should intelligibly describe objects so far beyond his knowledge as a propylon and a Greco-Egyptian theatre. The ranges of seats were almost perfect, and the wall of the uposkenion — to use the proper word — could be distinctly followed. Enough of it was left to give half-a-dozen persons a lofty seat. So many, in fact, lounged upon it, basking in the sun. The bright colors of their dress caught Vasson's eye upon the instant. He crouched in superstitious awe, for his nerves had been long on stretch. The skin of these people was white, their costume strange. Instinctively the explorer hid, but not in time. They saw him, and, leaping from the perch, they fled with an eerie clamor. Peering down, Vasson saw them pass between the shattered orchestra and the public seats. All his tremors vanished. The white complexion was yellow and diseased, the white hair sapless, the brilliant dresses fluttering tufts of rag. The creatures who dared to occupy that haunted city were albino idiots, a class very common in negro-land. Of their color the fetish-men made use, no doubt, when needful, and their foolishness preserved them from the terrors of the place.

Vasson hasted back, though he judged that the albinos' exaggerated report would

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be more likely to alarm the priests than to stir them to pursuit. He had marked his track, of course, and followed it with speed. When the brown huts again came into sight, he was not surprised to observe a great animation reigning. The albinos all were there, fluttering like a small crowd of parrots on the ground. But the fetish-men and women had doubtless withdrawn to perform their incantations — in which they at least believe — and to construe this portent with awful alarms. Vasson crept from bush to bush across the open, gained the kloof, plunged into the morass where he had sounded it, swarmed the cliff, and found his bush-boy — still prostrate, still with eyes covered, still praying or sleeping, or — one knows not what to fancy of a creature but half human. At his master's kick he raised himself quietly to follow. Choosing a back way they reached the town before sunset, and Vasson called upon the king at once for his P. P. C. He "grasped the situation," and preceived that the fetish-men would be no long time before discovering that the white stranger had explored their mysteries. The small surplus of his stock Vasson distributed amongst the royal household and the most powerful *caboceers*. Twenty-four hours after beholding these strange sights he inspanned for the home journey.

Vasson passed safely through the Matabele realm, not without suspicion, however. Judicious bribes saved him. In reaching the colony he found himself a man of fortune. But successful traders in south Africa are the favorite victims of legal knavery. They gain an exaggerated notion of their shrewdness, which is only rectified by disastrous matching with the trained wit of German Hebrews. Vasson, like others, was as good as ruined the day he opened business. Three years after, he was obliged to take the "Kaffir road" once more, and his course was naturally directed towards that rich, retiring, and unsophisticated population, the secret of whose existence he had breathed to no soul living before me. But circumstances had changed. Who shall guess how the Matabele had heard of his illicit explorations, or how rumors wander across the desert? That question has occupied many minds, but it did not seem *actuel* to Vasson when the Matabele seized his wagons, arms, goods, and Hottentots for treason, taking credit for leaving him his life. My poor friend returned with a single horse and a sack of "mealies." The first venture into fairyland made his fortune; the second ruined him beyond hope. After that catastrophe he rubbed along with petty trade, penuriously saving up for another expedition. The ancients were wise. It cost a man his life to see the mysteries of the gods. In the hope of sudden wealth Vasson had tried the diamond fields, but to no purpose, for the object he had in view. None who keep before them a definite design succeed there, the evil fates alone know why, for surely these deserve protection. When I left, Vasson had gathered but a very few hundred pounds toward the thousands needed. I have heard nothing from him since, but the newspapers inform us that Momotopata has been identified in certain Greek ruins below Bloemhof in the Transvaal. What then was Vasson's city? Were there two Greco-Egyptian colonies?

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

SARK, AND ITS CAVES.

In June last year (1877), I crossed from Southampton to Guernsey, intending to stay some days in Sark, and explore the caves there, as I had done those of Cornwall, an account of which I gave in *Macmillan's Magazine*, August 1876. We arrived early in the morning at St. Peter Port, Guernsey, and I found the excursion steamer, which leaves Guernsey for Sark only twice a week, just gone — for if the Southampton packet happens to be late, the excursion steamer does not wait for her. But sailing-boats go to and fro daily, weather permitting. In winter, weather does not permit, and Sark is often without communication with the larger islands for ten days or a fortnight together, so they must frequently be rather short of news and provisions there, though milk, bread, eggs, and poultry would not be likely to run short. The time of the passage of course varies; and as no Sark boat had arrived at St. Peter Port, nor was expected to start for some time, I hired a sailing-boat for myself. The morning was rainy and cold; we were some hours out, and we had to take to our oars, the wind being insufficient for our purpose. A small boat with two fishermen, and full of gigantic crabs, came to meet us when we approached, and took me on shore with my box. Having passed the fine precipices of Brechon, we landed on some tough, brown rocks at the wild, picturesque little Havre Gosselin, this being the nearest point to Guernsey; one of the sail-

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ors, a strong youth, carried my box, which was not light, up these steep rocks — a feat I should have been very sorry to have had to perform myself. The inn (Hôtel Gavey) is about a mile off, and an excellent one I found it. I was sorry to learn that, on account of this difficulty of communication with the outer world through the long winter months, Mr. Gavey was about to give up his little hotel; for he makes his visitors most comfortable, and charges them moderately.

I spent ten days on the small island, and wished I could have spent more. In walking to the inn, I was much struck with the beauty of the lanes and hedgerows, with the greenness of the grass and the abundance of wild flowers, especially saxifrage — more than one species of which is very luxuriant — seathrift, and ferns. There is also plenty of purple iris, while the cottage gardens are full of myrtle, large tree-fuchsia, and many other flowers, indicating a mild climate. The little hotel is beautifully situated in Dixcart Valley. A stream runs down to the sea here, and the windows look upon a small meadow of the richest grass, where a graceful Guernsey cow was tethered, who never failed by herself to supply the whole hotel with delicious milk; the meadow sloping down to the stream, which is closely embowered with fine trees, apple, pear, oak, beech, alder, and others, where the birds sing sweetly. Dixcart Bay, within a few minutes' walk, is the favorite place for bathing. "Happy the race that has no history." Little Sark has none to speak of, and seems happy. There is little crime, little poverty, little sickness. Sark has a language of its own, but no literature — a modification of the Jersey *patois*. French and English are taught in the schools, and nearly every one seems to know French. The only noteworthy incident in the history of Sark is its recovery for the English from the French by a Flemish gentleman in the reign of Queen Mary. The incident reminds one of the Trojan horse, for a coffin was landed which was said to contain a dead body for burial; but in the chapel the Flemish crew, opening it, took from it "swords, targets, and arquebusses," with which they soon overpowered the scanty French garrison, a part of whom had been persuaded to row off to the ship to receive certain commodities, and these were made prisoners. The boat returned filled with Flemings. Queen Elizabeth granted the island to Hélier de Carteret, seigneur of St. Ouen in Jersey, to be held by him and his heirs in perpetuity, on condition that he let it out in forty different tenements, that so there might be at least as many men to repel any sudden attack. In his family it remained for some time; in fact, Carteret seems the commonest name among the farmers and fishermen now. Sark has its own local government, and is still portioned out into these forty tenements, held of the seigneur, which may not be divided, and which pass to the eldest son, or daughter, if there are no male heirs. Nor may they be sold without consent of the seigneur; so that some of the farms have remained in the same families since 1575. The holders of the forty tenements, the seigneur, the seneschal, the prévôt, and the greffier now constitute the Court of Chefs-Plaids. This court levies all local rates, and the seneschal has complete jurisdiction in all cases of petty offences. The seigneur can refuse his assent to measures passed by the court, but there is a doubtful right of appeal from him to the royal court of Guernsey. I took a great liking to the people; they seem a simple, honest, and manly race, a population of fishermen and agriculturists. The houses are strongly built of dark granite, the walls being very thick, with flowers often trained over them. The old stone wells are particularly picturesque. It was curious to hear the Church of England service in French in the church on Sunday afternoon. The weather-beaten fishermen and farmers go there, and also to the Presbyterian chapel, in their "Sunday best," namely, in black coats, looking very prosperous. There is a monument on the hill near Havre Gosselin, erected to the memory of a party who perished by the capsizing of a sailing boat. It is erected by the widow of the gentleman who hired the boat. Here my sailor boy, who was carrying my things, deposited them on the pedestal, that he might go and look for some one to help him; and as I wished to get on to the hotel out of the Scotch mist, he told me I might safely do so without encumbrances, as robberies were absolutely unknown, and the book-bag, and rug, etc. etc., might be left to themselves without the smallest risk, and so it proved. There are good schools, and the climate being healthy, the rock-scenery of wonderful unique beauty, with all the other advantages thus enumerated, is this not a kind of "earthly paradise"? It would certainly be a good place to spend a honeymoon in. The good simple folk know nothing and care nothing for the distractions of religious or political controversy on the conti-

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nents yonder: whether or not their creed and constitution be absolutely "the best," they are pious and content; with no history and no literature — think of that! — living a healthy, honest, out-door life, braving the perils of their stormy seas, proud of their island home, familiar with the wondrous and changing face of nature, satisfied with the "state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them" — all except the younger sons perhaps, who have perforce — and a good thing too — to go and seek their fortunes elsewhere!

My usual programme was to go out, after an excellent breakfast (consisting of first-rate tea, new-laid eggs, good bread and butter, and fresh lobster), for the purpose of exploring the coast, taking some biscuits with me, and trusting to getting milk at the cottages, where I would sit and chat for a while with the courteous fisherman's or farmer's wife and her pretty little children; or else I trusted to finding a spring, or returned in time for the small *table d'hôte* dinner at six o'clock. There are no guides, and this is a little inconvenient; yet, if you once get to know your whereabouts a little, I for my part prefer to go about alone. There is generally some visitor staying at Sark in the summer who will accompany the stranger to the principal points of interest, if he desires it, in return for a similar favor that has probably been shown himself on his arrival. At least, I found two gentlemen who knew the localities well and did me this kindness. My first business, however, was to take a boat and row round the island, which gives you the best general idea of it. I walked down to the Creux Harbor, by the other little inn (the Bel Air), and there embarked. This is the only harbor for boats of any size, except the unused Port Gouray, to the south, but it is not large enough even for the small excursion steamer to enter. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of fine rocks, which are pierced by a tunnel, the only access by land to the harbor. When we rowed round the bays the sea was of a beautiful clear emerald color, lighter round the reefs, and laced with foam, as I used to see it on fine days in Cornwall. In coming back the boatman and I had to strain every nerve to get into the small harbor round the breakwater, the current being very strong and a brisk breeze blowing. But the weather was, on the whole, very favorable for exploration of the caves, whether by boat or by swimming: in Cornwall it had always been too rough for this. I think I was a little disappointed with the appearance of height and general massive effect of the cliffs in Sark, while the colors can hardly vie with those of Kynance or Mullion; there is nothing so stupendous either as the granite cliffs of Tol Pedu-pen, with the cliffs of Connemara, or the Hebridean Loch Scavaig. Still, the tints of the rock are often beautiful; and there are some very noble masses, as, for instance, the Tint-a-jeu (Tintagel), the Moie de Mouton, and the Autelets. But the Gonliot Caves are probably among the most remarkable sea caves known, those of Staffa and Capri alone (and these hardly) rivalling them in interest. On my boat excursion round the island I got a header at a delicious place on the south-east of it (near the barracks, I think, called Brenière), where an iron ladder is fixed to the rock, and I often came afterwards by land for the same purpose. Here is a cove with a boat drawn up on shore, and the fishermen spread their nets and lobster-pots to dry above the iron ladder. We passed a hollow in the cliffs before we got to this spot, where an easy climb enables you to obtain lovely specimens of *Asplenium marinum*, which elsewhere grows out of reach. The first cave we went into was one on the south-west, an extremely beautiful one in respect of form and color. I believe it has various names; but my boatman called it *Victor Hugo's*, because, he said, he had rowed Victor Hugo into it, and the great French poet, having admired it and asked its name, on learning that it had none in particular, told him he might call it Victor Hugo's. Most of the stone is granite or porphyry, or similar metamorphic rock, in Sark the mica of ordinary granite being replaced by hornblende; but all varieties of stain, produced by weathering and lichens, unite with the native hues of the material to give lovely effects of color in many of these caves, especially in this one. Its rude architecture also has noble proportions. To adopt an idea of Hugo, the tumultuous turbulence of earthquake, of storms, who were the builders and sculptors here, have breathed the spirit of their own chaos into the sublime symmetry of these high vaults, arches, and dark, mysterious, winding corridors, wherein the sea washes and wanders, stumbles and fumbles blindly, murmuring, sobbing, making strange sounds in dim recesses of the mountain's heart. This cave has dark walls, with pink felspar veinings and many a golden stain; light from the green, fluctuant ocean-floor quavering on wall and

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roof, with exquisitely subtle, soft-enmeshed "eye music." A boat can enter the recesses of it better than any other; but the coloring of some in Dixcart Bay is perhaps more brilliant, vivid crimson, almost like the lizard serpentine. (There is also plenty of fine green serpentine in Sark.) That small cave is also clothed with a rich robe of purple lichen. However, this Tyrian dye is finer in some caves of north Devon and Cornwall. Mr. C., who has probably been in every cave of Sark, told me there was another finer cavern in the Point du Château, only to be explored by wading. This I had not time to visit. The state of the tide being unfavorable for visiting the Gonliots and Boutiques, we did not attempt them, but rowed as far as we dared into the Moie de Mouton Cave, the approach to which is grand. It is in a vertical cliff (I believe about three hundred feet high) which has been formed into a peninsula through the action of the waves, and is separated by a steep precipice from the mainland. Its jagged, weathered pinnacles and castellations are the resort of innumerable gulls, cormorants, puffins, oyster-catchers, etc., who set up their wild cries on a boat's approach, and darken the air with their wheeling motions in clouds above you. It seems that some of the islanders land their sheep out of a boat here, leaving them to browse upon the scanty herbage, and when the sheep are wanted, while they feed upon the precipice, shoot them, picking them up out of the water as they fall into it. This sounds apocryphal, but I believe it is true. The small gloomy fiords and fissures about here are very impressive. This cave is narrow, though long, and even on a calm day it is surprising what a suction of water there is in it, as I found to my cost on swimming there subsequently. I was anxious to explore it to the end, which I was told had not been done; so one day I came round here in a boat, and having fastened a bit of candle to an old hat, I swam till a big wave washed in, put my candle out, and bruised me a bit against the rocky sides. However, as my eyes had got more accustomed to the darkness, I went on, and the water soon becoming shallow, I felt my way along till the cave narrowed to a fissure, through which I could see daylight, but into which a man could not squeeze himself. The water was not near so cold as I thought it would be, still I was very glad to get a header out in the open sunlight, where mother-of-pearl seemed fleeting and floating upon the clear warm green waves, and to bask on a rock near the cavern portal afterwards. The most amusing thing was that a quantity of young cormorants, making the most alarmed cries, retreated as I advanced further and further into the depths of the cavern, but when they got near the shallow water at the end they dived under me, and so made their escape. We rowed back to the Creux Harbor between the island and the recently detached Nez, at the extreme north, where the current is very rapid indeed, coming round by the Eperchenes (the old landing-place), and visiting the Chapelle des Manses and another cave. We passed also the Autelets, which are splendid detached craggy towers, about whose feet bright surges leap blithely, from their inaccessibility much inhabited by sea-birds, as also is the Etac de Sark, on the south-east, but that is more accessible. The grounds of the Seigneurie, which are very pretty, as is also the house of the seigneur, open upon the Port du Montin, a little bay near the Autelets. Here there was an old monastery, and the fishponds of it remain. On the cliffs above the Autelets a crane is erected, by which the *vraic*, a seaweed much used for manure, is hoisted up from the beach.

Another excursion is to the Creux du Denible, which is a wonderful place indeed, and well worth a visit; nor is the fame of it exaggerated, as assuredly is that of the Coupée, a narrow natural causeway connecting Great and Little Sark together, which is curious geologically, but to my mind not impressive at all, for all the fuss made about it. This Creux is a huge crater with gloomy vertical sides, of a deep gory red, nearly two hundred feet in height: there is an almost precisely similar one at Tol Pedu-penwith in Cornwall. These strange shafts are formed by the percolation of water from above loosening veins of softer clayey material in the hard igneous rock, the *débris* being washed away little by little through the sea's action in caves below — for they all have communication with the sea by caves. The sea, however, only penetrates into the shaft during high spring tides when the boiling cauldron reverberating and bursting spray up to the very summit must be magnificent. There are two very steep tracks in the rock near here, much overgrown with ivy and bramble at the top, by which you may, if you like, descend to the shore. A young gentleman who accompanied me made notes of the one just adjoining the Creux, but I stopped short in the middle, and did not like it, without a guide's steadying hand. Taking a boat,

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however, from the harbor, I landed in Denible Bay, and proceeding through one of the strange natural tunnels that communicates with the Creux, I emerged through the other. Within this circular amphitheatre the scene is extraordinarily impressive. A gigantic buttress of dark stone, worn by storms into the most fantastic and unearthly shapes, divides one great portal from another. From within the circular chasm (one hundred feet in length by fifty feet across), with its lofty blood-red vertical walls, you gaze up at the blue sky and fleecy clouds that form your roof, around to the huge rolled boulders, the playthings of tempest; on either side the vast buttress, that suggests in the twilight some huge corrugated half-human giant, across the blue sea. Through one cavern-portal Jersey in misty outline is visible; through the other the castellated jutting cliffs of the Point du Denible. There is no sound, save of quiet plashing waves upon the shore, —

> The stilly murmur of the distant sea
> Tells us of silence.

Beyond this bay I clambered over wet stones covered with seaweed, to see a great detached rock in which there is a fine natural arch; but I had sent my boat away, and the tide warned me that, though I could not climb *down* from the Creux, I *must* now climb *up*, the farther track (with some iron rings fixed in the cliff at a difficult place) may possibly be the easiest; this was the one, at any rate, I got up by. One must be careful of the tide, of course. Bathing near the Port du Montin I was caught one day, all egress from my little creek being cut off, except up the cliff. There is a similar though smaller *creux* in Little Sark, called the Pot; there the interior of the fissure is robed with luxurious aromatic plants of all kinds; you can easily get down it by a little track to the shore, then turning northwards, there is some fine solitary chaotic rock-scenery to be found, also a small cave with beautiful crystals in it. Time slips away when one broods long and alone in such places.

One day Mr. C. took me to explore the Boutiques. To do this thoroughly you want a lantern or a torch, for there are some very big awkward blocks where you might let youself down, and it is pitch dark, so that you would in falling break your leg without a light. The land entrance is by a steep vein of soft clayey mineral. At the entrance a lofty, grand, and gloomy vault: when you have clambered cautiously down the big boulders into unknown depths, you have to wade through water which remains even at low tide; and here let me strongly recommend bathing-shoes for use in the Sark caves, for I cut my foot rather badly on the sharp stones; but fortunately sea water is a great healer. Not having bathing-shoes with me, I usually wore two pairs of socks wading, but did not wear them on this occasion. You must not trust to buying much at the shops here, for the stock of goods in general is limited; there is, in fact, no village at all, only a few scattered houses, but I believe there are good lôdgings to be had in these.

After this water you arrive in a fine spacious chamber, having an opening to the sea. The dripping roof affords a lodgment for those beautiful green ferns — *Asplenium marinum* — that love twilight and moisture. Beyond the great chamber you pass through a passage that leads outside the open at the northern extremity of the island, but you have to do some amount of stiff climbing over black boulders before you get there. To do justice to this cave, there should be torches, it cannot be seen with a lantern properly.

Another excursion I made was from the little Havre Gosselin by boat to the Isle of Brechon, to visit the Pirates' Cave, the entrance to which is perhaps grander than anything at Sark, and reminds one of the cave at Tol Pedu. The vast irregular fissure strikes the traveller approaching from Guernsey by the islands of Jethon and Herm; it is a broad black gash, reaching from top to bottom of the perpendicular cliff. The landing here is not very easy even in the calmest weather; you have to time jumping on to one of the rocks as the wave drives your boat towards it; you then clamber up some large black boulders sloping backwards, a long grand granite staircase suggesting the "Arabian Nights" or "Vathek," till you stand under the mighty arch itself as of a mountain temple. Here is the entrance to some old copper mines. I penetrated some way into the level with a light; and it is said that a great depth of ashes was found by those excavating the mine, confirming the tradition that pirates had formerly made their eyrie in this wild spot. The Havre Gosselin opposite is the most picturesque of little bays, with its fishing boats and nets, and its iron ladder fixed to the brown corrugated crag, with a rope beyond that, by which a person landing makes his way up from the boats. The sunshine on these rich brown rocks and on the sparkling clear green sea is always beautiful. It was

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generally reported to be impossible to swim across the Gonliot Straits, the eighty-yard-wide passage that divides Brechon from Sark. These straits have a sinister reputation, several ships having been wrecked in their immediate neighborhood. Professor Ansted says: "The water passage between the Gonliot rock and Brechon is deep, dark, and dangerous. The current is swift, and varies with the tide, so that at times it would be impossible to row against it. There is, however, depth of water sufficient to float a frigate, and daring sailors in time of need have ventured to sail through it." Finding myself there (about an hour after or before the turn of the tide), I thought the swim across would not be difficult; so on my return from Brechon I got a boatman to row me to the Gonliot rock that I might try it; he kept near in case I should find the current too strong. But I got easily across to Brechon (drifting a little south) in a very short time. Great care must be taken, however, as to the state of the tide; the boatman should be consulted. In order to dissuade me from what he considered a rash attempt, my pleasant boatman, as a last resort, told me, when I was on the very point of taking my header, that there were "lots of big porpoises here;" indeed, we had seen them; but I told him he knew they would not hurt me; then he said, "Oh! but there are white porpoises, and they do hurt!" It was too late, I had taken my header; yet to my horror it occurred to me in the water that perhaps he meant sharks! However, I did not meet any. Brechon is inhabited chiefly by rabbits.

Talking of sharks reminds one of that other sea-monster, the octopus. It was in a cavern of the Douvres rocks, in the Chaussey archipelago, not so very far off, that Hugo, as every one knows, placed his *pieuvre*. And I hear that his beautiful description of the sea cave was suggested chiefly by the Gonliot caves of Sark. The Gonliot caves must certainly be classed among the most uniquely lovely places in the world. But to be really appreciated they must be visited again and again under different aspects and in various manners. You must go into them by land and by sea. It is only at certain hours, or certain days, under special circumstances of tide, weather, and elevation of the sun, that you can see them to advantage at all. Nor do I believe that an island like this can be fairly appreciated by the picnic parties that come for the day by the Guernsey or Jersey excursion steamer to drink champagne or beer at Mr. Gavey's. To know and feel nature a man must watch her countenance and her varying moods, as a lover watches the face and moods of a beloved woman. There is no difficulty in the path that leads down to the Gonliot, though at the bottom a little scrambling over boulders has to be done. Through a magnificent natural arch, when you enter the first cavern, you gaze upon the blue sea, the hazy blue air, and the warm brown cliffs of the Havre Gosselin. A branch of the first cavern leads westward to the sea; but turning sharp round when we come to this, we make our way into a chamber whose walls are literally covered with plum and greengage-colored anemones, as though embossed with so many rich gems. This leads to the sea again, and one can clamber thence over a rough ridge of rocks to rejoin the path one has descended. These are partly covered with slippery seaweed and barnacles. But if you do this only, you will not have seen the Gonliots. Westward from this cave opens a narrow fissure with always more or less sea-water in it; and through this one must wade in order to reach the glories of the place. You then enter one of the loveliest fairy palaces in the world; but it is seen to most advantage as I saw it swimming in from the Gonliot rock, opposite Brechon, with the afternoon sunlight just pouring into the entrance. This channel is very narrow, and in swimming great care should be taken, as the suction is always considerable, and there is only just room to float; the rock, moreover, is covered with wounding sharp acorn shells; the weather should be perfectly calm, and the swimmer not liable to cramp. But what I saw I will attempt to describe. The sun was shining upon myriads of rosy, and carmine, sunrise-tinted, glistening anemones; through the clear chrysoprase-colored wave one could perceive some with their sensitive rainbow tentacles extended, those above the water-line being equally beautiful, though closed. This narrow channel, which cannot be entered by a boat or by wading, opened into an exquisitely lovely Nereid's palace, instinct with seagreen twilight, the rich rough sides of which were thickly encrusted with living gems of all fashions; here all

> Had suffered a sea change
> Into something rich and strange:

all was living arabesque, rarest filigree, enchasement as of shrines or goblets. Besides the sea-flowers described, there were delicate porcelain-white ones, innumerable corallines and madrepores,

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sponges of infinite variety and golden hue, minute volcano-like fretted fountains jetting crystal, water-light meanwhile quavering on fair tinted roof and wall, green or purple tresses and streamers of laver, dulse, and tangle stirring joyously in dim bouldered deeps below. To float luxuriously in the midst of such glories seemed like being in heaven, or at least in fairy-land! Along the cliffs of the mainland east of the caves in the adjoining fiord, Mr. C. told me he had, by wading, found ultramarine actinias; but though I swam there on purpose I did not find them, the tide being probably too high. Southward again from this chamber a winding corridor, illuminated by green twilight, with delicious sound of rushing water in it, conducts into another fair sea hall. Immense orange-hued actinias were clustered in some fissure near this. One day wading was quite possible here, but another day I had to swim, and with the utmost difficulty, against the tide; but wading with one's clothes half on is most uncomfortable, you are sure to get very wet! In this further chamber, which is said to have the conformation of a human ear, still more marvels await you. The muffled sounds, the weird explosions the waters make amongst these vast dim labyrinths is strange indeed when one listens in solitude; and the silent, ancient monster head of the promontory seems to listen also! I confess that if I had had the "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" fresh in my mind just then I should have hesitated to swim so much about these caves, for in this very place (or in the Boutiques adjoining) Hugo states that *he himself saw* a bather pursued by a swimming *pieuvre*, and that it measured, on being caught, four feet across. So far as I could hear, the fishermen, as a rule, never do swim in these caves; and yet I had inquired from several, who all told me that they knew of none but small *pieuvres* at Sark. Of course in the torrid zone they do attain the dimensions of the poet's monster, and I doubt if one measuring four or five feet across would not be capable of disposing of a swimmer if the man were caught unwary. I was told that an easier method of dealing with them than cutting their heads off (Perseus-wise) was to *turn them inside out:* it does not sound very feasible. But assuredly he who has watched these obscene chimeras, with their palpitating, livid, leprous scab, that seems never wet though in the water, may well shudder to think of being seized by one in the twilight of such a cave. What are malicious Norwegian water-sprites and hideous dragons to this? No, they *are* this. And of such a lovely cavern Hugo has made this snaky-haired Alecto, this Gorgon, presiding genius!

To return to the fourth chamber. Its walls are hung with multitudes of fairy-like outlandish creatures, *Tubulariæ*, *Caryophylliæ*, *Plumulariæ*. These polypes are usually small, but here their arborescent polyparies are like a forest of large olive-green grapes, being seldom unbathed by the sea. "Nowhere in Europe," says Professor Ansted, "under the most favorable circumstances, can so great a wealth of animal life be found within a small space as in some of the Sark caverns." He well names them the *grüne Gevölbe* of marine zoology. Upwards of eighty species of zoophytes have been found, and the varieties are numerous. These stalked cups and agate vases innumerable are compound hydroid polypes, to which belongs a most extraordinary history. The best account of such creatures is perhaps to be found in M. de Quatrefage's charming work, the "Wanderings of a Naturalist." We are largely indebted to him for our knowledge of them: the facts having been not so long ago received with all the incredulity that greeted Trembley's revelations concerning the fresh-water hydra.

"The whole compound animal is enclosed," says Mr. Gosse, "in a tube of transparent substance resembling horn, and this tube at every bud takes the form of an open cell or cup, into the cavity of which each individual polype head can withdraw itself on alarm, and from the orifice of which it protrudes and expands (spreading abroad its delicate tentacles) when it seeks prey. In this great marine family (*Sertulariadæ*) the germ first develops a single hydra-like polype, consisting of a slender stem, enclosing a stomachal cavity. Soon, however, a lateral bud projects, which shoots upwards and develops a head of the tentacles similar to that of the first, while from the side of this another shoot still comes up the rising stem, which assumes a plant-like condition of branching stalks with many lateral tentacled buds." Then in the angle formed by the branches — or sometimes elsewhere on the stalk — at certain seasons appear the germ-bearing capsules or vesicles; these are tall, vase-like, transparent bodies, abruptly narrowed at top to a short rim like a pitcher. These capsules were especially remarkable as I swam. They contain ten or more ovate sacs, each of which encloses several embryos, which

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escape successively by slowly emerging from the pitcher-like rim. But what are these embryos that thus escape? Why, no other than medusæ, those beautiful roseate, sylph-like parachutes we are familiar with, which illuminate the ocean with pale blue gleams at night, and which are often so formidable to fishes, even to the human swimmer. "The margin of the disk carries twenty-four slender tentacles exactly corresponding to those of the parent polype, being studded with warts, which are aggregations of barb-bearing capsules, instruments for arresting and killing prey. At the bases of the tentacles are placed eight beautiful organs which are doubtless the seats of a special sense. Each of these consists of a transparent globe; in its interior is borne a smaller globule or lens of high refractive power, placed a little toward the outer side. These are generally considered to be eyes, but some believe them to have more analogy to our organs of hearing, the crystalline globule (or otolithe) being capable of vibration within its vesicle." Are they either organs of sight or of hearing? Why not of some special sense peculiar to these beings? What is the consciousness of such creatures? Who can tell? Marvellous fairies, true Nereids indeed we have here, and this fair marine palace belongs to them! For conceive the lovely innumerable parachute-like, rainbow-tinted opalline sylphs, with that strange consciousness of their own, which, if my senses had been less gross, I should have perceived with delight and wonder, sporting here in their native element, where I was to them but a temporary specimen of a rarely seen monstrous intruder! — where they are accustomed to disport themselves, moving by voluntary pulsations of their pellucid frames or delicate cilia, whose motion is that of wind-waved corn.

But why should Naiads, Nereids, or Tritons, and all Neptune's court of sea fairies have *human* forms? Was not that, after all, the only mistake our forefathers made on the subject? Otherwise they truly discerned that all is spirit; and much as we have learned, we have surely erred from their superior knowledge in substituting ideal "laws" and blind isolated "forces" for this early faith of true poetic intuition. Well, indeed, might the Christian poet sigh to be a "pagan suckled in a creed outworn," so that he might have "glimpses to make him less forlorn" in this age of dull, dead machinery! But the deadness is in us, not in nature. It is a temporary blindness, sent that we may see the more truly afterwards. Great Pan is not dead. Like all our other beloved dead, he has but changed his form, and shall yet be given back to us a myriad-fold more living. But more remains to be told about our sea fairies here. The poor little things have innocently and unwittingly taught us a great "law" that still astonishes the mighty minds of our professors — the *law of alternate generation*. Fancy what an honor for these sea fairies, who also have been baptized by us with such very long Latin names! The stationary compound polype gives birth to a medusa, and the free swimming medusa in turn gives birth to a stationary, compound, plant-like polype. The medusa, out of its ovaries at a stated time, drops a quantity of ciliated gemmules; these pear-shaped creatures, endowed themselves with the power of spontaneous motion, fix upon a suitable locality and adhere; there they grow into a lengthened, branching, budding, compound hydroid polype. "It is evident," says Mr. Gosse, "that this is a very different thing from the metamorphosis which takes place in insects and crustacea, where it is but one individual passing through a succession of forms, by casting off a succession of garments that concealed, and, as it were, masked the ultimate form. The butterfly is actually contained in the caterpillar, and can be demonstrated there by a skilful anatomist. In this case, however, there are distinct births, producing in a definite order beings of two forms, the one never producing its image directly, but only with the interposition of a generation widely diverse from it. Hence, to use the striking, though homely, illustration of one of the first propounders of this law, any one individual is not at all like its mother or its daughter, but exactly resembles its grandmother or its granddaughter." We have lately discovered that plants may become animals and animals plants! And, indeed, there is no longer any proper distinction between them, if the Venus fly-trap eats and digests organic food. But this extraordinary law, as perhaps one may term it, of *marine atavism*, transcends all other miracles of science.

One of my boatmen took me into his house one day to show me an immense block of stone that he had found floating on the sea near Brechon. It was honeycombed with air-chambers, and smelt strongly of sulphur; it appeared to be lava from some recently erupted volcano; the air-chambers enabled it to float. But what volcano could it have come from? And how far must it have travelled upon the

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ocean currents that brought it? Or was it conceivably some kind of immense meteoric stone that fell at sea?

The reader may like to have the following legend of the Coupée, which perhaps is the most interesting thing about it. "Long centuries ago Sark rose from the waters, then, as now, an island, but uncultivated, uninhabited, unknown; from the waters it rose up exceeding fair. One day the birds and flowers, which sang and clustered there, sending their sweet offerings of perfume and of praise up to the Most High, beheld for the first time man. By night he had arrived, and when the morning light kissed away the drops that hung upon the flowers, the man was there. Dark was his countenance and dark was his mind, as was the night from whence his form had sprung; but to the night succeeding a dawn had broken on his soul, a sun had risen in his breast, which now was battling with the gloom that had fettered and oppressed his mind; and here the man had come to pray for strength to conquer all his inward foes, and here in solitude he tarried with the birds and flowers. Years passed away, and the hermit lived still upon the island: his only food was herbs, his only drink the spring; but he had found companions, for he had learned to know and love the birds who sang so sweetly to him, and the flowers that ever sprang before him in his path. Years passed away again, and now the old man had found peace — he had found peace of mind and happiness; round his head had come a halo of pure light, and often as he sat in the solemn evening hour, he felt upon his cheek the breath of angels' wings; and he could see before him, fresh risen from the ocean, an islet on which wandered shapes of glory, and from which came sounds of angels' voices, as they sang their everlasting songs of praise to the Almighty. Entranced by the glories of the islet, he prayed that he might be permitted to mingle with the spirits that were wandering and praising there . . . and thus his prayer was answered . . . from his side of the separating chasm sprang a path which, raised high above the golden waters, seemed to grow. And as the morning dawned upon each night that the old man passed in prayer, the abyss that separated him from the happy islet became narrower, until at length, the bridge completed . . . he left his earthly flowers and birds, and passed on to where the heavenly choir received him, and the flowers that never fade spring round God's throne."

I left Sark by the pretty little excursion steamer with great regret for Guernsey, and crossing thence to Southampton had a good view of the Casquets, where there are three revolving lights. These rocks are very dangerous, and the sea always shows its teeth round about there; we got a pitching and a ducking in their neighborhood, though elsewhere it had been calm. I will conclude with Professor Ansted's words about Sark: "Nowhere can the destroying power of the sea be better studied than in the grand scenes presented at every point round this remarkable island. Detached portions of the main island, others nearly detached, and only connected by natural bridges, or narrow necks of land; huge vaults through which the sea dashes at all times, or into which it penetrates only at high water; fragments of rock of all dimensions, some jagged and recently broken, some — and these the hardest and toughest — rounded and smooth, vast piles of smaller rocks heaped around: all these offer abundant illustrations of nature's course when the elements meet on the battle-field of an exposed coast, the tidal wave undermining and tearing asunder even the hardest porphyrized granites, however they may seem to present a bold front, and bear the reputation of being indestructible. The huge, isolated masses of rock, often pierced with large natural vaults or tunnels, form a kind of advanced guard in every direction, appearing to repel for a time the action of the waves, but really only serving as proofs of the destruction thus caused."

RODEN NOEL.

From The Saturday Review.

THE HABIT OF READING.

AN ingenious writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has recently exposed to the horrified public a new vice of the working-classes, as they are still facetiously called. It does not seem easy to invent, still less to discover in actual existence, a new vice. In Hawthorne's "Transformation" there is a mysterious character who is supposed by some to be a *revenant*, a Satanic evangelist from the old Roman world with the mission of reviving extinct iniquities. He certainly could not have brought up from the dead and buried world the terrible crime revealed by the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This gentleman has found out that many members of the poorer classes are victims of the detestable prac-

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tice of reading too much. The author of "Lothair" said, with much truth, that the upper classes never read at all; and they at least must be moved by the terrible and unsuspected depravity of the new social layers. Reading tells on artisans (we are to believe) like drink, or rather like opium. They will read anything, just as Porson was ready to drink anything, from spirits of wine and stuffs for lamps, to cheap sherry. They will read scientific treatises, if they can get nothing better. Works on conic sections, philology, the theory of torpedoes, or the higher curves, minister to their diseased appetites. They will swallow a geological treatise as certain savages eat earth when they cannot get slugs or opossums. They can pass a happy hour with the advertisement sheet of the *Times*. These are their resources in desperate circumstances, when no novels and stories of adventure are to be had. It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that they prefer stories of adventure to advertisements. Captain Mayne Reid shows them "the key of the happy golden land," and M. Gustave Aimard leads them against red-skins, black-skins, and yellow-skins. The *London Reader* supplies them with tales of social adventure, with the romance of virtuous indigence and vicious opulence. All the leisure hours of these abandoned artisans are devoted to reading, and, as they stitch at our coats, or paint our panels, or lay bricks for our houses, they live on memories of these happy entertainments. They exist in a *paradis artificiel*, as Charles Baudelaire would have said, to which opium and bang do not supply the "Open, sesame!" Thus hours of toil go by like a night of dreams; in their waking moments their eyes see little of the visible world. They are bent on printed pages which reveal a world of adventurous life in which weariness and want are forgotten. The bold burglar steals off to crack a crib, the knight carries away the Jewess on his saddle-bow, the earless trapper shoots the grizzly bear, the escaped convict hides in the sewers of Paris, the Countess of Rudolstadt flits from one to another deserted tower or haunted forest. The starveling tailor, the swinked mechanic, is for the hour like the gods in the "Strayed Reveller:" —

> The gods are happy.
> They turn on all sides
> Their shining eyes:
> And see, below them,
> The earth, and men.

No doubt the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is right when he says that life in their artificial paradise is ruinous to the poor men who seek this refuge from care. There is not much to be said for them. It is plain that they may become as useless, shiftless, and forlorn as drunkards or opium-eaters, if they once abandon themselves to the habit of indiscriminate reading. One cannot even claim for them the praise of imaginative power. If people are truly imaginative, they find materials of thought and stuff for dreams in the moving spectacle of life. They are interested, not as gossips are interested, in the affairs of their neighbors and of the world. It is for want of original fancy that people turn to the materials of fancy ready-made, so to speak; to the manufactured article, as found in poems and novels. The raw material, which imagination ought to work on, lies around us everywhere. Some persons are so constituted that they avert their eyes from life, and look only at the reflection, or rather the picture of it, which is to be found in books. They do not care to observe life except in a magic mirror, like that of the Lady of Shalott; and, unlike her, they are never sick of shadows. There is a want of energy in the character of such people, and yet they win some sympathy from all bookish men. They only carry to excess the tendency of all scholars, historians, bibliographers. Bookworms of more complete development ought to feel not unkindly towards the poor do-nothing lovers of literature, the working-men who waste their time and money over books, as their more robust fellows do over pots of ale.

The temptation to become a mere bookworm is probably the besetting sin of most men of letters. Printed paper draws them magnetically, as Homer says iron draws the hands of a hero. They must always be reading; and they, like the depraved mechanic, find material in the newspaper sheets which are devoted to advertisements. What literature, indeed, can be more full of suggestion than the advertisements which tell us all that men need — the whole *farrago libelli* of human life — which reveal undreamed of and mysterious wants, and funds of incomprehensible supply? A man who has the habit of reading will not refuse a tract. There are often very good stories in tracts — in the first page and a half, that is to say — the honey-smeared lips of the cup which is sometimes full of wormwood. You get from tracts an insight into the habits of costermongers, and the incidents which diversify the life of cabmen (a very con-

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vertible class). You are put on the track of unexpected analogies, between the daguerretoype and conscience, for example, or some information about the art and mystery of rope-making goes before remarks (which may be skipped) about the bondage of bad habits. A man with the habit of reading has a Mahommedan respect for all printed paper. He finds things he is glad to know about in the scraps inserted in the binding of old books. Important facts meet him in the greasy country newspapers which lie on the tables of rural inns. He cannot take up a mouldy octavo on a stall but he learns something from the researches of a forgotten pedant. It is true that the confirmed reader may be missing something else that is worth looking at in human life, while he pores over the productions of the feeble or the mighty minds of old. On the other hand, he has so far the advantage over the mentally dissipated mechanic, that in everything he reads he finds grist for the mill that works up the solid literary vestments of old times into the marketable shoddy which is the raiment of the modern spirit. He is working at his trade, not neglecting it, unless he is one of those misers of reading who keep all they find to themselves. There is not much to be said for the habit of reading when it merely ministers to a man's contempt for people who live their lives in the sun and the wind and are careless of books.

There is this to be said for the habit of reading, that it fills up waste hours as nothing else does, except, perhaps, the refreshment of smoking. A man who can find amusement in any printed trash suffers less than others from long periods of waiting at railway stations. He exhausts the advertisements, and it is strange if he does not find on the bookstall some sixpenny volume which makes him laugh or wonder. The very cheapest and most trivial literature introduces you to an undreamed of world of readers and writers, about whose intellectual tastes and habits there is no other way of getting information. Who, for example, would know the whole truth about the mental vacuity of people of fashion if he did not, in some forlorn hour and place, read the literature which they love and help to construct? Who could fathom the deeps of popular politics and political economy without aid from the journals of the uninstructed? Their novels are equally strange, and equally reward research. The habit of reading is invaluable, too, when a man is waiting at a dentist's or a doctor's. No hours of waiting for a verdict can be more dreary; and he is blessed who can bury himself in old numbers of "Punch," in the paper of yesterday, and in goody-goody books about cruelty to animals.

It is a mistake to suppose that all born bookworms are people who have no interest in practical life, and no power of dealing with men and with circumstances. There never was a more confirmed bookworm than Napoleon, who, for all that, was, it will be allowed, "a man of action." In all his campaigns he carried a travelling library of novels. He had an official in Paris to look after his literary *en cas*. Just as the life of a servant was devoted to keeping a roast fowl always ready to be eaten, so this literary taster had to supply Napoleon with novels eternally fresh. From Moscow, from Madrid, he kept writing for new novels. He often complained that they were really too bad. He would read a few pages in his travelling carriage, and then throw the dull volumes out of the window, and turn, voracious, to a fresh packet. He projected a miniature travelling edition of all readable French literature, but the publication in the desired form proved too expensive, even for an emperor. This taste for trashy novels was not peculiar to Napoleon. Many men of active minds, even when refined taste is combined with activity, many judges, barristers, scholars, find rest and solace in the very poorest novels. As long as there is a plot, and a narrative, and a mystery, they are content.

The habit of reading is only noxious when it becomes, as it often does among indolent people, a disease. Their mental emptiness produces a morbid hunger; they must forever have a tattling paper in their hands. They can read only literature which deals with known people and with "personalities" and gossip, but of that they are insatiate. They have grafted on malice and idleness the form, but not the essence of the habit of reading. It is a habit which is depriving lecturers in the universities of their office, and which once threatened to silence orators. Fortunately it has been found that the speeches of orators are very useful as texts for the endless flow of printed matter which streams from the literary men. If Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield did not speak there would be nothing to write about, therefore nothing to read, and a serious void in the breakfast hour of respectable families. Bookworms ought to be anxious to have themselves marked off as a species distinct from mere newspaper worms. There is

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something respectable in the habit of the bookworm, which causes libraries to be kept up and knowledge to be stored, while the devourer of the flying leaves of literature is another creature, a sort of butterfly or locust. He is indolent, ignorant, and retains nothing but a confused memory of gossip, with the wrong facts affixed to the wrong names. No honest bookworm would willingly share the habit of the newspaper devourer; he would rather consort with the depraved mechanic who lives in a fantastic world of romance. In him there may be the undeveloped germs of the scholar or poet; but the languid butterfly who settles on the leaves of the lighter press is generally nothing but a scandalmonger too lazy to walk and talk and pursue his profession in the old manner of the Backbites and Sneerwells. For the worthier habit of reading, Fulke Greville is the best apologist, with his confession of the advantage of retiring from 'the heavy wheels of fortune" to "the safe society of books and of dead men."

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

AN AMERICAN ZOLLVEREIN.

SOME interest has been excited by a rumor, originating in a letter from the American correspondent of the *Times*, that negotiations were likely to be reopened between the government of the United States and the government of the Dominion of Canada for the settlement of the commercial controversy which has during the last fourteen years caused much trouble and loss to both countries. The statement in this simple and guarded form is likely enough to be correct. The Americans are quite shrewd enough to have seen long ago that they committed a grave blunder when they "denounced" the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada in 1864; and they have felt the consequences of that blunder all the more keenly since the period of unhealthy and abnormal prosperity which followed the war came to a sudden end in the crash of 1873. When the Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated the Americans, with characteristic ignorance of Canadian feeling and character, and with equally characteristic self-conceit, were confident that Canada, unable to stand commercially alone and weakened in her political relations by the imperial policy or no-policy then prevailing at home, would throw herself without delay into the arms of the Republic. The dominant school of politicians in this country, then every day expected to be relieved from the restraining influence of Lord Palmerston, and to develop its doctrines vigorously under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone, had announced repeatedly and with energy that if the Canadians wished to become partners in the republican government of the United States England would not say a word, much less lift a finger, to prevent them. Accordingly, the American project of coercing Canada into an appreciation of the advantages of joining the Union had something more than fair play. Its complete failure was remarkable and instructive. The Canadians were justly angry, and perhaps a little alarmed. They set to work at once to secure the political strength without which their neighbors might wear them down in detail; and the Confederation Act of 1867 was in truth the Canadian retort upon the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty. With equal courage, promptitude, and activity they proceeded to defend and develop their trade, and they soon found that they had little to fear from the competition of the Americans — so long, at least, as the latter bound themselves in the complicated trammels of an illogical and continually changing protective system. The growth of Canadian trade in the ten years succeeding the confederation of 1867 was very marked; and the Americans saw their hopes of inducing Canada to enter the Union by enforcing the threat of keeping her out in the cold gradually vanishing. Those hopes, however, revived as Canada began to suffer from the "hard times." The aggregate imports and exports of the Dominion amounted to $194,000,000 in 1872, and to $218,000,000 in 1874; in 1875 they fell to $200,000,000, and in 1876 to $174,000,000. Of course this decline of trade has caused much grumbling, and the protectionists have used it to push their attack upon free-trade principles and their very limited acceptance in practice by the government and parliament of Canada. Of course, too, there are many Canadians who see that if the American market were open to them they could make a much better fight for commercial existence. But the United States are wedded to a protectionist policy; and there seems very little hope for the present that any material change will be made in the American tariff, whatever may be the vicissitudes of parties at Washington. It is foolish to build upon the fact — if it be a fact — that the Democrats are by principle and tradition a free-trad-

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ing party. The late and the present House of Representatives, though governed by a Democratic majority, have done nothing to promote free trade.

The Americans are able to say, therefore, that if the Canadians want to procure admission to the markets of the Republic they must accept protection as an established fact and make terms with it accordingly. The correspondent of the *Times* asserts that the United States government is considering proposals to be addressed to the government of the Dominion, not for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, but for the inclusion of Canada and the States in a customs union with a uniform tariff. Undoubtedly this would open the American markets to Canadian trade; and, if the advantages are so great as the Americans contend, the Canadians may possibly be tempted to look at the offer. But we have no doubt that upon consideration they will see, what is perfectly obvious, that, even supposing the advantages to be as clear as any one ventures to assert, the price demanded is too high. In the first place, Canada by entering a customs union would abandon her freedom of action altogether. Commercial treaties may be abrogated or altered from time to time, but when once Canada had become a partner in the American Zollverein she would find it impossible to withdraw. The frontier customs line and all the organizations connected with it would be abolished — an excellent thing in itself no doubt; but plainly it would be hard to re-establish the system when people had once got used to its absence, and freedom of trade across the St. Lawrence had become as familiar as freedom of trade across the Mississippi. Canada, however, is not inclined thus to burn her boats. Even if she were, the rights of this country would have to be regarded. The correspondent of the *Times* is of opinion that "if the Dominion were assured of perfect liberty of action" the American proposals would have considerable chance of acceptance. The testimony of the writer, no doubt, may be trusted so far as the prevalent views of politicians in the United States are concerned, but we hesitate to place implicit confidence in his evidence as to Canadian feeling. Citizens of the United States are generally wrong in all their notions about Canada, and we fancy they are mistaken in thinking that the mass of the Canadian people would be prepared, on any inducement, to enter into relations with the United States which would operate against this country as if it were a foreign power. It is true that Canada has legislated in a protective sense against British manufacturers, but there has been at least an equality in the treatment of all commerce outside of the Dominion. Under the proposed Zollverein Canada would keep out British products, for the benefit mainly of the cotton-spinners of Massachusetts and the iron-merchants of Pennsylvania. We doubt, as we have said, whether such a scheme has the slightest chance of being entertained by any important section of the Canadians, protectionist or free-trading, conservative or liberal. It is well to observe that the protectionist party in Canada, which might naturally be expected to favor a project of this character, is mainly composed of conservatives, who look with extreme dislike upon American institutions and are warm supporters of the imperial connection. But, whatever might be the opinion of the moment in Canada, it is quite clear that the sanction of the Parliament here to the creation of an American Zollverein could not be easily obtained.

HAZLITT'S PORTRAIT OF LAMB. — A portrait round which a very exceptional amount of literary interest clusters has, according to the *Athenæum*, been offered to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery for purchase. It is a likeness of Charles Lamb, painted by the artist and essayist, William Hazlitt, and presented to Coleridge; Coleridge left it to his friend and host, Mr. Gillman, and from the widow of Mr. Gillman it has come to its present owner, Mr. Moger. The likeness has been spoken of with special approval by Crabb Robinson in his diary. This picture represents Lamb at the age of about thirty, in a sixteenth-century Spanish costume, half length and full size; the amount of lifelike, variable expression in the face is very considerable, and the execution is sufficiently good to show that Hazlitt, however superior he may have been as a writer, was not by any means without capacity as a painter. A duplicate of this portrait is in the possession of Mrs. Moxon; there cannot be a doubt that the original is the one now offered by Mr. Moger for purchase. It has been engraved in one of the collections of Lamb's letters, but the oil picture is vastly better than the engraving.

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LA PELLEGRINA RONDINELLA.

BY THOMASSO GROSSI (Milan).

LITTLE pilgrim swallow, still
Thou dost perch upon my sill,
Singing every morning, till
My heart repeats thy plaintive rill;
What is wrong, tell me along,
Little swallow, in thy song?

Art forsaken by thy mate,
Abandoned and left desolate;
Or weep'st perhaps my cruel fate,
Seeing me disconsolate?
With sorrow wrung, my heart's unstrung,
Little swallow, by thy tongue.

Yet have I most cause to sigh
Thou canst on thy wings rely,
Skim the lake and soar on high,
Wake in echoes from the sky
Notes that each my prison reach,
Little swallow, with thy speech.

Ah! if I—but fates compel
Me dungeoned to this narrow cell,
Whence the sun may not dispel
The gloom that drowns my voice as well,
Lifted vain, in sad refrain,
Little swallow, to thy strain.

Now September is at hand
Thou wilt leave me with thy band,
Calling mountains, dreary sand,
Calling oceans, flowery land,
Without choice, to rejoice,
Little swallow, with thy voice.

Still shall I, awake from sleep
Opening my eyes to weep,
Though the earth with snow be deep,
Fresh thy love and pity keep;
Without restraint, to hear I'll feint,
Little swallow, still, thy plaint.

When spring comes in radiance bright,
A cross will stand upon yon height;
Little swallow, check thy flight,
Upon its topmost bar to light;
Salute my grave, and at its verge,
Little swallow, chant my dirge.

Cincinnati, July 21, '77. J. T. W.

"DEIN ANGESICHT, SO LIEB UND SCHON."

THY face, so sweet and fair to see,
Of late has come in my dreams to me;
It is so gentle, and angel-fair,
And yet so wan, so wan with care.

The lips are rose-red; but anon
Death kisses them, and they are wan;
And quench'd is the celestial light,
That from thy sweet eyes flashes bright.

HEINE.

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

A SONNET.

FLASHES of gold that fleck the sober grey;
Dark ruddy tints that crimson in the light;
Soft streaks of silver glimmering pearly white,
Amid the russet browns half hid away;
Pure green of spring that lingers while it may;
Patches of ivy-foliage dark as night;
Rich purple shades that peep out from the height:
Such crown with glory the September day.
Oh autumn woods! I lie beside the stream
That winds you round about so lovingly,
And rapt in sense of wondrous beauty, see
How vain must be ambition's lofty dream
To rival tints like yours, or dare to trace
Your perfect harmony, your perfect grace.

Cassell's Magazine. G. WEATHERLY.

EMBLEM OF TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

AT fashion's call, with cruel shears,
They cropped poor Tray's superfluous ears;
Twice shrieked the mutilated pup,
Then sniffed and ate the fragments up,
Nor stayed his losses to deplore,
But wagged his tail and roared for more.
Here, without Tupper, we may see
The marrow of philosophy,
The how and where, with natural ease,
To stow away our miseries;
Nor simply to gulp down our pain,
But turn disaster into gain;
And, when her scissors shear our pate,
To batten on the spoils of Fate.

G. S. CAUTLEY.

MY wife and child, come close to me,
The world to us is a stormy sea;
With your hands in mine, if your eyes but shine,
I care not how wild the storm may be.

For the fiercest wind that ever blew
Is nothing to me, so I shelter you:
No warmth do I lack, for the howl at my back
Sings down to my heart, "Man, bold and true."

A pleasant sail, my child! my wife!
O'er a pleasant sea, to many is life;
The wind blows warm, and they dread no storm,
And wherever they go, kind friends are rife.

But, wife and child! the love, the love,
That lifteth us to the saints above,
Could only have grown where storms have blown,
The truth and strength of the heart to prove.

EBENEZER JONES.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

THE CEREMONIAL USE OF FLOWERS.

I.

THE use of flowers in religious rites and for sacrificial purposes is to be met with amongst the rudest and most primitive races of present and past times. Thus, at the latter part of the seventeenth century, Rochefort found the different tribes of Florida setting on the tops of trees, as offerings to the sun, skins of deer filled with the best fruits of the country, crowned with flowers and sweet-scented herbs. And in ceremonies connected with the burial or commemoration of the dead, we have what may be called an *intimation* of it even among the aborigines of Australia, — they place their dead between layers of green leaves. But it is with the inhabitants of the Pacific isles, amongst the natives of Polynesia and the Tonga Islands, that we shall perhaps find our best starting-point.

Throughout Polynesia the natives have invariably shown a great fondness for flowers, and all books of travel tell of the graceful garlands woven by them to be worn round the head and neck on various occasions of religious solemnity or social rejoicing. The Tahitians were obliged by their climate to practice early interment of the dead, except in cases of embalmment; but so long as they were able to keep a body, they rested it, covered with the choicest white native cloth and decked with wreaths and garlands of the sweetest flowers in bloom, on a bier spread with fragrant green leaves. The floor of the dwelling in which it lay was also strewn with fragrant leaves. When bodies were embalmed, relatives or friends kept them unburied for a considerable period. In this case a light kind of altar was erected near the corpse, and on it articles of food, fruits and garlands and flowers were daily deposited. If the deceased was a chief of rank or fame, a person was specially appointed to attend the corpse and present food to its mouth. The reason of these customs is remarkable, and furnishes a good illustration of savage or primitive animism. The Tahitians had a notion that the scent was the spirit of the offering, and corresponded to the spirit of man, and that consequently it would be grateful to the departed, and would appease any desire they might have to return and partake of the enjoyments of this life. In order to secure the admission of a departed spirit to the joys of their paradise, the Samoans thought it necessary, after they had arrayed the corpse in the best raiment they could provide, to wreath its head with flowers, and then to place upon the body a pig baked whole surrounded by a pile of vegetable food: the pig and food were propitiatory offerings to the god Tiki. Turner mentions a curious custom existing in New Caledonia, when he visited it early in the present century, in connection with the prevailing belief in *disease-makers*. If a man was suspected of witchcraft, and supposed to have caused thereby the death of several persons, he was formally condemned. Immediately after sentence had been passed on him, a great festival was held, during which the criminal, decked with a garland of red flowers and shells, with his arms and legs covered with flowers and shells, and his face and his body painted black, dashed into the midst of the assembled people, and, jumping over the rocks into the sea, paid the penalty of his supposed crime by the forfeiture of his life. At the ceremony of initiation into the Areoi brotherhood, flowers were also in requisition. The candidate on presenting himself for admission — a step he was held to take by the direct inspiration of the gods, and which he took in a state of apparent *neneva* or derangement — wore round his loins a girdle of yellow plantain or *ti* leaves; his face was stained with the scarlet dye *mati;* his brow was decorated with a shade of curiously plaited cocoanut leaves; and his hair, perfumed with powerfully scented oil, was ornamented with a profusion of fragrant flowers. The altars set up for the occasion were covered with sacred boughs, and ornamented with a border or fringe of rich yellow plantain leaves.

Often on the occasion of religious ceremonies, simple leaves were substituted for flowers. Mariner gives an instance of this in his account of the sacrifice of a child by the Tonga islanders to appease their god, offended by sacrilege. After

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the child had been strangled, the body was placed upon a sort of handbarrow, supported on the shoulders of four men, and carried in a procession of priests, chiefs, and matabooles clothed in mats, with wreaths of green leaves round their necks. Again, when Finow went to perform the ceremony of *toogi* at the grave of his father at Mafanga, the burial-place of the greatest Tonga chiefs from time immemorial, he and the several chiefs and matabooles who accompanied him, put on mats made of the leaves of the *ifi* tree, and wreaths of the same round their necks in token of respect and humility, before they approached the grave to lay the *cava* root on it. This same chief Finow, when his daughter, to whom he was passionately attached, died, and when her body, washed and anointed, and laid in a large cedar chest, had been strewn with wreaths of flowers, made for the purpose by her female attendants, issued an order forbidding any one to appear at her burial wearing a wreath of *ifi* leaves. Instead, he required every one to wear a wreath of flowers as if dressed for an occasion of rejoicing. At the *inâchi*, a kind of first-fruits festival, all the Tonga men and women who walked in the procession wore wreaths of flowers. And certainly, flowers were not lacking at marriages. Then the guests, both men and women, wore them as well as the bride.

II.

THE Chechemecas and other peoples of Anuach held flowers to be the most pleasing offerings, next after human sacrifices, they could make to their deities. Indeed, when their religion was limited to the worship of the sun and moon, their sacrifices consisted solely of the herbs and flowers they found springing in the fields, together with fruits and copal; and it was not until the example of the Aztecs familiarized them with the barbarous practice, that they sought to propitiate their gods by the destruction of human life.

The sacrificial observances of the Aztecs or Mexicans were most elaborate: in addition to human victims they offered animals, birds, and flowers in the special worship of special divinities. Thus quails and falcons were sacred to the god Huitzilopochlti; to the sun also they made a daily offering of quails; hares, rabbits, and deer were sacrificed to the god Mixcoatl; and to Tlaloe and Coatlicue they consecrated the first-blown flowers of the season. In the third month — about the beginning of April — the Xochemanqui, or those who traded in flowers, celebrated the festival of Coatlicue, the goddess of flowers. On this occasion the offerings consisted of curiously woven garlands, and it was forbidden to every one to smell the flowers of which they were composed, before their dedication to the goddess. A singular refinement of worship to exist side by side of the most revolting sacrifice of human life! At the feast of the great god Tezcatlipoca flowers formed a prominent feature in the ceremonies with which it was celebrated. Ten days before it, a priest wearing the badges that distinguished the god, issued from the temple, carrying a bunch of flowers in his hands, and a little flute made of clay, with which he summoned all the people to prayer; the sound of the flute, a very shrill one, was repeated every day until the festival itself, when the image of the god, bound with thick cords of wreaths of maize — emblematical of drought which the people sought to prevent — and with a garland on its head, was borne aloft in procession by priests. All the youths and virgins of the temple, as well as the nobles of the court, joined in the procession, having similar wreaths or *toxcatls* about their necks and in their hands. The lower area of the temple through which they passed was strewn with flowers and herbs, and when the idol was carried back to its altar the people made abundant offerings of gold, gems, flowers, feathers, animals, and food to it. The festival of Huixtocihuatl, the goddess of salt — there are salt mines in Mexico — was opened by a great dance of women, who, joined to one another by strings or cords of different flowers and wearing garlands of wormwood on their heads, moved in a circle round a female prisoner clothed in the habit of the idol of the goddess. This dance continued throughout the night, and on the following morning the dance of

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the priests, which lasted the whole day with no other interruption than the sacrifice of prisoners, began. During it they held in their hands the beautiful yellow flowers called by the Mexicans *cemporalxochitl.** At sunset the sacrifice of the prisoner closed these strange rites. In the ninth month the second festival of Huitzilopochtli was kept, when, in addition to the usual ceremonies that marked the first, all the idols were adorned with flowers; not only those worshipped in the temples, but those likewise which were kept in houses for private devotion.

On, and during the first year after the death of a king, human sacrifices were numerous, but in each succeeding year on the anniversary of the funeral they were replaced by sacrifices of rabbits, butterflies, quails, and other birds, and by oblations of bread, wine, and copal flowers.

The great quantities of flowers required for the worship of their gods, both in temples and private oratories, stimulated, no doubt, the genius of the Mexicans for horticulture, which was eminently displayed in their famous floating gardens; but the purposes of worship were not the sole end that called for the exercise of their skill in the cultivation of flowers. Customs prevailed amongst them that prescribed the presentation of flowers at stated times to the king, the lords, ambassadors, and other persons of rank. Moreover, the great nobles themselves, who were privileged to enjoy the temporary use and profits of the *tecpantlalli* or crown lands, held these subject to a tribute of nosegays of flowers, and different kinds of birds, which they were bound to present to the king whenever they visited him. And with the exception of certain liabilities to repair and rebuild the royal palaces, and to assist in the cultivation of the royal gardens by directing the labors of the populace of their respective districts, the tenure of crown lands consisted of these tributes alone. One other use of flowers obtaining amongst the Mexicans deserves notice. It was customary, when a maiden, destined from her infancy to the service of the gods, attained the age of sixteen or eighteen, for her parents to seek a husband for her, and, having found one, to request the permission of the *tehantiohuatzin* to settle her in marriage. The request was accompanied by a studied address in which they thanked him for the care and attention he had bestowed on the education of their daughter, and also by a gift consisting of flowers, a number of quails on curiously varnished plates, and a quantity of copal and food. And now, with a brief quotation from the speech of one of the envoys to the perfidious Tezozomoc, illustrative of the simplicity of the regal insignia of the early Chechemecas, we will conclude our brief survey of Mexican flower usages. After the Toltecan envoy had spoken, his bold Chechemecan colleague thus addressed the tyrant: "I, my lord, may speak to you with greater confidence and liberty, as I am a Chechemeca, and address myself to a prince of my own nation who is a descendant of the great kings Xolotl, Nopaltzin and Tlotzin. You are not ignorant that those divine Chechemecas, your ancestors, set no value on gold or precious stones. They wore no other crown on their heads than a garland of herbs and flowers of the field, nor adorned themselves with any other bracelets than the stiff leather against which beat the string of their bow in shooting."

* The cemporalxochitl, or *chempas-cuhil* as the Spaniards call it, is known to the French as the *œillet d'Inde*, Indian carnation. It is very common in Mexico, where it is also called the "flower of the dead."

III.

THOSE who are familiar with Moore's "Hindu Pantheon" will remember a graceful outline representing Vishnu, reposing on the serpent Cesha, willing and contemplating the creation of the world: the creative power Brahmā is seen springing forth upon a lotus flower. In another plate, representing Sītā's reunion with Rāma after her fiery ordeal to satisfy the world of her chaste escape from the power of Rāvana, Rāma is seen throwing the chaplet of marriage round her neck, whilst from above the *pushpa-vrishti* or flower-rain, falls on both of them. The peculiar tenets of the Brahmin creed shown in these two pictures seem to offer at least a partial explanation of the lavish use of flowers in their religious rites by the fol-

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lowers of Brahma and Bouddha, and which indeed far exceeds that of even the Mexicans. Flowers and garlands, according to Sir J. Emerson Tennent, are introduced in their worship to the utmost extent. The atmosphere of the *wiharas* and temples, he says, is rendered oppressive with the perfume of champac and jessamine. And the shrines of the gods and the steps leading to the temples are thickly strewn with blossoms of the nagaha and the lotus, which it is the special duty of priests to renew daily. The traditions of the profuse employment of flowers at an early period are almost incredible. For instance, we read in the "*Mahâwanso*," the most renowned of Singhalese chronicles, that the Ruanwellé dagoba (it was two hundred and seventy feet high) was on one occasion festooned with garlands from pedestal to pinnacle till it resembled one uniform bouquet. At another time it and the lofty dagoba at Mihintala were buried under heaps of jessamine and other native flowers. A further idea of the extent of the practice may be gained from the list of the various religious edifices erected by Prakrama Bahu in different parts of his kingdom, likewise given in the "*Mahâwanso*." It enumerates one hundred and ninety-two rooms for the purpose of offering flowers. Fa Hian, the Chinese traveller, in the description of his pilgrimage through Buddhist kingdoms, speaks with the enthusiasm of a devotee of the wealth of flowers and perfumes with which the Singhalese paid homage to their god at the festival of the Mountain without Fear during his visit to Anarajapoora at the beginning of the fifth century. And native historians are said to allude constantly, as familiar incidents, to the profusion of flowers used on ordinary occasions, and to the formation by successive kings of innumerable gardens for the floral requirements of the temples. The capital was surrounded on all sides by flower gardens ; and in such numbers that according to the "*Rájá-ratnácari*" one was to be found within a distance of four leagues in any part of Ceylon. In the same chronicle it is recorded that in the fifteenth century a king offered no less than 6,480,320 sweet-smelling flowers at the shrine of the Tooth. And the regulations of the temple at Dambedenia in the thirteenth century prescribed "every day an offering of one hundred thousand blossoms, and each day a different kind of flower." Even in the demon worship, which was the prevailing worship of the Singhalese before the introduction of Buddhism by Mahindo, flowers were required. Sir J. Emerson Tennent in his work on Ceylon gives some curious facts about the *gok-bandeema*, the consecration of trees, by means of wreaths of leaves, to different demons to insure their safety. To him also we are indebted for an account of the ceremonies performed by the *kattadias* or devil-priests. They take place on every domestic occurrence of joy or calamity, and are, he says, generally accomplished with observances so barbarous as to be the most revolting evidence still extant of the uncivilized habits of the Singhalese. In a case of sickness when the help of a devil-dancer is sought, an altar, decorated with garlands and flowers, is raised within sight of the dying man, who is directed to touch and dedicate to the evil spirit the wild flowers and rice and flesh prepared and laid upon it, as the *pidaneys* or offerings, to be made at sunset, at midnight, and in the morning. The *dewol-modoowa* — a ceremony that seemingly incorporates the worship of the whole host of infernal deities (the Singhalese have a demon or *sanne* for each form of disease), and that is celebrated on a big scale, and frequently in behalf of an entire village or district afflicted by cholera or the fever dreaded by the natives — is held in a *madoowa*, a temporary building constructed of branches and decorated with white cloths, where for seven successive days offerings are made of wild flowers and fruit, together with rice and money.

In one part of the marriage rite of the Hindoos — and a very complex rite it is — the officiating priest binds the hands of the bride and bridegroom together with a garland of flowers, like as the Armenians do ; and when the bride has been formally given away and received, the garland is removed during the recital, by the father of the bride, of the *Gāyatri*, the holiest verse of the Vedas.

Prodigal of flowers in the worship of their gods, the Buddhists use them without stint for the service of the dead. When a little child, a child under two years of age, dies, the body is not burned, but decked with flowers they lay it in a grave whilst a priest chants the song of Yama. When an adult dies, the nearest relatives carry the corpse, washed, perfumed, and decked with wreaths of flowers, to the funeral pile, previously prepared and decorated with strung and unstrung blossoms, at some spot in a forest or near water. After the burning of the body, an oblation of a funeral cake garlanded with fragrant flowers and betel leaves is made on a small altar placed near the door of

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the deceased or close by running water. This is followed by further offerings of a lamp, water, and wreaths of flowers. On the last day of mourning, namely, on the tenth day, a fresh oblation is made of blossoms, *tila*, and water, succeeded by a still more elaborate one of perfumes, flowers, and durva grass. Then a funeral cake is offered, together with blossoms, perfumes, resin, and betel leaves, which the priest sprinkles with water and rice, saying meanwhile, "May the waters be auspicious, may the blossoms be sweet," etc. After these and various other ceremonies, the priest lights a lamp in honor of the deceased and goes to collect the ashes. Finally, the son or nearest relative of the dead man, accompanied by his kinsmen, proceeds to the burial ground bearing eight vessels filled with yet other offerings of flowers, roots, and such like things. In fact, turn where we will at the present day in any part of those vast countries where ancient Buddhism, unchanged through centuries that may now be reckoned by decades, still holds its sway, dominating one fourth of the human race — in Thibet and Tartary and China, the Flowery Empire, in Japan and Ceylon, in India, throughout the Oriental Archipelago — on every side floral offerings meet our view. Now almost concealing the wreck of ruined but still venerated shrines; now veiling the idols of a religion abhorrent to civilized nations in the grossness of its symbolism; or, better still, softening with their living beauty the sad aspect of the cities of the dead, and again and again bearing witness to the undying belief in a future life.

In a formal treatment of our subject it would be impossible to leave this part of it without special mention of the flower customs of the land of Zoroaster. But as it is, I must content myself with simply repeating, for the benefit of those who did not see it when it was made some twelve months since, Dr. George Birdwood's communication to the *Athenæum* on "Persian Flower Worship:" —

> Very beautiful is the Persian love for flowers. In Bombay I found the Parsees use the Victoria Gardens chiefly to walk in, "to eat the air" — "to take a constitutional," as we say. Their enjoyment of it was heartily animal. The Hindu would stroll unsteadfastly through it, attracted from flower to flower, not by its form or color, but its scent. He would pass from plant to plant, snatching at the flowers and crushing them between his fingers as if he were taking snuff. His pleasure in the flowers was utterly sensual. Presently a true Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head his sheepskin hat — "black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kar-Kal" — would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision. And when the vision was fulfilled and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then pray before it, and fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and sit and play the guitar or lute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer still sit before it, sipping sherbet, and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal late into the moonlight; and so again and again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand *finale*, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower and serenade it together with an ode from Hafiz and depart.

IV.

In spite of what has been urged against it, it is difficult to avoid seeing something more than a mere accidental resemblance in the ceremonial and symbolical use of the lotus by the Egyptians and the Hindoos. And the very fact that the flower was, with the former, a symbol of Nofra Atmoo, the defender and protector of the world, is of itself evidence, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, that it was held in veneration by the worshippers of Isis and Osiris as well as by the votaries of Bouddha, — evidence that is strengthened by representations of the infant deity Ehōou, the god of day, rising from a lotus flower; and by those of the final judgment scene before Osiris seated on his throne, attended by Isis and Nephthys, with the four genii of Amenti standing on a lotus flower in front: all of which recall more or less the peculiar features of Hindoo worship already noticed.

The Egyptians were great gardeners. And they used flowers, both those they cultivated and those that did not require their care, in every circumstance of life. When an Egyptian approached a place of divine worship, he invariably held the flower of the agrostis or lotus in his hand; and examples of the custom are so numerous, so unmistakable, so perfect, on sepulchral tablets and other Egyptian monuments of antiquity, as to render Diodorus's account of it quite unnecessary as a source of information. Oblations of flowers were a distinctive and striking feature amongst the costly gifts of gold and silver vessels, jewels, robes, precious ointments and perfumes, that the Egyptians used to make to their gods. Sometimes a single blossom

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without any other kind of gift was offered; or the oblation consisted of carefully arranged bouquets of prescribed form, made of the papyrus or lotus only: or it was formed of a variety of flowers, those most grateful or useful to man being chosen as most acceptable to the gods. The papyri at the British Museum furnish admirable illustrations of this rite. For instance, the papyrus of Mutemna, priestess of Amen-Ra; or, better, that of Ta-ma, with vignettes of several chapters of the "book of the dead," or "ritual." But the papyrus of Mutnetem, a queen, lent by the Prince of Wales, is perhaps the most interesting and the most beautiful of all the papyri now to be seen there. It, like that of Ta-ma, represents an image of Re or Ra, but the altar of the god piled up with lotus blossoms and other offerings is much larger than that in the Ta-ma, and the offerings, from the perfect state of preservation of the papyrus and the brightness of the colors, are as clear and as distinct as if they had been painted but yesterday. Sometimes wreaths and garlands were laid upon the altars, or the statues of the gods were crowned with them: an observance, Pliny tells us, most faithfully maintained by Ptolemæus. The helichrysos was in great request for these wreaths, both on account of its beautiful golden color and because it does not fade. At the annual and solemn festival of the shrines, mentioned by Diodorus,* and likewise on the Rosetta stone,† flowers were specially required, not only to decorate the shrines and the statues of the gods carried in procession, but also for the sacrificial ceremonies that followed, and which, when the king happened to be present, it was his privilege to perform. On such occasions he was frequently accompanied by the queen holding a sistrum in one hand, and in the other a bouquet of flowers made in a form peculiar to the rite.

The Egyptians believed the soul to be not only immortal, but a portion of the divine essence that after death and judgment was, if found unsullied by its habitation in the flesh, again united to the Deity of which it was an emanation; hence, they worshipped their dead with divine honors, that is, they made oblations to them similar to the ordinary oblations in honor of the gods; and they hailed them with the hallowed name of Osiris. In addition to such public rites, private commemorations were constantly made by priests on altars set up for the purpose in the buildings where mummies were kept till they were consigned to the tomb. They consisted of libation and of offerings, including flowers and fruit. In the interval between embalmment and burial, social feasts were likewise held in honor of the dead, at which the guests, relatives and friends of the deceased were decked with flowers.

As regards military triumphs, we find that, on returning from war, the army as it passed through Egypt was met at each of the principal cities by a concourse of people, headed by the priests and chief men of the place bearing garlands, bouquets, and palm branches, to welcome its return. At the general thanksgiving in the principal temple of the city that followed their return to the capital, the soldiers — who to a man were obliged to take part in the ceremony, and to return thanks for the victories they had gained, as well as for their personal preservation — though they did not have flowers, carried each one in his hand a twig of some tree, supposed to be the olive or bay, which was ultimately laid on one of the altars of sacrifice.

Their keen appreciation of variety in trees and flowers led the Egyptians to exact contributions of rare specimens from tributary nations; and plants figure among the presents brought by foreigners to Egyptian kings. Their passion for flowers was still further exhibited in the paintings of their walls; floral forms were woven in their textile fabrics; and indeed, whatever they wished to ornament they ornamented with them. Nay, according to Pliny, they even made artificial flowers, hence called *Ægyptiæ;* and Pliny's affirmation has been confirmed by recent discoveries in tombs.

Wreaths and chaplets for personal adornment were in common use amongst the Egyptians at a very early period; and though the lotus was preferred for the purpose, many other flowers and leaves were employed — such as the chrysanthemum, acinon, acacia, *Strychnus persoluta*, anemone, convolvulus, olive, bay-tree and others. We have it on the authority of Plutarch, that when Agesilaus, king of Sparta, visited Egypt, he was so delighted with the chaplets of papyrus sent him by the king, that he took some home with him. At social entertainments, as soon as the ceremony of anointing with precious unguents was over, a lotus flower was presented to each guest, who held it in his or

* . . . ἐν ταῖς πανηγύρεσι τῶν ναῶν ἀνακομιζομένων εἰς ὄρος ἄνθεσι παντοίοις ὑπὸ τῶν ἱερέων κατεστρωμένον. — Lib. i., cap. 97.

† Line 42 of the Greek text.

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her hand during the feast. Servants next brought necklaces of flowers, chiefly of the lotus; and if we bear in mind that this was done as a mark of respect, the suggestion that Pharao simply observed the custom in kingly fashion when he put a chain of gold round Joseph's neck, will not seem fanciful, as it otherwise might. A garland was also put round the head, to which a single lotus bud or a full-blown flower was so attached as to hang down the very centre of the forehead. Sometimes a cluster of blossoms occupied the place of the single bud or blossom. Lotus flowers made up into wreaths and other devices were suspended on stands placed about the room, or separately they were set in *amphoræ* or jars ready for immediate use: whilst servants were constantly employed to bring other flowers fresh from the garden to supply the guests anew, as their bouquets and garlands faded; attendants too were employed to hold flowers for the guests to smell. They sometimes crowned the bowl with wreaths of flowers; and a vase filled with blossoms of the lotus was, Sir G. Wilkinson says, frequently placed on a stand before the master of the house, or presented to him by an attendant. All, or nearly all, of these special characteristics of the social life of the Egyptians are to be found in the mural paintings from Thebes, forming part of the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum; and last year Mr. Long, in his "Egyptian Feast," recalled some of them, though he has certainly given them less prominence than they received at the hands of Theban artists.

V.

THERE is comparatively little mention by Jewish authors of the use of flowers by the Hebrews for either religious or other purposes. Still there is sufficient to show that what they loved pre-eminently in parable and simile, they, like other Oriental nations, did not fail to turn to direct account in times of public and private rejoicing. The bloody sacrifices and holocausts of the Mosaic dispensation necessarily lessened, if they did not altogether dispense with, opportunities for their sacrificial use; and indeed it seems doubtful whether in the adornment of victims, and at the great festival of first fruits, they formed a regular, or at all events a conspicuous feature of the ceremonial. In the Mischna mention is made of the wreath of olive set on the head of the ox that went before the bearers of first fruits to Jerusalem, to be offered a sacrifice of peace; but there is no express notice of garlands, such as occurs of the pagan use of them in the chapter of the Acts of the Apostles describing how the people of Lystra would sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas as gods, and the "priest of Jupiter that was before the city bringing oxen and garlands [*ταύρους καὶ στέμματα*], would have offered sacrifice with them." Again, much is said of the crowning of the first fruits: ". . . et quando propius accedebant Jerusolymam, mittebant ad eos qui coronabant primitiva." One commentator, interpreting these words, "et coronabant primitiva eorum," says, "Id est, adornabant, conjugentes ficus et uvas recentes cum ficibus siccis et passis, quas eo modo adducebant; si vero omnes erant recentes, indicium erat bonitatis et præstantiæ, adornantes eas botris uvarum." And the reason given for the need of the *coronatio recentibus* is, that often fresh figs and grapes would not bear the long journey those distant from Jerusalem had to make, and that consequently the more excellent offering of fresh fruit was added to the dried as they neared the city, "præstantiores ostendebant superius." But what really constituted the *primitiarum coronatio* is a much-disputed point. Spencer in his elaborate treatise on the Hebrew ritual says that there is scarcely any point in the whole Mischna that the Jewish rabbis have studied with greater labor and less effect to explain than this. He himself inclines to the opinion that various modes of crowning the first fruits, including wreaths and garlands of flowers, obtained amongst them, on the ground that various forms of crowning for the various conditions of first-fruit offerings obtained among contemporary heathen nations, whose *coronatio primitiarum* consisted sometimes of a heaping up of the first fruits in the form of a crown; at other times of a crown properly so called, or garlands of flowers set on the top or around the first fruits. They held it to be a pious and religious act to crown all things having regard to religious worship. "Sacrificantes id quod Diis offerebant, vel acceptum etiam referebant, coronabant." In proof of the antiquity of the crowning of victims by the Jews, Spencer quotes the following passage from Philo Judæus on Nadab and Abihu: "Fire went forth from heaven and consumed all things that were on the altar, victims and chaplets, *ὁλοαυτώματα καὶ τὰ στέμματα*." In the rites observed at the Feast of the Tabernacles, where naturally we should expect a distinct mention of flowers, there is none. This is the more remarkable, because the

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omission cannot arise from a lack of appreciation of their beauty and the pleasure to be derived from them. The Hebrews possessed it, and at times showed it to a degree that surpassed even the intensity of Hellenic sensuousness. A famous passage in the Second Book of Wisdom is an instance in point: "Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let not the flower of the time pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with roses before they be withered. Let no meadow escape our riot. . . . Let us everywhere leave tokens of our joy." The twenty-eighth chapter of Isaias furnishes another argument that they indulged in extravagances similar to those of the Greeks: "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, and to the fading flower the glory of his joy, who were on the head of the fat valley, staggering with wine. The crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under feet. And the fading flower, the glory of his joy who is on the head of the fat valley, shall be as a hasty fruit before the ripeness of autumn."

The fact that a woman did or did not wear a myrtle wreath at her marriage — the myrtle wreath was probably of much later origin than the *golden city* — was, in the event of her widowhood or divorce, a matter of great importance to her; on it often depended the amount of her *ketubah* or jointure. It is laid down in the Mischna that "a woman who becoming widowed or divorced asserts, As a virgin I was married, while he [the husband or his heir] asserts, No! as a widow thou wast married, in her case should there be evidence to prove that she went to be married in a myrtle wreath and with her hair flowing, her *ketubah* is two hundred dinar." In the same code, amongst the cases in which men were to be believed should they offer to testify, when grown up, to what they have seen while children, occurs the following: "A man is to be believed who affirms . . . I remember that the woman A. B. went forth to be married with a myrtle wreath and flowing hair." Consequently she was married as a virgin, and entitled to a *ketubah* of two hundred dinar. The *ketubah* of a widow was only a *maneh*, namely, one hundred dinar. During the war with Vespasian bridegrooms' crowns were prohibited by special decree. And in the war with Titus a decree was passed prohibiting brides' crowns. Opinions differ as to which of the various crowns worn by a bridegroom were touched by the decree. Some rabbis maintained that those only made of crystal or bdellion were meant; others contended that the decree included both these and those of myrtle and roses, and that wreaths of reeds or plaited rushes alone were allowed, "*ex cannis aut junco plectebantur;*" others again maintained that every kind was forbidden. The decree concerning the crown worn by a bride apparently had regard only to the very ancient one called the *golden city*.

Flowers were used by the Jews in times of public rejoicing and when they wished to show marked honor to individual persons. They knew too that the custom existed among other nations. Witness the reception of Holofernes by the people of Syria and Mesopotamia and Libya and Cilicia in the book of Judith: "And so great a fear lay upon all those provinces, that the inhabitants of all the cities, both princes and nobles as well as the people, went out to meet him at his coming, and received him with garlands and lights and timbrels and flutes. And though they did these things they could not for all that mitigate the fierceness of his heart." It is moreover said that Judith crowned herself with lilies when she set out for the tent of Holofernes, because the Jews held the lily to counteract all witchcraft and enchantments. But Grotius thinks that the lilies of Judith hung from her neck; and from the context they were evidently gold ornaments. When she returned, "all the women of Israel ran together to see her and blessed her and made a dance among them for her, and she took a thyrsus in her hand and gave others to the women that were with her, and they wore crowns of olive both she and her companions, and she went before all the people in the dance, leading all the women, and all the men of Israel followed wearing their arms, with garlands, and singing hymns." * Tirinus remarks that here we have a picture or figure of Christian processions, "with pomp of vestments, flowers, branches, music, lights, arms, and solemn movements, since every creature must praise the Creator." And Calmet, commenting on the same passage, says that crowns of olive for women are so rare, that this is the only example related of the Hebrews. Then Philo Judæus, in his celebtated epistle to Caius Cæsar, reminds the emperor of how, after his visit to Jerusalem, his grandfather Marcus Agrippa was conducted down to the sea by the people, not of one city only, but of all the

* The Vulgate edition of Judith is translated from the Chaldean. The ancient Greek version, which I have chiefly followed, is more diffuse.

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country, *οὐχ ὑπὸ μιᾶς πόλεως, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τῆς χώρας ἁπάσης*, strewing the road with branches of flowers on account of his piety. And, finally, Josephus relates that Jaddus, overwhelmed with terror at the approach of Alexander and his army, the night after sacrifice was admonished by God in a dream to take courage, and after adorning the city with garlands, to open the gates, himself and the priests dressed in their priestly habits, attended by persons in white clothes, and to go to meet them, without any fear or apprehension, relying on his providence. Upon this admonition he was roused out of his sleep and seemed extremely rejoiced, after which he told the revelation to all, and having performed everything as he had been ordered in his dream, he waited for the king's arrival.

VI.

Θάλλει δ' οὐρανίας ὑπ' ἄχνας
ὁ καλλίβοτρυς κατ' ἦμαρ ἀεὶ
νάρκισσος, μεγάλαιν θεαῖν
*ἀρχαῖον στεφάνωμ'.**

THE exquisite chorus of Sophocles from which these lines are taken gives at once the most beautiful description of Colonos and the key to customs that entered more deeply into Greek life than they entered into the life of any of the peoples I have named. If the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses themselves was formed of the narcissus, what offerings more pleasing than offerings of flowers could their suppliants make them? Greek and Roman alike, it would seem, thought none, and so back into far-distant times we trace them. The *στέμματα* borne by Chryses in honor of far-darting Apollo, when he went to ransom his daughter, are supposed to designate a garland of flowers; and it was evidently held in great veneration from the words of Agamemnon harshly dismissing the old man: "Let me not find thee at the hollow barks, either now loitering or hereafter returning, lest the staff and garland of the god avail thee not [*Μή νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμῃ σκῆπτρον καὶ στέμμα θεοῖο*], for her I will not set free." Again, in the "Suppliants" of Æschylus, the suppliant girl reminds the king to "pay religious regard to the stern of the ship (the city) with a crown on it," *Αἰδοῦ σὺ πρύμναν πόλεως ὠδ' ἐστεμμένην*, meaning the altar with its garland or suppliant bough. In the "Birds" of Aristophanes, Pisthetairus bids the priest, "Begone from us both you and your garlands, for I alone will sacrifice this myself." And in his "Peace," Tyrgæus announces, "The basket is ready containing coarse barley and a garland and a knife; and see here is a fire too, and nothing detains us but the sheep." During the ninth year of the Peloponnesian War, Thucydides relates, the temple of Juno at Argos was burned down in consequence of Chrysis, the priestess, having set a lighted torch near the garlands, and fallen asleep afterwards. The garlands all caught fire, and the mischief was irremediable before she perceived it. Garlands once offered were left hanging on the altars after they had faded. On the setting out of the sacred "mission ship" from Athens to Delos, the ship was solemnly consecrated to Apollo by a chaplet placed on the stem at the moment of starting. This practice was closely connected with the delay in carrying out the sentence of death passed on Socrates, as all who know the celebrated passage at the beginning of Plato's "Phædo" will remember. And who does not recollect, —

Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
Læta suas, ubi templum illi centumque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant;

or again, —

Nos delubra deûm miseri, quibus ultimus esset
Ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.

And the altar to the manes of the unhappy Polydore decked with leaden-colored wreaths and gloomy cypress;

Cæruleis mœstæ vittis atraque cupresso.

And Anchises when he made libation for a safe voyage wreathed the bowl;

Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona
Induit, implevitque mero, divosque vocavit.

In Virgil too the ill-starred Dido calls the attention of her sister to the ships with their sterns crowned with garlands ready for departure,

Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas,

who herself was wont to garland her husband's marble shrine

Velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum,

and who also wreathed her own funeral pyre;

Intenditque locum sertis, et fronde coronat
Funerea.

* And ever day by day the narcissus with its beauteous clusters, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, bursts into bloom by heaven's dew. — *Œdipus Coloneus.*

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As a good instance of the votive use of chaplets I may cite the twelfth satire of Juvenal. Catullus, threatened with a shipwreck, vows offering to the gods: he is saved, and they are made.

Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque faventes,
Sertaque delubris, et farra imponite cultris,
Ac molles ornate focos, glebamque virentem.
Jam sequar, et sacro, quod præstat, rite peracto
Inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva coronas
Accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.

At the second of the Arateia, the sacrifices offered by command of the oracle twice every year at Sicyon in honor of Aratus, all the senators assisting wore garlands. And the Greeks and Romans, like the Aztecs, dedicated particular flowers to individual deities. We have seen that the narcissus belonged to the mighty goddesses; the poppy was also sacred to Ceres; Venus had her anemone; Hera the lily; Artemis the myrtle; and Sappho crowns the Muses with Pierian roses. At the celebration of the rites of Ceres, her priestess was wont to carry poppies in her hand: "Forthwith she [Ceres] likened herself to Niceppe, whom the State had appointed her public priestess, and she grasped in her hand the fillets and poppies, and kept her key on her shoulders." * From Ovid's "History of Sacrifice" we get another point of resemblance between the primitive sacrifices of the people of Anuach and Mexico and those of early classic times. In the old days, he says, the knife of the present day had no employment in the sacred rites. The altar used to send forth its smoke contented with Sabine herbs, and the laurel was burned with no crackling noise. If there was any one who could add violets to the chaplets wrought from the flowers of the meadow, he was a rich man.

Abont two years ago considerable excitement was created in archæological circles by the discovery in Rome of the ancient Porta Fontinalis on the very spot on which, in 1825, Stephano Piale, in a series of lectures, with marvellous sagacity sought to establish its site. The gate took its name from the festival of the fountains — "*Fontinalia fontium sacra unde et Romæ Fontinalis porta*" — a high day and holiday of regal Rome. "Fontinalia festus erat dies Romæ, quo in fontes coronas projiciebant, puteosque coronabant, ut a quibus pellucidos liquores ad restinguendam sitim acciperent, iisdem gratiam referre hoc ritu viderentur." Any one who visits our own Dorsetshire coast at the beginning of the fishing season may still witness a survival of the old pagan custom of crowning the waters; not, it is true, as a thank-offering, like the Fontinalia for benefits bestowed on the thirsty, but as a propitiatory offering to obtain food for the hungry. The fishermen of Weymouth, on the first of May, put out to sea to cast on the waves garlands which they take with them for the purpose. And this survival is but another link in the chain that connects us with the yet more primitive practice of the red Indian, who secures a safe passage across Lake Superior or down the Mississippi, by gifts of precious tobacco, which he wafts to the great spirit of the flood on the bosom of its waters.

Examples of Greek and Roman reverence for the dead bearing upon our subject are so numerous that it is no easy matter to select from amongst them. They crowd upon us. When a Greek died, the nearest female relatives — not a hireling or stranger such as the Roman *pollinctor* — assembled to perform the last offices. Having placed the *obolus* in the mouth of the dead, and washed and anointed the body with precious perfumes and clothed it in a splendid white garment, they crowned the head with flowers of the season, τοῖς ὡραίοις ἄνθεσι. In addition to this, the Romans sometimes covered the couch on which the dead body lay with leaves and flowers. It was likewise a universal custom for the relatives and friends of one just dead, especially if the deceased was young, to carry wreaths of flowers to the house or place of burial of such a one. At the χοαί, the ceremony at the grave, libations of milk, honey, water, wine, and offerings of flowers and olives, were made; and after burial the grave was constantly crowned and adorned with wreaths. When Atossa, in the "Persians" of Æschylus, filled with terror, sought to allay her fears by bearing propitiatory offerings, "things which are soothing charms to the dead," to the tomb of Darius, the sire of her child, she took with her wreathed flowers, children of the all-teeming earth, ἄνθη πλεκτὰ παμφόρου γαίας τέκνα. And Chrysothemis, when she bore her own and Electra's offerings to their father's grave, saw "from the top of the mound fresh running streams of milk, and my sire's grave garlanded all around with every flower that grows." A beautiful picture of filial piety, καὶ περιστεφῆ κύκλῳ πάντων ὅσ' ἐστὶν ἀνθέων θῆκην πατρός. And the complaint of Petala to Simmalion,

* Hymn to Demeter (Callimachus).

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in the epistles of Alciphron, plainly shows how special was the dedication of flowers to the dead: "I have a lover who is a mourner, not a lover: he sends me garlands and roses as if to deck a premature grave, and he says he weeps through the livelong night." From Anacreon it would appear that the rose was thought to possess a peculiar virtue for the dead: —

τόδε καὶ νοσοῦσιν ἀρχεῖ
τόδε καὶ νεκροῖς ἀμύνει.

Moreover, the springing of flowers from the tomb of the dead was welcomed as an earnest of their happiness; and it was the universal wish that the tombstones of departed friends might be light to them, and that a perpetual springtide of all kinds of sweet flowers might encircle their graves. And so we read in the Greek Anthology: A lad still in the first period of youth, still wanting the down of a beard, has envious fate deprived of life; and thou deity with an evil eye hast cut unholily hopes, how great, from him, who has left many works of a wise hand. But do thou, Earth, be kind, and lightly lie upon Aquilinus; and mayest thou produce sweet-scented flowers by his side, such as thou bearest amongst the Arabians and such as are amongst the Indians. Again: May many flowers grow on this newly-built tomb: not the dried-up bramble nor the noxious ægipyrus, but violets and marjoram and the narcissus growing in water; and around thee, Vibius, may all roses grow.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than name the Feralia, the Parentalia, the Dies Violares of the Romans. Every one knows about them; and besides they closely resemble the Greek rites just noticed. The Romans were strict in their observance of them; and even the hateful Caracalla, when he visited Achilles' grave, laid garlands of flowers upon it. And when he himself died, to the great joy of his people, some were found who for a long time afterwards decked his tomb with spring and summer flowers: "Non defuerunt, qui per longum tempus vernis æstivisque floribus tumulum ejus ornarint." And Antonius dying begged to have roses scattered on his tomb, —

Manibus est imis rosa grata, et grata sepulchris,
Et rosa flos florum.

So too Ovid, writing from the land of his exile, prayed his wife: "But do you perform the funeral rites for me when dead, and offer chaplets wet with your tears. Although the fire shall have changed my body into ashes, yet the sad dust will be sensible of your pious affection." The "sad dust" of the cultured Roman poet, by the way, will scarcely bear comparison with the conception of the Tahitian savage. Scipio Serapio was the only person who ever received after death from the Roman people the honor of a *sparsio florum*. He died in his tribuneship greatly beloved by the people. The property he left was found to be insufficient to pay the expenses of his burial, whereupon the people made a subscription to defray them; and when the body was borne to the grave, flowers were scattered upon it from every quarter ("*e prospectu omni*"). Only the other day Francis Deak died, and it was almost impossible to read the accounts of the way in which his countrymen showed their love for him, without being carried back to the funeral of the Roman tribune.

The Romans certainly surpassed every nation in the number and variety of their chaplets. And though the civic and martial crowns conferred by the general voice of the army or citizens were for the most part composed solely of leaves or grass, and so bear indirectly only on our present inquiry, no triumph appears to have been complete without a plentiful use of flowers, the *florum foliorumque sparsio*. But though the Greeks were surpassed by the Romans in the number and variety of chaplets, they were not surpassed by them in the use of flowers for every purpose on occasions of military and civic rejoicing: the very name, φυλλοβολούμενον, given to those they wished to single out for the special favor of the people, owes its origin to the use. When Brasidas went to Scione, the inhabitants received him with every mark of honor. They publicly crowned him with a crown of gold as the liberator of Greece, while individually they decked him with garlands and thronged to him as to a victorious athlete.* The youthful Commodus as he drew near to Rome, on succeeding his father, was met by all the Roman nobles with laurels in their hands and all kinds of flowers that the season afforded. And they strewed all the way before him with flowers and garlands.† The last semblance of a triumph in Rome was accorded to Narses in A.D. 554, when his soldiers with garlands in their hands chanted the praises of the conqueror.

It is hard to assign any year or period when the use of chaplets at meals, or rather at the symposium, was first intro-

* Thucydides.
† Herodianus.

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duced. At one time festal chaplets were unquestionably considered incompatible with sobriety of character, and, among the Romans, he who appeared with one in public was liable to severe punishment. The flower-sellers and chaplet-makers had an extensive trade, and at Athens a quarter of the market was devoted to them, *τὸ στεφανηπλόκιον*, called also *αἱ μύρρῑναι* because the chaplets were for the most part composed of myrtle sprays interwoven with other flowers. At the *μύρρῑναι* chaplets were sold ready-made, or orders were received for them for the symposia. The most celebrated chaplet-maker of antiquity was Glycera, who frequently challenged Pausias the painter to surpass in painting her weaving of flowers. His *Στεφανηπλόκος*, a witness to the truth of their traditional contests, was still extant in Pliny's time. All kinds of flowers were used for the chaplets, but the rose, the king of flowers (*βασιλεὺς τῶν ἀνθεων*), ranked highest. Hence the Demos in Aristophanes' "Knights" is to be *ἐστεφανωμένος ῥόδοις*. Violet chaplets were in great favor with the Athenians, whence the name *ἰοστέφανοι*. Alcibiades went to Agatho's crowned with ivy and violets: " . . . the voice of Alcibiades, who was very drunk, was heard in the court bawling very loud and asking, Where is Agatho? and ordering a slave to lead him to Agatho. The flute-player, therefore, and some others of his followers, supported him towards Agatho, and he stood at the door crowned with a garland of ivy and violets, and having very many fillets on his head, and exclaiming: All hail, my friends! Either receive as a fellow tippler a man very drunk, or let us depart after crowning Agatho alone, for which purpose I have come." It was usual to distribute the chaplets after supper and immediately before the symposium; so, in Plutarch's banquet, supper being now ended, Melissa (queen of Corinth) distributed the garlands, and we offered libations. It frequently devolved upon the host to provide them; the ancient custom alluded to by Ovid, and according to which each guest took his own garland ("*vina dabat liber, tulerat sibi quisque coronam*"), not being uniformly adhered to. Often (or, according to some, generally) the wreaths were handed round repeatedly during the same entertainment. In the neighborhood of Pandosia it was considered disreputable to wear purchased flowers at festivals. The Greek fashion of wearing a garland (*ὑποθυμίς*) round the neck, as well as on the head, was not common with the Romans. Cicero, however, mentions it. And Ovid, too, in his description of the visit of the younger Tarquinius and his companions to the palace: "*ecce nurum regis fusis per colla coronis inveniunt.*" * In the course of time the dietetic virtue of the wreath, upheld by Tryphon the physician in Plutarch's "Symposium," was lost sight of at Rome, and wreaths were appreciated solely as cheerful ornaments and symbols of festivity, and gave occasion to many a joke and game, such as the *bibere coronas*. The bridal wreath, *στεφὸς γαμήλιον*, was composed of flowers plucked by the bride herself: to buy flowers for the purpose was of ill omen. The Roman *corona nuptialis* was generally formed of verbena, also gathered by the bride. And the bridegroom wore a chaplet, and the doors of his house and the bridal couch were made gay with garlands. At Cato's second marriage these customs were dispensed with, because "fate was now summoning him to the war; still a solitary union pleased him, and nuptials devoid of empty pomp, and the admission of the gods alone as witnesses of the solemnities. No festive garlands hang from the wreath-bound threshold, and no white fillet runs along the two doorposts, etc."

I have already referred to the Roman laws against the indiscriminate use of garlands. They were most rigorous, and the breach of them was attended with severe punishment. L. Fulvius, a banker, having been accused and found guilty, at the time of the Second Punic War, of looking down from the balcony of his house with a chaplet of roses on his head, was imprisoned by order of the Senate, and was not liberated before the war was brought to a close, a period of sixteen years. A great contrast to the license of the Greeks, instanced in the well-known story of Polemon. The case of P. Munatius is another example of Roman severity. Munatius, for having crowned himself with flowers taken from the statue of Marsyas, was condemned by the Triumviri to be put in chains. Upon his making appeal to the tribunes of the people, they refused to intercede in his behalf. It was by wreathing the statue of this same god, Marsyas, that Julia caused the bitterest grief to her father, the emperor Augustus. Horace mentions a use to which flowers were put in his time that hitherto we have not come across: in the theatre the stage was covered with them, —

Recte necte crocum floresque perambulet Attæ.

* *Fast.* ii. 739. See also Tibullus, I. vii. 52: —
"Et capite et collo mollia serta gerat."

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This may have incited Cleopatra to receive Antonius at one of her banquets in an apartment strewn with rose-leaves to a considerable depth, as the custom of festal chaplets prompted her to give him a horrible proof of her crafty spirit; and procured for us one of the most dramatic incidents of her life, and one that will stamp the character of the Egyptian queen, and mark the nature of her relations with the Roman triumvir, as long as the remembrance of her history endures. Shortly before the battle of Actium, Antonius had grown so distrustful of Cleopatra that he dreaded her very attentions, and would not even touch food until another had first tasted it. The queen, wishing, it was said, to amuse herself with his fears, but more probably desirous of displaying her resource, her power, had the tips of the flowers of a chaplet dipped in poison and then placed it upon her head. When the feast was at its highest she challenged Antonius to swallow the chaplet with his wine — it should be borne in mind that the more luxurious Romans were not satisfied with a banquet unless the petals of roses were swimming in their Falernian wine even in mid-winter. The leaves were stripped from off the wreath and thrown into the cup, and Antonius, oblivious of all apprehension of treachery, was on the very point of drinking, when Cleopatra arrested him with her hand and said, "Behold, Marcus Antonius, the woman against whom you are so careful to take these new precautions in employing your tasters. And if I could exist without you, would either means or opportunity of effecting my purpose be wanting to me?" She then ordered a man to be brought from prison and made to drink off the potion. It was done, and he fell dead upon the spot.

It is unnecessary to follow the changes that heathen rites and customs in connection with our present subject underwent at the transforming touch of Christianity, and to note how the use of flowers was at a very early date adopted by the Christians in connection with their religious and social celebrations, as it is easy enough to trace the survival, or revival, or independent growth, in this nineteenth century and in our own country, of most of the primitive and ancient customs that have just passed before us. For instance, we need not now go to France on the first of November for the Parentalia, the Dies Violares of the old Romans; and our recent law reports furnish evidence that the use of flowers in religious worship is upheld with a resolution not displayed by even the Aztecs or Singhalese, the Egyptians or Greeks. But, though in our social life we have emulated the luxury of classic times in many things, we certainly have not yet gone so far as to need a Tertullian to write another "*De Coronâ.*"

A. LAMBERT.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

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

CHAPTER I.

THE EARRING.

"COME oot o' the gutter, ye nickum!" cried, in harsh, half-masculine voice, a woman standing on the curbstone of a short, narrow, dirty lane, at right angles to an important thoroughfare, itself none of the widest or cleanest. She was dressed in dark petticoat and print wrapper. One of her shoes was down at the heel, and discovered a great hole in her stocking. Had her black hair been brushed and displayed, it would have revealed a thready glitter of grey, but all that was now visible of it was only two or three untidy tresses that dropped from under a cap of black net and green ribbons, which looked as if she had slept in it. Her face must have been handsome when it was young and fresh; but it was now beginning to look tattooed, though whether the color was from without or from within, it would have been hard to determine. Her black eyes looked resolute, almost fierce, above her straight, well-formed nose. Yet evidently circumstance clave fast to her. She had never risen above it, and was now plainly subjected to it.

About thirty yards from her, on the farther side of the main street, and just opposite the mouth of the lane, a child, apparently about six, but in reality about eight, was down on his knees raking with both hands in the gray dirt of the kennel. At the woman's cry, he lifted his head, ceased his search, raised himself, but without getting up, and looked at her. They were notable eyes out of which he looked — of such a deep blue were they, and having such long lashes; but more notable far from their expression, the nature of which, although a certain witchery of confidence was at once discoverable, was not to be determined without the help of the whole face, whose diffused meaning seemed in

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them to deepen almost to speech. Whatever was at the heart of that expression, it was something that enticed question and might want investigation. The face as well as the eyes was lovely — not very clean, and not too regular for hope of a fine development, but chiefly remarkable from a general effect of something I can only call *luminosity*. The hair, which stuck out from his head in every direction, like a round fur cap, would have been of the red-gold kind, had it not been sunburned into a sort of human hay. An odd creature altogether the child appeared, as, shaking the gutter-drops from his little dirty hands, he gazed from his bare knees on the curb-stone at the woman of rebuke. It was but for a moment. The next he was down, raking in the gutter again.

The woman looked angry, and took a step forward; but the sound of a sharp imperative little bell behind her, made her turn at once, and re-enter the shop from which she had just issued, following a man whose pushing the door wider had set the bell ringing. Above the door was a small board, nearly square, upon which was painted in lead-color on a black ground the words, "Licensed to sell beer, spirits, and tobacco to be drunk on the premises." There was no other sign. "Them 'at likes my whusky 'ill no aye be speerin' my name," said Mistress Croale. As the day went on she would have more and more customers, and in the evening on to midnight, her parlor would be well filled. Then she would be always at hand, and the spring of the bell would be turned aside from the impact of the opening door. Now the bell was needful to recall her from house affairs.

"The likin' 'at craturs his for clean dirt! He's been at it this hale half-hoor!" she murmured to herself as she poured from a black bottle into a pewter measure a gill of whisky for the pale-faced toper who stood on the other side of the counter: far gone in consumption, he could not get through the forenoon without his *morning*. "I wad like," she went on, as she replaced the bottle without having spoken a word to her customer, whose departure was now announced with the same boisterous alacrity as his arrival by the shrill-toned bell — "I wad like, for's father's sake, honest man! to thraw Gibbie's lug. That likin' for dirt I canna fathom nor bide."

Meantime the boy's attention seemed entirely absorbed in the gutter. Whatever vehicle passed before him, whatever footsteps behind, he never lifted his head, but went creeping slowly on his knees along the curb still searching down the flow of the sluggish, nearly motionless current.

It was a grey morning towards the close of autumn. The days began and ended with a fog, but often between, as golden a sunshine glorified the streets of the grey city as any that ripened purple grapes. To-day the mist had lasted longer than usual — had risen instead of dispersing; but now it was thinning, and at length, like a slow blossoming of the sky-flower, the sun came melting through the cloud. Between the gables of two houses, a ray fell upon the pavement and the gutter. It lay there a very type of purity, so pure that, rest where it might, it destroyed every shadow of defilement that sought to mingle with it. Suddenly the boy made a dart upon all fours, and pounced like a creature of prey upon something in the kennel. He had found what he had been looking for so long. He sprang to his feet and bounded with it into the sun, rubbing it as he ran upon what he had for trousers, of which there was nothing below the knees but a few streamers, and nothing above the knees but the body of the garment, which had been — I will not say made for, but last worn by a boy three times his size. His feet, of course, were bare as well as his knees and legs. But though they were dirty, red, and rough, they were nicely shaped little legs, and the feet were dainty.

The sunbeams he sought came down through the smoky air like a Jacob's ladder, and he stood at the foot of it like a little prodigal angel that wanted to go home again, but feared it was too much inclined for him to manage the ascent in the present condition of his wings. But all he did want was to see in the light of heaven what the gutter had yielded him. He held up his *find* in the radiance and regarded it admiringly. It was a little earring of amethyst-colored glass, and in the sun looked lovely. The boy was in an ecstasy over it. He rubbed it on his sleeve, sucked it to clear it from the last of the gutter, and held it up once more in the sun, where, for a few blissful moments, he contemplated it speechless. He then caused it to disappear somewhere about his garments — I will not venture to say in a pocket — and ran off, his little bare feet sounding *thud, thud, thud* on the pavement, and the collar of his jacket sticking half-way up the back of his head, and threatening to rub it bare as he ran. Through street after street he sped — all built of granite, all with flagged footways, and all paved with

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granite blocks — a hard, severe city, not beautiful or stately with its thick, grey, sparkling walls, for the houses were not high, and the windows were small, yet in the better parts nevertheless, handsome, as well as massive and strong.

To the boy the great city was but a house of many rooms, all for his use, his sport, his life. He did not know much of what lay within the houses; but that only added the joy of mystery to possession: they were jewel-closets, treasure-caves, indeed, with secret fountains of life; and every street was a channel into which they overflowed.

It was in one of quite a third-rate sort that the urchin at length ceased his trot, and drew up at the door of a baker's shop — a divided door, opening in the middle by a latch of bright brass. But the child did not lift the latch — only raised himself on tiptoe by the help of its handle, to look through the upper half of the door, which was of glass, into the beautiful shop. The floor was of flags, fresh sanded; the counter was of deal, scrubbed as white almost as flour; on the shelves were heaped the loaves of the morning's baking, along with a large store of scons and rolls and baps — the last, the best bread in the world — biscuits, hard and soft, and those brown discs of delicate flaky piecrust, known as buns. And the smell that came through the very glass, it seemed to the child, was as that of the tree of life in the Paradise of which he had never heard. But most enticing of all to the eyes of the little wanderer of the street were the penny loaves, hot-smoking from the oven — which fact is our first window into the ordered nature of the child. For the main point which made them more attractive than all the rest to him was, that sometimes he did have a penny, and that a penny loaf was the largest thing that could be had for a penny in the shop. So that, lawless as he looked, the desires of the child were moderate, and his imagination wrought within the bounds of reason. But no one who has never been blessed with only a penny to spend and a mighty hunger behind it, can understand the interest with which he stood there and through the glass watched the bread, having no penny and only the hunger. There is at least one powerful bond, though it may not always awake sympathy, between mudlark and monarch — that of hunger. No one has yet written the poetry of hunger — has built up in verse its stairs of grand ascent — from such hunger as Gibbie's for a penny loaf up — no, no, not to an alderman's feast; that is the way down the mouldy cellar-stair — but up the white marble scale to the hunger after righteousness whose very longings are bliss.

Behind the counter sat the baker's wife, a stout, fresh-colored woman, looking rather dull, but simple and honest. She was knitting, and if not dreaming, at least dozing over her work, for she never saw the forehead and eyes which, like a young ascending moon, gazed at her over the horizon of the opaque half of her door. There was no greed in those eyes — only much quiet interest. He did not want to get in; had to wait, and while waiting beguiled the time by beholding. He knew that Mysie, the baker's daughter, was at school, and that she would be home within half an hour. He had seen her with tear-filled eyes as she went, had learned from her the cause, and had in consequence unwittingly roused Mrs. Croale's anger, and braved it when aroused. But though he was waiting for her, such was the absorbing power of the spectacle before him that he never heard her approaching footsteps.

"Lat me in," said Mysie, with conscious dignity and a touch of indignation at being impeded on the very threshold of her father's shop.

The boy started and turned, but instead of moving out of the way, began searching in some mysterious receptacle hid in the recesses of his rags. A look of anxiety once appeared, but the same moment it vanished, and he held out in his hand the little drop of amethystine splendor. Mysie's face changed, and she clutched it eagerly.

"That's rale guid o' ye, wee Gibbie!" she cried. "Whaur did ye get it?"

He pointed to the kennel, and drew back from the door.

"I thank ye," she said heartily, and pressing down the thumbstall of the latch, went in.

"Wha's that ye're colloguin' wi', Mysie?" asked her mother, somewhat severely, but without lifting her eyes from her *wires*. "Ye maunna be speykin' to loons i' the street."

"It's only wee Gibbie, mither," answered the girl in a tone of confidence.

"Ou weel!" returned the mother, "he's no like the lave o' loons."

"But what had ye to say till him?" she resumed, as if afraid her leniency might be taken advantage of. "He's no fit company for the likes o' you, 'at his a father an' mither, an' a chop (*shop*). Ye maun hae little to say to sic rintheroot laddies."

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"Gibbie has a father, though they say he never hid nae mither," said the child.

"Troth, a fine father!" rejoined the mother, with a small scornful laugh. "Na, but he's something to mak mention o'! Sic a father, lassie, as it wad be tellin' him he had nane! What said ye till 'im?"

"I bit thankit 'im, 'cause I tint my drop as I gaed to the schuil i' the mornin', an' he fan't till me, an' was at the chop-door waitin' to gie me't back. They say he's aye fin'in' things."

"He's a guid-hertit cratur!" said the mother, "—for ane, that is, 'at's been sae ill broucht up."

She rose, took from the shelf a large piece of bread, composed of many adhering penny loaves, detached one, and went to the door.

"Here, Gibbie!" she cried as she opened it; "here's a fine piece to ye."

But no Gibbie was there. Up and down the street not a child was to be seen. A sandboy with a donkey-cart was the sole human arrangement in it. The baker's wife drew back, shut the door, and resumed her knitting.

CHAPTER II.

SIR GEORGE.

THE sun was hot for an hour or two in the middle of the day, but even then in the shadow dwelt a cold breath — of the winter, or of death — of something that humanity felt unfriendly. To Gibbie, however, bare-legged, bare-footed, almost bare-bodied as he was, sun or shadow made small difference, except as one of the musical intervals of life that make the melody of existence. His bare feet knew the difference on the flags, and his heart recognized unconsciously the secret as it were of a meaning and a symbol, in the change from the one to the other, but he was almost as happy in the dull as in the bright day. Hardy through hardship, he knew nothing better than a constant good-humored sparring with nature and circumstance for the privilege of being, enjoyed what came to him thoroughly, never mourned over what he had not, and, like the animals, was at peace. For the bliss of the animals lies in this, that, on their lower level, they shadow the bliss of those — few at any moment on the earth — who do not "look before and after, and pine for what is not," but live in the holy carelessness of the eternal *now*. Gibbie by no means belonged to the higher order, was as yet, indeed, not much better than a very blessed little animal.

To him the city was all a show. He knew many of the people — some of them who thought no small things of themselves, better than they would have chosen he or any one else should know them. He knew all the peripatetic vendors, most of the bakers, most of the small grocers and tradespeople. Animal as he was, he was laying in a great stock for the time when he would be something more, for the time of reflection, whenever that might come. Chiefly, his experience was a wonderful provision for the future perception of character; for now he knew to a nicety how any one of his large acquaintance would behave to him in circumstances within the scope of that experience. If any such little vagabond rises in the scale of creation, he carries with him from the street an amount of material serving to the knowledge of human nature, human need, human aims, human relations in the business of life, such as hardly another can possess. Even the poet, greatly wise in virtue of his sympathy, will scarcely understand a given human condition so well as the man whose vital tentacles have been in contact with it for years.

When Gibbie was not looking in at a shop-window, or turning on one heel to take in all at a sweep, he was oftenest to be seen trotting. Seldom he walked. A gentle trot was one of his natural modes of being. And though this day he had been on the trot all the sunshine through, nevertheless, when the sun was going down there was wee Gibbie upon the trot in the chilling and darkening streets. He had not had much to eat. He had been very near having a penny loaf. Half a cookie, which a stormy child had thrown away to ease his temper, had done further and perhaps better service in easing Gibbie's hunger. The green-grocer-woman at the entrance of the court where his father lived, a good way down the same street in which he had found the lost earring, had given him a small yellow turnip — to Gibbie nearly as welcome as an apple. A fish-wife from Finstone with a *creel* on her back, had given him all his hands could hold of the sea-weed called *dulse*, presumably not from its sweetness, although it is good eating. She had added to the gift a small crab, but that he had carried to the sea-shore and set free, because it was alive. These, the half-cookie, the turnip, and the dulse, with the smell of the baker's bread, was all he had had. It had been rather one of his meagre days. But it is wonderful upon how little those rare natures capable of making the most of things will live and

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thrive. There is a great deal more to be got out of things than is generally got out of them, whether the thing be a chapter of the Bible or a yellow turnip, and the marvel is that those who use the most material should so often be those that show the least result in strength or character. A superstitious priest-ridden Catholic may, in the kingdom of heaven, be high beyond sight of one who counts himself the broadest of English churchmen. Truly Gibbie got no fat out of his food, but he got what was far better. What he carried — I can hardly say under or in, but along with those rags of his, was all muscle — small, but hard and healthy and knotting up like whipcord. There are all degrees of health in poverty as well as in riches, and Gibble's health was splendid. His senses also were marvellously acute. I have already hinted at his gift for finding things. His eyes were sharp, quick, and roving, and then they went near the ground, he was such a little fellow. His success, however, not all these considerations could well account for, and he was regarded as born with a special luck in finding. I doubt if sufficient weight was given to the fact that, even when he was not so turning his mind it strayed in that direction, whence, if any object cast its reflected rays on his retina, those rays never failed to reach his mind also. On one occasion he picked up the pocket-book a gentleman had just dropped, and, in mingled fun and delight, was trying to put it in its owner's pocket unseen, when he collared him, and, had it not been for the testimony of a young woman who, coming behind, had seen the whole, would have handed him over to the police. After all, he remained in doubt, the thing seemed so incredible. He did give him a penny, however, which Gibbie at once spent upon a loaf.

It was not from any notions of honesty — he knew nothing about it — that he always did what he could to restore the things he found; the habit came from quite another cause. When he had no clue to the owner, he carried the thing found to his father, who generally let it lie a while, and at length, if it was of nature convertible, turned it into drink.

While Gibbie thus lived in the streets like a town-sparrow — as like a human bird without storehouse or barn as boy could well be — the human father of him would all day be sitting in a certain dark court, as hard at work as an aching head and a bloodless system would afford. The said court was off the narrowest part of a long, poverty-stricken street, bearing a name of evil omen, for it was called the Widdiehill — the place of the gallows. It was entered by a low archway in the middle of an old house, around which yet clung a musty fame of departed grandeur and ancient note. In the court, against a wing of the same house, rose an outside stair, leading to the first floor; under the stair was a rickety wooden shed; and in the shed sat the father of Gibbie, and cobbled boots and shoes as long as, at this time of the year, the light lasted. Up that stair, and two more inside the house, he went to his lodging, for he slept in the garret. But when or how he got to bed, George Galbraith never knew, for then, invariably, he was drunk. In the morning, however, he always found himself in it — generally with an aching head, and always with a mingled disgust at and desire for drink. During the day, alas! the disgust departed, while the desire remained, and strengthened with the approach of evening. All day he worked with might and main, such might and main as he had — worked as if for his life, and all to procure the means of death. No one ever sought to *treat* him, and from no one would he accept drink. He was a man of such inborn honesty, that the usurping demon of a vile thirst had not even yet, at the age of forty, been able to cast it out. The last little glory-cloud of his origin was trailing behind him — but yet it trailed. Doubtless it needs but time to make of a drunkard a thief, but not yet, even when longing was at the highest, would he have stolen a forgotten glass of whisky; and still, often in spite of sickness and aches innumerable, George labored that he might have wherewith to make himself drunk honestly. Strange honesty! Wee Gibbie was his only child, but about him or his well-being he gave himself almost as little trouble as Gibbie caused him! Not that he was hard-hearted; if he had seen the child in want, he would, at the drunkest, have shared his whisky with him; if he had fancied him cold, he would have put his last garment upon him; but to his whisky-dimmed eyes the child scarcely seemed to want anything, and the thought never entered his mind that, while Gibbie always looked smiling and contented, his father did so little to make him so. He had at the same time a very low opinion of himself and his deservings, and justly, for his consciousness had dwindled into little more than a live thirst. He did not do well for himself, neither did men praise him; and he shamefully neglected

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his child; but in one respect, and that a most important one, he did well by his neighbors: he gave the best of work, and made the lowest of charges. In no other way was he for much good. And yet I would rather be that drunken cobbler than many a "fair professor," as Bunyan calls him. A grasping merchant ranks infinitely lower than *such* a drunken cobbler. Thank God, the Son of Man is the judge, and to him will we plead the cause of such — yea, and of worse than they — for he will do right. It may be well for drunkards that they are social outcasts, but is there no intercession to be made for them — no excuse to be pleaded? Alas! the poor wretches would storm the kingdom of peace by the inspiration of the enemy. Let us try to understand George Galbraith. His very existence the sense of a sunless, dreary, cold-winded desert, he was evermore confronted, in all his resolves after betterment, by the knowledge that with the first eager mouthful of the strange element, a rosy dawn would begin to flush the sky, a mist of green to cover the arid waste, a wind of song to ripple the air, and at length the misery of the day would vanish utterly, and the night throb with dreams. For George was by nature no common man. At heart he was a poet — weak enough, but capable of endless delight. The time had been when now and then he read a good book, and dreamed noble dreams. Even yet the stuff of which such dreams are made, fluttered in particolored rags about his life; and color is color even on a scarecrow.

He had had a good mother, and his father was a man of some character, both intellectually and socially. Now and then, it is too true, he had terrible bouts of drinking; but all the time between he was perfectly sober. He had given his son more than a fair education; and George, for his part, had trotted through the curriculum of Elphinstone College not altogether without distinction. But beyond this his father had entirely neglected his future, not even revealing to him the fact — of which, indeed, he was himself but dimly aware — that from wilful oversight on his part and design on that of others, his property had all but entirely slipped from his possession.

While his father was yet alive, George married the daughter of a small laird in a neighboring county — a woman of some education, and great natural refinement. He took her home to the ancient family house in the city — the same in which he now occupied a garret, and under whose outer stair he now cobbled shoes. There, during his father's life, they lived in peace and tolerable comfort, though in a poor enough way. It was all, even then, that the wife could do to make both ends meet; nor would her relations, whom she had grievously offended by her marriage, afford her the smallest assistance. Even then, too, her husband was on the slippery incline; but as long as she lived she managed to keep him within the bounds of what is called respectability. She died, however, soon after Gibbie was born; and then George began to lose himself altogether. The next year his father died, and creditors appeared who claimed everything. Mortgaged land and houses, with all upon and in them, were sold, and George left without a penny, or any means of winning a livelihood, while already he had lost the reputation that might have introduced him to employment. For heavy work he was altogether unfit; and had it not been for a bottle companion — a merry, hard-drinking shoemaker — he would have died of starvation, or sunk into beggary.

This man taught him his trade, and George was glad enough to work at it, both to deaden the stings of conscience and memory, and to procure the means of deadening them still further. But even here was something in the way of improvement, for hitherto he had applied himself to nothing, his being one of those dreamful natures capable of busy exertion for a time, but ready to collapse into disgust with every kind of effort.

How Gibbie had got thus far alive was a puzzle not a creature could have solved. It must have been by charity and ministration of more than one humble woman, but no one now claimed any particular interest in him — except Mrs. Croale — and hers was not very tender. It was a sad sight to some eyes to see him roving the streets, but an infinitely sadder sight was his father, even when bent over his work, with his hands and arms and knees going as if for very salvation. What thoughts might then be visiting his poor worn-out brain I cannot tell; but he looked the pale picture of misery. Doing his best to restore to service the nearly shapeless boots of carter or beggar, he was himself fast losing the very idea of his making, consumed heart and soul with a hellish thirst. For the thirst of the drunkard is even more of the soul than of the body. When the poor fellow sat with his drinking companions in Mistress Croale's parlor, seldom a flash broke from the reverie in which he seemed sunk, to show in what region of fancy his

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spirit wandered, or to lighten the dulness that would not unfrequently invade that fore-court of hell. For even the damned must at times become aware of what they are, and then surely a terrible though momentary hush must fall upon the forsaken region. Yet those drinking companions would have missed George Galbraith, silent as he was, and but poorly responsive to the wit and humor of the rest; for he was always courteous, always ready to share what he had, never looking beyond the present tumbler — altogether a genial, kindly, honest nature. Sometimes, when two or three of them happened to meet elsewhere, they would fall to wondering why the silent man sought their company, seeing he both contributed so little to the hilarity of the evening, and seemed to derive so little enjoyment from it. But I believe their company was necessary as well as the drink to enable him to elude his conscience and feast with his imagination. Was it that he knew they also fought misery by investments in her bonds — that they also were of those who by Beelzebub would cast out Beelzebub — therefore felt at home, and with his own?

CHAPTER III.

MISTRESS CROALE.

THE house at which they met had yet not a little character remaining. Mistress Croale had come in for a derived worthiness, in the memory, yet lingering about the place, of a worthy aunt deceased, and always encouraged in herself a vague idea of obligation to live up to it. Hence she had made it a rule to supply drink only so long as her customers *kept decent* — that is, so long as they did not quarrel aloud, and put her in danger of a visit from the police; tell such tales as offended her modesty; utter oaths of any peculiarly atrocious quality; or defame the Sabbath Day, the Kirk or the Bible. On these terms, and so long as they paid for what they had, they might get as drunk as they pleased, without the smallest offence to Mistress Croale. But if the least unquestionable infringement of her rules occurred, she would pounce upon the shameless one with sudden and sharp reproof. I doubt not that, so doing, she cherished a hope of recommending herself above, and making deposits in view of a coming balance-sheet. The result for this life so far was, that, by these claims to respectability, she had gathered a *clientèle* of douce, well-disposed drunkards, who rarely gave her any trouble so long as they were in the house, though sometimes she had reason to be anxious about the fate of individuals of them after they left it.

Another peculiarity in her government was that she would rarely give drink to a woman. "Na, na," she would say, "what has a wuman to dee wi' strong drink! Lat the men dee as they like, we canna help *them*." She made exception in behalf of her personal friends; and, for herself, was in the way of sipping — only sipping, privately, on account of her "trouble," she said — by which she meant some complaint, speaking of it as if it were generally known, although of the nature of it nobody had an idea. The truth was that, like her customers, she also was going down the hill, justifying to herself every step of her descent. Until lately, she had been in the way of going regularly to church, and she did go occasionally yet, and always took the yearly sacrament; but the only result seemed to be that she abounded the more in finding justifications, or, where they were not to be had, excuses, for all she did. Probably the stirring of her conscience made this the more necessary to her peace.

If the Lord were to appear in person amongst us, how much would the sight of him do for the sinners of our day? I am not sure that many like Mistress Croale would not go to him. She was not a bad woman, but slowly and surely growing worse.

That morning, as soon as the customer whose entrance had withdrawn her from her descent on Gibbie, had gulped down his dram, wiped his mouth with his blue cotton handkerchief, settled his face into the expression of a drink of water, gone demurely out, and crossed to the other side of the street, she would have returned to the charge, but was prevented by the immediately following entrance of the Rev. Clement Sclater — the minister of her parish, recently appointed. He was a man between young and middle-aged, an honest fellow, zealous to perform the duties of his office, but with notions of religion very beggarly. How could it be otherwise when he knew far more of what he called the divine decrees than he did of his own heart, or the needs and miseries of human nature? At the moment, Mistress Croale was standing with her back to the door, reaching up to replace the black bottle on its shelf, and did not see the man she heard enter.

"What's yer wull?" she said indifferently.

Mr. Sclater made no answer, waiting for

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her to turn and face him, which she did the sooner for his silence. Then she saw a man unknown to her, evidently, from his white neckcloth and funereal garments, a minister, standing solemn, with widespread legs, and round eyes of displeasure, expecting her attention.

"What's yer wull, sir?" she repeated, with more respect, but less cordiality than at first.

"If you ask my will," he replied, with some pomposity, for who that has just gained an object of ambition can be humble? — "it is that you shut up this whisky shop, and betake yourself to a more decent way of life in my parish."

"My certie! but ye're no blate (*overmodest*) to craw sae lood i' *my* hoose, an' that's a nearer fit nor a perris!" she cried, flaring up in wrath both at the nature and rudeness of the address. "Alloo me to tell ye, sir, ye're the first 'at ever daured threep my hoose was no a dacent ane."

"I said nothing about your house. It was your shop I spoke of," said the minister, not guiltless of subterfuge.

"An' what's my chop but my hoose? Haith! my hoose wad be o' fell sma' consideration wantin' the chop. Tak ye heed o' beirin' fause witness, sir."

"I said nothing, and know nothing against yours more than any other shop for the sale of drink in my parish."

"The Lord's my shepherd! Wad ye even (*compare*) my hoose to Jock Thamson's or Jeemie Deuk's, baith i' this perris?"

"My good woman, ——"

"Naither better nor waur nor my neepers," interrupted Mistress Croale, forgetting what she had just implied: "a body maun live."

"There are limits even to that most generally accepted of all principles," returned Mr. Sclater; "and I give you fair warning that I mean to do what I can to shut up all such houses as yours in my parish. I tell you of it, not from the least hope that you will anticipate me by closing, but merely that no one may say I did anything in an underhand fashion."

The calmness with which he uttered the threat alarmed Mistress Croale. He might rouse unmerited suspicion, and cause her much trouble by vexatious complaint, even to the peril of her license. She must take heed, and not irritate her enemy. Instantly, therefore, she changed her tone to one of expostulation.

"It's a sair peety, doobtless," she said, "'at there sud be sae mony drouthie thrapples i' the kingdom, sir; but drouth maun drink, an' ye ken, sir, gien it war hauden frae them, they wad but see deils an' cut their throts."

"They're like to see deils ony gait er' lang," retorted the minister, relapsing into the vernacular for a moment.

"Ow', 'deed maybe, sir! but e'en the deils themsels war justifeed i' their objection to bein' committed to their ain company afore their time."

Mr. Sclater could not help smiling at the woman's readiness, and that was a point gained by her. An acquaintance with Scripture goes far with a Scotch ecclesiastic. Besides, the man had a redeeming sense of humor, though he did not know how to prize it, not believing it a gift of God.

"It's true, my woman," he answered. "Ay! it said something for them, deils 'at they war, 'at they preferred the swine. But even the swine cudna bide them!"

Encouraged by the condescension of the remark, but disinclined to follow the path of reflection it indicated, Mistress Croale ventured a little farther upon her own.

"Ye see, sir," she said, "as lang's there's whusky, it wull tak the throt-ro'd. It's the naitral w'y o' 't, ye see, to rin doon, an' it's no mainner o' use gangin' again natur. Sae, alloin' the thing maun be, ye'll hae till alloo likewise, an' it's a trouth I'm tellin' ye, sir, 'at it's o' nae sma' consequence to the toon 'at the drucken craturs sud fill themsels wi' dacency — an' that's what *I* see till. Gang na to the magistrate, sir; but as sune's ye hae gotten testimony — guid testimony though, sir — 'at there's been disorder or immorawlity i' my hoose, come ye to me, an' I'll gie ye my han' to paper on't this meenute, 'at I'll gie up my chop, an' lea' yer perris — an may ye sune get a better i' my place. Sir, I'm like a mither to the puir bodies! An' gin ye drive them to Jock Thamson's, or Jeemie Deuk's, it'll be just like — savin' the word, I dinna inten' 't for sweirin', guid kens! — I say it'll just be dammin' them afore their time, like the puir deils. Hech! but it'll come sune eneuch, an' they're muckle to be peetied!"

"And when those victims of your vile ministrations," said the clergyman, again mounting his wooden horse, and setting it rocking, "find themselves where there will be no whisky to refresh them, where do you think you will be, Mistress Croale?"

"Whaur the Lord wulls," answered the woman. "Whaur that may be, I confess I'm whiles laith to think. Only gein I was

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you, Maister Sclater, I wad think twise afore I made ill waur."

"But hear me, Mistress Croale: it's not your besotted customers only I have to care for. Your soul is as precious in my sight as any of which I shall have to render an account."

"As Mistress Bonniman's, for enstance?" suggested Mrs. Croale, interrogatively, and with just the least trace of pawkiness in the tone.

The city, large as it was, was yet not large enough to prevent a portion of the private affairs of individuals from coming to be treated as public property, and Mrs. Bonniman was a handsome and rich young widow, the rumor of whose acceptableness to Mr. Sclater had reached Mistress Croale's ear before ever she had seen the minister himself. An unmistakable shadow of confusion crossed his countenance; whereupon, with consideration both for herself and him, the woman made haste to go on, as if she had but chosen her instance at merest random.

"Na, na, sir! what my sowl may be in the eyes o' my Maker, I hae ill tellin'," she said, "but dinna ye threip upo' me 'at it's o' the same vailue i' *your* eyes as the sowl o' sic a fine, bonny, winsome leddy as yon. In trouth," she added, and shook her head mournfully, "I haena had sae mony preevileeges; an' maybe it'll be seen till, an' me passed ower a wheen easier nor some fowk."

"I wouldn't have you build too much upon that, Mistress Croale," said Mr. Sclater, glad to follow the talk down another turning, but considerably more afraid of rousing the woman than he had been before.

The remark drove her behind the categorical stockade of her religious merits.

"I pey my w'y," she said, with modest firmness. "I put my penny, and whiles my saxpence, intil the plate at the door when I gang to the kirk — an' I was jist thinkin' I wad win there the morn's nicht at farest, whan I turnt an' saw ye stan'in there, sir; an' little I thoucht — but that's neither here nor there, I'm thinkin'. I tell as feow lees as I can; I never sweir, nor tak the name o' the Lord in vain, anger me 'at likes; I sell naething but the best whusky; I never hae but broth to my denner upo' the Lord's day, an' broth canna brak the Sawbath, simmerin' awa upo' the bar o' the grate, an' haudin' no lass fra the kirk; I confess, gien ye wull be speirin', 'at I dinna read my buik sae aften as maybe I sud; but, 'deed, sir, tho' I says't 'at sud haud my tongue, ye hae waur folk i' yer perris nor Benjie Croale's widow; an' gien ye wunna hae a drap to weet yer ain whustle for the holy wark ye hae afore ye the morn's mornin, I maun gang an' mak my bed, for the lass is laid up wi' a bealt thoom, an' I maunna lat a' thing gang to dirt an' green bree; though I'm sure it's rale kin' o' ye to come to luik efter me, an' that's mair nor Maister Rennie, honest gentleman, ever did me the fawvor o', a' the time he ministered the perris. I haena an ill name wi' them 'at kens me, sir; that I can say wi' a clean conscience; an' ye may ken me weel gien ye wull. An' there's jist ae thing mair, sir: I gie ye my Bible-word, 'at never, gien I saw sign o' repentance or turnin' upo' ane o' them 'at pits their legs 'aneth my table — Wad ye luik intil the parlor, sir? No! — as I was sayin', never did I, sin' I keepit hoose, an' never wad I set mysel' to quench the smokin' flax; I wad hae no man's deith, sowl or body, lie at my door."

"Well, well, Mistress Croale," said the minister, somewhat dazed by this cataract he had brought upon his brain, and rather perplexed what to say in reply with any hope of reaching her, "I don't doubt a word of what you tell me; but you know works cannot save you; our best righteousness is but as filthy rags."

"It's weel I ken that, Mr. Sclater. An' I'm sure I'll be glaid to see ye, sir, ony time ye wad dee me the fawvor to luik in as ye're passin' by. It'll be none to yer shame, sir, for mine's an honest hoose."

"I'll do that, Mistress Croale," answered the minister, glad to escape. "But mind," he added, "I don't give up my point for all that; and I hope you will think over what I have been saying to you — and that seriously."

With these words he left the shop rather hurriedly, in evident dread of a reply.

Mistress Croale turned to the shelves behind her, took again the bottle she had replaced, poured out a large half-glass of whiskey, and tossed it off. She had been compelled to think and talk of things unpleasant, and it had put her, as she said, *a' in a trim'le.* She was but one of the many who get the fuel of their life in at the wrong door, their comfort from the world-side of the universe. I cannot tell whether Mr. Sclater or she was the farther from the central heat. The woman had the advantage in this, that she had to expend all her force on mere self-justification, and had no energy left for vain glory. It was with a sad sigh she set about the work of the house. Nor would it have comforted

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her much to assure her that hers was a better defence than any distiller in the country could make. Even the whiskey itself gave her little relief; it seemed to scald both stomach and conscience, and she vowed never to take it again. But alas! this time is never the time for self-denial; it is always the next time. Abstinence is so much more pleasant to contemplate upon the other side of indulgence! Yet the struggles after betterment that many a drunkard has made in vain, would, had his aim been high enough, have saved his soul from death, and turned the charnel of his life into a temple. Abject as he is, foiled and despised, such a one may not yet be half so contemptible as many a so-counted respectable member of society, who looks down on him from a height too lofty even for scorn. It is not the first and the last only, of whom many will have to change places; but those as well that come everywhere between.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

THE IDEA OF HOME.

THE assertion that "languages are the expression of the genius of nations" is accepted by many of us as a vaguely approximate truth. We incline to recognize that national forms of speech are likely to be more or less indicative of national forms of character, and that the configuration of thought in different countries may possibly present some sort of connexity with the shape of the talk employed to disclose that thought. Yet, though we may own that this notion is admissible in principle, very few people would probably be inclined — if they knew their own mind — to go beyond a somewhat doubting adhesion to such a rule; and scarcely any of us would consent to accept the theory advanced by some enthusiastic philologists and historians, that language can be regarded as a reliable guide to the study and the determination of national tendencies and capacities. Who would seriously admit, for instance, after consideration, that because certain words are the exclusive property of certain languages, the ideas which those words convey must consequently be a similarly exclusive property of the nations which employ those languages? The fact of the existence of the words supplies, it is true, a *primâ facie* proof that they were required, in the lands in which we find them, in order to express a local thought; but the absence of equivalent words in other lands cannot reasonably be taken to constitute valid evidence of any corresponding absence of a similar thought elsewhere. We may perhaps safely assume, from the presence or absence of particular words in the dictionaries of certain peoples, that the need of a concrete and specific definition of particular sentiments has, from some endemic cause, been felt and been satisfied by one race and not by another; but surely we cannot grant more than that; for would it not be altogether contrary to our actual experience of the relative composition of national characters, to infer that the want of a word must necessarily imply any want of a correlative sentiment? The purely moral faculty of feeling a sentiment is, manifestly and incontestably, independent of the purely material faculty of demonstrating that sentiment by one word. To prove this, we have but to look at some of the most ordinary examples which lie before our eyes. Who would venture to pretend that the French are unable to distinguish between the feeling of "love" and the feeling of "like" because their language contains but one word to express both? Who would proclaim that no people but the Germans are capable of realizing the delightful notion of *gemüthlich* because they alone amongst the nations possess the word? Who would assert that because we English can only say "new" and "number" we are therefore incompetent to see our way to the varying senses of *neuf* and *nouveau*, of *nombre* and *numéro?* Who would affirm that marriage exists entirely in England, but that it is practised only partially in France, and is utterly unknown in Germany, for the reason that we alone in the three countries possess the two special words "husband" and "wife" to describe the married state; while the French can only say *mari* and *femme* — husband and woman; and the Germans are reduced to the wretched epithets of *Mann* and *Frau* — man and woman? No — it cannot be seriously argued that reality of perception has any consanguinity with concision of definition, or that earnestness of sensation is in any way related to precision of description. On the contrary, it may be said, without exaggeration, that the most intense and the most emotional impressions of which human nature is susceptible, are precisely those which it is the most difficult to expound in specific terms.

These considerations are surely reason-

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able, and yet our practice is not always in accord with them. Notwithstanding their apparent truth, we are not unfrequently disposed, in daily life, to let them get out of sight, and to think and to talk as if they had no existence. Are not a good many of us often confidently asserting, for instance — and this brings us to the subject which we are going to look at here — that "home" is an essentially English idea, because we fancy, in the negligence of our prejudices, that "home" is an essentially English word? Yet, in indulging this particular impression, we are not only acting in contradiction to the general principles which have just been indicated, but, furthermore, we are committing a material error, and are perpetrating a flagrant injustice: a material error, because the word "home" exists in the Teutonic and Scandinavian tongues as completely as it does in English; a flagrant injustice, because the idea of "home" is felt and realized, in varying degrees and forms, throughout a large part of the earth.

But if, recognizing our error and our injustice, we were to attempt, honestly, to repair the one and to atone for the other; and if, with that double object, we were to begin to look about us, outside our own shores, for other "homes" to which we could address excuses for having carelessly and impertinently forgotten their name and their existence, we should at once discover that several other nations besides ourselves are committing identically the same error, are perpetrating identically the same injustice, and are living, self-admiringly, in precisely the same unfounded, egotistical persuasion that they alone know "home." Throughout the German earth, in Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Iceland, we should find convictions on the question as fervent as our own. In all these lands an ineradicable popular belief exists that the indigenous word alone is capable of adequately expressing the deep, sweet, earnest thought it tells of, and that the thought itself is cherished and carried out there with a perfection which no other soil can imitate. Whether the word be *heim*, *hiem*, *hem*, or *heimr*, the faith in its unapproachable merit is equally profound; whatever be the latitude in which it is employed, the confidence in the exceptional completeness of its local form of application is equally unshakable. Each of the nations which are handling these rival nouns, is almost more convinced than even England is, that its own words and its own realization of it, are the only worthy ones, and that all emulative candidatures — if indeed any such be possible at all — are mere paltry shams and empty imitations. Half-a-dozen countries claim a monopoly in the matter, just as we ourselves do; and this fact supplies some sort of excuse for our own prejudices, for it proves, at all events, that we are not alone in entertaining them.

But the fact does a good deal more than this. In showing us that we are surrounded by races which, like the English, insist that they alone can properly baptize and can thoroughly feel "home," they furnish striking evidence of the vast value which the people of those races attach to the idea which the word conveys. On that part of the subject they and we are unanimous; we all demonstrate, by the eagerness and the enthusiasm of our claim to be first, that we long with special fervor for victory in the competition.

It must, however, be borne in mind, that — so far as the mere word is concerned — that competition, ardent as it is, is limited to a relatively small area. Neither the Slav nor the Latin races take part in it, for the excellent reason that their tongues contain no term equivalent to "home." The word itself — the true word, the precise word — is the exclusive property of the British, German, and Scandinavian nations. Elsewhere there are but shadows of it. But though it is solely in the north-western corner of Europe that we can detect the word, it is not there alone that we can discover the idea which the word represents. The quarrel as to whether *heim* or "home," or any other similar or dissimilar sound, expresses best the full meaning of the thought, is, after all, an idle one. It rests on nothing, and can lead to no good end whatever. The true interest of the subject is not there. It lies, not in the relative merits of analogous syllables, but in the comparative intensities with which the sentiment itself is exhibited by different peoples. On this point, also, wide differences of opinion will be found all round us; but there are distinct facts to guide us, and discussion, consequently, becomes possible and useful.

The first of those facts which strikes us is that, though in its completest and highest material manifestations, "home" is, like the denomination which expresses it, an essentially northern product, the *notion* of home, as distinguished from its practice, is discernible in almost every land. That notion is not, and probably never has been, a product of cold or heat, of latitude or climate, of rank or wealth, of any natural or artificial cause, or of any accident of

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country or position. It is the resultant of an almost universal need, the fruit of an almost universal yearning. And again, this need and this yearning must be as ancient as they are deep and general, for the word "home" was invented and used long before the time had come for the fulfilment of the idea which that pregnant word was destined one day to convey. All the designations of home which have been enumerated here are old — older certainly, by far, than any of the conditions on which the realization of the idea at present depends. We may presume from this that the longing for a home of some kind, however insufficient, was so inborn in men, that they took at once what they could get, and called it, in their trustful ignorance, by the admirable title which we now apply to a very different development of the same thought. Our actual perception of the meaning of the word is essentially modern; for "home" cannot be realized, as we have learned to view it now, without the aid of certain conditions which modern life alone has created. It probably existed, in the sense of which it was then susceptible, even when men had no lodging-place but a hollow tree or a hole in a rock; but its meaning has indeed changed since, for, in its full, present import, it signifies security, permanence, habit, comfort, and, furthermore, almost a sentiment of property. So long as those various components could not be grouped together, there could have been no "home" in our existing use of the word; there was a state which was described by the same name, but it was not the same state. Home — our home of to-day — cannot have had being while war and slavery were habitual accompaniments of life; it cannot have begun to assume a form until men had not only placed a solid roof over their heads, but had also ceased to fear either that enemies might burn that roof next day, or that masters might expel them from its cover. Some animals, perhaps, like bees and ants and beavers, may have always profoundly understood the real capacities of "home;" but humanity cannot have even suspected that the modern "home" was possible so long as durability and safety were unattained. Freedom and peace have been its father and mother. Those two conditions still constitute everywhere the essential foundations of "home;" but they are no longer sufficient by themselves; the present world wants more; the superstructure must be built with additional and different materials. So far, probably, everybody will agree with everybody else; but here we reach a point at which we shall cease to be unanimous, for each of us has his own idea of the precise nature of the additional materials required. When once liberty and safety are secured, our desires begin to vary largely; each one of us has, more or less, to make his home for himself, according to his temperament and his means of action, and most varying are the shapes which the results present.

Their varieties are not, however, products of individual fancies exclusively; national influences have also a large share in their formation. The first great grouping into classes is indeed the work of national action alone; the division, by personal peculiarities and habits, into genera and species, comes in the second line. Different conceptions of the idea of "home" are expressed as national testimonies by the races of Europe, each one for itself, with a clearness which permits us to recognize the part which is essentially impersonal and public, in contradiction to what is individual and specific in each case. The evidence in the matter is everywhere so abundant, that an endeavor to determine the shape and character of the national practice of "home," as applied in any particular country, ought not to be very difficult to carry out. For instance, regarding the question, in each land, as a great local whole, and putting aside all shadings and all accidents, it is surely just to describe the English home, in its main outlines, as a massive fortress which its occupiers defend against all comers; the German home as a woman's laboring-place, which offers but weak attractions to men; and the French home as a common ground of union, where all the members of a family, and each of their friends, find a seat awaiting them. There are exceptions everywhere in quantities; but who that knows and can compare the daily life of the English, the Germans, and the French, will deny the general accuracy of these rough definitions?

The idiosyncrasies of the French home — of the true typical French home, that is — are, taken as a whole, the most admirable in Europe. Of course there are weak points in them. Of course there are defects in the French system. Of course there are in France, as elsewhere, a mass of stupid, gloomy firesides, of all ranks, of all shades, and of all degrees, which are animated by no life, which present no interest or action, which offer neither character nor charm. But those are not the representative homes of France; those

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are not illustrative examples of the idea of home as nationally realized in the land; those are the exceptions, not the rule. The national type of home, the national sentiment of home, the national use of home, are other. Nationally, amongst the French, home is a general meeting-spot for cheeriness and affection. How, indeed, could it be anything else with the character of the race? Home in France is made what it is by the temperament of the people, and by their special disposition to use and enjoy in common all the elements of satisfaction which they can accumulate by joint subscription. In England, the sharp severance into classes destroys the possibility of collective social action. In Germany the same difficulty exists, though in another form; and furthermore, women and men live virtually apart from each other there; each sex composes associations for itself in itself, and society, in its true sense, is a privilege of a limited upper category, and is nationally unknown. But in France there seems to be a vast unconscious partnership throughout the land for the rendering of life pleasant — a federation which includes all persons — an alliance which unites all interests — a coalition which amalgamates all opinions — a league which utilizes all agencies, which profits by all accidents, which works in-doors and out-of-doors, which uses the homes as it uses the streets. Society, as it is conceived and realized in France, admits no obstacles to the demands of its all-comprehending activity; it accepts no refusals; it stands forward in its force as a recognized public necessity, as a valued public right; it knocks imperiously at all doors; it calls on the entire people to come out and participate in the common work; it insists that each and all shall aid in the universal labor, and shall contribute to the general end. And it does all this without the faintest notion that it is doing it. Under such conditions society in France most naturally denies to home the character of a special refuge or a favorite hiding-place; it contemptuously refuses to see in it a citadel for defence or a prison for enclosure; it indignantly despises it as a traitor to the common cause, if it persists in keeping its shutters closed. In the eyes of society home is but one of its workshops — a factory in which the tools are family affections and fireside ties, in which the materials fashioned are manners, thought, and language, and of which the special function is to produce implements adapted to social needs.

Sociableness is probably the most striking of the various characteristics of the French home; but it is surrounded by others which stand forward in almost equal evidence. The eager action of the women, the intensity of family union, the love and the constant pursuit of sensations and emotions, contribute largely to the end attained. Created and supported by causes so prolific as these, home exercises an enormous power in France: no other place competes with it; all classes recognize its influence; neither the wine-shop nor the club attracts the Frenchman away from it; he goes to it with a convinced contentment which is one of the marks of its value. But he does not enter it to shut himself up in it with his wife and children; he regards it, just as society does, not as a personal exclusive property of his own, in which no one else has a right to share, but as part of a collective social whole, and he, consequently, is unable to conceive that he would properly use it if he barred it up and wrote "No Admission for Strangers" on the gate. It might, indeed, be argued, without much exaggeration, that his disposition to unshroud his home to others as other homes are set before himself, is precisely one of the causes of the attraction which his own home exercises over him; its openness bestows upon it as many brightnesses and provides it with as many contacts as he can discover elsewhere, — and for that very reason he likes it and is proud of it. His home life is substantially identical, in character, in objects, and even in society, with all that life elsewhere can offer him; so, though he goes much elsewhere, he neither abandons nor despises home, for comparison shows him nothing better. He wishes it to be a hive in movement, adorned with all that animation, gaiety, and good fellowship can do for it; but he sees in it neither a sanctuary nor a stronghold.

And if the men view home after this fashion, the women regard it in the same light more clearly still, for the making of it is essentially their work. The men accept it, utilize it, and rejoice in it, but it is the women who construct it; and in no other of her functions does the typical character of the Frenchwoman exhibit itself more clearly, in no other of her efforts is her influence on her nation more easily discernible. The peculiar restlessness of her spirit finds a limitless field of action in her efforts to extend the influence of her home; her keen inventivity is unceasingly employed in the composition of new results from old causes, and in the obtain-

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ing of varied pleasures without expenditure of money. Her demonstrative affectionateness receives abundant satisfaction from the community of her life with her relations and friends. As she usually abhors calm, and instinctively regards it as synonymous with stupidity, she naturally excludes it from her home, on the principle that any emotion is better than the absence of emotion. She regards activity and fertility of impressions as the indispensable basis of home life; she proclaims that *ennui* is the most dangerous enemy of that life; and what is *ennui* but "an afflicting sensation for want of a sensation"? So she takes especial care that there shall be no such want around her, and she establishes as the foremost principle of her action that both duty and interest oblige her to provide sensation for herself and for those who share her home. This situation is so absolutely unlike that which exists in England, that it may be useful to remember, in partial explanation of the difference, that, nationally, we English do not amuse ourselves; that, though our upper strata absorb pleasures in prodigious quantities, and with an intensity of eagerness for which no parallel can be found elsewhere, the people, as a whole, know scarcely anything of amusement, and contemplate it from afar as a class privilege which is beyond their reach. It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise; for we regard amusement as a distinct and special process, as an operation requiring outside aid, as the evident result of a recognizable cause, and, more than all, as a product unattainable without a direct or indirect disbursement of money. Amusement in England has become, in its main aspects, a thing to be bought; it needs time, organization, and cash; so — for want of those conditions — the mass of the nation has to do without it. But in France, on the contrary, amusement is a universal birthright. In France it is not a process, it is a state; it is not an active operation, it is an instinctive sentiment; it is not the result of any cause whatever, it is a true example of spontaneous generation. The French need amusement, so they have it; it springs up everywhere around them; everything is a possible occasion for it; its sources abide in the nature of the race, its elements are in the people themselves; it is an internal capacity, not an external creation. And in this capacity lies the main explanation of the general brightness of their homes: it is it which enables the women to provide the abundant decoration of gaiety that ornaments the life of France; it aids to throw over the land the delightful aspect of social oneness which, in spite of class divisions, of political hates, of poverty and wealth, and of all the differences of characters, and tendencies, is still so striking and so evident to the foreign looker on. The common necessity and the common capacity of amusement, and the universal disposition to extract amusement from the simplest and the most easily utilizable causes, create a bond which holds the entire race together.

With such a force at work in almost every house, it is but natural that all French homes should be very much like each other; that the same pattern should be reproduced in them abundantly; that their tone and objects should be substantially identical throughout the land; and that for this reason, again, in addition to those which have been already indicated, they should present a marked and recognizable national type. And the vividness of that type is rendered clearer still by two other causes — the intensity of the family tie, and the constant longing for emotional sensation. Allusion has been already made to each of them; but they merit further notice, for they contribute almost as much as the mutuality of association and of amusement to the building up of the French home.

Family union is generally felt and practised with such thoroughness in France that it constitutes one of the great levers of the life of the people. It is a union which includes all sorts of connections within its elastic grasp; which shuts out neither aunts nor brothers-in-law; which neglects neither collaterals, nor agnates, nor cognates; which puts forward attachment between persons of the same kin as a natural pleasure as well as a natural duty; and which — more wonderful than all — does not repudiate even poor relations. Its effect on homes is both to hold them together and to open them out; to extend the circle of their composition, and, simultaneously, to deepen the earnestness of their action. And, naturally, it adds largely to the national physiognomy of those homes by bestowing on them an amplitude of composition and a variety of ingredients which are but rarely found outside France, and by creating in them, consequently, a particular effect of largeness and comprehensiveness. This does not mean, of course, that one single roof habitually covers all the members of a family (though there are innumerable examples of accumulations of three genera-

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tions in the same house), but that the separate homes of each of those members are regarded by them as a sort of joint possession in which the home sentiment is instinctively felt by each of them towards the others. And it is not pretended that the conditions which have just been indicated are universal, but only that they are general, and that they apply to the majority of cases. There are in France, as elsewhere, sons who quarrel with their fathers, brothers who hate their sisters, and husbands who abhor their wives; but still, the aspect of French hearths, as a whole, is one of striking unity and of wide-spreading, much-embracing sympathy.

The desire for sensation, which is common, in almost equal degrees, to both men and women, imports into the subject another characteristic of a still more local kind, for nowhere is the enjoyment and the research of sensation carried so far as it is in France. Indeed, its introduction into homes, its maintenance there as a useful and even a necessary aid of daily life, its employment as a dispeller of monotony and as a creator of constant novelties of impression, are so absolutely peculiar to France, that of all the elements which enter into the composition of the idea of home there, this one is, perhaps, the most exclusively national. Elsewhere emotions are usually regarded as somewhat out of place in homes; tranquillity of perception, and a certain unchangeableness of thought, are supposed, in other countries, to be inherent to home life. But in France the contrary system is applied. In France the danger of stupidity is so keenly felt, the destructive nature of its action on social intercourse is so distinctly recognized, that constant battle is kept up against every manifestation of its presence. The horror of dulness, of inertness, of impassibility, of silence, is so intense, that, by mere reaction from it, the admiration of susceptibility, of vivacity, of excitability, which is inborn in the race, is rendered stronger and deeper still.

Each of these forces, acting separately, would produce a marked influence on the life of the people; but as they are all working permanently and vigorously together, with harmony and without friction, the effect has become both universal and irresistible. The collective operation, on the most extended scale, of agencies of such a nature, has shaped the homes of France into the essentially national and local type which they present.

That type is singularly full of merits — of such rare and real merits that all unprejudiced observers will recognize and proclaim them. But beside them stands the first of the defects of the system — the want of calm. Excitement is in the character of the race: we find it, in varying degrees, all over France, and in almost everything that the French do; but it strikes us with especial force when it glares at us in homes, because it is not possible to conceive the perfect idea of home without a certain quantity of repose, without occasional respite from ambitions, animations, and perturbations, without the sweet refreshment which is induced by tranquillizing contacts, by soothing affections, by stilling thoughts. Such rest would be easy to obtain in French homes, for, in almost all of them, its elements lie about in luxuriant abundance; but the nation's life and the nation's nature are hostile to the development of those elements, and only permit them to continue to exist on condition of hiding themselves, of remaining latent, of not presuming to struggle against the outside, and of never showing themselves in action excepting on rare occasions when the outside has consented, for an instant, to withdraw.

And yet this insufficiency of interiorness, this non-realization of the notion of retreat, this perpetual sentiment of relationship with the world, which seem to foreigners to be so general in French homes, are not perceptible to the French themselves. For them, with their needs and habits, their homes are precisely what they ought to be. The French see nothing in their system that can be improved; and if they are satisfied, we have certainly no right to call upon them to change.

It is not, however, either with their eyes or with our own that we are looking, for the moment, at their homes. We are trying to consider them from an abstract point of view, — to apply to them an imaginary measure, and to determine, not whether they are defective for the French (we see clearly that they are not), but how far they come short of theoretical perfection — how far they fail to realize the ideal model. They reach so much nearer to it than any of their competitors, that it is mournful to see them fail to quite attain it. The homes of France possess, in the brilliant and attaching potentialities which have just been indicated, a larger perfection than we can discover elsewhere of the particular qualifications which enable the greatest number to participate in the greatest joy. Gaiety, intelligence, and joint action are applied in them to the

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pursuit of happiness for all. Dulness, sadness, and all the forms of stupidity and *ennui* are combated in them. They offer a strangely wide development of family affections. And surely — whatever be the prejudices of other races in favor of other forms and of other functions of home — it cannot fairly be pretended either that similar capacities exist, or that similar results are attained in other lands.

Against these superiorities we have to set off two grave deficiencies, the want of calm being the foremost of them. And if a balance could be struck by simply measuring out the merits of joy and calm in their application to home, we might, each one of us, work out that part of the calculation according to our individual notion of psychological arithmetic. But the inquiry contains other elements. The entire theory of the modern home is engaged in it. The whole principle of the objects and the uses of home depends upon the reply which we may give to it. Should home be essentially a place of joy, or should it be essentially a place of rest?

The answer which most of us would incline to make is, probably — it should be both together, or each alternately, according to our shifting tempers and varying needs. But can it be so? And if the French have failed to render it so, is it possible that any other race can succeed where they, with all their powers, have left the work undone?

This question brings us face to face, in one bound, with the action of nationalities on home; for what are joy and rest in such a case but manifestations of a national idea, but expressions of a national need? What are they, to take a rough example, but echoes of the voice of France calling laughingly for the one, and of the speech of England asking gravely for the other? And these echoes lead us to the strange reflection that, as in France, the homes seem to reflect the dispositions of the women, so, in England, they appear to indicate the desires of the men. It is certainly the women who, in their hot pursuit of sensation, drive out calm in the one case, and, almost as assuredly, it is the men who claim it in the other. This exercise of the home-forming influence by one sex in France, and by the other sex in England, puts directly before us one of the reasons why the realization of the national idea of home differs so largely in the two countries.

The English side of the subject is not, however, under discussion here; its French aspects alone concern us; and furthermore, no contrast is needed to bring them into light, for they stand out clearly by themselves in the vigor and the strikingness of their local character, in the unmistakableness of their nationality. They are what they are because they are French. They contribute an altogether special contingent to the idea of home, and they furnish one more testimony to the unvarying action of French nature on all that it touches. But this particularism cannot justly be regretted, for a certain proportion of it is indispensable to the actual conception of home. Cosmopolitanism and international unity would be in direct contradiction with that conception. In the present case, indeed, regret lies in the opposite direction; for the very intensity of the national influence which provokes this marked specificness, manifestly weakens and diminishes the operation of all the multiform personal forces whose agency is needed to create individuality in homes. Without their aid, neither the lights and shades which bring about variety, nor the movements of expression, nor the shiftings of color, which indicate the presence of fancy and of originality, are likely to be called into existence; and it is precisely because they are frequently wanting in France that we detect there, in spite of brilliancy and gaiety, so much uniformity of outline, so much monotony of tendency and of object in all the homes of the land. The nation does too much, and individuals do too little. And herein lies a second grave defect of the French ideal. The fact that the self-same defect exists elsewhere does not render it less real in France; the tyranny of majorities is not peculiar to that country, but we find there a vigorous example of it in the case before us.

And yet it is strange that such a tyranny should be able to display itself in a land where social liberty is developed to the extent which it reaches in France. The faculty of doing as you like, without occupying yourself about the opinion of your neighbor, constitutes one of the particular charms of life there; but in this matter of the organization of homes we see but little trace of it. French homes are about as much like each other as English homes are, and for the same reason. Everybody fashions them as everybody else does. Scarcely any one throws into them individuality, or what philosophers call the "Me." The appearance of nationalism becomes of course more marked in consequence of the absence of personality; but, from the ideal point of view, there is no

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advantage in that, for, as has been already said, it is difficult to conceive a perfect home unless individual intervention is superadded in it to national action.

In France individual intervention is rarely perceptible, except, indeed, in the arrangement of the material elements of home. But the demonstration of self in furniture is of little importance in the matter, for whatever be the merit and the value of surroundings which satisfy the eye, whatever be the contentments induced by them, the leverage of home as a governing power in life depends on conditions of mind, and not on the color of tapestries or the shape of sideboards. Furthermore, in a national measurement of home, the state of the entire people must be looked at; no selections can be made; it is from the mass (which possesses neither tapestries nor sideboards) that experience and arguments should be drawn. And if we observe that the mass lives uniformly — if we recognize that the units who compose it have ceased to be producers of new things — if we see that they accept a model and apply a rule, that they bring to work no perceptible inventivity, — then, evidently, it may be urged that they have abdicated the right of applying their own preferences, and that they yield to the pressure of a dominating national type.

But how curious it is that they should yield to that pressure in the matter of home, and that they should resist it in everything else! No people are more personal than the French; individuality is everywhere amongst them; it is often, indeed, carried so far that it inflates itself into mannerism and pretension. But in this one case of the composition of home it makes no attempt to assert itself. The result is that, with all the gaiety and brightness of French homes, we are frequently disappointed in them by a want of the vigor which is obtainable only by the use of personal forces, and by a frequent cropping up of blank spaces in the midst of the vivid coloring which is proper to the land.

It is strange, also, that the two great defects of the French system should be of natures so antagonistic to each other. How is it possible that the absence of calm and the absence of color can coexist in the same people? The exactly opposite result might have been confidently looked for. It might have been expected that the very same pursuit of sensation which drives out repose would have necessarily and inevitably provoked a variety of personal vigors and of individual fertilities. But it is not so. However much French temperaments may be personal, French homes remain national.

Yet, notwithstanding their evident faults and their seeming contradictions, what incomparable homes they are! Where else is anything like them to be found? How admirably they realize the ideal of what family life may be in all its tender, eager, loving, sunny attributes! If French homes are not perfect, they approach, at all events, much nearer to perfection than any other homes do, precisely for the reason that they contain the largest proportion of the components that produce happiness in its active living forms. It cannot be denied that the sort of gladness which results from quick movement of the sensibilities, from developed responsiveness, and from eager use of the perceptive faculties, is a brighter state, both intellectually and susceptively, than the passive contentment engendered by the absence of emotion. Great as are the merits of occasional repose, indispensable, indeed, as it is to well-ordered existence, it is, after all, a negative condition; it implies, more or less, a suspension of life. The French avoid that suspension as much as possible; they do all they can to maintain themselves in the positive shapes of well-being; they have organized their home system in that intent, and that is why it stands so high amongst its fellows.

And furthermore, it must be remembered that the faults which foreigners may see in French homes are invisible to the dwellers in those homes. Custom blinds them, just as it blinds us English. Their judgment on the question is like our own, a result of prejudice; it is based exclusively on the teaching of their own habits, without comparisons; but as the topic is one on which they, like all other people, feel with enthusiasm, it is unlikely that they will ever be led to admit defects in their system. As was said at the beginning of this article, each nation believes that it alone is right in the matter; so that if we claimed the faculty of disapproving the French, they might, with equal justice and effect, insist on judging us in return, and would, doubtless, find occasion to say a good deal against our ways. We should do well to remember, as regards this part of the case, that the subject of homes is a very large one, and that it includes, not only an extensive collection of national types, but also, in addition, a varied series of exceptional cases and conditions in which we can scarcely refuse to recognize the reality of the existence of new phases

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and new species of home. And this necessity for admitting into the group a good many outside elements which did not seem, at first sight, to form part of it, should render us generous and liberal towards the French and other foreigners. Can we, for instance, deny, with justice, that a lighthouse is a home to the keepers who dwell in it? or that the snow-huts of the Esquimaux are homes to them during their eight months of winter? or even that the vagabond tents of Asia, the wandering roofs of skin or woven hair, are homes to the tribes they shelter? They are not homes according to the rules applied in France or England; but it would be an act of illogical unfairness to assert that they are not susceptible of becoming homes to their inmates. And look at another example, more striking still than any of these: look at monks and nuns, who live in circumstances which seem, to our view, to exclude all possibility of home sentiment, but who create for themselves thoughts and hopes which throw into their barren cells a meaning and a charm, and who, consequently, discover in them a true and touching character of home. In this frequent case it is not possible to doubt that fervor and emotion provoke a sensation of peculiar contentment which gilds the barest walls, which softens the hardest pallets, which casts sweetness over naked ugliness. It is not our home, but is it not a home? Again, in some strange specimens, personal character alone, irrespective of all external conditions whatever, may be supposed to bestow on the most unlikely resting-places a certain aspect of home. May it not be suggested, in illustration, without too violent exaggeration, that Diogenes may have found a veritable home in his tub, Simeon Stylites in his pillar, or even naked truth in the bottom of her well?

It is evident that none of these cases correspond at all to the present perfected European theory of home; but they show, at all events, that in considering the question as a whole, we have to take account of a good many conflicting elements, and that we should therefore do well, in approaching it, to divest ourselves as far as possible of preconceived notions, and of the impression that our own rule is the only good one. The modern English doctrine appears, it is true, to have been applied by Horace in that Sabine farm, which he described as

> The homely house that harbors quiet rest;

but neither his testimony nor his authority suffices to prove that "rest" is so indispensable in homes that the French are wrong for not possessing it. No particular method and no particular law can be applied to so elastic a subject. Each example must be left with its merits and its faults. The New Zealand system exhibits very few of the characteristics which we pursue in Europe, but it possesses individuality in a remarkable degree. A Maori hut is so sacredly personal a property of its owner, that when he dies no one is permitted to utilize it, and it is left, untenanted, to rot. No stronger illustration could probably be discovered, and yet it is not likely that it would lead the French to recognize that they are not sufficiently individual. Contrasts between parts of the subject are useless; comparison is serviceable only when applied to the whole — to the mass of advantages or disadvantages discoverable in each case; and even if we limit our criticism to general aspects and to aggregate forms, even if we avoid the temptation to frame an opinion on details, even then we need to exercise a good deal of toleration before we can arrive at a just result. But it happens that home is a subject on which we all feel deeply, and on which it is, consequently, particularly difficult for us to be tolerant. Toleration usually implies indifference; it is rarely a product of reason; it is incompatible with ardent faith; no enthusiast is capable of it: so, as every one of us is animated in some degree by the conviction that we alone are right, it is scarcely likely that any considerable number of persons will anywhere be found in a position which permits them to exercise toleration. And judicial impartiality, which is a higher form of toleration, will of course be still more unattainable; so that the subject is one on which conflict of opinion is inevitable.

The longing of the absent for their home, their own home and no other, is both a consequence and an evidence of this state of mind; and the universality of its existence shows how widely spread that state is. Whether it be called home-sickness, or *Heimweh*, or nostalgia, it is always the same "sadness to return;" and it furnishes, in all its applications, unceasing testimony to the intense exclusiveness of our thoughts of home. And yet, in the case before us, in the idea of home as realized in France, there is so much that all of us must desire, so much that all of us must wish to appropriate, that, if the world is capable of making an exception in its non-admissiveness, it is surely in favor of France that the exception would be

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made. If there be on the earth a type of home which is capable of exciting a majority to vote for its adoption, it must be, assuredly, the bright home of France, with its joyousness, its carelessness, its laughter, and its faults.

Its faults are probably incurable; they must be accepted (for the present at all events) as they are, for the sake of the merits which accompany them. But as the same judgment may safely be pronounced on all the other national types of home, there is no special reproach in it for France. This does not mean, however, that betterment is improbable in the general application of the idea of home; on the contrary, the history of its march supplies such abundant evidence of its onward tendency that we may fairly expect its development to continue, and that our children, in France and elsewhere, will extract from home even more than we do. Still, though the law of progress obliges us to suppose that the world will continue to advance in this matter as in all else, it does seem, all the same, rather difficult to imagine that posterity will really be able to amend much what we already have. The actual homes of Europe are so highly wrought, they combine so many admirable constituents, that there scarcely appears to be any space left in them for further growth. Material and mechanical expansions we may confidently look for; but it is difficult to see how they are to add to the existing goodnesses of home. Even if our successors should invent some day the automatic service described in "The Coming Race," that perfecting will not render their homes more thorough, more graceful, or more charming than those which we bequeath to them. We have safety, permanence, the legal right of independence, undisturbed property, old associations, comfort, elegance, satisfaction of our habits, our tastes, and our affections. And in the case of France we have still more — for many joys and brilliancies are superadded there. The union of these conditions bestows on the French home of our period as much excellence as our ambition can covet or our imagination can conceive. If future generations are able to carry that excellence higher still, it will be probably because progress consists as much in the unceasing creation of new desires as in the easier satisfaction of old needs.

In France there may be a growth of variety, but there can scarcely be a development of intensity. The system may perhaps expand in width, but it is difficult to conceive that it can gain in profoundness, for it is based so essentially on deep feeling that its foundations seem incapable of being thrust still lower. They stretch into the heart-life of the people, they reach to the substratum of its spirit, they rest upon its fondnesses. Where else can they possibly be extended? The French idea of home stands forward in an eager brightness of its own; it is true to say of it, "Its air is a smile."

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

LOTTIE could do nothing but stand bewildered and gaze at this new claimant of her regard. Surprise took all the meaning, all the intelligence out of her face. She stood with her eyes wide open, her lips dropping apart. Her new mamma! She had the indescribable misfortune of not being able to think upon her own mother with any reverence or profound affection. Mrs. Despard was but "poor mamma" to her, no more. Lottie could not shut her eyes to the deficiencies of that poor woman, of whom the best that could be said was that she was dead, and beyond the reach of blame. There was no cherished and vaunted idea, therefore, to be outraged; but perhaps all the more Lottie's soul rose up in rebellion against the title as applied to any one else. She had known what was coming, and yet she was as entirely taken by surprise as if this idea had never been suggested to her. With eyes suddenly cleared out of all the dazzling that had clouded them, she looked at the woman thus brought in upon her — this intruder, who however had more right to be there than even Lottie had — the captain's wife. If this event had happened a month or two ago, while she retained all her natural vigor, no doubt, foolish as it was, Lottie would have made some show of resistance. She would have protested against the sudden arrival. She would have withdrawn from company so undesirable. She would have tried, however absurd it might have been, to vindicate herself, to hold the new comer at arm's length. But this had all become impossible now. At no other moment could she have been so entirely taken by surprise. All the apprehensions about her father

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which had been communicated to her on former occasions had died out of her mind. She had never said very much about this danger, or been alarmed by it as Law was. It had not occurred to her to inquire how it would affect herself. And now she was taken altogether by surprise. She stood struck dumb with amazement, and gazed at the woman instinctively taking in every particular of her appearance, as only a woman could do. Unconsciously to herself, Lottie appraised the other, saw through her, calculating the meaning of her and all her finery. No man could have done it, and she was not herself aware of having done it; but Polly knew very well what that look meant. Notwithstanding her own confidence in her bridal array, even Polly felt it coming to pieces, felt it being set down for what it was worth; and naturally, the feeling that this was so, made her angry and defiant.

"How do you do, miss?" she said, feeling that even her voice sounded more vulgar than it need to have done. "I hope as we shall be good friends. Your pa has played you a nice trick, hasn't he? but men is men, and when they're like he is, there's allowances to be made for them." Polly was aware that this speech was in her very worst style. She had not intended to call Lottie miss; but with that girl standing staring, in a plain cotton frock, looking a lady every inch of her, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot — a bride, in a fine bonnet covered with orange-blossoms and a bright silk dress that matched, was not in possession of her faculties. Bold as she was, she could not but be conscious of a tremor which mingled with her very defiance. "Well, I'm sure, what a pretty table!" she resumed. "They might have known we were coming home, captain. There ain't much on it, perhaps — not like the nice chicken and sausages you'd have got at mother's. But mother would never have set it out so pretty, that I'll allow." Then Polly looked round upon the dim old walls, faintly lighted by the lamp. "So this is the dining-room," she said; "this is my new 'ome. To think I never should have been inside the door till now. Let me alone, Harry. I don't want none of your huggings. I want to make acquaintance with my new 'ome. You know well enough I married just as much for the sake of living in the lodges as for you — don't you now?" she said, with a laugh. Perhaps only fathers and mothers, and not even these long-suffering persons always, can look on at the endearments of newly-married couples with tolerance. Lottie was offended, as if their endearments had been insulting to herself. She looked at them with an annoyed contempt. No sympathetic touch of fellow-feeling moved her. To compare this, as she thought, hideous travesty of love, with her own, would have but hardened her the more against them. She turned away, and shut the window, and drew down the blind, with an energy uncalled for by such simple duties. When the captain led his wife up-stairs, that she might take off her bonnet, Lottie sat down and tried to think. But she could not think. It had all happened in a moment, and her mind was in an angry confusion, not capable of reason. She could not realize what had happened, or what was going to happen — an indignant sense of being intruded upon, of having to receive and be civil to an unwelcome visitor — and an impatience almost beyond bearing of this strait into which her father had plunged her, filled her mind. Something more, she dimly felt, lay behind — something more important, more serious; but in the mean time she did not feel that her occupation was gone, or her kingdom taken from her. A disagreeable person to entertain — a most unwelcome, uncongenial guest. For the moment she could not realize anything more. But her mind was in the most painful ferment, her heart beating. How was she to behave to this new, strange visitor? What was she to say to her? She must sit down at table with her, she supposed. She was Captain Despard's — guest. What more? But Lottie knew very well she was something more.

Mary came in, bringing tea, which she placed at the head of the table, where Lottie usually sat. Mary's eyes were dancing in her head with curiosity and excitement. "What is it, miss? oh, what is it, miss? What's happened?" said Mary. But Lottie made her no reply. She did not herself know what had happened. She waited for the return of "the woman" with a troubled mind. Everything was ready, and Lottie stood by ready to take her seat the moment they should come back. She heard them come down-stairs, laughing and talking. The woman's voice filled all the house. It flowed on in a constant stream, loud enough to be heard in the kitchen, where Mary was listening with all her ears. "Very nice on the whole," the new-comer was saying; "but of course I shall make a few changes. I've always heard that a room should be like its mistress. There's not half enough

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pretty things to please me. I do love a pretty room, and plenty of antimacassars and pink ribbons. Oh, I sha'n't tell *you* what I am going to do to it! — not a word. Gentlemen must be taught their place. I am going to make it look very nice, and that should be enough for you. Oh yes, I am quite ready for supper. I haven't touched a bit of anything since five o'clock, when we had tea. Poor Harry, I can see how you have been put upon." This was said at the foot of the stairs, where not only Lottie but Mary could hear every word. Mary understood it all, but Lottie did not understand it. She could not receive Polly's programme into her mind, nor think what was meant by it. While she still stood waiting, the two came in — the bride, with her tower of hair upon her head, and all her cheap ribbons and bangles. She came in, drawing herself away from the captain's encircling arm. "Behave!" said Polly, shaking a finger at him; and she swept in and round the table, almost pushing against the surprised spectator who stood looking on, and deposited herself in Lottie's chair. "It's best to begin as you mean to end," said Polly; "I'm not tired to speak of, and I'll take my own place at once. You can sit here, Miss Lottie, between him and me."

Still, Lottie did not know what to think or to say. She stood still, bewildered, and then took the place pointed out to her. What did it mean? It was easy enough to see what it meant, if her head had not been so confused. "Yes, dear," said Polly, "a little bit of cold beef — just a very little bit. I am not fond of cold victuals. That's not how we've been living, is it? and that's not how I mean you to live. Oh no, I don't blame Lottie. Unmarried girls don't know any better. They don't study a man like his wife knows how to do. I can see how it's been; oh, I can see! Too many mouths to feed, and the meat has to be bought according. Who is your butcher, miss? Oh, *him!* I don't hold with him. I shall send for Jones to-morrow; he's the man for my money. Wasn't that a lovely sweetbread that we had at our wedding breakfast? You didn't remark? Oh, nonsense, I'm sure you remarked! It *was* a beauty! Well, that was from Jones's. I'll send for him to-morrow. Do you take sugar in your tea, Miss Lottie? Dear! I shouldn't have thought it; so careful a young lady. 'Enery, darling, what are you drinking? Do you take tea?"

"I don't mind what I take, my love, so long as you give it me," said the gallant captain; "tea or poison, I'd take it from that hand; and I don't want anything but to look at you, at the head of my table. This is how it should be. To think how long I have been denying myself, forgetting what happiness was!"

"You poor dear Harry! all for the sake of your children! Well, I hope you'll find it repaid. They ought to be grateful. The times and times that you and me has talked it over, and given it up for their sakes! You're very quiet, miss; you don't say much," added Polly; "but I daresay it was a surprise to you, seeing me come home?"

"Why don't you speak up and make yourself pleasant?" said the captain, with a kind of growl under his breath.

Lottie came to herself a little by dint of this pressure. She did not seem to know how it had come about, or what the emergency meant. "I beg your pardon," she said, her head swimming and everything going round with her, "I am — taken very much by surprise. If I had known what was going to happen, I — might have been more prepared."

"I can understand that," said Polly. "Hold your tongue, captain. She is quite right. You ought to have written and told her, as I asked you. But now that you do know, I hope you mean to be friendly, miss. Them that treats me well, I treats them well. I don't wonder that you don't like it at first," she added graciously; "a girl no older than yourself! But he would have it, you know, and what could I do? When a man's in that way, it's no use talking to him. I resisted as long as I could, but I had to give in at the last."

"By George!" said the captain, helping the beef. He had some one to stand by him now, who he felt might be a match for Lottie; but he was still a little afraid of Lottie, and consequently eager to crow over her in the strength of his backer. "The trouble I've had to bring matters to this point," he said; "but never mind, my love, it is all right now you are here. At one time I thought it never was going to be accomplished. But perseverance ——"

"Perseverance does a deal; but, bless you, I never had no doubt on the subject," said the new Mrs. Despard, taking up her teacup in a way that was very offensive to Lottie. The captain looked at her from the other end of the table, with a kind of adoration; but nevertheless the captain himself, with all his faults, was painfully aware of her double negatives, and thought to himself, even when he looked at her so admiringly, that he must give her a few

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lessons. He had never paid much attention to Lottie, and yet he could not help getting a glimpse of his new wife through Lottie's eyes.

"Where is my son?" said Polly. "Harry, darling, where is that dear Law? He won't be so much surprised, will he? He had a notion how things were going. But I've got a great deal to say to him, I can tell you. I don't approve of his goings on. There's a many things as I mean to put a stop to. Nobody shall say as I don't do my duty by your children. I shall tell him ——"

"Do you know Law?" said Lottie. This gave her a little chill of horror; though indeed she remembered that Law had spoken of some one — some one about whom Lottie had not cared to inquire.

"Oh yes, miss, I know Law." (Polly did not know how it was that she said miss to Lottie. She did not mean to do it. She did it, not in respect, but in derision; but the word came to her lips, whether she would or not.) "Law and I are old friends. Time was when I didn't feel sure — not quite sure, you know," she said, with a laugh of mingled vanity and malice, "if it was to be the father or the son; but, lord, there's no comparison," she added hastily, seeing that even on the captain's fine countenance this boast produced a momentary cloud. "Law will never be as fine a man as his father. He hasn't got the captain's carriage, nor he ain't so handsome. Bless us, are you listening, Harry? I didn't mean you to hear. I don't think you handsome a bit, now, do I? I'm sure I've told you times and times ——"

The two thus exchanging glances and pretty speeches across the table were too much occupied with themselves to think of anything else. And no one heard Law's approach till he pushed open the door, and with a "Hillo!" of absolute amazement, stood thunderstruck, gazing upon this astonishing spectacle. The sight that Law beheld was not a disagreeable sight in itself: the table, all bright with its bouquet of crimson leaves, which the captain had pushed to one side in order that he might see his wife — and the three faces round it, two of them beaming with triumph and satisfaction. The young man stood at the door and took it all in, with a stare, at first, of dismay. Opposite to him sat Lottie, put out of her place, looking stunned, as if she had fallen from a height and did not know where she was. As he stood there she lifted her eyes to him with a look of wondering and bewildered misery which went to Law's heart; but the next moment he burst into a loud laugh, in spite of himself. To see the governor casting languishing looks at Polly was more than his gravity could bear. He could think of nothing, after the first shock, but "what a joke" it was. A man in love, especially a man in the first imbecility of matrimonial bliss, is a joke at any time; but when it's your governor, Law said to himself! He gave a great roar of laughter. "Polly, by Jove!" he said; "so you've been and done it!" It had alarmed him much beforehand, and no doubt it might be tragical enough after; but for the moment it was the best joke that Law had encountered for years.

"Yes, we've been and done it," said Polly, rising and holding out her hand to him. "Come here and kiss me, my son. I am delighted to see you. It's so nice to hear a good laugh, and see a bright face. Lottie, Law, hasn't found her tongue yet. She hasn't a word to throw at a dog, much less her new mamma. But you, it's a pleasure to see you. Ah!" said Polly, with effusion, "the gentlemen for me! Ladies, they're spiteful, and they're jealous, and they're stuck up; but gentlemen does you justice. You mustn't call me Polly, however, though I forgive you the first time. You must know that I am your mamma."

Law laughed again, but it was not a pleasant laugh; and he grasped the hand which his father held out to him, with a desire to crush it, if he could, which was natural enough. Law thought it a joke, it is true; but he was angry at bottom, though amused on the surface. And he did hurt his father's somewhat flabby, unworking hand. The captain, however, would not complain. He was glad even to be met with a semblance of cordiality at such a moment. He helped Law largely to the beef, in the satisfaction of this family union, and this was a sign of anxiety which Law did not despise.

"Oh, and I assure you I mean to be a mother to you," said Polly. "It sha'n't be said now that you haven't any one to look after you. *I* mean to look after you. I am not at all satisfied with some of your goings on. A gentleman shouldn't make too free with them that are beneath him. Yes, yes, Harry, darling; it's too early to begin on that point; but he shall know my mind, and *I* mean to look after him. Now this is what I call comfortable," said Mrs. Despard, looking round with a beaming smile; "quite a family party, and quite a nice tea; though the beef's dry to my taste (but I never was one for cold victuals), and everybody satisfied ——"

"Lottie," said the captain, looking up

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from his beef with some sternness, "you seem the only exception. Don't you think, my child, when you see everybody so happy, that you might find a word to say?"

"Oh, don't hurry her," said Polly, "we've took her by surprise. I told you not to, but you would. We'll have a nice long talk to-morrow, when she gives me over the housekeeping; and when she sees as I mean to act like a mother, why things will come right between her and me."

The Despards were not highly educated people, but yet a shiver ran through them when Polly, unconscious, said, "We've took her by surprise." The captain even shrank a little, and took a great deal too much mustard, and made himself cough, while Law, in spite of himself, laughed, looking across the table to the place where Lottie sat. Lottie noticed it the last of all. She heard every word they all said, and remembered every word, the most trifling; but at the moment she scarcely distinguished the meaning of them. She said, "I think, papa, if you don't mind, I will go to my room. I am rather tired; and perhaps I had better give some orders to Mary."

"Oh, never mind; never mind about Mary, if it's on my account. I shall look after her myself," said Polly. "What's good enough for the captain is good enough for me; at least till I settle it my own way, you know. I don't want to give any trouble at all, till I can settle things my own way."

"It is not I that have to be consulted," said Captain Despard; "but if you are going to sit sulky and not say a word, I don't see — what do you think, my pet? — that it matters whether you go or stay ——"

"Oh, don't mind me, miss," said Polly. She could not look Miss Despard in the face and call her Lottie, knowing, however she might consent to waive her own rights, that Miss Despard was still Miss Despard, whatever Polly might do. Not a thing on her that was worth five shillings, not a brooch even; nothing like a bracelet; a bit of a cotton frock, no more; but she was still Miss Despard, and unapproachable. Polly, with her bracelets on each wrist, rings twinkling on her hands as she took her supper, in a blue silk, and knowing herself to be an officer's lady, Mrs. Captain Despard, — with all this could not speak to her husband's daughter except as miss. She could not understand it, but still it was so.

The little crooked hall was full of boxes when Lottie came out; and Mary stood among them, wondering how she was to get them up-stairs. Perhaps she had been listening a little at the door, for Mary's consternation was as great as Lottie's. "Do you think, miss, it's real and true? Do you think as she's married, sure? Mother wouldn't let me stay a day, if there was anything wrong; and I don't know as I'll stay anyhow," Mary said.

"Wrong? what could be wrong?" said Lottie. She was less educated in knowledge of this kind than the little maid-of-all-work. It troubled her to see the boxes littering the hall, but *she* could not carry them up-stairs. For a moment the impulse to do it, or at least to help Mary in doing it, came into her mind; but, on second thoughts, she refrained. What had she to do with this new-comer into the house, who was not even a visitor, who had come to remain? Lottie went up-stairs without saying any more. She went first into the little faded drawing-room, where there was no light except that which came from the window and the lamp in the Dean's Walk. It was not beautiful. She had never had any money to decorate it, to make it what it might have been, nor pretty furniture to put into it. But she sat down on her favorite little chair, in the dark, and felt as if she had gone to sit by somebody that was dead, who had been a dear friend. How friendly and quiet the little room had been! giving her a centre for her life, a refuge for her thoughts. But all that was over. She had never known before that she had liked it or thought of it much; but now, all at once, what a gentle and pleasant shelter it had been! As Lottie thought of everything, the tears came silently and bitterly into her eyes. She herself had been ungrateful, unkind to the little old house, the venerable old place, the kind people. They had all been kind to her. She had visited her own disappointment upon them, scorning the neighbors because they were less stately than she expected them to be; visiting upon them her own discontent with her position, her own disappointment in being less important than she expected. Lottie was hard upon herself, for she had not been unkind to any one, but was, on the contrary, a favorite with her neighbors — the only girl in the place, and allowed by the old people to have a right to whims and fancies. Now, in the face of this strange, incomprehensible misfortune, she felt the difference. Her quiet old room! where kind voices had spoken to her, where *he*

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had come, saying such words as made her heart beat; where she had sung to him, and received those tender applauses which had been like treasure to Lottie. She seemed to see a series of past scenes like pictures rising before her. Not often had Rollo been there — yet two or three times; and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, with her mellow brogue, and Mr. Ashford, and even the stately person of the dean himself. She had been at home here, to receive them, whoever came. The room had never been invaded by anything that was unfriendly or unpleasing. Now — what was it that woman said of changes — making it look nice? Lottie had not understood the words when they were said, but they came back upon her now.

By-and-by she heard some one coming up-stairs, and starting, rose to steal away to her own room, afraid to meet the stranger again; but no light made its appearance, and Law put in his head at the door, then seeing something moving against the window, came to her, and threw himself down on the window-seat. "They're going on so down-stairs, that I couldn't stand it," said Law, "it's enough to make a fellow sick;" and then, after a pause, "Well! I told you what was coming, but you wouldn't believe me; what do you think of it now?"

"Oh, Law, what does it mean? Are we not dreaming? Can it be true?"

"True! of course it is true. I told you what was going to happen." Then his tone softened. "Poor Lottie, it's you I'm sorry for. If you could only see yourself beside her! And where were his eyes, that he couldn't see?" Here Law paused abruptly, wondering all at once whether the difference would be as marked between his sister and the girls whom he too liked to spend his evenings with. He was sure that Emma was not like that woman; but still the thought subdued his indignation. "I say," he added hastily, "I want to give you a bit of advice. Just you give in to her, Lottie. Fighting is no good; she has got a tongue that you couldn't stand, and the things she would say you wouldn't understand. I understand her well enough; but you wouldn't know what she meant, and it would make you angry and hurt you. Give in, Lottie. Since the governor's been so silly, she has a right. And don't you make any stand as if you could do it — for you can't. It is a great deal better not to resist ——"

"What do you mean by resist? How can I resist? The house is papa's, I suppose," said Lottie. "The thing is, I don't understand it. I can't understand it: that somebody should be coming to stay here, to be one of us, to be mixed up in everything — whom we don't know —"

"To be mistress," said Law, "that's the worst — not to be mixed up with us, but to be over us. To take everything out of your hands ——"

"Do you think I care for that? I do not mind who is mistress," said Lottie, all unaware of her own characteristics. Law was wiser than she was in this respect. He shook his head.

"That's the worst," he said, "she'll be mistress — she'll change everything. Oh, I know Polly well; though I suppose, for decency, I mustn't say Polly now."

"How is it you know her so well? And how did papa know her?" said Lottie. "I should have thought you never could have met such women. Ah! you told me once about — others. Law! you can't like company like that; surely, you can't like company like that! how did you get to know her?" Law was very much discomfited by this sudden question. In the midst of his sympathy and compassion for his sister, it was hard all at once to be brought to book, when he had forgotten the possibility of such a danger.

"Well, you know," he said, "fellows do; I don't know how it is — you come across some one, and then she speaks to you, and then you're forced to speak back; or perhaps it's you that speaks first — it isn't easy to tell. This was as simple as anything," Law went on, relieved by the naturalness of his own explanation. "They all work in the same house where Langton lives, my old coach, you know, before I went to old Ashford. I don't know how the governor got there. Perhaps it was the same way. Going in and out, you know, day after day, why, how could you help it? And when a woman speaks to you, what can you do, but say something? That's exactly how it was."

"But, Law," she said, grasping his arm — all this conversation was so much easier in the dark — "Law, you will take care? she said she was not quite sure whether it was to be the father or the son. Ah! a woman who could say that, Law ——"

"It's a lie," said Law fiercely, "and she knows it. I never thought anything of her — never. It's a lie, if she were to swear it! Polly! why, she's thirty, she's — I give my word of honor, it's a lie."

"But, Law! oh, Law dear ——"

"I know what you're going to say. I'll take care of myself; no fear of me getting entangled," said Law briskly. Then he

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stopped, and, still favored by the dark, took her hands in his. "Lottie, it's my turn now. I know you won't stand questioning, nor being talked to. But, look here — don't shilly-shally if you can care for anybody, and he'll marry you and give you a place of your own — you needn't jump up as if I had shot you. If you talk about such things to me, I may surely talk to you. And mind what I say. I don't expect you'll be able to put up with your life here ——"

"I hear them stirring down-stairs," said Lottie, drawing her hands out of his hold. "Don't keep me, don't hold me, Law. I cannot see her again to-night."

"You won't give me any answer," said the lad regretfully. There was real feeling in his voice — "But, Lottie, mind what I say. I don't believe you'll be able to put up with it, and if there's any one you care for and he'll marry you ——"

Lottie freed herself from him violently, and fled. Even in the dark there were things that Law could not be permitted to say, or she to hear.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HEAVINGS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE next morning dawned very strangely on all the members of the little household. Lottie was down early, as she generally was; but the advantages of early rising were neutralized by the condition of the little maid, Mary, who was too much excited to do her work, and kept continually coming back to pour her doubts and her difficulties into Lottie's ear. "I can't get no rest till I've told mother," Mary said. "If there's anything wrong, mother won't let me stay, not a day. And even if there's nothing wrong, I don't know as I'll stay. I haven't got no fault to find with you, miss; nor the captain, nor even Mr. Law; though he's a dreadful bother with his boots-cleaning; but to say as you're beginning as you mean to end, and then to give all that trouble! every blessed thing, I had to drag it up-stairs. Mr. Law was very kind; he took up the big box — I couldn't ha' done it; but up and down, up and down, all the little boxes and the bags, and the brown paper parcels — 'It saves trouble if you begins as you means to end,' she says ——"

"I don't want to hear what Mrs. Despard says," said Lottie. Mrs. Despard: it was her mother's name. And though that mother had not been an ideal mother, or one of those who are worshipped in their children's memories, it is wonderful, what a gush of tender recollections came into Lottie's mind with the name. Poor mamma! she had been very kind in her way, always ready to indulge and to pardon, if indifferent to what happened in more important matters. She had never exacted anything, never worried her children about idleness or untidiness, or any of those minor sins which generally make a small girl's life a burden to her. Lottie's mind went back to her, lying on her sofa, languid, perhaps lazy — badly dressed; yet never anything but a lady, with a kind of graciousness in her faded smile, and grace in her faded gown. Not a woman to be held in adoration, and yet — the girl sighed, but set to work to make the little brown dining-room neat, to get the table set, making up for Mary's distracted service by her own extra activity. For amid all the horrors of last night there was one which had cut Lottie very deeply, and that was the many references to the cold beef, and the bride's dislike of "cold victuals." It is inconceivable, among all the more important matters involved, how deeply wounded Lottie's pride had been by this reproach. She resolved that no one should be able to speak so to-day; and she herself put on her hat and went out to the shop on the Abbey hill almost as soon as it had opened, that this intolerable reproach should not be in the interloper's power. She met more than one of the old chevaliers as she came up, for most of them kept early hours and paced the terrace pavement in the morning as if it had been morning parade. They all looked at her curiously, and one or two stopped her to say "Good morning." "And a fine morning it is, and you look as fresh as a flower," one of the old gentlemen said; and another laid his hand on her shoulder, patting her with a tender, fatherly touch. "God bless you, my dear, the sight of you is a pleasure," said this old man. How little she had thought or cared for them, and how kind they were in her trouble! She could see that everybody knew. Lottie did not know whether she did not half resent the universal knowledge. Most likely they had known it before she did. The whole town knew it, and everybody within the precincts. Captain Despard had got married! Such a thing had not occurred before in the memory of man. Many people believed, indeed, that there was a law against it, and that Captain Despard was liable to be turned out of his appointment. Certainly it was unprecedented; for the old chevaliers before they came to St. Michael's had generally

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passed the age at which men marry. The whole scene seemed to have taken a different aspect to Lottie. Since her home had become impossible to her, it had become dear. For the first time she felt how good it was to look across upon the noble old buttresses of the Abbey, to inhabit that "retired leisure," that venerable quietness. If only that woman were not there! But that woman was there, and everything was changed. Lottie had been rudely awakened, dragged, as it were, out of her dreams. She could not think as she usually did of the meetings that were sure to come somehow in the Abbey, or on the slopes — or count how long it would be till the afternoon or evening, when she should see him. This, though it was her life, had been pushed out of the way. She thought of all last night's remarks about the cold beef and the poor fare, and the changes that were going to be made. Would she think bacon good enough for breakfast? — would she be satisfied with the rolls, which Lottie herself felt to be a holiday indulgence? Pride, and nothing but pride, had thrown the girl into such excesses. She could not endure those criticisms again. Her brain was hot and hazy, without having any power of thought. The confusion of last night was still in her. Would it all turn out a dream? or would the door open by-and-by and show this unaccustomed figure? Lottie did not feel that she could be sure of anything. The first to come down was Law, who had been forced from his bed for once by sympathy. Law was very kind to Lottie. "I thought I wouldn't leave you to face her by yourself," he said, "they're coming down directly." Then Lottie knew that it was no dream.

The bride came down in a blue merino dress, as blue as the silk of last night. Polly was of opinion that she looked well in blue; and it was not one of the ethereal tints that are now used, but a good, solid, full blue, quite uncompromising in point of color. And the hair on her head was piled up as if it would reach the skies, or the ceiling at least. She came down arm-in-arm with her husband, the two smiling upon each other, while Law and Lottie stood one on each side of the table with no smiles, looking very serious. It was Mrs. Despard who did the most of the conversation; for the captain was passive, feeling, it must be allowed, somewhat embarrassed by the presence of his children, who did not embarrass her at all. But she did not think the bacon very good. She thought it badly cooked. She thought the girl could not have been well trained to send it up like that. And she was not pleased either with the rolls; but announced her intention of changing the baker as well as the butcher. "We've always gone to Willoughby's, as long as I can recollect, and I don't fancy any bread but his." Lottie did not say anything, she was nearly as silent as on the previous night; and Law, who was opposite, though he made faces at her now and then, and did his best to beguile his sister into a laugh, did not contribute much to the conversation. He got up as soon as he had swallowed his breakfast and got his books. "I'm off to old Ashford," he said.

"Where are you going, Law? — you must never get up from table without asking my leave — it is dreadful unmannerly. You have got into such strange ways; you want me to bring you back to your manners, all of you. Who are you going to? — not to Mr. Langton as you used to do — I'm glad of that."

"I don't see why you should be glad of that. I'm going to old Ashford," said Law gloomily. "He is a much better coach than Langton. I have not anything to do to-day, Lottie; I shall be back at twelve o'clock."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Despard, "how long is Law going on going to school like a little boy? I never heard of such a thing, at his age. He should be put into something where he could earn a little money for himself, instead of costing money; a great, strong young fellow like that. I think you're all going to sleep here. You want me, as anybody can see, to wake you up, and save you from being put upon, my poor man. But I hope I know how to take care of my own husband, and see that he gets the good of what he has, and don't just throw it away upon other folks. And I begin as I means to end," said Polly, with a little toss of her head. Law, stopped by the sound of her voice, had turned round at the door, and contemplated her with gloomy looks; but seeing it was not to come to anything bad, went away. And the bell began, and the captain rose. His bride came to him fondly, and brushed a crumb or two off his coat, and arranged the flower in his buttonhole. "Now you look quite sweet," she said with genuine enthusiasm. "I ain't going in the morning, when none but the regular folks is there, but I mean to go, my dear, in the afternoon. It's only proper respect, living in the precincts; but you won't be long, dear? You'll come home to your poor little wife, that don't know

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what to do without her handsome husband? Now, won't you, dear?"

"I'll be back as fast as my legs can carry me," said the captain. "Come and meet me, my pet. Lottie will tell you when the voluntary begins ——"

"Oh, I can tell very well without Lottie," said the bride, hanging upon him till he reached the door. All these endearments had an indescribable effect upon the girl, who was compelled to stand by. Lottie turned her back to them and rearranged the ornaments on the mantelpiece, with trembling hands, exasperated almost beyond the power of self-restraint. But when the captain was gone, looking back in his imbecility to kiss his hand to his bride, the situation changed at once. Polly turned round, sharp and business-like, in a moment. "Ring the bell, miss," she said, "and tell the girl to clear them things away. And then, if you will just hand me over the keys, and let me see your housekeeping things and your stores and all that, we may settle matters without any trouble. I likes to begin as I mean to end," said Polly peremptorily. Lottie stood and looked at her for a moment, her spirit rekindling, her mind rising up in arms against the idea of obedience to this stranger. But what would be the use of trying to resist? Resist! what power had she? The very pride which rebelled against submission made that submission inevitable. She could not humiliate herself by a vain struggle. Polly, who was very doubtful of the yielding of this natural adversary, and rather expected to have a struggle for her "rights," was quite bewildered by the meekness with which the proud girl, who scarcely took any notice of her, she thought, acquiesced in the orders she gave. Lottie rang the bell. She said, "You will prefer, I am sure, to give Mary her orders without me. There are not many keys, but I will go and get what I have."

"Not many keys! and you call yourself a housekeeper?" said Polly. Lottie turned away as the little maid came in, looking impertinent enough to be a match for the new mistress; but Lottie was no match for her. She went and got out her little housekeepingbook, which she had kept so neatly. She gathered the keys of the cupboards, which generally stood unlocked, for there was not so much in them that she should lock them up. Lottie had all the instincts of a housekeeper. It gave her positive pain to hand over the symbols of office — to give up her occupation. Her heart sank as she prepared to do it. All her struggles about the bills, her anxious thought how this and that was to be paid, seemed elements of happiness now. She could not bear to give them up. The pain of this compulsory abdication drove everything else out of her head. Love, they say, is all a woman's life, but only part of a man's; yet Lottie forgot even Rollo — forgot his love and all the consolation it might bring, in this other emergency, which was petty enough, yet all-important to her. She trembled as she got together these little symbols of her domestic sovereignty. She heard the new mistress of the house coming up the stairs as she did so, talking all the way. "I never heard such impudence," Polly was saying. "Speak back to her mistress! a bit of a chit of a maid-of-all-work like that. I suppose she's been let do whatever she pleased; but she'll find out the difference." Behind Polly's voice came a gust of weeping from below, and a cry of "I'm going to tell mother;" thus hostilities had commenced all along the line.

"I can't think however you got on with a creature like that," said Polly, throwing herself down in the easy-chair. "She don't know how to do a single thing, as far as I can see; but some folks never seem to mind. She sha'n't stay here not a day longer than I can help. I 've given her warning on the spot. To take impudence from a servant the very first day! But that's always the way when things are let go; the moment they find a firm hand over them there's a to-do. To be sure it wasn't to be looked for that you could know much, miss, about managing a house."

"Mary is a very good girl," said Lottie hastily. "She has always done what I told her. Here are the keys of the cupboards, since you wish for them; but there are not any stores to lock away. I get the things every week, just enough to use —"

"And don't lock them up!" Polly threw up her hands. "That's one way of housekeeping; but how should you know any better, poor thing, brought up like that! I'm sure I don't mean to be hard upon you; but you should have thought a bit of your papa, and not have wasted his money. However, that's all over now. A man wants a nice 'ome to come back to, he wants a nice dinner on the table, he wants somebody that can talk to him, to keep him out of mischief. Oh, I know very well the captain's been fond of having his fling. I ain't one of the ignorant ones, as don't know a man's ways. And I like that sort much the best myself. I like a man to be a man, and know what's what.

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But you'll soon see the difference, now that he's got some one to amuse him, and some one to make him comfortable at home. So these are all, Miss Lottie? And what's this? oh, a book! I don't think much of keeping books. You know how much you has to spend, and you spend it; that's my way."

Lottie made no reply. She felt it to be wiser for herself, but no doubt it was less respectful to Polly, who paused now and then for a reply, then went on again, loving to hear herself talk, yet feeling the contempt involved in this absence of all response. At last she cried angrily, "Have you lost your tongue, miss, or do you think as I'm not good enough to have an answer, though I'm your papa's wife?"

"I beg your pardon," said Lottie; "I — don't know what to say to you. We don't know each other. I don't understand —— Don't you see," she cried suddenly, unable to restrain herself, "that since you came into the house you have done nothing but — find fault with all my — arrangements?" (These mild words came with the utmost difficulty; but Lottie was too proud to quarrel). "You can't think that I could like that. I have done my best, and if you try as I have done, you will find it is not so easy. But I don't want to defend myself; that is why I don't say anything. There can be no good in quarrelling, whether you think me a bad housekeeper or not."

"I ain't so sure of that," said Polly. "Have a good flare-up, and be done with it, that's my way. I don't hold with your politeness, and keeping yourself to yourself. I'd rather quarrel than be always bursting with spite and envy, like some folks. It stands to reason as you must hate me, taking things out of your hands; and it stands to reason as I should think more of my own husband than of keeping up your brother and you in idleness. But for all that, and though we might fight now and then — everybody does, I don't care nothing for a girl as is always the same — I don't see why we shouldn't get on neither. The captain says as you've a very good chance of a husband yourself. And though I'm just about your own age, I've had a deal of experience. I know how to bring a man to the point, if he's shilly-shallying, or won't speak up like a man, as a girl has a right to expect."

"Oh! stop, stop, stop!" cried Lottie, wild with horror. She cast a hurried glance round, to see what excuse she could make for getting away. Then she seized eagerly upon her music which lay on the old square piano. "I must go to my lesson," she said.

"Your lesson! Are you having lessons too? Upon my word! Oh, my poor husband! my poor captain! No wonder as he has nothing but cold beef to eat," said Polly, with all the fervor of a deliverer, finding out one misery after another. "And if one might make so bold as to ask, miss, who is it as has the honor to give lessons to you?"

"The signor — Mr. Rossinetti," Lottie added, after a moment. It seemed desecration to talk of any of the familiar figures within the Abbey precincts by their familiar titles to this intruder.

"Oh! I'm not so ignorant as not to know who the signor is. That will be half a guinea, or at the least seven and six a lesson!" she said, raising her hands in horror. "Oh, my poor 'usband! This is how his money goes! Miss," said Polly severely, "you can't expect as I should put up with such goings on. I have your papa to think of, and I won't see him robbed — no, not whatever you may do. For I call that robbery, just nothing else. Half a guinea a lesson, and encouraging Law to waste his time! I can't think how you can do it: with that good, dear, sweet, confiding man letting you have your own way, and suspecting nothing," cried Polly, clasping her hands. Then she got up suddenly. "I declare," she cried, "church is near over, and me not ready to go out and meet him! I can't go out a figure, in a common rag like this, and me a bride. I must put on my silk. Of course, he wants to show me off a bit before his friends. I'll run and get ready, and we can talk of this another time."

Thus Lottie escaped for the moment. She was asked a little later to see if Mrs. Despard's collar was straight, and to pin on her veil. "Do I look nice?" said Polly triumphant, and at the same time mollified by the services which Lottie rendered without objection. She had put on her "blue silk" and the bonnet with the orange-blossoms, and neckties enough to stock a shop. "Perhaps, as there's nothing ordered, and I mean to make a change with the tradespeople, the captain and me won't come back to dinner," said Polly. "There's your favorite cold beef, miss, for Law and you." Lottie felt that she began to breathe when, rustling and mincing, her strange companion swept out, in the face of all the people who were dispersing from matins, to meet her husband. Polly liked the wondering encounter of all their eyes. With her blue silk sweeping the pavement

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after her, and her pink parasol, and the orange-blossoms on her bonnet, her figure descending the Dean's Walk alone, while all the others issued out of the Abbey doors, was conspicuous enough. She was delighted to find that everybody looked at her, and even that some stood still to watch her, looking darkly at her finery. These were the people who were jealous, envious of her fine clothes and her happiness, or jealous of her handsome husband, who met her presently, but who perhaps was not so much delighted to see her amidst all his fellow-chevaliers, as she thought. Captain Despard was not a man of very fine perceptions; but though his blooming young wife was a splendid object indeed beside the dark, little old figure of Mrs. Temple, he had seen enough to feel that the presence of the old lady brought out into larger prominence something which the younger lacked. But he met her with effusive delight, and drew her hand within his arm, and thus they disappeared together. Outside the precincts there was no need to make any comparison, and Polly's brilliancy filled all hearts with awe.

When Law returned, he found Lottie seated in her little chair, with her face hidden in her hands. It was not that she was crying, as he feared at first. The face she raised to him was crimson with excitement. "Oh, Law!" she said, "Law, Law!" Lottie had got beyond the range of words. After a while she told him all the events of the morning, which did not look half so important when they were told, and they tried to lay their heads together and think what was best to be done. But what could any one do? Mary could scarcely put the remnants of the cold beef on the table, for her eagerness to tell that she had been to mother, and mother would not hear of her staying. "Places isn't so hard to get as all that, for a girl with a good character," she said. When she was gone, Lottie looked piteously at her brother.

"What kind of a place could I get?" she said. "What am I fit for? Oh, Law! I think it is a mistake to be brought up a lady. I never thought it before, but I do now. How can we go on living here? and where are we to go?"

"That's what I always said," said Law. He was horribly grave, but he had not a word to say except that he had got a match at football, and perhaps might stay and sup with the fellows afterwards. "I'm just as well out of the way, for what can I do for you? only make things worse," he said. And though he had been so kind and sympathetic at first, Law stole away, glad to escape, and left Lottie alone, to bear it as she might. She had no lesson that day, though she had pretended to have one. She would not go to the Abbey, where the new member of the family meant to appear, she knew. Lottie stayed in the familiar room which was hers no longer, until the silence became too much for her, and she felt that any human voice would be a relief. She went out in the afternoon, when all seemed quiet, when everybody had gone to the Abbey for the evening service. There would be nobody about, and it seemed to Lottie that the shame was upon her, that it was she who must shrink from all eyes. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, however, knocking on the window violently, instantly gave her to understand that this was impracticable. The girl tried to resist, being afraid of herself, afraid of what she might say, and of what might be said to her. But as she hurried on, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's maid rushed after her. Lottie had to go to her old friend, though very reluctantly. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had a bad cold. She was sitting wrapped up in a shawl, and a visitor with something to tell was beyond price to her. "Come and tell me all about it, then!" she cried, "me poor darlin'!" enveloping Lottie in her large embrace. "And tell the major, Sally, and let nobody come in." The major came instantly to the call, and Lottie tried to tell her story to the kind couple who sat on either side of her, with many an exclamation.

"I knew that was what it would come to," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said.

"And I never thought Despard (saving your presence, my dear) could have been such a fool!" cried the major.

"Oh sure, major, you're old enough to know that every man is a fool where a woman's concerned."

But what was Lottie to do? They petted her and condoled with her, soothing her with their sympathy, and all the tender words they could think of; but they could throw no light upon one point: what could the girl do? Nothing, but put up with it. They shook their heads, but could give her no comfort. If Law had but been doing something instead of idling all his time away! But then Law was not doing anything. What was he good for, any more than Lottie?

"Mary can get another place. Her mother will not let her stay, and she can get another place, she says; but here are

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two of us, Law and I, and we are good for nothing!" cried Lottie. How her thoughts were altered from the time when she thought it necessary to stay at home, to do no visible work, for the credit of the family! Lottie was not young enough to feel that it was necessary to be consistent. "We are young and strong and able to work, but we are good for nothing!" she said. And they both looked at her blankly, not knowing what to say.

By-and-by Lottie escaped again into the open air, notwithstanding their anxious invitation that she should stay with them. She was too wretched to stay, and there had come upon her a longing to see another face in which there might be comfort. As she went out she almost walked into Captain Temple's arms, who was walking slowly along looking up at her window. The old man took both her hands into his. "My poor child!" he said. He was not so frankly inquisitive as the good people she had just left, but he drew her hand through his arm and walked with her, bending over her.

"I do not want to tempt you from your duty, my dear; you'll do what is right, I am sure you will do what is right. But I can't bear to think you are in trouble, and we so near. And my wife," said the old man slightly faltering, "my wife thinks so, too." He was not quite so sure of his wife. She had the restraining effect upon her husband which a more reserved and uncommunicative mind has over an impulsive one. He knew what he would like to do, but he was not sure of her, and this put hesitation into his speech.

"Oh! Captain Temple," cried Lottie, moved at last to tears, "what am I to do? If I cannot bear it, what am I to do?"

"Come and speak to my wife," he said; "come, dear, and see my wife. She can't talk about everything as I do, but she has more sense than any one, and knows the world. Come with me, Lottie, and see what Mrs. Temple says."

He thought the sight of the girl in her trouble would be enough, and that his wife would certainly say what it was on his own lips to say. Just then, however, there was a sound of doors opening, and old Wykeham came out and looked upon the world with a defiant countenance from the south door of the Abbey, which was a sign that service was over; and the notes of the voluntary began to peal out into the air. Lottie drew her arm from that of her old friend — she could not bear the eyes of the crowd. "Another time, another time; but I must go now," she cried, escaping from him and turning towards the slopes. The old captain's first impulse was to follow. He stood for a moment gazing after her as she sped along, slim and swift and young, up the deserted road. It was beginning to grow dark, and the evening was colder than it had been yet. Where was she going? To her favorite haunt on the slopes to get the wind in her face; to let her thoughts go, like birds, into the wide space and distance? If that had been all! The old man thought of an alternative which filled him with alarm. He took a step after her, and then he paused again, and shaking his head, turned back, meeting all the people as they streamed out of the Abbey. Poor child! if she did meet *him* there, what then? It would comfort her to see her lover; and if he was good, as the anxious old chevalier hoped, had not the lover more power to save her than all the world? There was no question of taking Lottie from her father and mother, separating her from her home. If this young man were to offer her a home of her own, where could there be so good a solution to the problem? Captain Temple turned and walked home with a sigh. It was not his way of delivering Lottie, but perhaps it was the way that would be most for her happiness, and who was he that he should interfere? He let her go to her fate with a sigh.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE.

I.

SEINE ET MARNE.

How delicious to escape from the fever heat and turmoil of Paris to the green banks and sheltered ways of the gently undulating Marne; with what delight we wake up in the morning to the sound of the mower's scythe, the rustle of acacia leaves, and the notes of the stock-dove, looking back as upon a nightmare to the horn of the tramway conductor and the perpetual grind of the stone-mason's saw! Yes, to quit Paris in these days of tropic heat and nestle down in some country resort is indeed like exchanging Dante's lower circle for Paradise. The heat has followed us here, but with a screen of luxuriant foliage between us and the burning blue sky, and with a breeze perpetually rippling the leaves, no one need complain. With the cocks and the hens, the birds and the bees, we are all up and stirring betimes: there

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are dozens of nooks and corners if we like to spend the morning out of doors and do not feel enterprising enough to set out on an exploring expedition by diligence or rail. After the midday meal everybody takes a siesta as a matter of course, waking up between four and five o'clock for a ramble, and wherever we go we find lovely prospects. Quiet little rivers and canals winding between lofty lines of poplar, undulating pastures and amber corn-fields, picturesque villages crowned by a church spire here and there, wide sweeps of highly cultivated land interspersed with rich woods, vineyards, orchards, and gardens — all these make up the scenery familiarized to us by some of the most characteristic of French painters. Just such rural pictures have been portrayed a thousand times by Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and in their very simplicity often lies the chief charm. No extensive or grandiose outlines are here as in Brittany, no picturesque poverty, no poetic archaisms; all is rustic and pastoral, with the rusticity and pastoralness of every day. We are in the midst of one of the wealthiest and best-cultivated regions of France moreover, and when we penetrate below the surface we find that in manners and customs, as well as dress and outward appearance, the peasant and agricultural population generally differ no little from their remoter fellow-countrymen, the Bretons. In this famous cheese country, the *fromage de Brie* being the speciality of these dairy farms, there is no superstition, hardly a trace of poverty, and little that is poetic. The people are rich, laborious, and progressive. The farmers' wives, however hard they may work at home, wear the smartest of Parisian bonnets and gowns when paying visits — I was going to say, when at church, but nobody goes here. It is a significant fact that in this well-educated district, where newspapers are read by the poorest, and where well-being is the rule and poverty a rare exception, the church is empty on Sunday, and the priest's authority is *nil*. The priests may preach against abstinence from church in the pulpit, and may lecture the congregation in private, but no effect is thereby produced. Church-going has become out of date among the manufacturers of Brie cheese. They amuse themselves on Sundays by taking walks with their children, the paterfamiliases bathe in the river, the ladies put on their fine clothes and pay visits, but they omit their devotions. Some of these tenant farmers — for many of the farms are let on lease as in England, possessors of small farms hiring more land — are very rich, and one of our neighbors here, whose wealth had been made by Brie cheese, lately gave his daughter several hundred thousand francs by way of dowry. The wedding breakfast took place at the Grand Hotel, Paris, and a hundred guests were invited to partake of a sumptuous collation. Sometimes these rustic brides are dowried with a million francs. But in spite of fine clothes and large dowries, farmers' wives and daughters still attend to their dairies, and when they cease to do so, doubtless farming in Seine et Marne will cease to be the prosperous business we now find it.

It is delightful to witness the widespread well-being of this highly favored region. "There is no poverty here," say my host and hostess, "and that is why life is so pleasant." True enough. Wherever you go you find well-dressed, contented-looking people — no rags, no squalor, no pinched want. Poverty is an accident of rare occurrence and not a normal condition, every one being able to get plenty of work and good pay. The habitual look of content written upon the faces you meet is very striking. It seems as if in this land of Goshen life were no burden, but matter for satisfaction only. Class distinctions can hardly be said to exist. There are employers and employed, masters and servants, of course; but the line of demarcation is lightly drawn, and we find an easy familiarity existing between them, wholly free from impoliteness, much less vulgarity. That automatic demureness characterizing English servants in the presence of their employers is wholly unknown here. There are households with us where the servants might all be mutes for any signs of animation they give, but here they take part in what is going on, and exchange a word and a smile with every member of the household, never dreaming that it should be otherwise. One is struck, too, here by the good looks, intelligence, and trim appearance of the children, who, it is clear, are well cared for. The houses have vines and sweet peas on the wall, flowers in the window, and altogether a look of comfort and ease found nowhere in western France. The Breton villages are composed of mere hovels, where pigs, cows, and poultry live in close proximity to their owners; a dunghill stands before every front door, and to get in-doors or out the inhabitants have always to cross a pool of liquid manure. Here order and cleanliness prevail, with a diffusion of well-being hardly to be matched out of America. Travellers who visit France again and

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again, rather out of sympathy with its people and institutions than from a desire to see its monuments or outward features, will find ample to reward them in Seine et Marne. On every side you have evidence of the boundless natural resources and indefatigable laboriousness of the people. There is one point here, which, as elsewhere in France, strikes an agriculturist with astonishment, and that is the abundance of fruit trees standing amid cornfields and miscellaneous crops; also the interminable plantations of poplar-trees that are to be seen on every side, apparently without any object. But the truth is, the planting of trees is no extravagance but rather economy, the fruit they produce exceeding in value the corn they destroy; whilst the puzzling lines of poplars beside canals and railways are the work of the government, every spare bit of land belonging to the state being planted with trees for the sake of the timber. The crops are splendid, partly owing to the soil and partly to the advanced system of agriculture. You may see exposed for sale in little towns and villages the newest American agricultural tools, whilst the great diversity of products speaks much for the enterprise of the farmers. As you stroll along, now climbing, now descending this pleasantly undulated country, you may see a dozen crops on less than an acre. A patch of potatoes here, vines growing there, on one side a bit of wheat, oats, rye, or barley, with fruit trees casting abundant shadow over all, or Indian corn, clover, and mangel wurzel in the green state, recently planted for autumn fodder, are found side by side, further on a poppy-field, three weeks ago in full bloom, now having full pods ready for gathering — the poppy being cultivated for the manufacture of oil here — all these and many more are seen close together, and near them many a lovely little glen, copse, and ravine, recalling Scotland and Wales. You may walk for miles through what seems one vast orchard, only instead of turf, rich crops are growing under the trees. This is indeed the orchard of France, on which we English largely depend for our summer fruits. A few days ago the black-currant trees were being stripped for the benefit of Parisian lovers of *cassis*, and now we encounter on our walks carts laden with plums packed in baskets and barrels, on their way to Covent Garden; later on, it will be the peach and apricot crops gathered for exportation; later still, apples, walnuts, and pears. One village not far from our own sends fruit to the Paris markets valued at a million francs annually But the traveller must settle down in some delicious retreat in the valley of the Marne to realize the interest and charm of such a country as this. And he must above all things be a fairly good pedestrian, for it is not a land of luxuries, and carriages, good, bad, or indifferent, are difficult to be got. A countless succession of delightful prospects is offered to the persevering explorer who each day strikes out in an entirely different direction. I have always been of opinion that the best way to see a country is to make a halt in some good central point, for weeks at a time, and from thence "excursionize." By these means much fatigue is avoided, and the two chief drawbacks to the pleasures of travel, namely, hotels and perpetual railways, avoided as much as possible. My rallying point was a pleasant French country house at Couilly, offering every opportunity for studying agriculture and rural life as well as making excursions by road and rail. Couilly itself is charming. The canal winding its way between thick lines of poplar-trees towards Meaux is a walk you may take on the hottest day of summer without fatigue; the river, narrow and sleepy, yet so picturesquely curling amid green slopes and tangled woods, affords another delightful stroll; then there are broad, richly-wooded hills rising above these, and shady side paths leading from hill to valley, with alternating vineyards, orchards, pastures, and corn-fields on either side. Couilly lies in the heart of the cheese-making country, part of the ancient province of Brie, from which this famous cheese is named (the comté of Brie became part of the French kingdom on the occasion of the marriage of Jeanne of Navarre with Philippe le Bel, in 1361), and is as prosperous as it is picturesque. Within a stone's throw of our garden walls once stood a famous convent of Bernardines, called Pont-aux-Dames. Here Mme. Dubarry, of evil reputation, was exiled after the death of Louis XV. On the outbreak of the Revolution she fled to England, and might there have ended her unworthy life in peace but for a cupidity which brought her to the guillotine. The old favorite of perhaps the most depraved of French kings had left secreted at Pont-aux-Dames a case of diamonds, and in order to secure these she ventured to Couilly again, with the result that might have been expected. The Revolutionary tribunal got hold of Madame Dubarry, and she mounted the scaffold in company of her betters, no one before or after showing such pusillanimity when her turn came.

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The diligence passes our garden gate early in the morning, and in an hour and a half takes us to Meaux, former capital of the province of La Brie, bishopric of the famous Bossuet, and also one of the early strongholds of the Reformation. The neighboring country, *pays Meldois*, as it is called, is one vast fruit and vegetable garden, bringing in enormous returns. From our vantage ground, for of course we go outside the coach, we survey the shifting landscape — woods, valley, and plain, soon seeing the city with its imposing cathedral, both of the whiteness of marble, rising above the winding river and fields of green and gold on either side. I know nothing that gives the mind an idea of fertility and wealth more than this scene, and it is no wonder that the Prussians in 1871 here levied a heavy toll, their sojourn at Meaux having cost the inhabitants not less than a million and a half of francs. All now, however, is peace and prosperity, and here, as in the neighboring towns and villages, rags, want, and beggary are not seen. The evident well-being of all classes is delightful to behold. Meaux, with its shady boulevards and public gardens, must be a pleasant place to live in, nor would intellectual resources be wanting. We strolled into the spacious town library, open, of course, to strangers, and could wish for no better occupation than to con the curious old books and manuscripts that it contains. The employé having shown us the busts adorning the walls of the principal rooms, took us into a side closet, where, ignominiously put out of sight, are the busts of Charles X. and Louis Philippe. "But," said our informant, "we have more busts in the garret — those of the emperor Napoleon III., the empress, and the prince imperial." Naturally enough, on the proclamation of the republic, these busts were considered as supererogatory, and it is to be hoped they will stay where they are. The Evêché, or bishop's palace, is the principal sight at Meaux. It is full of historic associations besides being very curious in itself. Here have slept many noteworthy personages — Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, when on their return from Varennes, June 24, 1791; Napoleon in 1814, Charles X. in 1828; later, General Moltke in 1870, who said upon that occasion, "In three days, or a week at most, we shall be in Paris," not counting on the probabilities of a siege. The room occupied by the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his little son still bears the name of *la chambre du roi*, and cannot be entered without a feeling of sadness. The gardens, designed by Lenôtre, are as quaint and characteristic perhaps as any of the same period — a broad, open, sunny flower-garden below, terraced walks above so shaded with closely-planted plane-trees that the sun can hardly penetrate on this July day. These green walks, where the nightingale and the oriole were singing, were otherwise as quiet as the Evêché itself; but the acme of quiet and solitude was only to be found in the avenue of yews called Bossuet's Walk. Here it is said the great adversary of the Jansenists used to pace backwards and forwards when composing his famous discourses, wholly excluding himself from the world, like another celebrated French writer, Balzac, whilst thus occupied. A little garden house in which he ate and slept leads out of this delightful walk, a cloister of greenery, the high square-cut walls of yew shutting out everything but the sky. What would some of us give for such a retreat as this — an ideal of perfect tranquillity and isolation from the outer world that might have satisfied the soul of Schopenhauer itself? But the good things of life are not equally divided. The present bishop, an octogenarian who has long been quite blind, would perhaps prefer to hear more echoes from without. It happened that in our party was a little child of six, who with the inquisitiveness of childhood followed the servant in-doors while the rest waited at the door for permission to visit the palace. "I hear the footsteps of a child," said the old man, and bidding his young visitor approach, he gave him sugarplums, kisses, and finally his blessing. Very likely the innocent prattlings of the child were as welcome to the old man as the sweetmeats to the little one on his knee.

The terraces of the episcopal garden cross the ancient walls of the city, and underneath the boulevards afford a promenade almost as pleasant. It must be admitted that much more pains are taken in France to embellish provincial towns with shady walks and public promenades than in England. The tiniest little town in Seine et Marne has its promenade, that is to say, an open green space and avenues, with benches for the passer-by. We cannot certainly sit out of doors as much as our French neighbors in consequence of our more changeable climate, but might not pleasant public squares and gardens, with bands playing gratuitously on certain evenings in the week, entice customers from the public-house? The traveller is shown the handsome private residences of rich Meldois, where, in the second week of

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September 1870, were lodged the emperor of Germany, the prince Frederick Charles, and Prince Bismarck. Meaux, if one of the most prosperous, is also one of the most liberal of French cities, and has been renowned for its charity from early times. In the thirteenth century there were no fewer than sixty *hôtels-dieu léproseries* (hospitals for lepers) in the diocese; and in the present day it is true to its ancient traditions, being abundantly supplied with hospitals, etc.

Half an hour from Meaux by railway is the pretty little town of La Ferté sous Jouarre, coquettishly perched on the Marne, and not yet rendered unpoetic by the hum and bustle of commerce. Here even more than at Meaux the material well-being of all classes is especially striking. You see the women sitting in their little gardens at needlework; the children trotting off to school; the men busy in their respective callings; but all as it should be, no poverty, no dirt, no discontent: cheerfulness, cleanliness, and good clothes, are evidently everybody's portion. Yet it is eminently a working population; there are no fashionable ladies in the streets, no nursery maids with over-dressed charges on the public walks; the men wear blue blouses, the women cotton gowns; all belong to one class, and have no need to envy any other. Close to the railway station is a little inn where I saw an instance of the comfort enjoyed by these unpretentious citizens of this thrifty little town. The landlord, a particularly intelligent, and, *cela va sans dire*, well-mannered person, was waiting upon his customers in blue blouse, the landlady was as busy as could be in the kitchen. Both were evidently accustomed to plenty of work; yet when she took me over the house in order to show the accommodation for tourists, I found their own rooms furnished with Parisian elegance. There were velvet sofas and chars, white lace curtains, polished floors, mirrors, hanging wardrobes, a sumptuous little bassinette for baby, and adjoining as charming a room for their elder daughter — a teacher in a day school — as any heiress to a large fortune could desire. This love of good furniture and in-door comfort generally seemed to me to speak much, not only for the taste, but the moral tone of the family. Evidently to these good people the home meant everything dearest to their hearts. You would not find extravagance in food and dress among them, or most likely any other but this. They work hard, they live frugally, but when the day's toil is done, they like to have pretty things around them, and not only to repose but to enjoy.

La Ferté sous Jouarre is the seat of a large manufacture of millstones, exported to all parts of the world, and a very thriving little place. Large numbers of Germans are brought hither by commerce, and now live again among their French neighbors as peacefully as before the war. The attraction for tourists is, however, Jouarre, reached by a lovely drive of about an hour from the lower town. Leaving the river you ascend gradually, gaining at every step a richer and wider prospect; below, the blue river winding between green banks; above, a lofty ridge of wooded hills, with hamlets dotted here and there amid the yellow corn and luxuriant foliage. It is a bit of Switzerland, and has often been painted by French artists.

The love of flowers and flower-gardens, so painfully absent in the west of France, is here conspicuous. There are flowers everywhere, and some of the gardens give evidence of great skill and care. Jouarre is perched upon an airy green eminence, a quiet, old-world town, with an enormous convent in the centre, where some scores of cloistered nuns have shut themselves up for the glory of God. There they live as much in prison as if they were the most dangerous felons ever brought to justice; and a prison house indeed the convent looks, with its high walls, bars, and bolts. I had a little talk with the sister in charge of the porter's lodge, and she took me into the church, pointing to the high iron rails barring off the cloistered nuns with that expression of imbecile satisfaction as much inseparable from her calling as her unwholesome dress. "There is one young English lady here," she said, "formerly a Protestant; she is twenty-one, and only the other day took the perpetual vows." I wondered as I looked up at the barred windows how long this kind of suttee would be permitted in happy France, and indeed in any other country, and whether in the lifetime of that foolish English girl the doors would be opened, and she would be compelled to go forth and labor in the world like any other rational being. This dreary prison house, erected not in the interests of justice and society, but in order to gratify cupidity on one side and fanaticism on the other, afforded a painful contrast to the cheerful, active life outside. Close to the convent is one of the most curious monuments in the entire depart-

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ment of Seine et Marne, namely, the famous Merovingian crypt, described by French archæologists in the *Bulletin Monumental* and elsewhere. It is well known that during the Merovingian epoch, and under Charlemagne, long journeys were often undertaken in order to procure marble and other building-material for the Christian churches. Thus only can we account for the splendid columns of jasper, porphyry, Corinthian, and rare marbles of which this crypt is composed. The capitals of white marble, in striking contrast to the deep red, greens, and other colors of the columns, are richly carved with acanthus leaves, scrolls, and classic patterns, without doubt the whole having originally decorated some pagan temple. The chapel containing the crypt is said to have been founded in the seventh century, and speaks much for the enthusiasm and artistic spirit animating its builders. There is much elegance in these arches, also in the sculptured tombs of different epochs which, like the crypt, have been preserved so wonderfully until the present time. Other archæological treasures are here, notably the so-called *pierre des sonneurs de Jouarre* — stone of the Jouarre bellringers — a quaint design representing two bellringers at their task, with a legend underneath, dating from the fourteenth century. When I arrived at Jouarre, M. le curé and the sacristan were both absent, and as no one else possessed the key of the crypt, my chance of seeing it seemed small. However, some one obligingly set me on a voyage of discovery, and finally the sacristan's wife was found in a neighboring harvest field, and she bustled up, delighted to show everything; amongst other antiquities, some precious skulls and bones of saints, kept under lock and key in the sacristy, and only exposed on fête-days.

No one, however, need to have archæological tastes in order to enjoy these twin towns; alike scenery and people are charming, and the tourist is welcomed as a guest rather than a customer. But whether at Jouarre or anywhere else, he who knows most will see most; every day the dictum of the great Lessing being illustrated in travel: "*Wer viel weiss, hat viel zu sorgen.*" The mere lover of the picturesque, who cares nothing for French history, literature, and institutions, old or new, will get a superb landscape here and nothing more.

In striking contrast with the homely ease and well-to-do *terre-à-terre* about us at Couilly, is the princely château of the Rothschilds at Ferrières, which none should miss seeing on any account whatever. With princely liberality also, Baron Rothschild admits any one to his fairyland who takes the trouble to write for permission; and however much we may have been thinking of Haroun al Raschid, King Solomon, and the "Thousand and One Nights" beforehand, we shall not be disappointed. The very name of Rothschild fills us with awe and bewilderment. We prepare ourselves to be dazzled with gold and gems, to tread on carpets gorgeous as peacocks' tails, softer than eider-down; we pass through jasper and porphyry columns into regal halls where the acme of splendor can go no farther, where the walls are hung with tapestry and crimson satin, where every chair looks like a throne, and where on all sides mirrors reflect the treasures collected from all parts of the world. And we are not disappointed.

Quitting the railway at the cheerful, wealthy little town of Lagny, we drive past handsome country houses and well-kept flower gardens, and then gradually ascend a road winding amid hill and valley up to the château, a graceful structure in white marble, or so it seems, proudly commanding the wide landscape. The flower gardens are a blaze of colors, and the orange-trees give delicious fragrance as we ascend the terrace; ascend, indeed, being hardly the word applicable to steps sloping so easily upwards, and so nicely adjusted to the human foot, that climbing Mont Blanc under the same circumstances could be accomplished without fatigue. It is impossible to give any idea of the different kinds of magnificence that greet us on every side. Now a little Watteau world in tapestries having for background sky-blue satin and roses; now a dining hall, sombre, gorgeous, and majestic as that of a Spanish palace; now we are transported to Persia, China, and Japan; next we find ourselves amid unspeakable treasures of Italian and other marbles. To come down to practical details, it might be suggested to the generous owner of this noble treasure-house of art that the briefest possible catalogue of his choicest treasures would unspeakably oblige his visitors.

There is hardly a piece of furniture that is not interesting, alike from a historic and artistic point of view, whilst some are *chefs-d'œuvre* both in design and execution, and dazzlingly rich in material. Among these may be mentioned a pair of chimney ornaments thickly hung with pendants of precious stones; a piano — which

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belonged to Marie Antoinette — the case of which is formed of tortoise-shell richly decorated with gold; a cabinet set with emeralds, sapphires, and other jewels; another composed of various precious stones; chairs and couches covered with exquisite tapestry of the Louis Quinze period; some rare specimens of old *cloisonné* work, also of Florentine mosaics — these forming a small part of this magnificent museum.

The striking feature is the great quantity and variety of rich marbles in every part. One of the staircases is entirely formed of different kinds of rare marble, the effect being extraordinarily imposing. Elsewhere a room is divided by Corinthian columns of jasper and porphyry, and on every side is displayed a wealth and splendor in this respect quite unique. Without doubt nothing lends such magnificence to interiors as marbles, but they require the spaciousness and princeliness of such a château as this to be displayed to advantage. Next in importance as a matter of mere decoration must be cited the tapestries, of which there is a rare and valuable collection, chiefly in the hall, so called, and where they are arranged about the running gallery surmounting the pictures. What this hall must be worth would perhaps sound fabulous on paper; it is here that some of the most precious cabinets are found; treasures of ivory, ebony, gems, gold and silver; and the pictures alone represent a princess's dowry. Examples of some of the great masters are here — Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Bordone, Reynolds; lastly, among moderns, Ingres and Hippolyte Flandrin.

Much might be said about the pictures if space permitted, but they alone are worth making the journey from Paris to see. But the *crême de la crême* of Baron Rothschild's treasures is not to be found in this sumptuous hall, in spite of tapestries, pictures, marbles, and rare furniture, nor in the state *salon*, but in one of the dining-rooms, a marvellously rich and gorgeous apartment, where the wealth of gold and splendid colors is toned down, and the eye is rather refreshed than dazzled by the whole. On the walls, reaching from base to ceiling, are hung a series of six paintings on leather, known as the *cuirs de Cordoue*, or leather paintings from Cordova. They are historical and allegorical subjects, and are painted in rich colors with a great abundance of gold on a brown background, the general effect being that of a study in gold and brown. When looked at narrowly we find great dramatic interest in the subjects, and a uniform masterliness of execution, but without a catalogue it is impossible to give any accurate idea of these gorgeous paintings. The entire department of Seine et Marne perhaps offers no greater rarity than these paintings on leather from Cordova of which we would fain know the history.*

So much for the treat in store for those art-lovers who find their way to the château of Ferrières, where none will fail to add something to his previous store of knowledge. Those who really value art in all its degrees as forming part of daily life, cannot study the exquisite designs, elaborate workmanship, and splendid materials of the furniture, decorations, and general fittings-up of such a place as this without feeling strongly how little that is new and modern can be compared to the old, whether we regard mere carpentry, general effect, solidity, or design. This is strikingly illustrated in the old and new Japanese *cloisonné* work, the former being infinitely richer, more brilliant, and more elaborate than the other.

When not disposed to go so far afield in search of pleasure and instruction, we find ample occupation close at hand. Even in this quiet little village of Couilly there is always something going on, either a *fête*, a prize-distribution, a ball, or some other local celebration. The *école communale* for boys and girls has just closed for the summer holidays, and last Sunday the prizes were given away with much state and ceremony. A tent was decorated with tricolor flags, wreaths, and flowers, the village band fetched the mayor and corporation, and marched them in to a spirited air. I had already seen a prize-distribution in the heart of Anjou, but how different to this! Here at Couilly it was difficult to believe that the fashionable Parisian toilettes around us belonged to the wives of small farmers who all the week time were busy in their dairy and poultry-yard, whilst the young ladies, of all ages from three to fifteen, their daughters, might have appeared at the lady mayoress's ball, so smart were their gala frocks, white muslin, and blue ribbons. A few mob caps among the old women and blue blouses among the men were seen, but the assemblage as a whole might be called a fashionable one, while in Anjou exactly the same class presented the homeliest appearance, all the female part of it

* See second volume of the *Bibliothèque de l'Art.* Paris: Quantin.

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wearing white *coiffes* and plain black stuff gowns, the men blue blouses and sabots. Nor was the difference less striking in other respects. These boys and girls of rich tenant farmers, peasant proprietors, or even day laborers, are far ahead of the young people in Anjou, and each would be considered a wonder in benighted Brittany. They are in fact quite accomplished, not only learning singing, drawing, and other accomplishments, but to take part in dramatic entertainments. Two performances were given by the boys, two by the girls, a little play being followed by a recitation, and I must say I never heard anything of the kind in a village school in England. These children acquitted themselves of their parts remarkably well, especially the girls, and their accuracy, pure accent, and delivery generally spoke volumes for the training they had received. Of awkwardness there was not a trace. There were speeches from the mayor, M. le curé, and others, also music, singing, and a large number of excellent books were distributed, each recipient being at the same time crowned with a wreath of artificial flowers. It is to be hoped that ere many years the excellent education these children receive will be the portion of every boy and girl in France, and that an adult unable to read and write — the rule, not the exception, among the rural population in Brittany — will be unheard of. A friend of mine from Nantes recently took with him to Paris a young Breton maidservant, who had been educated by the "*bonnes sœurs*," that is to say, the nuns. What was the poor girl's astonishment to find that in Paris everybody was so far accomplished as to be able to read and write! Her surprise would have been greater still had she witnessed the acquirements and *aplomb* of these little Couilly girls, many of them, like herself, daughters of small peasant farmers. It must be mentioned for the satisfaction of those who regard the progress of education with some concern, that the elegant bonnets and dresses I speak of are laid aside on week days, and that nowhere in France do people work harder than here. But when not at work they like to wear fine clothes and read the newspaper as well as their neighbors. The amount of clothes these country women possess is often enormous, and they pride themselves upon the largest possible quantity of linen, a great part of which is of course laid by. They count their garments not by dozens but by scores, and can thus afford to wait for a quarterly washing day, as they often do.

It must be also mentioned that cleanliness is uniformly found throughout these flourishing villages, and in almost all hot and cold public baths. Dirt is as rare — I might almost say as unknown — as rags, neither of which as yet we have seen throughout our long walks and drives except in the case of a company of tramps we encountered one day. Drunkenness is also comparatively, in some places we might say absolutely, absent. As we make further acquaintance with these favored regions we might suppose that here at least the dreams of the Utopians had come true, and that poverty, squalor, and wretchedness were banished forever. The abundant crops around us are apportioned out to all, and the soil, which if roughly cultivated according to English notions, yet bears marvellously, is not the heritage of one or two but of the people. The poorest has his bit of land, to which he adds from time to time by the fruits of his industry; and though tenant farming is carried on largely, owing to the wealth and enterprise of the agricultural population, the tenant farmers almost always possess land of their own, and they hire more in order to save money for future purchases. Of course they could only make tenant farming pay by means of excessive economy and laboriousness, as the rents are high, but in these respects they are not wanting. The fertility of the soil is not more astonishing than the variety of produce we find here, though pasturage and cheese-making are chiefly depended on in some neighborhoods, and fruit crops in others. The pastures are very fine, but we seldom see cattle out to graze; probably the harvest work requires all hands, and as there are no fences between field and meadow, this may account for what appears bad management. The large heap of manure being dried up by the sun in the middle of the farmyard also looks like unthriftiness, whilst the small, dark, and ill-ventilated dairies make us wonder that the manufacture of the famous Brie cheese should be the profitable thing it is. At the farm we visited we saw thirty-six splendid Normandy cows, the entire milk produce of which was used for cheese-making. Yet nothing could appear worse than the dairy arrangements from a hygienic point of view, and the absolute cleanliness requisite for dairy work was wanting. These Brie cheeses are made in every farm, small and great, and large quantities are sent to the Meaux market on Saturdays, where the sale alone reaches the sum of five or

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six millions of francs yearly. The process is a very simple one, and is of course perpetually going on. Our hostess at one of the larger and more prosperous of these farms showed us everything, and regaled us abundantly with the fresh milk warm from the cow. Here we saw an instance of the social metamorphosis taking place in these progressive districts. The mistress of the house, a bright, clever woman, occupied all day with what we in England should call the drudgery of the farmhouse, is yet fairly educated, and though now neatly dressed in plain cotton gown, on Sunday dresses like any other lady for the promenade. Her mother, still clinging to past customs, appeared in short stuff petticoat, wooden shoes, and yellow handkerchief wrapped round her head; whilst the children, who in due time will be trained to toil like their neighbors, are being well taught in the village school. These people are wealthy, and may be taken as types of the farming class here, though many of the so-called *cultivateurs*, or proprietors farming their own land, live in much easier style, the men managing the business, the ladies keeping the house, and the work of the farm being left to laborers. The rent of good land is about fifty shillings an acre, and wages in harvest time four francs (3*s.* 4*d.*) with board. The farms, while large by comparison with anything found in Brittany and Anjou, are small measured by our scale, being from fifty to two or three hundred acres.

Steam threshing has long been in use here, but of course not generally, as the smaller patches of corn only admit of the old system, and the corn is so ripe that it is often threshed on the field immediately after cutting. The harvesting process is often very slow, and we often see only one or two laborers on a single patch; one wheat-field near us occupied a man and a girl an entire week in the reaping. But there is no waiting as a rule for fine weather to dry and cart away the corn, and masters and men work with a will. We must indeed watch a harvest from beginning to end to realize the laboriousness of a farmer's life here. Upon one occasion, when visiting a farm of a hundred and thirty acres, we found the farmer and his mother both hard at work in the field, the former carting away straw, the corn being threshed by machinery in the field, the latter tying it up. Yet this man possessed a good income independent of his gains as a farmer. The look of cheerfulness animating all faces was delightful to behold. The farmer's countenance beamed with satisfaction, and one may be sure not without good cause. The farmhouse and buildings were spacious and handsome, and as is generally the case here, were surrounded by a high wall, having a large court in the centre where a goodly number of geese, turkeys, and poultry were disporting themselves. Here we found only a few cows, but they were evidently very productive from the quantity of cheeses in the dairy. Sheep are not kept here largely, and grazing bullocks still less. The farmer therefore relies chiefly on his dairy, next on his corn and fruit crops, and as bad seasons are rare, both these seldom fail him.

But these pleasant villages have generally some other interest besides their rich harvests and picturesque sites. In some of the smallest you may find exquisite little churches, such as La Chapelle sur Crécy, a veritable cathedral in miniature. Crécy was once an important place, with ninety-nine towers and double ramparts, traces of which still remain. A narrow stream runs at the back of the town, and quaint enough are the little houses perched beside it, each with its garden and tiny drawbridge drawn at night — the oddest scene — of which a sketcher might make something. A sketcher indeed must be a happy person her, so many quiet subjects offering themselves at every turn. Many of these village churches date from the thirteenth century, and are alike picturesque within and without, their spires and gabled towers imparting the leading character to the landscape. Nowhere indeed in France do you find more picturesque village churches, not a few ranking among the historic monuments of France. Here and there are châteaux with old-fashioned gardens and noble avenues, and we have only to ask permission at the porter's lodge to walk in and enjoy them at leisure. In one of these the lady of the house, who was sitting out of doors, kindly beckoned us to enter as we passed, and we had the pleasure of listening under some splendid old oaks to the oriole's song, and of seeing a little cluster of eucalyptus trees, two surprises we had not looked for. The oriole, a well-known and beautiful American bird, and a songster that may be compared to the nightingale, is indeed no stranger here, and having once heard and seen him you cannot mistake him for any other bird. His song is an invariable prognostic of rain, as we discover on further acquaintance. The *Eucalyptus globulus*, or blue gum tree, native of Australia and now so success-

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fully acclimatized in Algeria, the Cape, the Riviera, and other countries, is said to flourish in the region of the olive only, but we were assured by our *châtelaiue* that it bears the frost of these northern zones. I confess I thought her plantation looked rather sickly, and considering that the climate is, like that of Paris, subject to short spells of severe cold in winter and great changes at all times, I doubt much in the experiment. But the health-giving, fever-destroying eucalyptus is not needed in this well-wooded, healthy country, for the splendid foliage of acacia, walnut, oak, and birch leave nothing to desire either in the matter of shade or ornament; A lover of trees, birds, and whispering breezes will say, that here at least is a corner, if not of the celestial, the earthly paradise.

Nowhere is summer to be more revelled in, more amply tasted, than in these rustic villages, where yet creature comforts abound, and nowhere is the *dolce far niente* mood so easily induced. Why should we be at the trouble to undertake a hot dusty railway journey in search of dolmens, thirteenth-century churches, Gaelic tombs, and feudal remains when we have the essence of deliciousness at our very doors, waving fields of ripe corn, where the reapers in twos and threes are at work (picturesque figures that seem to have walked out of Millet's canvas), lines of poplars along the curling river; beyond, hills covered with woods, here and there a clustering village or château breaking the green? This is the picture, partially screened by noble acacia-trees, that I have from my window, accompanied by the music of waving barley and wheat, dancing leaves, and chaffinches tame as canaries singing in the branches.

About a mile off is the little village of Villiers, which is even prettier than our own, and which of course artists have long ago found out. Villiers sur Morin would be an admirable summer resort for an artist fond of hanging woods, running streams, and green pastures; and a dozen more possessing the same attractions lie close at hand. But though within so easy a distance of Paris, life is homely, and fastidious travellers must keep to the beaten tracks and high roads where good hotels are to be found. When he goes into the byways, a wayside inn is all that he must expect; and if there is no diligence, a lift in the miller's or baker's cart. The farmers' wives driving to market with their cheese and butter are always willing to give the stranger a seat, but money must not be offered in return for such obligingness. We must never forget that if these country folk are laborious, and perhaps even sordid in their thriftiness, they are proud, and refuse to be paid for what costs them nothing.

But no matter how enamored of green fields and woodland walks, we must tear ourselves away for a day to see the famous "chocolate city" of M. Menier, the modern marvel *par excellence* of the department, and a piece of the most perfect organization it is possible to conceive. M. Menier undoubtedly has aimed at making the best chocolate that ever rejoiced the palate; he has achieved far greater things than this in giving us one of the happiest and most delightful social pictures that ever charmed the heart. Again we make the pretty little town of Lagny our starting-point, and having passed a succession of scattered farmhouses and wide cornfields, we come gradually upon a miniature town built in red and white. So coquettishly, airily, daintily placed is the city of chocolate amid orchards and gardens that, at first sight, a spectator is inclined to take it rather for a settlement of such dreamers as assembled together at Brook Farm to poetize, philosophize, and make love, than of artisans engaged in the practical business of life. This long street of charming cottages, having gardens around and on either side, is planted with trees, so that in a few years' time it will form as pleasant a promenade as the Parisian boulevards. We pass along, admiring the abundance of flowers everywhere, and finally reach a large open square, around which are a congeries of handsome buildings, all, like the dwelling-houses, new, cheerful, and having trees and benches in front. Here are co-operative stores, schools, libraries; beyond, to the left, stands the château of M. Menier, surrounded by gardens, and to the right the manufactory. The air is here fragrant, not with roses and jessamine, but with the grateful aroma of chocolate, reminding us that we are indeed in a city, if not literally a pile of cacao, yet owing its origin to the products of that wonderful tree, or rather to the ingenuity by which its resources have been turned to such account. The works are built on the river Marne, and having seen the vast hydraulic machines, we enter a lift with the intelligent foreman deputed to act as guide, and ascend to the topmost top of the many-storyed, enormous building in which the cocoa berry is metamorphozed into the delicious compound known as *chocolat-*

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Menier. This is a curious experience, and the reverse of most other intellectual processes, since here, instead of mounting the ladder of knowledge gradually, we find ourselves placed on a pinnacle of ignorance from which we descend by degrees, finding ourselves enlightened when we at last touch *terra firma.* Our aerial voyage accomplished therefore in the lift, we see process No. 1, namely, the baking of the berry, this of course occupying vast numbers of hands, all consisting of men, on account of the heat and laboriousness required in the operation. Descending a story, we find the berry already in a fair way to become edible, and giving out an odor something like chocolate; here the process consists in sorting and preparing for grinding; the vast masses of cocoa, it is hardly necessary to say, coming down automatically by machinery. Lower still we find M. Menier's great adjunct in the fabrication of chocolate, namely, sugar, coming into play, and no sooner are sugar and berry put together than the compound becomes chocolate in reality. Lower still we find processes of refining and drying going on, an infinite number being required before the necessary fineness is attained. Lower still we come to a very hot place indeed, but, like all the other vast compartments of the manufactory, as well ventilated, spacious, and airy as is possible under the circumstances, the workman's inconvenience from the heat being thereby reduced to a minimum. Here it is highly amusing to watch the apparently intelligent machines which divide the chocolate into half-pound lumps, the process being accomplished with incredible swiftness. Huge masses of chocolate in this stage, awaiting the final preparation, are seen here, all destined at last to be put, half a pound at a time, into a little baking tin, to be baked like a hot cross bun, the name of Menier being stamped on at the same time. A good deal of manipulation is necessary in this process, but we must go down a stage lower to see the dexterity and swiftness with which the chief manual tasks in the fabrication of chocolate are performed. Here women are chiefly employed, and their occupation is to envelop the half-pound cake of chocolate in three papers — first silver, next yellow, and finally sealing it up in the well-known white cover familiar to all of us. These feminine fingers work so fast and with such marvellous precision that if the intricate pieces of machinery we have just witnessed seemed gifted with human intelligence and docility, on the other hand the women at work in this department appeared like animated machines — no blundering, no halting, no alteration of working pace. Their fluttering fingers indeed worked with beautiful promptitude and regularity; and as everybody in M. Menier's "city of chocolate" is well-dressed and cheerful, there was nothing painful in the monotony of their toil or unremitting application.

On the same floor are the packing departments, where we see the cases destined for all parts of the world. Thus quickly and easily we have descended the ladder of learning, and have acquired some faint notion of the way in which the hard, brown, tasteless cocoa berry is transformed into one of the most agreeable and wholesome compounds as yet invented for our delectation. Of course many intermediate processes have had to be passed by, also many interesting features in the organization of the various departments — these to be realized must be seen.

There are one or two points, however, I will mention. In the first place, when we consider the enormous duty on sugar, and the fact that chocolate, like jam, is composed half of sugar and half of berry, we are at first at a loss to understand how chocolate-making can bring in such large returns as it must do — in the first place to have made M. Menier a bis-millionaire, in the second to enable him to carry out his philanthropic schemes utterly regardless of cost. But we must remember that there is but one chocolate-Menier in the world, and that in spite of the enormous machinery at work night and day, working-day and Sunday, supply can barely keep pace with demand; also that M. Menier possesses cocoa and sugar plantations, thus getting his raw material at first hand.

A staff of night workers are at rest in the daytime, in order to keep the machinery going at work, and, to my regret, I learned that the workshops are not closed on Sundays. M. Menier's workpeople doubtless get ample holidays, but the one day's complete rest out of the seven, the portion of all with us, is denied them. By far the larger portion of the chocolate-Menier is consumed in France, where, as in England and America, it stands unrivalled. M. Menier may therefore be said to possess a monopoly, and seeing how largely he lavishes his ample wealth on others, none can grudge him such good fortune.

Having witnessed the transformation of one of the most unpromising-looking berries imaginable into the choicest of sweet-

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meats, the richest of the "cups that cheer but not inebriate," lastly, one of the best and most nourishing of the lighter kinds of food, we have to witness a transformation more magical still, namely, the hard life of toil made comparatively easy, the drudgery of mechanical labor lightened, the existence of the human machine made hopeful, healthful, reasonable, and happy. Want, squalor, disease, and drunkenness have been banished from the city of chocolate, and thrift, health, and prosperity reign in their stead. Last of all, ignorance has vanished also, a thorough education being the happy portion of every child within its precincts. Our first visit is to what is called the *école gardienne*, or infant school — like the rest, kept up entirely at M. Menier's expense — and herein the founder's gift of organization is seen more strikingly than anywhere. These children, little trotting things from three to five years old, have a large playground, open in summer, covered in winter, and a spacious schoolroom, in which they receive lessons in singing, ABC, and so on. Instead of being perched on high benches without backs, and their legs dangling, as is the case in convent schools for the poor, they have delightful little easy-chairs and tables accommodated to their size, each little wooden chair with backs, having seats for two, so that instead of being crowded and disturbing each other, the children sit in couples, with plenty of room and air, and in perfect physical comfort. No hollow cheeks, no bent backs, no crookedness here. Comfortable as princes these children sit in their chairs, having their feet on the floor and their backs where they ought to be, namely, on a support. Leading out of the schoolroom are two small rooms, where we saw a pleasant sight — a dozen cots, clean and cosy, on which sturdy boys and girls of a year old were taking their midday's sleep. We next went into the girls' school, which is under the charge of a certificated mistress, and where the pupils remain till thirteen or fourteen years of age, receiving exactly the same education as the boys, and without a fraction of cost to the parents. The course of study embraces all branches of elementary knowledge, with needlework, drawing, history, singing, and bookkeeping. Examinations are held, and certificates of progress awarded. We found the girls taking a lesson in needlework — the only point in which their education differs from that of the boys — and the boys at their drawing-class, all the schools being lofty, well-aired, and admirably arranged. Adjoining the schools is the library, open to all members of the community, and where many helps to adult study are afforded. On the other side of the pleasant green square, so invitingly planted with trees, stands the co-operative store, which is of course a most important feature in the organization of the community. There meat, groceries, and other articles of daily domestic consumption are sold at low prices, and of the best possible quality, the membership of course being the privilege of the thrifty and the self-denying, who belong to the association by payment. I did not ask if intoxicating drinks were sold on the premises, for such an inquiry would have been gratuitous. The cheerful, tidy, healthful looks of the population proclaimed their sobriety; and some *sirop de groseille* offered to me in one cottage showed that such delicious drinks are made at home as to necessitate no purchases abroad.

There is also a savings' bank which all are invited to patronize, six and a half per cent. being the incentive held out to these economizers on a small scale. But neither the school, nor the co-operative store, nor the savings' bank, can make the working man's life what it should be without the home; and it is here that alike M. Menier's philanthropy and organization have acheived the greatest results. These dwellings, each block containing two, are admirably arranged, with two rooms on the ground-floor, two above, a capital cellar, office, and last, but not least, a garden. The workman pays a hundred and twenty francs, rather less than five pounds a year, for this accommodation, which it is hardly necessary to say is the portion of very few artisans in France or elsewhere. The *cité*, as it is called, being close to the works, they can go home to their meals; and though the women are largely employed in the manufactory, the home need not be neglected. It was delightful to witness my cicerone's pleasure in his home. He was a workman of superior order; and though, as he informed me, of no great education, yet possessed of literary and artistic tastes. The little parlor was as comfortable a room as any reasonable person could desire. There were books on the shelves, and pictures over the mantelpiece; among these portraits of M. Thiers, Gambetta, and M. Menier, for all of whom he expressed great admiration. "Ah!" he said, "I read the newspaper, and I know a little history, but in my time education was not thought of. These children here have now the

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chance of being whatever they like." He showed me his garden, every inch of which was made use of, fruits, flowers, and vegetables growing luxuriantly in this well-selected site. The abundance of flowers was particularly striking, especially to those familiar with certain districts of France where a flower is never thought of. M. Menier himself must have as strong a passion for gardening as for philosophy, judging from the enormous gardens adjoining his handsome château; and perhaps his love of flowers — always a most humanizing taste — has set the example. These brilliant parterres, whether seen in the vast domains of the master or the humble homesteads of the men, delightfully break the red and white uniformity of the "city of chocolate," flowers above, around, and on every side. There is also a profusion of fruits and vegetables, land quite recently laid under cultivation soon yielding returns in this favored spot.

With regret we turn our backs upon an experiment as unique as it is successful in the history of social organization. Wherever we go, in whatever corner of the world we see or taste the famous chocolate-Menier, we shall henceforth be reminded of something which will lend additional sweetness and flavor. We shall recall a community of working people whose toil is lightened and elevated, whose position is made rational and happy by a sympathy and munificence rarely found allied. Many others have spent perhaps as much for the good of their working people as M. Menier. To few is granted so happy a gift of organization, and of fitting the means to the end. More lessons than one will be carried away by the least or most instructed visitor to the delighful little "city of chocolate" on the banks of the Marne.

The pretty little town of Lagny should detain the traveller for an hour or two, which he cannot do better than spend on the river. There are boats to be had, and I daresay an enterprising explorer could find his way back to Esbly or Meaux without having recourse to the railway.

Church-going in this rich cheese-making country is at all times a dreary affair, as I have said, but especially just now, when partly from harvest-work going on all Sunday, and partly from lack of devotion, both Catholic and Protestant places of worship are all but empty. For there is a strong Protestant element here, dating from the Huguenot times, and in the neighboring village of Quincey are found a Protestant church and school. One Sunday morning I set off with two friends to attend service, announced to take place at eleven o'clock, but on arriving at Quincey we found the "temple" locked, and not a sign of any coming ceremonial. Being very hungry after our long walk through cornfields and vineyards, we went to a little baker's shop in search of a roll, and there realized the hospitable spirit of these good Briards. The mistress of the shop very kindly invited me into a little back room, and regaled me with excellent household bread, Brie cheese, and the wine of the country, refusing to be paid for her refreshments. This little meal finished I joined my friends at the church, which was now open, and in company with half-a-dozen school-children we quietly waited to see what would eventually take place. By-and-by one or two peasant-folk dropped in; then the schoolmaster appeared, and we were informed that it being the first Sunday in the month the pastor had to do duty in an adjoining parish according to custom, and that the schoolmaster would read the prayers and lessons instead. A psalm was sung, portions of Scripture and short prayers followed, another straggler or two joining the little congregation as the service went on. The schoolmaster, who read, played the harmonium, and sang exceedingly well, finally read a brief exposition on the portion of Scripture read, whereupon, after further singing, we broke up. These country pastors, like the priests, receive very small pay from the State.

In the afternoon we went to the parish church of Couilly whilst vespers were going on. If the little Protestant assemblage I had just witnessed was touching, this was painful, and might have afforded an artist an admirable subject for a picture. Sitting on a high stool, with his back to the congregation, consisting of three old women, was the priest, on either side the vergers, one in white stole, the other in purple with a scarlet cap, all three chanting in loud monotonous tones, and of course in Latin, now and then the harmonium giving a faint accompaniment. On either side of these automatic figures were rows of little boys in scarlet and white, who from time to time made their voices heard also. As a background to this scene was the pretty little Gothic interior, the whiteness of aisle and transept being relieved by the saffron-colored ribs of the arches and columns; the church of Couilly being curious without and beautiful within, like many other parish churches

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here. After a time one of the vergers blew out the three wax lights on a side alter, and all three retired, each scurrying away in different directions with very little show of reverence. How different to the crowded churches in Brittany, where, whether at mass or vespers, hardly standing-room is to be found! How long Catholicism will hold its sway over the popular mind there depends of course greatly on the priests themselves, who, if ignorant and coarse-mannered, at least set their flocks a better example in the matter of morals than here. The less said about this subject the better. French priests are, whichever way we regard them, objects of commiseration, but there can be no doubt that the indifference shown to religion in the flourishing department of Seine et Marne has been brought about by the priests themselves and their open disregard of decorum. Their domestic lives are an open book which all who run may read!

Some of them, however, occupy their time very harmlessly and profitably in gardening and bee-keeping, their choicest fruits and vegetables, like those of their neighbors, going to England. We went one day, carrying big baskets with us, to visit a neighboring *curé* famous for his greengages, and whose little *presbytère* looked very inviting with its vine-covered walls and luxuriant flower-garden. The *curé*, who told us he had been gardening that morning from four till six o'clock, received us very courteously, yet in a business-like way, and immediately took us to his fruit and vegetable garden some way off. Here we found the greatest possible profusion and evidence of skilful gardening. The fruit trees were laden; there were Alpine strawberries with their bright red fruit, currants, melons, apricots, etc., and an equal variety of vegetables. Not an inch of ground was wasted, nor were flowers wanting for adornment and the bees. Splendid double sunflowers, veritable little suns of gold; garden mallows, gladioles, and others. A score and more of hives completed the picture, which its owner contemplated with natural pride.

"You have only just given your orders in time, ladies," he said; "all my greengages are to be gathered forthwith for the English market. Ah! those English, those English, they take everything! our best fruit — and the island of Cypress!"

Whereupon I ventured to rejoin that at least if we robbed our French neighbors of their best fruit, our money found its way into the grower's pocket. Of course these large purchases in country places make home produce dearer for the inhabitants, but as the English agents pay a higher price than others, the peasants and farmers hail their appearance with delight. The fruit has to ripen on its way, and to enjoy a "Reine Claude" or melon to the full, we must taste it here. This *curé* makes a good deal by his bees, and the honey of these parts is firstrate. On the whole, small as is their pay, these parish priests cannot be badly off, seeing that they get extra money by their garden produce and largely also by baptismal and other church fees. Then, of course, it must be remembered that nothing is expected of them in the way of charity, as with our clergy. "*Nous recevons toujours, nous ne donnons jamais*," was the reply of a French bishop on being asked an alms by some benevolent lady for a *protégé*.

Scattered throughout these fertile and prosperous regions are ancient towns, some of which are reached by separate little lines of railway, others are accessible by road only. Coulommiers is one of these, and though there is nothing attractive about it except a most picturesque old church and a very pretty walk by the winding Grand-Morin, it is worth making the two hours' drive across country for the sake of the scenery. As there is no direct communication with Couilly and no possibility of hiring a carriage at this busy season, I gladly accepted a neighbor's offer of a seat in his "trap," a light spring-cart with a capital horse. The third spare seat was occupied by a neighboring notary, the two men discussing metaphysics, literature, and the origin of things on their way. We started at seven o'clock in the morning, and lovely indeed looked the wide landscape in the tender light, valley and winding river and wooded ridge being soon exchanged for wide open spaces covered with corn and autumn crops. Farming here is carried on extensively, some of these rich farms numbering several hundred acres. The farmhouses and buildings surrounded with a high stone wall are few and far between, and the separate crops cover much larger tracts than here. It was market-day at Coulommiers, and on our way we passed many farmers and farmeresses jogging to market, the latter with their fruit and vegetables, eggs and butter, in comfortable covered carts. Going to market in France means indeed what it did with us a hundred years ago; yet the farmers and farmers' wives looked the picture of prosperity. In some cases fashion had so far got the better of tradi-

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tion that the reins were handled by a smart-looking young lady in hat and feathers and fashionable dress, but for the most part by toil-embrowned, homely women, with a colored handkerchief twisted round their head, and no pretension to gentility. The farmers wear blue blouses, and were evidently accustomed to hard work, but for all that it was easy to see that they were possessed both of means and intelligence. Like the rest of the Briard population they are fine fellows, tall, with regular features and frank, good-humored countenances. Some of these farmers are in receipt of what is considered a fair income for an English vicar or rector, wholly irrespective of their farming gains, but they work all the same. I went inside the fine old church, and, though the doors were open, found it empty except for a little market girl who, having deposited her basket, was bent not on prayer but on counting her money. In Brittany on market days there is never a lack of pious worshippers. The interior of this picturesque church is very quaintly colored, and as a whole is well worth seeing. Like many other towns in these parts Coulommiers dates from an ancient period, and long belonged to the English crown. Alternately ravaged during the Hundred Years' War and the religious wars and troubles of the League, nothing to speak of remains of its old walls and towers of defence. Market day is a sight there, and the show of melons alone made a subject for a painter. The weather-beaten market-women, with their gay colored handkerchiefs round their heads, their blue gowns, the delicious color and lovely forms of the fruit — all this must be seen. Here and there were large pumpkins, cut open to show the ripe red pulp, with abundance of purple plums, apples, and pears just ripening, and bright yellow apricots on every side. It was clear "*les Anglais*" had not carried off all the fruit! At Coulommiers or elsewhere you may search in vain for rags, dirt, or a sign of beggary. Every one is homely, prosperous, and wears a cheerful countenance.

[NOTE. — It will be seen that I have given the reader no information about hotels, and this requires a word of explanation. Whether travelling in Seine et Marne or elsewhere, I make it a rule never to patronize a hotel if I can possibly help it; my theory is that the mere tourist sees nothing — at least to write about, and that the only way to make travel, especially French travel, profitable is to live among the people and see things from their point of view. Thus I get handed on from one French friend to another, and make as many possible excursions from the same starting point, instead of flying from point to point by railway. I have no doubt that all the pleasant towns and villages I mention have little inns where people not too particular are made comfortable, whilst those able to spend money on a handsome scale would doubtless find furnished houses at almost the same rate as in the fashionable watering-places. This picturesque region is moreover not to be scampered through, but to be seen quietly and leisurely, and commends itself to the lovers of natural beauty and rustic life only. Artist and angler alike must be well satisfied unless hard to please.] M. B.-E.

From The Spectator.

APOLOGIES.

WE have sometimes wished that in small social matters it were possible that private persons should be made aware of the impression they produce on their neighbors to the same extent that public men are, and have imagined to ourselves some such officer, on a small scale, as the speaker of the House of Commons, empowered to watch over social demeanor, and impose on the offender against the laws of good-breeding the expiation of an adequate apology. A good deal that ruffles and chills the surface of intercourse would, if it were acknowledged and regretted, be at an end. Sometimes it would even be changed into an influence for good. Many a little slip of manners, many a momentary lapse of considerateness and self-control, would not only be wiped out by an apology, — it would be often replaced by a pleasing recollection of the frank and hearty expression of regret which always draws people nearer; and such an expression would often be readily forthcoming, if only there were any perception of its necessity, or any easy way of making it. Of course there are offences in which an apology makes very little difference. If a man has abused confidence, or made mischief, then though the apology ought to be made, we cannot promise him that it will reinstate him in the good graces of his friends. The harm here is in the thing done, — the doer's feelings about it are secondary. But in a thousand tiny social offences the proportion is the other way. To speak of one which may seem too small to mention, and yet which is one of the commonest sources of minute social annoyance, — how many a tiny gnat-sting would have all its irritation allayed, if our friend could realize that being kept waiting

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is disagreeable, and that he, having caused us this unpleasant little experience, ought to express and to feel regret for it. If this were acted upon, not only would these small offences be often readily forgotten, but also they would be much seldomer repeated. There is a greater influence than we are apt to imagine in any symbol of intention, and an apology, if it were really adequate, would always impress on the mind of its author that he must not make it over again.

This last circumstance, however, is indispensable. If in reward for the originality of our suggestion we were appointed to fill the post we have adumbrated, it should stand as one of the first decisions on our "perpetual edict" that no apology should be made twice. The charming friend who murmurs a gracious excuse, as she takes her seat (for this sort of offence is exclusively womanly, we believe) in a carriage full of sulky people whose tempers have been evaporating for the last ten minutes, should be condemned to keep her regrets to herself. The consolation of supposing herself a pleasing member of society because she has represented herself as overwhelmed with sorrow for making us miss the appointment or the train, or even put us into a flutter at the chance, should henceforth be denied her. Still more severely should we deal with those curious apologies which take the form of a simple statement of this offence, and which are indeed its usual accompaniment. "I am afraid we are rather late?" "You are afraid, indeed! You know you have kept us looking at the clock, and considering whether we might order dinner to be served, for the best part of an hour. You know it perfectly, you knew it would be so when you ordered your carriage, when you kept it waiting, when you stepped into it, and finally, when you stopped at your host's door. Rebuke and exhortation would be wasted on you; your other merits, whatever they may be, may still possibly ensure the hospitality you so liberally abuse; but one thing you shall not do, you shall not go on putting your selfishness into a very inadequate statement, and fancying *that* an apology. The fear which does not influence the most msignificant of your actions shall be debarred from all influence on your words, forevermore."

Our most absolute prohibition, indeed, should be made against the form of apology which is much the commonest. There should, under our rule, be a sudden and permanent cessation of all apologies for neglect of social attention. Nobody should be allowed to give the statement that he or she "has been wanting to come and see you" the aspect of apology. The frequency of this form of attention is a curious instance of the prevalence of egotism, even when people most wish to consider their neighbors. How often does its object with difficulty suppress in answer Mr. Toots's well-known comment, "It's of no consequence, thank you." Very often the apology is the first intimation of the neglect. Why are you to force your friend to find some civil paraphrase for "I was not aware that you had not been to see me"? What answer can be given to these apologies combining truth and politeness, indeed, we are entirely ignorant. There is a ditch on each side the way. You may easily contract too much of Mr. Toots's style, and be too eager to make your friend quite easy as to any intermission of his visits, and this is the side on which we would counsel our readers to be most assiduously on their guard. But if, in your desire to escape this danger, you profess any keen sense of the pleasure of your friend's society, you are enhancing the sin for which he is professing penitence. We really are unable to recommend a suitable formula for a well-bred person on receiving this kind of apology. All the answers which naturally suggest themselves are a rebuke to self-importance or a reproach. Surely it is the most elementary rule of politeness that one should make no apology which it is difficult to answer.

Of course it does happen occasionally that one person feels disappointed at want of attention from another. But it happens so much more often that we overrate the importance of our attentions, that on this account alone we would recommend each of our friends to take it for granted that his absence has been unnoticed in the crowd. It is curiously difficult to take this for granted. It is more difficult, we believe, for any one really and practically to bring home to his imagination that he is an object of entire indifference, than that he is disliked. This last, indeed, is not a matter of great difficulty. We are all, at times, distasteful to ourselves. We can readily imagine, even before we are forced to believe, that the sentiment may be shared by others. But that we should actually not be taken cognizance of, one way or another, that it should be all one whether we are there or not there, this is a state of mind nobody has any help in imagining from the most diligent self-examination. He must, to understand it,

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make that most difficult effort of suppressing all sense of self, and putting himself in the place of another. Nobody can really believe that he is the average man. He may think himself exceptionally faulty, perhaps — we are speaking of a state of mind quite possible to the humblest of men — still he cannot realize that the chief thing about him to other people is that he is just a specimen of humanity. It is strange, for this is what we must all be, to the bulk of our acquaintance. However, the difficulty of conceiving this of oneself is almost insuperable. Each of us knows so much in himself that is unlike other people, that he cannot conceive how these things are not present to the mind of any one who reflects upon him for a moment. He forgets that the most commonplace person of his acquaintance might say the same. It is our own belief that a commonplace person is a merely relative term, like a first cousin once removed. At a certain distance people are commonplace, and the distance varies. A considerable force of character impresses itself on the attention a long way off. But those people must seem commonplace outside the range of intimacy, and the capacity for intimacy is limited.

These considerations, indisputable as they are, being so difficult to realize, we would bring forward another, not more obvious, for that is impossible, but more easy of practical application. Supposing you are one of the small number of people who can say, "I am sorry I have not been able to come and see you," without rousing to the lips of your friend the suppressed reply, "I really have not missed you," — still, it must be remembered that neglect is not one of the offences that an apology wipes out. We are not, of course, taking into account the cases where there is any explanation to be offered. We do not call the information that our friend has been laid up with a sprained ancle an apology. We are speaking of *bonâ fide* apologies, — real confessions of failure, as far as they go, in what is assumed to be the duties of friendship; and while we allow that a great many failures are more than compensated for by being confessed, we urge that neglect is commonly enhanced thereby. "I am sorry you are so little brilliant or interesting, that I can always find something better to do than to come and see you," is a statement you cannot make pleasing by the cleverest paraphrase. Yet people are always thinking this may be done by simply suppressing the most obvious part of their case. They hope their friend will jump at once from the fact to their sorrow for it, and will feel gratified by the association. But he can only make the transit by the ordinary stepping-stones; the least logical of human beings must feel, with Polonius, —

> But this effect, defective, comes by cause,

and so finds himself contemplating his own stupidity or vulgarity, or even his simple insignificance. A pleasing object you have pointed out to him, in your anxiety to be civil!

We are unable to suggest a good recipe for rendering neglect palatable. "Least said, soonest mended," is the only scrap of wisdom we have to offer on the subject. We have, indeed, heard of an apology made to a lady for omitted attentions on the score that the apologizer had been unaware of her good position in society, which apology so delighted her that she rather encouraged the acquaintance in consequence. But her gratification was of a kind which probably the most benevolent of us are not eager to afford our friends, and we cannot recall another instance of this kind of excuse proving satisfactory. We do not even counsel much explanation of a more adequate and dignified character if it is to apply to the future as well as the past. As people get busier, or feebler, or more sought after, they are obliged, more or less, to "weed" their acquaintance, as the saying is, and they may often feel, in doing this, that, from a different point of view, the possible friend would be anything but a weed. We are informed that it is a gross sign of bad gardening to allow a daisy to show its modest face on a lawn, but the owner of a trim villa may admire Wordsworth's verses on the flower all the same; and something like this may be the feeling of many persons, when they decide that some old acquaintance must be no more encouraged, or some new one repelled. We have never seen any attempt at explanation in the case, however, that did not strike us as a mistake. The most careful enumeration of one's many claims only drives home to the mind of the unsuccessful claimant the consciousness that he is not sufficiently important to be admitted to the lists. That is the last thing in the mind of the speaker, but by the law of mental parallax, which it is so difficult to allow for, it must be the first in the mind of the hearer. We have known persons whose minutes were valuable spend many of them, where two civil lines were all that was needed, in making an answer to a note ungracious, stilted,

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and tiresome. No doubt their view was that all this explanation softened the refusal of the invitation to dinner, or whatever it was, but the truth is that simplicity in these matters is as much more gracious as happily — though the fact is by no means universally acted upon — it is also more convenient.

Another form of apology with which we would wage war is any in which the apologizer assures his friend he had no intention of giving offence. Has he ever such an intention? The excuse had some meaning in former days; it was allowable to tell a man the speaker had no intention of offending him when the offence was the first step towards shooting him, and as a synonym for not wishing that result, we should permit it still. But it wants pistols and seconds in the background to give it any meaning whatever. Men only mean to offend each other when they would, in former days, have been ready to kill each other. They are offensive from inconsiderateness, from selfishness, from stupidity, from want of imagination, not once in a thousand times from intending to be so. What people often mean, however, by saying that they meant no offence was that they meant well. It is a very different thing to mean not to be offensive, and not to mean to be offensive, and we would by no means suppress the statement of the first, but we would never allow any one to think that the mere absence of an intention to give pain or annoyance ought to be mentioned as bearing on the fact that the thing has been done. The question is whether this uneasy feeling is reasonable; that there was no intention to produce it proves nothing, one way or another, and may almost always be taken for granted.

We have preached a curious sermon on the duty of making apologies, we may be told, consisting almost entirely of an attack, made with all the force at our disposal, on the apologetic habit of mind, or perhaps we should rather say, the apologetic habit of words. But this is eminently a case for homœopathic treatment. We oppose the habit of making apologies, because we want an apology to have some meaning. It should be like a wedding present, something the giver does not look to repeat in a lifetime. When it has become a habit, it must always sink into that most unsatisfactory substitute for the real article, a mere statement of the offence, — a repetition in words of the thing that has annoyed us in fact. We have seen it urged upon indiscreetly charitable persons (and it has struck us as one of the most practicable of reforms), that they should never allow themselves to give trifling sums. No doubt they had better give a trifling sum than a large one to an undeserving petitioner, but they are so much more likely to think twice if the gift is a sovereign than if it is a halfpenny, that even the danger of enriching an impostor is a less evil than the stimulus to caution is a gain. This is the reform we would make in apologies. We want to get rid of all these halfpennyworths that are bestowed so readily, and let the giver dispose of what costs him something. We want to stop this dribbling-away of meaningless excuse where there is nothing to excuse, and store up the wasted material for some of those occasions, not wholly wanting to the life of the gentlest and most courteous, when the grace of intercourse has been hurt by temper, or indiscretion, or indolence, and a word in season would right it, and perhaps make it better than before.

From The Spectator.

FOR AND AGAINST NORWAY.

We English are not beloved in Norway. The grievances of the people against us are that we have spoiled their pleasant, simple, happy country, destroyed their game, corrupted their ideals, sophisticated their manners, raised their prices; finally, that we think a great deal too much of ourselves, and treat the natives of that grand Northland, whose heroic pirates and robbers gave our forbears, a thousand years before steam-launches and salmon-fishing, such severe drubbings, with the insular insolence which also arouses comments in other parts of the globe. The Norsk people — that is to say, all those who have not rivers to let, or furs to sell, or "stations" to keep, and who do not live by hiring out carrioles and ponies to the incomprehensible people who are always waiting to see the midnight sun, and to behold reindeer in the act of scraping their food from under the snow — wish we would keep away, and let Gamle Norge be really Old Norway, instead of another big piece of playground for the autumn excursionist from that island out of which the raven formerly got such solid and unctuous pickings. They like us better in Sweden, but Sweden means Stockholm, and the lovely little red and green city of boats and bridges is a good deal Frenchified, its staunch Protestantism notwithstanding, in all the respects that strangers are likely to

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gain any knowledge of. The traveller in Norway needs not, and as a matter of fact does not, trouble himself about the disfavor with which he is regarded in the abstract; it does not come in his way, which lies among the classes who are liable to the obscuration of the ideal by that powerful persuader, gain; and among the "fors" of Scandinavian travel, general civility must be placed.

Supposing one does not want to kill things, that the rivers rather than the fish are "running in one's mind," that the scarcity of bears and the falling-off of reindeer for purposes of slaughter are not fatal to enjoyment, and that the spectacle of inconceivable numbers of beautiful, feathered creatures, with never a "hot corner" in the neighborhood, be congenial to one's taste, there is immense pleasure in travelling along roads "magnificently engineered" — so Captain Clark Kennedy pronounces them to be — in a vehicle both novel and comfortable, through scenes of marvellous and various beauty. Whether it be for or against Norway, and indeed Scandinavia generally, that the natives are never in a hurry, are stolidly unsympathetic with the foreigner who is, and treat time with as much disregard as if it were eternity, each individual must decide for himself; to our mind, the holiday feeling would gain by this charming indifference.

Just as in former times, when, for instance, Colonel Newcome came home on leave, every reader of Eastern travel knew Shepherd's Hotel as well as the lord warden, so travellers in Northland and readers of its lore are acquainted with Mr. Bennett. He is the real, live Wizard of the North, the earthly providence of the tourist, instructing him, through his faultless little "Handbook," before he starts, receiving him on his arrival at Christiania, when he naturally rushes to "Bennett's," extending his protecting care over him until he is safely "through," as the Scotch say, and has seen the midnight sun, the walrus at home, the little Lapps, even more at home than the walrus; and finally speeding the parting guest when he has delivered up his carriole, after his photograph has been taken in the proud attitude of occupation of that queer carriage. When you stop at Bergen, or Throndhjem, you will be pretty sure to buy specimens of the carved wood, and the silver ornaments, and the skins of furry animals, for which Old Norway is famous. Do not add them to your luggage, but pack them off per coasting steamer to Mr. Bennett; he will take charge of them until you arrive, when he will give you the latest information about everywhere, and the soundest advice about everything, if you do not happen to require anything more. If you do, go to his store, a sight in itself, and get the carriole and harness, the books, the maps, the preserved meats, the small coin for change, and the "straight tip" all round, even as to the best way of rectifying the defects of the "station" beds, which are too short for everybody, and have wedge-shaped pillows. Familiar as the sound of "backsheesh" in the land of the Nile is that of "Bennett" in the land of the fjord and the fjeld. Fairly off in the carriole, with a sure-footed pony — which let no man maltreat, for the Norwegian farmers do not like it, and the station-master will find means to punish, by delay and incivility, the tourist who overdrives the docile and willing little steeds — all the stages of the journey, in whatever direction, are full of charm; the exhilarating freshness of pure air, the keen scent of pines, the peace of the smiling country, the grandeur of distant mountains, the music of streams and waterfalls, and until the extreme north be reached, where only the Scotch fir grows, the poplar, the willow, the mountain ash-trees flourishing in great luxuriance. The northern route is full of grandeur, and Captain Clark Kennedy tells of one stage, on the road to Dovre, which combines every feature of Alpine scenery, "snow-capped hills towering above the road, vast forests of birch and pine, and masses of granite rocks, interspersed with juniper, on every side; and the river, pent up between narrow, precipitous banks of solid stone, dashing at breakneck speed far below." Next to the beauty of nature in these regions, one is led to admire the laziness of the natives. They are past-masters in idleness, they have elevated dawdling to an art. It is quite curious, — only when your pony casts a shoe, and four persons consume a whole hour in replacing it, you begin rather to count up your years. On the Dovrefjeld, which reminds us of Miss Martineau and Frederika Bremer, wolves are scarce, though they still haunt farmyards in the winter, but there is found the lemming, in Norway as large as a water-rat, in Lapland and northern Russia no bigger than a mouse. The migration of the grey squirrels, sung with such spirit and pathos by William Howitt — who has ever made us know the wonderful Arctic world like him? — is not so strange and interesting as that of these puzzling little creatures, who travel in countless hordes, like locusts, and are little

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less destructive, and which were formerly believed by the Laplanders to be "rained down" from heaven. Captain Clark Kennedy imputes this notion to the fact that the birds of prey which follow closely on the tracks of the lemmings sometimes drop their prizes alive from their talons, while flying at some height from the ground. They are yellow and white in color, with brown markings, and not at all ugly, and though few travellers are fortunate enough to witness a migration of them, they are frequently observed in the pinewoods, and occasionally seen to sit up and "wash their hands" like rabbits. Their appearance in great force takes place every three or four years, and they move invariably in a westerly direction, finding their only insurmountable obstacle in the North Sea. The same writer (who has interpreted so many of our English birds to us) says, in reference to this migration: "It is wonderful to think that such countless millions of tiny animals are all stirred by the same impulse to proceed in a given direction, and in a straight, unbroken line, no obstacle daunting this army of rodents in their migrations towards the ocean. They climb the steepest mountains, unless they can easily pass round them by traversing their lower ridges; they swim the broadest lakes, the widest arms of the sea, and all rivers that may lie in their line of march, utterly devastating the land over which they pass, and traversing in a short time immense tracts of country." In former ages, a solemn form of exorcism was used in Norway against these swarming creatures, which were bidden, in the name of the Blessed Trinity, to go away to those places in which they could harm no person, and there to waste away and decrease daily, until no remains of them should be found in any place. After the desolate but majestic fjeld, where clusters of heartsease and beautiful wild flowers grow amid the patches of snow and reindeer moss, where for a long day's journey Sneehatten, with its black-walled, snow-filled crater, is in view, where the snowy owl, and the eagle-owl, and the great eagles are seen, where the cold is bitter, come lovely open country, the beautiful Gunl, its fair valley, and such heat that exposure to the sun is dangerous. The sudden changes of climate are among the "againsts" of Norway, and so, very strongly, are the mosquitos. At Gunldal, where many bloody battles were fought in the wars between Norway and Sweden, there are hop-gardens and beds of lilies of the valley, strawberries and apricots.

At Throndhjem, famous in the old, savage times, the royal city of later days, the carriole is exchanged for the steamer, when one is *en route* for the Arctic circle, and the sea has its example of life in innumerable masses like the land. Near Besaker, the steamer cuts her way for hours through vast shoals of floating jelly-fish, moving with the tide, and shining with countless hues. The voyage among the islets along the coast is full of interest: the steamer passes quite close to their rugged sides, covered with masses of bird life, some of them quite white with seagulls, others colonized by terns, which decline to mix with the gulls; and the salt air full of their whirr and clangor, ceaseless by night and day. Anon one comes to the islands of Apelvaer, and to such heaps of codfish as can only be got hold of by the mind by the aid of the figures, that tell us how one year's fishery alone produces sixteen millions of fish, twenty-one thousand five hundred barrels of cod-liver oil, and six thousand barrels of cods' roe!

Near the Arctic line the scenery becomes most grand and beautiful, with its wonderful diversity of cliff and mountain and island, its deep, calm sea, with all the bird-laden islets, the life-thronged solitude in the steady, sustained smile of the sun, whose royal pomp is never bated there. The snow-crowned mountains, the steel-blue glaciers, the four peaks of the sentinel islands of Threnen, warders of the gates of the polar seas; Hestamandö, where the giant cavalry soldier, in everlasting rock, breasts the waves, and the Norse fishers doff their caps to "the horseman," — these are fine to see, and it is not surprising that when, at twelve o'clock at night, the blood-red ball of the sun hung over the gold and purple sea, and a thousand tinted rays danced in constant motion on the snow, there was deep silence on board the steamer whose voyage we are following, and the awe of a sublime spectacle in a measureless solitude fell upon all hearts.

Between the Loffoden Isles and Tromsö "there is an arm of the And Fjord to be crossed, and the water is literally covered and alive with birds, and with great shoals of mackerel and tumbling porpoises; sea-eagles sway and swoop above the ship, and the air is darkened with the strong flight of the northern diver, the guillemot, and the cormorant; while the masses on the rocks are hardly to be distinguished from the great heaps of seaweed." Thus, with so much to impress the imagination, and surely with all the pleasure that utter strangeness can bestow, change so complete that it must rest the weariest brain,

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and stir to activity the least-used fancy, one may steam up the fjord to the town of Tromsö and find oneself in real Arctic life, with the everlasting, glittering white snow on every aide; and within a day's journey, the wild, wandering Laplanders, and their herds of those wonderful animals which render human existence possible in the wastes of the northern world.

From Nature.

DECORATIVE COLORING IN FRESHWATER FLEAS.

THERE is something essentially comic in the notion of a freshwater flea — a species of the entomostracous crustaceous Daphnoidæ — becoming beautifully ornamented with patches of scarlet and blue, for the purpose of seducing the affections of the opposite sex. If a scarlet coat is appreciated by the females of the very fleas of this great family to which we all belong, we ought not to be surprised at hereditary predispositions in favor of this color, and should conclude on this ground, as on many others, that the civilian male Anthropini of western Europe have taken a foolish and unnatural step, within the last hundred years, in abandoning the use of brilliantly colored clothing, and giving over the exceptional advantages which it confers to soldiers and huntsmen. The figures given by Prof. August Weismann, in the *Zeitschr. wiss. Zoologie* (1878, Supplement 1), show us the water-fleas, Polyphemus and Latona, most gorgeously got up in blue and scarlet. Goethe, though he never saw them, foretold their appearance: —

Es war enimal ein König, der hatt' einen grossen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig, als wie seinen eignen Sohn,
. . . . . .
In Sammet und in Seide, war er nun angethan,
Hatte Bänder auf den Kleide, hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
etc., etc.

It is to the elaborate and ingenious studies of Prof. Weismann on caterpillars — worthy to be placed by the side of the most original of Mr. Darwin's own investigations — that we owe our knowledge of an exceedingly important cause of animal coloration, namely, that which is explained by the term "startling" or "terrifying" coloration (*Schreckfarben*). Just as in various human races the amorous of both sexes paint their face and adorn their bodies in order to attract one another, so nature paints by sexual selection, and just as we dress ourselves up in wigs and gowns and spectacles, or tattoo our countenances in order to terrify evil-doers so (Prof. Weismann shows) does nature paint masks with staring eyes upon the feeble caterpillar's back in order that he may enjoy the privileges so usually gained by the ass in the lion's skin. Brilliant patches of color occur only in a few Daphnoidæ (also in a few Phyllopoda), and after a very detailed investigation as to the variations which these patches of color present in the different species, in the two sexes, and at different seasons and at different periods of growth, Prof. Weismann comes to the conclusion that they must be regarded as a decoration acquired by sexual selection which probably was first of all confined to the male sex, but subsequently, in most cases, became transmitted also to the other sex. Probably a reciprocal and alternating sexual selection favored this transference to the female sex, the most brilliant females being chosen by the few males existing at the commencement of a sexual period, and the most brilliant males being chosen by the relatively few females existing at the end of such a period. The existence of these "sexual periods" is a well established feature in the life-history of entomostraca, alternating with parthenogenetic periods. From the fact that neighboring colonies of the same species have a constantly differing arrangement of color, it appears probable that the development of these decorative color-patches took place after the isolation of the colonies, that is to say, subsequently to the glacial period in northern Europe. The transference of the decorative coloration originally developed only by the males, took place in three directions — firstly to the other sex; secondly to the not-yet sexually mature period of growth; and thirdly to the parthenogenetically produced generations. In the various species of Daphnoidæ with decorative coloration we find different degrees of completeness of the transference in these three different directions. Only one species, viz., Latona, presents the highest degree or complete transference of the coloration to both sexes, all stages of growth and all generations of the annual cycle. Prof. Weismann concludes that the Daphnoidæ afford a further case in favor of the hypothesis that secondary sexual characters can be converted into general characteristics of the species, and that they confirm Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of the color-patterns of butterflies' wings.

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MY FRIEND: A PORTRAIT.

NOT of the happy souls who sing
Is he my heart loves best;
His speech is not a magic thing,
His thoughts but poorly drest.

His path lies not among the great,
Their praise he doth not speak;
He dwells 'mid those of mean estate,
The lowly and the meek.

He is not beauteous as a god,
As nature's kings should be;
No eye would note him in a crowd,
Nor heart leap up to see.

No guerdons of the world are his,
Nor honors, wealth, nor praise;
Small is his share of outward bliss,
Laborious are his days.

But ah! could others read aright
That mind so pure and fair,
How would they envy his delight,
His joy beyond compare!

Whilst we aspire to heavenly things,
In vision faint and dim,
His spirit mounts on golden wings,
And all is clear to him.

Whilst we lament man's evil days,
By pain and wrong opprest,
His lips are ever proud to praise,
Bright hopes burn in his breast.

His joys come hardly once a year,
Whilst sorrows crowd apace —
To him each day is glad and fair,
The world a blessed place.

So small, so great, his pleasures are,
Alternate sage and child,
He looks with rapture on a star,
A tiny floweret wild.

What marvels poets see and hear,
All learn when he is by:
Music affects the heedless ear;
Beauty the careless eye.

He chooseth not, but teaches all,
And gladdens without heed;
His mind like dews of heaven fall,
On those who stand in need.

Ill fortune halteth at his door,
And sorrows pass not by:
They leave him tranquil as before,
With spirit calm and high.

His treasure none can take by stealth,
His portion none destroy,
Since things unseen are all his wealth,
And nature all his joy!

Nor is he niggard of his hoard,
He largely gives his own:
A beauteous thought, a kindling word,
A glimpse of worlds unknown.

For none so full of love as he,
His wisdom hath no end;
The proudest on his bended knee
Might pray for such a friend.

Good Words. M. B.

RAIN.

MORE than the wind, more than the snow,
More than the sunshine, I love rain;
Whether it droppeth soft and low,
Whether it rusheth amain.

Dark as the night, it spreadeth its wings,
Slow and silently up on the hills;
Then sweeps o'er the vale, like a steed that springs
From the grasp of a thousand wills.

Swift sweeps under heaven the raven cloud's flight;
And the land, and the lakes, and the main,
Lie belted beneath with steel-bright light,
The light of the swift-rushing rain.

On evenings of summer, when sunlight is low,
Soft the rain falls from opal-hued skies;
And the flowers the most delicate summer can show,
Are not stirred by its gentle surprise.

It falls on the pools, and no wrinkling it makes,
But touching, melts in, like the smile
That sinks in the face of a dreamer, but breaks
Not the calm of his dream's happy wile.

The grass rises up as it falls on the meads;
The bird softlier sings in his bower;
And the circles of gnats circle on like winged seeds,
Through the soft sunny lines of the shower.

EBENEZER JONES.

TO THE FINEST OF FRUITS.

(*Sung in August by a Sub-Editor.*)

LET others praise the mellow peach,
The luscious grape, the golden pine;
But oh, within my modest reach,
I know a fruit that's more divine.
'Mid fragrant groves of orange flower
Let bridegroom roam! But weave *my* crown
Of gooseberries that, sweet or sour,
Bloom when the world is out of town!

When silence holds the Lady's Mile,
And daily sheets, grown empty too,
Hail, with a glad and greeting smile
The little earthquake from Peru —
The avalanche — the hot pursuit
Of luggage lost — all things that bore!
Say, what can match the cheery fruit
That blooms till town is full once more!

Punch.

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From The Quarterly Review.

MARTIN JOSEPH ROUTH.*

THREE-AND-TWENTY years have run their course since the grave closed over a venerable member of the University of Oxford, who, more than any other person within academic memory, formed a connecting link between the present and the past. In a place of such perpetual flux as Oxford, the stationary figures attract unusual attention. When a man has been seen to go in and out of the same college portal for thirty or forty years, he gets reckoned as much a part of the place as the dome of the Radcliffe or the spire of St. Mary's. But here was one who had presided over a famous college long enough to admit one hundred and eighty-three fellows, two hundred and thirty-four demies, and one hundred and sixty-two choristers. The interval which his single memory bridged over seemed fabulous. He was personally familiar with names which to every one else seemed to belong to history. William Penn's grandson had been his intimate friend. A contemporary of Addison (Dr. Theophilus Leigh, master of Balliol) had pointed out to him the situation of Addison's rooms. He had seen Dr. Johnson, in his brown wig, scrambling up the steps of University College. A lady told him that her mother remembered seeing King Charles II. walking with his dogs round "the parks" at Oxford (when the Parliament was held there during the plague in London); and, at the approach of the heads of Houses, who tried to fall in with him, "dodging" by the cross path to the other side. (His Majesty's dogs, by the way, were highly offensive to the heads.) It seemed no exaggeration when, in the dedication prefixed to a volume of lectures, published in 1838, Dr. Newman described "Martin Joseph Routh, D.D., president of Magdalen College," as one "who had been reserved to report to a forgetful generation what was the theology of their fathers." He was every way a marvel. Spared to fulfil a century of years of honorable life, he enjoyed the use of his remarkable faculties to the very last. His memory was unimpaired; his "eye was not dim." More than that, he retained till his death his relish for those studies of which he had announced the first-fruits for publication in 1788. The sentiment of reverence with which he was regarded was not unmixed with wonder. He had become an historical personage long before the time of his departure. When at last it became known that he had gone the way of all flesh, it was felt that with the president of Magdalen College had vanished such an amount of *tradition* as had probably never been centred in any single member of the university before.

No detailed memoir of this remarkable man has yet been attempted, and such a work is no longer likely to appear — which is to be regretted. Thirty years hence it will be impossible to produce any memoir of him at all: and the question we have ourselves often complainingly asked concerning other ancient worthies will be repeated concerning Dr. Routh: Why did no one give us at least an outline of his history, describe his person, preserve a few specimens of his talk, — in short, leave us a sketch? Antiquarian biography is at once the most laborious and the most unreadable kind of writing. Bristling with dates, it never for an instant exhibits *the man*. We would exchange all our "Lives" of Shakespeare for such an account of him as almost any of his friends could have furnished in a single evening. Ben Jonson's incidental notice of his conversation is our one actual glimpse of the poet *in society*. In like manner, Dr. John Byrom's description of a scene at which Bishop Butler was present, is the only *personal* acquaintance we enjoy with the great philosophic divine of the last century. And this shall suffice in the way of apology for what follows.

Not far from Beverley, in the East Riding, is a village which, early in the twelfth century, gave its name to the knightly family of Routhe or De Ruda, lords of the manor in 1192. A cross-legged warrior in Routh church is supposed to represent Sir John de Routhe, who joined the Crusades in 1319. A brass within the chancel certainly commemorates his namesake who

* 1. *Platonis Euthydemus et Gorgias: recensuit, vertit, notasque suas adjecit* Martinus Josephus Routh, A.M., 1784.

2. *Tres breves Tractatus.* Ab eodem, 1854.

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died in 1557 ("*strenuus vir Johannes Routh de Routh chevalier, et nobilis conthoralis ejus Domina Agnes*"). The president's immediate ancestors resided at Thorpefield, a hamlet of Thirsk, where his grandfather was born. Peter Routh (1726–1802), a man of piety and learning (educated at Caius College, Cambridge, and instituted in 1753 to the consolidated rectories of St. Peter and St. Margaret, South Elmham, Suffolk), became the father of thirteen children (six sons and seven daughters), of whom the subject of this memoir was the eldest. "I was born" (he says of himself) "at St. Margaret's, South Elmham, in Suffolk, September 18th, 1755." Strange to relate, although throughout the eighteenth century he kept his birthday on the 18th, he ever after kept it *on the nineteenth* day of September.

Martin Joseph was named after his great-uncles and godfathers, the Rev. Martin Baylie, D.D., of Wicklewood, in Norfolk (his mother's maternal uncle), and the Rev. Joseph Bokenham, M.A., the learned rector of Stoke Ash, who stood to him in the same relation on his father's side. Like the rest of his brothers and sisters, he was baptized immediately after his birth.* His mother, Mary, daughter of Mr. Robert Reynolds of Harleston, was the granddaughter of Mr. Christopher Baylie, of the same place, a descendant from Dr. Richard Baylie, president of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1660, who married a niece of Archbishop Laud. Her first cousin and namesake died in giving birth to Richard Heber, who represented the University of Oxford in Parliament from 1821 to 1826.

When elected to the headship of his college in 1791, it appears, from some memoranda in his hand (written on the back of a letter of congratulation), that the event set him on recalling the dates of the chief incidents in his thirty-six previous years of life. The second entry is: "1758. Removed to Beccles." So that Peter Routh transferred his family thither when Martin was but three years old; and at Beccles eight out of the nine brothers and sisters born subsequently to 1758 were baptized. The reason of this change of residence does not appear; for Peter Routh only held the living of Beccles for "old Bence" (as the Rev. Bence Sparrow was familiarly called) from 1764 to 1774; and it was not till the last-named year that he became master of the Beccles school. At Beccles, at all events, Martin spent all his studious boyhood, being educated by his learned father until he was nearly fifteen years of age (1770), when he went up to Oxford, and became (thirty-first of May) a commoner of Queen's College: the provost at that time being Dr. Thomas Fothergill, who in 1773–4 was vice-chancellor.

Oxford a hundred and eight years ago! What a different place it must have been! The boy of fifteen, weary of his long journey by execrable roads rendered perilous by highwaymen, at last to his delight catches sight of Magdalen tower, and is convinced that he has indeed reached Oxford. It is May, and all is beautiful. He comes rolling over *old* Magdalen Bridge (a crazy structure which fell down in 1772); looks up with awe as he enters the city by the ancient gate which spans the High Street ("East Gate," demolished in 1771), and finally alights from the "flying machine" (as the stage-coach of those days was called) "at John Kemp's, over against Queen's College," *i.e.* at the Angel Tavern, where coffee was first tasted in Oxford in 1650. President Routh could never effectually disentangle himself from the memory of the days when he first made acquaintance with Oxford. "Sir," said one of the tutors in 1850, or thereabouts, "Mr. Such-an-one has only just made his appearance in college" (he came out of Suffolk, and a fortnight of the October term had elapsed); "I suppose you will send him down?" "Ah, sir," said the old man thoughtfully, "the roads in Suffolk — the roads, sir — are very bad at this time of the year." "But, Mr. President, he didn't *come* by the road!" "The roads, sir" (catching at the last word), "the roads in winter, I do assure you, sir, are very bad for travelling." "But he *didn't* come by the road, sir, he came *by rail!*"

* One of Peter Routh's children was baptised on the fifth day; two on the fourth; four (Martin being of the number) on the third day; one on the second day; three on *the first day after birth.*

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"Eh, sir? The — *what* did you say? I don't know anything about *that!*" waving his hand as if the tutor had been talking to him of something in the moon.

To return to the Oxford of May 1770, and to the Routh of fifteen. When he sallied forth next day to reconnoitre the place of his future abode, he beheld tenements of a far more picturesque type than — except in a few rare instances — now meet the eye. In front of those projecting, grotesque, and irregular houses there was as yet no foot-pavement, the only specimen of that convenience being before St. Mary's Church. The streets were paved with small pebbles, a depressed gutter in the middle of each serving to collect the rain. At the western extremity of High Street rose Otho Nicholson's famous conduit (removed to Nuneham in 1787), surmounted by figures of David and Alexander the Great, Godfrey of Boulogne and King Arthur, Charlemagne and James I., Hector of Troy and Julius Cæsar. Behind it a vastly different Carfax Church from the present came to view, where curfew rang every night at eight o'clock, and two giants struck the hours on a bell. Passengers up Cornmarket (just behind St. Michael's Church), as they glided through the ancient city gate called "Bocardo" — once the prison of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and till 1771 a place of confinement for debtors — were solicited to deposit a dole in the hat let down by a string from the window overhead. As yet neither the Radcliffe Infirmary nor the Observatory was built. The way to Worcester College lay through a network of narrow passages, and was pronounced undiscoverable. St. Giles's, on the other hand, was deemed a "*rus in urbe*, having all the advantages of town and country — planted with a row of elms on either side, and having a parterre of green before the several houses." "Canditch" was seriously encroached upon by a terrace in front of Balliol College, shaded by lofty elms, and resembling that before St. John's. The unwonted breadth acquired for the street when this excrescence was at last removed caused its old appellation to disappear in favor of "*Broad* Street." A double row of posts — where boys played leapfrog — marked the northern limit of St. Mary's Churchyard. The Radcliffe Library was a rotunda without railings. Hart Hall (which had come to be called "Hertford College," and which resumed its title yesterday after its disuse for fifty years) had no street front; and where "Canterbury Quad" now stands there were yet to be seen traces of the ancient college of which Wickliffe is said to have been warden, and Sir Thomas More a member. St. Peter's Vicarage still occupied the north-east angle of St. Peter's Churchyard, — where its site is commemorated by an inscription from the president's pen. It was but fifteen years since, that on St. John Baptist's day the last sermon had been preached in the open air from the stone pulpit in front of Magdalen College chapel (and a pleasant sight it was): the vice-chancellor, proctors, and masters occupying seats in the quadrangle; the walls being adorned with green boughs and flowers, the ground covered with rushes and grass; and all in order to create the illusion that the preaching "resembled that of John the Baptist in the wilderness." *

The university life of 1770 presented even a greater contrast. The undergraduates rose early, but spent their days in idleness. Practically, the colleges were without discipline. Tutors gave no lectures. It is difficult to divine how a studiously-disposed youth was to learn anything. "I should like to read some Greek," said John Miller of Worcester to his tutor, some thirty years later. "Well, and what do you want to read?" "Some Sophocles." "Then come to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." He went, and read a hundred lines: but could never again effect an entrance. This state of things was effectually remedied by the examination statute and by the publication of the class-list; but neither came into effect till the year 1801. The dinner-hour was two; and for an hour previous, the impatient shout of "*Tonsor! tonsor!*" was to be heard from every casement. The study, or inner room, was reserved for the

* Jones' "Life of Horne," prefixed to his "Works," vol. i., 117. Pointer's "*Oxoniensis Academia*," p. 66. Peshall, *ad fin.*, p. 31.

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"powdering." Blue coats studded with bright buttons, shorts and buckles, was the established costume. A passage from Scripture was read during dinner. At eight, all supped on broiled bones and beer. There was not to be seen till long after a carpet in a single Oxford common-room: what need to add that undergraduates were without carpets? The "dons" frequented some adjoining tavern or coffee-house. Mr. Wyatt's premises in High Street (known at that time as "Tom's Coffee-house") were the favorite resort of seniors and juniors alike. The undergraduates drank and smoked in the front room below, as well as in the large room overhead which looks down on the street. The older men, the choice spirits of the university, formed themselves into a club which met in a small inner apartment on the ground-floor (remembered as "the House of Lords"), where *they* also regaled themselves with pipes, beer, and wine. The ballot-boxes of the club are preserved, and the ancient Chippendale chairs (thanks to the taste of their present owner) still stand against the walls. Drunkenness was, unquestionably, at that time the prevailing vice of Oxford. Irreligion reigned; not unrebuked, indeed, yet not frowned down, either. It would be only too easy to produce anecdotes in illustration of both statements. Should it not be remembered, when such discreditable details are brought before our notice, that our universities perforce at all times reflect the manners and spirit of the age; and that it is unreasonable to isolate the *Oxford* of 1770 from the *England* of the same period? The latter part of the eighteenth century was a coarse time everywhere; and the low standard which prevailed in church matters outside the university is but too notorious. Only because her lofty traditions and rare opportunities set her on a pinnacle apart, does the Oxford of those days occasion astonishment and displeasure.

Such was the state of things when young Routh became a commoner of Queen's. Jacobite sentiments he found universally prevalent, and he espoused them the more readily because they fell in with the traditions of his family. He was remarkable even as a boy. "I like that little fellow in blue stockings," said the second Earl Temple (afterwards Marquis of Buckingham), with whom Routh used to argue, when he met him in a friend's rooms. ("I suppose," remarked the president, at the end of eighty years, "*they weren't very tasty.*") But the topic of the hour was the act of Parliament which had been just obtained for the improvement of the city, — an act which in a few years effectually transformed ancient into modern Oxford. Meanwhile Dr. George Horne and Dr. Thomas Randolph were pointed out as the most conspicuous divines in the university; Dr. Kennicott as the most famous Hebraist; Tom Warton as the most brilliant wit. In the very next year young Routh migrated from Queen's to Magdalen. The record survives in his own writing: "1771, July 24th. I was elected a demy of Magdalen, on the nomination of the president, Dr. Horne." And now he came under improved influences — the best, it may be suspected, which the university had at that time to offer. Dr. Benjamin Wheeler, Regius Professor of Divinity in 1776, was a fellow of the college ("my learned friend, Dr. Wheeler," as Dr. Johnson calls him); and Dr. John Burrough was his tutor. Especially is it to be considered that young Routh now lived under the eye of Dr. Horne, who was still engaged on his commentary on the Psalms. It is impossible to avoid suspecting that the character and the pursuits of this admirable person materially tended to confirm in Martin Joseph Routh that taste for sacred learning which was destined afterwards to bear such remarkable fruits. He listened to Horne's sermons in the College Chapel and at St. Mary's; and at the president's lodgings met every one who at that time was most distinguished in or out of the university for learning, ability, or goodness.

The youth (for we are speaking of a boy of sixteen) had already established the practice of returning to Beccles once a year, and spending some part of the summer vacation under his parents' roof. This annual visit went on till 1792. On such occasions it is remembered that he sometimes "acted as the assistant or substitute of his father in the schoolroom, where his presence was always welcomed by the pupils, on account of his urbane manner and the happy ease with which he communicated information."* In 1774 (February 5th) he took his B. A. degree; and it was intended that he should at once "go down." The interval before he could be ordained was to have been passed at Beccles. His father had a large family to provide for: two children had been born to him since Martin had gone up to Ox-

* The Fauconberge Memorial (privately printed), 1849, p. 37.

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ford in 1770; and the expenses of an university education already pressed somewhat heavily on the domestic exchequer.

"I hope by this time you have passed the pig-market," writes the anxious parent (February 4th, 1774), indulging in an allusion which will be intelligible at least to Oxford men. Then follow directions as to what the son was to do with his effects before his departure: —

> This I mention [proceeds the writer] on the supposition of your not having a very near prospect of returning to college, which must be the case unless somewhat approaching to a maintenance could be contrived for you there; since, as you must be aware, your education hitherto has been full as much as my circumstances will allow of. The particulars now occurring for the refreshment of your memory are all your clothes, linen, sheets, and table-linen, spoons, and such books as you think may be useful, if Wormall should become your pupil, in the use of the globes and a smattering of astronomy. . . . Whether you will have heard the bad news from London, I cannot tell; but, by a letter from Kelsale on Wednesday, we are informed of the death of Mrs. Heber, who was brought to bed of a son, heir to an entailed estate of 1,500*l.* per annum, on old Christmas Day.

His election to a fellowship at Magdalen (July 25th, 1775) determined Routh's subsequent career. He undertook two pupils — one of whom (Edward South Thurlow) was a nephew of the lord chancellor and of the bishop; Granville Penn was the other. And now Routh gave himself up to study. He proceeded M.A. in 1776; was appointed college librarian in 1781; and, in 1784 and 1785, judior dean of arts, enjoying the satisfaction in the latter year of seeing his brother (Samuel) admitted demy. He had already been elected proctor,* in which capacity he was present at an entertainment given to George III., who, with Queen Charlotte, visited the university about this time. The first symptoms of the king's subsequent malady had not yet appeared: but Routh, in describing the scene, while he did full justice to the intelligence and activity which marked the king's face and conversation (he sat opposite to him), dwelt on the restlessness of his eye and manner, — which was afterwards but too easily explained.

It was the belief of Mrs. Routh, on being interrogated in her widowhood on the subject, that when "her dear man" first went to Oxford, he interchanged letters with his father weekly. The impression may have resulted from the very active correspondence which certainly went on, as long as life lasted, between Peter Routh at Beccles and his son at Magdalen. A mere scantling of the father's letters survive; but they betoken a good and thoughtful person: grave, yet always cheerful; affectionate, and with an occasional dash of quiet humor. Between the two there evidently prevailed entire unity of sentiment. Peter Routh keeps "Martin" informed of what is passing in his neighborhood; tells him the rumors which from time to time reach remote Suffolk; and relieves his parental anxiety by communicating the concerns of their own immediate circle. The son, in return, chronicles his pursuits and occupations, which are, in fact, *his studies;* and until long after he is thirty years of age — throughout his father's life, in short — submits his compositions as deferentially to his judgment as when he was a boy of fifteen. "I do not recollect" (he wrote in 1791, with reference to his dedication of the "Reliquiæ" to the bishops of the Scottish Church) "that I was indebted for any alteration of the original dedication I sent my father, except in two instances. I adopted the words *non nisi precarium*, and the fine sentence, *et ipsi emineatis in principibus Judæ*." It is with reference to the speech which, in pursuance of ancient custom, Martin had to deliver at the expiration of his proctorship, that his father sends him the following shrewd remarks (April 3rd, 1786) on writing a speech for delivery: —

> In regard to the part of your speech transcribed in your last, I have to remark that upon revising it you must pay a particular attention to your own manner of speaking, and how the periods run off your own tongue; and that probably where you find an obstruction it will arise from the feet not being sufficiently varied, or the same endings or cases following close upon each other. A little change, I think, would improve a clause which struck me for the last reason, viz. "*Si animos ex desidi improbaque muneris mei executione graviori ictu*," etc. Alter this, if you please, to *per* and the accusative, and think of a better word than *executio*. Again, change some words which occur too often in so short a composition, as *orator*, *oratio*, and *munus*. After *cum*, which you begin with, the subjunctive should follow, according to classical usage, even where the sense is positive and without contingency. Not but I believe there are instances to the contrary.

At the end of a fortnight, the father enters into minuter criticism, and discovers excellent scholarship. But the correspondence is not by any means always of

* "1784, April. I was elected senior proctor of the university in my twenty-ninth year." — MS. note.

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this severe type. Father and son wrote about books, because learning was with both a passion; and about divinity, because it was evidently uppermost in the heart of either. As a rule, however, these letters have a purely *home* flavor; and sometimes, when Martin lets out incidentally what a very studious life he is leading, he draws down on himself affectionate rebuke. "It may be grown trite by repetition, and I shall not render it more irksome by prolixity: air and exercise, and, above all, the cold bath is what you must pluck up resolution to make use of." The hint was not thrown away. A shower-bath continued to be a part of the president's bedroom furniture till the day of his death.

I am glad you find more entertainment in Tertullian than I am afraid I could do myself. All I know of him is from quotations, very frequently met with, which have seldom failed of puzzling me with some enigmatical quaintness.*

Next year, Peter Routh writes:—

Your acquaintance with the Fathers is leaving me far behind; and I am apprehensive of not being qualified to talk with you about them when we meet. By the way, Sam has given me some little hope of seeing you in a wig, which I look forward to as the breaking of a spell which has counteracted most of your purposes of exertion, excursion, and amusement.†

Occasionally the old man indulges in a little pleasantry, and many a passage proves that he was by no means deficient in genuine humor. One of his daughters ("Polly") was qualifying herself to undertake a school. After explaining the young lady's aspirations, he suddenly breaks off:

But I think it is not impossible, from the rapid steps taken by our present maccaroni towards working a confusion in the sexes, that if you should ever choose to be a schoolmaster yourself, you may want her assistance to finish the education of your boys by giving them a taste, and a dexterity upon occasion, for tambour-work and embroidery.‡

It is, however, when he is communicating to his son some piece of local intelligence, entertaining him with the doings of some familiar friend of his early days, that Peter Routh's wit flows most freely:—

Last Tuesday, Mr. Elmy derived immensity of happiness from the apotheosis of his daughter. Lest the rite should be disgraced by inferiority in the sacrificing priest, Mr. Prebendary Wodehouse came over upon the occasion. I rather think Sam Carter is making a first attack on Miss ——, who has lately had an addition of 2,000*l.* to her fortune. Weddings have been very rife here for half a year past.*

In the ensuing August (Martin being then in Warwickshire), "Ought I" (asks his father) "to run the hazard of spoiling your visit to Dr. Parr by transmitting Mr. Browne's report that Miss Dibdin is not there, but on the eve of marriage to a gentleman in the Commons?" † Ten years had elapsed when Peter Routh writes: "If you do not exert yourself shortly, your friend Boycatt is like to get the start of you at last in the matrimonial chase." ‡

One more extract from this correspondence shall suffice. It refers to a public transaction which was recent in July 1790, and recalls two names which were still famous fifty years ago, or, as the writer would have said, "*agone:*"—

The immaculate patriots, so worthy of trust and honor, are showing themselves every day more and more in their true colors. Having gotten a substitute for their old calves'-head clubs, they figure away with it to purpose. At Yarmouth (where, by the way, but for the tergiversation of Lacon, the Church candidate, they would have been foiled at the election) an anniversary feast was held, Dr. Aikin in the chair, in the national cockade. He had been till very lately looked upon as a candid moderate Dissenter; but has now vented his rancor in a pamphlet which it has been thought proper to buy in. His sister, Mrs. Barbauld, has signalized herself in like manner.

The first-fruits of Routh's studies saw the light in 1784 (the year of his senior proctorship), when he was twenty-nine years of age. It was a critical edition of the "Euthydemus" and "Gorgias" of Plato, with notes and various readings filling the last 157 pages: a model of conscientious labor and careful editorship, which will enjoy the abiding esteem of scholars. It was dedicated to Dr. Thurlow, bishop of Lincoln and dean of St. Paul's, brother of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, whose epitaph in the Temple Church Routh wrote.§

But though the classics were ever

* Beccles, May 18th, 1786.
† July 5th, 1787.
‡ June 9th, 1773.

* May 18th, 1786.
† August 10th, 1786.
‡ Bungay, February 15th, 1796. Concerning the Rev. W. Boycatt, see the "Reliquiæ," vol. ii., p. 329.
§ It is printed by Lord Campbell in his "Lives of the Chancellors" (v. 632), but "*merendo*" appears instead of "*merendi*," which provoked the old president immensely. "His *Scotch* Latin, sir!" he exclaimed indignantly to one who alluded to the fate his inscription had experienced.

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Routh's delight, and scholarship amounted with him to a passion, he had long since given his heart to something nobler far than was ever "dreamed of in the philosophy" of ancient Greece or Rome. Having already laid his foundations deep and strong, he proceeded to build upon them. Next to the Scriptures (to his great honor, be it said), he saw clearly from the first, notwithstanding the manifold discouragements of the age in which his lot was cast, the importance to one who would be a well-furnished divine of a familiar acquaintance with the patristic writings. Next to the Scriptures; for, like every true "master in Israel," he was profoundly versed in *them*. This done, besides the acts of the early councils and the ecclesiastical historians, he is found to have resolutely read through the chief of the Greek and Latin fathers; taking them, as far as practicable, in their chronological order: — Irenæus, Origen, Hippolytus, Clemens Alexandrinus, Eusebius, Epiphanius, Didymus, among the Greeks; Tertullian, Cyprian, Optatus, Jerome, Augustine, among the Latins. He was ordained deacon at Park Street Chapel, Grosvenor Square, by Philip, Bishop of Norwich, December 21st, 1777.

The nature and extent of his patristic reading at this time may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from a mere inspection of his MS. notes in a little interleaved copy of the N. T. (Amsterdam, 1639); into the frequent blank pages of which it is evident that he had been in the habit from a very early period — indeed, he retained the habit to the end of his life — of inserting references to places in the writings of the fathers where he met with anything unusually apposite, in illustration of any particular text. On the fly-leaf of the first volume of this book (for it had been found necessary to bind the volume into two) is found the following memorandum, which (as the writing shows) must have been made quite late in life: —

> Quæ in sequentibus quasi meo Marte interpretatus sum, ea inter legendum libros sacros a me scripta sunt, raro adhibitis ad consilium interpretibus recentioribus, qui meliora fortasse docuissent. — *M. J. R.*
>
> At vero initio cœptis his adnotationibus, et per longum tempus, meum judicium iis interponere haud consuevi; dum quidquid mihi auctores veteres legenti ad illustrandam S. Scripturam faciens occurreret, illud hic indicare volebam.

The foregoing statement as to what had been his own actual practice is fully borne out by the contents of these interesting little tomes, where all the earlier notes consist of references to the fathers, followed occasionally by brief excerpts from their writings. In a later hand are found expressions of the writer's individual opinion; while the latest annotations of all, or among the latest, are little more than references to Scripture. These last are often written in a hand rendered tremulous by age. A few specimens will not perhaps be unwelcome. When a young man, he had written against St. Mark xiii. 32, "Vid. Irenæ. L. 2, c. 28, p. 158, ed. Massueti. Exponere conatus est Didymus, L. 3, De Trin. c. 22, et Tertull. adv. Praxeam, c. 26." Long after, he added, "Non est inter ea, quæ ostendit Filio Pater, ut hominibus significet, diei illius cognitio. Confer S. Joan. v. 19, 20, et cap. xiv. 28, et xv. 15, et xvi. 13, et Act. i. 7."

The following is his note on 1 St. John v. 6: "*δι' ὕδατος καὶ αἵματος.* Deus et Homo. Vid. Reliq. Sacr. vol. i., p. 170, et p. 171, de hoc et commatibus sequentibus. Interpretatio eorum impediri mihi videtur accessionibus Latinis." And on ver. 16: "*ἔστιν ἁμοτρία πρὸς θάνατον.* Fortasse designatur peccatum de quo Dominus noster in evangelio pronuntiat." On St. Luke i. 32, he writes: "Ostenditur his verbis Maria ex Judæ tribu orta." On v. 23: "*Τί ἐστιν εὐκοπώτερον*, etc. Sensus verborum est, *τί ἐσνιν*, etc. An facilius est dicere, etc." On ix. 27: "*ἕως ἂν ἴδωσι τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ θεοῦ.* Vidend. annon istud de sequentibus exponendum sit. Confer comm. 26 et 32." On xiii. 11: "*πνεῦμα ἀσθενείας.* Confer Marc. 9, 17, *ἔχοντα πνεῦμα ἄλαλον.* Hujus capitis comm. 16. Satanæ attribuit infirmitatem mulieris ipse Dominus, ac similiter alibi." On St. Mark xv. 21: "*τὸν πατέρα Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ Ῥούφου.* Christianorum, ut verisimile est, quod dignum notatu est. Conf. de Rufo, Rom. xvi. 13."

But the most interesting of his annotations are perhaps the shortest; as when, over against St. Luke xviii. 8, is written: "*πλὴν ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἐλθὼν ἆρα εὑρήσει τὴν πίστιν ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς* (the old man had taken the trouble to trrnscribe the Greek in a trembling hand, in order to introduce the pious ejaculation which follows). *Concedat hoc Deus.*" With the same pregnant brevity, his note on St. Matth. xxv. 9, is but — "*τοὺς πωλοῦντας.* Væ vadentibus!" In truth, his suggestive way of merely calling attention to a difficulty is often as good as a commentary; as when (of 1 Cor. xv. 23–25) he says, "Quomodo exponi debent verba Apostoli, disquirendum." Even

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more remarkably, when he points out concerning St. Luke xi. 5, "Quæ sequentur Domini effata usque ad comm. 13 maxima observatione digna sunt." Sometimes his notes are strictly critical, as when against St. James iv. 5 he writes, "Difficillime credendum est, Apostolum non attulisse verba alicujus scriptoris incomperti." His translation of St. Luke vi. 40, is as follows: "Discipulus non superat magistrum; sed, si omni parte perfectus sit, magistri æqualis erit." On St. Mark vi. 3, he says, "*ἀδελφὸς δὲ Ἰακώβου καὶ Ἰωσῆ.* Constat ex cap. xv. com. 39 filios hos extitisse alius Mariæ, non *τῆς θεοτόκου.*" And on 1 Cor. xv. 29, "*τί καὶ βαπτίζονται*, etc. Mos fuisse videtur ut multi baptizarentur in gratiam Christianorum jam defunctorum qui sine baptismo decessissent, ut vicaria tinctione donati ad novam vitam resurgerent."

Rare, indeed, are references to recent authorities and modern books; but they are met with sometimes. Thus against St. Matthew, xxi. 7, he writes: "His quoque temporibus super asinos vecti iter faciunt pauperes Palæstini, referente Josepho Wolfio in Itinerario [1839], p. 186. Humiliter, super asinos sedent." And against St. John v. 17, "*ὁ πατήρ μου ἐργάζεται.* Relegat nos ad Justin. M. Dial. cum Tryphone, § 23. D'Israeli, Commentaries on Ch. i. [1830], vol. iii. p. 340." . . . These specimens of the president's private annotations on the N. T. may suffice.

In 1782, being then only in his twenty-eighth year, it became Routh's singular privilege to direct the envoys of the American Church to a right quarter for the creation of a native episcopate. Incredible as it may seem to us of the present day, who witness constantly the creation of new colonial sees, it is a fact that for nearly two centuries our American colonies were left without a native channel of ordination. From the settlement of the first American colony in 1607 to the consecration of Bishop Seabury in 1784, or rather until on his return in 1785, all clergy of the Anglican communion who ministered in America were either missionaries, or had been forced to cross the Atlantic twice, if not four times, for orders. The difficulties which attended the just demand of the American Church for a native episcopate grew out of the political troubles of those times. Because episcopacy was identified with the system of monarchical government, its introduction was resisted by a large party among the Americans themselves, who dreaded (clergy and laity alike) lest it should prove an instrument for riveting the yoke of a foreign dominion. On the other hand, the English bishops, hampered by acts of Parliament, were constrained to exact oaths from candidates for consecration inconsistent with the duties of American citizenship. While these embarrassments were severing the Church of England from the colony, the Danish Church, which had only Presbyterian orders to offer, with well-meant piety offered to stand in the gap. At this critical juncture, Mr. Routh was invited by Bishop Thurlow to a party at his house in London, where he met Dr. Cooper, president of the Theological College at New York, and a friend of Seabury, who was then seeking consecration. He succeeded in impressing Dr. Cooper with the fact (well understood now, but then not so clear) that the Danish succession was invalid. Speaking of this incident of his youth some sixty years after, — "I ventured to say, sir, that *they would not find what they wanted.*" Bishop Lowth, who happened to be present, confirmed his statement; and Seabury, in consequence, acting on the sagacious counsel of Mr. Routh, applied to the *Scottish* Church, whose orders are unimpeachable, and was consecrated soon after. A great separation was thus providentially averted by the counsel of a wise and thoughtful man. The spark became a flame, which has kindled beacon fires throughout the length and breadth of the vast American continent; and, at the end of well-nigh a century of years, the churches of England and America flourish with independent life and in full communion.

In every notice which has hitherto appeared of Dr. Routh, an unreasonable space is occupied by his friendship with Dr. Samuel Parr, who was an enthusiastic (and of course a grandiloquent) admirer of the future president of Magdalen. Faithful to the friend of early life until the time of Parr's death in 1823, Routh must yet have shrunk from his adulation; must have despised his vanity, disliked his egotism, been annoyed by his pedantry. He complained (not without reason) that he was scarcely able to decipher Parr's letters. John Rigaud expressed a wish to have one (as he collected autographs), and was at once promised a specimen. "I have a good many of his letters, sir; I haven't *read* them all yet myself!" To the present writer Routh once remarked that his inscriptions were to be traced to the pages of Morcellus. But he provided a shelter for Parr's books (they were piled

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in boxes under the principal gateway of the college), when the Birmingham rioters threatened to burn his library at Hatton, and often entertained him in his lodgings at Magdalen. His dinner-table to the last retained marks of the burning ashes of Parr's pipe.

Porson, another of his guests, shared his kindness in a substantial form; for the president in 1792, with Dr. Parr, raised a subscription for providing him an annuity. In 1794, Routh did the same kind office for Dr. Parr himself, with the assistance of Mr. Kett and Dr. Maltby, raising for him a subscription of 300*l.* a year.

We are apt to forget that this was a period (1775–1788) when a great stirring in sacred science was certainly going on, both at home and abroad. Griesbach's first edition of the New Testament (1775) marks the commencement of a new era. The great work of Gallandius was completed in 1781. In 1786, "Codex A" was published by Woide, and Alter's Greek Testament appeared. Birch's "Collations" saw the light in 1788, and C. F. Matthæi, in the same year, put forth the last two volumes of his own edition of the Greek Testament. The Philoxenian version also was then first published, and Adler, in the next year, published his collations of the Syriac text. Interesting it is to have to record that at this very time we first hear of Routh also as a student of divinity. The following paper (dated 1788) seems to have been drawn up in the prospect of death: —

I request that after my decease all the letters and papers of whatever kind in my possession be burnt by my brother Samuel and my friend Mr. John Hind, excepting my "Collectanea," in three volumes, from the fathers, on various subjects; my collections from the H. Scripture and the Fathers on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost; the papers relating to a projected edition of the remains and fragments of those ante-Nicene Fathers who have never been separately published; and finally, an interleaved copy of my Plato, wherein the Addenda are digested in their proper order amongst the notes. These papers and books, with my other property of whatever nature, I leave to the sole disposal of my father, at the same time requesting him, if any overplus remain after paying my debts, to present the following books to the following mentioned persons: To the present Lord Bishop of Durham, "Lord Clarendon's Life and continuation of his History." To Edw. Thurlow, Esq., "Bishop Pearson on the Creed." To Granville Penn, Esq., "Ernesti's edition of Livy." To the Rev. George Hirst, "Forster's Hebrew Bible." To the Rev. John Hind, "Grotius's comment on the Old and New Testament," and "Fell's edition of St. Cyprian."

But it is time to call attention to the prospectus which Routh put forth in the same year (1788) of the work by which he will be chiefly remembered; the completion of which proved the solace of his age, as the preparation of it had been the delight of his maturity, namely, the "Reliquiæ Sacræ;" the first two volumes of which appeared in 1814. In the preface he explains that this undertaking, though discontinued about the year 1790, had never been for an instant abandoned; though it was not till 1805 that he was able deliberately to resume his self-imposed task. The object of the work was to bring together and to present, carefully edited, the precious remains of those fathers of the second and third centuries of our era, of whose writings nothing but the merest fragments survive, and whose very names in many instances have only not died out of the Church's memory. Let us hear his own account of this matter: —

While reading the ante-Nicene Fathers, I could not but linger wistfully over many an ancient writer whose scanty remains do not bear independent editorship, nor indeed have ever as yet been brought together. Inasmuch, however, as I entertained the intention of acquainting myself with the constitution, the doctrines, the customs of the primitive Church by diligent study of its own monuments, I resolved to acquaint myself with all the writings of the earliest age, and often found my determination to overlook absolutely nothing, of the greatest use in clearing up the difficulties which occasionally presented themselves. At all events, systematically to neglect so many writers, recommended as they are by their piety and their learning, simply because of the very mutilated condition in which their works have come down to us, was out of the question. On the other hand, it became needful to submit to the drudgery of hunting up and down through the printed volumes of those learned men who have treated of patristic antiquity, in order to detect any scrap of genuine writing which they might happen to contain. Such a pursuit I could in fact never have undertaken had I not been residing in an university. The resources of no private library whatever would have enabled me to effect what I desired.

While thus engaged, I was inevitably impressed with the conviction that *he* would render good service to the cause of sacred learning who should seriously undertake to collect together those shorter works and fragments, especially if he could be successful in bringing to light and publishing any of the former which still lie concealed in Continental libra-

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ries, besides any genuine remains contained in unedited Catenæ and similar collections. The labor of such an undertaking, I further anticipated, would not prove excessive if I took as my limit the epoch of the first Nicene Council. I fixed on that limit because the period is so illustrious in the annals of the Church, and because, in matters of controversy, those fathers are chiefly appealed to who preceded that epoch. Moreover, I could not forget that although in respect of *numbers* the writers with which an editor would have to do would be by no means small, yet in respect of *bulk* they would be inconsiderable indeed, one or two writers alone excepted, whose more ample remains make one wish the more that we possessed their works entire. I knew that very seldom are passages from their writings to be met with in Catenæ, or in other collections from the fathers; and I did not believe that there were many works set down which have not yet seen the light.

I hoped therefore, if I undertook to edit such a collection, that its usefulness would not be materially diminished by its bulk. I am well aware that Grabe's "*Spicilegium*" (which was never completed) comprises scarcely a twentieth part of what I here publish. But then, his plan was to fill his pages with apocryphal writings, and those remains of orthodox fathers which often appear in a separate form. Grabe's work is famous, and not without its own proper use. For my own part, I strictly confine myself to genuine remains, and prescribe to myself the limits of Catholic antiquity, leaving all fragments of Fathers, whose works it is customary to edit separately, to those who shall hereafter undertake to produce new editions of those Fathers' works.

Such was the plan of the "Reliquiæ Sacræ" from the first. The title originally intended for the work had been — "Reliquiæ Sacræ: sive Opuscula et Fragmenta Ecclesiasticorum, qui tempora Synodi Nicænæ antecedebant, et quorum scripta vel apud opera aliena servantur, vel cum varii generis auctoribus edi solent." But when, at the end of six-and-twenty years, the first two volumes of this undertaking appeared (viz. in 1814), not only the prospectus * (freely rendered above), but the very title had undergone material alteration and improvement. The author was probably already conscious of a design to edit separately certain ancient *Opuscula*. Apart from these, at all events, he proposed should stand his "Reliquiæ Sacræ sive Auctorum fere jam perditorum secundi tertiique sæculi post Christum natum, quæ supersunt."

Two additional volumes of this undertaking appeared in 1816 and 1818 respectively; and, looking upon the work then as complete, the learned editor added indices and corrections — some of which had been furnished by Dr. Parr, "*amicus summus, vir doctrinâ exquisitâ ornatus.*" It was the president's wont in this manner to acknowledge literary kindnesses: namely, by enshrining the friend's name in a note, commonly with the addition of a discriminating epithet or some well-turned phrase; and the compliment (as many living will testify) used to be exceedingly coveted, and was regarded as no small honor. Thus, speaking of an epistle of Cyril, — "Ejus autem lectiones variantes humanitati debeo viri reverendi Stephani Reay e Bibliotheca Bodleiana, cujus facilitatem, verecundiam, eruditionemque omnes agnoscunt;" * — as well-merited a compliment (be it remarked) as ever was paid to a good and guileless man.

It is impossible to handle these volumes without the deepest interest. The passionate yearning which they exhibit after primitive antiquity — the strong determination to get at the teaching of the Church in her best and purest days, ere yet she had "left her first love" and declined from the teaching of her founder, or had shown an inclination to corrupt the deposit: — this, added to the conscientious labor and evident self-denial with which the learned editor has prosecuted his self-imposed task, must command the sympathy and admiration of every one who has toiled ever so little in the same fields. To the diligent readers of the "Ecclesiastical History" of Eusebius, Routh's "Reliquiæ" will have a peculiar interest: for it becomes more than ever apparent how precious are the golden remains which that remarkable man freely embalmed in his pages. Let the truth be added — for it *is* the truth — that *without* Eusebius there would have scarcely been any "Reliquiæ Sacræ" for learned men to edit. Reckoning the patristic matter in these four volumes (exclusive of appendices) as covering four hundred and fifty pages, it is found that these would be further reduced to two hundred and sixty, if the excerpts, for which we are *solely* indebted to Eusebius, were away: and with the one hundred and ninety pages which would thus disappear would also disappear the names of Quadratus, Agrippa Castor, Dionysius Corinthius, Pinytus, Rhodon, Serapion, Apollonius, Polycrates, Maximus, Caius, Alexander of Hierapolis, Phileas; besides almost all that we possess of Papias, Melito, Claudius Apollinaris, and Hegesippus;

* It is reproduced in the *Præfatio*, pp. x.–xiii.

* *Opuscula*, ii. 95.

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together with Anonymus Presbyter, Auctor contra Cataphrygas, the account of the martyrs of Lyons, and the famous epistle of the Churches of Vienne and Lyons; besides the notice of the Concilium Cæsariense and the Concilium Lugdunense.

What, then, constitutes the peculiar merit of the work now under consideration? Chiefly the erudition and sagacity with which whatever has been here brought together is edited. Unlike the industrious Grabe, to whom nothing came amiss that belonged to a primitive age (no matter who was its author), Dr. Routh confined his attention strictly to the undoubted remains of high *Catholic* antiquity. He might easily have enlarged his store from unpublished Catenæ, and other similar sources; but no one ever knew better than he with how much caution such excerpts are to be entertained. Whatever the president deemed open to suspicion, *that* he unceremoniously rejected. A remarkable illustration of his method in this respect is supplied by the latest of his publications, a tract to be described hereafter, in the course of which he edits from the "Chronicon Paschale" four fragments of Petrus Alexandrinus (thus, at the end of thirty-nine years, adding ten pages to the twenty-nine he had put forth of the same father in 1814); because he made the discovery in the last years of his life that what he had formerly suspected of being a fabrication proved, after all, to be an undoubtedly genuine fragment of the same Alexandrine father.*

Next, the vast research with which, from about forty different sources, the president had gleaned the several articles which make up the collection (they are fifty in all), merits notice. Very scanty in many instances, it must be confessed, is the result. In the case of Aristides (A.D. 125) *not a single word* of what the man wrote is preserved: † while of many other authors (as of Aristo Pellæus, Ambrosius Alexandrinus, Pierius, etc.) so wondrous little survives (a few lines at best), that it might really appear as if the honors of typography and the labor of annotation were thrown away. Learned persons, however, will know better; and to have said this must suffice. It is believed that one only article in the entire collection first saw the light in the president's pages: viz. a fragment of Africans, about fifty lines long, which he edited from two MSS. at Vienna and one at Paris.* A second edition of the "Reliquiæ" was called for in 1846.

On Tuesday, April 12, 1791, Dr. Horne, bishop of Norwich, sent in his resignation of the presidentship of the college; and the 27th of the same month having been fixed for the choice of his successor, Dr. Burrough, Dr. Metcalfe, Mr. B. Tate, Mr. Parkinson, and Martin Joseph Routh, announced themselves as candidates. The election was made a matter of elaborate canvass. Next to Routh, Parkinson was the greatest favorite. Those who wrote to congratulate the new president on his honors, naturally wished him length of days to enjoy them. Seldom certainly have wishes more nearly resembled effectual prayers. He devoted himself forthwith to his new duties, and obtained a mastery of the subject which surprised the society which had elected him to be their head. We hear little or nothing of him during the next few years. Of the many precious letters he must have written, none are forthcoming. They exist — if at all — among the papers of departed scholars and divines. But here is his own draft of one of them (to whom addressed does not appear) which certainly deserves to be preserved: —

DEAR MR. ——

As I had no permission to communicate your papers to any one, I thought myself bound to keep them as private as possible.

I hope you will forgive my reluctance to entering into a discussion of the terms of the proposition you have laid down; but I think myself obliged, for more reasons than one, to declare I know of no method by which the *genuine* doctrine taught by the Church, of the SON'S being, as well as the FATHER, very and eternal GOD, — and of the HOLY GHOST'S being, as well as the FATHER, very and eternal GOD, — can be defended against the charge of Tritheism and Idolatry; but by stating *ab initio* that the Church believes in one Eternal Being *really* distinguished in its essence; which Being is transcendently one, if Unity admits of increase and diminution. If I am wrong in my judgment of your mode of answering Dr. Priestley or other heretics, I hope to be excused; and remain,

Dear sir, with very great regard, etc.

In 1810, he was presented to the rectory and vicarage of Tylehurst, near Reading

* "Hæc S. Petri Alexandrini Fragmenta, quæ in limine Chronici Paschalis, seu Alexandrini, sita respuerunt critici, propterea quod Athanasius aliquanto post Petrum scribens in iis afferri videbatur, nunc ego cæteris S. Petri reliquiis, sed tardus addidi ob verum titulum eorum in MS. Vaticano a Cardinali Maio repertum, et a Dindorfio nuperæ Chronici editioni præfixum. Quam quidem editionem, cum *νόθα* esse hæc Fragmenta crediderim, de iis consulere neglexi." — p. 19.

† Reliqq. i. 76.

* Ibid. ii. 228-31.

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(worth 1,000*l.* a year), by Dr. Thomas Sheppard. The president had declined the same presentation eleven years before, disapproving of the condition subject to which it had been then offered him: viz. that he should appropriate 300*l.* of his annual income as president to the "livings' fund" of Magdalen College. Dr. Sheppard had in the mean time married the president's youngest sister, Sophia; and Tylehurst had become again vacant by the death of Dr. Richard Chandler, the celebrated traveller. At the mature age of fifty-five, Dr. Routh therefore received priest's orders at the hands of Dr. John Fisher, bishop of Salisbury, in the bishop's private chapel, August 26th, 1810. There were not wanting some to insinuate that conscientious scruples had been the cause why the president of Magdalen had continued in deacon's orders for three-and-thirty years. He himself not unreasonably supposed that his "Reliquiæ" was the best answer to such a calumny; and explained that his only reason for deferring priest's orders had been because he had never before held any ecclesiastical preferment. Henceforth, then, in his case the cares of the pastoral office were superadded to the claims of a college and the occupations of a laborious student. He made no secret that he preached Townson's sermons — abridged and corrected — every Sunday to his rustic flock; though it remains a marvel how he could possibly decipher the manuscript which he carried with him into the pulpit. One of the latest acts of his life was the enlargement of the church, and — "*incolarum paræciæ suæ ætate provectiorum haud immemor*" — the erection of a porch on the south side.

There is found in the president's hand the following memorandum: "1820, September 18th, my birthday. I married Eliza Agnes, eldest unmarried daughter of John Blagrave, Esq., of Calcot Park, in the parish of Tylehurst." They were married at Walcot Church, Bath; the president having then completed his sixty-fifth year. This lady, the tenth of a single family of twenty children, survived him fifteen years — dying (March 23rd, 1869) aged seventy-eight — and lies interred in Holywell cemetery. She loved to talk about her husband. He had told her (she said) that when he was twelve years of age he wrote a sermon which so surprised the family that his sister was curious to know whether it was his own. To convince her, he wrote another. Better worth attention, however, is Mrs. Routh's share in the following incident.

Many will remember a shameful murder committed in 1845 by a Quaker named Tawell. Some may be aware that the telegraphic wires were employed, almost for the first time, to promote the ends of justice on the same occasion, and that the murderer's apprehension was the consequence. This man's family lived about four miles from Beccles, were well known to Dr. Routh, and were much respected in the neighborhood. One morning, after breakfast, the president, who had been perusing the sentence passed on Tawell by Sir James Parke, exclaimed "Eliza, give me a pen." She obeyed: whereupon he instantly wrote the following letter, which was duly put into the hands of the miserable man in his cell, and read by him before his execution. It appeared in some of the public prints immediately after: —

SIR, — This comes from one who, like yourself, has not long to live, being in his ninetieth year. He has had more opportunity than most men for distinctly knowing that the Scriptures of the New Testament were written by the Apostles of the Saviour of mankind. In these Scriptures it is expressly said that the blood of Jesus Christ the Son of God cleanses us from all sin; and that if we confess our sins, God, being merciful and just, will forgive us our sins on our repentance.

I write this, not knowing how long you have to live; but in the name of the faithful, just, and merciful God, make use of your whole time in supplications for his mercy.

Perhaps the very circumstances in which you are now placed may be the means of saving your immortal soul; for if you had gone on in sin to the end of your life you would infallibly have lost it. Think, say, and do everything in your power to save your soul before you go into another life.

YOUR FRIEND.

The other work, on which the president of Magdalen founds his claim to the Church's gratitude, appeared in 1832, with this title: "*Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Opuscula præcipua quædam.*" Within the narrow compass of two octavo volumes we are here furnished with what, after exhaustive search, the learned editor deemed most precious among the remains of primitive ecclesiastical antiquity. The preface, "To the Reader," in which the contents of the book are briefly reviewed and explained, deserves an attentive perusal. Hippolytus contributes a treatise on the divine nature. Against heretical depravation, Irenæus and Tertullian write. Some precious authorities concerning the doctrine of the sacrament of Christ's body and blood follow. Against Gentile superstitions Cyprian furnishes a treatise. The

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creeds and canons of the first four general councils witness to what was the faith, what the discipline, of the Church universal. So much for doctrine. Polycarp, Tertullian, and Cyprian contribute what tends to practical piety. Lastly, the pretensions of the see of Rome to authority and infallibility are tested by an appeal to antiquity. We are shown that Stephanus, bishop of Rome, was held by the ancients to have excommunicated himself when he excommunicated the Orientals; and that Honorius, another Romish bishop, was first condemned by a general council, and then anathematized his own successors. To these, some important treatises were added in 1840, when a second edition of the work was called for. The present bishop of Chester (Dr. Jacobson) re-edited the "Opuscula" in 1858, with much self-denying labor and learning; withholding nothing — but his name.

But it were a very inadequate sketch of Dr. Routh's life and character which should represent him *only* as a divine. In 1823 he edited Bishop Burnet's "History of his own Life and Times," of which a second and enlarged edition appeared in 1833. His mind seemed saturated with the lore of the period of which Burnet treats; and (as Dr. Daubeny, one of his fellows, remarked) when he made it the theme of his conversation,

> he seemed to deliver himself rather like a contemporary who had been an eye-witness of the scenes he described, than as one who had drawn his information from second-hand sources; so perfect was his acquaintance with the minutest details, so intimate his familiarity with everything relating to the history of the individuals who figured in those events. On such occasions, one could hardly help interrupting him in the course of his narrative by enquiring whether he had not himself witnessed the rejoicings at the signature of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, or shaken hands with President Hough at the time of his triumphant return to his college, on the restoration of the fellows. Availing himself of the privileges of seniority, he had the tact to lead the conversation into those channels with which he was most at home, and astonished the eager listener with the extent and accuracy of his knowledge. It was thus, only a few years before his death, that he surprised Mr. Bancroft, the American historian, with his knowledge of the reign of James II., and of the early settlement in America. Nothing in the mean time can be conceived more dignified, more courteous, more ingratiating than his address and manner, especially during his latter years, when the peculiarities of his dress and appearance were set down to his great age, and the fashion of a period long gone by, which enhanced the effect of his affable and kind, though formal deportment.

In 1852 he published, in a single volume, with many additional notes, Burnet's "History of the Reign of King James II." The last words of his short preface deserve to be transcribed: "Under all our changes, the public press, by its disclosure and powerful advocacy of the truth, has been found protecting right against wrong, and maintaining real liberty." In the first draft this sentence ran thus: "A free press will be found as essential as ever to the preservation of real freedom." His own politics savored altogether of a bygone age. He belonged to no modern party. As one of his fellows expressed it, "In early life his was a kind of theoretical Jacobitism, such as had been cherished very generally by the clergy and country squires of the last century." But disloyalty was abhorrent to his whole nature. He was all for the prerogatives of the sovereign, and jealous of the encroachments of the aristocracy. Thus his Toryism carried with it a dash of Liberalism, which endeared him to Sir Francis Burdett. His churchmanship was that of the best divines of the age of Elizabeth. He abhorred Popery. He formed no alliance with any party in the Church. He was *above* party; taking his stand on Scripture and primitive antiquity. Keenly alive to politics, (for he read the *Times* to the last, and watched with extraordinary interest the progress of the Russian war,) he chiefly regarded the movements of the State as they affected the independence and purity of the Church. Even from the government and public business of the university he kept himself aloof, contented to administer his own college well. He was even disinclined to the changes in the academic system which were chiefly advocated by Eveleigh and Parsons. The work of the University Commission he regarded with unmitigated suspicion and disfavor, and would have altogether despaired of Oxford had he been alive at this day.

The present is confessedly the sketch of an uneventful life, of which we are already approaching the closing scene. The president grew very aged, amid the regards of a generation whose sires remembered him an old man. Well informed in every topic of the hour, weighty in his judgments, animated and instructive in his conversation, he was resorted to with affectionate reverence; and every one on coming away had something to relate in proof of his unfailing readiness, clearness, shrewdness —

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the extent and minuteness of his knowledge — his marvellous aptitude at reproducing names and dates when he told a story. The retentiveness of his memory, even in respect of trifles, was truly extraordinary. His nephew, John Routh, having had a seventh child born to him in 1851, the president (who had entered on his 97th year) remarked to John Rigaud (fellow of Magdalen), "*That* was *your* number." How he came to know the fact — yet more why he should have remembered it — no one present could imagine. Shortly before his death, on being shown in a newspaper an account of himself, in which his age was mentioned, and the persons specified with whom he might have conversed, he exclaimed, "I am described as being a little *younger* than Pitt. The blockhead, as he knew my age, might have known that I was four or five years *older*." Side by side, however, with all this quick intelligence, he would ever and anon betray the fact that he belonged to a quite bygone generation; and it was impossible even for those who revered him most not to be merry over the little details which occasionally came out. Thus (June 4th, 1844) he sent the following official note to the Rev. H. P. Guillemard (senior proctor): "Mr. Woodhouse, a gentleman commoner of this college, has my permission to *hire a one-horse chaise, if it meets with the approbation of the senior proctor*." And in the following October the present dean of St. Paul's (junior proctor) received a similar message: "Mr. Wm. Woodhouse, a gentleman commoner of this college, has my permission, if he obtains the proctor's consent, *to make use of a vehicle drawn by one horse*." Little did the venerable writer dream of the metamorphosis which awaited the "vehicle" on the other side of Magdalen bridge! . . . Add certain peculiarities of costume and manner, and it will be readily understood that there were many good stories current concerning the dear old president — some of which were true.

I should despair* of exhibiting a scene which I once heard (or rather once *saw*) John Rigaud describe of an examination at which he assisted in the president's library, — the last which the president ever conducted in person. The book was Homer, of which the youth to be examined was profoundly ignorant. What with the president's deafness and the man's mistakes, R. thought he must have expired. The president had two copies of Homer, one at each side of his chair; and with immense urbanity handed a copy to the youth as he entered. When the man read the Greek the president thought he was construing into English, and *vice versâ*. "What was that you said, sir?" he would inquire earnestly. The man confessed what he had said. One of the examiners was down upon him in an instant. The president stood up for the victim, on the charitable hypothesis, that "perhaps he had been taught so." The man speedily put it out of all doubt that his method was entirely his own. Thereupon the president construed the passage for him. R. was fain to conceal himself behind the newspaper, and sat in perfect terror lest he should be appealed to, and be compelled to exhibit a face convulsed with merriment.

Dr. Routh was very fond of his dogs. It was his way, when a superfluous bit of bread-and-butter was in his hand at tea-time, to sink back in his chair and at the same instant to drop the morsel to the expectant and eager quadrupeds, which have been known so far to take advantage of his good-nature as fairly to invade his person, in order to get rather more than he had contemplated bestowing. Very mournful was the expression his features assumed if ever Mrs. Routh, in the exercise of a sane discretion, took upon herself to expel the dogs from the apartment. . . . The vice-president once informed him, in the name of the fellows, that they had resolved to enforce the college order, by which it was forbidden to keep dogs in college. "Then, sir," he rejoined, "*I suppose I must call mine — cats!*" It was a characteristic reply, as well from its drollery as from the indication it afforded of his resolution to stand up for his favorites. His dogs must perforce he permitted to reign undisturbed. At the same time, his respect for authority and concern for the discipline of the college over which he presided would have made him reluctant to violate any rule of the society.

John Rigaud helped him to prepare the single volume of Burnet's work for the press. This brought him constantly into contact with the venerable president, and rendered him so familiar with his manner, that he narrates his sayings to the life. It also introduced him to much of the president's mind on the subject of Burnet, for whom he entertained wondrous little respect. When the bishop speaks of himself, "Here comes P. P., clerk of this parish!" he would say, after ejaculating to himself, "Rogue!" When Burnet was at last finished, he sent a copy, beautifully bound, to the chancellor, and pleased himself with the prospect of receiving an autograph acknowledgment from the great duke, for whom he entertained an ardent admiration. Day after day elapsed, and still no letter; but the president suffered no one to know that he was greatly vexed and disappointed. At last he opened his grief to Dr. Bliss, with the simplicity of a child who has been denied a lawful gratification. The duke's letter, after many days, was discovered lying on a little

* MS. Memoir of the President of Magdalen.

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table by his side. It had been accidentally overlooked.

One of the president's most characteristic stories related to a privilege case, of which I am only able to relate a portion. It exhibited the House of Commons (for which he entertained very little respect) in antagonism to the courts of law. The speaker entered the court, with purpose to overawe the judge in the administration of justice. "I sit here to administer the laws of England," was the solemn dictum of the great legal functionary. "And I will commit *you*, Mr. Speaker; yes, *you*, Mr. Speaker; if you had the whole House of Commons in your belly." . . . But no trick of style can convey the least idea of the animation with which these words of defiance were repeated. The president, having brought the speaker into the presence of the judge, grew excited, and his speech at once assumed the dramatic form. At "I sit here," etc., his whole frame underwent emotion: he raised his voice, and fixed his eyes severely on the person before him. At "the laws of England," he struck the table smartly with his extended fingers. The threat to commit the speaker was uttered with immense gusto, and evidently repeated with increased gratification. But the concluding hypothetical defiance was overwhelming. The patriotic narrator chuckled and fell back in his chair, convulsed with merriment at the grotesqueness of the image which the judge had so deliberately evoked.

He delighted in the company of two or three intimate friends at dinner, on Sundays especially; as Dr. Bloxam, and the present president (Dr. Bulley), Dr. Mozley (recently deceased), and John Rigaud, of his own college; or Dr. Bliss (principal of St. Mary's Hall), Philip Duncan of New College, and "Mo Griffiths," of Merton, etc. On such occasions he would be very communicative and entertaining, abounding in anecdote. He always drank the health of his guests all round; once so far deviating from his usual practice as to propose a toast. It was the Sunday after the Duke of Wellington's death; and he gave "the memory of our great and good chancellor, who never erred except when he was overruled." His way was, after giving his cap to the servant, to say grace himself. Before meat: "For what we are about to receive, the LORD be praised!" Very peculiar was the emphasis with which on such occasions he would pronounce the holy name, giving breadth to the "o" till it sounded as if the *word* "awe" as well as the sentiment was to be found in it; rolling forth the "r" in the manner which was characteristic of him; and pronouncing the last words with a most sonorous enunciation. His manner at such times was to extend his hands towards the viands on the table. After dinner, "For what we have received," as before. . . . J. R. could never forget the solemn emphasis with which he pronounced the word "wrath" in the communion service.

Let me recall the occasion, the pretext rather, on which (Dec. 10th, 1846) I obtained my first interview with Dr. Routh. I had been charged with a book for him, and, having obtained his permission to bring it in person, presented myself at his gate. Moss received my name in a manner which showed me that I was expected. With a beating heart, I followed the man up the old-fashioned staircase — grim old doctors in their wigs and robes, and bearded divines with little books in their hands, and college benefactors innumerable, eyeing me all the way from the walls with terrible severity. My courage at last almost failed me; but retreat was impossible, for by this time we had reached the open door of the library, — a room completely lined with books, the shelves (which were of deal painted white) reaching from the floor to the ceiling; and the president was to be seen at the furthest extremity, his back to the window, with a blazing fire at his left. At the first intimation of my approach, I noticed that he slipped the book that he was reading into the drawer of the little table before him, and hastened to rise and come into the middle of the room to receive me. The refined courtesy, which evidently was doing its best to persuade me not only that I was a welcome visitor but that I found the master of the house *entirely disengaged*, struck me much. Most of all, however, was I struck by his appearance. He wore such a wig as one only sees in old pictures: cassock, gown, scarf and bands, shorts and buckles. And then *how* he did stoop! But besides immense intelligence, there was a great deal of suavity as well as dignity in that venerable face. And "You have come to see a decrepid old man, sir!" he said, as he took me by the hand. Something fell from me about my respect, and my having "long coveted this honor." "You are very civil, sir; sit you down." And he placed me in the *arm*-chair, in which he said he never sat himself.

After a few civilities, he began to congratulate me on my bachelor's gown, pointing to my sleeves. "And you are a fellow of Oriel, sir? A very honorable college to belong to, sir. It has produced many distinguished men. You know, sir, when you marry, or take a living, you can always add to your name, 'late fellow.' I observe, sir, that Dr. Pusey always does so." It was impossible not to smile. My name (he thought) must be of French origin. It soon became painfully evident that he was only talking thus in order to relieve me from the necessity of speaking, in case I should be utterly at a loss for a topic. So, availing myself of a pause after he had enquired after my intended pursuits, I leaned forward (for he was more than slightly deaf) and remarked that perhaps he would allow me to ask him a question. "Eh, sir?" "I thought that perhaps you would allow me to ask you a question about Divinity, sir." He told me to go on. I explained that I desired a few words of counsel, if he would condescend to give me them — some directions as to the best way of pursuing the study which he had

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himself cultivated with such signal success. Aware that my request was almost as vague as the subject was vast, and full of genuine consideration for the aged oracle, I enlarged for a minute on the matter, chiefly in order to give him time to adjust his thoughts before making reply. He enquired what I had read. "Pearson and Eusebius, carefully." The gravity which by this time his features had assumed was very striking. He lay back in his chair. His head sank forward on his chest, and he looked like one absorbed in thought. "Yes — I think, sir" (said he after a long pause, which, besides raising my curiosity, rather alarmed me by the contrast it presented to his recent animated manner), "I think, sir, were I you, sir — that I would — first of all — read the — the Gospel according to St. Matthew." Here he paused. "And after I had read the Gospel according to St. Matthew — I would — were I you, sir — go on to read — the Gospel according to St. — Mark." I looked at him anxiously to see whether he was serious. One glance was enough. He was giving me (but at a very slow rate) the outline of my future course. "I think, sir, when I had read the Gospel according to St. Mark, I would go on, sir — yes! go on to — to the — the Gospel — according to — St. Luke, sir." (Another pause, as if the reverend speaker were reconsidering the matter.) "Well, sir, and when I had read those three Gospels, sir, were I in your place, I would go on — yes, I would certainly go on to read the Gospel according to St. John."

For an instant I had felt an inclination to laugh. But by this time a very different set of feelings came over me. Here was a theologian of ninety-one, who, after surveying the entire field of sacred science, had come back to the point he had started from; and had nothing better to advise me to read than the Gospel! I believe I was attempting to thank him, but he did not give me time. He recommended me, with much emphasis, to read a portion of the Gospel *every day*. "And after the Gospel according to St. John," he proceeded: (*Now* for it, thought I. We are coming to the point at last.) "I would in the next place, sir — I think" (he paused for an instant and then resumed): "Yes, sir, I think I would certainly go on to read the — Acts of the Holy Apostles: a book, sir, which I have not the least doubt — no, it certainly does not admit of a doubt — was the work of St. Luke." I assented. "But what is quite evident, sir, it must needs be a book of altogether apostolic antiquity, indeed of the age it professes to be. For you may have observed that the sacred writer ends by saying that St. Paul dwelt at Rome 'two whole years in his own hired house.' Now sir" (here he tapped my fingers in the way which was customary with him when he desired to enforce attention), "no one but a contemporary would have ended his narrative in *that* way. We should have had all about St. Paul's martyrdom" (he looked archly at me, and slightly waved his hand), "all about his martyrdom, sir, if the narrative had been subsequent in date to St. Paul's death." I said the remark was new to me, but I saw its truth. He only wanted me to nod. He was already going on; and, not to presume on the reader's patience (for it cannot be a hundredth part as amusing to read the story as it was to witness the scene), after mentioning the seven Catholic epistles, he advised me to read those of St. Paul in the order of Pearson's "Annales Paulini." He spoke of the Revelation, and remarked that Rome is certainly there, whether imperial or papal. Then he referred to Eusebius; to Scaliger's shrewdness about his "Chronicon" and remarked that there is no Arianism apparent in his ecclesiastical history. Next, he advised me to read the seven epistles of Ignatius, which he was convinced were genuine, notwithstanding what Cureton had written; also *that* of Clement (for the Clement mentioned by St. Paul wrote only one epistle. It had been doubted, but the extracts in Clemens Alexandrinus are no valid evidence against the authenticity of our copies). "Read these, sir, in the edition of my friend Mr. Jacobson." I said I had the book. "Ah, you have, sir? Well, sir, and after the epistles of Ignatius" — I was longing for an opportunity of showing him that I was not *plane hospes;* so I ventured to say that "I thought I knew which book to read next!" He understood me: smiled pleasantly, and nodded. "You are very civil, sir!" . . . It was time to go. Indeed the fire was so exceedingly hot that I could bear it no longer. My cap, which I had used for a screen, had been smoking for some time, and now curled and cracked. What annoyed me more, if possible, than the fire, was the president's canary, in a cage near his elbow. The wretched creature was quiet till we got upon divinity; but the moment his master mentioned the Gospels, away it went into a paroxysm of song — scream, scream, scream — as if on purpose to make it impossible for me to hear what he said. If ever the president dropped his voice, the bird screamed the louder.

I said I had kept him too long; but wished him to know what a comfort and help his example and witness had been to me. He spoke of Mr. Newman with many words of regret; declared his own entire confidence; assured me that the truth is with us. Before leaving, I asked him for his blessing, which he instantly proceeded to bestow. "No," he exclaimed, "let me stand;" and standing, or rather leaning over me, he spoke the solemn words. As I was leaving the room, he very kindly bade me come and see him again.

A full year elapsed before I ventured to repeat the intrusion. Mrs. Routh met me in the street, and asked me why I did not go to see her "dear man." "I was afraid of being troublesome." "But he tells me that he wishes to see you." So I went. Would that I had preserved a record of what passed! But it was on one such occasion that I ven-

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tured to address him somewhat as follows: "Mr. President, give me leave to ask you a question I have sometimes asked of aged persons, but never of any so aged or so learned as yourself." He looked so kindly at me that I thought I might go on. "Every studious man, in the course of a long and thoughtful life, has had occasion to experience the special value of some one axiom or precept. Would you mind giving me the benefit of such a word of advice?" He bade me explain, evidently to gain time. I quoted an instance. He nodded and looked thoughtful. Presently he brightened up, and said, "I think, sir, since you care for the advice of an old man, sir, you will find it a very good practice" (here he looked me in the face) "*always to verify your references*, sir!" I can better recall the archness of the speaker's manner than his exact words; but they were nearly those.

And this reminds me of another precept of his, which I have many a time acted on with advantage. Of course I never approached him without *some* excuse or provocation. Once, for example (it must have been in 1848), he had sent me word that "he had a book for me, and would be glad to put it into my hands, if I would do him the favor to call at his lodgings." I think it was on *that* occasion that I ventured to ask him (I have often been ashamed of the question since) if there was any commentary on Scripture which he particularly approved of, and could recommend. He leaned forward, murmured something to himself (of which all I could catch was a prolonged and thoughtful "No — I don't know, sir," or something to that effect), and so evidently did not wish to make any reply, that I quickly changed the subject; thanking him again for the book he had given me (it was the fifth volume of the "Reliquiæ"), and opening it with unfeigned interest. He took the volume into his hands, and proposed to show me something which he expected I should "find worth my notice." He turned with difficulty to the last page, and drew me towards him. I knelt. "Attend to this, sir;" and he began reading the long note which fills the lower half of page 369. The print was too small for his aged eyes: so I read aloud. I remember his gently tapping my shoulder with the extremities of his fingers when I came to the words, "Et velim animadvertas, decantatos Petri viginti quatuor annos ad episcopatum pertinere universæ ecclesiæ, non unius Romanæ; et junctos cum Lini annis . . . complere tempus inter mortem Christi et martyria apostolorum Petri et Pauli computari solitum."

In the last year but one of his life (1853) he sent me a little tract (his last production!), in which he printed that precious note, with important additions and corrections. It disposes of the pretence that St. Peter was bishop of Rome for twenty-five years, by an appeal to dates furnished by the same ancient catalogue on which we depend for the chronology of the early bishops. . . . When I was going away he offered to send the book after me by his servant. I explained how much rather I would carry away the treasure myself. "You remind me," he said, "of ——," naming some famous person who used to say "he was not ashamed of being seen carrying *his tools*."

A full year elapsed. Mrs. Routh told me that the president had remarked that I never called. To remove all ground of complaint, I speedily found myself again in the president's library. I was paving the way for some patristic question. He turned to me, and said rather abruptly, "When you have finished, sir, I have something to say to you." I was dumb. "Do you remember, sir, about a year ago asking me to recommend to you some commentary on Scripture?" "Perfectly well; but I am altogether astonished that *you* should remember my having taken such a liberty." He smiled good-naturedly; remarked, with a slight elevation of his hand, that his memory was not amiss, and then went on somewhat thus: "Well, sir, I have often thought since, that if ever I saw you again I would answer your question." I was delighted, and said so. He went on, "If you will take my advice, sir (an old man, sir! but I think you will find the hint worth your notice), whenever you are at a loss about the sense of a passage in the New Testament, you will ascertain how it is rendered *in the Vulgate;* the Latin Vulgate, sir. I am not saying" (here he kindled, and eyed me to ascertain whether there was any chance of my misunderstanding him), "*not* that *the Latin* of the Vulgate is inspired, sir!" (he tossed his head a little impatiently, and waved his hand). "Nothing of the sort, sir: but you will consider that it is a very faithful and admirable version, executed from the original by a very learned man, — by Jerome, in the fourth century; certainly made therefore from manuscript authority of exceedingly high antiquity; and in consequence entitled to the greatest attention and deference." I have forgotten what he said besides; except that he enlarged on the paramount importance of such a work. It was very pleasant to hear him. He seemed happy, and so was I. Very distinctly, however, do I remember the impression he left on me, that, having fully delivered this testimony, he did not care to prolong *that* topic of conversation. I remember, in fact, being afraid to ask him to give me just one illustration of his meaning. It is only fair to add that I have since discovered for myself several proofs of the soundness of his advice; and the anecdote is put on record in the hope that other students may profit by it likewise.

The president lived habitually in his library, — the room on the first floor, of which the windows look out on St. John's quadrangle. There, surrounded by his books (a copy of Laud's "Devotions" always lay on his table), he was to be found engaged in study; poring over small print (by the light of a candle), without the aid of glasses, to so late an hour, that

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Mrs. Routh, in the exercise of her conjugal discretion, has been known to insist on taking away his candle. But she found him an unapt pupil. It was commonly past midnight when he went to rest; and he would sometimes sit up till one in the morning, without, however, rising later in consequence next day. When he had occasion to approach his windows, *his wig* was discoverable from the quadrangle beneath; but during the latest years of his life, being seldom or never able to attend the chapel service, he was scarcely ever seen except by a privileged few. "For a long time" (wrote the provost of Oriel, Dr. Hawkins, shortly after the president's death) "I had been in the habit of visiting him nearly every week when I was in Oxford, and rarely saw him without learning from him something worth the hearing."

He had been all his life a book collector; watching as vigilantly the productions of the Continental press as the home market. "I should esteem it a favor" (he wrote to a bookseller in 1801) "if you could procure either at home or abroad any or all of the undermentioned books, as you mention your extensive foreign correspondence." And then he specifies twenty-five recent foreign publications, the very titles of which recall a remark of Dr. Bliss, that the president's library, though probably one of the most valuable in England, to a superficial observer might have seemed of small account. His habit of reading booksellers' catalogues (to some of which he had access before they were published) enabled him in the course of a long life to form a wonderful collection. Once (he had been speaking of books of criticism on the New Testament), "I do not say it vauntingly" (he remarked), "but there are there" (pointing to a particular part of his library) "two hundred books which are not to be found in the Bodleian." Though unsolicitous about the external attractiveness of his copies, he was at the pains, whenever he sent any to be lettered, to *design* in capitals the precise formula which he intended to have impressed on each. The result of so discriminating a taste, supported by a sufficient exchequer, may well have been extraordinary. In 1842, up to which time his library had cost him 8,000*l.*, he was in negotiation with Queen's College for its sale to that society. But in 1852 (March 29th), "being desirous that it might serve the purpose of promoting the glory of God through the advancement of good learning, and feeling a deep interest in the recently established University of Durham," he carried out the intention he had in the mean while formed of transferring it (so far as printed books were concerned) by deed of gift to the warden, masters, and scholars of the northern university, and at Durham it is carefully preserved at the present hour; a singular indication of the freshness of spirit which at the age of ninety-seven could thus reach out with friendly sympathy, and something more, to the youngest rival of our ancient universities. It should be added that Dr. Routh was exceedingly liberal in communicating his books and MSS. to scholars.

The manuscript portion of his library fell into his general estate, and was dispersed in 1855. It abounded in curiosities, — patristic, theological, antiquarian, historical. Thus, it contained the original autograph of Bishop Beveridge on the XXXIX. Articles, from which the Oxford edition was published in 1840. At one time the president had been possessed of a collection of documentary annals of the Society of Friends, the first volume of the records of the Oxfordshire Quarterly Meeting of the Quakers, from the establishment of their society to the year 1746. This volume had long been missing, and till 1828 had been sought in vain. Having ascertained that it was in the possession of the president, two of their body waited on him. The account "they have given of their interview with Dr. Routh" (so runs the Quaker minute) "has been very satisfactory. It appears that the gratification he has derived from the perusal of the volume (which from its instructive tendency he considers creditable to the society) had induced a wish to retain it. Notwithstanding, he obligingly offered to relinquish it, from the respect which he felt for the society, and a willingness to render complete those records which ought to be in the possession of the meeting. As he wished to transfer it through the medium of some friends appointed by the body, William Albright, Daniel Rutter, and John Huntley are directed to wait on him for that purpose." In "grateful acknowledgment of his kind and liberal conduct," the Quakers presented him with "a few volumes of our Friends' writings, both ancient and modern," the names of which follow.

The president wanted (or thought he wanted) no assistance in finding his books; and to the last would mount his library steps in quest of the occupants of the loftier shelves. Very curious he looked, by the way, perched up at that unusual altitude, apparently as engrossed in what he

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had found as if he had been reclining in his chair. Instead of ringing for Moss, his servant, he would also on occasion help himself to a folio as readily as to a smaller tome. Once (it was in February 1847) a very big book, which he had pulled out unaided, proved "too many" for him, and grazed his shin. The surgeon (Mr. Lewes Parker, who repeated the story) advised him to go to bed at once. "No, thank you, sir" (laughing); "no thank you! If you once get me to bed, I know you will never get me up again." "Then, sir, you must really rest your leg on a chair." This was promised; and a sofa, unknown before in his rooms, was introduced. Two days after, the doctor reappeared, outstripped Moss, and, coming quickly in, found his patient moving about the library steps. "O sir" (scarcely able to command his gravity), "this will never do. You know you promised ——" "Yes, yes, I know, sir" (laughing); "a little more, sir, and I should have been in the right position." . . . The injury might have proved dangerous, and it did occasion the president serious inconvenience for a long time. A friend called to condole. The old man, after describing the accident minutely, added very gravely in a confidential voice, "A *worthless* volume, sir! a *worthless* volume!" *This* it evidently was which weighed on his spirits. Had it been Augustine or Chrysostom, — patience! But to be lamed by a book written by a dunce. . . . His leg, however, was one of his weak spots; the organs which are most affected by catarrhous colds (to which he was subject, and from which he suffered severely) being the other. In his old age he told Dr. Jackson that once (he must then have been about sixty) having walked up to Islip on one side of the Cherwell, and returned on the other, when at Marston he heard Magdalen bells begin to strike up for afternoon chapel. Disliking to be absent, he started off "at a trot," and arrived only just in time. In chapel he felt something trickling down his leg; and on coming out, found his stocking and shoe saturated with blood. He had burst a varicose vein, which always troubled him afterwards. In fact, the consequences of that "trot" from Marston occasioned him inconvenience to the last.

It was in 1848, when he was ninety-three years of age, that he published a fifth and last volume of his "Reliquiæ," — just sixty years after the issuing of the original prospectus of the work. He had already printed, in two appendices at the close of his fourth volume, several pieces which do not strictly fall under the same category as the "Reliquiæ" proper; and he had only excluded the disputation held (A.D. 277) between Archelaus, bishop of Mesopotamia, and the heretic Manes, because of its bulk. (It extends over two hundred octavo pages.) The publication of this remarkable monument is found to have been part of the president's original design in 1788. He styles this fifth volume, "Appendix iii.," into which, besides the "Disputation" already mentioned (first published in 1698), he introduces two tracts, one by Augustine, the other by an unknown writer, together with the creed of Aquileia. But the most interesting feature unquestionably in this concluding volume is the Catena, with which it concludes. He calls it "Testimonia de auctoritate S. Scripturæ ante-Nicæna" and prefixes a "Monitum," which may be thus freely rendered: —

> According to some of our recent writers (followers themselves of a teaching alien to that of our own communion), the primitive Church did not hold that the Christian Faith is based on Holy Scripture, or that the Scriptures are to be regarded as the Rule of Faith. How entirely the truth lies the other way may be easily shown by an appeal to ecclesiastical documents of the earliest ages. For the effectual refutation therefore of an opinion which in itself is fraught with perilous consequence, behold, thou hast here a collection of testimonies to the authority of Holy Scripture, gleaned out of the writings of primitive Christendom, and disposed in long and orderly series.

Accordingly, collected from thirty-one several sources, beginning with St. Peter (2 Pet. iii. 15, 16), St. Paul (1 Cor. xiv. 37, 38), St. John (xiv. 26), Clemens Romanus (c. xlvii.), and ending with Eusebius, about seventy-four important quotations follow. The same volume, by the way, supplies (at p. 251) another interesting illustration of the president's favorite and truly Anglican method, namely, an appeal to primitive antiquity on the subject of the invocation of saints.

Even this, however, was not the president's latest literary effort. When Lord Derby became chancellor of the university in 1853, it seemed to him a fitting occasion for producing a *strena* (so he phrased it), or auspicious offering; and there were three distinct subjects on which he had thought much, and collected something important, which, carefully edited, he foresaw would constitute an interesting pamphlet. This little work, extending to

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twenty-five pages, appeared in the beginning of December, 1853. He was then in his ninety-ninth year. He called it "Tres breves Tractatus:" the first, "De primis episcopis;" the second, "S. Petri Alexandrini episcopi fragmenta quædam;" the third, "S. Irenæi illustrata ῥῆσις, in qua ecclesia Romana commemoratur." They are introduced by the following brief notice:—

Inasmuch as there is perpetual discussion among us at the present day concerning Apostolic Succession, Episcopal Ordination, and the authority of the Church of Rome, I judged that I should be rendering useful service if I produced in a separate shape whatever remarks on these subjects I had already put forth in the Annotations to my "Reliquiæ Sacræ." The object I had in view in thus amplifying and adding to my old materials was to illustrate how these several matters were accounted for in the beginning, in order that thus the truth might be the more firmly established. Farewell.

After which follows the president's note on the council against Noëtus,* as enlarged by himself on two subsequent occasions, and now amplified and added to until it attains to more than twice its original bulk. Next come four fragments from the lost work of Peter Alex. "De Paschate;" and these are followed by a restoration of the original text of a passage of Irenæus, of which the true sense is learnedly fixed, and shown not to support those pretensions which writers of the Romish communion have been apt to build upon it.

It was remarked by many how freely during the last year or two of his life the president alluded to his own end; speaking of his approaching departure as one might speak of a journey which had long been in contemplation, and which must needs be undertaken very soon. Among his papers were found two rough drafts of his own intended epitaph, which may perhaps be thus exhibited:—

O all ye who come here, in your Christian and charitable hope, wish peace and felicity, and a consummation of it afterwards, to the soul of Martin Joseph Routh, the last rector of the undivided parish of Tylehurst, and brother of the pious foundress of this church. He departed this life , aged ; dying, as he had lived, attached to the Catholic Faith taught in the Church of England, and averse from all Papal and Sectarian innovations.

But it should be stated that the writer had evidently found it impossible to satisfy himself with the opening sentence. At first he wrote, "Of your charity and trust to God's mercy, wish peace and increase of bliss at Christ's coming;" and though he ran his pen through *those words*, he was loth to part with *that sentiment*. "Of your charity which hopeth the best, wish peace and final felicity," presented itself as an alternative. Then, "*Of* your charity" began to sound questionable. "*In* your Christian charity" seemed better; but this had given way to "charitable hope," when the pious writer seems to have been reminded of the impossibility of elaborating a sentence by processes like these. There perhaps never lived a scholar who found it more difficult to satisfy himself than Dr. Routh. A third and a fourth draft of the above inscription has been discovered. The fastidiousness of his taste in such matters was altogether extraordinary. It should be added that his inscriptions (and he wrote many) are for the most part singularly original and felicitous. They well deserve to be collected.

But a document of a more important description than the president's epitaph remained unfinished forever. He had postponed to the last month of the last year of his life the business of making a will; and inasmuch as the draft (prepared from instructions furnished a few days previous) was only sent to Dr. Ogilvie for signature on the twentieth, the will was perforce never signed at all. He repeatedly asked for "pen and ink" when it was too late. Such an anecdote is better than a homily. It is believed that at an earlier period he had made a will which he subsequently cancelled.

Very characteristic of the man is another incident, which for more reasons than one deserves to find here a record, and which also belongs to the last year, indeed to the last months, of his life. About the year 1851 he had had several conversations with Dr. Ogilvie (professor of pastoral theology and canon of Christ Church) respecting the doctrine of the holy eucharist: repeatedly formulating the result of his meditations — "meditations to which he had been led by views lately put forth in some quarters, but, according to his sound judgment and well-ordered affections, utterly irreconcilable with Holy Scripture or the sentence of antiquity." The desire to give expression to his own settled convictions on this great subject increased as he drew nearer to his end. In May and June 1854, "on account of the existing

* Reliqq., iv. 247, see p. 526, and v. 369.

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differences about the Eucharist" (so he phrased it), the president again and again put into Dr. Ogilvie's hands a short written statement, accompanied with the remark that it "is in all humility offered, as a strictly Scriptural exposition." The following bears date "June 5, 1854:" — "The bread broken and the wine poured out, symbols in the Eucharist of the body and blood of Christ, impart to the recipient, through his faith in the sacrifice on the cross, life spiritual, — the abidance of himself in Christ and of Christ in him. Our Saviour, interpreting his own words [*or* explaining his precept of eating his flesh and drinking his blood], saith, 'My words are Spirit and Life.'" . . . Dr. Routh told his friend that *this* statement of his belief was the one on which his mind at last rested.

His earthly span was brought to a close at half-past seven on the evening of Friday, Dec. 22, 1854. For several days he had been fully conscious that his end was approaching: and on the previous Sunday, though ill and weak, had left orders that the provost of Oriel (Dr. Hawkins) should be admitted if he called; explaining that he had done so, "Because I thought perhaps I might never see you again." On the Tuesday he revived, spoke with animation and cheerfulness, sometimes with more than his usual felicity of expression. "Richard Heber" (he said), "collected more books than any other person; he had four libraries, one at his own place, Hodnet, another at Paris, another at Brussels, another at Amsterdam. His library at Hodnet sold for 53,000*l.*; and his Paris library was very good. I have the catalogue, sir, in my room. 'Mr. Heber,' said Porson to him, with his usual caustic humor, 'you have collected a great many books: pray when do you mean to begin to read them?' But the present dean of Christ Church, sir, a great authority, told me that he never asked Mr. Heber about a book without finding him well acquainted with it.' Thus, even in respect of a trifling matter, the speaker's nature became apparent. Dr. Hawkins (from whom we are quoting) remarks on what goes before: —

> Though he enjoyed a joke, he was supremely anxious that whatever he said should be true. The very accuracy and retentiveness of his memory had probably been assisted by this constant anxiety for *truth*. And in his later years, when it was not quite so ready and alert as formerly, it was curious to observe the working of his mind, intent to gather up again any fading recollections, and not permitting you to assist him, but recalling his thoughts, and regaining any lost clue himself.
>
> For some time past [proceeds Dr. Hawkins] he had rather lain on his chair than sat upon it, and on this occasion, in order to support himself, he grasped one arm of the chair with his right hand; with his left, stretched over the other arm, touching or clasping mine. He said emphatically that he was "ready." On my observing that a very long life had been assigned him with very little illness and many sources of happiness, — "Yes," he said, he was deeply grateful. "Sir, I believe everything is ordered for the best. Do not you believe that, sir?"

Later in the day, Dr. Cotton, provost of Worcester, visited him: "You are come, sir," said the president, "to one that is going." He conversed cheerfully with Dr. Acland next morning (Wednesday); regretted that the new museum was to be placed in the parks; and remarked, "We are said to have the air in the parks from the Highlands of Scotland. I do not know whether this is correct, sir; I think the hills in Westmoreland must intervene; but I have not inquired into the fact." To his physician: "I will do what you desire, sir; take anything you please; but I know that it is useless. I shall go to-morrow." He went to his bed reluctantly on that same night (Wednesday, 20th) for the last time.

He used to sleep in the "Founder's Chamber," — "King Charles's room," as he himself called it, — an ancient apartment over the college gateway, in which no less than seven royal personages have been entertained. On Friday he was clearly sinking; but at 2. 30 P. M. he spoke a little, and was quite sensible. He expressed a wish to see Dr. Ogilvie, — who, as he knew, had his unsigned will in his keeping, — "to-morrow;" a to-morrow he was destined never to see. It was plain to Dr. Jackson, who attended him, that the time for transacting business of any kind was past. "The president" (he wrote to Dr. Bliss) "is as ill as he can be to be alive." In the evening, when Esther Druce, his faithful old servant, was standing at the foot of his bed, — "Now, Esther, I seem better." He crossed his hands and closed his eyes. She heard him repeat the Lord's prayer softly to himself. Presently she proposed to give him some port wine, as the doctor had recommended. He drank it; feebly took her hand, thanked her for all her attention to him, and remarked that he had been "a great deal of trouble;" adding that he had made some provision for her. His leg occasioned him pain. "Let me make

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you a little more comfortable," said the poor woman, intending to change the dressing. "Don't trouble yourself," he replied. Those were the last words he spoke. Folding his arms across his breast, he became silent. It was his *Nunc dimittis*. He heaved two short sighs and all was over. . . . "I have just seen him," wrote Dr. Jackson. "He lay perfectly placid, with his arms crossed just one over the other, as if asleep. May my end be like his at a much less advanced age!"

It has been decided [wrote his nephew to Dr. Bliss on the 24th] in consequence of the strong desire expressed on the subject by members of the college, to bury my dear uncle within the walls. We have had much difficulty in coming to this decision; for, as you may be aware, he gave precise directions for his burial at Theale. We have done so only on the ground that in matters relating to himself (the taking his portrait, for instance) he has uniformly given way to the wishes of the society he presided over; and it is reasonable to suppose that if any representation of the feeling of the college in this respect could have been made to him during his life, he would have conceded the point.

In the beautiful chapel of the society over which he presided for sixty-three years, Dr. Routh was accordingly buried on the Friday after his decease; being followed to the grave by a vast concourse of persons, including the principal members of the university, the fellows and demies of his own college, and a troop of friends. The funeral *cortége* filled two sides of the cloisters. "It was the most touching and impressive scene, I think, that I ever witnessed," wrote one of the fellows a few days after. But the weather was intensely cold, — the wind blowing strong and bitter from the north-east, as Bodley's librarian remarked in a letter to a friend. Not a note of the organ was heard; the whole body of the choir chanting the Psalms without music. The open grave was immediately in front of the altar; and on the coffin was recorded the rare circumstance that its occupant was *in his hundredth year*.

He sleeps before the altar, where the shade
He loved will guard his slumbers night and day;
And tuneful voices o'er him, like a dirge,
Will float for everlasting. Fitting close
For such a life! His twelve long sunny hours
Bright to the edge of darkness: then the calm
Repose of twilight, and a crown of stars.

[*Published by arrangement with* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE NEW TRAGEDY.

HIS generous, large nature fought hard to find excuses for her. He strove to convince himself that this strange coldness, this evasion, this half-repellent attitude, was but a form of maiden coyness. It was her natural fear of so great a change. It was the result, perhaps, of some last lingering look back to the scene of her artistic triumphs. It did not even occur to him as a possibility that this woman, with her unstable sympathies and her fatally facile imagination, should have taken up what was now the very end and aim of his life, and have played with the pretty dream until she grew tired of the toy, and was ready to let her wandering fancy turn to something other and new.

He dared not even think of that; but all the same, as he stood at this open window alone, an unknown fear had come over him. It was a fear altogether vague and undefined; but it seemed to have the power of darkening the daylight around him. Here was the very picture he had so often desired that she should see — the wind-swept Atlantic, the glad blue skies with their drifting clouds of summer white, the Erisgeir rocks, the green shores of Ulva, and Colonsay and Gometra and Staffa all shining in the sunlight; with the sea-birds calling, and the waves breaking, and the soft west wind stiring the fuchsia bushes below the windows of Castle Dare. And it was all dark now; and the sea was a lonely thing — more lonely than ever it had been even during that long winter that he had said was like a grave.

And she? — at this moment she was down at the small bridge that crossed the burn. She had gone out to seek her father; had found him coming up through the larch wood; and was now accompanying him back. They had rested here; he sitting on the weather-worn parapet of the bridge; she leaning over it, and idly dropping bits of velvet-green moss into the whirl of clear brown water below.

"I suppose we must be thinking of getting away from Castle Dare, Gerty," said he.

"I shall not be sorry," she answered.

But even Mr. White was somewhat

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taken aback by the cool promptitude of this reply.

"Well, you know your own business best," he said to her. "It is not for me to interfere. I said from the beginning I would not interfere. But still, I wish you would be a little more explicit, Gerty, and let one understand what you mean — whether, in fact, you do mean, or do not mean, to marry Macleod."

"And who said that I proposed not to marry him?" said she, but she still leaned over the rough stones and looked at the water. "The first thing that would make me decline would be the driving me into a corner — the continual goading, and reminding me of the duty I had to perform. There has been just a little too much of that here" — and at this point she raised herself so that she could regard her father when she wished — "and I really must say that I do not like to be taking a holiday with the feeling hanging over you that certain things are expected of you every other moment, and that you run the risk of being considered a very heartless and ungrateful person unless you do and say certain things you would perhaps rather not do and say. I should like to be let alone. I hate being goaded. And I certainly did not expect that you too, papa, would try to drive me into a corner."

She spoke with some little warmth. Mr. White smiled.

"I was quite unaware, Gerty," said he, "that you were suffering this fearful persecution."

"You may laugh, but it is true," said she, and there was a trifle of color in her cheeks. "The serious interests I am supposed to be concerned about! Such profound topics of conversation! Will the steamer come by the south to-morrow, or round by the north? The Gometra men have had a good take of lobsters yesterday. Will the head-man at the something lighthouse be transferred to some other lighthouse; and how will his wife and family like the change? They are doing very well with the subscription for a bell for the Free Church at Iona. The deer have been down at John Maclean's barley again. Would I like to visit the weaver at Iona who has such a wonderful turn for mathematics, and would I like to know the man at Salen who has the biographies of all the great men of the time in his head?"

Miss White had worked herself up to a pretty pitch of contemptuous indignation; her father was almost beginning to believe that it was real.

"It is all very well for the Macleods to interest themselves with these trumpery little local matters. They play the part of grand patron; the people are proud to honor them; it is a condescension when they remember the name of the crofter's youngest boy. But as for me — when I am taken about — well, I do not like being stared at as if they thought I was wearing too fine clothes. I don't like being continually placed in a position of inferiority through my ignorance — an old fool of a boatman saying, 'Bless me!' when I have to admit that I don't know the difference between a sole and a flounder. I don't want to know. I don't want to be continually told. I wish these people would meet me on my own ground. I wish the Macleods would begin to talk after dinner about the lord chamberlain's interference with the politics of burlesques; and then perhaps they would not be so glib. I am tired of hearing about John Maclean's boat, and Donald Maclean's horse, and Sandy Maclean's refusal to pay the road tax. And as for the drinking of whiskey that these sailors get through — well, it seems to me that the ordinary condition of things is reversed here altogether, and if they ever put up an asylum in Mull, it will be a lunatic asylum for incurable abstainers."

"Now, now, Gerty," said her father; but all the same he rather liked to see his daughter get on her high horse, for she talked with spirit, and it amused him. "You must remember that Macleod looks on this as a holiday time, and perhaps he may be a little lax in his regulations. I have no doubt it is because he is so proud to have you on board his yacht that he occasionally gives the men an extra glass; and I am sure it does them no harm, for they seem to me to be as much in the water as out of it."

She paid no heed to this protest. She was determined to give free speech to her sense of wrong, and humiliation, and disappointment.

"What has been the great event since ever we came here — the wildest excitement the island can afford?" she said. "The arrival of the peddler! A snuffy old man comes into the room with a huge bundle wrapped up in dirty water-proof. Then there is a wild clatter of Gaelic. But suddenly, don't you know? there are one or two glances at me, and the Gaelic stops; and Duncan, or John, or whatever they call him, begins to stammer in English, and I am shown coarse stockings, and bundles of wool, and drugget petti-

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coats, and cotton handkerchiefs. And then Miss Macleod buys a number of things which I know she does not want; and I am looked on as a strange creature because I do not purchase a bundle of wool or a pair of stockings fit for a farmer. The Autolycus of Mull is not impressive, pappy. Oh, but I forgot the dramatic surprise — that also was to be an event, I have no doubt. I was suddenly introduced to a child dressed in a kilt; and I was to speak to him; and I suppose I was to be profoundly moved when I heard him speak to me in my own tongue in this out-of-the-world place. My own tongue! The horrid little wretch has not an *h*."

"Well, there's no pleasing you, Gerty," said he.

"I don't want to be pleased; I want to be let alone," said she.

But she said this with just a little too much sharpness; for her father was, after all, a human being; and it did seem to him to be too bad that he should be taunted in this fashion, when he had done his best to preserve a wholly neutral attitude.

"Let me tell you this, madam," said he, in a playful manner, but with some decision in his tone, "that you may live to have the pride taken out of you. You have had a good deal of flattery and spoiling; and you may find out you have been expecting too much. As for these Macleods here, I will say this — although I came here very much against my own inclination — that I defy any one to have been more kind, and courteous, and attentive than they have been to you. I don't care. It is not my business, as I tell you. But I must say, Gerty, that when you make a string of complaints as the only return for all their hospitality — their excessive and almost burdensome hospitality — I think that even I am bound to say a word. You forget how you come here. You, a perfect stranger, come here as engaged to marry the old lady's only son — to dispossess her — very probably to make impossible a match that she had set her heart on. And both she and her niece — you understand what I mean — instead of being cold, or at least formal to you, seem to me to think of nothing from morning till night but how to surround you with kindness, in a way that Englishwomen would never think of. And this you call persecution; and you are vexed with them because they won't talk to you about theatres — why, bless my soul, how long is it since you were yourself talking about theatres as if the very word choked you!"

"Well, at least, pappy, I never thought you would turn against me," said she, as she put her head partly aside, and made a mouth as if she were about to cry; "and when mamma made you promise to look after Carry and me, I am sure she never thought ——"

Now this was too much for Mr. White. In the small eyes behind the big gold spectacles there was a quick flash of fire.

"Don't be a fool, Gerty," said he, in downright anger. "You know it is no use your trying to humbug me. If you think the ways of this house are too poor and mean for your grand notions of state; if you think he has not enough money, and you are not likely to have fine dinners and entertainments for your friends; if you are determined to break off the match — why, then, do it; but, I tell you, don't try to humbug me."

Miss White's pathetic attitude suddenly vanished. She drew herself up with much dignity and composure, and said, —

"At all events, sir, I have been taught my duty to you; and I think it better not to answer you."

With that she moved off toward the house; and Mr. White, taking to whistling, began to do as she had been doing — idly throwing bits of moss into the rushing burn. After all, it was none of his business.

But that evening, some little time before dinner, it was proposed they should go for a stroll down to the shore; and then it was that Miss White thought she would seize the occasion to let Macleod know of her arrangements for the coming autumn and winter. Ordinarily, on such excursions, she managed to walk with Janet Macleod — the old lady of Castle Dare seldom joined them — leaving Macleod to follow with her father; but this time she so managed it that Macleod and she left the house together. Was he greatly overjoyed? There was a constrained and anxious look on his face that had been there too much of late.

"I suppose Oscar is more at home here than in Bury Street, St. James's?" said she, as the handsome collie went down the path before them.

"No doubt," said he absently: he was not thinking of any collie.

"What beautiful weather we are having!" said she, to this silent companion. "It is always changing, but always beautiful. There is only one other aspect I should like to see — the snow-time."

"We have not much snow here," said he. "It seldom lies in the winter."

This was a strange conversation for two

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engaged lovers: it was not much more interesting than their talk — how many ages ago? — at Charing Cross station. But then, when she had said to him, "*Ought we to take tickets?*" she had looked into his face with those appealing, innocent, beautiful eyes. Now her eyes never met his. She was afraid.

She managed to lead up to her announcement skilfully enough. By the time they reached the shore an extraordinarily beautiful sunset was shining over the sea and the land — something so bewildering and wonderful that they all four stopped to look at it. The Atlantic was a broad expanse of the palest and most brilliant green, with the pathway of the sun a flashing line of gold coming right across until it met the rocks, and these were a jet-black against the glow. Then the distant islands of Colonsay, and Staffa, and Lunga, and Fladda, lying on this shining green sea, appeared to be of a perfectly transparent bronze; while nearer at hand the long ranges of cliffs were becoming a pale rose red under the darkening blue-gray sky. It was a blaze of color such as she had never even dreamed of as being possible in nature; nothing she had as yet seen in these northern latitudes had at all approached it. And as she stood there, and looked at those transparent islands of bronze on the green sea, she said to him, —

"Do you know, Keith, this is not at all like the place I had imagined as the scene of the gloomy stories you used to tell me about the revenges of the clans. I have been frightened once or twice since I came here, no doubt — by the wild sea and the darkness of the cathedral, and so forth; but the longer I stay, the less I see to suggest those awful stories. How could you associate such an evening as this with a frightful tragedy? Do you think those people ever existed who were supposed to have suffocated, or slaughtered, or starved to death any one who opposed their wishes?"

"And I do not suppose they troubled themselves much about fine sunsets," said he. "That was not what they had to think about in those days."

"Perhaps not," said she lightly; "but, you know, I had expected to find a place from which I could gain some inspiration for tragedy; for I should like to try, once for all — if I *should* have to give up the stage — whether I had the stuff of a tragic actress in me. And you know, in that case, I ought to dress in black velvet, and carry a taper through dungeons, and get accustomed to storms and gloom, and thunder and lightning."

"We have no appliances here for the education of an actress — I am very sorry," said he.

"Now, Keith, that is hardly fair," said she, with a smile. "You know it is only a trial. And you saw what they said of my Juliet. Oh, did I tell you about the new tragedy that is coming out?"

"No, I do not think you did," said he.

"Ah, well, it is a great secret as yet; but there is no reason why you should not hear of it."

"I am not anxious to hear of it," said he, without any rudeness.

"But it concerns me," she said, "and so I must tell you. It is written by a brother of Mr. Lemuel, the artist I have often spoken to you about. He is by profession an architect; but if this play should turn out to be as fine as some people say it is, he ought to take to dramatic writing. In fact, all the Lemuels (there are three brothers of them, you know) are like Michael Angelo and Leonardo, artists to the finger-tips, in every direction — poets, painters, sculptors, and all the rest of it. And I do think I ought to feel flattered by their choice in asking me to play the heroine; for so much depends on the choice of the actress ——"

"And you are still to act?" said he quickly, though he spoke in a low voice, so that those behind should not hear.

"Surely I explained to you?" said she, in a pleasant manner. "After all, life-long habits are not so easily cast aside; and I knew you would be generous, and bear with me a little bit, Keith."

He turned to her. The glow of the sunset caught his face. There was a strange, hopeless sadness in his eyes.

"Generous to you?" said he. "You know I would give you my life if that would serve you. But this is worse than taking my life from me."

"Keith! Keith!" said she, in gentle protest, "I don't know what you mean. You should not take things so seriously. What is it, after all? It was as an actress that you knew me first. What is the difference of a few months more or less? If I had not been an actress, you would never have known me — do you recollect that? By-the-way, has Major Stuart's wife got a piano?"

He turned and stared at her for a second, in a bewildered way.

"Oh yes," said he, with a laugh, "Mrs. Stuart has got a piano. She has got a very good piano. And what is the song you

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would sing now, sweetheart? Shall we finish up and have done with it, with a song at the end? That is the way in the theatre, you know — a dance and a song as the people go. And what shall our song be now? There was one that Norman Ogilvie used to sing."

"I don't know why you should talk to me like that, Keith," said she, though she seemed somewhat frightened by this fierce gayety. "I was going to tell you that, if Mrs. Stuart had a piano, I would very gladly sing one or two songs for your mother and Miss Macleod when we went over there to-morrow. You have frequently asked me. Indeed, I have brought with me the very songs I sung to you the first time I saw you — at Mrs. Ross's."

Instantly his memory flew back to that day — to the hushed little room over the sunlit gardens, to the beautiful, gentle, sensitive girl who seemed to have so strange an interest in the Highlands, to the wonderful thrill that went through him when she began to sing with an exquisite pathos "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door," and to the prouder enthusiasm that stirred him when she sang "I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them." These were fine, and tender, and proud songs. There was no gloom about them — nothing about a grave, and the dark winter-time, and a faithless lost love. This song of Norman Ogilvie's that he had gayly proposed they should sing now? What had Major Stuart, or his wife, or any one in Mull to do with "Death's black wine"?

"I meant to tell you, Keith," said she, somewhat nervously, "that I had signed an engagement to remain at the Piccadilly Theatre till Christmas next. I knew you wouldn't mind — I mean, you would be considerate, and you would understand how difficult it is for one to break away all at once from one's old associations. And then, you know, Keith," said she shyly, "though you may not like the theatre, you ought to be proud of my success, as even my friends and acquaintances are. And as they are all anxious to see me make another appearance in tragedy, I really should like to try it; so that when my portrait appears in the Academy next year, people may not be saying, 'Look at the impertinence of that girl appearing as a tragic actress, when she can do nothing beyond the familiar modern comedy!' I should have told you all about it before, Keith, but I know you hate to hear any talk about the theatre; and I sha'n't bore you again, you may depend on that. Isn't it time to go back now? See! the rose-color is away from Ulva now; it is quite a dark purple."

He turned in silence and led the way back. Behind them he could faintly hear Mr. White discoursing to Janet Macleod about the manner in which the old artists mixed their own pigments.

Then Macleod said, with a great gentleness and restraint, —

"And when you go away from here, Gertrude, I suppose I must say good-by to you; and no one knows when we shall see each other again. You are returning to the theatre. If that is your wish, I would not try to thwart it. You know best what is the highest prize the world can give you. And how can I warn you against failure and disappointment? I know you will be successful. I know the people will applaud you, and your head will be filled with their praises. You are going forward to a new triumph, Gerty; and the first step you will take — will be on my heart."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

"PAPPY dear," said Miss White to her father, in a playful way, although it was a serious sort of playfulness, "I have a vague feeling that there is a little too much electricity in the atmosphere of this place just at present. I am afraid there may be an explosion, and you know my nerves can't stand much of a shock. I should be glad to get away."

By this time she had quite made up that little difference with her father — she did not choose to be left alone at a somewhat awkward crisis. She had told him she was sure he had not meant what he said about her; and she had expressed her sorrow for having provoked him; and there an end. And if Mr. White had been driven by his anger to be for the moment the ally of Macleod, he was not disinclined to take the other side now and let Miss White have her own will. The vast amount of training he had bestowed on her through many long years was not to be thrown away, after all.

"I told him last night," said she, "of my having signed an engagement till Christmas next."

"Oh, indeed," said her father quickly, looking at her over his spectacles.

"Yes," said she thoughtfully, "and he was not so disturbed or angry as I had expected. Not at all. He was very kind about it. But I don't understand him."

"What do you not understand?"

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"He has grown so strange of late — so sombre. Once, you know, he was the lightest-hearted young man — enjoying every minute of his life, you know; and really, pappy, I think ——"

And here Miss White stopped.

"At all events," said she, quickly, "I want to be in a less dangerously excited atmosphere, where I can sit down and consider matters calmly. It was much better when he and I corresponded; then we could fairly learn what each other thought. Now I am almost afraid of him — I mean, I am afraid to ask him a question. I have to keep out of his way. And if it comes to that, pappy, you know, I feel now as if I was called on to act a part from morning till night, whereas I was always assured that if I left the stage and married him, it was to be my natural self, and I should have no more need to pose and sham. However, that is an old quarrel between you and me, pappy, and we will put it aside. What's more to the purpose is this — it was half understood that when we left Castle Dare he was to come with us through at least a part of the Highlands."

"There was a talk of it."

"Don't you think," said Miss White, with some little hesitation, and with her eyes cast down — "don't you think that would be — a little inconvenient?"

"I should say that was for you to decide," he answered, somewhat coldly; for it was too bad that she should be continually asking his advice and then openly disregarding it.

"I should think it would be a little uncomfortable," she said demurely. "I fancy he has taken that engagement till Christmas a little more to heart than he chooses to reveal. That is natural; I knew it would be a disappointment; but then, you know, pappy, the temptation was very great, and I had almost promised the Lemuels to do what I could for the piece. And if I am to give up the stage, wouldn't it be fine to wind up with a blaze of fireworks to astonish the public?"

"Are you so certain you will astonish the public?" her father said.

"I have the courage to try," she answered, readily. "And you are not going to throw cold water on my endeavors, are you, pappy? Well, as I was saying, it is perhaps natural for Sir Keith Macleod to feel a bit annoyed; and I am afraid, if he went travelling with us, we should be continually skating on the edge of a quarrel. Besides, to tell you the truth, pappy, with all his kindness and gentleness, there is sometimes about him a sort of intensity that I scarcely like; it makes me afraid of him. If it were on the stage, I should say it was a splendid piece of acting — of the suppressed vehement kind, you know; but really, during a holiday time, when one naturally wishes to enjoy the fine weather and gather strength for one's work — well, I do think he ought not to come with us, pappy."

"Very well, you can hint as much without being rude."

"I was thinking," said she, "of the Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin who were in that Newcastle company, and who went to Aberdeen. Do you remember them, pappy?"

"The low comedian, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, at all events, they would be glad to see us. And so — don't you think? — we could let Macleod understand that we were going to see some friends in the north? Then he would not think of coming with us."

"The representation would scarcely be justifiable," observed Mr. White, with a profound air, "in ordinary circumstances. But, as you say, it would be neither for his comfort nor for yours that he should go with us."

"Comfort!" she exclaimed. "Much comfort I have had since I came here! Comfort I call quiet, and being let alone. Another fortnight in this place would give me brain fever: your life continually in danger either on the sea or by the cliffs; your feelings supposed to be always up at passion pitch — it is all a whirl of secret or declared emotions that don't give you a moment's rest. Oh, pappy, won't it be nice to have a day or two's quiet in our own home, with Carry and Marie! And you know Mr. Lemuel will be in town all the summer and winter. The material for *his* work he finds within himself. He doesn't need to scamper off like the rest of them to hunt out picturesque peasants and studies of waterfalls — trotting about the country with a note-book in hand ——"

"Gerty, Gerty," said her father, with a smile, "your notions are unformed on that subject. What have I told you often? — that the artist is only a reporter. Whether he uses the pencil, or the pen, or his own face and voice to express the highest thoughts and emotions of which he is conscious, he is only a reporter — a penny-a-liner whose words are written in fire. And you — don't you carry your note-book too?"

"I was not comparing myself with an artist like Mr. Lemuel, pappy. No, no. Of course I have to keep my eyes open,

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and pick up things that may be useful. His work is the work of intense spiritual contemplation — it is inspiration ——"

"No doubt," the father said, "the inspiration of Botticelli."

"Papa!"

Mr. White chuckled to himself. He was not given to joking: an epigram was not in consonance with his high sententiousness. But instantly he resumed his solemn deportment.

"A picture is as much a part of the world as a human face: why should I not take my inspiration from a picture as well as from a human face?"

"You mean to say he is only a copyist — a plagiarist!" she said, with some indignation.

"Not at all," said he. "All artists have their methods founded more or less on the methods of those who have gone before them. You don't expect an artist to discover for himself an entirely new principle of art, any more than you expect him to paint in pigments of his own invention. Mr. Lemuel has been a diligent student of Botticelli — that is all."

This strange talk amid the awful loneliness and grandeur of Glen Sloich! They were idly walking along the rough road: far above them rose the giant slopes of the mountains retreating into heavy masses of cloud that were moved by the currents of the morning wind. It was a gray day; and the fresh-water lake here was of a leaden hue, and the browns and greens of the mountain-side were dark and intense. There was no sign of human life or habitation; there was no bird singing; the deer were far away in the unknown valleys above them, hidden by the mystic cloud phantoms. There was an odor of sweet-gale in the air. The only sound was the murmuring of the streams that were pouring down through these vast solitudes to the sea.

And now they reached a spot from whence, on turning, they caught sight of the broad plain of the Atlantic — all wind-swept and white. And the sky was dark and low down; though at one place the clouds had parted, and there was a glimmer of blue as narrow and keen as the edge of a knife. But there were showers about; for Iona was invisible, and Staffa was faintly gray through the passing rain, and Ulva was almost black as the storm approached in its gloom. Botticelli! Those men now in that small lug-sailed boat, far away off the point of Gometra — a tiny dark thing apparently lost every second or so amid the white Atlantic surge, and wrestling hard with the driving wind and sea to reach the thundering and foam-filled caverns of Staffa — they were not thinking much of Botticelli. Keith Macleod was in that boat. The evening before, Miss White had expressed some light wish about some trifle or other; but had laughingly said that she must wait till she got back to the region of shops. Unknown to her, Macleod had set off to intercept the steamer; and he would go on board and get hold of the steward; and would the steward be so kind as to hunt about in Oban to see if that trifle could not be found? Macleod would not intrust so important a message to any one else: he would himself go out to meet the "Pioneer."

"The sky is becoming very dark," Mr. White said; "we had better go back, Gerty."

But before they had gone far the first heavy drops were beginning to fall, and they were glad to run for refuge to some great grey bowlders which lay in the moist moorland at the foot of the mountain slopes. In the lee of these rocks they were in comparative safety, and they waited patiently until the gale of wind and rain should pass over. And what were these strange objects that appeared in the gray mists far along the valley? She touched her father's arm — she did not speak; it was her first sight of a herd of red deer, and as the deer had doubtless been startled by a shepherd or his dog, they were making across the glen at a good speed. First came the hinds, running almost in Indian file, and then with a longer stride came one or two stags, their antlered heads high in the air, as though they were listening for sounds behind them and sniffing the wind in front of them at the same time. But so far away were they that they were only blurred objects passing through the rain mists; they passed across like swift ghosts; there was no sound heard at all. And then the rain ceased, and the air grew warm around them. They came out from the shadow of the rock — behold! a blaze of hot sun on the moist moors, with a sudden odor of bracken, and young heather, and sweet-gale all about them. And the sandy road quickly grew dry again, and the heavens opened, and there was a flood of sunlight falling on that rushing and breezy Atlantic. They walked back to Dare.

"Tuesday, then, shall we say, pappy?" she remarked, just before entering.

"Very well."

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"And we are going to see some friends in Aberdeen."

"Very well."

After this Miss White became a great deal more cheerful, and she was very complaisant to them all at luncheon. And quite by accident she asked Macleod, who had returned by this time, whether they talked Scotch in Aberdeen.

"Because, you know," said she, "one should always be learning on one's travels; and many a time I have heard people disputing about the pronunciation of the Scotch; and one ought to be able to read Burns with a proper accent. Now you have no Scotch at all here; you don't say 'my dawtie,' and 'ben the hoose,' and ''twixt the gloaming and the mirk.'"

"Oh no," said he, "we have none of the Scotch at all, except among those who have been for a time to Glasgow or Greenock; and our own language, the Gaelic is unknown to strangers; and our way of speaking English — that is only made a thing to laugh at. And yet I do not laugh at all at the blunders of our poor people in a strange tongue. You may laugh at us for our way of speaking English — the accent of it; but it is not fair to laugh at the poor people when they will be making mistakes among the verbs. Did you ever hear of the poor Highlander who was asked how he had been employing himself, and, after a long time, he said, 'I wass for tree years a herring-fish, and I wass for four months or tree months a broke stone on the road?' Perhaps the Highlanders are not very clever at picking up another language; but all the same that did not prevent their going to all parts of the world and fighting the battles of other people. And do you know that in Canada there are descendants of the Highlanders who went there in the last century — and they are proud of their name and their history, and they have swords that were used at Falkirk and Culloden — but these Macnabs and Mackays and Camerons, they speak only French! But I think, if they have Highland blood in them, and if they were to hear the "Failte Phrionsal' played on the pipes, they would recognize that language. And why were you asking about Aberdeen?"

"That is not a Highland but a Scotch way of answering my question," said she, smiling.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he hastily; "but indeed I have never been to Aberdeen, and I do not know what it is they speak there, but I should say it was likely to be a mixture of Scotch and English such as all the big towns have. I do not think it is a Highland place, like Inverness."

"Now, I will answer your question," said she. "I asked you because papa and I propose to go there before returning to England ——"

How quickly the light fell from his face!

"The fact is, we have some friends there."

There was silence. They all felt that it was for Macleod to speak; and they may have been guessing as to what was passing in his mind. But to their surprise he said, in almost a gay fashion.

"Ah, well, you know they accuse us Highland folk of being rather too importunate as hosts; but we will try not to harass you; and if you have friends in Aberdeen, it would not be fair to beg of you to leave them aside this time. But surely you are not thinking of going to Aberdeen yet, when it is many a place you have yet to see about here. I was to take you in the 'Umpire' to Skye; and we had many a talk about the Lewis too."

"Thank you very much," said she demurely. "I am sure you have been most kind to us; but — the fact is — I think we must leave on Tuesday."

"On Tuesday!" said he; but it was only for an instant that he winced. Again he roused himself — for he was talking in the presence of his mother and the cousin Janet. "You have not been quite fair to us," said he cheerfully; "you have not given yourself time to make our acquaintance. Are you determined to go away as you came, the Fionaghal? But then, you know, Fionaghal came and staid among us, before she began to write her songs about the western isles; and the next time you come, that must be for a longer time, and you will get to know us all better, and we will not frighten you any more by taking you on the sea at night, or into the cathedral ruins. Ah!" said he, with a smile lighting up his face — but it was a constrained gayety altogether — "do I know now why you are hurrying away so soon? You want to avoid that trip in the 'Umpire' to the island where I used to think I would like my grave to be ——"

"Keith!" said Lady Macleod, with a frown. "How can you repeat that nonsense! Miss White will think you are mad."

"It was only an old fancy, mother," said he gently. "And we were thinking

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of going out to one of the Treshanish islands, anyway. Surely it is a harmless thing that a man should choose out the place of his own grave, so long as he does not want to be put into it too soon."

"It will be time for you to speak of such things thirty years hence," said Lady Macleod.

"Thirty years is a long time," said he; and then he added, lightly, "but if we do not go out to the Treshanish islands, we must go somewhere else before the Tuesday; and would you go round to Loch Sunart now? or shall we drive you to-morrow to see Glen More and Loch Buy? and you must not leave Mull without visiting our beautiful town — and capital — that is, Tobermory."

Every one was quite surprised and pleased to find Macleod taking the sudden departure of his sweetheart in this fashion; it showed that he had abundant confidence in the future. And if Miss White had her own thoughts about the matter, it was at all events satisfactory to her that outwardly Macleod and she were parting on good terms.

But that evening he happened to find her alone for a few moments; and all the forced cheerfulness had left his eyes, and there was a dark look there — of hopeless anxiety and pain.

"I do not wish to force you, Gerty — to persecute you," said he. "You are our guest. But before you go away, cannot you give me one definite word of promise and hope — only one word?"

"I am quite sure you don't want to persecute me, Keith," said she, "but you should remember there is a long time of waiting before us, and there will be plenty of opportunity for explaining and arranging everything when we have leisure to write ——"

"To write!" he exclaimed. "But I am coming to see you, Gerty. Do you think I could go through another series of long months with only those letters, and letters, and letters, to break one's heart over? I could not do it again, Gerty. And when you have visited your friends in Aberdeen, I am coming to London."

"Why, Keith, there is the shooting."

"I do not think I shall try the shooting this year — it is an anxiety — I cannot have patience with it. I am coming to London, Gerty."

"Oh, very well, Keith," said she, with an affectation of cheerful content, "then there is no use in our taking a solemn good-by just now — is there? You know how I hate scenes. And we shall part very good friends, shall we not? And when you come to London we shall make up all our little differences, and have everything on a clear understanding. Is it a bargain? Here comes your cousin Janet — now show her that we are good friends, Keith. And for goodness' sake don't say that you mean to give up your shooting this year, or she will wonder what I have made of you. Give up your shooting! Why, a woman would as soon give up her right of being incomprehensible and whimsical and capricious — her right of teasing people, as I very much fear I have been teasing you, Keith. But it will be all set right when you come to London."

And from that moment to the moment of her departure Miss White seemed to breathe more freely, and she took less care to avoid Keith Macleod in her daily walks and ways. There was at last quite a good understanding between them, as the people around imagined.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AFRAID.

BUT the very first thing she did on reaching home again was to write to Macleod begging him to postpone his visit to London. What was the use? The company of which she formed a part was most probably going on an autumn tour; she was personally very busy. Surely it would not much interest him to be present at the production of a new piece in Liverpool?

And then she pointed out to him that, as she had her duties and occupations, so ought he to have. It was monstrous his thought of foregoing the shooting that year. Why, if he wanted some additional motive, what did he say to preserving as much grouse plumage as would trim a cloak for her? It was a great pity that the skins of so beautiful a bird should be thrown away. And she desired him to present her kind regards to Lady Macleod and to Miss Macleod, and to thank them both for their great kindness.

Immediately after writing that letter Miss White seemed to grow very light-hearted indeed, and she laughed and chatted with Carry, and was exceedingly affectionate toward her sister.

"And what do you think of your own home now, Gerty?" said Miss Carry, who had been making some small experiments in arrangement.

"You mean, after my being among the savages?" said she. "Ah, it is too true, Carry. I have seen them in their war-

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paint, and I have shuddered at their spears, and I have made voyages in their canoes. But it is worth while going anywhere and doing any thing in order to come back and experience such a sense of relief and quiet. Oh, what a delicious cushion! Where did you get it, Carry?"

She sank back in the rocking-chair out on this shaded veranda. It was the slumbering noontide of a July day; the foliage above and about the Regent's Canal hung motionless in the still sunlight; and there was a perfume of roses in the air. Here at last was repose. She had said that her notion of happiness was to be let alone; and — now that she had despatched that forbidding letter — she would be able to enjoy a quiet and languor free from care.

"Aha, Gerty, don't you know?" said the younger sister. "Well, I suppose, you poor creature, you don't know — you have been among the tigers and crocodiles so long. That cushion is a present from Mr. Lemuel to me — to me, mind, not to you — and he brought it all the way from Damascus some years ago. Oh, Gerty, if I was only three years older, shouldn't I like to be your rival, and have a fight with you for him!"

"I don't know what you mean," said the elder sister sharply.

"Oh, don't you? Poor innocent thing! Well, I am not going to quarrel with you this time, for at last you are showing some sense. How you ever could have thought of Mr. Howson, or Mr. Brook, or — you know whom — I never could imagine; but here is some one now whom people have heard of — some one with fame like yourself — who will understand you. Oh, Gerty, hasn't he lovely eyes?"

"Like a gazelle," said the other. "You know what Mr. —— said? — that he never met the appealing look of Mr. Lemuel's eyes without feeling in his pocket for a biscuit."

"He wouldn't say any thing like that about you, Gerty," Carry said reproachfully.

"Who wouldn't?"

"Mr. Lemuel."

"Oh, Carry, don't you understand that I am so glad to be allowed to talk nonsense? I have been all strung up lately, like the string of a violin. Everything *au grand sérieux*. I want to be idle, and to chat, and to talk nonsense. Where did you get that bunch of stephanotis?"

"Mr. Lemuel brought it last evening. He knew you were coming home to-day. Oh, Gerty, do you know I have seen your portrait, though it isn't finished yet, and you look — you look like an inspired prophetess. I never saw any thing so lovely."

"Indeed," said Miss White, with a smile; but she was pleased.

"When the public see that, they will know what you are really like, Gerty, instead of buying your photograph in a shop from a collection of ballet-dancers and circus women. That is where you ought to be — in the Royal Academy: not in a shop window with any mountebank. Oh, Gerty, do you know who is your latest rival in the stationers' windows? The woman who dresses herself as a mermaid and swims in a transparent tank below water. Fin-fin they call her. I suppose you have not been reading the newspapers?"

"Not much."

"There is a fine collection for you upstairs. And there is an article about you in the *Islington Young Men's Improvement Association*. It is signed 'Trismegistus.' Oh, it is beautiful, Gerty — quite full of poetry. It says you are an enchantress striking the rockiest heart, and a well of pure emotion springs up. It says you have the beauty of Mrs. Siddons and the genius of Rachel."

"Dear me!"

"Ah, you don't half believe in yourself, Gerty," said the younger sister, with a critical air. "It is the weak point about you. You depreciate yourself, and you make light of other people's belief in you. However, you can't go against your own genius. That is too strong for you. As soon as you get on the stage, then you forget to laugh at yourself."

"Really, Carry, has papa been giving you a lecture about me?"

"Oh, laugh away; but you know it is true. And a woman like you — you were going to throw yourself away on a ——"

"Carry! There are some things that are better not talked about," said Gertrude White curtly, as she rose and went indoors.

Miss White betook herself to her professional and domestic duties with much alacrity and content, for she believed that by her skill as a letter-writer she could easily ward off the importunities of her too passionate lover. It is true that at times, and in despite of her playful evasion, she was visited by a strange dread. However far away, the cry of a strong man in his agony has something terrible in it. And what was this he wrote to her in simple and calm words?

"Are our paths diverging, Gerty? and, if that is so, what will be the end of it for

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me and for you? Are you going away from me? After all that has passed, are we to be separated in the future, and you will go one way, and I must go the other way, with all the world between us, so that I shall never see you again? Why will you not speak? You hint of lingering doubts and hesitations. Why have you not the courage to be true to yourself — to be true to your woman's heart — to take your life in your own hands and shape it so that it shall be worthy of you?"

Well, she did speak, in answer to this piteous prayer. She was a skilful letter-writer.

"It may seem very ungrateful in an actress, you know, dear Keith, to contest the truth of any thing said by Shakespeare; but I don't think, with all humility, there ever was so much nonsense put into so small a space as there is in these lines that everybody quotes at your head: —

> To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

'Be true to yourself,' people say to you. But surely every one who is conscious of failings, and deceitfulness, and unworthy instincts, would rather try to be a little better than himself? Where else would there be any improvement, in an individual or in society? You have to fight against yourself, instead of blindly yielding to your wish of the moment. I know I, for one, should not like to trust myself. I wish to be better than I am — to be other than I am — and I naturally look around for help and guidance. Then you find people recommending you absolutely diverse ways of life, and with all show of authority and reason too; and in such an important matter ought not one to consider before making a final choice?"

Miss White's studies in mental and moral science, as will readily be perceived, had not been of a profound character. But he did not stay to detect the obvious fallacy of her argument. It was all a maze of words to him. The drowning man does not hear questions addressed to him. He only knows that the waters are closing over him, and that there is no arm stretched out to save.

"I do not know myself for two minutes together," she wrote. "What is my present mood, for example? Why, one of absolute and ungovernable hatred — hatred of the woman who would take my place if I were to retire from the stage. I have been thinking of it all the morning — picturing myself as an unknown nonentity, vanished from the eyes of the public, in a social grave. And I have to listen to people praising the new actress, and I have to read columns about her in the papers, and I am unable to say, 'Why, all that and more was written and said about me.' What has an actress to show for herself if once she leaves the stage? People forget her the next day; no record is kept of her triumphs. A painter, now, who spends years of his life in earnest study — it does not matter to him whether the public applaud or not, whether they forget or not. He has always before him these evidences of his genius; and among his friends he can choose his fit audience. Even when he is an old man, and listening to the praises of all the young fellows who have caught the taste of the public, he can at all events show something of his work as testimony of what he was. But an actress, the moment she leaves the stage, is a snuffed-out candle. She has her stage dresses to prove that she acted certain parts; and she may have a scrap-book with cuttings of criticisms from the provincial papers. You know, dear Keith, all this is very heart-sickening; and I am quite aware that it will trouble you — as it troubles me, and sometimes makes me ashamed of myself — but then it is true, and it is better for both of us that it should be known. I could not undertake to be a hypocrite all my life. I must confess to you, whatever be the consequences, that I distinctly made a mistake when I thought it was such an easy thing to adopt a whole new set of opinions and tastes and habits. The old Adam, as your Scotch ministers would say, keeps coming back to jog my elbow as an old familiar friend. And you would not have me conceal the fact from you? I know how difficult it will be for you to understand or sympathize with me. You have never been brought up to a profession every inch of your progress in which you have to contest against rivals; and you don't know how jealous one is of one's position when it is gained. I think I would rather be made an old woman of sixty to-morrow morning than get up and go out and find my name printed in small letters in the theatre bills. And if I try to imagine what my feelings would be if I were to retire from the stage, surely that is in your interest as well as mine. How would you like to be tied for life to a person who was continually looking back to her past career with regret, and who was continually looking around her for objects of jealous and envious anger? Really, I try to do my duty by everybody. All the

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time I was at Castle Dare I tried to picture myself living there, and taking an interest in the fishing and the farms, and so on; and if I was haunted by the dread that, instead of thinking about the fishing and the farms, I should be thinking of the triumphs of the actress who had taken my place in the attention of the public, I had to recognize the fact. It is wretched and pitiable, no doubt; but look at my training. If you tell me to be true to myself, that is myself. And at all events I feel more contented that I have made a frank confession."

Surely it was a fair and reasonable letter? But the answer that came to it had none of its pleasant common-sense. It was all a wild appeal — a calling on her not to fall away from the resolves she had made — not to yield to those despondent moods. There was but the one way to get rid of her doubts and hesitations; let her at once cast aside the theatre and all its associations and malign influences, and become his wife, and he would take her by the hand, and lead her away from that besetting temptation. Could she forget the day on which she gave him the red rose? She was a woman; she could not forget.

She folded up the letter, and held it in her hand, and went into her father's room. There was a certain petulant and irritated look on her face.

"He says he is coming up to London, papa," said she abruptly.

"I suppose you mean Sir Keith Macleod," said he.

"Well, of course. And can you imagine anything more provoking — just at present, when we are rehearsing this new play, and when all the time I can afford Mr. Lemuel wants for the portrait? I declare the only time I feel quiet, secure, safe from the interference of anybody — and more especially the worry of the postman — is when I am having that portrait painted; the intense stillness of the studio is delightful, and you have beautiful things all around you. As soon as I open the door I come out into the world again, with constant vexations and apprehensions all around. Why, I don't know but that at any minute Sir Keith Macleod may come walking up to the gate!"

"And why should that possibility keep you in terror?" said her father calmly.

"Well, not in terror," said she, looking down, "but — but anxiety, at least; and a very great deal of anxiety. Because I know he will want explanations and promises, and I don't know what — just at the time I am most worried and unsettled about everything I mean to do."

Her father regarded her for a second or two.

"Well?" said he.

"Isn't that enough?" she said, with some indignation.

"Oh," said he coldly, "you have merely come to me to pour out your tale of wrongs. You don't want me to interfere, I suppose. Am I to condole with you?"

"I don't know why you should speak to me like that, at all events," said she.

"Well, I will tell you," he responded, in the same cool, matter-of-fact way. "When you told me you meant to give up the theatre and marry Sir Keith Macleod, my answer was that you were likely to make a mistake. I thought you were a fool to throw away your position as an actress; but I did not urge the point. I merely left the matter in your own hands. Well, you went your own way. For a time your head was filled with romance — Highland chieftains, and gillies, and red deer, and baronial halls, and all that stuff; and no doubt you persuaded that young man that you believed in the whole thing fervently, and there was no end to the names you called theatres and everybody connected with them. Not only that, but you must needs drag me up to the Highlands to pay a visit to a number of strangers with whom both you and I lived on terms of apparent hospitality and good-will, but in reality on terms of very great restraint. Very well. You begin to discover that your romance was a little bit removed from the actual state of affairs — at least you say so ——"

"I say so!" she exclaimed.

"Hear me out," the father said patiently. "I don't want to offend you, Gerty, but I wish to speak plainly. You have an amazing faculty for making yourself believe anything that suits you. I have not the least doubt but that you have persuaded yourself that the change in your manner toward Keith Macleod was owing to your discovering that their way of life was different from what you expected; or perhaps that you still had a lingering fancy for the stage — anything you like. I say you could make yourself believe anything. But I must point out to you that any acquaintance of yours — an outsider — would probably look on the marked attentions Mr. Lemuel has been paying you, and on your sudden conversion to the art theories of himself and his friends, and on the revival of your ambitious notions about tragedy ——"

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"You need say no more," said she, with her face grown quickly red, and with a certain proud impatience in her look.

"Oh yes, but I mean to say more," her father said quietly, "unless you wish to leave the room. I mean to say this — that when you have persuaded yourself somehow that you would rather reconsider your promise to Sir Keith Macleod — am I right? — that it does seem rather hard that you should grow ill-tempered with him and accuse him of being the author of your troubles and vexations. I am no great friend of his — I disliked his coming here at the outset; but I will say he is a manly young fellow, and I know he would not try to throw the blame of any change in his own sentiments on to some one else. And another thing I mean to say is — that your playing the part of the injured Griselda is not quite becoming, Gerty: at all events, I have no sympathy with it. If you come and tell me frankly that you have grown tired of Macleod, and wish somehow to break your promise to him, then I can advise you."

"And what would you advise, then," said she, with equal calmness, "supposing that you choose to throw all the blame on me?"

"I would say that it is a woman's privilege to be allowed to change her mind; and that the sooner you told him so the better."

"Very simple!" she said, with a flavor of sarcasm in her tone. "Perhaps you don't know that man as I know him."

"Then you *are* afraid of him?"

She was silent.

"These are certainly strange relations between two people who talk of getting married. But, in any case, he cannot suffocate you in a cave, for you live in London; and in London it is only an occasional young man about Shoreditch who smashes his sweetheart with a poker when she proposes to marry somebody else. He might, it is true, summon you for breach of promise; but he would prefer not to be laughed at. Come, come, Gerty, get rid of all this nonsense. Tell him frankly the position; and don't come bothering me with pretended wrongs and injuries."

"Do you think I ought to tell him?" said she slowly.

"Certainly."

She went away and wrote to Macleod; but she did not wholly explain her position. She only begged once more for time to consider her own feelings. It would be better that he should not come just now to London. And if she were convinced, after honest and earnest questioning of herself, that she had not the courage and strength of mind necessary for the great change in her life she had proposed, would it not be better for his happiness and hers that the confession should be made?

Macleod did not answer that letter; and she grew alarmed. Several days elapsed. One afternoon, coming home from rehearsal, she saw a card lying on the tray on the hall table.

"Papa," said she, with her face somewhat paler than usual, "Sir Keith Macleod is in London!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CLIMAX.

SHE was alone in the drawing-room. She heard the bell ring, and the sound of some one being let in by the front door. Then there was a man's step in the passage outside. The craven heart grew still with dread.

But it was with a great gentleness that he came forward to her, and took both of her trembling hands, and said, —

"Gerty, you do not think that I have come to be angry with you — not that!"

He could not but see with those anxious, pained, tender eyes of his that she was very pale; and her heart was now beating so fast — after the first shock of fright — that for a second or two she could not answer him. She withdrew her hands. And all this time he was regarding her face with an eager, wistful intensity.

"It is — so strange — for me to see you again," said he, almost in a bewildered way. "The days have been very long without you — I had almost forgotten what you were like — and now — and now — oh, Gerty, you are not angry with me for troubling you?"

She withdrew a step and sat down.

"There is a chair," said she: he did not seem to understand what she meant. He was trying to read her thoughts in her eyes, in her manner, in the pale face; and his earnest gaze did not leave her for a moment.

"I know you must be greatly troubled and worried, Gerty, and — and I tried not to come; but your last letter was like the end of the world for me. I thought everything might go then. But then I said, 'Are you a man, and to be cast down by that? She is bewildered by some passing doubt; her mind is sick for the moment; you must go to her, and recall her, and awake her to herself; and you will see her

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laugh again.' And so I am here, Gerty; and if I am troubling you at a bad time — well, it is only for a moment or two; and you will not mind that? You and I are so different, Gerty! You are all perfect. You do not want the sympathy of any one. You are satisfied with your own thinkings; you are a world to yourself. But I cannot live without being in sympathy with you. It is a craving; it is like a fire —— Well, I did not come here to talk about myself."

"I am sorry you took so much trouble," she said, in a low voice, and there was a nervous restraint in her manner. "You might have answered my letter instead."

"Your letter!" he exclaimed. "Why, Gerty, I could not talk to the letter. It was not yourself. It was no more part of yourself than a glove. You will forget that letter, and all the letters that ever you wrote; let them go away like the leaves of former autumns that are quite forgotten; and instead of the letters be yourself, as I see you now — proud-spirited and noble — my beautiful Gerty — my wife!"

He made a step forward, and caught her hand. She did not see that there were sudden tears in the imploring eyes. She only knew that this vehemence seemed to suffocate her.

"Keith," said she, and she gently disengaged her hand, "will you sit down — and we can talk over this matter calmly, if you please; but I think it would have been better if you left us both to explain ourselves in writing. It is difficult to say certain things without giving pain, and you know I don't wish to do that ——"

"I know," said he, with an absent look on his face; and he took the chair she had indicated, and sat down beside her; and now he was no longer regarding her eyes.

"It is quite true that you and I are different," said she, with a certain resolution in her tone, as if she was determined to get through with a painful task, "very seriously different in everything — in our natures, and habits, and opinions, and all the rest of it. How we ever became acquainted I don't know; I am afraid it was not a fortunate accident for either of us. Well ——"

Here she stopped. She had not prepared any speech, and she suddenly found herself without a word to say, when words, words, words, were all she eagerly wanted in order to cover her retreat. And as for him, he gave her no help. He sat silent, his eyes downcast, a tired and haggard look on his face.

"Well," she resumed, with a violent effort, "I was saying, perhaps we made a mistake in our estimates of each other. That is a very common thing; and sometimes people find out in time, and sometimes they don't. I am sure you agree with me, Keith?"

"Oh yes, Gerty," he answered absently.

"And then — and then I am quite ready to confess that I may have been mistaken about myself; and I am afraid you encouraged the mistake. You know, I am quite sure I am not the heroic person you tried to make me believe I was. I have found myself out, Keith; and just in time before making a terrible blunder. I am very glad that it is myself I have to blame. I have got very little resolution. 'Unstable as water' — that is the phrase: perhaps I should not like other people to apply it to me; but I am quite ready to apply it to myself, for I know it to be true; and it would be a great pity if any one's life were made miserable through my fault. Of course I thought for a time that I was a very courageous and resolute person; you flattered me into believing it; but I have found myself out since. Don't you understand, Keith?"

He gave a sign of assent; his silence was more embarrassing than any protest or any appeal.

"Oh, I could choose such a wife for you, Keith — a wife worthy of you — a woman as womanly as you are manly; and I can think of her being proud to be your wife, and how all the people who came to your house would admire her and love her ——"

He looked up in a bewildered way.

"Gerty," he said, "I don't quite know what it is you are speaking about. You are speaking as if some strange thing had come between us, and I was to go one way and you another through all the years to come. Why, that is all nonsense! See! I can take your hand — that is the hand that gave me the red rose. You said you loved me then; you cannot have changed already. I have not changed. What is there that would try to separate us? Only words, Gerty! — a cloud of words, humming round the ears and confusing one. Oh, I have grown heart-sick of them in your letters, Gerty; until I put the letters away altogether, and I said, 'They are no more than the leaves of last autumn: when I see Gerty, and take her hand, all the words will disappear then.' Your hand is not made of words, Gerty; it is warm, and kind, and gentle — it is a woman's hand. Do you think words are able to make me

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let go my grasp of it? I put them away. I do not hear any more of them. I only know that you are beside me, Gerty; and I hold your hand."

He was now no longer the imploring lover: there was a strange elation — a sort of triumph — in his tone.

"Why, Gerty, do you know why I have come to London? It is to carry you off — not with the pipes yelling to drown your screams, as Flora Macdonald's mother was carried off by her lover — but taking you by the hand, and waiting for the smile on your face. That is the way out of all our troubles, Gerty: we shall be plagued with no more words then. Oh, I understand it all, sweetheart — your doubts of yourself, and your thinking about the stage: it is all a return of the old and evil influences that you and I thought had been shaken off forever. Perhaps that was a little mistake; but no matter. You will shake them off now, Gerty. You will show yourself to have the courage of a woman. It is but one step — and you are free! Gerty," said he, with a smile on his face, "do you know what that is?"

He took from his pocket a printed document, and opened it. Certain words there that caught her eye caused her to turn even paler than she had been; and she would not even touch the paper. He put it back.

"Are you frightened, sweetheart? No! You will take this one step, and you will see how all those fancies and doubts will disappear forever. Oh, Gerty, when I got this paper into my pocket to-day, and came out into the street, I was laughing to myself; and a poor woman said, 'You are very merry, sir; will you give a poor old woman a copper?' 'Well,' I said, 'here is a sovereign for you, and perhaps you will be merry too;' — and I would have given every one a sovereign if I had had it to give. But do you know what I was laughing at? — I was laughing to think what Captain Macallum would do when you went on board as my wife. For he put up the flags for you when you were only a visitor coming to Dare; but when I take you by the hand, Gerty, as you are going along the gangway, and when we get on to the paddle-box, and Captain Macallum comes forward, and when I tell him that you are now my wife, why, he will not know what to do to welcome you! And Hamish, too — I think Hamish will go mad that day. And then, sweetheart, you will go along to Erraidh, and you will go up to the signal-house on the rocks, and we will fire a cannon to tell the men at Dubh Artach to look out. And what will be the message you will signal to them, Gerty, with the great white boards? Will you send them your compliments, which is the English way? Ah, but I know what they will answer to you. They will answer in the Gaelic; and this will be the answer that will come to you from the lighthouse — '*A hundred thousand welcomes to the young bride!*' And you will soon learn the Gaelic, too; and you will get used to our rough ways; and you will no longer have any fear of the sea. Some day you will get so used to us that you will think the very sea-birds to be your friends, and that they know when you are going away and when you are coming back, and that they know you will not allow any one to shoot at them or steal their eggs in the spring-time. But if you would rather not have our rough ways, Gerty, I will go with you wherever you please — did I not say that to you, sweetheart? There are many fine houses in Essex — I saw them when I went down to Woodford with Major Stuart. And for your sake I would give up the sea altogether; and I would think no more about boats; and I would go to Essex with you if I was never to see one of the sea-birds again. That is what I will do for your sake, Gerty, if you wish — though I thought you would be kind to the poor people around us at Dare, and be proud of their love for you, and get used to our homely ways. But I will go into Essex, if you like, Gerty — so that the sea shall not frighten you; and you will never be asked to go into one of our rough boats any more. It shall be just as you wish, Gerty; whether you want to go away into Essex, or whether you will come away with me to the north, that I will say to Captain Macallum, 'Captain Macallum, what will you do now? — that the English lady has been brave enough to leave her home and her friends to live with us; and what are we to do now to show that we are proud and glad of her coming?'"

Well, tears did gather in her eyes as she listened to this wild, despairing cry, and her hands were working nervously with a book she had taken from the table; but what answer could she make? In self-defence against this vehemence she adopted an injured air.

"Really, Keith," said she, in a low voice, "you do not seem to pay any attention to anything I say or write. Surely I have prepared you to understand that my consent to what you propose is quite impossible — for the present, at least? I asked for time to consider."

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"I know — I know," said he. "You would wait, and let those doubts close in upon you. But here is a way to defeat them all. Sweetheart, why do you not rise, and give me your hand, and say, 'Yes?' There would be no more doubts at all."

"But surely, Keith, you must understand me when I say that rushing into a marriage in this mad way is a very dangerous thing. You won't look or listen to anything I suggest. And really — well, I think you should have some little consideration for me."

He regarded her for a moment — with a look almost of wonder; and then he said hastily, —

"Perhaps you are right, Gerty; I should not have been so selfish. But — but you cannot tell how I have suffered; all through the night-time thinking and thinking, and saying to myself that surely you could not be going away from me; and in the morning, oh! the emptiness of all the sea and the sky, and you not there to be asked whether you would go out to Colonsay, or round to Loch Scridain, or go to see the rock-pigeons fly out of the caves. It is not a long time since you were with us, Gerty; but to me it seems longer than half a dozen of winters; for in the winter I said to myself, 'Ah, well, she is now working off the term of her imprisonment in the theatre; and when the days get long again, and the blue skies come again, she will use the first of her freedom to come and see the sea-birds about Dare.' But this last time, Gerty — well, I had strange doubts and misgivings; and sometimes I dreamed in the night-time that you were going away from me altogether — on board a ship — and I called to you, and you would not even turn your head. Oh, Gerty, I can see you now as you were then — your head turned partly aside; and strangers round you; and the ship was going farther and farther away; and if I jumped into the sea, how could I overtake you? But at least the waves would come over me, and I should have forgetfulness."

"Yes, but you seem to think that my letters to you had no meaning whatever," said she, almost petulantly. "Surely I tried to explain clearly enough what our relative positions were?"

"You had got back to the influence of the theatre, Gerty — I would not believe the things you wrote. I said 'You will go now and rescue her from herself. She is only a girl; she is timid; she believes the foolish things that are said by the people around her,' And then, do you know, sweetheart," said he, with a sad smile on his face, "I thought if I were to go and get this paper, and suddenly show it to you — well, it is not the old romantic way, but I thought you would frankly say 'Yes,' and have an end of all this pain. Why, Gerty, you have been many a romantic heroine in the theatre; and you know they are not long in making up their minds. And the heroines in our old songs, too: do you know the song of Lizzie Lindsay, who 'kilted her coats o' green satin,' and was off to the Highlands before any one could interfere with her? That is the way to put an end to doubts. Gerty, be a brave woman. Be worthy of yourself. Sweetheart, have you the courage now to 'kilt your coats o' green satin?' And I know that in the Highlands you will have as proud a welcome as ever Lord Ronald Macdonald gave his bride from the south."

Then the strange smile went away from his face.

"I am tiring you, Gerty," said he.

"Well, you are very much excited, Keith," said she; "and you won't listen to what I have to say. I think your coming to London was a mistake. You are giving both of us a great deal of pain; and, as far as I can see, to no purpose. We could much better have arrived at a proper notion of each other's feelings by writing; and the matter is so serious as to require consideration. If it is the business of a heroine to plunge two people into lifelong misery without thinking twice about it, then I am not a heroine. Her 'coats o' green satin!" — I should like to know what was the end of that story. Now really, dear Keith, you must bear with me if I say that I have a little more prudence than you; and I must put a check on your headstrong wishes. Now I know there is no use in our continuing this conversation: you are too anxious and eager to mind any thing I say. I will write to you."

"Gerty," said he slowly, "I know you are not a selfish or cruel woman; and I do not think you would willingly pain any one. But if you came to me and said, 'Answer my question, for it is a question of life or death to me,' I should not answer that I would write a letter to you."

"You may call me selfish if you like," said she, with some show of temper, "but I tell you once for all that I cannot bear the fatigue of interviews such as this, and I think it was very inconsiderate of you to force it on me. And as for answering a question, the position we are in is not to be explained with a 'Yes' or a 'No;' it is mere romance and folly to speak of people

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running away and getting married; for I suppose that is what you mean. I will write to you, if you like, and give you every explanation in my power. But I don't think we shall arrive at any better understanding by your accusing me of selfishness or cruelty."

"Gerty!"

"And if it comes to that," she continued, with a flush of angry daring in her face, "perhaps I could bring a similar charge against you, with some better show of reason."

"That I was ever selfish or cruel as regards you?" said he, with a vague wonder, as if he had not heard aright.

"Shall I tell you, then," said she, "as you seem bent on recriminations? Perhaps you thought I did not understand — that I was too frightened to understand. Oh, I knew very well!"

"I don't know what you mean," said he, in absolute bewilderment.

"What! not the night we were caught in the storm in crossing to Iona? — and when I clung to your arm, you shook me off, so that you should be free to strike out for yourself if we were thrown into the water. Oh, I don't blame you! It was only natural. But I think you should be cautious in accusing others of selfishness.

For a moment he stood looking at her, with something like fear in his eyes — fear and horror and a doubt as to whether this thing was possible; and then came the hopeless cry of a breaking heart, —

"Oh God, Gerty! I thought you loved me — and you believed *that!*"

From Fraser's Magazine.

AMONG THE BURMESE.

III.

AFTER all the thousand and one descriptions of India, how many men are there in England who have the faintest notion of the variety of climates under which their friends live in the different provinces of the Indian Empire, or of the varied and multiform influences of what to them seems, in most cases, nothing more than a rise, more or less abnormal, in the thermometer? How many are aware that while in Madras and southern India the punkah flaps wearily without cessation, night and day, summer and winter, in Lahore, or even Delhi, there are nearly six months out of the twelve when in your thickest English broadcloth you may find yourself running round your garden to keep the blood circulating? while between these extremes there is every shade of variation, the mean being realized in such a climate as that of Singapore or Point de Galle, where the heat is never excessive, but cold is never known and a uniform temperature prevails throughout the year.

Even the main feature which is common to every Indian climate alike is probably a mystery to the majority of people who have experience only of our own ever-variable skies. I mean the monsoons. It is not commonly realized that in India for half the year, speaking roughly, the wind blows steadily from the north-east, and for the other half from the south-west; the former period embracing the cold weather and the hot, a time during which the sky remains cloudless day after day for months (so that you can order your picnics or garden-parties or shooting-parties with the certainty of perfect weather), and only the temperature varies, getting gradually higher as the season advances, till a succession of magnificent thunder-storms gives warning of the change of monsoon — and the latter the rainy season, throughout which rain falls almost daily, breaking usually once a day, most often at sunset, and sometimes holding up for several days of awful heat.

Again, the total difference in the character of the heat to be endured in the several latitudes is a matter of which no account seems taken outside the country itself. I once travelled from Mussoorie in the Himalayas to Calcutta, a journey occupying from two to three days, chiefly by railway, in the first week of June, and it resembled rather a voyage from England through the desert of Sahara to the equator than a journey from one part of the same country to another. Starting from the cool, dewy heights of the lower Himalaya by a steep descent into the plain we passed abruptly to an oppressively hot temperature. Across the level Doon and over the Siwalik range we descended into the still more burning region of the Doab, between the Jumna and Ganges. At Agra the heat was indescribable and of such a kind as to render the skin dry and parched as that of the cicalas, with the sound of which the Indian air thrills incessantly; while in the railway train the air which entered the windows was, without a shadow of exaggeration, like the blast from an open furnace. But gradually a complete revolution took place in our sensations, which changed with the changing landscape. Instead of the parched plains over

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which we had hastened for many hours — the only objects to attract the eye being rocks or hillocks seeming red hot in the sun, or perhaps a herd of black buck standing out in relief on the horizon — as we entered what are called the lower provinces of Bengal we plunged into a vast garden of luxuriant vegetation, and while the eye was relieved by the fresh green coloring, the skin was still more powerfully affected by the entire change of climate, and its dried-up pores burst into perspiration. Of these distinct kinds of heat which is least intolerable depends on each man's constitution, but either is a severe physical trial. All that is intended here, however, is to point to the many contrasts of climate, scenery, and all accessories of life which are to be found within the aggregation of countries to which the general name of India is given.

Of the varied beauties of tropical vegetation there is a much clearer idea even amongst those least acquainted with the East, for in our own beautiful conservatories we can enjoy in great perfection the sight of tropical foliage. Yet the lover of nature who is content with this is like "the linnet born within the cage, that never knew the summer woods," for no conservatory that ever was planned could give to any one even a faint conception of the beauties which Oriental nature has in store for those who are willing to brave her terrors and discomforts. Not to speak of the awe-inspiring spectacles of Himalayan scenery, or the extravagant profusion of a thousand untrodden jungles, there is none of the Indian provinces which has not its own lessons to teach, which the lover of the picturesque, the botanist, or the naturalist, can learn there and nowhere else.

But it is with Burmah that I am now concerned, and if I have any readers whose lives have been passed on the continent of India and who have never visited this its beautiful appendage, let me assure them that it has many and striking individualities, not only of race and creed, custom and costume, but of climate and scenery, of vegetable and animal life, which are not to be found to the westward of the bay behind which it is withdrawn. Even in respect of climate, those who know both could hardly fail to prefer Burmah to any part of the Indian plains. Almost as well, it seems to me, might one live in the moon, with its long days of intolerable heat and weary nights of Arctic frost, as in the north of India, where for half the year the cold pierces to your bones, and for the other half you gasp through month after month with none but artificial relief from the raging heat of the day and the stifling atmosphere of the night. Nor is life in the plains of lower Bengal or southern India a whit more tolerable. The real advantage of the Indian plains over Burmah, as a residence for Englishmen, is that they can get away from them. Burmah, though possessing lofty and beautiful mountain ranges, has as yet no hill sanatorium, with a railway from your door to the foot of the ascent; its most westerly seaport is many days' voyage farther from home than any Indian port, and the great gulf of the Bay of Bengal lies between the invalid in Rangoon and the cool breezes of the Nilgherries. But there are very many points in which the Burmese climate (excluding one or two feverish districts) is less hostile to the European than that of any part of the plains of India. A "merciful" climate it has been justly called, owing to its freedom from the rigors which are experienced in neighboring countries. The hot season is short, ending often with the month of April, and throughout it the nights are cool in comparison with those of the Indian hot weather. The thermometer at this season varies not uncommonly 25° or more during the twenty-four hours, mounting in the house rapidly from 72° in the early morning to 98° in the hours immediately after midday, and falling not less rapidly to 80° at sunset, and even 70° at night. Again, the rainy season, which is very much longer than in many parts of India, is, on the whole, not only bearable but in many respects even pleasant to the European. Of course all seasons vary, and one year will be worse than another, but in every rainy season there are many cool, cloudy days, with little or no rain, when you may sit in your house with open windows and without need of punkah or other appliance for cooling the room — a thing impossible in Calcutta or throughout the Indian plains. The "cold weather" in Burmah is indeed sometimes more nominal than real, yet from the beginning of December to the end of February you may with certainty count on positive cold at night (when blankets are indispensable), and unless the year is exceptional, the days too are not disagreeably hot.

And if the climate of Burmah is bearable, endless sources of interest are supplied by the beauty of outward nature in a country diversified not only by a luxuriant vegetation but by two great mountain chains with outlying spurs, by magnificent rivers winding now through vast plains, now through narrow and beautiful defiles,

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by lovely lakes, by strange rocks rising abruptly from the level and hollowed into caverns of almost incredible vastness, and even by rare physical phenomena such as mud volcanoes and boiling springs. The officer who has been quartered in Rangoon during the burning months of March and April will perhaps have nothing but execration for every phase and incident of life at that most trying time, but as the astronomer who braves the frosts of a winter midnight feels richly rewarded by the confirmation of a theory or by the smallest new discovery, so here, even in the hottest season, the lover of nature cannot fail to be in some measure compensated by the glories of the vegetable world. The *habitué* of Calcutta enjoys, year after year, in his scorching hot weather, the sight of the masses of acacia bloom of dazzling scarlet, and of many other lovely trees and flowers, but Calcutta has nothing to show which can compare with the scene presented by the cantonment of Rangoon at the same season, where tall forest trees are covered like rhododendrons with thick clusters of white or purple flowers, where flowering boughs form themselves into living triumphal arches, and where nearly every road is an avenue overshadowed by trees which three times in every summer burst out in a single night into a profusion of yellow bloom, of which the scent, as fragrant and delicate as that of the lily of the valley, is diffused over the air for a circuit of miles. One of the first things to strike the eye of the traveller in Burmah, to whom the Indian continent is familiar, is the difference in the vegetation of the two countries. He who has lived among the cocoanuts, dates, and betel trees of lower Bengal will at once see that though such trees are not absent, especially on the southern coast, they have become the exception in the landscape instead of the rule, and in his first drive at Rangoon, round the beautiful lake and the cantonment boundary road, he may for the time fancy himself in some corner of Europe rather than in the heart of Asia. In the same way the traveller from the arid plains of northern India, beyond the limits of the sea-loving cocoanuts, will find a no less striking contrast in the nature of the forest trees and the dense and luxuriant underwood, green and fresh as it remains throughout the hottest season.

Very much of the vegetation is of course common to Burmah and India. Our old friends the mango, the peepul, the bamboo, the tamarind, and the jack are there; but the groves of orange, mangosteen, and dorian are unique; so are the gardens of pineapple planted under a dripping canopy of tall forest trees: so are the beautiful *padouks*, so fragile that one such cyclone as periodically sweeps Calcutta bare would destroy them every one; so is the *pema*, purple or white, combining the beauties of rhododendron and horse-chestnut: so is the tall, exquisitely graceful wood-oil tree, a model of vegetable form, rising smooth and stately high over the surrounding underwood. Above all you must come to Burmah if you would see in its native beauty that most delicate and lovely of flowering trees, the *Amherstia*, like a giant fuchsia on the scale of an oak — a plant so rare and of such delicate nature that even in this its native country there are only one or two districts where it is content to show itself.

In her forest trees, again, Burmah has enough to be proud of. The forests of teak have for many years provided one of the principal exports of the province, and in the office of the conservator of forests at Rangoon may be seen specimen slabs of teak, toon, padouk, and many other varieties of valuable timber. Long rafts of timber are met with daily on the rivers, and in the creek which connects the Sittang and Pegu rivers, I have known the passage completely blocked by them.

When to special possessions such as these are added, not only the normal glories of an Eastern garden but a storehouse of rare and beautiful orchids, only rivalled by those of South America, it will be understood that at least for the botanist and the lover of scenery Burmah has its own attractions, which are shared by no other Indian province.

With this beautiful and abundant vegetation every hill is clothed to the top, every river and creek is fringed, every valley and plain is carpeted; and if, leaving the mainland, we cross to any of the wooded islands which lie within sight of the Tenasserim coast, we find within a tiny area something like an epitome of the whole. Visiting, on one occasion, one of the group of the Moscos, I shall never forget the impression made upon me. The little steamer anchored a few hundred yards from the shore in a sheltered bay. The sea was smooth as glass, and its green depths literally transparent as crystal, so that as our boat cut through them to the shore we saw far beneath us beds of branching coral of many colors, rocks and seaweeds, as if at a foot's depth. Landing on a broad margin of dazzling white sand we found ourselves in a scene such as long years ago

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had been pictured to our minds by the pages of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Masterman Ready," but which later years had taught us to regard as purely imaginary. The hard white beach was strewn with corals and shells, some of great beauty; there was not a sign of human habitation except a rude cabin built by fishermen and deserted; perfect stillness reigned except for the ripple of tiny waves on the shore; while immediately beyond the beach the bay was encircled by a dense forest of cocoanut and other trees, rising in ledges to the central point of the island. Over all was a cloudless blue sky, not a breath of wind stirred, and around lay a "crescent of sea," bounding the horizon.

But in every such landscape one thing is missed by the Englishman, one want is felt for which nothing in the tropical wilderness can altogether atone: there are no singing birds. Parrots in flocks fly screaming from tree to tree, with brilliant green bodies and scarlet beaks; the jay shoots like the flash of a blue-light across the scene; the black and white Indian robin recalls with its pretty ways its distant English namesake; but, night or day, in heat, cold, or rain, the Indian woods are songless, save only for one or other kind of intermittent and monotonous call. The clear, exulting notes of thrush and blackbird, the cooing of doves, the rippling song of the skylark, which make the English landscape alive with joyous music, find no echo here, and the exuberant vegetation, through which a gleam of color darts now and again, inspires from its very stillness a feeling almost of oppression.

The subject of the general character of the vegetation suggests naturally that of the fruits which are the special product of the soil. It is an old story that the traditional resident of Calcutta thought it worth a man's while to make the voyage from England to Calcutta by the Cape of Good Hope and back only to eat one mango at the proper season, and even now men will be found who think some Indian fruits superior to any which other countries produce. But the majority will probably concur with me in holding that in the matter of fruit the East can bear no comparison with the West. Not all the mangoes, leeches, guavas, custard-apples, tipparees and pomegranates in the world would suffice to tempt me if I had the range of even a cottage garden in England, with strawberries and gooseberries, raspberries and currants, cherries, apples and plums, not to mention wall-fruit, and the luxuries of the English hothouse.

There is one fruit, however, and one only, so far as my experience goes, in which the East has a rival to any other in the world — and that is the mangosteen, a fruit of which Burmah alone of Indian provinces can boast, though sharing the distinction with the neighboring Malay states. To describe a wholly unknown fruit is a hopeless task which I shall not attempt. Suffice it to say that the mangosteen is the most refined and delicious of fruits, that it must be eaten fresh from the tree to be appreciated, and that for this luxury the epicure must pass by India to the farther shores of the Bay of Bengal or the coasts of the Malay peninsula.

Another fruit there is peculiar to this region, and happily so, in my opinion, for the rest of the world; although those who have found out its secret (and many Europeans are among the number) regard it as the king of fruits. This is the dorian, a fruit of which the mere smell is so repulsively powerful that the presence of even one (it is about as large as a cocoanut stripped of its fibre) in any part of the house is enough to fill every room with the odor, and this is such that, on discovering it, the first impulse of the ignorant inmate would be that it was time he should see to his drains. It may be imagined that to go to sea, as I have, in a ship even partially loaded with dorians is a trial to the stoutest of sailors. Yet of all fruits there is none which is more prized as a delicacy by the natives of the country, so that whole shiploads are yearly carried up the Irrawady to the palace of the king of Ava. What is more, even among Englishmen, there are not a few who, having once violently overcome their first repugnance and persevered for a little, have exchanged their disgust for admiration, and will assure their more squeamish friends that there is no fruit in the world to equal the dorian.

The Burmese have, however, a remarkable relish for the most strongly flavored food, and so characteristic is this fact that the reader will perhaps bear with me if I digress from my subject to give one or two illustrations of the peculiarity. Living as they do either by the sea or on the banks of rivers and creeks, it is natural that fish should form one of the commonest ingredients of the food of the people, and were they content with the fish freshly caught from the river or sea there would be no matter for remark. But no one could live a week among the Burmese without realizing that the favorite form in which fish is presented — constituting as it does an in-

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dispensable part of every meal — is not a whit less repellent to the senses of the European than the fruit of which I have spoken above. This most unsavory food, huge mounds of which are piled up in every market, and whole boatloads of which are carried by river, poisoning the very air where the boat is moored, consists of fish which has first been allowed to decay, and is then in some way pickled and pounded into a sort of paste. It is called *năpēē*, and as the English dinner-table is incomplete without potatoes, so no Burmese rice-dish is complete without napee. In the common form in which the people eat it I have never heard of any Englishman being converted to a taste for napee; it is found, however, in a more refined form called *balachong*, in which it resembles a very highly flavored anchovy paste, and in which it may be appreciated by any one whose taste is not over delicate.

One more illustration must be given of what to sober people who shudder at the thought even of frogs may seem an incredible depravity of taste. Among the delicacies of a Burmese table one of the rarest is a sort of fricassee or grill made of a peculiar species of very large maggot. This creature, short in length but of monstrous girth, is found in the fruit of certain palm-trees: a dish of them is sometimes brought by natives as a present on the occasion of their visiting an Englishman, and when fried on toast they are supposed to be excellent eating. I was once nearly taken unawares by a dish of *pogoungs*, which was introduced to me as *toasted cheese*, but having heard of the existence of the reality I detected the trap, and was saved from making the experiment.

To return to my subject: Burmah, independently of its special products, is well stocked with fruits which all alike are able to appreciate. Although the climate does not, as in northern India, allow the cultivation of peaches and strawberries, throughout a great part of the year the best of oranges are plentiful, and as the season wears on, mangoes, mangosteens, custard-apples, and pineapples follow each other in succession, besides a host of other fruits common in India, as plantains, guavas, and the like. Of these perhaps the most abundant of all are the pineapples, excellent in flavor, which may be seen carried like turnips in cartloads and heaped up on the bare ground in the market-place.

Such being the nature of the vegetation and the physical formation of the country, it may be asked "What of the wild life by which the province is tenanted?" Surely, with a succession of forests, hills, and plains, rivers and lakes, it must be swarming with life in every form, and must be the very paradise of the sportsman. Strange to say, though the first conclusion is correct enough, and though there is hardly any game dear to the sportsman's heart which is not even abundant, there is comparatively little real sport to be had in the country. These vast wilds are indeed stocked with a variety of game such as few parts of India can show; not only the tiger, the leopard, and the bear, but the bison and the elephant, roam wild within them; the plains of Pegu are the resort of herds of deer; while for small game, snipe and quail, duck, teal, and game-fowl are abundant. And yet, for the most part, all alike live unmolested by the sportsman; and the explanation lies in the luxuriance of the vegetation and the impregnability of the fastnesses, guarded by swamp and creek and river, as well as by impenetrable forest, within which this wild life wanders free. There are no rajahs or *zamindars* in Burmah to turn even a limited area of the jungles into a hunting preserve, or to supply the trained elephants required to beat the coverts, and even if there were (and if the taking of animal life were not at variance with Budhism) it is probable that the impassable nature of the country where game most abounds would militate fatally against sport.

It is for these reasons that, notwithstanding the profusion of animal life, sport in Burmah is almost confined to snipe-shooting and occasional deer-coursing. For the latter the country produces a special breed of dogs, in appearance between a greyhound and a deerhound, named from Kayàzoo, a village near the Pegu plains. Any attempt at a beat for larger game almost certainly ends in disappointment. There is, of course, no lack of minor sports in English stations. The Rangoon drag harriers give runs as sporting as many a pack of fox-hounds, and the various local race-meetings become yearly more important. But for the genuine sportsman, to whom horse and hound, rod, gun, and rifle, represent all that makes life worth living, there is no place in the wild province of which I write.

For the naturalist, on the other hand, the same jungles are an inexhaustible mine of wealth. Birds of countless variety and of exquisitely beautiful form and plumage may be found for the seeking; butterflies and beetles of every brilliant color are collected for sale by the private soldier quartered in Rangoon; and the

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entomologist may be tormented to the top of his bent by a variety of insect and reptile life which seems absolutely infinite. Nor need he go outside his own garden to find a thousand subjects for study. Regiments of ants, of different size, color, and equipment, march daily backwards and forwards across the pathways; a light cavalry of insects is ever hovering on the outskirts of the garden to descend on the most precious flowers; the "praying mantis" may be seen almost any day among the shrubs; leaf-insects and stick-insects, indistinguishable from the foliage, may be discovered by diligent search; squirrels run up the trees, long-tailed lizards, colored like the rainbow, dart round the branches, and fireflies light up the leaves at night; while within the house the smaller lizard, with a chirp which recalls the cricket on the hearth, is as common and as harmless as are house-flies in England. A more alarming but equally harmless lizard found both in the garden and the house, is the *tucktoo*, peculiar to Burmah, a large striped animal sometimes a foot long, which, instead of the chirp of the smaller kind, utters at rare intervals — often when the house is still at the dead of night — a loud, sepulchral call repeated six or seven times and seeming to say, "tuck-too, tuck-too." This creature's presence in a house is said to bring good luck to the inmates. Snakes of every kind are common in the jungles and even in the garden; scorpions lurk under stones and logs, and at some seasons are a terror to the barefooted natives. Lastly, monkeys of various species revel in the Burmese forests; and among these, in the southern district of Tenasserim, is found a tribe not known in more northern latitudes and deserving of special notice.

The monkey is not generally popular as a domestic animal, yet I do not fear to assert of the representative of the genus to which I now refer that he is capable of winning the heart of the most inveterate monkey-hater. Of a constitution so delicate that he cannot be safely transported even to India from his warm southern forests, the little Gibbon monkey may be seen in perfectly happy freedom in the south of Burmah, and when taken young and trained as a home pet, no more engaging animal is to be found. He is not, indeed, free from the mischievous propensities of his kind (and some Gibbons are very mischievous), but they are certainly less obtrusive and are counterbalanced by many attractions. The tiny body is entirely covered with a thick coat of the softest wool, either black or creamy white, out of a fringe of which the beaded eyes peer wistfully; unlike his more plebeian relations he has no vestige of a tail, and his arms are of immense length in proportion to his body. The grace of his movements and the suppleness and power of his limbs are absolutely unexampled, carrying him at giddy pace, with perfect fearlessness and consummate ease, from branch to branch of the loftiest trees or along the eaves of houses. And when with this beauty and grace are combined the most shy and retiring disposition, the most clinging and affectionate heart, the winning ways and plaintive noises almost of a child, he must have an ineradicable aversion to monkeys who is not won to affection for the Gibbon. Seen, as I have seen him, set to play with a common tailed monkey, he is for all the world like the child of an aristocratic family who having been reared away from all contact with the world has been put down by the side of some rude village schoolboy, whose familiarity is as hateful to him as his coarse practical jests are repulsive and unintelligible.

Dwelling as I have done in the preceding pages on the many objects of beauty and interest to be found in the Burmese province, one is liable to be misunderstood and perhaps to convey an impression that the country is as desirable a residence for the Englishman as would be the Riviera or the slopes of the Pyrenees during an English spring. But it is very far otherwise in reality, and Burmah is no exception to the general rule that he who chooses to make the East the scene of his life's labors chooses a climate which will at least test severely his physical constitution, in which he must be prepared to face numberless privations and discomforts inseparable from life within the tropics, and in which the pleasure of witnessing and realizing the strange sights and experiences of Eastern life is heavily weighted by the conditions under which it is enjoyed. Such drawbacks may be lightly borne by the tourist who can re-embark when he will for his own breezy climate, but it is another thing for the man who makes the East his home for a fixed number of years, and those perhaps the best years of his life. Of some specific trials of Burmese life I shall have something to say hereafter; meantime by setting out with this caution I shall be less likely to mislead the reader if I now endeavor to present a sketch of the character and surroundings of the home to which an En-

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glishman whose lot is cast in Burmah takes back the English girl whom he has persuaded to share his fortunes.

Passing through the continent of India by the ordinary route, from Bombay to Calcutta, the traveller becomes accustomed to the sight of a style of domestic architecture which he naturally concludes to be universal throughout the Indian Empire. Whether large or small, whether of one, two, or three storeys, the Anglo-Indian dwelling-house has the same general characteristics. A square block of solid white masonry faced with plaster; a flat roof of which the line is unbroken by chimneys or other irregularities; and a line of stucco pillars supporting the verandah which runs round each storey, and within which doors and windows are dimly seen, guarded by venetian shutters of a uniform green. Such, in barest outline, is the aspect of the ordinary English house in the plains of India (on the beautiful ledges of the Himalaya the homesteads are often as English as the climate), and it is a surprise to the traveller whose journey takes him through India to Burmah to find in the dwelling-houses of Rangoon and Moulmein a contrast to the rule to which he has become used so complete that there are indeed few points of resemblance between the Indian and the Burmese house. Instead of staring white brick and stucco, the Englishman's house in Burmah is built of dark mahogany-colored timber; instead of a flat roof levelled with cement and without projecting eaves, we have steep-pitched roofs tiled or "shingled," and with broad overhanging eaves sheltering the verandah; instead of the single ground-floor of the "bungalow," even the one-storeyed house in Burmah is supported on pillars of squared timber, leaving as often as not a large vacant space underneath the house which serves as lumber-room or even coach-house. Hence the old popular fancy in India that in the universal swamp of Burmah every house stood necessarily on "legs" to raise it out of the water. In many cases this lower region is walled in either with timber or masonry and becomes a separate basement storey, otherwise it is commonly concealed by trelliswork, or perhaps by a screen of shrubs and flowers in pots.

On a general view perhaps the nearest parallel to the Burmese house is the Swiss cottage. The houses which are dotted about the cantonment of Rangoon, each standing in its own green "compound" or enclosure, are not altogether unlike the pretty wooden châlets with overhanging eaves and projecting verandahs which may be seen in a drive through the Simmenthal above the lake of Thun; and even fine public buildings, such as hospitals and schools, are, with few exceptions, of the same material and built in the same style. And very picturesque they are; they have, of course, not the solidity of the Indian house, although probably quite as durable, nor are they capable of so well resisting the heat, which, in the hot season, pours through roof and walls till your very chairs and tables are hot to the touch. On the other hand they cool rapidly, and do not, as an Indian house does, retain the heat like a brick-kiln.

Entering through an open verandah, the visitor finds himself in a small entrance hall filled, perhaps, with shrubs and flowers. Ascending a staircase and passing across an upper verandah, he is ushered into the drawing-room, and, if he knows the look of the distempered walls of an Indian house, will be struck by the pleasant effect of the panelled wooden walls painted in some delicate shade of green or grey which, hung with pictures, brackets and the like, often give to the Burmese drawing-room a wonderfully English air. Carpeted with fine matting relieved by one or two gay-colored rugs, the room is furnished precisely as in an English house, the furniture being either imported from London or made on English models. Roses and mignonette are in water on the tables, and the only reminders of the East are the numerous open doors and windows and the inevitable punkah, the grateful breath of which atones for its ugliness. Picturesque as it is, however, the Burmese house must be no more regarded than the Indian house as a desirable exchange for the original on which it is modelled. The most tastefully furnished drawing-room in the East lacks, in the first place, one essential element of comfort, privacy. Every door and window must be open throughout the day (unless closed to shut out the heat), so that you are never sure of freedom from unwelcome intrusion either of servants or others. Nor is it possible really to enjoy even roses and mignonette at a temperature of 98°, and when this is continued day after day in the hot season, life itself is apt to become a burden to all but philosophers. And there are many other days in the Oriental year when the heart of the Englishman fails within him for longing for his native land, for houses where every room is private, where insects do not plague, and where intolerable heat

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is almost unknown. There is one fortnight, for example, in every year in Burmah, which is looked forward to with a mixture of feelings — the first fortnight of the rainy season of the south-west monsoon. Many days and weeks of burning and increasing heat have made men long with unspeakable longing for the clouds which come down to hide the hateful sun, and for the rain, which almost in an instant transforms the brown earth into a carpet of verdure; and, in truth, the change is welcome, with all its drawbacks. But these, too, have to be reckoned with. Among the effects of the sudden rainfall is the awakening to life and activity of countless forms of insect life — beetles of every conceivable shape and size, flying ants, grasshoppers, cockchafers, and winged things of a myriad kinds. During the daytime this strange resurrection is not made apparent, but no sooner are lights lighted in the house — of which, be it remembered, no door or window can be closed on account of the heat — than they troop in, great and small, in blind mirth flying to the brilliant light; round about every lamp or candle; charging full tilt against globe and shade; pattering almost like hail on the tables and the matting, and of course usually suffering the agonies of death by burning. It may be faintly imagined what a dinner by candle-light becomes during these terrible days; for, though the lights are removed from the table, the white table-cloth itself serves as an attraction to insect eyes, and even temporary gauze doors, the only possible resource, soon make the air of the room stifling, and thus banish the last hope of satisfying in peace such appetite as the climate may have allowed. Mercifully this scourge lasts only for a short time, and when the monsoon has thoroughly set in the dinner-table is free as a general rule from insect plagues till the same season returns.

Again, in a house of this kind during a series of months of continuous and heavy rain the damp penetrates everywhere, so that it is only by constant care and watchfulness that clothes, books, pictures, or any other household property can be preserved from its ravages. You will be told that mushrooms grow in a single night on the boots in your dressing-room, but that a fine woolly mould does so is literally true. And these are only random examples of a host of petty annoyances, of which the sum constitutes in truth a heavy burden.

Yet, notwithstanding the many serious inconveniences and discomforts which cannot be avoided, there is also very much that is enjoyable in Burmese life. Rangoon itself is proverbially healthy; what little more than twenty years ago was a malarious swamp has indeed been converted into one of the healthiest towns in the East, standing high on the list of Indian military stations. At all seasons of the year the air is singularly pure and fresh; the town with its population of ninety thousand is conspicuously free from the epidemics which visit the more northern provinces, and it is happily out of the range of the cyclones which a few hundred miles to the north devastate both shores of the Bay of Bengal. Placed within late years in direct communication with England by a line of monthly passenger steamers, Rangoon is now supplied with the necessaries and conveniences of English life as easily as the great seaports of India. The headquarters of the civil administration, of a division of the Madras military command, and of the mercantile community, it has a large mixed English society of which the elements, ever shifting as they necessarily are, combine to minimize the evils of a residence in Asia.

I have spoken of the drawing-room of an Anglo-Burmese house, and it need only be added that dining-room, bed-rooms, and dressing-rooms are in the same way assimilated as much as possible to those of an English house. The kitchen and servants' quarters occupy as a rule a detached range of buildings a few yards from the house and connected by a covered way; the stables being assigned another separate quarter of the enclosure. Lastly, there is the flower-garden, and if the occupant of the house is a lover of flowers he has within his reach here one of the purest and most satisfying pleasures which Eastern life affords. Even in England the gardener is not so highly favored as in Burmah, where roses of one sort or another are perennial, and where there is no month in the year that he cannot have, flourishing in the open air, a lovely show of flowers and shrubs. The character of the display varies of course with the season, but the flower-beds never lie as they do in England bare and unsightly for long months together: winter and summer, rain and hot weather, a succession of beautiful flowers and foliage rewards his labor, and that with a rapidity and profusion unknown in colder countries. The new comer who intends to avail himself of this perpetual source of pleasure should, if possible, choose his ground carefully. A house with a southerly aspect, standing on a level plot of ground, with one or two large trees

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in the near neighborhood, and furnished with a well which does not run dry, will give him an opportunity (even if his compound is a wilderness of weed on his arrival) of laying out for himself a garden which will gladden his eyes when he comes home from his duty or business in an evening, and will provide him in the cool morning hours with constant and absorbing recreation.

The abruptly marked division of the year into a wet and a dry season naturally determines the general character of the changes to which the garden is subject, while there is also a large variety of perennial plants. It is in the wet season that the earth seems most to revel in its exuberance, yielding its produce gratuitously, and without need of the labor which in the dry months is essential to provide the necessary moisture. Yet it is hard to say at which time of year the garden is most to be admired. Nothing, it would seem, can surpass its beauty when the flower-beds and the rockeries under the shade of the dripping trees are converted into a wilderness of many-colored caladiums, maidenhair, and other ferns, lycopodiums with a blue metallic sheen on their feathery leaves, begonias of every form and color, broad-leaved lilies, variegated crotons, the carmine-colored amaranthus, the lovely *Cissus discolor*, and a hundred varieties of trailing and creeping plants interwoven in lovely confusion; while under shelter of the eaves is a dazzling show of achimenes, a ribbon border of coleus, red, white, and velvety green, gives a rainbow setting to the whole, and high on the *pema* tree overhead, only to be seen by peering through the branches, are pendent the sprays of purple orchids far out of reach. Then it is that the garden is seen in its most exclusively tropical aspect, though roses, pinks, and even sweetbriar may, with care, keep alive memories of England.

But the floods of rain cease, and a succession of cloudless skies throws its influence over the garden. The rain-loving bulbs withdraw into themselves, and remain dormant during the dry season; but their place is taken by successors still more brilliant in coloring, not less luxuriant in growth, and recalling far more than they the far-off favorites of the English flower-garden. It is now that roses and geraniums, verbenas and petunias blaze forth into unrivalled beauty, and, while in the shade, the blue lycopodium is still lovely, a glow of color lights up the sunny parts of the garden with the familiar hues of English annuals, phloxes, zinnias, portulacca, mignonette, and many others, seeming to thrive almost better under the relentless Indian sun than in the more variable summer of England. The heavily-scented gardenia comes into flower in the open garden, the purple masses of the bougainvillia, and the flame-like rays of the scarlet pointsettia; heliotropes and even honeysuckles scent the air, not to mention many beautiful pendent and climbing plants indigenous to the tropics, and a profusion of orchids of rarest form and color.

It need hardly be said that a garden such as this neither springs into spontaneous life nor preserves its beauty without constant care. It is essential to the very existence of the garden in the dry season that it should be watered twice daily, but labor is cheap, and beyond this mechanical process the gardener has only to sow his seeds, to see that the soil is suited to the nature of each plant, to watch and guard against destructive insects — a constant and trying task, it must be confessed — and in spite of every obstacle his garden will repay him a hundredfold for every hour of attention he gives to it.

Kitchen-gardening, at least the cultivation of the favorite English vegetables, is only possible during the few months of the cold season. A suitable soil and abundance of water are the only essentials to its success, yet it is only a few Englishmen who are willing to encounter the labor and care which it requires. Laid out immediately round a well, and with a system of irrigation by bamboo pipes, a kitchen-garden may be cultivated to the greatest advantage, and peas and beans, mustard and cress, radishes, cauliflowers, spinach, and tomatoes, will make the gardener a liberal return for his pains. Without an ample supply of water, however, and that within easy reach, it is hopeless to attempt this form of horticulture.

P. HORDERN.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

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

CHAPTER IV.

THE PARLOR.

THE day went on, and went out, its short autumnal brightness quenched in a chilly fog. All along the Widdiehill, the gas

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was alight in the low-browed dingy shops. To the well-to-do citizen hastening home to the topmost business of the day, his dinner, these looked the abodes of unlovely poverty and mean struggle. Even to those behind their counters, in their back parlors, and in their rooms above, everything about them looked common, to most of them, save the owners, wearisome. But to yon pale-faced student, gliding, in the glow of his red gown, through the gray mist back to his lodging, and peeping in at every open door as he passes, they are so full of mystery, that gladly would he yield all he has gathered from books, for one genuine glance of insight into the vital movement of the hearts and households of which those open shops are the sole outward and visible signs. Each house is to him a nest of human birds, over which brood the eternal wings of love and purpose. Only such different birds are hatched from the same nest! And what a nest was then the city itself! — with its university, its schools, its churches, its hospitals, its missions; its homes, its lodging-houses, its hotels, its drinking-shops, its houses viler still; its factories, its ships, its great steamers; and the same humanity busy in all! — here the sickly lady walking in the panoply of love unharmed through the horrors of vicious suffering; there the strong mother cursing her own child along half a street with an intensity and vileness of execration unheard elsewhere! The will of the brooding spirit must be a grand one, indeed, to enclose so much of what cannot be its will, and turn all to its purpose of eternal good! Our knowledge of humanity, how much more our knowledge of the Father of it, is moving as yet but in the first elements.

In his shed under the stair it had been dark for some time — too dark for work, that is, and George Galbraith had lighted a candle: he never felt at liberty to leave off so long as a man was recognizable in the street by the daylight. But now at last, with a sigh of relief, he rose. The hour of his redemption was come, the moment of it at hand. Outwardly calm, he was within eager as a lover to reach Lucky Croale's back parlor. His hand trembled with expectation as he laid from it the awl, took from between his knees the great boot on the toe of which he had been stitching a patch, lifted the yoke of his leather apron over his head, and threw it aside. With one hasty glance around, as if he feared some enemy lurking near to prevent his escape, he caught up a hat which looked as if it had been brushed with grease, pulled it on his head with both hands, stepped out quickly, closed the door behind him, turned the key, left it in the lock, and made straight for his earthly paradise — but with chastened step. All Mistress Croale's customers made a point of looking decent in the street — strove, in their very consciousness, to carry the expression of being on their way to their tea, not their toddy — or if their toddy, then not that they desired it, but merely that it was their custom always of an afternoon: man had no choice — he must fill space, he must occupy himself; and if so, why not Mistress Croale's the place, and the consumption of whisky the occupation? But alas for their would-be seeming indifference! Everybody in the lane, almost in the Widdiehill, knew every one of them, and knew him for what he was; knew that every drop of toddy he drank was to him as to a miser his counted sovereign; knew that, as the hart for the water-brooks, so thirsted his soul ever after another tumbler; that he made haste to swallow the last drops of the present, that he might behold the plenitude of the next steaming before him; that, like the miser, he always understated the amount of the treasure he had secured, because the less he acknowledged, the more he thought he could claim.

George was a tall man, of good figure, loosened and bowed. His face was well-favored, but not a little wronged by the beard and dirt of a week, through which it gloomed haggard and white. Beneath his projecting black brows, his eyes gleamed doubtful, as a wood-fire where white ash dims the glow. He looked neither to right nor left, but walked on with moveless dull gaze, noting nothing.

"Yon's his ain warst enemy," said the kindly grocer-wife, as he passed her door.

"Ay," responded her customer, who kept a shop near by for old furniture, or anything that had been already once possessed —"ay, I daursay. But eh! to see that puir negleckit bairn o' his rin scoorin' aboot the toon yon gait — wi' little o' a jacket but the collar, an' naething o' the breeks but the doup — eh, wuman! it maks a mither's hert sair to luik upo' 't. It's a providence 'at *his* mither's weel awa' an' canna see't; it wad gar her turn in her grave."

George was the first arrival at Mistress Croale's that night. He opened the door of the shop like a thief, and glided softly into the dim parlor, where the candles were not yet lit. There was light enough, however, from the busy little fire in the grate, to show the clean sanded floor which

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it crossed with flickering shadows, the colored prints and cases of stuffed birds on the walls, the full rigged barque suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and, chief of all shows of heaven or earth, the black bottle on the table, with the tumblers, each holding its ladle, and its wineglass turned bottom upwards. Nor must I omit a part without which the rest could not have been a whole — the kettle of water that sat on the hob, softly crooning. Compared with the place where George had been at work all day, this was indeed an earthly paradise. Nor was the presence and appearance of Mistress Croale an insignificant element in the paradisial character of the place. She was now in a clean white cap with blue ribbons. Her hair was neatly divided, and drawn back from her forehead. Every trace of dirt and untidiness had disappeared from her person, which was one of importance both in size and in bearing. She wore a gown of some dark stuff with bright flowers on it, and a black silk apron. Her face was composed, almost to sadness, and throughout the evening, during which she waited in person upon her customers, she comported herself with such dignity that her slow step and stately carriage seemed rather to belong to the assistant at some religious ceremony, than to one who ministered at the orgies of a few drunken tradespeople.

She was seated on the horsehair sofa in the fire-twilight, waiting for her customers, when the face of Galbraith came peering round the door-cheek.

"Come awa' ben," she said, hospitably, and rose. But as she did so, she added with a little change of tone, "But I'm thinkin' ye maun hae forgotten, Sir George. This is Setterday nicht, ye ken; an' gien it war to be Sunday mornin' afore ye wan to yer bed, it wadna be the first time, an' ye michtna be up ear eneuch to get yersel shaved afore kirktime."

She knew as well as George himself that never by any chance did he go to church; but it was her custom, as I fancy it is that of some other bulwarks of society and pillars of the church, "for the sake of example," I presume, to make not unfrequent allusion to certain observances, moral, religious, or sanatory, as if they were laws that everybody kept.

Galbraith lifted his hand, black, and embossed with cobbler's wax, and rubbed it thoughtfully over his chin: he accepted the fiction offered him; it was but the well-known prologue to a hebdomadal passage between them. What if he did not intend going to church the next day? Was that any reason why he should not look a little tidier when his hard week's-work was over, and his nightly habit was turned into the comparatively harmless indulgence of a Saturday, in sure hope of the day of rest behind.

"Troth, I didna min' 'at it was Setterday," he answered. "I wuss I had pitten on a clean sark, an' washen my face. But I s' jist gang ower to the barber's an' get a scrape, an' maybe some of them 'll be here or I come back."

Mistress Croale knew perfectly that there was no clean shirt in George's garret. She knew also that the shirt he then wore, which probably, in consideration of her maid's festered hand, she would wash for him herself, was one of her late husband's which she had given him. But George's speech was one of those forms of sound words held fast by all who frequented Mistress Croale's parlor, and by herself estimated at more than their worth.

The woman had a genuine regard for Galbraith. Neither the character nor fate of one of the rest gave her a moment's trouble; but in her secret mind she deplored that George should drink so inordinately, and so utterly neglect his child as to let him spend his life in the streets. She comforted herself, however, with the reflection, that seeing he would drink, he drank with no bad companions, — drank at all events where what natural wickedness might be in them, was suppressed by the sternness of her rule. Were he to leave her fold — for a fold in very truth, and not a sty, it appeared to her — and wander away to Jock Thamson's or Jeemie Deuk's, he would be drawn into loud and indecorous talk, probably into quarrel and uproar.

In a few minutes George returned, an odd contrast visible between the upper and lower halves of his face. Hearing his approach she met him at the door.

"Noo, Sir George," she said, "jist gang up to my room an' hae a wash, an' pit on the sark ye'll see lyin' upo' the bed; syne come doon an' hae yer tum'ler comfortable."

George's whole soul was bent upon his drink, but he obeyed as if she had been twice his mother. By the time he had finished his toilet, the usual company was assembled, and he appeared amongst them in all the respectability of a clean shirt, and what purity besides the general adhesiveness of his trade-material would yield to a single ablution long delayed. They welcomed him all, with nod, or grin, or merry word, in individual fashion, as

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each sat measuring out his whisky, or pounding at the slow-dissolving sugar, or tasting the mixture with critical soul seated between tongue and palate.

The conversation was for some time very dull, with a strong tendency to the censorious. For in their circle, not only were the claims of respectability silently admitted, but the conduct of this and that man of their acquaintance, or of public note, was pronounced upon with understood reference to those claims — now with smile of incredulity or pity, now with head-shake regretful or condemnatory — and this all the time that each was doing his best to reduce himself to a condition in which the word conduct could no longer have meaning in reference to him.

All of them, as did their hostess, addressed Galbraith as Sir George, and he accepted the title with a certain unassuming dignity. For, if it was not universally known in the city, it was known to the best lawyers in it, that he was a baronet by direct derivation from the hand of King James the sixth.

The fire burned cheerfully, and the kettle making many journeys between it and the table, things gradually grew more lively. Stories were told, often without any point, but not therefore without effect; reminiscences, sorely pulpy and broken at the edges, were offered and accepted with a laughter in which sober ears might have detected a strangely alien sound; and adventures were related in which truth was no necessary element to reception. In the case of the postman, for instance, who had been dismissed for losing a bag of letters the week before, not one of those present believed a word he said; yet as he happened to be endowed with a small stock of genuine humor, his stories were regarded with much the same favor as if they had been authentic. But the revival scarcely reached Sir George. He said little or nothing, but, between his slow gulps of toddy, sat looking vacantly into his glass. It is true he smiled absently now and then when the others laughed, but that was only for manners. Doubtless he was seeing somewhere the saddest of all visions — the things that might have been. The wretched craving of the lower organs stilled, and something spared for his brain, I believe the chief joy his drink gave him lay in the power once more to feel himself a gentleman. The washed hands, the shaven face, the clean shirt, had something to do with it, no doubt, but the necromantic whisky had far more.

What faded ghosts of ancestral dignity and worth and story the evil potion called up in the mind of Sir George! — who himself hung ready to fall, the last, or all but the last mildewed fruit of the tree of Galbraith! Ah! if this one and that of his ancestors had but lived to his conscience, and with some thought of those that were to come after him, he would not have transmitted to poor Sir George, in horrible addition to moral weakness, that physical proclivity which had now grown to such a hideous craving. To the miserable wretch himself it seemed that he could no more keep from drinking whisky than he could from breathing air.

CHAPTER V.

GIBBIE'S CALLING.

I AM not sure that his father's neglect was not on the whole better for Gibbie than would have been the kindness of such a father persistently embodying itself. But the picture of Sir George, by the help of whisky and the mild hatching oven of Mistress Croale's parlor, softly breaking from the shell of the cobbler, and floating a mild gentleman in the air of his lukewarm imagination, and poor wee Gibbie trotting outside in the dark of the autumn night, through which the moon keeps staring down, vague and disconsolate, is hardly therefore the less pathetic. Under the window of the parlor where the light of revel shone radiant through a red curtain, he would stand listening for a moment, then, darting off a few yards suddenly and swiftly like a scared bird, fall at once into his own steady trot — up the lane and down, till he reached the window again, where again he would stand and listen. Whether he made this departure and return twenty or a hundred times in a night, he nor any one else could have told. Sometimes he would for a change extend his trot along the Widdiehill, sometimes along the parallel Vennel, but never far from Jink Lane and its glowing window. Never moth haunted lamp so persistently. Ever as he ran, up this pavement and down that, on the soft-sounding soles of his bare feet, the smile on the boy's face grew more and more sleepy, but still he smiled and still he trotted, still paused at the window, and still started afresh.

He was not so much to be pitied as my reader may think. Never in his life had he yet pitied himself. The thought of hardship or wrong had not occurred to him. It would have been difficult — impossible, I believe — to get the idea into his head that existence bore to him any

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other shape than it ought. Things were with him as they had always been, and whence was he to take a fresh start, and question what had been from the beginning? Had any authority interfered, with a decree that Gibbie should no more scour the midnight streets, no more pass and repass that far-shining splendor of red, then indeed would bitter, though inarticulate complaint, have burst from his bosom. But there was no evil power to issue such a command, and Gibbie's peace was not invaded.

It was now late, and those streets were empty: neither carriage nor cart, wheelbarrow nor truck, went any more bumping and clattering over their stones. They were well lighted with gas, but most of the bordering houses were dark. Now and then a single foot-farer passed with loud, hollow-sounding boots along the pavement; or two girls would come laughing along, their merriment echoing rude in the wide stillness. A cold wind, a small, forsaken, solitary wind, moist with a thin fog, seemed, as well as wee Gibbie, to be roaming the night, for it met him at various corners, and from all directions. But it had nothing to do, and nowhere to go, and there it was not like Gibbie, the business of whose life was even now upon him, the mightiest hope of whose conscious being was now awake.

All he expected or ever desired to discover, by listening at the window, was simply whether there were yet signs of the company's breaking up; and his conclusions on that point were never mistaken: how he arrived at them it would be hard to say. Seldom had he there heard the voice of his father, still seldomer anything beyond its tone. This night, however, as the time drew near when they must go, lest the Sabbath should be broken in Mistress Croale's decent house, and Gibbie stood once more on tiptoe, with his head just on the level of the window-sill, he heard his father utter two words: "Up Daurside" came to him through the window, in the voice he loved, plain and distinct. The words conveyed to him nothing at all; the mere hearing of them made them memorable. For the time, however, he forgot them, for, by indications best known to himself, he perceived that the company was on the point of separating, and from that moment did not take his eyes off the door until he heard the first sounds of its opening. As, however, it was always hard for Gibbie to stand still, and especially hard on a midnight so cold that his feet threatened to grow indistinguishable from the slabs of the pavement, he was driven, in order not to lose sight of it, to practise the art, already cultivated by him to a crab-like perfection, of running first backwards, then forwards with scarcely superior speed. But it was not long ere the much expected sound of Mistress Croale's voice heralded the hour for patience to blossom into possession. The voice was neither loud nor harsh, but clear and firm; the noise that followed was both loud and strident. Voices had a part in it, but the movement of chairs and feet and the sudden contact of different portions of the body with walls and tables, had a larger. The guests were obeying the voice of their hostess all in one like a flock of sheep, but it was poor shepherd-work to turn them out of the fold at midnight. Gibbie bounded up and stood still as a statue at the very door-cheek, until he heard Mistress Croale's hand upon the lock, when he bolted, trembling with eagerness, into the entry of a court a few houses nearer to the Widdie-hill.

One after one the pitiable company issued from its paradise, and each stumbled away, too far gone for leave-taking. Most of them passed Gibbie where he stood, but he took no heed: his father was always the last — and the least capable. But, often as he left her door, never did it close behind him until with her own eyes Mistress Croale had seen Gibbie dart like an imp out of the court — to take him in charge, and, all the weary way home, hover, not very like a guardian angel, but not the less one in truth, around the unstable equilibrium of his father's tall and swaying form. And thereupon commenced a series of marvellous gymnastics on the part of wee Gibbie. Imagine a small boy with a gigantic top, which, six times his own size, he keeps erect on its peg, not by whipping it round, but by running round it himself, unfailingly applying, at the very spot and at the very moment, the precise measure of impact necessary to counterbalance its perpetual tendency to fall in one direction or another, so that the two have all the air of a single invention — such an invention as one might meet with in an ancient clock, contrived when men had time to mingle play with earnest — and you will have in your mind's eye a real likeness of Sir George attended, any midnight in the week, by his son Gilbert. Home the big one staggered, reeled, gyrated, and tumbled; round and round him went the little one, now behind, now before, now on this side, now on that, his feet never more than

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touching the ground but dancing about like those of a prize-fighter, his little arms up and his hands well forward, like flying buttresses. And such indeed they were — buttresses which flew and flew all about a universally leaning tower. They propped it here, they propped it there; with wonderful judgment and skill and graduation of force they applied themselves, and with perfect success. Not once, for the last year and a half, during which time wee Gibbie had been the nightly guide of Sir George's homeward steps, had the self-disabled mass fallen prostrate in the gutter, there to snore out the night.

The first special difficulty, that of turning the corner of Jink Lane and the Widdiehill, successfully overcome, the twain went reeling and revolving along the street, much like a whirlwind that had half forgotten the laws of gyration, until at length it spun into the court, and up to the foot of the outside stair over the baronet's workshop. Then commenced the real struggle of the evening for Gibbie — and for his father too, though the latter was aware of it only in the momentary and evanescent flashes of such enlightenment as made him just capable of yielding to the pushes and pulls of the former. All up the outside and the two inside stairs, his waking and sleeping were as the alternate tic-tac of a pendulum; but Gibbie stuck to his business like a man, and his resolution and perseverance were at length, as always, crowned with victory.

The house in which lords and ladies had often reposed was now filled with very humble folk, who were all asleep when Gibbie and his father entered; but the noise they made in ascending caused no great disturbance of their rest; for, if any of them were roused for a moment, it was but to recognize at once the cause of the tumult, and with the remark, "It's only wee Gibbie luggin' hame Sir George," to turn on the other side and fall asleep again.

Arrived at last at the garret door, which stood wide open, Gibbie had small need of light in the nearly pitch darkness of the place, for there was positively nothing to stumble over or against between the door and the ancient four-post bed, which was all of his father's house that remained to Sir George. With heavy shuffling feet the drunkard lumbered laboriously bedward; and the bare posts and crazy frame groaned and creaked as he fell upon the oat-chaff that lay waiting him in place of the vanished luxury of feathers. Wee Gibbie flew at his legs, nor rested until, the one after the other, he had got them on the bed; if then they were not very comfortably deposited, he knew that, in his first turn, their owner would get them all right.

And now rose the *culmen* of Gibbie's day! its cycle, rounded through regions of banishment, returned to its nodus of bliss. In triumph he spread over his sleeping father his dead mother's old plaid of Gordon tartan, all the bedding they had, and without a moment's further delay — no shoes even to put off — crept under it, and nestled close upon the bosom of his unconscious parent. A victory more! another day ended with success! his father safe, and all his own! the canopy of darkness and the plaid over them, as if they were the only two in the universe! his father unable to leave him — his for whole dark hours to come! It was Gibbie's paradise now! His heaven was his father's bosom, to which he clung as no infant yet ever clung to his mother's. He never thought to pity himself that the embrace was all on his side, that no answering pressure came back from the prostrate form. He never said to himself, "My father is a drunkard, but I must make the best of it; he is all I have!" He clung to his one possession — only clung: this was his father — all in all to him. What must be the bliss of such a heart — of any heart, when it comes to know that there is a father of fathers, yea, a father of fatherhood! a father who never slumbers nor sleeps, but holds all the sleeping in his ever waking bosom — a bosom whose wakefulness is the sole fountain of their slumber!

The conscious bliss of the child was of short duration, for in a few minutes he was fast asleep; but for the gain of those few minutes only, the day had been well spent.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUNDAY AT HOME.

SUCH were the events of every night, and such had they been since Gibbie first assumed this office of guardian — a time so long in proportion to his life that it seemed reached. It was to him as one of the laws of existence that fathers got drunk and Gibbies took care of them. But Saturday night was always one of special bliss; for then the joy to come spread its arms beneath and around the present delight: all Sunday his father would be his. On that happiest day of all the week, he never set his foot out of doors, except to run twice to Mistress Croale's, once to fetch the dinner which she

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supplied from her own table, and for which Sir George regularly paid in advance on Saturday before commencing his potations.

But indeed the streets were not attractive to the child on Sundays: there were no shops open, and the people in their Sunday clothes, many of them with their faces studiously settled into masks intended to express righteousness, were far less interesting, because less alive, than the same people in their work-day attire, in their shops, or seated at their stalls, or driving their carts, and looking thoroughly human. As to going to church himself, such an idea had never entered his head. He had not once for a moment imagined that anybody would like him to go to church, that such as he ever went to church, that church was at all a place to which Gibbies with fathers to look after should have any desire to go. As to what church-going meant, he had not the vaguest idea; it had not even waked the glimmer of a question in his mind. All he knew was that people went to church on Sundays. It was another of the laws of existence, the reason of which he knew no more than why his father went every night to Jink Lane and got drunk. George however, although he had taught his son nothing, was not without religion, and had notions of duty in respect of the Sabbath. Not even with the prize of whisky in view, would he have consented to earn a sovereign on that day by the lightest of work.

Gibbie was awake some time before his father, and lay revelling in love's bliss of proximity. At length Sir George, the merest bubble of nature, awoke, and pushed him from him.

The child got up at once, but only to stand by the bedside. He said no word, did not even think an impatient thought, yet his father seemed to feel that he was waiting for him. After two or three huge yawns, he spread out his arms, but unable to stretch himself, yawned again, rolled himself off the bed, and crept feebly across the room to an empty chest that stood under the skylight. There he seated himself, and for half an hour sat motionless, a perfect type of dilapidation, moral and physical, while a little way off stood Gibbie, looking on, like one awaiting a resurrection. At length he seemed to come to himself — the expected sign of which was that he reached down his hand towards the meeting of roof and floor, and took up a tiny last with a half-made boot upon it. At sight of it in his father's hands, Gibbie clapped his with delight — an old delight, renewed every Sunday since he could remember. That boot was for him! and this being the second, the pair would be finished before night! By slow degrees of revival, with many pauses between, George got to work. He wanted no breakfast, and made no inquiry of Gibbie whether he had had any. But what cared Gibbie about breakfast! With his father all to himself, and that father working away at a new boot for him — for him who had never had a pair of any sort upon his feet since the woollen ones he wore in his mother's lap, breakfast or no breakfast was much the same to him. It could never have occurred to him that it was his father's part to provide him with breakfast. If he was to have none, it was Sunday that was to blame: there was no use in going to look for any when the shops were all shut, and everybody either at church, or close in domestic penetralia, or out for a walk. More than contented, therefore, while busily his father wedded welt and sole with stitches infrangible, Gibbie sat on the floor preparing waxed ends, carefully sticking in the hog's bristle, and rolling the combination, with quite professional aptitude, between the flat of his hand and what of trouser-leg he had left, gazing eagerly between at the advancing masterpiece. Occasionally the triumph of expectation would exceed his control, when he would spring from the floor, and caper and strut about like a pigeon — soft as a shadow, for he knew his father could not bear noise in the morning — or behind his back execute a pantomimic dumb show of delight, in which he seemed with difficulty to restrain himself from jumping upon him, and hugging him in his ecstasy. Oh best of parents! working thus even on a Sunday for his Gibbie, when everybody else was at church enjoying himself! But Gibbie never dared hug his father except when he was drunk — why, he could hardly have told. Relieved by his dumb show, he would return, quiet as an aged grimalkin, and again deposit himself on the floor near his father, where he could see his busy hands.

All this time Sir George never spoke a word. Incredible as it may seem, however, he was continually, off and on, trying his hardest to think of some Sunday lesson to give his child. Many of those that knew the boy, regarded him as a sort of idiot, drawing the conclusion from Gibbie's practical honesty and his too evident love for his kind: it was incredible that a child should be poor, unselfish, loving, and

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not deficient in intellect! His father knew him better, yet he often quieted his conscience in regard to his education, with the reflection that not much could be done for him. Still, every now and then he would think perhaps he ought to do something: who could tell but the child might be damned for not understanding the plan of salvation? and brooding over the matter this morning, as well as his headache would permit, he came to the resolution, as he had often done before, to buy a Shorter Catechism: the boy could not learn it, but he would keep reading it to him, and something might stick. Even now perhaps he could begin the course by recalling some of the questions and answers that had been the plague of his life every Saturday at school. He set his recollection to work, therefore, in the lumber-room of his memory, and again and again sent it back to the task, but could find nothing belonging to the catechism except the first question with its answer, and a few incoherent fragments of others. Moreover, he found his mind so confused and incapable of continuous or concentrated effort, that he could not even keep "man's chief end" and the rosined end between his fingers from twisting up together in the most extraordinary manner. Yet if the child but "had the question," he might get some good of it. The hour might come when he would say "My father taught me that!" — who could tell? And he knew he had the words correct, wherever he had dropped their meaning. For the sake of Gibbie's immortal part, therefore, he would repeat the answer to that first, most momentous of questions, over and over as he worked, in the hope of insinuating something — he could not say what — into the small mental pocket of the innocent. The first, therefore, and almost the only words which Gibbie heard from his father's lips that morning, were these, dozens of times repeated — "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." But so far was Gibbie from perceiving in them any meaning, that even with his father's pronunciation of *chief end* as *chifenn*, they roused in his mind no sense or suspicion of obscurity. The word stuck there, notwithstanding; but Gibbie was years a man before he found out what a *chifenn* was. Where was the great matter? How many who have learned their catechism and deplore the ignorance of others, make the least effort to place their chief end even in the direction of that of their creation? Is it not the constant thwarting of their aims, the rendering of their desires futile, and their ends a mockery, that alone prevents them and their lives from proving an absolute failure? Sir George, with his inveterate, consuming thirst for whisky, was but the type of all who would gain their bliss after the scheme of their own fancies, instead of the scheme of their existence; who would build their house after their own childish wilfulness instead of the ground-plan of their being. How was Sir George to glorify the God whom he could honestly thank for nothing but whisky, the sole of his gifts that he prized? Over and over that day he repeated the words, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever," and all the time his imagination, his desire, his hope, were centred on the bottle, which with his very back he felt where it stood behind him, away on the floor at the head of his bed. Nevertheless when he had gone over them a score of times or so, and Gibbie had begun, by a merry look and nodding of his head, to manifest that he knew what was coming next, the father felt more content with himself than for years past; and when he was satisfied that Gibbie knew all the words, though, indeed, they were hardly more than sounds to him, he sent him, with a great sense of relief, to fetch the broth and beef and potatoes from Mistress Croale's.

Eating a real dinner in his father's house, though without a table to set it upon, Gibbie felt himself a most privileged person. The only thing that troubled him was that his father ate so little. Not until the twilight began to show did Sir George really begin to revive, but the darker it grew without, the brighter his spirit burned. For, amongst not a few others, there was this strange remnant of righteousness in the man, that he would never taste drink before it was dark in winter, or in summer before the regular hour for ceasing work had arrived; and to this rule he kept, and that under far greater difficulties, on the Sunday as well. For Mistress Croale would not sell a drop of drink, not even on the sly, on the Sabbath-day: she would fain have some stake in the hidden kingdom; and George, who had not a Sunday stomach he could assume for the day any more than a Sunday coat, was thereby driven to provide his whisky, and that day drink it at home; when, with the bottle so near him, and the sense that he had not to go out to find his relief, his resolution was indeed sorely tried; but he felt that to yield would be to cut his last cable and be swept on the lee-shore of utter ruin.

Breathless with eager interest, Gibbie watched his father's hands, and just as the

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darkness closed in, the boot was finished. His father rose, and Gibbie, glowing with delight, sprung upon the seat he had left, while his father knelt upon the floor to try upon the unaccustomed foot the result from which he had just drawn the last. Ah, pity! pity! But even Gibbie might by this time have learned to foresee it! three times already had the same thing happened; the boot would not go on the foot. The real cause of the failure it were useless to inquire. Sir George said that, Sunday being the only day he could give to the boots, before he could finish them, Gibbie's feet had always outgrown the measure. But it may be Sir George was not so good a maker as cobbler. That he meant honestly by the boy I am sure, and not the less sure for the confession I am forced to make, that on each occasion when he thus failed to fit him, he sold the boots the next day at a fair price to a ready-made-shop, and drank the proceeds. A stranger thing still was, that, although Gibbie had never yet worn boot or shoe, his father's conscience was greatly relieved by the knowledge that he spent his Sundays in making boots for him. Had he been an ordinary child, and given him trouble, he would possibly have hated him; as it was, he had a great though sadly inoperative affection for the boy, which was an endless good to them both.

After many bootless trials, bootless the feet must remain, and George, laying the failure down in despair, rose from his knees, and left Gibbie seated on the chest more like a king discrowned, than a beggar unshod. And like a king the little beggar bore his pain. He heaved one sigh, and a slow moisture gathered in his eyes, but it did not overflow. One minute only he sat and hugged his desolation — then, missing his father, jumped off the box to find him.

He sat on the edge of the bed, looking infinitely more disconsolate than Gibbie felt, his head and hands hanging down, a picture of utter dejection. Gibbie bounded to him, climbed on the bed, and nearly strangled him in the sharp embrace of his little arms. Sir George took him on his knees and kissed him, and the tears rose in his dull eyes. He got up with him, carried him to the box, placed him on it once more, and fetched a piece of brown paper from under the bed. From this he tore carefully several slips, with which he then proceeded to take a most thoughtful measurement of the baffling foot. He was far more to be pitied than Gibbie, who would not have worn the boots an hour had they been the best fit in shoedom. The soles of his feet were very nearly equal in resistance to leather, and at least until the snow and hard frost came, he was better without boots.

But now the darkness had fallen, and his joy was at the door. But he was always too much ashamed to *begin* to drink before the child: he hated to uncork the bottle before him. What followed was in regular Sunday routine.

"Gang ower to Mistress Croale's, Gibbie," he said, "wi' my compliments."

Away ran Gibbie, nothing loath, and at his knock was admitted. Mistress Croale sat in the parlor, taking her tea, and expecting him. She was always kind to the child. She could not help feeling that no small part of what ought to be spent on him came to her; and on Sundays, therefore, partly for his sake, partly for her own, she always gave him his tea — nominally tea, really blue city-milk — with as much dry bread as he could eat, and a bit of buttered toast from her plate to finish off with. As he ate, he stood at the other side of the table; he looked so miserable in her eyes that, even before her servant, she was ashamed to have him sit with her; but Gibbie was quite content, never thought of sitting, and ate in gladness, every now and then looking up with loving grateful eyes, which must have gone right to the woman's heart, had it not been for a vague sense she had of being all the time his enemy — and that although she spent much time in persuading herself that she did her best both for his father and him.

When he returned, greatly refreshed, and the boots all but forgotten, he found his father, as he knew he would, already started on the business of the evening. He had drawn the chest, the only seat in the room, to the side of the bed, against which he leaned his back. A penny candle was burning in a stone blacking-bottle on the chimneypiece, and on the floor beside the chest stood the bottle of whisky, a jug of water, a stoneware mug, and a wineglass.

There was no fire and no kettle, whence his drinking was sad, as became the Scotch Sabbath in distinction from the Jewish. There, however, was the drink, and thereby his soul could live — yea, expand her mouldy wings! Gibbie was far from shocked; it was all right, all in the order of things, and he went up to his father with radiant countenance. Sir George put forth his hands and took him between his knees. An evil wind now swelled his sails, but the cargo of the crazy human hull was not therefore evil.

"Gibbie," he said solemnly, "never ye

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drink a drap o' whusky. Never ye rax oot the han' to the boatle. Never ye drink anything but watter, caller watter, my man."

As he said the words, he stretched out his own hand to the mug, lifted it to his lips, and swallowed a great gulp.

"Dinna do't, I tell ye, Gibbie," he repeated.

Gibbie shook his head with positive repudiation.

"That's richt, my man," responded his father with satisfaction. "Gien ever I see ye pree (*taste*) the boatle, I'll warstle frae my grave an' fleg ye oot o' the sma' wuts ye hae, my man."

Here followed another gulp from the mug. The threat had conveyed nothing to Gibbie. Even had he understood, it would have carried anything but terror to his father-worshipping heart.

"Gibbie," resumed Sir George, after a brief pause, "div ye ken what fowk'll ca' ye whan I'm deid?"

Gibbie again shook his head — with expression this time of mere ignorance.

"They'll ca' ye Sir Gibbie Galbraith, my man," said his father, "an' richtly, for it'll be no nickname, though some may lauch 'cause yer father was a sutor, an' mair 'at, for a' that, ye haena a shee to yer fut yersel', puir fellow! Heedna ye what they say, Gibbie. Min' 'at ye're Sir Gibbie, an' hae the honor o' the faimily to haud up, my man — an' that ye *cannot* dee an' drink. This cursit drink's been the ruin o' a' the Galbraiths as far back as I ken. 'Maist the only thing I can min' o' my gran'father — a big bonny man, wi' lang white hair — twise as big's me, Gibbie — is seein' him deid drunk i' the gutter o' the pump. He drank 'maist a' thing there was, Gibbie — lan's an' lordship, till there was hardly an accre left upo' haill Daurside to come to my father — 'maist naething but a wheen sma' hooses. He was a guid man, my father; but his father learnt him to drink afore he was 'maist oot o' 's coaties, an gae him nae schuilin'; an' gien he red himsel' o' a' 'at was left, it was sma' won'er — only, ye see, Gibbie, what was to come o' me? I pit it till ye, Gibbie — what was to come o' me? Gien a kin' neiper, 'at kent what it was to drink, an' sae had a fallow-feelin', hadna ta'en an' learnt me my trade, the Lord kens what wad hae come o' you an' me, Gibbie, my man! — Gang to yer bed, noo, an' lea' me to my ain thouchts; no' 'at they're aye the best o' company, laddie. — But whiles they're no that ill," he concluded, with a weak smile, as some reflex of himself not quite unsatisfactory gloomed faintly in the besmeared mirror of his uncertain consciousness.

Gibbie obeyed, and getting under the Gordon tartan, lay and looked out, like a weasel from its hole, at his father's back. For half an hour or so Sir George went on drinking. All at once he started to his feet, and turning towards the bed a white face distorted with agony, kneeled down on the box and groaned out:

"O God, the pains o' hell hae gotten haud upo' me. O Lord, I'm i' the grup o' Sawtan. The deevil o' drink has me by the hause. I doobt, O Lord, ye're gauin' to damn me dreidfu'. What guid that'll do ye, O Lord, I dinna ken, but I doobtna ye'll dee what's richt, only I wuss I hed never crossed ye i' yer wull. I kenna what I'm to dee, or what's to be deene wi' me, or whaur ony help's to come frae. I hae tried an' tried to maister the drink, but I was aye whumled. For ye see, Lord, kennin' a' thing as ye dee, 'at until I hae a drap i' my skin, I canna even think; I canna min' the sangs I used to sing, or the prayers my mither larnt me sittin' upo' her lap. Till I hae swallowed a mou'fu' or twa, things luik sae awfu' like, 'at I'm fit to cut my thro't; an' syne, ance I'm begun, there's nae mair thoucht o' endeevourin' to behaud (*withhold*) till I canna drink a drap mair. O God, what garred ye mak things 'at wad mak whusky, whan ye kenned it wad mak sic a beast o' me?"

He paused, stretched down his hand to the floor, lifted the mug, and drank a huge mouthful; then with a cough that sounded apologetic, set it down, and recommenced:

"O Lord, I doobt there's nae houp for me, for the verra river o' the watter o' life wadna be guid to me wantin' a drap frae the boatle intil 't. It's the w'y wi' a' hiz 'at drinks. It's no 'at we're drunkards, Lord — ow na! it's no that, Lord; it's only 'at we canna dee wantin' the drink. We're sair drinkers, I maun confess, but no jist drunkards, Lord. I'm no drunk the noo; I ken what I'm sayin', an' it's sair trowth, but I cudna hae prayt a word to yer lordship gien I hadna had a jooggy or twa first. O Lord, deliver me frae the pooer o' Sawtan. — O Lord! O Lord! I canna help mysel'. Dinna sen' me to the ill place. Ye loot the deils gang intil the swine, lat me tee."

With this frightful petition, his utterance began to grow indistinct. Then he fell forward upon the bed, groaning, and his voice died gradually away. Gibbie had listened to all he said, but the awe of hearing his father talk to one unseen, made his soul very still, and when he ceased he fell asleep.

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Alas for the human soul inhabiting a drink-fouled brain! It is a human soul still, and wretched in the midst of all that whisky can do for it. From the pit of hell it cries out. So long as there is that which can sin, it is a man. And the prayer of misery carries its own justification, when the sober petitions of the self-righteous and the unkind are rejected. He who forgives not is not forgiven, and the prayer of the Pharisee is as the weary beating of the surf of hell, while the cry of a soul out of its fire sets the heartstrings of love trembling. There are sins which men must leave behind them, and sins which they must carry with them. Society scouts the drunkard because he is loathsome, and it matters nothing whether society be right or wrong, while it cherishes in its very bosom vices which are, to the God-born thing we call the soul, yet worse poisons. Drunkards and sinners, hard as it may be for them to enter into the kingdom of heaven, must yet be easier to save than the man whose position, reputation, money, engross his heart and his care, who seeks the praise of men and not the praise of God. When I am more of a Christian, I shall have learned to be sorrier for the man whose end is money or social standing than for the drunkard. But now my heart, recoiling from the one is sore for the other —for the agony, the helplessness, the degradation, the nightmare struggle, the wrongs and cruelties committed, the duties neglected, the sickening ruin of mind and heart. So often, too, the drunkard is originally a style of man immeasurably nobler than the money-maker! Compare a Coleridge, Samuel Taylor or Hartley, with — no; that man has not yet passed to his account. God has in his universe furnaces for the refining of gold, as well as for the burning of chaff and tares and fruitless branches; and, however they may have offended, it is the elder brother who is the judge of all the younger ones.

Gibbie slept some time. When he woke, it was pitch dark, and he was not lying on his father's bosom. He felt about with his hands till he found his father's head. Then he got up and tried to rouse him, and failing, to get him on to the bed. But in that too he was sadly unsuccessful: what with the darkness, and the weight of him, the result of his boy's best endeavor was, that Sir George half slipped, half rolled down upon the box, and from that to the floor. Assured then of his own helplessness, wee Gibbie dragged the miserable bolster from the bed, and got it under his father's head; then covered him with the plaid, and creeping under it, laid himself on his father's bosom, where soon he slept again.

He woke very cold, and getting up, turned heels-over-head several times to warm himself, but quietly, for his father was still asleep. The room was no longer dark, for the moon was shining through the skylight. When he had got himself a little warmer, he turned to have a look at his father. The pale light shone full upon his face, and it was that, Gibbie thought, which made him look so strange. He darted to him, and stared aghast: he had never seen him look like that before, even when most drunk! He threw himself upon him: his face was dreadfully cold. He pulled and shook him in fear — he could not have told of what, but he would not wake. He was gone to see what God could do for him there, for whom nothing more could be done here.

But Gibbie did not know anything about death, and went on trying to wake him. At last he observed that, although his mouth was wide open, the breath did not come from it. Thereupon his heart began to fail him. But when he lifted an eyelid, and saw what was under it, the house rang with the despairing shriek of the little orphan.

From The Spectator.

A NEW AUTHOR'S GRIEVANCE.

MISS AUSTEN has left us an outline of the very remarkable novel which might have been written if she had worked out the suggestions of her would-be counsellors. At this distance of time, it does not require any great amount of critical sagacity to perceive that these kindly helpers might as well have left Miss Austen alone, though as they no doubt belonged to the numerous class who cannot possibly refrain from offering advice, and nothing survives of their well-meant efforts but her bright little sketch, there is no occasion for any uncharitable feelings towards them. We shall not often smile over such amusing descriptions, but probably there will always be people like Miss Austen's advisers, who know nothing of pictures yet feel that they could give a valuable hint or two to any artist, or who can barely distinguish one note from another, but are amiably ready to encourage and advise a professional musician. And in literary matters especially, the number of those who consider themselves qualified to judge will naturally be great. Perhaps the assumption appears in its mildest form in the jokes which are

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prefaced with the assurance that they are good enough for *Punch*, and which leave one rejoicing in the thought that the narrator is not likely to be asked to undertake the editorship of that paper just at present. Very harmless, too, are the people with a general idea that moonlight has a tendency to turn into poetry, and that it is a kindness to call the attention of any young writer of verse to a moonlit scene. They do not seem to remember that the subject is a tolerably obvious one, and that where so many claims have been already marked out, the chances of success must be comparatively small. Then, for the young novelist's benefit, we have the stories that are told as "quite like a romance," their claim to the title resting on a feeble resemblance to some situation which has been fairly worn out in any number of romances. If by any chance a child in real life were changed at nurse — does such a thing ever happen, except in a first volume, to be discovered in the third? — there are plenty of people who would listen greedily to all the details, hurry off to any young friend of theirs who was supposed to write, relate the circumstances in a very exhaustive manner, suggest it as an admirable subject for a story, and go away feeling sure that they had done him a good turn. Still more frequently to be met with are the good-natured folks who would not think of proposing the central idea, but who are ready to offer their modest little contribution of minor incidents to any work in progress. There is no want of variety, at any rate. The youngest boy but one said something unusually clever at breakfast that morning, a neighboring farmhouse has been struck by lightning, and the farmer's wife has had a curiously narrow escape, they have been staying in another county, and have come across something which strikes them as a racy bit of dialect, and they hand over the miscellaneous collection of facts, with the general inquiry, "Now, don't you think that would do to put into your novel?" It does not occur to them to ask what the plan of the novel may be, and whether it will admit of the introduction of little boys, thunderstorms, and studies of peasant life. Indeed, as far as one can judge, they have no idea of any plan at all, but imagine a half-written romance to be something like a carpet-bag.

Still, after their own fashion, all these people may be supposed to have the good of the young poet or novelist at heart. There will, no doubt, be some amusement, and even, perhaps, a little irritation mixed with the gratitude with which their offers of assistance are received. One of M. Feuillet's heroes was seriously discomposed when he found that his wife confused the eighth and the eighteenth centuries in her description of the book he was writing, and the suggestions of these kindly counsellors are often quite as absurdly wide of the mark, and betray as utter an ignorance of their friend's scope and aim. As they urged a denunciation of tithes on Miss Austen, so would they urge anything which happened to take their fancy on George Eliot or "Ouida" with equal readiness. But the irritation without any touch of the pleasanter feeling is reserved for another class, the people who cannot go near the humblest and most harmless writer of stories without professing that they expect to be put into a novel directly. The amusement, as in the case of most time-honored jokes, is entirely on one side. The pretence of expectation is about as humorous as if they declared that they expected him to eat them. It was all very well for Balzac to plan the "*Comédie Humaine*," with its vast multitude of characters, and it might be supposed that he could find room for anything or anybody in his endless volumes. But the small fry of novelists have not these wide sympathies, and do not so much reject large classes as pick out some very small class, or it may be only a few stray characters here and there, with whom they may hope to be able to deal. It is cruelly depresssing to suggest to a beginner that he should attempt the portraits of his acquaintances generally. Perhaps his ideal world is all the dearer to him because it is a refuge where he may hope to be safe from some of them, and he may even feel that he has made more involuntary studies already than he will ever care to use. It may amuse and interest people to look upon themselves for a moment in the light of raw material for a book, especially as they are not likely to be much struck with their own rawness. And of course there are novelists who can give a charm to the most commonplace subjects. But the young author, with his narrower sympathies, feels the task beyond his power. He will have too much respect for the marvels that have been achieved, to join with Mrs. Poyser in asserting that "it's poor eating when the flavor o' the meat lies i' the cruets," but he will be forced to realize, with a crushing sensation of helplessness, how very small his own particular cruet is. And if just at that time he has a half-finished story in his brain, there may be another touch of irritation in the suggestion. A romance which is planned, but not yet

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written, is a young author's paradise. It is an enchanted land, with all the freshness of discovery still about it. It will be at least half spoilt by the time it is put on paper, but, as yet there has been no wearisome work with pen and ink, and no search for fitting words with which to describe it. The scenery which is to serve as a background becomes clearer day by day, but this distinctness is rather a gradual growth than a conscious addition of details. Everything is seen in a kind of lucid twilight, softer than the common light of day, and better suited to the little group of figures who move through it, drawing to themselves and partially transforming thoughts and fancies from the outer world. They are paler and more shadowy than actual men and women, but in that transparent atmosphere they are more clearly revealed and more intimately known than one human being ever can be to another. And suddenly into the midst of the group blunders some opaque mass of ordinary flesh and blood, some shallow, commonplace girl, or perhaps a big, fresh-colored fellow, who would like to be humorous, proposing himself or herself, as the case may be, as a candidate for immortality in the pages of the forthcoming novel. The visionary world is so near at hand, and so continually present to its author's thoughts, that as likely as not he may realize the full horror of the idea the moment it is uttered, and the joke may leave behind it some grotesque association with his heroine. He forgets that these people cannot know how incongruous they are, and he resentfully declares to himself that they would be capable of taking one of Leighton's paintings (no lesser name than that of a leading artist will serve, for the most modest of men cannot possibly compare this work to anything he only cares about moderately), cutting out a couple of faces, and smiling through the holes, in the belief that their features harmonized with the rest of the picture. He would not be so sensitive about anything but a half-finished work. When a story is fairly in type, the characters seem to have acquired something of independent life. They have come out of dreamland, they, as it were, draw breath for a little while in common air, and find a home wherever the story of their adventures may chance to be read. They will soon be forgotten, but that does not make them less lifelike, as it is a certainty which they share with most of the readers; and meanwhile they gain amazingly in reality by being spoken of, and having their fortunes made the subject of even a little share of mimic hope and fear. Their destiny is fixed, they must take such praise or blame as may fall to their lot, and there is an end of them. The anxiety, the misgivings, the keen and varying feelings are kept for their successors, whose fate has yet to be decided. Of course, the same people who have suggested plots and incidents, and offered themselves as models, will have something to say to any completed work. The portraits of the author's friends may not be there, but nevertheless they must be sought for, and in all probability will be found. Difficulties will be discovered in some part of the story which he always thought was particularly clear, and the opinions expressed by every one of the characters will be supposed to be his "very own," as children say of their toys. All this, however, is harmless enough, if only the people that he specially detests will not read his story with gushing enthusiasm, and praise it with their silliest adjectives. In a perfect state of society it must be supposed that all human beings will like each other very much, and never disagree. But this is probably a long way off, and it is exceedingly difficult even to picture to oneself what life will be like under such circumstances. It is possible, however, to imagine an immense improvement on the present state of affairs. If all those whom from the bottom of our hearts we dislike, would but disagree with us once and for all about everything under the sun, and especially about all matters of taste, — if they would but hate the poets we love, the heroes we worship, and the scenery we admire, and let us keep our own opinions to ourselves, there would be cause for deep thankfulness. Meanwhile, if any writer of stories should suffer in this way, he may well remember that this source of irritation is peculiar to no one pursuit.

From The Spectator.

THE SORROWS OF THE SLOW.

Is there any comfort to be found for those people who are slow in all they think, say, or do, and who are painfully conscious of their own slowness? They need consolation, if it could be discovered anywhere, for it is a most depressing and wearisome consciousness, and the more so because it is continual. From morning to night it underlies all that is said or done, and the certainty of to-morrow's slowness is almost as present with them as the remembrance of the slowness of yesterday or to-day. Almost, but not quite, for there is a glamor

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about to-morrow which no experience can entirely dispel. To-day may bring some unexpected pleasure of its own, so that we would arrest the course of time to enjoy it longer, if we could; but for all purposes of work, for anything we ought to do, and for all plans that we make, to-morrow will always be worth far more than to-day. Still, for the people who are weighted with the burden of their slowness, even the working hours of the morrow are diminished, and the shadow lengthens out through days to come.

There is one form of consolation which they will reject at once, and unluckily it is precisely the form in which it is generally offered to them. They will have nothing to do with that style of comfort which is embodied in the common saying, "Slow and steady wins the race," and which is more fully set forth in the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Was there ever a story more universally known and quoted? The slightest mention of it calls up the pictures in old editions of the fables which we studied in childhood, and we once more see the hare, preternaturally lively and eager, awaiting the fox's signal to be off, with the tortoise by its side, a flat and melancholy animal. It amused us then, but it will not comfort us in later life. "Slow and steady" is a combination which cannot be taken for granted. That which is done slowly is not necessarily done steadily; in fact, the slowness may be principally caused by hesitation and uncertainty, which do not exactly conduce to steadiness, nor ensure success in any race. Slowness is so far from being always the plodding progress of enduring strength, that it may be merely a kind of mental short-sightedness, wasting time in trying each step to make sure that the footing is secure, and painfully examining the ground which keener eyes would have surveyed in a moment. The fable of the hare and the tortoise is usually misapplied, for it is evident that it was originally intended as a warning to the hare, and not at all as an encouragement to the tortoise. There will always be some people who are boastful, and others who have very little to boast of, and it was the most natural thing in the world that the latter should take a very early opportunity of composing an unpleasant little fable, to show their brilliant friends that quickness was not everything, but that to be successful it needed to be combined with other qualities. It was a true and very useful lesson, for brilliancy and quickness may undoubtedly be found apart from perseverance, raising hopes which will not be realized, — and no doubt there were many people who were delighted to repeat and emphasize the warning. But since men are good-natured, as a rule, and prompt to offer consolations, if they happen to have any ready-made ones at hand, they were willing enough to use the fable as an encouragement to those who might naturally be discouraged in the great race. And in point of fact, it is nearly always quoted for that purpose. The dull child poring over his lessons hears it, and the youth who is just starting in life, and who cannot by any stretch of friendly partiality be complimented on his quickness, will find some allusion to it in the parting speeches of his relations. This use of it proves more kindliness of intention than discernment. The author of the fable intended, as was said, to show that quickness is not everything; but on his own showing it is so very nearly everything, that he found it necessary to combine it with the most egregious folly, to make his story hold together till he could arrive safely at the moral. The tortoise has no real advantage over his antagonist. If the quick men were always fools, who presumed on their quickness, there would be something in the fable, and slowness might come in time to be considered a valuable quality. Even then we might ask whether the success which the tortoise achieved is to be seriously offered to slow people as the type of a desirable triumph. There are some who might feel that the victory which was due entirely to the over-confidence of an opponent, and which was secured by carefully sneaking past him, and not rousing him to display his powers, was a victory which would be a great deal less honorable than many defeats. To triumph thus could hardly have given the tortoise confidence in anything but his ability to detect and profit by the follies of his fellow-creatures, — a valuable talent, no doubt, but not the object of universal ambition, and not necessarily allied to slowness of any kind. And even if we do concede everything, if it be taken for granted that speed is associated with instability, and slowness with steadfast tenacity of purpose, the tortoise could have no advantage except in a prolonged contest. But many races, for many of the pleasant things of life, are short and quickly decided; and every such race is lost beforehand by the man who longs for the prize, but is not swift. He hardly knows that the race is to be run, before the winner is at the goal.

Rejecting this consolation, then, what other remains? It is difficult to see any, unless it may be suggested that the man

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who is aware of his own slowness, is, perhaps, not likely to be particularly vain. Unluckily, he is not a whit more secure from self-consciousness, from selfish absorption in his own desires and aims, and from thin-skinned irritability, than his quicker neighbors. And he may be just as eager for praise, just as "hungry for acknowledgment," as the vainest of mankind. His security only amounts to this, — that he will not have what is, after all, the pleasantest form of vanity, that delight in one's own powers which is shown by playing with them, it may be a little ostentatiously now and then, but still in a manner which conveys to the bystanders a happy feeling of deftness, assurance, and ease. The slow man never plays with his powers, — he has not time, even if he were not doubtful of them. It is humiliating to be taken unawares, and he is taken unawares every day of his life, and is always expecting to be taken unawares, till he loses confidence in himself. He may strive to be ready, but it is impossible to foresee all contingencies, and his neighbor will adapt himself to the unforeseen circumstances while he hesitates. When he talks, he catches a joke, or an allusion, or the simple meaning of a phrase, a little after everybody else, and is afraid of a sudden remark, lest it should not immediately suggest an answer. By means of an anxious and unremitting effort, he contrives to maintain himself in his place, a little behind his friends, who are talking easily. In his conversation, at any rate, he will have no touch of vanity; but is that a gain worth mentioning? He will hardly think it such. Miss Broughton has a scene in one of her stories where the hero and heroine fall into a river, and when they have escaped, and stand wet and shivering on the bank, the man discovers that though he happens to have his pocket-flash with him, it is very nearly empty. The girl is doubtful about drinking what little brandy there is, but she is assured that there is not the slightest chance of its making her drunk, as she fears, and that it would be the best thing possible for her if it did. There are times when the man who is weary of his own slowness and anxious sobriety of mind is half inclined to think that it might be the best thing possible for him if success could intoxicate him a little, send the blood more quickly and recklessly through his veins, and slightly confuse that cold and deliberate self-judgment which checks him in every ambition. But it needs a potent draught to produce so great an effect. He may have only half desired that it should be produced, but if he has even faintly desired it, he can hardly reckon immunity from the risk as a happiness which will counterbalance all his disadvantages.

Among the things which trouble him, he will count the impossibility of persuading his quicker neighbors to understand how slow he is. There are some things which never can be explained. No one, for instance, who finds his way about by a happy instinct, can ever realize the state of mind of an unlucky man who can seldom tell where he has been, and can never tell where he is going. The clear-headed friend thinks that he realizes it perfectly, but he invariably gives directions which take for granted that the questioner knows what everybody knows, while that is precisely what he wants to know. And it is just as impossible to make the fortunate man, who is quick about everything he says or does, understand what it is to be really slow. He is sure he knows, but in estimating it he passes lightly over much of which he has never thought, and will never think, with any reference to time at all. And the certainty that his difficulties will not be understood troubles the man who is slow, even though his work should be finished and crowned with success. The very praise that he has longed for, to give him the confidence that he sorely needs, has in it a note of expectation which alarms him. People seem to assume that he will do much more than he has already done. He is haunted by a vision of himself as others imagine him, and he sees his double making promises for the future, which he will be called upon to perform. At his best and proudest moment he feels that it is his destiny to disappoint all his friends, and he looks forward anxiously to the verdict of his critics, knowing that those who can show but little as the result of their life's work, must expect to have that little more sternly judged.

Is there any consolation to be found for him? Is there any compensating advantage, great or small, annexed to slowness? Or even — to look for comfort of that negative and unsatisfactory kind which consists in finding out the discomforts of our neighbors — is there any disadvantage attached to speed which can for one moment be weighed against the burden just thrown into the scale? One would be inclined to pronounce decisively that there is not, but for the difficulty of speaking on both sides of such a question as this. And there is another reflection which may well cause us to hesitate. It is so seldom that one is allowed to enjoy

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a grievance at all boastfully without being called upon to recognize the rival grievances of one's neighbors, that it would seem to be always safest to assume that they exist, even if they are not very easy to discover. The proverb tells us that every man knows where his own shoe pinches, and the shoe may pinch in this case as well as in any other. But it is hard for all who are heavy-footed and plodding to think that those who are lightly shod, and go quickly and surely on their way, can be other than the most enviable of mankind.

From The Spectator.

CALCULATING BOYS.

MR. GEORGE BIDDER, once well known to all the world as "the Devonshire calculating boy," died the other day at a ripe age. He had the good sense, after delighting the "groundlings" by performing marvellous arithmetical feats, to study carefully a profession; he became a civil engineer of some eminence; enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Robert Stephenson; was once president of the Institute of Civil Engineers; and drew up some tables which are of use to his professional brethren. Calculating boys are rather obsolete prodigies. Whether it is from the cheapness and abundance of ready-reckoners, or the spread of education and the increase of the ability to make use of logarithm tables, or contempt for the faculty, the lad who can multiply in the twinkling of an eye six figures by six is rare, and is in little request. The modern schoolmaster has no great ambition to foster useless prodigies of the type of Jedediah Buxton or Zerah Colburn. He would probably find that the government inspector rated very cheaply the worth of the juvenile calculator. In fact, this generation is so much a stranger to this juvenile phenomenon, that it knows little of the nature of the feats at which our fathers held up their hands in amazement, and which for a time were supposed to imply intellectual powers of hitherto unheard of vigor, and to be as marvellous as the gift of tongues. In his "Memoir," Zerah Colburn tells us that a notorious free-thinker, who had seen the arithmetical prodigies wrought by him at the age of six, went home much disturbed, passed a sleepless night, and ever afterwards renounced infidel opinions. And this was only one illustration of the vague feeling of awe and open mouthed wonder which his performances excited. People came to consult him about stolen spoons; and he himself evidently thought that there was something decidedly uncanny, something supernatural, about his gift. And no doubt his apparently intuitive mastery over figures, according to perfectly credible accounts, was truly marvellous. On one occasion, Colburn was asked to name the square of 999,999, which he stated to be 999,998,000,001. He multiplied this by 49, and the product by the same number, and the total result he then multiplied by 25. He raised the figure 8 to the sixteenth power with ease. He named the squares of 244,999,755 and 1,224,998,775. He instantly named the factors, 941 and 263, which would produce 247,483. He could discover prime numbers almost as soon as named. In five seconds he calculated the cube root of 413,993,348,677. Bidder, as Colburn admits, was even more remarkable in some ways; he could not extract roots or find factors with so much ease and rapidity as Colburn, but he was more at home in abstruse calculations. The calculating powers of both lads began very early. At three years of age, George Bidder answered wonderful questions about the nails in a horse's four shoes. At eight, though he knew nothing of the theory of ciphering, he could answer almost instantaneously how many farthings there are in £868,424,121.

There are two or three curious things true of these calculating juveniles, and the most obvious is that they have grown into men of mediocre ability. None of them have exhibited the slightest tincture of genius in mature life. Zerah Colburn's "Memoir" is an inane production, which would be tedious in the extreme except for its absurd *naïveté* and the frankness with which the author admits his mediocrity. Speaking of himself, he says, with manifest truth, "he was not remarkable either for quickness of mind or closeness of application." "He was not particularly fortunate in arriving at a result which did not readily present itself." He was put by a patron to Westminster School, and it is pretty clear that he proved rather dull when placed in competition with lads of his own age. The only exception to the rule that juvenile calculators prove mediocrities which occurs to us, is Whately, who had, undoubtedly, for a short time, an extraordinary aptitude for figures, akin to that of Bidder and Colburn, and who, if he had been unfortunate enough to have had a father as vain and silly as Colburn's was, might have been exhibited to admiring crowds. A second fact about these prodigies is that the gift, such as it is, rapidly falls off. In Whately's case, it lasted

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only two or three years. In Colburn's case it lasted longer, and he ascribes its decline to want of practice when he gave up exhibiting his prowess. But it is pretty apparent that — perhaps partly from premature, exhausting mental exertion — the faculty itself really declined; that it could not flourish along with other faculties, which unfolded themselves as the child grew; and that, as Colburn's general intelligence and knowledge increased, his capacity to answer arithmetical puzzles sensibly diminished. Whately's aptitude for mental calculations vanished as soon as he went to school and began his education, and it seems true of all the precocious calculators that they were at their best only when they had nothing to distract them, and before their minds were disciplined and stored with knowledge. It is almost unnecessary to state that this faculty has no connection with true aptitude for mathematics. None of the prodigies whom we have named grew into eminent mathematicians, or disclosed any high talents for mathematical science. We could mention, it is true, several of the latter — Euler and Wallis, for instance — who were rapid and expert calculators, but none of them exhibited precocious aptitude for ciphering. The youthful Pascal, who discovered for himself the demonstration of the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid, or Newton, who, as a boy, invented cleverly-constructed windmills, belongs to another species from the lads who get coppers by multiplying six figures by six figures, or calculating the number of barleycorns which will extend between London and Paris.

In a small degree the faculty possessed by Colburn and Bidder is exhibited by every proficient bank clerk. It is possessed in degree by many men of business, who can with ease run up simultaneously the three money columns of their ledger, or by clever practical engineers, who can leap to conclusions to which others can only toil by the use of formulæ and pen and ink. But as witnessed in Colburn in his youth, this power of calculation was perhaps the result of a defect, almost as much as of mental power. Take a healthy child, of vigorous mind and quick perceptions. Every hour in the day, and at every inlet of its senses, are rushing in varied conflicting impressions. Its incipient knowledge is a confused, jarring mass of sights and sounds. To such a child, which will grow into the vigorous-minded man, the very sense of number comes late. To bring it forth, the artificial stimulus of the schoolroom may be necessary; and for a richly-stored, quickly working mind to exercise so much abstraction as to look only at things as numbers, is impossible. The tendency of such a mind to roam and diverge forbids this; and yet what is this tendency but imagination in the wild state, so to speak, — imagination which, when disciplined and applied to facts, will be the poet's gift or the savant's power of generalizing? On the other hand, the exercise may be practicable to a poorer and weaker nature. Take a child of sluggish disposition, slow to observe, and with no acute senses, taking in few impressions, and those only of the most obvious kind, with few emotions, rather indolent and self-absorbed. Here we have the elements of a calculating juvenile. Abstraction is easy, when the very poverty of the child's mind saves it from distraction. Freedom of movement is practicable in an empty room. The numerical aspects of things may be paramount in a mind which carries away no vivid impressions of form or color, — which works, in fact, like a cog-wheel. Warburton calls "the routine of demonstration the easiest exercise of the mind, where much less of the vigor than of the attention of the mind is required to excel." This remark is quite untrue, if applied, as Warburton applied it, to the art of the mathematician, who must exercise imagination, whose mind must be stored with countless devices, and who succeeds in solving problems which utterly baffle others not so much because he can command his attention, as because he can combine and recombine figures, symbols, and forms with a fertility of resource of which the non-mathematician has no conception. Warburton's remark is singularly wide of the mark, if offered as an explanation of the secret of a great geometrician's or analytical mathematician's success. But it goes far to explain the art of the infant calculators, who were successful in proportion as their minds became like slates or blackboards. Attention was almost everything to them, and it is oftentimes an easy virtue to a dull disposition, which has no temptation and little power to stray. It is plain from Colburn's "Memoir" that he unconsciously used, especially in squaring and extracting roots, devices which are now well known to arithmeticians and described in common text-books, and it says much for him that he discovered them. But on the whole, a retrospect makes one feel that the world has lost little by the disappearance of the juvenile calculator from the list of curiosities. Colburn was always puzzled as to the use of his gift, and we do not wonder at it.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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AT NIGHTFALL.

COMING along by the meadows,
Just after the sun went down,
Watching the gathering shadows
Creep over the hillsides brown;

Coming along in the gloaming,
With never a star in the sky,
My thoughts went a-roaming, a-roaming
Through days that are long gone by;

Days when desire said, "To-morrow,
To-morrow, heart, we'll be gay!"
Days ere the heart heard the sorrow
Which echoes through yesterday.

Life was a goblet burnished
That with love for wine was filled;
The cup is bruised and tarnished,
And the precious wine is spilled.

But to the traveller weary,
Just coming in sight of home,
What does it matter how dreary
The way whereby he has come?

Coming along by the meadows,
And watching the fading day,
Duskier than night's dusky shadows
Fell shadows of yesterday.

In the northern sunset's glimmer
The great bear opened his eyes;
Low in the east a shimmer
Showed where the full moon would rise.

Lights in a window were gleaming,
And some one stood at a gate,
Said, "Why do you stand there dreaming?
And why are you home so late?"

Yesterday's shadow and sorrow
That moment all vanished away!
Here were to-day and to-morrow —
What matter for yesterday?

Good Words. M. A. H.

THE WRONG TIME.

SOME indiscreet Abderite boys,
Within a limpit's hollow,
Offered in laurel-juice blue flies
As victims to Apollo.

The god appeased will bless, they thought,
Our tasks of prose and rhyme;
So they the flitting insects caught,
But lost the flitting time.

When Pedagogue their progress tries,
Nor finds the lesson done,
In vain they plead the sacrifice.
He whips them every one.

G. S. CAUTLEY.

TRUE.

TRUE to the promise of thy far-off youth,
When all who loved thee, for thee prophesied
A grand, full life, devoted to the truth,
A noble cause by suffering sanctified.
True to all beauties of the poet-thought
Which made thy youth so eloquent and sweet;
True to all duties which thy manhood brought
To take the room of fancies light and fleet.
True to the steadfast walk and narrow way,
Which thy forefathers of the covenant trod!
True to thy friend in foul or sunny day,
True to thy home, thy country, and thy God;
True to the world, which still is false to thee,
And true to all — as thou art true to me.
True to the vow that bound us in the lane,
That summer evening when the brown bird sang,
Piercing the silence with sweet notes of pain,
While echoes over all the woodland rang.
True to the troth we plighted on that day,
Each to forsake all other for the one;
Cleaving together through the unknown way,
Till death made void the union then begun.
True to the love brought by a little hand:
True — though the patter of the childish feet
Have passed from earth into the silent land;
Loss hallows love, and love is still complete:
I can lift up mine eyes from teardrops free,
For thou art true to all these things — and me.

All The Year Round.

WITH A PRESENT.

THE index to a book is small
Compared with what the book contains;
The head, though but a little ball,
Incloses ardent, thoughtful brains.

And drops of rain are little things
That point to oceans in the sky;
And bridegrooms deal in little rings
As symbols of the strongest tie.

And little blades of grass, though small,
All point to life within the earth —
That life, that in this great round ball
Gives spring its sweetest, freshest birth.

A woman's eye is but a bead
Set clear and fair 'neath snowy brow,
And yet it shews the fairest creed
Before which men on earth may bow.

And words are little weakling notes
That vanish like a passing sigh,
And yet they tell our sweetest thoughts,
And have told thoughts that will not die.

So this I send is but a mark
Of grateful thoughts and warm esteem —
Is but a little wav'ring spark
Dropped down from friendship's glowing beam!

Chambers' Journal.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE SENSES.

By hallucination is meant, in scientific phraseology, such a false perception of one or other of the senses as a person has when he sees, hears, or otherwise perceives as real what has no outward existence — that is to say, has no existence outside his own mind, is entirely subjective. The subject is one which has special medical interest; but it will be seen to have also a large general interest, when it is remembered how momentous a part hallucinations have played sometimes at critical periods of human history. Take, for example, the mighty work which was done in the deliverance of France from English dominion by a peasant girl of eighteen — Joan of Arc, the famous Maid of Orleans, who was inspired to her mission by the vision which she saw, and the commands which she heard, of St. Michael and other holy persons. Now, as there are few persons nowadays who believe that St. Michael really appeared to this enraptured maiden, and as few, if any, will doubt that she herself sincerely believed that he did, one must needs suppose that her visions were hallucinations generated by the enthusiasm of a mind which was in a singularly exalted strain of religious and patriotic feeling.

The special medical interest of the subject lies in this — that there are a great many persons in the world who, suffering under some form or other of nervous disorder, habitually see figures or faces, hear threatening or insulting voices, even feel blows and taste poisons, which have no existence outside their own minds; and neither argument nor demonstration of the impossibility of what they allege they perceive, will shake their convictions in the least. "You assure me," they will say, "that I am mistaken; that there are no such persons as I see, no such voices as I hear; but I protest to you that I see and hear them as distinctly as I see and hear you at this moment, and that they are just as real to me." What are we to reply? I have replied sometimes, "that as you are alone on one side in your opinion, and all the world is on the other side, I must needs think, either that you are an extraordinary genius, far in advance of the rest of the world, or that you are a madman a long way behind it; and as I don't think you to be a genius I am bound to conclude that your senses are disordered." But the argument does not produce the least effect.

Let me give an example or two of the character of these hallucinations, and of their persistence in minds that might be thought sane enough to correct them. The first shall be that of an old gentleman who was much distressed because of an extremely offensive smell which he imagined to proceed from all parts of his body: there was not the least ground, in fact, for this imagination. He was scrupulously clean in person, extremely courteous in manner, thoroughly rational in his conversation on every other subject, a shrewd and clever man of business; no one, talking with him, would, for a moment, have suspected him of entertaining such extraordinary fancies. Nevertheless, his life was made miserable by them; he would not go into society, but took solitary rambles in the country, where he might meet as few persons as possible; in his own house he slept for the first part of the night on the ground-floor, mounting up higher at a later period of the night; and this he did to prevent the bad odors from becoming too concentrated in one room. He believed that people in the next house were irritated and offended by the emanations, for he often heard them moving about and coughing; and when he passed a cabstand in the street, he noticed that even the horses became restless and fidgeted. He used to hang his clothes out of the window at night that they might get pure, until his housekeeper put a stop to the practice by telling him that the exhibition of them would excite the notice and comment of his neighbors. All the while he was conducting his business with propriety and success; his own partners had no suspicion of his condition. Knowing this, I asked him how it was that no one of the many persons whom he met daily in business had ever complained of any bad smell, and the answer he made was that they were all too polite to do so, but he could see that they were affected nevertheless, as they sometimes put their handkerchiefs

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to their noses — no doubt for a quite innocent purpose.

Another gentleman was the victim of a very common hallucination; he was much afflicted by voices, which were continually speaking to him, at all times and all places — in the quietude of his room and in the crowded streets, by night and by day. He had come to the conclusion that they must be the voices of evil spirits in the air which tormented him. They knew his thoughts and replied to them before he had himself conceived them; the remarks which they made were always annoying, often threatening and abusive, and sometimes most offensive and distressing; and they disturbed him so much at night that he got very little sleep. He had been driven to the expedient of buying a musical-box, which he placed under his pillow when he went to bed. The noise of the music drowned the noise of the tormenting voices and enabled him to get to sleep; but, as he said, the measure was not entirely satisfactory, because when the box had played out its tunes, it stopped, and he was obliged to wind it up again. It was impossible to persuade this gentleman, sensible as he seemed in other respects, that the voices had no real existence, and that they were due to the disordered state of his nervous system. After listening attentively to my arguments he went away sorrowful, feeling that I had no help for him. I may remark, by the way, that auditory hallucinations of this kind are apt to occur in prisoners who are subjected to long periods of solitary confinement in their cells: they have no mental resources to fall back upon, and their brooding thoughts, not being distracted by the conversation of others, nor having their usual outlet in their own conversation, become audible by them as actual voices.

I might relate many more examples, but these will suffice. Each sense may of course be affected, and sight stands next to hearing in its liability to suffer. In delirium tremens, hallucinations of sight are characteristic features: the patient commonly sees reptiles and vermin in his room, serpents crawling over the floor, rats and mice running over his bed, and pushes them away in a state of restless agitation. In some forms of insanity, the sufferer mistakes persons, believing entire strangers to be near friends or relations; or, again, he may see a person whom he imagines to be his persecutor, escape from the house, when there was really no such person, and buy a revolver, to be ready for him when next he comes prowling about; and in one form of the deepest melancholy, which is known as *melancholia attonita*, he has sometimes terrible hallucinations — sees, probably, a deep abyss of roaring flames or a vast sea of blood immediately in front of him, and will not make the least movement, lest he should be precipitated headlong into it. There can be no doubt of the mental disorder of persons who suffer in this way; but it must not be supposed that hallucinations of sight do not occur to persons who are free from mental disorder. I cannot help thinking that they furnish the explanation of the firm belief in ghosts and apparitions which has prevailed among all nations and in all times. A belief so universal must have some deep foundation in the facts of nature or in the constitution of man. One may freely admit that persons have seen apparitions and have heard voices which they thought to be supernatural; but inasmuch as seeing is one thing, and the interpretation thereof quite another thing, it may be right to conclude that they were nothing more than hallucinations, and that the reason why no ghosts are seen now, when people pass through churchyards on dark nights, as our forefathers saw them, is that ghosts are not believed in nowadays, while we have gained a knowledge of the nature of hallucinations, and of the frequency of their occurrence, which our forefathers had not.

One does not fail to notice, when proper attention is given to the subject, a fact which is full of meaning, viz., that the apparitions which have been seen at different ages were in harmony with the dominant ideas or beliefs of the age. It is not probable that any one could be found at the present day to affirm that he had seen an old woman riding through the air on a broomstick to a witch's meeting, because the belief in witchcraft is happily well-nigh

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extinct; but two or three hundred years ago, when it would have been thought something like blasphemy to doubt the being and doings of witches, persons of character and veracity might have been found to avouch it solemnly. In like manner, apparitions of Satan were not very uncommon in the Middle Ages to persons who, like Luther, were in earnest spiritual conflict with him; but there is no instance on record, so far as I know, of such an apparition having ever been seen by an ancient Greek or Roman. The Satan of the Middle Ages who gave Luther so much trouble had not then been invented. Spirits, ghosts, then, and all apparitions of the same kind, I was prepared to have pronounced unhesitatingly to have been hallucinations, which would be found on examination to reflect pretty fairly the prevailing ideas of the time concerning the supernatural; but it occurred to me that it might be prudent, before doing that, to consult the article on apparitions in the latest edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," lest perchance I should be outrunning current authority; and I have there discovered, to my no small surprise, that it is still an open question whether invisible inhabitants of the unknown world did not take human or other shapes and become visible to men. The writer of the article plainly inclines to the opinion that they do, and that there is more in the matter than science has yet dreamt of. So also think the spiritualists.

I now go on to consider the mode of production of hallucinations. At the first blush there might seem to be a great gap between such false perceptions of the senses as I have given examples of, and the faithfully serving senses of a person who is in good health of mind and body. But here, as elsewhere, in nature we find, when we look closely into the matter, that there is no break; we may be pretty sure, perhaps, that when we say of any phenomenon, however strange, that it is singular and quite unlike anything else in the world, we are mistaken, and that we shall not fail to discover other things like it if we search intelligently. Certainly we can trace gradational states between the most extreme hallucinations and such temporary disorders of the senses as healthy persons often have. Let any one stoop down with his head hanging low for a minute, and when he raises it he will have, besides a feeling of giddiness, a sound of singing or of ringing in his ears, and may see a flash or two of light before his eyes; and there are some persons who, under such circumstances, see actual figures for the moment. These sensations are hallucinations; there is no light, nor sound, nor figure outside to cause them; they are owing to the stimulation of their respective nerve centres by a congestion of blood in the brain, which has been produced by the hanging down of the head. Here, then, we have hallucinations that are consistent with the best health; they are due to temporary causes of disturbance of the circulation, and disappear as they disappear. Going a step further, we may watch at the beginning of a fever how gradually the hallucinations take hold of the mind, until their true nature is not recognized. At first the fever-patient is quite aware of his actual surroundings, knowing the persons and objects about him, and when strange faces seem to appear among the familiar faces, as they do, he knows that they are not real, and will talk of them as visions; perhaps they occur at first only when his eyes are shut, or when the room is dark, and vanish directly he opens his eyes or the room is lit up. After a while they come more often, and whether his eyes are shut or not; he becomes uncertain whether they are real or not, assenting when he is told that they are phantoms, but falling back immediately into doubt and uncertainty. At last they get entire mastery of him, he cannot distinguish in the least between them and real figures, discourses with them as if they were real — is wildly delirious.

If the nature of the process by which we perceive and know an external object, be considered, it will be seen that it is much easier to have a false perception than might appear at first sight. When we look at any familiar object — say a cat or a dog — we seem to see at once its shape, its size, its smoothness of coat, and the other qualities by which we know it to be a cat or a dog, but we don't actually

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see anything of the kind. The proof is that if a person blind from his birth, who knew the cat and dog perfectly well by touch, were to obtain sight by means of a surgical operation when he was thirty years old, he would not know by sight alone either cat or dog, or be able to tell which was which. But if he were permitted to touch the animals he would recognize them instantly, and ever afterwards the impression which they produce on sight would be associated with the impression which they produce on touch, and he would know them when he saw them. That is the way in which the perception of a particular object is formed — by the association of all the sensations which it is adapted to excite in our different senses, their combination in what we call an idea. For example, in the idea of an orange are combined the sensations which we get by tasting it, by touching it, by smelling it, by looking at it, by handling it, each sensation having been acquired by its particular sense in the course of an education which has been going on ever since we were born: when we have got them in that way, they combine to form the *idea* of the orange; and it is by virtue of this idea, which has been formed and registered in the mind, that we are able to think of an orange, that is, to form a mental image of it, when it is not present to any sense, and to recognize it instantly when it is. It is plain, then, how large a part, by virtue of its past experience, the mind contributes to each perception: when we look at an orange it tacitly supplies to the impression which it makes on sight all the information about it which we have got at different times by our other senses, and which sight does not in the least give us; the visual impression is no more in truth than a sign to which experience has taught us to give its proper meaning, just as the written or spoken word in any language is a sign which is meaningless until we have been taught what to mean by it. So true it is that the eye only sees what it brings the faculty of seeing, and that many persons have eyes, yet see not.

This being so, it is clear that the idea in the mind will very much affect the perception, and that if any one goes to look at something, or to taste something, or to feel something, with a strongly preconceived idea of what it is, he will be likely, if it is not what he thinks it, to have a mistaken perception — to see, or feel, or touch what he thinks it is, not what it really is. This is, indeed, one of the most common causes of erroneous observation, and one which the scientific observer knows well he must always vigilantly guard against. If a man has a foregone conclusion of what he will see, it is not safe to trust his observation implicitly, either in science or in common life. We witness the most striking examples of this dominion of the idea over sense in persons who have been put into the so-called mesmeric state. The operator gives them simple water to taste, telling them at the same time that it is some nauseating and bitter mixture, and they spit it out with grimaces of disgust when they attempt to drink it; when he tells them that what he offers them is sweet and pleasant, though it is as bittter as wormwood, they smack their lips as if they had tasted something remarkably good; if assured that a swarm of bees is buzzing about them, they are in the greatest trepidation, and go through violent antics to beat them off. Their senses are dominated by the idea suggested, and they are very much in the position of an insane person who believes that he tastes poison in his food when he imagines that some one wishes to poison him, or sees an enemy lurking about his premises when he believes himself to be the victim of persecution.

Here, then, we are brought to one efficient cause of hallucinations — namely, a vividly conceived idea which is so intense that it appears to be an actual perception, a mental image so vivid that it becomes a visual image. Everybody knows that the idea or imagination of a sensation will sometimes cause a person to feel the sensation; the mention or the sight of certain little insects which inhabit the bodies of uncleanly persons, seldom fails to make the skin itch uncomfortably. John Hunter said of himself: "I am confident that I can fix my attention to any part, until I have a sensation in that part." Sir Isaac Newton could call up a spectrum of the sun when he was in the dark, by intense direction of his mind to the idea of it, "as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen." Dickens used to allege that he sometimes heard the characters of his novels actually speak to him; and a great French novelist declared that when he wrote the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic so distinctly in his mouth that he was himself poisoned, had a severe attack of indigestion, and vomited all his dinner — a most pregnant proof of the power of imagination over sense, because arsenic has scarcely an appreciable taste beyond being sweetish!

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Artists sometimes have, in an intense form, the faculty of such vivid mental representation as to become mental presentation. It was very notable in that extraordinary genius, William Blake, poet and painter, who used constantly to see his conceptions as actual images or visions. "You have only," he said, "to work up imagination to the state of vision, and the thing is done." The power is, without doubt, consistent with perfect sanity of mind, although it may be doubtful whether a person who thought it right for himself and his wife to imitate the naked innocence of Paradise in the back garden of a Lambeth house, as Blake did, was quite sane; but too frequent exercise of the power is full of peril to the mind's stability. A person may call up images in this way and they will come, but he may not be able to dismiss them, and they may haunt him when he would gladly be rid of them. He is like the sorcerer who has called spirits from the vasty deep, and has forgotten the spell by which to lay them again. Dr. Wigan tells of a skilful painter whom he knew, who assured him that he had once painted three hundred portraits in one year. The secret of his rapidity and success was that he required but one sitting and painted with wonderful facility. "When a sitter came," he said, "I looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I wanted no more; I put away my canvas, and took another sitter. When I wished to resume my first portrait, I took the man and set 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. . . . Gradually I began to lose the distinction between the imaginary figure and the real person, and sometimes disputed with sitters that they had been with me the day before. At last I was sure of it, and then — and then — all is confusion. I suppose they took the alarm. I recollect nothing more. I lost my senses — was thirty years in an asylum. The whole period, except the last six months of my confinement, is a dead blank in my memory."

Or, if the person does not go out of his mind, he may be so distressed by the persistence of the apparition which he has created as to fall into melancholy and despair, and even to commit suicide.

"I knew," says the same author, "a very intelligent and amiable man, who had the power of thus placing before his own eyes *himself*, and often laughed heartily at his double, who always seemed to laugh in turn. This was long a subject of amusement and joke; but the ultimate result was lamentable. He became gradually convinced that he was haunted by himself. This other self would argue with him pertinaciously, and, to his great mortification, sometimes refute him, which, as he was very proud of his logical powers, humiliated him exceedingly. He was eccentric, but was never placed in confinement, or subjected to the slightest restraint. At length, worn out by the annoyance, he deliberately resolved not to enter on another year of existence — paid all his debts, wrapped up in separate papers the amount of the weekly demands, waited, pistol in hand, the night of the thirty-first of December, and as the clock struck twelve fired it into his mouth."

Were illustrations needed of the production of hallucination by the intensity of the conception, I might take them from Shakespeare, who has given many instances of these "coinages of the brain" which, he says truly, ecstasy is very cunning in. Hamlet, perturbed by the apparition of his father's ghost, whose commands he was neglecting, bends his eyes on vacancy and holds discourse with the incorporeal air. A dagger, sensible to sight but not to feeling, points Macbeth the way to the bed where lay Duncan whom he was about treacherously to stab; he attempts to clutch it, exclaiming justly when he grasps nothing, —

> There's no such thing:
> It is the bloody business which informs
> Thus to mine eyes.

In the well-known passage in which he compares the imaginations of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Shakespeare sets forth the very manner of the production of hallucinations, and illustrates the gradations of the process: —

> The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact:
> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
> That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

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Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.

Or I might adduce the case of the great Protestant reformer, Luther, who is said — I know not how truly — to have thrown his inkstand at the devil on one occasion; at any rate the mark of the ink is still shown on the wall of the chamber which Luther occupied. True or not, there is nothing improbable in the story; for Luther, though endowed with great sagacity and extraordinary intellectual energy, entertained the common notions of the personality and the doings of the devil which were current among the people of his age. He pictured him very much as a Saxon peasant pictured him. It was the devil, he believed, who caused a great storm, and he declared that idiots, the blind, the lame, and the dumb were persons in whom devils had established themselves, and that physicians who tried to cure their infirmities as though they proceeded from natural causes were ignorant blockheads who knew nothing of the power of the demon. He speaks of the devil coming into his cell and making a great noise behind the stove, and of his hearing him walking in the cloister above his cell in the night; "but as I knew it was the devil," he says, "I paid no attention to him, and went to sleep."

This, then, is one way in which hallucination is produced — by the downward action of idea upon sense. My illustrations of this mode of production have been taken from sane minds, but the hallucinations of the insane are oftentimes generated in the same way. A person of shy, suspicious, and reserved nature, who imagines that people are thinking or speaking ill of him or going out of their way to do him harm, nurses his habit of moody suspicion until it grows to be a delusion that he is the victim of a conspiracy; he then sees evidence of it in the innocent gestures and words of friends with whom he holds intercourse, of servants who wait upon him, and of persons who pass him in the streets; these he misinterprets entirely, seeing in them secret signs, mysterious threats, criminal accusations. It may be pointed out to him that the words and gestures were perfectly natural and innocent, and that no one but himself can perceive the least offence in them; his belief is not touched by the demonstration, for his senses are enslaved by the dominant idea and work only in its service. Sometimes an insane patient who tastes poison in his food and refuses it when it is given to him by one attendant whom he suspects of poisoning him, will take the same food from another attendant, of whom he has no suspicion, without tasting any poison: a proof how much the morbid idea perverts his taste. There is a form of insanity, known as general paralysis, which is marked by an extraordinary feeling of elation and by the most extravagant delusions of wealth or grandeur, and the patient who labors under it often picks up pebbles, pieces of broken glass, and the like, which he hoards as priceless jewels: there is another form of insanity known as melancholia, which is marked by an opposite feeling of profound mental depression and corresponding gloomy delusions, and the patient who labors under its worst form sometimes sees devils in those who minister to him, hears jeers in their consoling words, and imagines torments in their anxious attentions. In each case the hallucinations reflect the dominant morbid feelings and ideas.

A second way in which hallucinations appear to originate is directly in the organ of sense or in its sensory ganglion, which for present purposes I may consider as one. Stimulation of the organ or of its ganglion will undoubtedly give rise to hallucination: a blow on the eye makes a person see sparks of fire or flashes of light, a blow on the ear makes his ears ring; in fact, any organ of sense, when irritated either by a direct stimulus to its nerve-centre, or by a perverted state of the blood which circulates through it, will have the same sensation aroused in it, no matter what the stimulus, as is produced by its natural stimulus. We can irritate the sensory ganglion directly by introducing certain poisonous substances into the blood, and so occasion hallucinations: for example, when a person is poisoned with belladonna (deadly nightshade) he smiles and stares and grasps at imaginary objects which he sees before him, and is delirious. Other drugs will produce similar effects. A French physiologist has made a great many experiments in poisoning dogs with alcohol by injecting it into their veins, and he has found that he can arouse in them very vivid hallucinations: the dog will start up perhaps with savage glare, stare at the blank wall, bark furiously, and seem to rush into a furious fight with an imaginary dog; after a time it ceases to fight, looks in the direction of its imaginary adversary, growling once or twice, and settles down quietly.

The hallucinations which occur in fevers and in some other bodily diseases evidently

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proceed directly from disorder of the sensory centres, and not from the action of morbid idea upon sense; for we have seen that before they are fixed the intellect struggles against them successfully and holds them in check. A well-known and instructive instance of hallucinations, due to bodily causes, and which did not affect the judgment, is that of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin, who, being a person of great intelligence, observed his state carefully and has given an interesting account of it. He had been exposed to a succession of severe trials which had greatly affected him, when, after an incident which particularly agitated and distressed him, he suddenly saw at the distance of ten paces a figure — the standing figure of a deceased person. He asked his wife if she could not see it, but she, as she saw nothing, was alarmed and sent for a physician. When he went into another room it followed him. After troubling him for a day it disappeared, but was followed by several other distinct figures; some of them the figures of persons he knew, but most of them of persons he did not know. "After I had recovered," he says, "from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were — the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavored as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me." He could trace no connection between the figures and his thoughts, nor could he call up at his own pleasure the phantoms of acquaintances which he tried to call up by vivid imagination of them; however accurately and intensely he pictured their figures to his mind, he never once succeeded in his desire to see them *externally*, although the figures of these very persons would often present themselves involuntarily. He saw the figures when alone and in company, in the daytime and in the night; when he shut his eyes they sometimes disappeared, sometimes not; they were as distinct as if they were real beings, but he had no trouble in distinguishing them from real figures. After four weeks they began to speak, sometimes to one another, but most often to him: their speeches were short and not disagreeable. Being recommended to lose some blood, he consented. During the operation the room swarmed with human figures, but a few hours afterwards they moved more slowly, became gradually paler, and finally vanished. This example proves very clearly that a person may be haunted with apparitions, and yet observe them and reason about their nature as sanely as any indifferent outsider could do. It illustrates very well, too, the second mode of origin; for it is reasonable to suppose that they were produced by congestion of blood in the brain acting upon the sensory centres, and that they were dissipated by the removal of the congestion by blood-letting. This is the more probable, as cases have been recorded in which the suppression of a habitual discharge of blood from the body has been followed by hallucinations, and others again in which hallucinations have been cured by the abstraction of blood.

Exhaustion of the nerve-centres themselves by excessive fatigue, mental and bodily, or by starvation, or by disease, will cause a person to see visions sometimes. I may call to mind the well-known case of Brutus, who, as he sat alone at night in his tent before the decisive battle of Philippi, wrapt in meditation, saw on raising his eyes a monstrous and horrible spectre standing silently by his side. "Who art thou?" he asked. The spectre answered, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus. Thou wilt see me at Philippi." He replied, "I will meet thee there." The religious ascetic who withdrew himself from the society of men to some solitary place in the desert or to some cave in the hills, there passing his lonely life in prayer and meditation, and mortifying his body with long fastings and frequent scourgings, brought himself to such a state of irritable exhaustion that he commonly saw, according to his mood of feeling, either visions of angels and saints who consoled him in his sufferings, or visions of devils who tempted and tormented him.* The shipwrecked sailor, when delirious from the exhaustion produced by want of food and drink, sometimes has attractive visions of green fields and pleasant streams, and

* This is a Mohammedan receipt for summoning spirits: —

"Fast seven days in a lonely place, and take incense with you, such as benzoin, aloes-wood, mastic, and odoriferous wood from Soudan, and read the chapter 1001 times (from the Koran) in the seven days — a certain number of readings, namely, for every one of the five daily prayers. That is the secret, and you will see indescribable wonders; drums will be beaten beside you, and flags hoisted over your head, and you will see spirits full of light and of beautiful and benign aspect." — "Upper Egypt; its People and Products," by Dr. Klunzinger, p. 386.

An acquaintance of his, who had undergone the course of self-mortification, said that he really saw all kinds of horrible forms in his magic circle, *but he saw them also when his eyes were shut.* At last he got quite terrified and left the place.

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cannot be prevented from throwing himself overboard in the mad desire to reach them. The dying person, in the last stage of exhaustion from a wasting disease, has had his death-bed visions of joy or of horror: the good man, whose mind was at rest, has been comforted by visions of heaven; the wicked man, whose troubled conscience would not let him die in peace, has been terrified with spectres of horror — the murderer perhaps by the accusing apparition of his victim. These were thought at one time to be supernatural visitations; they are known now to be for the most part hallucinations, such as occur in the last stage of flickering life, when, to use Shakespeare's words, —

His brain doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.*

I cannot of course enumerate all the bodily conditions in which hallucinations appear, but there is one more which I shall mention particularly, because it has been the foundation of a prophetic or apostolic mission. It is not at all uncommon for a vivid hallucination of one or other of the senses, of hearing, of sight, of smell, of touch, of muscular sensibility, to precede immediately the unconsciousness of an epileptic fit. It may be a command or threat uttered in a distinct voice, or the figure of a person clearly seen, or a feeling of sinking into the ground or of rising into the air; and a common visual hallucination on such occasions is a flash, a halo or a flood of bright or colored light, which makes a strong impression before the person falls unconscious. When he comes to himself, he remembers it vividly, and believes perhaps that it was a vision of an angel of light or of the Holy Ghost. There can be no doubt that angelic apparitions and heavenly visions have sometimes had this origin. Proceeding from the sensory centre, not from the higher centres of thought, they are calculated to produce the stronger impression of their miraculous nature; for if the person knows that he was not thinking of anything of the kind when the vision occurred, he will naturally be the more startled and affected by it. I might give many striking examples in proof of what I say, but I will content myself with an ordinary and comparatively recent one. Two or three years ago a laborer in the Chatham dockyard, who was epileptic and had once been in an asylum for insanity, suddenly split the skull of a fellow-laborer near him with an adze. There was no apparent motive for the deed, for the men were not on bad terms. He was of course tried for murder, but was acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity, in accordance with the medical evidence, but directly in the teeth of a strong charge of the judge, and much to the disappointment of certain newspapers whose editorial feelings are sadly harrowed whenever an insane person escapes from the gallows. He is now in the criminal asylum at Broadmoor, and he has told the medical officers there — what was not known at the trial — that some years before the murder he had received the Holy Ghost; that it came to him like a flash of light; and that his own eyes had been taken out and other eyes, like balls of fire, substituted for them. A characteristic epileptic hallucination! Let us suppose that this man had undertaken some prophetic mission, as epileptics have done, and had put into it all the energy of his epileptic temperament, he would have declared with perfect sincerity, so far as he was concerned, that the Holy Ghost appeared to him in a vision as an exceeding bright light, and, behold! his own eyes were taken out and balls of fire were in their places.

Some persons maintain that the earliest visions of Mahomet, who, like Cæsar, was epileptic, were of this kind, and that his change of character and the assumption of his prophetic mission followed an epileptic vision. Tradition tells us that he was walking in solitude in the lonely defiles and valleys near Mecca, when every stone and tree greeted him with the words, "Hail to thee, O messenger of God!" He looked round to the right and to the left, but discovered nothing but stones and trees. Soon after this, the angel Gabriel appeared to him in a vision

* In the Second Part of "Henry VI.," Shakespeare gives an instance of a fearful death-bed hallucination, when Cardinal Beaufort is at the point of death: —

King. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
Cardinal. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
Warwick. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto the trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

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on the mountain Hira, and announced to him the message of God. The origin of the hallucination seems to have been in this wise. While walking in the valley meditating in solitude on the degrading idolatry of the people, and girding himself to the resolution to undertake a great work of reform which might well seem beyond his strength and make him pause, the intense thoughts of his mental agony were suddenly heard by him as a real voice, where there was no voice; and the vision which he saw when he next fell into an epileptic trance was deemed to be the apparition of the angel Gabriel.

If this be so, and much more if all the apparitions and visions which mankind have seen at different times were really hallucinations, it is startling to reflect what a mighty influence illusions have had on the course of human history. One is almost driven to ask in despair whether all in the world is not illusion, whether "all that we see and seem is not a dream within a dream." But there are countervailing considerations which may abate alarm. If a great work in the world has been done in consequence of a vision which was not, as it was believed to be, a supernatural revelation, but a hallucination produced in accordance with natural laws, the work done, were it good or bad, was none the less real. And inasmuch as the hallucination, whatever its character, is in accordance with the habit of thought and feeling of the person to whom it occurs, and is interpreted, if it be not actually generated, by his manner of thinking, we may put it out of sight as a thing of secondary importance, as an incidental expression, so to speak, of the earnest belief, and fix our minds on this belief as the primary and real agent in the production of the effect. Had Mahomet never seen the angel Gabriel, it is probable that the great mission which he accomplished — the overthrow of idolatry and polytheism and the welding of scattered tribes into a powerful nation — would have been accomplished either by him or by some other prophet, who would have risen up to do what the world had at heart at that time. Had any one else who had not Mahomet's great powers of mind, and who had not prepared himself, as he had done, by many silent hours of meditation and prayer, to take up the reformer's cross, seen the angel Gabriel or any number of angels, he would not have done the mighty work. Who can doubt that the mission of Mahomet was the message of God to the people at that time, as who can doubt that the thunder of the Russian cannon has been the awful message of God to the Mahometan Turks of this time?

So much then for the nature of hallucinations and their principal modes of origin. Although they sometimes originate primarily in the sensory centres, and sometimes primarily in the higher centres of thought, it is very probable that, in many instances, they have a mixed origin. It can hardly be otherwise, seeing how intimate is the structural and functional connection between the nerve-centres of thought and sense, and how likely so closely connected nerve-centres are to sympathize in suffering when the one or the other is disordered.

No one pretends that a person who, laboring under hallucinations, knows their true nature, as Nicolai did, is insane; but it is often said that he has passed the limits of sanity and must be accounted insane when he does not recognize their real nature, and believes in them and acts upon them. But the examples which I have given prove this to be too absolute a statement. I should be very loath to say that either Mahomet or Luther was mad. When the hallucination is the consistent expression of an earnest and coherent belief, which is not itself the product of insanity, it is no proof of insanity, although it may indicate a somewhat unstable state of the brain, and warn a prudent man to temper the ardor of his belief. When, however, a person has hallucinations that are utterly inconsistent with the observation and common sense of the rest of mankind, when he cannot correct the mistakes of one sense by the evidence of another, although every opportunity is afforded him to do so, when he believes in them in spite of confuting evidence, and when he suffers them to govern his conduct, then he must certainly be accounted insane: he is so much out of harmony of thought and feeling with his kind that we cannot divine his motives or reckon upon his conduct, and are compelled to put him under restraint. Persons of this class are apt to be troublesome and even dangerous; believing that they are pursued by a conspiracy, hearing the threatening voices of their persecutors wherever they go, seeing proofs everywhere of their evil machinations, smelling poisonous fumes, feeling the torture inflicted by concealed galvanic wires, they endeavor to protect themselves by all sorts of devices — appeal to the magistrates and the police for assistance, become public nuisances in courts of justice, are, perhaps, driven at last, either from despair of getting redress, or by the

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fury of the moment, to attack some one whom they believe to be an agent in the persecution which they are undergoing. Some of them hear voices commanding them peremptorily to do some act or other — it may be to kill themselves or others — and they are not unlikely in the end to obey the mysterious commands which they receive.

Having said so much concerning the causation and character of hallucinations, I ought, perhaps, before concluding, to say something about the means of getting rid of them. Unfortunately, it is very little that I can say, for, when once they have taken firm hold of a person, they are seldom got rid of. When they occur during an acute case of insanity, where there is much mental excitement, they certainly often disappear as the excitement passes off, or soon afterwards, just as they disappear when the delirium of fever subsides; but when they have become chronic they hold their ground in defiance of every kind of assault upon them. Over and over again the experiment has been tried of proving to the hallucinated patient in every possible way, and by every imaginable device, that his perceptions are false, but in vain.

> You may as well
> Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
> As or by oath or counsel shake
> The fabric of his folly, whose foundation is
> Piled upon his faith, and will continue
> The standing of his body.

There is more to be done to prevent hallucinations, I think, than to cure them; that is to say, by prudent care of the body and wise culture of the mind. Looking to their mode of origin, it is obviously of the first importance, trite maxim as it may seem, to keep the body in good health; for not only will bodily disorder directly occasion hallucinations by disturbance of the sensory centres, but by its depressing influence on the entire nervous system it hinders sound, and predisposes to unsound, thought and feeling. Every one knows how hard a matter it is to perceive accurately, to feel calmly, and to think clearly, when the liver is out of order; there is then a good foundation for hallucination. It has so long been the habit to exalt the mind as the noble, spiritual, and immortal part of man, at the expense of the body, as the vile, material, and mortal part, that, while it is not thought at all strange that every possible care and attention should be given to mental cultivation, a person who should give the same sort of careful attention to his body would be thought somewhat meanly of. And yet I am sure that a wise man, who would ease best the burden of life, cannot do better than watchfully to keep undefiled and holy — that is, healthy — the noble temple of his body. Is it not a glaring inconsistency that men should pretend to fall into ecstasies of admiration of the temples which they have built with their own hands, and to claim reverence for their ruins, and, at the same time, should have no reverence for, or should actually speak contemptuously of, that most complex, ingenious, and admirable structure which the human body is? However, if they really neglect it, it is secure of its revenge; no one will come to much by his most strenuous mental exercises, except upon the basis of a good organization — for a sound body is assuredly the foundation of a sound mind.

In respect of the mental cultivation to be adopted, in order to guard against hallucination, I can now only briefly and vaguely enforce one important principle — namely, the closest, most exact, and sincere converse with nature, physical and human. Habitual contact with realities in thought and deed is a strong defence against illusions of all sorts. We must strive to make our observation of men and things so exact and true, must so inform our minds with true perceptions, that there shall be no room for false perceptions. Calling to mind what has been said concerning the nature of perception — how the most complete and accurate perception of an object is gained by bringing it into all its possible relations with our different senses, and so receiving into the idea of it all the impressions which it was fitted to produce upon them — it will appear plainly how necessary to true perception, and to sound thought, which is founded on true perception, and to wise conduct, which is founded on sound thought, are thoroughness and sincerity of observation. So to observe nature as to learn her laws and to obey them, is to observe the commandments of the Lord to do them. Speculative meditations and solitary broodings are the fruitful nurse of delusions and illusions. By faithfully intending the mind to the realities of nature, as Bacon has it, and by living and working among men in a healthy, sympathetic way, exaggeration of a particular line of thought or feeling is prevented, and the balance of the faculties best preserved. Notably the best rules for the conduct of life are the fruits of the best observations of men and things; the achievements of science are no more than

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the organized gains — orderly and methodically arranged — of an exact and systematic observation of the various departments of nature; the noblest products of the arts are nature ennobled through human means, the art itself being nature. There are not two worlds — a world of nature and a world of human nature — standing over against one another in a sort of antagonism, but one world of nature, in the orderly evolution of which human nature has its subordinate part. Delusions and hallucinations may be described as discordant notes in the grand harmony. It should, then, be every man's steadfast aim, as a part of nature, his patient work, to cultivate such entire sincerity of relations with it; so to think, feel, and act always in intimate unison with it; to be so completely one with it in life, that when the summons comes to surrender his mortal part to absorption into it, he does so, not fearfully, as to an enemy who has vanquished him, but trustfully, as to a mother who, when the day's task is done, bids him lie down to sleep.

HENRY MAUDSLEY.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXX.

LOTTIE'S FATE.

LOTTIE went up the Dean's Walk hastily, feeling as if she had taken flight. And she was taking flight. She could not bear to meet the people coming from the Abbey, among whom, no doubt, her father and his wife would be. Lottie was scarcely aware that there was anything else in her mind. She hurried to the slopes as the natural refuge of her trouble. The wind blowing fresh in her face, the great sweep of distance, the air and the clouds, the familiar rustle of the trees, seemed to have become part of her, a necessity of her living. And the slopes were almost deserted now. In October the night comes early, the afternoon is short, even before the winds become chill; already it was darkening, though the afternoon service was but newly over. The trees were beginning to lose their gorgeous apparel; every breeze shook down hosts of leaves, shreds of russet brown and pale gold; the wind was wistful and mournful, with a sigh in it that promised rain. Lottie saw nobody about. She stole through the trees to her favorite corner, and leaned upon the low parapet, looking over the familiar scene. She was so familiar with it, every line; and yet it seemed to her to-night like scenery in a theatre which by-and-by would collapse and split asunder, and give place to something different. It would vanish from her sight, and in place of it there would appear the dim background of one of the little rooms at home, with a figure in a blue gown relieved against it, tossing about a mountain of braids and plaits. Lottie did not feel sure that this figure would not appear at her very side, lay an imperative hand on her shoulder, and order her to give up the secrets of her own being. Thus she carried her care within her. She stood leaning over the parapet, with the trees rustling around, scarcely aware what she was thinking of. Did she expect any one? She would have said no. The night was overcast and growing dismal, why should she expect any one? What reason could he have for coming out here? He could have no instinctive knowledge of her misery to bring him, and he had no longer that excuse of his cigar after dinner as on the happy nights when the air was still like summer. No! it was only for the stillness, only for the air, only to fling her troublesome thoughts out to the horizon and empty her mind, and thus feel it possible to begin again, that she had come. And never had that stillness been so still before. By-and-by this scene would melt away, and it would be the little dining-room in the lodge, with the white tablecloth and the lamp lighted upon it. She had been weary of her home, she had half despised it; but never had she been disgusted, afraid of it, never loathed the thought of going back to it before. And she could not talk to anybody about this; they were all very kind, ready to be sorry for her, to do anything they could for her, but she could not bear their sympathy to-night.

All at once, in the silence which was so full of the whisper of the leaves and the sighs of the wind that she had not heard any footstep, there came a voice close to her elbow which made Lottie start.

"Is it really you, Miss Despard? I had almost given up hopes; and alone! I thought you were never to be alone again," said Rollo, with pleasure in his voice.

How it startled her! She looked round upon him with so much fright in her eyes that he was half vexed, half angered. Was it possible that Lottie after all was just like the rest, pretending to be aston-

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ished by his appearance when she knew as well ——

"You surely are not surprised to see me?" he said, with a short laugh.

"I did not think of seeing you," she said quietly, and looked away from him again.

Rollo was angry, yet he was touched by something in her tone; and there must be something to cause this sudden change. She had always been so frank and simple in her welcome of him, always with a light of pleasure on her face when he came in sight; but she would not so much as let him see her face now. She looked round with that first start, then turned again and resumed her dreary gaze into the night. And there was dejection in every line of her figure as she stood dimly outlined against the waning light. Suddenly there came into Rollo's mind a recollection that he had heard something to account for this, without accusing her of petty pretence or affectation.

"Something has happened," he said, with a sense of relief which surprised himself. "I remember now. I fear you are not happy about it."

"No," she said with a sigh. Then Lottie made a little effort to recover herself; perhaps he would not care about her troubles. "It has been a great shock," she said, "but perhaps it may not be so bad after a while."

"Tell me," said Rollo; "you know how much interest I take in everything that concerns you. Surely, Miss Despard, after this long time that we have been seeing each other, you know that? Won't you tell me? I cannot bear to see you so sad, so unlike yourself."

"Perhaps that is the best thing that could happen," said Lottie, "that I should be unlike myself. I wish I could be like some one with more sense; I have been so foolish! Everybody knows that we are poor; I never concealed it, but I never thought —— Oh! how silly we have been, Law and I. I used to scold him, but I never saw that I was just the same myself. We ought to have learned to do something, if it were only a trade. We are both young and strong, but we are good for nothing, not able to do anything. I used to scold him: but I never thought that I was just as bad myself."

"Don't say so, don't say so! You were quite right to scold him; men ought to work. But *you*," cried Rollo, with real agitation, "it is not to be thought of. You! don't speak of such a thing. What is the world coming to when you talk of working, while such a fellow as I ——"

"Ah! that is quite different," said Lottie. "You are rich, or at least you are the same as if you were rich; but we are really poor, we have no money; and everything we have, it is papa's. I suppose he has a right to do whatever he likes with it; it seems strange, but I suppose he has a right. And then, what is to become of us? How could I be so silly as not to think of that before? It is all my own fault; don't think I am finding fault with papa, Mr. Ridsdale. I suppose he has a right, and I don't want to grumble; it only — seems natural — to tell you." Lottie did not know what an admission she was making. She sighed again into that soft distant horizon, then turned to him with a smile trembling about her lips. It was a relief to tell him; she could speak to him as she could not speak to Captain Temple or Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, though she had known them so much longer. "Perhaps I am only out of temper," she said. She could not but feel more light of heart standing beside him with nobody near; they seemed to belong to each other so.

"How good, how sweet of you to say so," he cried! "Then treat me as if it were natural; come and sit down, nobody will interrupt us; and tell me everything I want to know."

They had met together in Lottie's little drawing-room before, in the eye of day, and three or four times under Lady Caroline's eye; but never before like this in the twilight, all alone in the world as it were, two of them and no more. Lottie hesitated for a moment; but what could be wrong in it? There was nobody to disturb them, and her heart was so full; and to talk to him was so pleasant. She seemed able to say more to him than to any other. He understood her at half a word, whereas to the others she had to say everything, to say even more than she meant before they saw what she meant. She sat down accordingly in the corner of the seat and told him all that happened; herself beginning to see some humor in it as she told the story, half laughing one moment, half crying the next. And Rollo went into it with all his heart. All their meetings had produced their natural effect; for the last fortnight he had felt that he ought to go away, but he had not gone away. He could not deprive himself of her, of their intercourse, which was nothing yet implied so much, those broken conversations, and the language of looks that said so much more than words. Never, perhaps, had his intercourse with any girl been so simple yet so unrestrained.

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If the old captain sometimes looked at him with suspicion, he was the only one who did so; and Lottie had neither suspicion nor doubt of him, nor had any question as to his "intentions" arisen in her mind. She told him her grief now, not dully, with the heavy depression that cannot be moved, but with gleams of courage, of resolution, even of fun, unable to resist the temptation of Polly's absurdity, seeing it now as she had not been able to see it before. "I never knew before," she said fervently, "what a comfort it was to talk things over — but then, who could I talk them over with? Law, who thinks it best not to think, never to mind — but sometimes one is obliged to mind; or Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, whom I cannot say everything to, or —— Mr. Ridsdale!" said Lottie, in alarm, "pray, pray forgive me if I have bored you. I have been pouring out everything to you. I never thought — I did not intend ——"

"Don't tell me that," he said. "I hoped you did intend to confide in me, to trust to my sympathy. Who can be so much interested? to whom can it be so important ——" He leaned forward closer to her, and Lottie instinctively drew away from him a hairsbreadth; but she thought that quite natural too, as natural as that she should be able to speak to him better than to any one else. They had both made the whole avowal of their hearts in saying these words; but it had not been done in words which frightened either or changed their position towards each other. Meanwhile she was content enough, quieted by the sense of leaning her trouble upon him, while he was gradually growing into agitation. Lottie had got all her emergency required — his sympathy, his support, the understanding that was so dear to her. After all her trouble she had a moment of ease; her heart was no longer sore, but soothed with the balm of his tender pity and indignation.

But that which calmed Lottie threw Rollo into ever-increasing agitation. A man who has said so much as that to a girl, especially to one who is in difficulty and trouble, is bound even to himself to say more. The crisis began for him where for her it momentarily ended. To love her and as good as tell her so, to receive, thus ingenuously given, that confession of instinctive reliance upon him which was as good as a betrayal of her love; and to let her go and say nothing more — could a man do that and yet be a man? Rollo was not a man who had done right all the days of his life. He had been in very strange company, and had gone through many an adventure; but he was a man whom vice had never done more than touch. Even among people of bad morals he had not known how to abandon the instincts of honor; and in such an emergency what was he to do? Words came thronging to his lips, but his mind was distracted with his own helplessness. What had he to offer? how could he marry? he asked himself with a kind of despair. Yet something must be thought of, something suggested. "Lottie," he said after that strange pause — "Lottie — I cannot call you Miss Despard any more, as if I were a stranger. Lottie, you know very well that I love you. I am as poor as you are, but I cannot bear this. You must trust to me for everything — you must — Lottie, you are not afraid to trust yourself to me — you don't doubt me?" he cried. His mind was driven wildly from one side to another. Marry! how could he marry in his circumstances? Was it possible that there was anything else that would answer the purpose, any compromise? His heart beat wildly with love and ardor and shame. What would she say? Would she understand him, though he could not understand himself?

"Mr. Ridsdale!" cried Lottie, shrinking back from him a little. She covered her face with her hands and began to cry, being overcome with so many emotions, one heaped on another. At another moment she would not have been surprised; she would have been able to lift her eyes to the glow of the full happiness which, in half-light, had been for weeks past the illumination of her life. But for the moment it dazzled her. She put up her hands between her and that ecstasy of light.

As for Rollo, very different were the thoughts in his mind. He thought Lottie as wise as himself: he thought she had investigated his words; had not found in them the one that is surety for all, and shrank from him. Shame overwhelmed him: the agony of a mind which was really honest and a heart which was full of tenderness, yet found themselves on the verge of dishonor. "Lottie!" he cried with anguish in his voice, "you do not understand me — you will not listen to me. Do not shrink as if I meant any harm."

Then she uncovered her face, and he saw dimly through the twilight a countenance all trembling with emotion and happiness and astonishment. "Harm!" she said, with wonder in her voice — "harm!" His heart seemed to stand

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still, and all his confused thinkings broken off in the unspeakable contrast between the simplicity of her innocence thinking no evil, and the mere knowledge in his mind which, if nothing more, made guilt possible. Such a contrast shamed and horrified, and filled with an adoration of penitence, the man who might have drawn her into evil, ambiguously, had it been possible. He found himself with one knee on the cold gravel, before he knew, pressing his suit upon her with passion. "Lottie, you must marry me, you must be my wife, you must let me be the one to work, to take care of you, to protect you from all trouble," he cried. But what did Lottie want with those more definite words which he had thought she missed and waited for? Had she not known his secret long ago before he ever spoke a word to her? Had she not been led delicately, tenderly, step by step, through infinite dreams and visions, towards this climax? She cried with happiness and trouble, and the sense of deliverance.

"Oh, why should you kneel to me?" she said. "Do you think it needs *that?*" While he, more happy than ever he had been in his life, alarmed, disturbed, shaken out of all his habits and traditions, held her fast, like a new-found treasure, and lavished every tender word upon her that language could supply. He owed her a million apologies, of not one of which Lottie was conscious. How could it have been possible for her to suppose, that even for a second, in his inmost thoughts, he had been less than reverent of her? And he — had he meant any harm? He did not think he had meant any harm; yet how, in the name of heaven, was he to marry — how was he to marry — in his present circumstances? While he was pouring out upon Lottie his love and worship, telling her how she had gathered to herself day by day all his thoughts and wishes, this question rose up again in his heart.

"I know," said Lottie, very low — her voice still trembling with the first ecstasy of feeling. It was like the dove's voice, all tenderness and pathos, coming out of her very heart. "I guessed it long — oh, long ago ——"

"How did you do that? Whisper, darling — tell me — when did you first think ——"

Is not this the ABC of lovers? and yet her tone implied a little more than the happy divining of the easy secret. She laughed softly — a variety of music in his ear — the two faces were so close.

"You did not think I knew anything about it. I saw you — looking up at my window — the very night of the wedding. Do you remember?" Again Lottie's low, happy laugh broke into the middle of her words. "I could not think what it meant. And then another time before I knew you — and then —— You did not suppose I saw you. I could not believe it," she said, with a soft sigh of content. Laugh or sigh, what did it matter, they meant the same: the delight of a discovery which was no discovery — the happy right of confessing a consciousness which she dared not have betrayed an hour ago — of being able to speak of it all: the two together, alone in all the world, wanting nothing and no one. This was what Lottie meant. But her disclosures struck her lover dumb. What would she say if she knew his real object then? A prima donna who was to make his fortune — a new voice to be produced in an opera! He shuddered as he drew her closer to him, with terror — with compunction, though he had meant no harm. And he loved her now if he did not love her then — with all his heart now — all the more tenderly, he thought, that she had mistaken him, that she had been so innocently deceived.

By this time it had got dark, though they did not observe it; yet not quite dark, for it is rarely dark out of doors under the free skies, as it is within four walls. It was Lottie who suddenly awoke to this fact with a start.

"It must be late — I must go home," she said. And when she looked about among the ghostly trees which waved and bent overhead, sombre and colorless in the dark — she thought, with a thrill of horror, that hours must have passed since she came here. Rollo too was slightly alarmed. They were neither of them in a condition to measure time; and though so much had happened, it had flown like a moment. They came out from among the trees in the happy gloom, arm-in-arm. Nobody could recognize them; so dark as it was — and indeed nobody was in the way to recognize them — and the Abbey clock struck as they emerged upon the Dean's Walk, reassuring them. Rollo was still in time for dinner, though Lottie might be too late for tea; and the relief of discovering that it was not so late as they thought gave them an excuse for lingering. He walked to the lodges with her, and then she turned back with him; and finally they strayed round the Abbey in the darkness, hidden by it, yet not so entirely hidden as they thought. Only one little jar

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came to the perfect blessedness of this progress homeward.

"Shall you tell them?" Lottie whispered, just before she took leave of her lover, with a movement of her hand towards the Deanery.

This gave Rollo a *serrement du cœur*. He replied hastily, "Not to-night," with something like a shiver, and then he added, "Where shall I see you to-morrow?"

This question struck Lottie with the same shock and jar of feeling. Would not he come and claim her to-morrow? This was what she had thought. She did not know what to reply, and a sudden sensation of undefined trouble — of evil not yet so entirely over, as she hoped, came into her mind; but he added, before she could speak, —

"In the old place — that blessed corner which I love better than any other in the world. Will you come while everybody is at the Abbey, Lottie? for we must talk over everything."

This melted the little momentary vexation away, and she promised. And thus they parted perforce — opposite Captain Despard's door. How glad Lottie was that the door was open! It stood open all through the summer, and the habits of the summer were scarcely over. By the light in the dining-room down-stairs and the sound of the voices she divined that tea was not yet over. But she was not able to encounter Mrs. Despard to-night. She did not want to see any one. Her heart was still so full of delicious tumult, her eyes of sweet tears. She had gone out so sorrowful, so indignant, not knowing what was to become of her. And now she knew what was to become of her — the most beautiful, happy fate. He had said he was poor. What did it matter if he was poor? Was she not used to that? Lottie knew, and said to herself with secret joy, that she was the right wife for a poor man. He might have got the noblest of brides, and she would not have been so fit for him; but *she* was fit for that post if ever a young woman was. She would take care of the little he had which one might be sure he would never do himself — he was too generous, too kind for that; Lottie loved him for his prodigality, even while she determined to control it. She would take care of him and do everything for him, as no woman used to wealth could do. And she would spur him on so that he should do great things — things which he had not done heretofore, only because he had not stimulus enough. He should have stimulus enough now, with a wife who would exult in all he did, and support him with sympathy and help. It was not any passive position that she mapped out for herself. She knew what it meant to be poor, far better than Rollo did. And she did not mind it. Why should she mind it? She had been used to it all her life. She would not care what she did. But he should never have to blush for his wife as a drudge. She would never forget her position, and his position, which was so much greater than hers. This was the first time that Lottie thought of his position. She did so now with a heightening of color, and louder throb of her heart. By this time she was sitting in her own room without even a candle, glad of the seclusion and of the darkness in which she could think, unbetrayed even to herself. Her heart gave a bound, and a flush came to her cheek. There could be no doubt now about her position. No one could dream, no one could think that Rollo's wife was ever to be looked down upon. This gave her a distinct thrill of pleasure; and then she passed it by, to return to a dearer subject — himself! how anxious he had been! as if it were possible she could have resisted his love. He had wooed her, she thought, as if she had been a princess — doubling Lottie's happiness by doing in this respect the thing she felt to be most right and fit, though, oh! so unnecessary in respect to herself! Could he really have any doubt how it would turn out? The thought of this humility in her hero brought tears of love and happiness to Lottie's eyes. Was she the same girl who had sat here in gloom and darkness only last night, wondering what was to become of her? But how was she to know how soon fate would unfold like a flower, and show her what was in store for her? How happy she was — how good, how thankful to God — how charitable to others! She could have gone down-stairs and said something kind even to Polly, had it not been for fear of betraying herself. Everything that was tender and sweet blossomed out in her heart. She was so happy. Is not that the moment in which the heart is most pure, most kind, most humble and tender? God's hand seemed to be touching her, blessing her — and she in her turn was ready to bless all the world.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE.

II.

LE DOUBS.

FEW travellers in eastern France turn off the great Mulhouse line of railway to visit the ancient city of Provins. Yet none with a real love of the picturesque can afford to pass it by. Airily, nay, coquettishly perched on its smiling green eminence, and still possessed of an antique stateliness in striking contrast with the busy little twin town that has sprung up at its feet, Provins captivates the beholder by virtue alike of its uniqueness and its charm. I can think of nothing in my various travels at all like the little Acropolis of Brie and Champagne, whether seen at a distance on the railway or from the ramparts that encircle it as in the olden time. It is indeed a gem; miniature Athens of a mediæval princedom that, although on a small scale, boasted of great power and splendor; tiny Granada of these eastern provinces, bearing ample evidence of past glories!

You quit the main line at Longueville, and in a quarter of an hour come upon a vast panorama crowned by the towers and dome of the still proud, defiant-looking little city of Provins, according to some writers the Agendicum of Cæsar's "Commentaries;" according to others, more ancient still. It is mentioned in the capitularies of Charlemagne, and in the Middle Ages was the important and flourishing capital of Basse-Brie and residence of the counts of Champagne. Under Thibault VI., called the Chansonnier, Provins reached its acme of prosperity, numbering at that epoch eighty thousand inhabitants. Like most other towns in these regions, it suffered greatly in the Hundred Years' War, being taken by the English in 1432 and retaken from them the following year. It took part in the League, but submitted to Henry IV. in 1590; and from that time gradually declined, at present numbering about seven thousand inhabitants only.

Thus much for its history, which has been chronicled in full by two gifted citizens of modern times, Bourquelot and Opoix: and their works may be consulted in the town library among others on the same subject. We need not, however, go to books and documents for evidence of the past greatness of Provins. The ancient part of it — called the *Ville Haute*, in distinction from the modern, called the *Ville Basse* — is an open book that all who run may read.

It is difficult to give any idea of this little citadel, so imposingly commanding the wide valleys and winding rivers at its feet. We climb for a quarter of an hour to find all the remarkable monuments of Provins within a stone's throw; the college, formerly palace of the counts of Champagne, the imposing *Tour de César*, the Basilica of St. Quiriace with its cupola, the famous *Grange aux Dîmes*, the ancient fountain, lastly, the ruined city gates and walls. All these are close together, but conspicuously towering over the rest are the dome of St. Quiriace and the picturesque, many-pinnacled stronghold, vulgarly known as Cæsar's Tower. These two crown not only the ruins, but the entire landscape for miles round, with magnificent effect. The tower itself, in reality having nothing to do with its popular name whatever, but the stronghold of the place built by one of the counts of Champagne, is a picturesque object, with its graceful little pinnacles connected by flying buttresses at each corner and pointed tower surmounting all, from which now waves proudly the tricolor flag of the French republic. A deaf and dumb girl leads visitors through a little flower-garden into the interior, and takes them up the winding stone staircase to seek the cells in which Louis d'Outremer and others are said to have been confined. For my own part I prefer neither to go to the top nor bottom of things, feeling no temptation to climb the Pyramids or to dive down into the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky. It is much more agreeable and much less fatiguing to view everything from the level, and this fine old structure called Cæsar's Tower is no exception to the rule. Nothing can be more picturesque than its appearance from the broken ground around, above and below, and no less imposing is the quaint, straggling, indescribable old church of St. Quiriace close by, now a mere patchwork of different epochs, but in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries one of the most remarkable religious monuments in Brie and Champagne. Here was baptized Thibault VI., the song-maker, the lover of art, the patron of letters, and the importer into Europe of the famous Provence rose! Of Thibault's poetic creations an old chronicler wrote, "C'étaient les plus belles chansons, les plus délectables et mélodieuses, qui oncques fussent ouïses en chansons ne instruments, et il les fit écrire en la salle de Provins et en celle de Troyes." Close to the ancient church is the former palace of Thibault, a *collége communale* for classic and secondary instruction. Unfortunately the

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director had gone off for his holidays, taking the keys with him, so that we could not see the interior and the chapel. It is superbly situated, commanding from the terrace a wide view of surrounding country. Perhaps, however, the most curious relics of ancient Provins are the vast and handsome subterranean chambers and passages which are not only found in the *Grange aux Dîmes* (literally Tithe Barn), but also under many private dwellings of ancient date.

Those who love to penetrate into the bowels of the earth may visit cave after cave and chamber after chamber in all directions; some of these were of course used for the storage and introduction of supplies in times of war and siege, others have been variously explained. They may have served as crypts for purposes of religious ceremony, also as harbors of refuge for priests and monks, lastly, as workshops. Provins may therefore be called not only a town but a triple city, consisting first of the old, secondly the subterranean, thirdly, the new. Captivating from an artistic and antiquarian point of view as are the two first, all lovers of progress — and the French republic — will not fail to give some time to the last, not omitting on any account the lovely walk on the ramparts before quitting the region of romance for plain matter-of-fact.

A poetic halo still lingers round the rude times of troubadour and knight, but fortunately no such contrast can now be found — at least in France — as then existed between court and people, lord and vassal. The princelings of Brie and Champagne who lived so jollily and regally in the capital of Provins knew how to grind down the people to the uttermost, and levied toll and tax upon every imaginable pretext. The Jew had to pay them for his heresy, the assassin for his crime, the peasant for his produce, the artisan for his right to pursue a handicraft. Now all is good feeling, peace, and prosperity in the modern town, where alike are absent signs of great wealth or great poverty. As yet I am still in a region without a beggar!

Provins affords an excellent example of that spirit of decentralization so usual in France, and unhappily so rare among ourselves. Here in a country town numbering between seven and eight thousand inhabitants only, we find all the resources of a capital on a small scale: public library, museum, theatre, learned societies.* The library contains some curious MSS. and valuable books. The theatre was built by one of the richest and most generous citizens of Provins, M. Garnier, who may be said to have consecrated his ample fortune to the embellishment and advancement of his native town. Space does not permit of an enumeration of the various acts of beneficence by which he has won the lasting gratitude of his fellow-townsmen; and on his death the charming villa he now inhabits, with its gardens, library, art and scientific collections, are to become the property of the town. The Rue Victor Garnier has been appropriately named after this public-spirited gentleman.

There are relics of antiquity to be found in this modern town also, nor have I given anything like a complete account of what is to be found in the old. No one who takes the trouble to diverge from the beaten track in order to visit this interesting little city — Weimar of the troubadours — will be disappointed. I may add, by the way, that the Hôtel de la Boule d'Or, though homely, is comfortable, and that in this out-of-the-way corner the English traveller may even partake of the *bière de Bass*.

Prom Provins to Troyes is a three hours' journey by rail, and at Troyes, no matter how impatient the tourist may be to breathe the air of the mountains, he must stop a while. Here there is so much to see in the way of antiquities, that several days might be spent profitably and pleasantly, but for the hotels, of which I have little favorable to say. "Dear and dirty" is the verdict I must pass on the one recommended to me as the best. The fastidious traveller will do well therefore so to arrange his journey as to reach Troyes at early morning and start off again at night, though of course such an arrangement will only allow of a hasty glimpse of the various treasures offered to him. Take the churches, for instance. Besides the cathedral, there are six old churches, each of which has some especial interest, and all deserve to be seen in detail. Then there are picturesque mediæval houses, one of the finest libraries in France, a museum, picture-gallery, etc.

The town itself is cheerful, with decorative bits of window-gardening, hanging

* On a former occasion I gave offence to many readers by insisting on the superiority of French over English country towns in this respect. It was urged that under the new Public Libraries Act all our own towns can have a free library if they choose. This I do not deny, but the facts remain as I originally stated them, namely, that in the smallest provincial towns in France you find good free libraries, museums, etc., and in England you do not find them. Instances in point will be adduced farther on.

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dormers, abundance of flowers growing everywhere, and much life animating both its old and new quarters. The cathedral, which rises grandly from the monotonous fields of Champagne, just as Ely towers above the flat eastern plains, is also seen to great advantage from the quays, though, when approached nearly, you find it hemmed in with narrow streets. Its noble tower, surmounted by airy pinnacles, and its splendid façade delight and satisfy the eye no less than the interior, gem of purest architecture, blazing from end to end with rich old stained glass! No light here penetrates through the medium of common glass, and the effect is magical; the superb rose and lancet windows, not dazzling, rather captivating the vision with the hues of the rainbow, being made up, as it seems, with no meaner materials than sapphire, emerald, ruby, topaz, amethyst, all these in richest, unimaginable profusion; other interiors are more magnificent in architectural display, none are lovelier than this, and and there is nothing to mar the general harmony, no gliding or artificial flowers, no ecclesiastical trumpery, no meretricious decoration. We find here the glorious art of painting on glass in its perfection, and some of the finest in the cathedral, as well as in other churches here, are the work of a celebrated Troyen, Linard Gonthier.

A sacristan is always at hand to exhibit the treasury, worth some millions of francs, and which is to be commended by all lovers of jewels and old lace. The latter, richest old guipure, cannot be inspected by an amateur without pangs. Such treasures as these, if not appropriated to their proper use, namely, dress and decoration, should at least be exhibited in the Louvre or Troyes museum, where they might be seen and studied by the artistic. There are dozens of yards of this matchless guipure here, but of course few people ever see it. As I turned from one treasure to another, gold and silver ecclesiastical ornaments, ivory coffers, enamels, cameos, diamonds, rubies, topazes, and other jewels, embroideries, reliquaries, tapestries, I was reminded of a passage in Victor Hugo's last poem, "*Le Pape.*" The pope therein makes appeals to the cardinals and bishops assembled around him, urging them in passionate language to sell their jewels and fine clothes, and give the product to the poor — a piece of advice we may be sure will never be taken. The sacristan exhibited a tooth of St. Peter and skulls of two saints, but these are treasures we can look on without envy. This little museum — as indeed the treasury may be called — showed at the Paris exhibition of 1867 one of its richest objects, the reliquary of St. Bernard, and St. Malachi, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the twelfth century, but as some of the jewels were stolen upon that occasion, nothing this year very naturally found its way from Troyes cathedral to Paris. Close to the cathedral are the town library, museum, and picture-gallery, the two first well worth careful inspection. The famous library has largely contributed to the historic galleries of the Trocadéro, but nevertheless many exquisite specimen of its binding, printing, and illuminating remain, whilst the windows are adorned with most curious and beautiful old glass paintings, from the hand of the gifted Linard Gonthier before mentioned. It is hardly necessary to say that strangers are admitted to all the privileges of the reading-room without any form whatever. The library contains a hundred and some odd thousand volumes, besides between two and three thousand rare MSS. The present population of Troyes is forty thousand, and I am not aware of any such town in England so well off in the matter of books. The museum is divided into several sections, and, though of recent date, possesses some interesting and valuable collections. Near the library and museum is the most beautiful old church in Troyes, St. Urbain, but as it is unfortunately in the hands of the restorer, we can see nothing of the interior, and the splendid Gothic façade is partly hidden by scaffolding. The traveller may next proceed on a voyage of discovery, coming upon the picturesque Hôtel de Ville, quaint relics of mediæval architecture here and there, and half-a-dozen old churches, all noteworthy from some point of view.

It is impossible to do more than suggest the rewards that await such an explorer. Troyes, like Angers and Poitiers, abounds in architectural treasures and historic souvenirs, and all three cities cannot be visited too soon. Restoration and renovation are here, as elsewhere, the order of the day, and every year takes something from their character and charm. Two objects particularly striking amongst so many shall be mentioned only, as no mere description can convey any idea of the whole. The first is the entrance hall of the Hôtel Vauluisant, two features of which should be photographed for the benefit of art schools and art decorators generally. These are a magnificent oak ceiling and a Renaissance chimneypiece in carved wood. no

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less magnificent. The solidity, richness of design, and workmanship of both ceiling and mantelpiece affords an invaluable lessons to artists, whilst beholders cannot examine them without a feeling of sadness. How little we have in modern art furniture and decoration to be compared to such achievements! Not far from the Hôtel Vauluisant is St. Madelaine, the most ancient church in Troyes, originally Gothic, but now, what with dilapidations and restorations, a curious medley of various styles. To its architecture however, the traveller will pay little heed, his whole attention being at once transferred to the famous *jubé* or altar screen — or what passes by that name. Rather let us call it a curtain of lace cut out in marble, a screen of transparent ivory, a light stalactite roof of some fairy grotto!

On entering you see nothing but this airy piece of work — one of the daintiest, richest creations of the period — the achievement of Juan Gualde in the sixteenth century. The proportions of the interior seem to diminish, and we cannot help fancying that the church was built for the *jubé* rather than the *jubé* for the church, so dwarfed is the latter by comparison. The centre aisle is indeed bridged over by this pieee of stone-carving, so exquisite in design, so graceful in detail, so airy and fanciful, that we are with difficulty brought to realize its size and solidity. This unique altar screen measures over six yards in depth, is proportionately long, and is quite symmetrical in every part; yet it looks as if a breath was only needed to disperse those delicate galleries, hanging arcades, and tiny vaults. Gorgeous painted windows form the background, jewels flashing through a veil of guipure!

Lovers of choice old stained glass must visit St. Nizier and other churches here; all, moreover, possess some peculiar interest, either within or without. Much more might be said on this subject, but these slight indications will give some little idea of what is to be found at Troyes in the way of artistic and archæological interest. Troyes is the birthplace of many noted artists, among whom Mignard, the painter; Girardon, sculptor — whose monument to Richelieu in the Church of the Sorbonne will not fail to be visited by English travellers — of the famous painter in glass, Linard Gonthier, and many more.

Among minor accomplishments of the Troyen of to-day, it may be mentioned that nowhere throughout all France — land *par excellence* of good washing and clear-starching — is linen got up in such perfection as at Troyes. The *blanchisserie Troyenne* is an art unhappily unknown in England. It is curious that, much as cleanliness is thought of among ourselves, we are content to wear linen execrably washed and ironed. Clean linen in England means one thing, in France another; and no French servant-maid or waiter would wear the half-washed, half-ironed linen we aristocratic insulars wear so complacently. Here, indeed, is a field for female enterprise.

From Troyes to Belfort is a journey best made by night mail express, as there is little to see on the way; nor need Belfort — famous for its heroic defence under Danfort, and its rescue from Prussian grasp by the no less heroic pleadings of Thiers — detain the traveller. It is pleasant to find here as at Troyes, a "Rue Thiers," and to see Thiers' portrait in every window. If there is one memory universally adored and respected, it is that of the *petit bourgeois*. No one who gets a glimpse of Belfort with its double ramparts and commanding position, will wonder at Thiers' pertinacity on the one hand, and Bismarck's reluctance on the other. Fortunately the *petit bourgeois* gained his point, and the preservation of Belfort to France was the one drop of comfort in that sea of misery.

Half an-hour's railway journey brings me to the quaint little town of Montbéliard, where friends' friends welcome me, and I feel in half an hour as much at home as if I had known it all my life. As Montbéliard is a good starting-point for excursionizing in the Doubs, my friends procured a little lodging — rather, I should say, a magnificent *appartement* — for me in a private house, and I settle down for a week or two. My rooms are quite charming, and for well-furnished, spacious sitting-room and bedroom, equally commodious and airy, I pay one franc a day, and other expenses are proportionately low. Yet it must not be supposed that Montbéliard is wanting in refinement, even elegances, and that high prices are not gradually finding their way here as elsewhere. The fact is, and it is a noteworthy one, the character of the Montbéliardais is essentially amiable, accommodating, and disinterested; and it never enters into people's heads to ask more for their wares simply because they could get it, or to make capital out of strangers. A franc a day is what is paid in these parts by lodgers, chiefly officers, and no more would be asked of the wealthiest or unwariest trav-

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eller. You find the same spirit animating all classes, tradesmen, carriage-proprietors, hotel-keepers, and doubtless it is to be traced to several causes. In the first place Montbéliard is in one of the most enlightened, best educated, and most Protestant departments of all France. Le Doubs, part of the ancient Franche-Comté, is so Protestant, indeed, that in some towns and villages the Catholics are considerably in the minority. So late as the French Revolution the *comté* of this name belonged to Wurtemburg, having passed over to the house of Wurtemburg by marriage in the fourteenth century. In 1792, however, it became amalgamated with the French kingdom, and fortunately escaped annexation in the last Franco-German war. Protestantism early took hold here, the Lutheran and Anabaptist doctrines especially; and in the present day Montbéliard numbers many Protestant, and only one Catholic church; the former belonging severally to the Reformed Church, the Lutheran, Anabaptist persuasions, and also two or three so-called *oratories*, in other words, little Dissenting chapels, built and endowed by private founders. We find here the tables strangely turned, and the unique and agreeable spectacle in France of four Protestant pastors to one Catholic priest! It may be imagined that to be curé of Montbéliard is not regarded as an enviable position, although the proportion of Catholics is much larger than in former days, owing to the increase of the rich mercantile class. At one time the Protestant body here numbered two-thirds of the entire inhabitants, now about half belong to the Catholic Church; but a spirit of liberalism pervades all. This strong Protestant element and the long filtration of German manners and customs have doubtless greatly modified the character of the inhabitants, who, whether Protestants or Catholics, live side by side in perfect harmony. We see indeed a toleration absolutely unknown in some parts of France, and an amount of generally diffused education equally wanting where Catholicism is dominant. Brittany and Le Doubs, for instance, offer the most striking contrast it is possible to conceive. In the first we find the priests absolute, and consequently superstition, ignorance, dirt, and prejudice the order of the day; in the last, we have, not priestly rule but a Protestant spirit of inquiry and progress, and consequently, instruction making vast strides on every side, freedom from bigotry, freedom alike from degrading spiritual bondage and fanaticism. In the highly instructive map published by the French minister of instruction, Franche-Comté is marked white, and Brittany black, thus denoting the antipodes of intellectual enlightenment and darkness to be found in the two countries. Here indeed we find ourselves in a wholly different world, so utterly has a spirit of inquiry revolutionized eastern France, so long has her western province been held in the grip of the priests. Furthermore, we have evidence of the zeal animating all classes with respect to education on every side, whilst it is quite delightful to converse with a Montbéliardais, no matter to which he belongs, so unprejudiced, instructed, and liberal-minded are these citizens of a town neither particularly important, flourishing, nor fortunate. For nine months Montbéliard had to support the presence of the enemy, and though the German soldiery behaved very well here, the amiable, lively little town was almost ruined. It is no less patriotic than enlightened, republican ideas being as firmly implanted here as anywhere in France. You see portraits of M. Thiers and Gambetta everywhere, and only good Republican journals on the booksellers' stalls. It would be interesting to know how many copies of the halfpenny issue of *La République Française* are sold here daily; and whereas in certain parts of France, the woman read nothing except the *Semaine Religieuse* and the *Petit Journal*, here they read the high-class newspapers, reviews, and are conversant with what is going on in the political and literary world at home and abroad. Indeed, the contrast is amazing between female education so-called in ultra-Catholic and ultra-Protestant France. In Brittany, where the young ladies are educated by the nuns, you never see or hear of a book. The very name of literature is a dead letter, and the upper classes are no better instructed than the lower. In Franche-Comté girls of all ranks are well educated; young ladies of fortune going in for their *brevet*, or certificate, as well as those who have their bread to win. They are often familiar with the German and English languages, and, above all, are thoroughly conversant with their own literature, as well as bookkeeping, arithmetic, French history, elementary science, etc. I find young ladies of Montbéliard as familiar with the works of Currer Bell and Mrs. Gaskell as among ourselves. Miss Yonge is also a favorite; and unlike a large class of novel-readers in England, standard works are not neglected by them for fiction. No matter at what time you enter

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the public library here, you are sure to find ladies of all ages, coming to change their books; the contents of this library, be it remembered, consisting chiefly of French classics. This little town of eight thousand inhabitants possesses an intellectual atmosphere in which it is possible to breathe.

The mingled homeliness, diffusion of intelligence, and æsthetic culture seen here, remind me of certain little German cities and towns. People living on very modest means find money for books, whereas in certain parts of France no such expenditure is ever thought of, whilst dress and outward show are ever considered first. Naturally this diffusion of culture raises the tone of conversation and society generally, and its influence is seen in various ways. Music is cultivated assiduously, not only by women of the better ranks, but by both sexes, especially among the work-people. The musical society of Montbéliard furnished a very respectable orchestra indeed, and is composed of amateurs, mostly young men, recruited from the working as well as middle classes. The society gives open-air concerts on Sunday afternoons and one evening in the week, to the great delectation of the inhabitants, who upon these occasions turn out of doors *en masse* to enjoy the music and the company of their neighbors. The Société d'Emulation is an instance of the stimulus given to scientific, literary, and artistic pursuits by a Protestant spirit of inquiry. This society was founded in 1852 by a few *savants*, in order to develop the public taste for science, art, and letters. It now numbers two hundred and forty-three members, and has been instrumental in founding a museum containing upwards of eighty thousand archæological specimens, besides botanical, geological, and other collections.

It is particularly rich in the first respect, few provincial museums having such complete illustrations of the pre-historic and also Gallo-Roman periods. The flint, bronze, and iron epochs are here largely represented, some of the large, leaf-shaped flint instruments being particularly beautiful specimens. The excavations at Mandeure, a short drive from Montbéliard, the Epomanduodurum of the Romans, have afforded a precious collection of interesting objects — pottery, small bronze groups and figures, ornaments, terracottas, etc. At Mandeure are to be seen the ruins of the ancient city, amphitheatre, baths, tombs, vestiges of a temple, and other remains, but excavations are still going on under the direction of the learned president of the Société d'Emulation, M. Fabre, and further treasure-trove is looked for. This charming little museum, so tastefully arranged in the picturesque old *halles* by M. Fabre, is open on Sunday afternoons on payment of two sous; but in order to promote a love of science among the young, schools are admitted gratuitously, and within the last ten weeks thirty-nine teachers and seven hundred and forty-eight pupils of both sexes have availed themselves of the privilege. During the German occupation in 1870–71 a sum of 323,940 francs was levied upon the town, and the museum and library, after being valued at a considerable sum, were seized as pledges of payment. Seals were set on the collections, and German soldiery guarded the treasures which had been collected with so much zeal and sacrifice.

The entire sum was never paid, but the library, consisting of nineteen thousand volumes, and museum were left intact, to the great joy of the inhabitants.

Montbéliard is as sociable as it is advanced, and my introduction from a native of the friendly little town, settled in Paris, opened all hearts to me. Every one is helpful, agreeable, full of hospitality. My evenings are always spent at one pleasant house or another, where music, tea, and conversation lend wings to the cheerful hours. The custom indeed of keeping the *veillée*, familiar to readers of the gifted Franche-Comtois, Charles Nodier, is common here among rich and poor. People quit their homes after the early supper — for according to German custom we dine at noon and sup at seven here — to enjoy the society of their neighbors. Delightful recollections shall I carrry away from Montbéliard of many a *veillée*. Of one in particular when a dozen neighbors and their English guest assemble in the summer-house of a suburban garden, there to discuss art, music, and literature over ices and other good things despatched from the town. We had looked forward to a superb moonlight spectacle of river, château, and bridges, flooded with silvery light. We had torrents of rain instead, being threatened with what is a phenomenon of no rare occurrence here, namely, an inundation. Situated on the confluence of two rivers, the Allaine and the Lusine, Montbéliard is a quaint and homely little Venice in miniature, sure to be flooded once or twice a year, when people have to pay visits and carry on their daily avocations in boats.

It takes, however, more than minor mis-

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fortunes such as these to damp French geniality and good nature, and when our pleasant *soirée* came to an end every one returned home well fortified with umbrellas, cloaks, and goloshes in the best possible humor. Sometimes these *veillées* will be devoted to declamation or story-telling, one or two of the party reading aloud a play or a poem, or reciting for the benefit of the rest. In the bitter winter nights even this sociable custom is not laid aside, even ladies venturing forth with their lanterns in order to enjoy a little society. Music is the chief out-of-door recreation during the summer months, the military band of the garrison largely contributing to the general amusement. There is also a handsome theatre, at which first-rate representations are occasionally given by *artistes* from Paris. This is pretty well for a town of eight thousand inhabitants. It is astonishing how French good-humor and light-heartedness help to lighten the hardest lot. We find the hours of toil enormously long here, and economies practised among the better classes of which few English people have any conception. Yet life is made the best of, and everything in the shape of a distraction is seized upon with avidity. Although eminently a Protestant town, shops are open all day long on Sundays, when more business seems to be done than at any other time. The shutters no sooner put up however, than every one sets out for a walk or a visit, and get as much enjoyment as they can. Only the rich or exceedingly well-to-do people keep servants, others content themselves with a charwoman, who comes in for two hours a day and is paid ten or twelve francs a month; many ladies by birth and education, doing all the lighter household work, marketing, etc., themselves, whilst the small shopkeeping class, who, with us, must invariably have a wretched drudge called a maid-of-all-work, never dream of getting any one to cook or clean for them. As a matter of course all this is done by the family, no matter how well educated may be its members. We must always bear in mind that the general well-being and easy circumstances of the French middle classes is greatly owing to their freedom from shams. Toil is not regarded as a degradation, and the hateful word "gentility" is not found in their vocabulary. Thus it comes about that you find a mixture of homeliness, comfort, and solidity of fortune, rarely the case in England. Take my landlady as an example, a charming person, who keeps a straw-hat and umbrella shop, whose sister is a *repasseuse*, or clear-starcher, and their married brother has also a hat-shop next door. These people do all the work that is to be done themselves, yet in similar circumstances in England, would be sure to have maids-of-all work, nursery maids, and the rest of it. They have plenty of good furniture, supplies of household and personal linen that would set up a shop, and the children of the brother receive the best possible education he can obtain for them. The elder girl has just returned from Belfort with her first diploma, and is to be sent to Germany to learn German. She has nevertheless, acquired a knowledge of what all women should know, can cook, clean, cut out and make clothes, etc., and when herself a wife and mother will doubtless exercise all these accomplishments in order to give her children as good an education as she possesses herself. Both sisters and married brother, moreover, have so well economized their savings that all of them could retire and live on their earnings to-morrow.

More might be said about the easy intercourse and geniality of this little town did space permit. I will pass on to add that, though extremely picturesque, with its flower-gardens running down to the water's edge, tiny bridges, hanging roofs, curling vines, lastly circling green hills and fine old château crowning all, there is little here to detain the tourist. The case is very different with those travellers who are bent upon studying French life under its various aspects, for they will find at Montbéliard a wholly new phase. Much in domestic life reminds us of south Germany, yet no place is more eminently French. The type of physiognomy is frank and animated, fair and even red hair is common, whilst the stature is above the average, and the general *physique* gives an idea of strength, character, and health. The Montbéliards are courteous but proud, and prone rather to bestow than accept favors. Amiability and real goodness of heart especially characterize them.

As a seat of some special manufactures, musical boxes and clocks being among the chief, it possesses importance; there are also cotton-mills, tanneries, foundries, etc. The fabrication of clocks by machinery is a curious process, the precision and apparent intelligence of the machines being as agreeable to contemplate as the reverse is humiliating, namely, the spectacle of men, women, and children being converted into automatons by unremitting mechanical labor. The length of the day's work here is prodigious, consisting of twelve hours,

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and the occupation extremely unwholesome, owing to the smell of the oil and the perpetual noise of machinery. The pay is low, beginning at three francs and reaching to four or four and a half a day. We may blame the artisan class for improvidence, insobriety, and many other failings; but none who calmly compare the life of a clockmaker, for instance, condemned to spend twelve hours of the twenty-four in this laborious, unwholesome, and ill-remunerated labor, with that of the better classes, can wonder at his discontent. If he seeks to better his position by means of strikes, socialistic schemes, or other violent means, at least we must grant that it is only natural, till some other should offer themselves. It is to be hoped that the hours of labor will soon be shortened in a department of France so advanced in other respects; and meantime, in some ways, artisans here are better off than elsewhere. All round the town you find so-called *cités ouvrières* built on the model of those of Mulhouse; little streets of cheerful cottages, each with its bit of flower and vegetable garden, where at least the workman has something to call a home after his day's labor. These artisan quarters are well or ill kept, of course, according to the thrift or slovenliness of the tenants: some are charming, but at their worst they are a vast improvement upon the close, ill-ventilated quarters to be found in towns. They are also much cheaper, about 5*l.* a year being charged for both house and garden, whereas even in a little town like Montbéliard, accommodation is dear and difficult to be had. In fact, the question of house room is as much of a problem here for the workman as among our own rural population; and though without doubt the heads of firms who have built these cheerful and ornamental little rows of English-like cottages for their work-people were actuated chiefly by philanthropic motives, they found it absolutely necessary to take some steps in the matter. Various efforts are being made to raise the status of the mechanic by means of lectures, reading-rooms, and recreation, but whilst the hours of labor remain what we find them, little good can be effected. A devoted Montbéliardais, who has spent her whole life in her native town, has done much for the female part of the manufacturing population by means of free night schools, free library, chiefly for the young, Sunday afternoon classes for the teaching of cutting out and needle-work, gratuitous laundries, and other philanthropic schemes. These good efforts of Mlle. Rosalie Morel, a lady and a lay-woman, have been seconded by those of a Protestant deaconess in another direction, the latter devoting herself to nursing and the teaching of hygiene and sanitary science. In the matter of cleanliness, therefore, these good people are not left in the dark as in benighted Brittany, where dirt is not preached against as it ought to be in the pulpit. Mlle. Morel's free laundries — in other words, a scheme set on foot for the purpose of teaching the poorest classes what clean linen should be — have doubtless effected much good, and on the whole cleanliness is the rule here, and the public hot and cold baths much frequented by all.

In spite, however, of the animation and *bonhomie* of this little town, there is a dark side to social life, and in the train of intemperance and unthrift among the manufacturing population we find squalor and immorality. After several weeks' sojourn in that Utopia of all socialistic dreamers — a land without a beggar — I found myself here once more in the domains of mendicity, though it is not to be found to any great extent. The custom of putting out infants to nurse is fortunately unfrequent in these parts, and, as a natural consequence, infant mortality is not above the average. The *cités ouvrières* are doubtless to be thanked for this, as the nearness of the home to the factory enables the baby to be brought to its mother for nourishment; and in one visit to the clock-manufactory before spoken of, we saw mothers nursing their infants on the spot. Nearer Paris you constantly encounter infants of three days old being despatched with their foster-mother into some country place, there to be brought up by hand, most likely, in other words, to die; but here it is not so. We find at Montbéliard that contrast between wealth and poverty seen in England, but wholly absent from the rural districts of France. The aristocracy of the place here is composed of the wealthy manufacturing class, and by little and little Parisian luxuries are finding their way into this remote region. Until within quite recent date, for instance, there was no such thing as a stand for hackney carriages here; now it has become the fashion to take drives in fine weather, whilst in our walks and drives in the neighborhood we encounter handsome waggonettes and open carriages with a pair of horses rarely seen in the purely agricultural districts. In every way habits of life have become modified by the rapid rise of a commercial aristocracy; and, as a natural consequence, we find much more social distinction than

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in those parts of France where no such class exists. Yet a stranger who should here study French manners and customs for the first time, would find the principle of equality existing in a degree unknown in England. Can anything be more absurd than the imagined differences of rank that divide the population of our provincial towns? The same thing is seen in the country, where the clergyman holds aloof from the village doctor, the farmer from the shopkeeper, both these from the village schoolmaster, and where, indeed, everybody thinks himself better than his neighbor. We have in England schools for the professional classes, schools for the children of farmers, of wholesale shopkeepers, of small retail tradesmen, lastly, School Board schools for the "people;" yet you no more expect to find a milliner's children attending the latter than a chimneysweep's son at the grammar school. In French country towns all this is simplified by the *école communale*, at which boys and girls respectively, no matter their parents' calling and means, receive precisely the same education. After the *école communale* comes the *collége*, where a liberal education is afforded, and pupils study for the examination of *bachelier ès lettres et sciences*, but are not prepared as at the *lycées* for the *faculté du droit*, or doctorate in law. There is no other school here for primary instruction of both sexes but these communal schools, Protestant and Catholic, and thither all the children go, rich and poor, patrician and *prolétaire*, as a matter of course. The politeness of the French working classes may be partly accounted for by this association of all ranks in early life. Convent and other schools for young ladies do not exist at Montbéliard, and those who study for the first and second diploma are generally prepared at Belfort and Besançon, where the examinations are held.

There is here an *école normale*, or training-school for teachers, also a Protestant training-school noted for its excellence. On the whole, for a town of eight thousand inhabitants, Montbéliard must be considered rich in educational and intellectual resources.

Much of the farming in these parts is tenant-farming on a fair scale — *i.e.*, from fifty to two or three hundred acres. In the case of small peasant properties, which of course exist also, the land is usually not divided on the death of the father, the elder son purchasing the shares of his brothers and sisters. More on the subject of agriculture will be said further on, there being nothing particularly striking about the two tenant farms I visited with friends in the immediate proximity of the town. The first, though not a model farm, is considered a good specimen of farming on a large scale, the size being a hundred *hectares*, about two hundred and fifty acres, hired at a rental of fifty francs per *hectare*, less than a pound per acre. The premises were large, handsome, and cleanly, according to a French standard, though, as usual, with a large heap of manure drying up in the sun. Here we found thirty-five splendid Normandy and other cows, entirely kept for milking, the milk being all sent into Montbéliard; with a small number of bullocks, horses, and pigs. The land looks poor, and gives no evidence of scientific farming, though every year improvements are made, new agricultural methods and implements introduced, and thus the resources of the land developed. The farmer's wife and young daughters were all hard at work, and the farmer busy with his men in the fields. Close to the farmhouse, which we find spacious and comfortable, is the handsome villa of the owner, who has thus an opportunity of seeing for himself how things go. If tenant farming does not pay in England, it certainly can only do so in France by means of a laboriousness and economy of which we have hardly an idea. Work indeed means one thing with us, and quite another with our French neighbors.

It is on market-day that the country folks and their wares are to be seen to best advantage, and the provident housekeeper supplies herself with butter, fruit, and vegetables, all being, according to our notions, extraordinarily cheap — peaches sixpence a pound, melons a few pence each, a small ripe melon costing sometimes only a penny, and so on in proportion. There is also a slightly acid, delicious fruit here, that of the fruit-bearing cornel-tree, which, with its rich scarlet berries, is just now a handsome ornament in gardens. In spite, however, of the extremely low prices of garden and orchard produce, housekeepers complain of the higher cost of living since the war, meat and poultry fetching very nearly the same prices as in Paris.

In former days the costume of the peasant woman in these parts was exceedingly picturesque, short gay skirt, black bodice, short full white linen sleeves, leaving the arms bare, and a coquettish little close-fitting cap, made of black velvet, embroidered in silk or beads, and fastened to the head with white ribbon bows hanging be-

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hind. All this has disappeared except the *coiffe*, and that is only to be seen on fair-days and *fêtes*, and more rarely every day. We saw several of these fanciful caps on the occasion of the annual fair, some richly embroidered with tastefully assorted silks and gold braid; but here, alas! as everywhere else, costume is already a thing of the past, and the all-omnipotent bonnet and chimney-pot are superseding the far more picturesque and becoming head adornments of other days. At the *fête* in question we witnessed the out-of-door dancing so popular in these parts, even grey-haired Darbies and Joans paying their two sous for the sake of enjoying a waltz or mazurka in the charmed circle. Rich and poor, young and old, learned and simple, of course turned out to see what was going on, and take part in the popular amusements. Every minute we had to stop and shake hands with an acquaintance.

And now before turning to "fresh woods and pastures new," a word must be said about the illustrious name that will ever be linked with that of Montbéliard. Many a hasty traveller alights at the little railway station for the purpose of seeing the noble monument by David d'Angers and the antiquated house bearing the inscription:—

ICI NAQUIT G. CUVIER.

The bronze statue of the great anatomist stands out in bold relief before the Hôtel de Ville, the profile being turned towards the humble dwelling in which he first saw the light, the full face fronting the large Protestant church, built in 1602, a century and a half before his birth. The proximity is a happy one, since was it not by virtue of Protestantism, no matter how imperfect its manifestations, that Cuvier was enabled to pursue his inquiries with such magnificent results? Two centuries before, he might, like Galileo, have had to choose between martyrdom and scientific apostasy. The great Montbéliardais is represented with a pen in one hand, a scroll in the other, on which is drawn the anatomy of the human frame. He wears the long, full frock coat of the period, its ample folds having the effect of drapery. David d'Angers has achieved no nobler work than this statue.

The flourishing college of Montbéliard, called after its greatest citizen, was founded a few years ago, and is one of the first objects seen in quitting the railway station of the Rue Cuvier.

English tourists do not often turn aside from the Swiss route to visit the quieter beauties of Le Doubs, and residents here regret the absence of travellers, which, of course, tells upon the hotels. No one has a word to say in favor of anything in the way of hotels we are likely to meet with on our journey throughout the length and breadth of Franche-Comté. The new line of railway now in course of construction from Besançon to Morteau, through the heart of the country, will effect great changes. This will be a new line into Switzerland. The only way to see these regions to perfection is to hire a carriage by the day, and retain it as long as you please. The railway does not penetrate into the most picturesque regions, and the diligence is slow and inconvenient. Accordingly, having had an itinerary written out for us by friends who had gone over every inch of the ground, mostly on foot, I set off with an enterprising lady, a native of these parts, for a few days' drive in the most romantic scenery of the Doubs, southward of Montbéliard and in the direction of Switzerland. So well is the road marked out for us, that we want neither Joanne nor Murray, and we have, moreover, procured the services of a coachman who has been familiarized with the country by thirty years' experience. Thus far, therefore, we have nothing to desire but fine weather, which has been very rare since my arrival, tempests, showers, and downpours being the order of the day. However, choosing one morning of unusual promise, we start off at seven o'clock, prepared for the best or the worst, a description of the pine forests, mountain gorges, and romantic valleys of Le Doubs being reserved for the next paper.

M. B.-E.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"FRED:" A TALE FROM JAPAN.

BY R—— L——.

FRED was a stray dog whose origin and whose name even were shrouded in mystery. In 1861 he had landed in Yokohama from an English tea-clipper, in the company of a melancholy traveller. Nobody, of course, took any notice of the dog at the time, and he, on his part, avoided all familiarity with strangers, having, apparently, eyes and ears only for his master, whom he followed everywhere.

This master, Mr. Alexander Young, was a rather mysterious character. Nobody knew whence he came or whither he was

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bound. The captain of the "Georgina" had made his acquaintance in Java, and had given him a passage to Japan on very moderate terms. During the voyage, Alexander Young — or Sandy, as he was commonly called — spoke very little, but drank a good deal. The captain, who, when at sea, made it a rule never to take anything stronger than water, was not at all disinclined, when ashore, to indulge in an extra bottle or so. In consequence, he treated the weakness of his companion with compassionate fellow-feeling, and even felt, on that very account, a sort of sympathy for him, which showed itself in many little kindnesses. Sandy was very grateful; and in his sad, dreamy, blue eyes there was a tender and friendly expression whenever they rested on the rugged, weather-beaten features of the captain.

Fred was Sandy's constant companion, and the dog's nose was never many inches distant from his master's heels.

"Fred is a curious name for a dog," said the captain, one evening; "why did you call him so?"

Sandy was silent for fully a minute, and then answered slowly, "Because he was a present from my cousin Louisa."

The captain was much impressed by this unexpected explanation; but as he was himself accustomed to clothe his ideas in most enigmatical language, he made no doubt that Sandy's reply had some deep hidden meaning; and without indulging in indiscreet questions, he made many and fruitless efforts to solve the problem unaided. From that time Sandy rose in his esteem. Neither Sandy nor he ever recurred to the subject; but when, at a later period, the captain was asked why Mr. Young's dog was called "Fred," he answered authoritatively, "Because the dog was a present from his cousin Louisa."

Fred was a thorough-bred bull-terrier, snow-white, with one black round spot over his left eye. His fore-legs were bowed, his chest was broad and powerful, his head wide and flat as a frog's. His jaws were armed with a set of short, uneven, sharp teeth, which seemed strong enough to crunch a bar of iron. His eyes were set obliquely in his head, Chinese fashion; nevertheless there was an honest and trustworthy expression in them. One could see that Fred, though he was a dangerous, was not a savage or a wicked beast.

Fred could smile in his grim way, if his master showed him a bone and said, "Smile!" But, as a rule, he was as grave and serious as Young himself. He was no bully or street-fighter. Confident in his own strength, he looked with contempt on the small curs who barked and yelped at him. But if a large dog, a worthy adversary, attacked him, he fought with mute, merciless fury. He neither barked nor growled on such occasions, but the quick, deep breathing under which his broad chest heaved, betrayed his inward fury. His green eyes shone like emeralds, and he fastened his fangs into his enemy with such mad violence that it was a matter of great difficulty to make him loose his hold.

During six months Sandy and Fred led a quiet life at Yokohama. Sandy was known, it is true, to consume in private an incredible amount of spirits; but in public, his behavior was unexceptionable, and no one had ever seen him intoxicated. A few days after his arrival, he had bought one of the rough, ugly little ponies of the country. Those who, for some reason or another, strayed from the beaten paths usually frequented by foreign residents at Yokohama, declared that they had met Young, the pony, and Fred in the most unlooked-for places. The lonely rider, the horse, and the dog appeared, they said, equally lost in deep reverie. Young smoked; the pony, with the reins hanging loose on its neck, walked with his head down, as though it were studying that road of which its master took no heed; while Fred followed close behind, with his dreamy, half-closed eyes fixed on the horse's hoofs. Young never addressed anybody, but returned every salute politely, and, so to speak, gratefully. The Europeans at Yokohama wondered at their quiet fellow-exile; and the Japanese called him *kitchingay* — crazy.

Young rarely remained in town when the weather was fine. He would leave the settlement in the early morning with his two four-footed companions, and not return from his ride till dusk. But if it rained and blew hard, one might be sure to meet him on the *bund* — the street which leads from the European quarter to the harbor. On such occasions Sandy, with his hands behind his back, walked slowly up and down the broad road, with Fred at his heels as usual; though it was evident that the poor, drenched animal did not share his master's enjoyment of bad weather. At intervals Sandy would stop in his walk and watch with apparent interest the boisterous sea and the vessels that were tossing on it. Whenever this happened Fred immediately sat upon his haunches and fixed his blinking eyes on his master's countenance, as though he were trying to

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discover some indication that he was going to exchange the impassable street for the comfortable shelter of his lodgings. If Young stayed too long, Fred would push him gently with his nose as if to wake him out of his day-dream. Sandy would then move on again; but he never went home till the storm had abated or night had set in. This strange, aimless walking up and down gave him the appearance of a man who has missed his railway-train, and who, at some strange, uninteresting station, seeks to while away the time till the next departure.

Young must have brought some money with him to Yokohama, for he lived on for several weeks without seeking employment. At the end of that time, however, he advertised in the *Japan Times* to the effect that he had set up in business as public accountant. In this capacity he soon got some employment. He was a steady, conscientious worker, rather slow at his work, and evidently not caring to earn more than was required for his wants. In this way he became acquainted with Mr. James Webster, the head of an important American firm, who, after employing Young on several occasions, at last offered him an excellent situation as assistant bookkeeper in his house. This offer Sandy declined with thanks.

"I do not know how long I may remain out here," he said. "I expect letters from home which may oblige me to leave at once."

Those letters never came, and Sandy grew paler and sadder every day. One evening he went to call on James Webster. A visit from Sandy Young was such an unusual occurrence that Webster, who, as a rule, did not liked to be disturbed, came forward to greet his visitor. But Sandy would not come in; he remained at the entrance, leaning against the open door. His speech and manner were calm and even careless; and Webster was consequently somewhat surprised to hear that he had come to take leave.

"Sit down, man," said Webster, "and take a soda-and-brandy and a cheroot."

"No, thank you," replied Young. "I leave early to-morrow morning; and I have only just time to get my things ready."

"So you are really going away?" said Webster. "Well, I am sorry you would not stay with us. As it is, I can only wish you good luck and a prosperous voyage."

He held out his hand, which Young pressed so warmly that Webster looked at him with some surprise; and as he looked, it seemed to him that there was moisture in Sandy Young's eyes.

"Why won't you stay?" continued Webster, who felt a curious interest in the sad, quiet man. "The place I offered you the other day is still there."

Young remained silent for a few moments. Then he shook his head, and said gently, "No, thanks. You are very kind, but I had better go. . . . What should I do here? Japan is a fine country; but it is so very small — always the same blue sea, the same white Fusyyama, and the same people riding the same horses and followed by the same dogs. I am tired of it all. . . . You must admit, Mr. Webster, that life is not highly amusing out here."

There was a short pause, after which Sandy resumed, but speaking more slowly and in still lower tones, "I think there must be a typhoon in the air; I feel so weary. . . . I do not think, Mr. Webster, that you can ever have felt as tired as I do. I thought we were going to have a storm this morning. It would perhaps have done me good. This has been a very close, heavy day. . . . Well, good-night, I did not like to leave Yokohama without bidding you good-bye, and thanking you for all your friendliness."

He moved away with hesitating steps; and when he had gone a few paces he turned round and waved his hand to Webster, who was following him with his eye.

"I thank you again, Mr. Webster," he repeated, with almost pathetic earnestness. "I wish you a *very* good night." And so he disappeared into the darkness.

That night a terrific storm burst over Yokohama, but it came too late to revive poor, weary Sandy. He was found dead in his bedroom the next morning, having hanged himself during the night. On the table lay a large sheet of paper with the following words written in a bold hand, "Please take care of Fred."

Nothing was found in Sandy's trunk but some shabby clothes and a bundle of old letters which had evidently been read over and over again. They were without envelopes, dated from Limerick, 1855 and 1856, and merely signed, "Louisa." They were examined carefully in the hope that they might furnish some clue to Sandy's parentage and connections; but they were love-letters — mere love-letters — and contained nothing that could interest any one but poor Sandy himself. There was a frequent mention of a father and a mother in these letters, and it was clear that they had

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not been favorable to the lovers; but who this father and mother were did not appear. Other persons were mentioned, as "Charles," "Edward," "Mary," and "Florence," but their Christian names only were given. In the last letters of October, November, and December 1856, there was constant reference to a certain Frederick Millner, a friend of Sandy's, whom he had, apparently, introduced to his cousin and lady-love. In the first of these letters, Louisa wrote that her mother was much pleased with Mr. Millner, who was a most agreeable and charming companion. In course of time Mr. Millner became "Frederick Millner," then "Fred Millner," "F. M.," and at last he was simply "Fred." Fred had accompanied Louisa and her mother to Dublin, where they had all been much amused. Fred was a capital rider, and at the last meet he had taken the big stone wall behind Hrachan Park, in a style which had excited the admiration of all present. Fred accompanied Louisa frequently on horseback, and she had never had such capital riding-lessons as from him: he understood horses better than anybody, and that ill-tempered "Blackbird" that Sandy had never dared to ride, was as gentle as a lamb with Fred. At the last athletic sports, got up by the officers of the Nineteenth, Fred had thrown the hammer farther than anybody; and would certainly have won the foot hurdle-race likewise, if he had not fallen at the last hurdle. Fred had a beautiful voice; Fred danced well; Fred here, Fred there, Fred everywhere. In the last letter it was said how "poor, daring Fred, had fallen with 'Blackbird' at the last steeplechase and had broken his collar-bone." Yet he did not give up the race, and came in third! "Mother has insisted on his remaining here to be nursed by us till he gets well. He sends his best love, and will write as soon as he is able."

These letters were sealed up and deposited in the archives of the British consulate at Yokohama. Inquiry was made officially at Limerick whether a Mr. Alexander Young and a Mr. Frederick Millner had been known there in 1855 and 1856. In due course of time the reply came, but brought no satisfactory answer to the questions. Alexander Young was quite unknown. A young man, called Frederick Millner, had lived at Limerick at the date mentioned. After bringing shame and sorrow to the daughter of an honored family, he had left the town in secret and had never been heard of since.

As Alexander Young left no property of any value, no further inquiries were made, and he was soon forgotten. He was buried very quietly; and James Webster, the constable of the English consulate, and Fred, alone accompanied him to the grave.

After the funeral the dog returned to Yokohama. For several days he searched anxiously for his master in his old lodgings and near the new-made grave; but he soon became convinced of the fruitlessness of his endeavors, and thenceforward he became, as a Californian called him, "an institution of Yokohama."

Sandy's last wish, "Please take care of Fred," was faithfully attended to. Many of the residents of Yokohama showed themselves ready to adopt the good dog; but Fred did not seem inclined to acknowledge a new master, and testified little gratitude for the caresses bestowed on him. He visited first one and then another of his numerous patrons, and did not object to accompany any of them in turn during a walk or a ride; but no one could boast that Fred was *his* dog. His favorite resort was the club, where, in the evening, all his friends met, and where he usually remained till the last guest left. Then he took up his quarters for the night with one or other of his friends; and hospitality was readily extended to him, for he was both watchful and well-behaved.

A year had thus gone by, when the "Georgina" once more arrived in Yokohama harbor. The captain walking on the *bund* one day, recognized his former passenger Fred, and called to the dog. Fred snuffed at him deliberately, drooped his head, and appeared for a few moments to meditate profoundly. But suddenly he showed the wildest delight, leaped up at the captain and licked his hands, barking and smiling; then started down the street at full speed, and at last returned to take his old place at the heels of his new master. The captain, we have said, was a philosopher: he accepted the adoption as a decree of fate to which he bowed submissively.

One evening, not long after this, the captain was attacked by a party of drunken Japanese officers. Fred sprang at the throat of one of the assailants and would have strangled him, if another of the Japanese had not cut him down with a stroke of his sword. The captain escaped with a slight wound and took refuge in the club, from whence he soon sallied forth with a party of friends to give chase to his foes and try to save his dog. But his brave friend and defender was dead. He was

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buried in the yard of the club-house of Yokohama, where a stone with the inscription, "Fred, 1863," still marks the place where poor Sandy's faithful companion lies.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

COLOR IN PAINTING.

ONE of our greatest art-critics is fond of telling us that there is no such thing as a vulgar color, though there are many vulgar ways of arranging colors. Nobody ever objected to the most brilliant crimson, purple, or orange in a gladiolus, a tulip, or a calceolaria. Nobody ever found the hues of sunset gaudy, or thought the rainbow overdone. The iridescence that plays upon the facets of an opal, the inner surface of a pearly nautilus, or the dewy petal of a rose, never struck the most fastidious eye as glaring, in spite of all its changeful wealth of pink and green and violet. Even among human products we have each of us seen some specimens of Indian or Moorish workmanship, on which the brightest pigments known to man were lavished with an unsparing hand, and yet the total effect was not one of vulgarity, but rather of richness and splendor. Like the gorgeous tropical butterflies, they push color to its furthest admissible extreme, without ever overstepping the limits of perfect good taste. Indeed, it is undeniable that every color in itself, apart from special relations, is beautiful to the majority of human beings just in proportion as it is pure, intense, massive, and brilliant.

Nor do I think that we can doubt the superior æsthetic effect of reds, purples, and oranges over greens, blues, and violets, in the vast majority of cases. Not only do children and uncivilized men prize the pungent hues far more than the retiring ones; but in costume, in festal decoration, and in flower-gardens, almost everybody confesses the same natural preference. It is true that many other considerations come in to mask this original tendency of our nature: fashion or a sense of propriety may make us dress in black or grey, rather than in scarlet or pink; the desire for relief may lead us to gaze with greater pleasure on the blue vault of heaven and the restful verdure of the meadows than on obtrusive masses of red and yellow; an educated revulsion from the excessive stimulation of vulgar furniture — with its crimson satin coverings, its wall-paper ablaze with rose-bunches, and its flare of gilt mirror-frames — may lead the artistic few to delight in the quiet repose of solid grey oak, neutral-tinted papers, and delicate shades of mellow green. Yet these exceptional instances cannot blind us to the general love for ruddy hues. Baby in its cradle jumps at a bunch of red rags. Dinah in the cane-field makes herself lovely with a red turban. The central-African chief is bribed with yards of red calico. Purple and fine linen are the proverbial adjuncts of ancient rulers, from Tyre to imperial Rome. In our own day, the soldier's red coat proves irresistible alike to the nurse-maid in the park and to her mistress in the ball-room. Indeed it is a noticeable fact that men condemned to wear the sombre frock-coat of modern life are glad to seize on every opportunity for donning a brighter and more conspicuous garb. Regimental dances, masonic *fêtes*, Highland games, boating-matches, athletic sports, and fancy balls are all eagerly caught at by our handsome, well-made young men as lucky occasions for the display of something finer than the swallow-tail and white tie of every-day gatherings. The subaltern in his uniform, the master of fox-hounds in his scarlet coat, and the champion sculler in his striped jersey are all representatives of the healthy primitive love for honest red and yellow.

But while we allow that bright colors are in themselves the pleasantest and prettiest of all — for indeed the retiring tints owe most of their beauty to the relief which they afford us from the excessive stimulation of brilliant hues — and while many of us are even beginning to perceive in England that an over-anxious fastidiousness on this point has long deprived us of much innocent pleasure in dress and decoration — I think it possible that almost all our painting (viewed as purely imitative in purpose) is still marked by far too much color, and especially by far too much red, purple, orange, and yellow. I know that to offer any criticism from outside on our artistic public is to stir a nest of hornets, who straightway sally forth to sting the unhappy culprit with many technical phrases and great assumption of obvious superiority. But I must hasten to reassure these irritable gentlemen by stating that I do not propose to deal out any praise or blame in the present paper to any school or person whatsoever. When I speak of over-coloring, I only mean to assert the simple and positive fact that bright hues are to be found in greater proportions on

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the canvas of painters than in the average every-day scenes of external nature or human life. This preponderance of bright hues is due to the fact that our painting, though to a large extent imitative, has still in part a decorative purpose; and I believe, if we look at the matter from an historical point of view, we shall see reason to conclude that decorative and imitative art were originally one and the same; that in the course of ages they have been gradually separating their functions; but that a complete and final separation has not yet been entirely effected. Whether such a separation will eventually take place in the future is a question at which we can only guess with more or less of probability.

I cannot too strongly insist, however, upon the point that my contention is simply historical and not critical. I have no intention of asserting that our painting *ought* to be one thing rather than another, because I do not know any meaning for the word "ought" in æsthetic matters. I am not anxious to swell the ranks of those dogmatic æstheticians, already too numerous, who are perpetually thrusting upon the public their own likes and dislikes, as though they were eternal and immutable laws of objective nature. I wish only to point out a simple positive principle in the past and present development of art, which can be easily verified by any person who takes the trouble to examine the evidence on his own account. At the same time, I must guard against an opposite misapprehension, into which my words might possibly lead an unwary reader. I have not a grain of sympathy with that modern French school who preach to us incessantly that "morality has no place in art." The insolent assumption that a particular trade or profession can set itself above those universal laws which govern all human actions and products would be ridiculous if it were not so dangerous. Right and wrong mean for the artist exactly what they mean for the rest of the world. A work of art which inspires high and noble and sympathetic sentiments is so far good, however poor may be its *technique;* while one which inspires low, vulgar, cruel, or anti-social emotions is so far bad, however exquisite may be its handicraft. The hideous apologies which Théophile Gautier poured forth in favor of bull-fighting and gladiatorial exhibitions; the lurid beauty of Gérôme's masterpieces, "alternating between the sanguinary and sensuous" — these are just as truly bad, in the ethical and only real sense of the word, as the literature and the art of Holywell Street. Even worse, indeed one may say, because their cruelty renders them far more revolting than their licentiousness. From the mere æsthetic standpoint these faults are to be avoided by the highest artist, because the man of refined temperament feels his taste as well as his conscience hurt by them, and the highest art is that which ministers to the most highly-organized natures. So my general statement that right and wrong have no meaning in art must be accepted in the most limited sense; that is to say, in the sense that no absolute *æsthetic* rule can be set up parallel to the absolute *ethical* rule which binds us all in every department of life.

Having thus secured ourselves against misconception on either hand, let us proceed to the historical investigation of our subject.

Painting apparently took its rise long before the discovery of pigments. Almost as soon as man was human, he seems to have employed his nascent faculties in etching rough delineations of his fellows with fragments of bone or chips of flint on any material at once hard enough and loose-textured enough to take a deep scratch. But there is no indication of coloring on these primeval bas-reliefs from the caves of Dordogne, which owe their whole artistic effectiveness to their rough accuracy of imitation. Amongst existing savages, however, color is almost universally employed upon æsthetic products, though it is often obtained by more primitive devices than that of applied pigment. Sometimes red and yellow feathers are gummed together into a rude human face, whose eyes are supplied by pieces of mother-of-pearl, while the teeth are represented by little nacreous shells. In other cases, bits of colored pebble or coral are pressed into the service of the artist to beautify the grotesque features of his staring and grinning god. Almost any natural object which exhibits bright permanent hues is prized by the savage on its own account, and is employed by some dexterous shift to enliven his simple works of statuary. Just as he admires the glitter of gold and silver, the fitful gleam of the pearl, the pure tints of the ruby, the sapphire, and the emerald — just as he collects plumes from the ostrich, the parroquet, and the macaw, or gathers cowries, cones, and wentletraps by the seashore — just as he treasures up scraps of red coral and glistening teeth of his conquered enemy — so he frankly uses these self-same materials to decorate the quaint idols which embody his highest ideal of imitative

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art. So long as the imitation is recognizable, he cares not for appropriateness in the tints he uses, only desiring to produce a brilliant and striking mass of color which may dazzle and delight the eyes of his uncritical fellow-savage.

Wherever the use of pigments is known, we see analogous results. The North American Indians, who have two or three bright primary colors at command, employ them for decoration alone. Their baskets and bows are stained in alternate red and blue; and when they attempt figures or faces they color them for mere brilliancy of effect, with very little regard to the chromatic proprieties of nature. In the ornamental articles which they manufacture by stitching birch-bark with threads of scraped porcupine quill there is some slight approach to imitative coloring; but even this does not go beyond such broad generalities as a blue flower, red fruit, and greenish-yellow leaves. There is no shading, no variety of tint, nothing but a suggestion of conventional color applied indiscriminately to every object which can possibly be described as possessing it. For example, in this stage of art, a "red" cow would be painted in brilliant crimson, and a "blue" sea in the deepest indigo.

If we watch our own children at from four to nine years old, we shall find that they are still at the same point of artistic development. When they are given a paint-box, they set to work at once upon the nursery pictures, and adorn every little girl with a red frock, every boy with a green coat, and every man with a suit of staring yellow or massive blue. They do not care in the least whether the colors they apply resemble anything they have ever seen in real life: they want to *decorate* the pictures with the immediate and sensuously efficient decoration of brilliant pigments. If they make any attempt at imitative coloring, it is in the same rude form as our Indian artist's: they put a patch of scarlet on the cheeks and lips, and they represent blue eyes by a blotch of ultramarine. As for the browns, the greys, the chocolates, the duller greens and yellows of their paint-box, they try them once, vote them "ugly colors," and never use them again.

The picture-books which are printed for their use frankly recognize these facts, and present them with brilliantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, gorgeous flowers and monstrous butterflies, gilded palaces and magnificent furniture to their heart's content. The colors are mostly primary and unshaded; they are applied with no very scrupulous regard to external reality; and they meander somewhat vaguely on either side of the line which ought to form their boundary. But the nursery critic overlooks these technical imperfections if only the hues are bright enough, deep enough, and laid on in big enough masses. "What a lovely book!" is the immediate and heart-felt exclamation, as a staring jumble of discordant pigments is laid open before the delighted eyes of the eager six-year-old recipient.

If we turn away from the savage and the child to our own early mediæval ancestors, we shall find very much the same conception of color as merely decorative and ornamental. The Bayeux tapestry employs wool of every dye to define and mark off its various characters; but there is no attempt at representing the actual shades of life. If one horse is a bright red, his neighbor is a deep blue; if Harold is wrought in pink, William faces him in green. The sole purpose of the coloring is to gratify the eye and to distinguish clearly between adjacent objects. The outlines suggest the scene represented, and the needlework renders it in the most sensuously striking hues.

A little higher up in the scale comes the sort of art which we find in the Egyptian paintings. Here we get color applied with a certain rough accuracy to persons, dresses, plants, and animals. The faces and naked limbs are something approaching Coptic flesh-color; the clothes have a considerable *vraisemblance* of hue; the trees are green; the flowers red, white, and yellow; and the animals dappled or striped after nature. But there is little attempt at shading, while the pigments employed are still few in number and excessively bright in tone. Although color is no longer used for *purely* decorative ends, but is suggested by the natural appearance of the object delineated, it yet subserves indirectly a decorative purpose, and is accordingly intensified far beyond the natural degree.

The early Italian style gives us another step in advance.* I refer, of course, merely to its employment of color, for in other ways no comparison can be insti-

* I need hardly notice the fact that my arrangement is not meant to be in any sense chronological, but simply representative. We may find at the present day almost every stage of art co-existing in one country or another; and the fluctuations of æsthetic development have been so great that the mediæval school is really earlier in point of evolution than the classical school which preceded it. I have accordingly selected from all ages and countries certain typical stages which form an ideally continuous series, never actually exhibited in the history of any one national art.

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tuted between two such different schools as the Egyptian and the mediæval. In its gilded backgrounds, its glittering halos, its serene blue skies, its pale green verdure, its purple, violet, and crimson robes, the early Italian school shows us still a strong love for purely decorative effects. After the lapse of so many years, the brilliant tints of Fra Angelico stand out with startling vividness on their panels even at the present day. But mixed with this mediæval love for gorgeous coloring, we see an increasing anxiety for truthful imitation. The shades of flesh are rendered with considerable skill, and many little touches show a distinct desire to subordinate the decorative to the intellectual element. Nevertheless, on the whole, painting is still a mainly ornamental art in the hands of ecclesiastical decorators. Its principal use is for frescoes, church adornment, or monastic purposes; and it aims more at general brilliant effect in architectural composition than at separate intellectual gratification.

And now, I think, these examples will have made clear the distinction which I wish to draw between imitative and decorative art. Though the process of differentiation has been slow, and is yet incomplete, we can nevertheless see the goal towards which each has been progressing and the sources of pleasure on which it relies. Decorative art, as exhibited in its latest examples — such as the artistic cretonnes, the delicate wall-papers, and the beautiful encaustic tiles which the new æsthetic revival is making familiar to us all — depends for its effect almost entirely on immediate sensuous gratifications; though these are often of a comparatively high order. It gives us abundant visual stimulation by its pure and exquisite colors, harmoniously combined; by its pleasant alternations of light and shade; by its novel tints curiously sought out and effectively disposed. It yields us the highest pleasure of form in its graceful, flowing, and continuous curves; in its lissom sprays of straggling foliage, which nevertheless lead on the eyes unresistingly through their most natural muscular sweep; and in its symmetrical disposition of fruit, and flower, and animal form. But in its purest and most evolved types it never attempts directly to imitate nature. At most it takes a hint from some natural object, which it *conventionalizes*, as we say — that is, renders in symmetrical arrangement and artificial coloring. Its sole object is to give us the largest possible amount of sensuous pleasure, by means of color — simple or combined; and of form — sinuous or symmetrical. If it imitates nature, it does so only incidentally, and it owes nothing to the accuracy of the imitation.

Imitative art, on the other hand, may incidentally afford us similar sensuous pleasures, but in its most developed types it has shown a tendency to rely more and more upon the exclusively intellectual and emotional factors of æsthetic feeling. It takes some object in external nature, and endeavors to represent it on a plane surface, in color, in chiaroscuro, and in perspective. It tries to set the scene before our eyes as nearly as possible in its true lineaments, its actual relations, its total visible aspect. The whole growth of artistic *technique* has been the perfectioning of this process. From the single plane of the Egyptians and the floating background of the Chinese, art has advanced to the scientific perspective of the present European style. From the primary colors of the savage and the brilliant hues of the mediæval artists, it has arrived at the comparatively sombre delineations of modern landscape painters. In doing so, it has become from day to day less decorative and more imitative. It has, to a great extent, given up the attempt to please us by bright primaries, by gilding, by symmetrical arrangement, by curves and wavelines not to be found in nature. It has largely abandoned the purely sensuous gratifications — except so far as these may be really found in the objects which it copies; and it has learned to rely on the intellectual pleasure of skilful imitation, combined to a slight extent with plot-interest and sundry complex emotional feelings.*

Of course we must not suppose that civilized men are less impressible than others by the immediate sensuous pleasures of form and color. On the contrary, they are far more impressible. Our latest modern fictile and textile products are calculated to yield the refined European a much higher pleasure than any which the savage can derive from his simple patches of red and blue paint. By combining, diversifying, and sustaining in due suc-

* I must once more beg the reader to observe that I do not say decorative and imitative art *ought* to differ in these specified ways, but merely that their most developed forms *do*, as a matter of fact, differ in such ways. I must also ask him to understand that I use the words "higher and "lower," as applied to art, with no ethical connotation, but simply as synonymous with "more" or "less developed;" the test of development being, as usual, the degree of differentiation from the primitive form. Right and wrong, in art as elsewhere, can only deal with that which is consonant with or repugnant to our *moral* nature.

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cession the various sense-pleasures, our æsthetic designers have learned how to afford a total of artistic gratification which no repetition of violent stimulants could equal or approach. But while in one direction we have perfected the æsthetic feeling which the savage seeks to arouse by his startling pigments, in another direction we have been endeavoring to perfect the extremely different æsthetic feeling which the savage seeks to arouse by his rude imitation of faces or animal shapes. And we have discovered on our way that the two pleasures, in their highest or most developed form, are practically incompatible. We have found out that we cannot, in one and the same artistic product, enjoy both the accurate delineation of nature, and also the stimulation of colors very much brighter and more pronounced than nature. The result has been that decorative and imitative art have necessarily diverged; and that the one has endeavored to give us sensuous beauty, unconnected with imitation, while the other has aimed at truthful representation, with comparatively little regard for sensuous effect. The last qualifying phrase, however, marks the fact that the distinction between the two has not yet been fully carried out, if indeed it is ever destined to reach completion.

The reason why this distinction has arisen, and has reached its present advanced stage, is clear enough. In every generation the more critical and intelligent have progressively noticed the most striking diversities between the representation and the thing represented, thereby urging on to a closer imitation of nature. At first this impulse would only affect the very widest diversities. A red tree or a yellow sky would soon strike even the early spectator as too utterly incongruous; but an ochre cow or a vermilion cheek would not appear to him absurd. Step by step, however, the drawing would become nearer to truth, and the coloring would approximate to nature, though much more slowly. Down to a very late time, after people have learned to expect correct drawing, they will still put up with very conspicuous and undeniable over-coloring. If we look at a few illustrations, taken up almost at the point where we left off before, we may see how slow is the differentiation between the two forms of art, and how long some tradition of their original unity lingers even in their most advanced stages.

The Japanese fan, which lies before me, hardly lays claim to the rank of an exclusively imitative work. To a great extent its purpose is frankly decorative. In the foreground we have a lady dressed in violet, red, and light blue, feeding a dappled russet fawn. The whole background consists below of a massive field of green, covering by far the largest area in the entire fan. Above, the sky is represented of a clear red, shading off toward the horizon into white, lavender, and violet. A pink-blossomed tree overhangs it to the left, while a red scroll and a few violet figures break the monotonous verdure on the right. As a whole, this composition pleases even a European eye by its careful assortment of harmonies and its agreeable correspondence with the natural chromatic scale. Its inaccuracies of delineation too, though perceived, are forgiven, because we set them down at once as Japanese: we class the object in its proper place as a typical specimen of a partially developed national art. There is a certain quaintness in its very imperfections which in a way attracts us; but the attraction is rather ethnographical and scientific than æsthetic. We like such an object to decorate our mantelpiece or our whatnot, but we do not exhibit it in our galleries. Though its truthfulness of delineation is far above anything which the savage could appreciate, yet when judged by our developed standard of taste, it is seen to have sacrificed too much to mere sensuous stimulation for admission into the strictly imitative class.

A large portion of modern keramic ware — excepting only the latest and most differential specimens — shows us a similar attempt to unite the two modes of æsthetic pleasure. A Sèvres has often a background of pure color, on which is inserted a medallion of white porcelain containing some sort of picture — a bunch of roses, a group of Watteau shepherdesses, or a landscape scene with figures interspersed. The object of the whole vase is decorative, and though the central picture has more or less imitative pretensions, it shares the same purpose as the remainder; a fact which is clearly shown by its bright colors and its intensification of the natural hues which it imitates. Similarly with Dresden statuettes and other quasi-imitative developments of plastic art in its inferior walks. All of them mix up some desire to gratify by brilliant coloring with the original design of imitative effect.

As we pass on to more directly representative art we see the prevalence of decorative coloring almost as conspicuously as before. If we begin at the lowest end

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of the social scale, we find in the cheap German prints which adorn the walls of our peasantry a profusion of reds, purples, blues, and greens, evidently laid on with the principal intention of impressing the eye by a mass of pleasant tints, in the same manner as that employed by the old Egyptian artist. The laborer who buys such a picture wishes to see in it so much likeness to nature as will enable him to recognize its subject, besides finding an appeal to some simple emotion which comes home to his heart in its better or worse moods — baby crowing at the door in its mother's arms, or the huntsman holding up the baffled fox to its snarling and baying blood-enemies; but beyond this, he also demands that his picture shall have abundance of good bright coloring, so as to decorate his whitewashed wall and gratify his native love for pungent visual stimulation. A step above this, we find in the chromo-lithographs of the middle classes one perpetual blaze of golden sunset hues, Italian lakes as blue as gentian, mountain tops tinged with more than Oriental ruddiness, Alpine valleys over which a whole paint-box seems to have got loose indiscriminately, cataracts crowned by crystallized rainbows, and backed up with a solidified firmament of ultramarine. Of course the drawing here is immensely truer than in the German print, while the colors are immensely toned down and shaded off into one another; but the decorative purpose of the pigments is still undeniably conspicuous. Vermilion, carmine, lake, and orange wander at will over sea and sky and mountain. The intention of the lithographer is to strike a compromise; he wishes to keep as true to nature as he can in drawing and shading, but to give the largest consistent amount of coloring which can be combined with approximate accuracy. His products are partly imitative pictures, but they are also partly decorative furniture.

And dare we go on to touch the very ark of art, the water-colors and oil-paintings which hang upon the walls of our academies and exhibitions themselves? It is adventurous to do so; but we must remember that this is a question of positive fact rather than one of taste or of artistic *technique*. The point to be settled is simply this — Do our artists purposely select the brightest-colored subjects, and exhibit them in somewhat intensified tints; and do they do so with a directly decorative intention? I think the question only admits of one answer. We cannot look about us in any art-gallery without noticing the constant choice of brilliant hues and the careful selection of scenes which will admit of their introduction. I am not criticizing this fact; I am simply stating it. Artists doubtless do quite right in representing the scenes which most gratify both themselves and their public; they only begin to do wrong when they try to convince us that their sole object is imitative. At the present stage of art, it cannot be denied that great pains are taken to introduce as much brilliant pigment as possible, without shocking the average sense of imitative propriety current in most of our educated classes. There are two ways in which this object is attained — first, by the choice of bright subjects; secondly, by the gratuitous introduction of colors, not found or only slightly hinted at in the object represented. I shall give a few examples of each.

In landscape, the decorative intention is shown in the constant selection of sunsets, bright skies, hazy atmospheric effects, red and purple tinged clouds, yellow mists, haloes round sun or moon, and other transient phases of light, in preference to the ordinary clear or dull daylight. It is equally conspicuous in the autumnal tints, the masses of purple heather, the blueness of the distant hills, the belted green and violet of the sea, the red and white cliffs which stand out massively in the foreground. We notice it again in the preponderance of Italian, Oriental, or tropical scenes, where brighter colors are admitted with greater readiness by the general public.* We very seldom find a piece of plain green and brown scenery, with a dull bluish sky, on the canvas of a painter; but we know by heart the "Lake of Como," the "Bay of Naples," the "Evening in Seville," the "Street in Cairo," and the "Sunset on Loch Lomond." Few and far between are the grey mountains, the brown gorse, the sombre stream running between dark rocks, the lake which does not mirror on its placid bosom the gay hues of eventide. Of course one finds these sometimes; but not nearly so often as the brighter subjects. Even then, they are generally represented under the influence of a thunderstorm, a mist, an early morn-

* As a matter of fact, I have learned from my own observation and the information of all trustworthy persons, that color is, on the whole, just as common in temperate north European countries as in Mediterranean or tropical climates; but the public generally is still a prey to the delusion of Italian skies and tropical flowers, so that it readily overlooks an amount of coloring on such subjects which it would regard as excessive in a simple French or English landscape.

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ing, or an *effect* of some kind. Now this love for effects is an offspring of the decorative element in art. An effect is an opportunity for more color, for unusual color, for refractive tints of red, yellow, purple, and orange, which do not often crop out in the dispersed light of the noonday sun. Such colors are the most exceptionally bright of any which we ever see in nature, and so they are introduced with a decorative intention in art. Our public — or rather its most cultivated class — has outgrown the stage where it will accept of brilliant hues which have not even a suggestion in the original to justify them; but it seeks for the greatest masses of warm tints which it can ever find in reality, and it demands that they should be transferred to canvas with just a trifle of artistic exaggeration. Why do we so seldom see Lugano at two o'clock of a winter's afternoon, or catch a glimpse of Snowdon on an average British sunshiny morning? Simply because the artist and the public both, not unnaturally, desire to seize them at their brightest and photograph their most adventitious tints in somewhat intensified pigments.

Figure painting shows us an exactly analogous choice of subjects. Our painters ransack the earth for "effective" drapery; for matting, carpets, cloaks, and upholstery; for "local coloring" of a brilliant sort. Moorish and Persian robes, early Italian dresses, Louis Quatorze costumes, Spanish mantillas and jackets, loose Nubian gowns and necklets of coin, Hindoo veils and bangles, adorn half the pieces in the *Salon*. Silk, velvet, slashed doublets, Elizabethan stomachers, bright-colored hose, scarlet uniforms, south-German petticoats, princes in stars, saints in Oriental purple, gipsies in red rags, and cardinals in full canonicals, jostle one another in their gilt frames. Every chance of a brilliant dress is seized with avidity, and the wardrobe of all ages and countries is put under contribution by the modern studios. A painter in search of a subject shows his decorative intention by hunting up a theme which will afford ample opportunities for the use of sensuously efficient pigments.

So much for our first point, the decorative nature of the subjects chosen for imitation. Let us look next at our second point, the introduction, for decorative purposes, of bright color not found in the original.

Lionardo said that a perfect picture should exactly resemble the reflection of its original in a mirror. That is to say, Lionardo wished pictorial art to be purely imitative: or, at least, he said so; for there is sometimes a great difference between artistic profession and artistic practice. Our modern painters often give much the same account of their principles; but every plain, uncritical person knows that they introduce a great deal more color into their imitation than they ever found in nature. I don't blame them for doing so; on the contrary, I see that the public probably wouldn't look at their pictures if it was otherwise, and I praise them accordingly. But I insist strenuously on the positive fact that painters *do* introduce color for decorative effect. I have often stood and watched an artist in the very act of reddening a grey rock. If he is an unusually honest one, he will frankly admit that he does so because that point in his picture requires "warming up;" in other words, wants decorative additions. But he generally endeavors to convince us, on the strength of his abstract imitative theory, that the red tint is there, in spite of the evidence of our own eyes to the contrary. Of course it is just possible that artists may see colors very much more vividly than ordinary people: but that will not account for the discrepancy which ordinary people notice between the original and the copy. If we can't see a faint patch of red in the rock, why should we see it so plainly in the pigment? There is no way out of it. It must be intensified. I acquit the artist of deliberate falsification, but I cannot acquit him of perverse and perverted judgment in refusing to recognize his decorative wishes. Every faint hint of color is exaggerated into undue prominence. Every passing ray of sunlight is made to reveal a bit of bright lichen or faded russet leaf, which is usually merged in the dull brown of ordinary shadow. All the hills are glowing with purple and blue and ruddy pink, where nature generally shows them of a misty pearl-grey. If these devices will not suffice to "warm up" the picture, our artist throws in a bit of extraneous coloring — an old woman in a red cloak, a cow with a rich and glossy brown coat, or a couple of ruddled sheep, in strong contrast to the pale green of the surrounding meadow. Brightness of hue and harmony of coloring are still sought after for their own sake by all our painters, in spite of their constant assertion that their sole endeavor is the imitation of nature.

I cannot too often repeat that I find no fault with all this. Taste in art is simply relative to the likes and dislikes of the in-

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dividual, depending ultimately upon his nervous organization; and I hope to show further on that the present development of our art is the natural and inevitable result of our existing position in time and place. It is absurd to say that artists ought to imitate nature, just as it is absurd to say that a Japanese fan ought to be more correctly drawn. Our painters aim at a mixed effect, partly intellectual through their skill in imitation, partly sensuous through their apt disposition of lines and colors. The one pleasure is just as legitimate as the other; and the only mistake that can be made is the positive one of denying the actual presence of decorative elements in existing pictorial art.

I will put a crucial instance, however, as artists — not quite recognizing their partially decorative intention — are rather slow to acknowledge that nature does not really contain all the color which they throw into it. If we wish to choose a summer resort for our holiday, where shall we go to see what it is really like? The very worst representation we can get (because the most incorrect) will be one of those flaring picture advertisements which we find upon the walls of railway stations. Its object is all but simply decorative; it lavishes the brightest pigments in the most impossible situations; it gives us absolutely snowy chalk cliffs, inexpressibly purple sea, and wonderfully pea-green meadows. Except that it does not probably falsify the main natural features in their general outline quite beyond recognition, it is useless for purposes of practical information. Next in order of unlikeness to nature comes the quasi-artistic chromolithograph. This gives us a few more intermediate colors, and a little better drawing; but it still sheds a wealth of primary tints over the scene which no human eye ever met in its waking hours. We feel at once that this, too, is quite untrustworthy as a guide to the reality. We turn to a water-color or an oil-painting, and we find to some extent in the latter and much more in the former that color is still bestowed with a generosity far exceeding the niggardly measure of nature. We really can't say whether the place itself will be pretty or not. We see a very beautiful and artistic representation, in correct drawing and perfect perspective, with a glow of color that affords immediate gratification to the eye; but we feel that it is an idealization, not a copy. Again, we take up the local guide-book, and when we find a woodcut or engraving giving us a view of the neighborhood, we are conscious that we tread at once on firmer ground. Of course the details have been exaggerated and the beauties artificially heightened, but the misleading element of color is wanting, and we know that the lines of contour cannot very widely diverge from the reality. Last of all, we get a photograph, "limned by the unerring sun," and we know with certainty what manner of place we have to deal with. Though the colors of nature are omitted, we yet find it far easier to read them into the outline before us from our general experience than to read out the idealized tints from the picture of the artist. If the photograph is not absolutely truthful, it is at any rate through no intention of falsifying or flattering that it goes astray. The sun never tries to make a pretty picture.

"So a photograph, then, is your highest ideal of imitative art!" says the critic, with that serene sneer of sarcastic inquiry for which he is so distinguished. By no means, because it is not art at all. It is merely the perfection of mechanical imitative representation, with the true element of color omitted. But it serves to bring out the decorative nature of our existing art in a very simple and conspicuous manner. Our pictures are not colored photographs, and we don't wish them to be so.

There is another criticism, however, which many people will be eager to bring forward. The admirers of the early water-color painters and their allies will say — "But you do not find these strong colors in Crome, in Girtin, in the early Turners, in David Cox." True perhaps: it is hard to say, since one must make great allowances for fading. But in any case, the example of one or two isolated names is not sufficient. All that I mean to assert is this — that nearly every existing development of art unites more or less the imitative and the decorative elements. In one instance you may find a greater preponderance of the one, and in a second instance of the other; but taking our art all round, you will find everywhere a decorative purpose still distinctly recognizable. Having arrived at this conclusion with such unanimity as may be attainable, let us go on to inquire into its origin and probable future.

There are two ways of reasoning upon æsthetic matters, by the objective and by the subjective method. The first proceeds by watching the average likes and dislikes of men generally, or of a particular nation, age, or clique, and then endeavoring to account for them on general or special

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psychological grounds. The second proceeds by watching your own personal likes and dislikes, accounting for them transcendentally to your own satisfaction, and then dogmatically asserting their absolute truth and moral superiority to everybody else's taste. In spite of the example afforded by many distinguished critics, I prefer to follow the former method of inquiry.

If we glance rapidly at the development of art in all times and places, we shall see that it has everywhere largely depended upon the prior stages already attained. There has never been a sudden leap from one style to another. The taste of each generation has been formed upon the artistic products of those which preceded it; and no single individual has ever departed very widely from the general practice of his predecessors. An Assyrian never sat down before a living model to study chiaroscuro, nor did a Chinaman ever take his easel afield to construct a system of natural perspective. The taste of each was on the whole sufficiently gratified, and his critical scruples sufficiently met, by the average workmanship of his countrymen and contemporaries. No Zeuxis ever arose at Memphis; no Raffaelle ever sprang up suddenly amid the conventional artists of Byzantium. Cimabue led on to Giotto, and Giotto to the great painters of the Renaissance: but each change was introduced by slow and tentative degrees, or it could never have been introduced at all. The North American Indians who ask what has become of the other half in a profile, the negroes who object that a man in the foreground is bigger than a house at a hundred yards' distance, would not appreciate the sudden introduction of pictures representing every object in its real visible relations of position and magnitude. A mediæval critic would find our modern paintings dull and sombre; he would miss the brilliant tints and abundant gilding of his own school. A gamekeeper prefers the German print to the exquisite landscapes in the gallery of the castle.

Accordingly, the explanation of our existing stage in art-development is to be found in the circumstances of our place in the world's history. A differentiation has been going on for ages in a comparatively steady direction, and at a moderately even rate, though subject of course to those minor fluctuations which inevitably arise everywhere from the unequal incidence of surrounding energies. The point which we have now reached in this differentiation is just one step ahead of that which we occupied yesterday, and just one step behind that which we shall occupy to-morrow. There may be a little reaction here, a somewhat accelerated rate of progress there; but, on the whole, the art of every nation and epoch exactly answers to the general sociological development of that race and period.

And what are the factors of our own position at the present day? We are the inheritors of all the knowledge and skill of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Italy, the Renaissance, the modern world. We are not, as we hope and believe, at a period of decline and retrogression. We are going forward on the same general lines of progress as those which have raised us to our present height. But we are not suddenly and unaccountably transcending all prior experience and all earlier methods. Our science is built on the foundations of Galileo, and Newton, and Boyle, and Cuvier; our intellects are nourished on the thoughts of Plato, and Cicero, and Pascal, and Kant; our ethics are based upon the long traditions of Christianity and the slowly improving experience of past generations. So, too, our art-constructiveness and our art-criticism are the results of a long line of previous developments. The tastes and opinions of our artists and our artistic public upon æsthetic matters are largely formed upon the models of past years; though they also diverge from those models just so far as is necessary for the continuous stream of æsthetic evolution. The work of each generation is based on the teaching of the last, which it usually slightly improves, and hands on the improvement to its successors.

Now our modern art is derived, through the Renaissance, from the mediæval and classical schools. Ever since the early Italian revival, there has been, on the whole, a constant tendency for art to become more and more imitative, less and less decorative. Whatever may have been the practice of painters, they have always set forth as their theoretical principle the direct imitation of nature. The intellectual pleasure of accurate representation has gained ground daily over the sensuous pleasure of direct chromatic stimulation. But the tradition of the older schools has not yet wholly died away, nor is the artistic public prepared to let it die away. The critical principle that art *ought* to be more beautiful than nature is still tacitly held, though not always openly expressed, by most of our painters and critics. In other words, art of such a sort is more pleasing to them than any other. The habits of

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their teachers and fellows, combined with the natural love for bright hues, make them prefer pictures with just so much extra coloring as we ordinarily see. More than this would offend their critical and intellectual tastes, because they have learned from their predecessors to expect a close adherence to the probabilities of nature: less than this they would regard as sombre and gloomy, because they still demand decorative effect, under the names of *warmth* and *harmony*.

Indeed, the whole controversy of realism and idealism in art is to a great extent a difference of opinion as to the imitative or decorative intention of painting. The idealists are those who would to some extent subordinate the former to the latter. The realists are those who prefer the intellectual to the sensuous and emotional element. Of course other considerations also intervene; but on the whole, the idealist is the champion of combined sense-pleasure and accurate delineation, while the realist is the champion of pure imitative skill. The one is just as right as the other, because each knows what pleases himself; and in art, whose sole province is that of pleasing us, there cannot possibly be any other test of right than each man's individual taste.

The general conclusion at which we have arrived is therefore this. In our present art there is very little pure imitative work which is not more or less mixed up with decorative additions. For many ages these two styles of art have been differentiating; but they have not even now become absolutely distinct. Decoration still borrows the forms of flowers, foliage and human features, though it conceals their lineaments by conventional treatment. Imitative art still employs color for decorative purposes, though it endeavors to use it as closely as possible after the fashion of nature herself in her warmer moods. Both the artist and the public demand this union, though they will not always confess it; and they would not be satisfied with a rigorously realistic representation of the exact colors found in the dullest natural scenes. We insist upon this particular amount of decorative intermixture and no other, because more coloring would shock our intellectual perception of similarity, while less would disappoint our expectation of sensuous stimulation.

Will the differentiation which has reached this point ever attain a higher stage? Will the imitative element ever be banished from ornament, and the decorative element from painting? This is a difficult and a prophetic question upon which a great deal may be said from either side.

On the one hand it may be urged that the progress in either direction has been steady and regular during a vast period of past development; and it may seem unlikely that so uniform a movement should cease just at its present point. Under our very eyes we see a considerable step in the same path being taken both by ornament and by painting. Pottery and textile fabrics are beginning to discard the bunches of flowers, the landscapes, the figure pieces of former industrial art. Decorators are preaching loudly that "good taste" demands of all products not absolutely imitative that they should be entirely decorative. In needle-work, where nature cannot be represented with accuracy, the rulers of our artistic world are fast gravitating towards conventional patterns and artificial harmonies of tint: the shaded mosaic work of tiny square patches which used to cover so many yards of canvas is giving way to crewel-stitch and uniform coloring. In keramic art, the rich hues and beading of Renaissance pottery are displacing the floral ornamentation and landscape scenes of the last half-century. In house furniture, a distinguished knot of artistic designers have introduced wall-papers and cretonnes on which diapered patterns, exquisite twining tracery, and powerful yet delicately-blended colors are substituted for the scattered pictures which covered our walls and our sofas until yesterday. The public is beginning to draw a hard and fast line on this side between imitation and decoration, and to expect that wherever ornament is borrowed from natural forms it shall be so conventionalized and adapted as to show at once its decorative intention. Instead of real flowers and leaves in brilliant bunches on a white background, our æsthetic purveyors now tickle our eyes with continuous patterns of richly-toned foliage, blossom, and fruit, rendered in symmetrical order and graceful curves, on a ground of some relieving and restful neutral tint. In short, the present tendency of decorative art is to become more distinct than ever from imitative painting.*

* Let me again warn the reader against the notion that any objective goodness or badness is asserted concerning this movement. It is a fashion which pleases me personally, and which, like many others, I am glad to follow; but it is none the less a fashion, not a principle or expression of objective truth. All art is good or bad relatively to the individual alone. To ask another man to conform to one's own standard of taste is in effect asking him to get himself a new nervous system.

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Nor can I doubt that, on the whole, of late years, imitative art has simultaneously been growing less decorative and confining itself more strictly to the rigorous copying of nature. Individual instances there may be to the contrary; but most visitors to our exhibitions will probably agree that a more sober and immediately imitative style of coloring has been gradually growing both in the practice of painters and the estimation of connoisseurs. The movement towards differentiation is apparently affecting painting in the same way as it affects ornament, though doubtless to a less degree.

On the other hand, many plausible arguments may be brought against the probability of an ultimate and complete differentiation, at least within any reasonable forecast of future time. It may be said that while developed ornamental art has rejected, or is now rejecting, all direct imitation, it has always retained some likeness to animal and floral forms, however much disguised by conventional adaptations. There does not seem to be any reason why it should not continue in future to base itself upon these natural shapes, even if it take hitherto unexampled pains in asserting their purely suggestive character. So too, in the case of painting, it may be reasonably affirmed that the sensuous love for brilliant color is a more primordial and deeply-seated element of our æsthetic nature than the intellectual love for accurate imitation. It may easily happen, therefore, that even when the pleasure of direct chromatic stimulation has been minimized in imitative art, there will still remain a remnant to bear witness forever to its originally decorative nature. It seems hard to believe that painters will ever cease from choosing for their themes the most exceptionally brilliant scenes of the external world. It would appear natural enough to suppose that we should always most represent what pleases us most in its presentative form.

Perhaps an intermediate course will be the one actually taken in the future development of art. A more exacting and critical eye in coming generations may demand a stricter adherence to the coloring of nature in landscape and portrait, while it may retain somewhat of the older brilliancy in purely ideal pieces. There is little likelihood of any ascetic rejection of color on its own account. But when the rising æsthetic school have reformed our houses in accordance with their own taste, it may perhaps happen that the public will find color enough in its decorative appliances, and only demand the intellectual pleasure of accurate imitation in its pictorial art. There will perhaps be sensuous stimulation sufficient for every eye in the encaustic tiles, the wooden parquets, the oaken wainscoting, the rich carpets, the deeply-tinted dados, the light and brilliant wall-papers, the delicate table-covers, the chintzes, curtains, cushions, banner-screens, and antimacassars; and it may become a pleasant relief to rest the vision and fix the attention upon a landscape or a figure painting in gentle and natural colors. Pictures might then cease to do double duty as art-products and decorative furniture. Landscape might become greyer and more truthful; historical paintings might grow less theatrical and more realistic; while general figure subjects might be chosen with less reference to costume and coloring than is at present the case.

However this may be, it is important to remember that art in every stage is exactly adapted to its public and its professors. The stage which we have actually reached is at each moment the one which we are best able to appreciate. In art, whatever is is right; because to be right is merely to please one's public. I trust, therefore, that no reader will misunderstand my meaning and suppose that I would blame artists for the decorative coloring which I cannot help seeing in their work. I merely point out *that* it is there, and *why* it is there. Further than this no philosophic critic can go. To say that it is right or wrong is merely to say that the critic himself admires or dislikes it; a purely personal point which can very seldom be of any general interest to the outside world. Given an object and its representation, any man can decide upon the positive question whether or not, and how much, the copy reproduces the original. But no man can decide dogmatically just how much resemblance and how much decorative deviation other people ought to admire. It is the business of the critic to point out beauties or failures as he conceives them: it is the province of the psychological æsthetician to account for the average likes and dislikes of others as he finds them.

G. A.

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From The Contemporary Review.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE ROMANTIC REACTION.*

Is a strong attraction for a particular writer an advantage or a disadvantage in the attempt at an appreciation of his genius? Could the answer be received as disinterested, we would boldly avow the first view as our own. A strong literary partiality may disqualify the student of literature for any proportionate estimate of the particular mind which has fascinated him, but we cannot but consider it an adequate compensation for all limitation in critical power, that it lights up for him what is actually there. However, any expansion of this view would be a most unbecoming as well as impolitic prelude to a literary attempt of which it is the main justification. We will not provoke sceptics to question our vantage-ground by a preliminary *éloge* of its strength. We will rather frankly admit that whatever critical advantage lies in an impartial position must be at once disclaimed here. The beginning of our century was one of those wonderful literary eras which stand out like glowing Alpine peaks in any review of history; and we do not advance for our poet the claim that in that group to which its splendor is owing his figure is predominant. But could we, for our own part, recall one of those who made the time what it was, the poet who should be summoned back to a world he was not loath to quit should be Walter Scott. Doubtless we might revive a better man and a better poet in Wordsworth, a far keener genius in Byron, a deeper thinker in Coleridge, a more subtle spirit in Shelley. Yet in none of these do we find that indescribable delightfulness of nature which mingles like a perfume with the utterance of genius, blending our admiration for the creation and the creator, and making us doubt whether we love the writer for the sake of his work, or the work because it recalls the writer. Perhaps it is not thus that we feel towards absolutely the first-rate creations of genius. A dramatic genius, if perfect, is self-effacing. But, this concession made, we would ask if the sense of contact with a robust and spirited nature, distinct with absolute simplicity, and graceful in its frank modesty — if this is not to be taken into account in judging of works which would stand high on their own merits? Of how many men of genius could you say what nobody, we suppose, would deny of Scott? How many modest men of genius has the world known? How many, of whom you could say that they were emphatically *men?* No one would have had so much excuse for the failings of genius, for no genius ever before met with such universal recognition and such solid recompense. And yet he — the most lionized of men — never, so far as we can see, allowed a taint of vanity or egotism to mar the genial frankness of his attitude to all the world. There are, no doubt, many men of genius of whose personality we do not gain a sufficiently distinct glimpse to discern either the presence or absence of modesty, but to feel at once that a man is pre-eminent in intellect, and that he is modest, is a literary experience belonging, we should say, almost exclusively to the readers of Sir Walter Scott.*

"That may have been an important fact to his friends and dependents," the reader may perhaps object, "but it is nothing to those who know him only through his books." This seems to us a delusion. The thing that showed itself in Scott's character as kindness to the insignificant and the lowly,— exaggeration of the powers of others, and depreciation of his own, — showed itself in his intellect as that perfect simplicity which is one of the finest characteristics of his genius. It is simplicity which gives his style both its rapidity and its pathos. He moves unencumbered by his own personality. We cannot say this of any of his great contemporaries. We are not denying that in some respects their interest for us depends upon the fact that we cannot say it. Their pictures of nature and of life are often made more interesting by the presence of an interesting personality. Still this particular charm is his more than theirs. To find Scott's peer in simplicity, we must go to the kings of the poetic world, and set him by the side of Shakespeare and Homer. We need hardly add that it is only in this single quality we make such a claim for him, but in this we make it fearlessly. The simplicity of the poet is as perfect as was the modesty of the man.

We dwell at length upon this quality in Scott because in the charming little volume which has called forth these remarks, *pride* is singled out as the distinguishing

* *Scott.* By RICHARD H. HUTTON. (*English Men of Letters.* Edited by JOHN MORLEY.) London: Macmillan & Co.

* "Not being endowed with the talents of Burns or Chatterton," he begins his autobiography, "I have been delivered also from their temptations." It is impossible to suspect him of affectation, even were affectation probable in a fragment of self-description, only to be read after the writer's death.

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note of his character. Not standing on the level of our poet, we must not imitate him in saying that "we do not write for that dull elf" who imagines any distinction of contrast between pride and modesty; but we will venture to assert that they are much more often found together than apart. The man who is modest on his strong side is generally proud on his weak side. Take the first reserved, manly, sensitive person you meet, and it is a chance which of the two words you will be inclined to use in describing him. The sense of personal honor and that reticence which guards it may be expressed almost equally by either; and if self-suppression does not imply a low estimate of self, it always resembles and sometimes produces it. In the case of Sir Walter Scott, the two things, we believe, were mutually cause and effect.

In saying that Scott was singularly free from the faults of genius, we do not mean that he was faultless. He had great faults as a man, and these, like his great virtues, colored his genius and leave their trace on his works. Of the worldliness in his character we think Mr. Hutton speaks too mildly. It seems the main aspect that attracted the notice of Scott's great countryman, and impressed itself on the only attempt at an appreciation of the northern singer by an equal, if not a superior. From Carlyle's review of Scott we should suppose him to be a mere manufacturer of well-paid literary luxuries for the fashionable and indolent, — a varnisher of antique trash made, according to the facetious tale, to sell, — a mere lover of the world's high places and clever earner of the needful means of winning them. Such an estimate, proceeding from such a man, is a cruel blow to a great reputation, and it is no small part of the satisfaction we have had in the little book before us (which we have with utter astonishment seen criticised as repeating the estimate against which we welcome it as a protest) that it indicates a return in general feeling from the most exaggerated reaction commemorated in that review. But to protest against any injustice with effect we must recognize the fibre of truth, apart from which injustice has no coherence. Scott's was, we have said, eminently a manly nature. Everything about him is manly, whether we take that word in its nobler or in its more conventional sense. And the more manly a character is, the more handles the world finds in it. Courage, decision, spirit, self-control, are qualities which all men appreciate. They are the instruments of successful action; the ladders by which the high places of the world are scaled. To be richly endowed with all that worldly men most prize and honor, and yet to be "unspotted by the world," is not impossible; but we must never expect to be able to say as much of one to whose other difficulties were added the tremendous temptations of genius. For while the manly nature supplies the soil where worldliness will grow, we may be very sure that the domain of genius is not unvisited by the winged seed, so swift to settle, so inconceivably hard to uproot. It is not less tempting to the son of a solicitor to become a baronet, a laird, and the founder of a family, because he is also a man of genius. When men of genius are indifferent to these things, they are more indifferent than other men. Wordsworth would have cared nothing for them, and so would Mr. Carlyle himself. On the other hand, when a man of genius does care for them, he cares more than most do. There is more imagination to reflect every object of desire; there is a greater variety of intellectual channels, and these deeper and wider, for all satisfaction to fill. Mr. Carlyle speaks of Scott's "vulgar worldliness" as if he had been a citizen of London aspiring to move from the east to the west, to see his name in the *Morning Post* at the tail of a list of dukes, to eat French cookery off gold plate, and have his wife's horses noted in the park. It is not just thus to confuse different shades even of what is contemptible. Worldliness it was, no doubt, to find his stimulant to literary activity in the hope of founding a line of Scotts of Abbotsford, but it was not exactly the same thing as if he had made it an object of ambition to live in Grosvenor Square. One great Scotchman might, in judging another, have made more allowance for what was national in his weakness. He whose nature vibrated to the touch of the past, may he not be judged more lightly for greed, if we must call it so, that reaches forward to the future? If his genius was steeped in images of grandeur, and the clans of Scotland were to find in him a singer who has made their dialect and their manners familiar to many generations, may he not find some excuse for having tried to set up his tawdry imitation of the antique Scottish home he has made familiar and dear to us all? It is easy to sneer at his stucco panellings, his scraps of armor and antique furniture, his bran-new castle, redolent of upholsterers' bills. The same imagination that revived a buried past invested all these things with the dignity of

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a distant future. Edgar Quinet has imagined Homer creating the "Iliad" from some fragment of half-buried masonry, revealing to him a half-buried past to be peopled by his genius. The Cyclopean ruin, according to the brilliant Frenchman, gave the hint which a great genius, helped by vague tradition, developed into the tale of Troy divine. That seems to us a transplantation of modern growth to the soil of antiquity; but something like it was true of the poet who has some few but striking characteristics in common with Homer. And though it is a long way from a hoary ruin recording in its scars the tale of a fierce and stormy past to the bran-new trumpery of Abbotsford, still between the spirit that loves the one and creates the other there is the connection that exists between any right and healthful feeling and its distortion. If Scott could have been content with his position in the world of imagination and thought, if he had craved no tangible, material expression of his link to the far-away, he would not only have been a greater man, he would have been a far happier, a far more prosperous man. Ah! how paltry, how impotent, appear the objects of worldly ambition when they are seen with the reverted eye! But we must not allow this discernment, overwhelming as it is, to blind us to the ready alliance of these allurements with what is excellent. All that was good in Scott allied itself with the desire to be a holder of Scottish land. His genial hospitality, his sympathy alike with high and low, his love of the careless, free, open-air life, and his intense feeling for nature — all, in short, that gives charm to his writing, arrayed itself on the same side as vulgar ambition. Few of us are capable of measuring the danger of that alliance. Few can estimate the promise of the tempter when he whispers, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Only once in the world's history, we believe, was that promise heard, adequately comprehended, and entirely rejected.

Carlyle's harsh estimate, we must remember, was written before he had seen the last touching volume of Lockhart's life of his father-in-law. That noble and pathetic struggle with disease and poverty could not, we think, leave the severest condemnation unsoftened towards him who "still with the throttling hands of Death at strife," struggled to pay off a load of debt, and broke down under the gigantic effort. But the judgment, to which the unswerving desire is as the successful achievement, set a seal of acceptance on his patient struggle. To Scott, in the mental weakness of incipient brain disease, was granted by a merciful Heaven the delusion that the hard work was over and the load of debt paid. We almost feel as if we ought to share this delusion; or, at least, in reviewing those years of solitude, of dreary, desolate effort, of the occupation which from a delight had become a torment, the enchanter's rod turned to a scourge, the only words that express our sense of a great spiritual victory are, "He hath received at the Lord's hand the double (*i.e.*, according to the true reading, the adequate punishment) for all his sins."

We cannot trust ourselves to dwell on those last years of one whose nature seemed formed for joy. But it is a weak shrinking. He was spared the awful fate of impunity. He was granted the privilege accorded by Heaven to its favored sons, of expiating all that was weak and unworthy by painful struggle — of exhibiting, side by side, the fugitive nature of those things for which he had striven and the enduring reality of that which he had gained almost unsought. High and low brought their tribute to his death-bed alike. "Do you know where he is lying, sir?" asked a poor man of Allan Cunningham when Scott lay dying, as if there were only one "he" in London; and the vessel which bore him to a milder clime, too late to revive his exhausted frame, was supplied by a government to which he was hostile. "The glory dies not, and the pain is past."

We ought not, perhaps, to wonder that the temptations of worldliness should fail of their due allowance from one who has never shown any capacity for feeling them. But when we turn from Mr. Carlyle's judgment of the intellectual status of his great countryman, we own ourselves as little satisfied as with his moral judgment. An intelligent Frenchman or German wishing to gain some knowledge of English literature, and studying for that purpose the "Miscellanies" of our great critic, would, we imagine, come to the conclusion that it was mere waste of time for any one who wished to disentangle only what is permanent from what calls itself literature, to make himself acquainted with Scott. "It was not," our investigating foreigner might conclude, as he closed the article Mr. Carlyle wrote for the *Westminster Review*, — "it was evidently not an outburst of any original or spontaneous genius which attracted so much attention. Scott translated Götz von Berlichingen, and, finding that pictures of mediæval life were attrac-

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tive, went on copying cleverly what he had studied, and giving the English world unlimited doses of Götz and water, which rapidly became weaker and weaker. If his clever seasoning and the thirst of the time supplied an eager demand for the manufacture during his lifetime, it would clearly be a waste of time to taste it now." This imaginary decision embodies an honest attempt to put the effect of Carlyle's article into a few words, and we would ask any one who even glances at reviews, if it would not be an enormous mistake? There are a great many writers much deeper and more subtle than Scott whom a student of English literature might neglect with far less loss. It is dangerous, perhaps, to bring a comparison into one's own time, but we should venture to say that, from this point of view — not that of the lover of poetry, but that of the student of poetry as the interpreter of English life — a reader had much better leave the works of Tennyson unread, than those of Scott. The flower may be far more exquisite, but the plant is not in the same degree a characteristic of the soil. We do not imagine the future historian of the Victorian age will turn much to any contemporary poet to illustrate the reign which forms his subject. He may extract Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, which rather illustrates the past than the present, and there may be one or two other pieces which would come in well enough to give a picturesque touch to some part of his narrative, but his treatment of the literary part of his subject will be curiously separate from the rest; and in the case of one who, according to our own view, is the greatest English poet of the last generation, the historian will look in vain for any point of contact whatever with the political and practical life of commonplace men. This is remarkably untrue of all the great English poets whose youth was contemporary with the French Revolution, and we do not think it would be so untrue of any as of Walter Scott. It was not that his allusions to contemporary events are particularly interesting. For our own part we can never get through "The Vision of Don Roderick;" and the monody on the death of Pitt and Fox, which seemed the most exquisite poetry in the world when read by a child about halfway between the present date and that of its being written, reveals, on a mature re-perusal, a good deal that we must confess to be somewhat trite. No, it is not his allusions to the men and events of the day that make Scott an interpreter of the life of his day. It is his sympathy for a past suddenly become remote; it is the part of his nature that vibrated to an order of things doomed, indeed, everywhere to perish by more or less gradual decay, but which the great crash of the French Revolution banished with a sudden clamor of hatred and outcry that attracted the attention of the world, and, breaking up all other lines of division, arrayed the nations in hostile ranks according to the fears or the hopes roused by the new-born democracy of France.

We may measure its influence by turning for a moment to one on whose character and work that great convulsion set an indelible mark. A young contemporary and countryman of Scott hailed the dawn of that new day with no common joy. The ring of his spear on the shield of the noblest of English statesmen, driven in his old age by this new and terrible issue into the ranks of the retrograde party, attracted every ear, and roused the generous friendship of his opponent. The "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" remains as an illustration of Wordsworth's lines, —

> Bliss was it in that day to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

It commemorates the hopes, the tremulous, exaggerated anticipations, the terrible and crushing disappointments, of those who looked to this new era as the coming of the kingdom of heaven. One in whose veins flows the blood of Mackintosh cannot think without emotion of the strange stamp of irresolution, of hesitation, of dread of the absolute which that mighty disappointment set on his whole subsequent career, how the whole day's work was affected by the morning's dream, and when his evening came it closed on the incomplete work that marks the uncertain choice, and commemorates the glowing and passionate hopes to which history had given the lie. Before Napoleon by a blunder congratulated the wrong man on having written "the unanswerable answer to Burke," that answer had become a sad record of the fallacy of these hopes; and ever after, as it seems to his descendant, their recollection haunted him who that once, and never again, thought the issues of history exhibited the contrasted influences of Ahriman and of Ormuzd, who in his whole subsequent life exhibited the weakness and the strength of an anxious, perhaps an exaggerated, desire to keep justice unwarped by sympathy.*

* The above is the substance of an unfinished essay on the life of Mackintosh by one whom the world will never be able to appreciate, but whom the present

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It will not, it is hoped, be taken as a mark of personal feeling in the present writer to have introduced into an essay on the genius of Scott the name of one who was Scott's most assiduous visitor in the last sad visit to London,* when the sands of life were low for both, and the sense of a last parting just at hand touched every meeting with its solemnity, its tenderness, and its calm. They had taken different sides in the great dividing questions of the day, and their intercourse had been rare. But in that hour of dim sadness their very divergence became a bond, and Mackintosh, welcome for many reasons, was not the less welcome because he lured away the thoughts of his old friend into those green paths where politics cast no blight, and where each might feel, in the words of Scott's epitaph on Fox,

> If ever from the British heart,
> Oh *now* let prejudice depart,

and leave the hearts of two noble Scotchmen open to the binding and permanent interests from which none were more able than they to draw consolation and hope, even on the very edge of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The great movement of which the French Revolution forms the political summit has many sides, and an attempt to appreciate the genius of Scott demands a hasty glance at each. It implies — although in connection with that great event we can hardly say it exhibits — a new interest in individual life, a new respect for idiosyncrasy, and a minute and delicate appreciation for shades of character, both national and personal. Its tendency to develop sympathy with the lowly and obscure, though in reality only a part of the first-mentioned influence, is far more obvious, and is indeed but the literary side of modern democracy. On the other hand, a large part of its influence, and that which most concerns a critic of Sir Walter Scott, is to be traced in the reaction in favor of all that democracy undervalues and obliterates. The feudal past was never loved as it was just before France forever cast away all traces of feudalism. And finally — for a summary of such a movement crowded into such a space must be confined to these bare hints — it exhibits a peculiar love and reverence for nature, in every sense of that vague word, most obviously in the simple outward sense in which alone a critic of Scott need consider it, but also in other shades of meaning more disputable and subtle, though probably, if their import were well weighed, not less valid. However, we have nothing to do with the last, and only mention that aspect of the movement because these other shades of meaning are so important that, even when they are not relevant, it is impossible to approach the subject without naming them.

Scott shows some trace of almost all these tendencies. But if we had to condense into a single phrase the part of this mighty movement embodied in his genius, we should say that that genius was animated by the sympathy with chivalry that was created by its death-blow. Such a summary omits so much that it must throw some undue importance on what it selects; we seem to pass over Scott as what he was so eminently, the painter of nature, and even to deny what he was not less eminently, the painter of humble life. Still we believe it states the most important thing about him. We must always be very careful not to confuse the spirit which admires a particular character with that character itself. Very often they are exactly opposite. The love of chivalry was, in Scott's mind, a love of the past. Of course it was quite unlike any feeling men could have known while that past was present. Nothing is more unlike the feeling of childhood than the feeling with which we revisit the scenes of childhood. Nothing is so unlike the spirit of the men who built castle or abbey as the spirit which delights to trace and restore their ruins. "I have never," says Scott himself, "been able to gain a good idea of a battle from a soldier;" and we have heard of a soldier who professed himself quite unable to recognize anything describing his own experience in the despatches recording an engagement in which he had taken part. The spirit that moves men to action is not the spirit that enables them to review action. No doubt Scott would have made a noble knight, a noble soldier. But then he would not have been the Walter Scott we know. If he could have *lived* his ideal he would not have *written* it. His genius, we may say, would not in that case have existed.

The description given above might perhaps be objected to on chronological grounds; we may be thought to antedate the feeling of which we make Scott the

writer can never lose an opportunity of naming with an undying gratitude and regret — Alexander John Scott.

* *I.e.*, during Scott's last visit to London, in 1830. "Sir James's kind assiduity," says Lockhart, "was the more welcome, that his appearance banished the politics of the hour on which his old friend's thoughts were too apt to brood." Lockhart was not too much inclined to give any tribute to Sir James Mackintosh.

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representative. We may be reminded that he was a staunch opponent of the triumphant Washington when he had scarcely ceased to find his dearest playfellows in the lambs on his grandfather's farm; and if the enthusiasm of the young politician should be set aside as worthless (which for our part we should not allow), there is plenty of indication throughout Scott's youth * of the strong bent of his sympathies, while as yet the floods had not descended or the waves beat, and the house that was soon to fall with a mighty crash seemed founded on a rock. But we must never think of that or any other great event in history as something unpreluded through years when our ear marks no announcing chord; a finer organ or a more attentive listener would be prepared for the crash of sound — harmonious or discordant according to our sympathies — which announces a new movement in the great symphony of the ages. Chesterfield's celebrated prophecy dates from the middle of the century which closed with its fulfilment, and the assertion that in 1753 "all the symptoms I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions exist and increase in France" is one of many proofs that the eighteenth century was above all a preparation for the French Revolution. Throughout all that period men were unconsciously ranging themselves for a great conflict. More or less we fix every one's position by the question — Did he advance or did he resist the principles of the Revolution? It is true many, in our own country perhaps most, of those who had prepared the enemy's march, were startled when they found themselves fighting by his side. Gibbon, for instance, was one of those whose influence we should describe as making the rough places plain for the invader, yet when he came the spirit of democracy was "the blackest demon of hell." Now this same mighty influence that bid men work for a great breach with the past told on the generations who felt it, in heightening an affection for the past that was thus to be cast off. We shall often find in history and in our own individual lives that there seems to have been a spirit of foreboding in the air; we knew not why the moments were precious till in looking back we see the coming death or estrangement mark off that time as something the years were not to repeat for us. Something of this spirit seems to us to have moulded the genius of Scott. He hardly lived really to *see* the French Revolution, for we should say that only our own generation have reached a point whence they may look back and discern the clear outline against the sky. He lived amid its stir and throb; he knew not how profoundly, how permanently it was to influence the modern world, but unconsciously he turned with the tenderness of farewell to that great system of things it was to sweep away, and, like a painter in a foreign land, where he knows his sojourn will be short, he flung with hasty hand its lineaments on his glowing canvas. We may be told that all he cared for was to see his pictures framed and glazed at the most advantageous position in the dealer's shop. True, in a sense — in a very important sense. But still it is also true that he painted a past made dearer to him by its unlikeness to the spirit of all around him which stirred his forebodings and opposed his taste.

This spirit, that looks on feudalism, on chivalry, on the whole mediæval world, against a modern background, found many exponents at that day. Lockhart's page is crowded with their names. Ellis, Percy, Ritson, all the lovers of our early ballad literature, were spiritual brothers of Scott, as most of them were his friends. We should, for our own part, be inclined to find its first eminent representative in Gray. An interesting article in the *Saturday Review*, some years ago, called attention to the fact that the well-known verse in the "Elegy" commemorating the possible eminence of many forgotten sleepers in the country churchyard, was at first filled with classical names. Gray had written at first of

Some village Cato, who with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Tully here may rest,
Some Cæsar, guiltless of his country's blood.

This interesting fact seems to us at once to fix Gray's position, and to mark the change that was passing over the spirit of literature in his day. As the stanza is here written, it belongs wholly to the ideal of history according to which the only interesting past is the classical past. Gray was the first writer who, himself moulded on that classical past, yet shows an especial interest in the dawn of a Christian civilization. "The Bard" is the herald of a new era. That the barbarians of Wales had their literature was a discovery characteristic of the coming age. Everywhere an interest was to arise for what was in a special sense national, what we might

* He was born in 1771.

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say was vernacular, what led the reader away from the broad highway into the narrow footpaths of literature, where an unsuspected flora lurked beneath the shade of the brushwood, and ballads commemorated the names of those to whom history had accorded no epic. The taste for savage life, so curiously characteristic of the most artificial period of our literature, now allied itself with history, and men turned from the remote but dazzling past of Rome (as for that of Greece, it did not attract much attention in the kind of literature we are contemplating) to a nearer and yet dimmer past — to the early twilight of national life, when the birds sang in the dewy dawn, and the stars had hardly ceased to be visible. The fragrance of this early morning-time seems to us to haunt the poetry of Gray like some subtle essence, but it is the spirit of recollection, not of experience, in which he exhibits it to us. It was the contrast of the life Gray painted in "The Bard" to the life of the coffee-house and the common room which *made* the picture he painted. Till the eighteenth century, the past — the romantic, Gothic past — wanted its background. No doubt a still more remote past, if we judge by chronology, was known well enough, but that was the knowledge of similarity, not the interest of contrast. Horace was the contemporary of the men of that day. The songs which Percy and Ellis collected belonged to a generation far away from all their thoughts and cares. The charm of the far-away, characteristic of a weary age, most especially characteristic of our own, began to be felt in the eighteenth century. Oh, arid, staring noon, where shall we escape from your prosaic monotony? How shall we revive the sweet glimmering uncertainties of daybreak? This was the feeling which made men turn to the dawn of a Christian civilization. The great literature of Rome offers nothing to satisfy this craving. We must turn, to satisfy it, to the songs that delighted the infancy of our own and kindred nations — to the springtime of our own year.

We have spoken of Gray as the herald of the new era, and we think the proof of a readiness in commonplace minds to move in this new direction is to be found in the contemporary and fellow-traveller of Gray — the despised Horace Walpole — a name we cannot mention without adding that we consider the contempt unjust. However, we must not linger to justify that impression, for he is produced here only as a witness to the dawn of antiquarianism. The astonishment of Mr. Seward (father of the vain and irritable Anna, afterwards Scott's correspondent) at finding a sane man hunting up old rubbish in the lumber-room at Ragley, in 1758, may stand as a sort of milestone of the time when it was a surprising taste to care for old books and furniture, and yet when a man of no great originality had such a taste. But Walpole, it may be objected, only cared for old helmets and gloves, and such like trumpery. He did care a good deal about trumpery, but it was part of a real appreciative interest in the past, and everything that bore record of it. His "Description of the Villa of Horace Walpole" (1772) commemorates the first expression of any attempt at reproducing the Gothic architecture which men had to imitate foolishly before they learnt to love, at a time when people cared so little about it, that when he applied for some old tiles from Gloucester Cathedral that were being thrown away, the canons, who "would not allow them to be put to any profane use," destroyed them in preference. His "Castle of Otranto" (1764) may be regarded as the predecessor of all Scott's novels. It was the first romantic sketch of the life of the past, taken from a strictly modern point of view, and was one of the books devoured by Scott as a boy of thirteen or fourteen, in some inaccessible nook on Arthur's Seat on Blackford Hill. This dawning feeling for a life the name of which had become a mere synonym for tasteless barbarism may be symbolized by its appearance in these well-known fellow-travellers Walpole and Gray, and the *dilettante* is not unworthy to be mentioned beside the poet, if only from the magnanimity which expiated his boyish impertinence in its frank and humiliating confession.

The taste of which we have thus marked the rise had grown to a strong and broad current of feeling when Scott, as a boy of fifteen (1786), had his only meeting with the poet whose genius did so much to feed it, and with whom, in the spirit of humility so characteristic of himself, he deprecated any comparison. The youthful Scott had the proud satisfaction of satisfying the poet's curiosity as to the author of some lines which, placed beneath an engraving in the house of the friend where his meeting with Burns took place, representing a dying soldier, had, in conjunction with their illustration, moved the impressible poet to tears. The verses have nothing remarkable about them, but most of us have ex-

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perienced the sudden rush of unexpected emotion at some touch reviving or creating, by means apparently quite inadequate, a realizing sense of the misery of the world. The incident is one of the most interesting in the life of Scott, and we reflect with pleasure that Burns must have cherished some interest in the lame modest boy who could give him the name of a poet as little known as Langhorne, and in whose sweet and winning aspect he doubtless felt the charm which in later years drew to Scott so many simple hearts. But we cite this fragment of biography here for its significance as a landmark in the development of the new spirit we aim at following out, and of which the fame of Robert Burns forms an advanced stage.

It was only ten years later that he began his translations from the German, which certainly gave the first suggestion to his genius, and revealed to him his destined *rôle* in the great literary movement of his day. Nevertheless we should say that Byron's name for him, "the Ariosto of the North," was a truer indication of the real affinities of his genius than the fact that he was a translator from "the elegant author of 'The Sorrows of Werther.'" Götz von Berlichingen may be the spiritual father of Quentin Durward and his allies, but we could have spared them and still kept the best of Scott. Sometimes we are even tempted to doubt whether it was not a misfortune that his first essay tempted him on to foreign soil, and to suspect that his work would have been more enduring if his genius had been confined to the soil where it flourished best — that of his native land. However, his German phase was significant as an indication of the place German literature was to take in the coming age. At the end of the last century a paper read by the author of "The Man of Feeling" (1788) revealed to the literary world of Edinburgh, says Scott, "the existence of works of genius in a language cognate with English, and still more closely approaching Lowland Scotch." We have known an old Scotch lady, ignorant of German, who declared after a visit to Germany, that she found no difficulty whatever in making herself understood; and whether she flattered herself or not, there is no doubt that a German would guess at the meaning of Scotch much more successfully than at that of English, while the intellectual differences between the inhabitants of the northern and southern half of our nation draw the Scotch near the Germans in other respects than that of language. The discovery of German literature formed, indeed, a sort of second Renaissance; and in 1792 a class was formed, consisting of Scott and several of his friends, for the prosecution of this "new learning." Scott's interest in German life had been awakened some years before: his assistant in his vain but persistent attempts to acquire some power over the pencil was a Prussian Jew whose father had been a commissary, "or perhaps a spy," in the armies of Frederick the Great, and young Scott heard from his drawing-master many a picturesque tale of the great general's battles, far more valuable to him than the precepts of his art had they been ever so successful. He now turned with ardor, if not with industry, to the acquirement of this new lore, and it needed the classic severity of taste of his friend Erskine (well known to all readers of "Marmion") to hold him back from the "extravagances" of the literature which charmed him, for so it impressed the minds that were moulded on the great writers of Rome. Mrs. Barbauld has the honor to have first applied the match to this well-arranged pile, and her credit is the greater that her reading at Dugald Stewart's, in 1795, which was the origin of his first essay, was only made known to him at second hand by a friend who had formed one of the audience, and whose account fired him with an eagerness that knew no pause till he acquired a copy of the original German ballad from which she had read William Taylor's translation — Burger's "Lenore." Thus originated his first attempt at published verse. The fact that a great part of the edition of Scott's translation of Burger's ballads was consigned to the trunkmaker is less important as an index of the taste of the day than that which was partly its cause — that many translations of the same poem appeared at the same time. And Scott, undaunted by the failure, and encouraged by the sympathy of many whose sympathy was worth more than the applause of the public, — his rival, William Taylor of Norwich, among them, — pursued his way, and his translation of Götz von Berlichingen (1799) was an event of no small importance as a landmark in the history of literature, although the ridicule then showered by the genius of Canning on the German drama helped to consign the translation itself to oblivion.

The avowal that Carlyle's view of Goethe's influence on Scott has some of the exaggeration natural to one who has

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done more to make German literature known to us than any other writer now alive would excuse any critic of Scott from an attempt even to give a name to the most prominent characteristics of that literature; and in the present writer such an attempt would be presumptuous as well as irrelevant. So far as Scott presents any marked characteristics of the German mind, it is only because they are also the characteristics of the Scotch mind, or indeed of the whole Teutonic race, of which we are ourselves a branch. However, in any study of the movement we are tracing, these broader differences are of great importance, and a word may be given to them in passing.

Will it be thought fanciful if we fix on a trifling distinction of dialect noted by Tacitus between his race and ours as a type of their radical divergence? "They do not reckon by days, as we do, but by nights, for they consider that night leads on the day." The sense of mystery, of awe, of all that is awakened and typified in that nightly plunge of our planet into the shadow which reveals a heaven strewn with glittering worlds, where daylight shows a mere background for vagrant clouds — this we believe is the element that is wanting to the most characteristic thought of Rome (we are not, it must be remembered, including the literature from which Rome borrowed), and is predominant in the most characteristic thought of the Gothic world. Its expression, in the architecture which bears that name, is an unquestionable utterance of the spirit we would here indicate — the round and the pointed arch, side by side, expressing severally the feeling that returns to earth, and aspires to heaven — the contrasted genius of the people whose most characteristic remains are to be found in the road, the aqueduct, and the triumphal arch, and in the castle and the abbey. And the genius of one to whom hoary castle and ruined abbey were the most appropriate material, and who has set them against the imperishable background of blended poetic and historic feeling, is colored throughout by that sense of mystery which nowhere emerges into prominence in his writing. Scott's genius was rooted in a firm belief in the invisible — not a very deep belief perhaps, but one that came very near some of his thoughts, and insensibly affects them all. He was above all a Scotchman, and Scotland is not more the "land of the mountain and the flood" than she is of stern faith and intense belief in a whole unseen universe. We cannot say that either of these things is manifested in the writings of this best-known of Scotchmen; the faith is conventional — the belief in the world of thought is concealed by the luxuriant overgrowth of a rich and vivid interest in the world of sense. But they know little of the nature of faith who deem that its indirect influence is worthless. As well might you suppose that before sunrise or after sunset the sky would show no purple or golden hues, no hope or memory of the hidden orb. The dimness of a passing cloud, that seems rather to efface the shadows than the lights on the landscape, is not more distinct from the blackness of a cloudy midnight than unconscious faith from disbelief in the invisible. The God of our fathers grants his faithful servants the inestimable privilege of bequeathing the influence apart from the possession of their faith, and the children of those who have died for the right to worship him, though they ignore and deny him, yet remain in a sense his witnesses. Scott had not much definite faith of any kind. His picture of the Scotch Covenanters has been censured for irreverence, quite unjustly in our opinion; and we regard his picture of the torture and death of one of them as his finest contribution to the history of his country. Still he had but little sympathy with the religious fervor which marks that history, on whichever side it was displayed, and in his horror of "enthusiasm" he is a true son of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, the genius of Scott could have grown only out of the soil of a rich and deep faith. The feudalism he loved was at once softened and animated by its loyalty to the Church, which enlisted all the sympathy of his taste as much as it alienated the sympathy of his reason; and that loyalty to a fallen house, which will ever be associated with his pictures of the last struggles for its restoration, borrows a softer lustre from the rays of that earlier feeling, sunk below the horizon, and never again probably to shine upon the path of history. It is a strange thing that the emotions painted by Scott should find their most poetic expression in a few lines from the pen of the most prosaic of historians, and one whose great work was an enthusiastically Whiggish picture of the fall of that house for which Scott cherished so gracious a sympathy. Macaulay's epitaph on a Jacobite, however, seems to us to express so exactly the tone of Scott's Jacobitism, that in spite of the oddness of illustrating the Jacobitism of a Tory poet by the verses of an eminently Whiggish and eminently prosaic historian,

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we give the lines here. The epitaph, which is supposed to be inscribed on an Italian tomb, seems to us the most, and, with the exception of the verses on his own infancy, the only poetic utterance that ever proceeded from the pen of Lord Macaulay; and the fact that they are a merely dramatic expression — that his whole sympathies were enlisted on that side in combating which his Jacobite gave "lands, honor, wealth away" — makes them all the more a representative of the spirit of "Waverley" and "The Bride of Lammermoor."

For my true king I offered without stain
Courage and faith — vain faith and courage vain;
For him I gave lands, honors, wealth away,
And one sweet hope that was more prized than they;
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard in Laverno Scargill's whispering breeze,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who tried me sore — too sorely — gave
The resting-place I craved, an early grave.
Oh thou whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
By that dear country which was once my own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that proud language which I spoke like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear,
On English dust — a broken heart lies here!

It must be noted that the divergence of feeling and reason, which we have quoted these verses to exhibit, is eminently characteristic of Scott's sympathy with the past. He once gave this as his reason against undertaking a history of Queen Mary, — and it is a very valid reason against undertaking the history of any period, — that judgment and sympathy are on different sides, but we think it an advantage for a *dramatic* view of the past. A Fergus Mac Ivor, endowed with Scott's genius, could not have given forth an equally vivid and brilliant picture of the struggle in which he was ready to fight and die. We do not say that such a picture would not have a very vivid interest — it would form the most valuable material alike for the historian or the dramatic writer. But it would not be a work of art.

It is the balance of genius and good sense — the harmony of a cool shrewdness of intellect and a glowing fervor of imagination, which gives Scott's picture of the death of feudalism its peculiar mellowness and force. In speaking of the death of feudalism we include, indeed we specially have in mind, the fall of the Stuarts. It would be a very narrow and superficial survey of history which should confine the limits of the phase of society which, for want of a better name, we sum up in that word, within those ages which bear its name. The Middle Ages are the feudal ages, but we are yet living in the late twilight of feudalism. Those only can refuse to recognize the influence of its fading light whose eyes, turned from the west to the east, like the watchers in a northern summer, discern the approach of a new day. The evening of every age in history is, indeed, like that of which our poet wrote in the graceful verses which he sent to the Duke of Buccleuch from his voyage in the Hebrides, that

Morning weaves
Her chaplet with the hues that Twilight leaves.

The east is radiant before the west is dark, and those who watch the growing light will generally be blind to any other. Nevertheless, we suppose it would be generally granted that in England the feudal past is still a mighty influence which no one could ignore without a complete misunderstanding of even the political life of our country. It is waning fast, no doubt; it may be that to our children it will have become an influence to be thrown out of account. But it fades slowly, and its twilight is yet clear around us. The fall of the Stuarts marks a great era in its decay. It ends the stage of unreasoning loyalty; from henceforth the throne is no indefeasible inheritance, but a position imposing duties as well as conferring rights; and the terrible emphasis with which France repeats the lesson has deafened us to its first utterance in our own country. It is the interval between the English and French Revolution which appears to us to exhibit best the outline of Scott's historic sympathy, against the background of his judgment. With the French Revolution he had no sympathy whatever. With the English Revolution he had a partial sympathy; he was compelled to approve it by the dictates of his excellent sense. But the element of taste and feeling, predominant in the second act of the great drama, was latent thus early, and from the first his dramatic sympathies array themselves on the side which judgment condemns. Thus the double feeling supplies the place of impartiality, and art has the mellowing atmosphere it needs.

In the foregoing attempt to set forth Scott's position as a representative of his-

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toric life and feeling, we have already indicated the most marked traits of his genius. But it remains to make some more direct attempt in this direction, an attempt, however, which we gladly find almost superseded by the little volume which has suggested the present attempt. Mr. Hutton's appreciation of Scott as a poet seems to us full of subtle insight and balanced judgment, and an elaborate criticism on our own part would to a considerable extent repeat his, which is especially welcome to us, we must repeat, as a protest against the injustice of one whose very injustice we note with reverence. Mr. Carlyle, in the article to which we have made frequent reference, imputes to the writings of Scott an intellectual poverty which, from his point of view, is undeniable. "The sick heart," he says, "will find no healing here; the darkly struggling heart no guidance; the heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice." We do not think the judgment even quite true; and even where it is true, it is unjust. One who holds the key that lets the weary spirit out of its dungeon of petty cares and gnawing anxieties into a sunny garden, is not devoid of healing influence. Others, no doubt, have taught us more, — others have implanted germs of deeper conviction, of finer speculation, of a far more pregnant and powerful range of thought. But in certain moments we feel as if even these things could not make up to us for that sense of transplantation to another soil,— for the tear that starts at sorrows not our own, and yet grants our own the wonderful relief of a half-transmuted expression, and makes us question whether the relief lies in what that rush of emotion helps us to remember or to forget: —

Πατροκλον προφασιν, σφων δ' αὐτων κηδε ἑκαστη.

And if the perplexed spirit finds no counsel in Scott's healthy and simple pages, how many a one has gone back to the perplexities of life with a fresher eye, because that rapid, simple, vivid narrative has woven a temporary curtain between those problems and the eyes that are weary of poring over them? The troubles of this life, after an hour with Scott, are what they were. The riddle of the painful earth is as far as ever from being solved; we have found no rushlight even to throw its ray upon the gloom. But we have been far away, and everything looks different. And there is no question that if his peculiar gifts are worth less than valuable thought, they are also rarer. That broad objective painting, that clear representation of simple feelings, that rapid movement, that sense of life and stir, which we find everywhere in the best writing of Scott, we find almost nowhere in the literature of our own day.

We would say the same of his pathos. The literature of the day — even the best literature of the day — seems to us greatly wanting in this quality. Its poverty in this respect is closely connected with its wealth in that which we have just quoted. Pathos is inseparable from reserve, it is felt in its highest measure in the presence of a dumb suffering, and the triumph of genius is to paint this dumb suffering in few words, and make the reader feel as he feels in the presence of one who represses tears, to convey a perception of emotions only half clothed in words, or rather of words which are, as Sir Fitzjames Stephen has finely said, "like the signs of prisoners to each other," — faint suggestions beyond which lies a world of secret meaning, intelligible to him who has the key. We suppose this was what Pitt meant when he said that "he should not have conceived it possible that this sort of feeling" — *i.e.*, the description of the last minstrel as, with feeble and uncertain fingers he attempts the lay — "could have been expressed in words." If it were not a disrespectful way of speaking of a great man's utterance, we should say it was about the worst criticism ever made in a very few words on a fine passage; for it implies that "this sort of feeling" might be expressed by either painting or music, and it seems to us that the minstrel's emotions are equally unsuited to both. We give the well-known lines, that the reader may, if he please, side with Pitt against us.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried to tune his harp in vain!

. . . . . .

Amid the strings his fingers stray'd
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head,
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;

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The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot.
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

What Pitt meant, probably, that this sort of feeling could not be expressed by *his* words, is profoundly true. Pathos is so inaccessible to no man as to the orator. How can he who is nothing when he is not emphatic understand the power of him who is nothing when he is emphatic? The same person might as well undertake to beat the drum and touch the harp as to stir the passion of the crowd and rouse the emotions that respond only to some delicate touch that we forget in the rush of feeling that it excites, knowing not if the sudden tear starts from some fountain hidden in the shadows of memory, or is evoked by the simple image set before us. It was some dim perception in the great orator, probably, of a power of words new to him and unattainable by him, that found vent in a remark which, however inappropriate absolutely, is full of interest on his lips, and points out the true aspect of the poet to the man of eloquence. And we recall with satisfaction how the tribute was repaid, how the poet brought his laurel wreath to the freshly closed tomb, and sang, in verse, which though we have admitted its sentiment to be somewhat trite, will yet, we believe, last as long as the fame of the statesman it celebrates; of the new Palinurus, whose dying hand never slackened on the rudder when the storm was highest, and the rocks were just ahead. Neither poet nor orator knew of the tribute each paid to each, but they were kindred souls, and their fame, we believe, will be coæval.

Mr. Hutton's criticism on the passage which moved the admiration of Pitt seems to us so full of truth and beauty that we will allow ourselves to quote it, as a comment on this illustrious admiration: —

> The singular depth of the romantic glow in this passage, and its equally singular simplicity — a simplicity which makes it intelligible to every one — are conspicuous to every reader. It is not what is called classical poetry, for there is no severe outline, no sculptured completeness and repose, no satisfying wholeness of effect to the eye of the mind, no embodiment of a great action. The poet gives us a breath, a ripple of alternating fear and hope in the heart of an old man, and that is all. He catches an emotion that has its roots deep in the past, and that is striving onward towards something in the future; he traces the wistfulness and self-distrust with which age seeks to recover the feelings of youth, the delight with which it greets them when they come, the hesitation and diffidence with which it recalls them as they pass away, and questions the triumph it has just won, and he paints all this without subtlety, without complexity, but with a swiftness such as few poets ever surpassed.

It is the last word which conveys our own feeling of the essential quality of Scott's style. Perhaps the reader will think it a poor thing to say of any poet that he moves more quickly than others. If what is said of pathos be true, he must allow, however, that almost the most characteristic gift of the poet depends on this capacity, or is at least closely connected with it. The pathetic writer must have quitted a point almost as soon as you are aware that he has touched it. It is very dangerous to quote passages for their pathos; like the lesser stars, this quality is apt to become invisible under direct attention — indeed, the sense of being taken unawares is almost an element in it. But the following passage, descriptive of the commonplace perils and hardships in the life of the lowly, seems to us to unite this quality in no common degree with so many others characteristic of Scott's genius, being one of the few, moreover, in which we trace a reminiscence of Burns, that we will venture to insert it: —

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapors dank and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half-asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine.
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid;
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain-sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,

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And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep;
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain;
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheeks, to break his rest.

We would venture to say of these lines that if any one finds them uninteresting he need never read a line of Scott's poetry again. The interest of Scott's narrative (wanting here, it is true) is hardly large enough to rouse any one who finds no merit in the broad, simple, vigorous painting of this passage — the sense of the characteristic aspects of nature given with a word, the sympathy with what is common, the firm touch as with a rapid sweep of his brush he paints the winter sunset, the cottage whence the shepherd is summoned forth by the pitiless storm, the storm itself, the cottage window gradually hid by it, and then the lonely death at that very cottage door, and the dumb companion's vain efforts to wake his master from the last sleep. Think how many words a poet of our day might use in painting a snow-storm, and note how our poet, in describing it as "dark above, and white below," gives with two mere touches of color the characteristic which everybody recognizes as specially belonging to falling snow, but which only a poet could have thus at once caught and said this and no more. It is the painter's eye, turned to subjects unsuitable for the painter's art. But the picturesque power is the least interest in this passage to our mind. We hardly know a greater debt of gratitude to the masters of song than that incurred by those who are made to feel, from the poet's point of view, the dim, voiceless sorrows in which there is nothing poetic. The sorrows, not of warrior or bard, of fair lady or gentle knight, but of rude clodhoppers hardly more intelligent than the four-footed companions who share their cares and perils, — the hardships of the life that is associated in the minds of the genteel world with Dresden china figures and Arcadian inanities, — these things brought home to the mind in simple homely verse like that we have quoted, cannot, we think, so far as they influence the reader at all, fail to make him better. He *feels* for the moment that hardship and peril, rare visitors at his door, are the inmates of the poor man's house. He realizes, not oppressively but through the mellowing aspect of poetry that the majority of the world are born to struggle and privation; and if when the impression passes from the mind it leaves no trace upon the heart, then the reader must be one whose heart is unfitted to respond to the sorrows of those obscure lives which constitute the most important division of humanity.

The feeling is the more striking in Scott because it is essentially opposed to the spirit of chivalry with which he had so vivid a sympathy. The absence of all trace of pity for the worst sufferers from the wars which occupy the page of Froissart has been noted as a striking characteristic of his time, for there is no need to suppose any special hardness in the chronicler to account for it. The spirit of chivalry, on its harsher side, was never more adequately condemned than by Scott, in the very romance which has made the manners of chivalry familiar to us. "What is it, valiant knight" (*i.e.*, the glory of chivalry), asks the heroic Jewess of Ivanhoe, — "what is it save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vainglory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled — of all the travail and pain you have endured — of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe: "glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory?" continued Rebecca: "alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb — is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim — are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

The whole character of Rebecca seems to us an illustration of what we have said of the current of his sympathies towards the weak and the oppressed. Doubtless, a large part of his nature sided with the paltry hero at whose unfeeling behest Rebecca exposes herself to the shafts of

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an invading band at the window of the chamber where Ivanhoe lies wounded. But the insight into the cruelty and hardness of the social order he paints so brilliantly seems to us to indicate a wonderful width and range of sympathy. This is what we mean by his setting the chivalric ideal on a modern background. When Shakespeare paints a Jew, he borrows the spirit of his persecutors, and his Jewess is held up to admiration for robbing her father and deserting his faith. Scott lets the Jewess shine forth in spotless purity against her Christian persecutors, and gives, in his finest female creation,* a voice to a race downtrodden for ages. A far deeper poet than Scott has, in his song of the rabbi Ben-Ezra, given the Jew an utterance which seems to us the translation into the deeper genius of a rich and pregnant thinker of the feeling expressed in Rebecca's demeanor in the lists of Templestowe; and we close the allusion to her with the lines, —

Thou — if thou wast He — who at midwatch came
By the starlight naming a dubious name!
Thou art the judge. We are bruisèd thus —
But the judgment over, join sides with us!
We withstood Christ then, be mindful how
At least we withstand Barabbas now!
Was our outrage sore? but the worst we spared,
To have called *these* Christians had we dared?
Let defiance to *them* pay mistrust of thee,
And Rome make amends for Calvary!

Scott's sympathy with what is common constitutes at once a striking characteristic of his genius and the most lovable element in his character. "Vulgar, my dear," he once remonstrated with his daughter Anne, who had applied the epithet to something which did not deserve it, "do you know the meaning of vulgar? It means only common, and when you have lived to my years you will thank God that nothing worth caring most for is uncommon." The remark is one of the very few which remain as an adequate expression of the man. It came from the core of his hearty, simple, genial nature; it expressed that width of unfastidious sympathy which, while it leaves its stamp on every work of his genius, is even more felt in the records which put the reader, as much as mere records can do, in contact with himself. Width of sympathy is, in fact, in the moral world what dramatic power is in the intellectual. Scott's range is not, like Shakespeare's, impartial. It has certain *lacunæ;* it has also certain definite preferences. He cannot paint those of his own class effectively; he must look up, or look down, to be at his best; and though, even on the level of commonplace genteel life, it appears to us that his pictures are redeemed from mediocrity by occasional reflections of his own magnanimous character, still no doubt it is in the extremes of social life that he is at his best. What we would now dwell upon is, that of these extremes the most effective is the lowest. The Scotch peasant owes his literary existence to Scott's portrait. We must allow that it is the Scotch peasant under a certain rather artificial aspect — it is the *feudal* attitude of the poor which strongly interests him. What Caleb Balderstone would be, apart from his paltry master, we do not gain much help from his creator to imagine. But to speak of this as a limitation of Scott's sympathies is simply to say that he should not have allowed them to be captivated by a feudal ideal. It would be almost as unfair to say that Shakespeare shows a narrowness of sympathy because, while he has painted many men in other attitudes than in relation to women, he has never painted any woman except in relation to a man. The relation of contrast will always, we believe, remain the most poetic and the most picturesque in which any character can be represented. And perhaps, when the peculiar sense of bond between the lowly born and the highly born, which Scott delighted to paint, has faded into remoteness, it will be more distinctly seen than it is now that some excellences can only be thus developed. We do not, indeed, allow that Scott has no power of drawing peasant life except in this attitude: the picture of Jeanie Deans is enough to save his advocate from such a concession; but though a most striking exception, we should still call this noble picture, regarded from this point, an exception to the ordinary course of his dramatic sympathy. He is in this respect the complement of Wordsworth, and we own that, while Scott's ideal is no doubt the much less original conception of peasant life, we do not find it the least interesting of the two.

His pictures of royalty, on the other hand, seem to us to bear in a peculiar manner the stamp of his swift, simple, outward genius. There is no elaborate pomp of description, yet the reader is always made to confront in imagination some stately and dignified presence; we feel that something in Scott's nature readily

* It must be remembered that Jeanie Deans is hardly a creation.

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vibrated to the summons that demanded the respect of a subject, yet retaining his manliness and balance at the same time. No doubt he had in this respect eminently the *défaut de sa qualité.* His attitude towards George IV. is not the most pleasing part of his career, and we are glad to think of that tumbler in his coat pocket, honored by having touched the lips of that illustrious monarch, which his loyal subject begged, pocketed, forgot, and sat down upon, startling the poet Crabbe by his sudden rebound from his uneasy seat. We should gladly have hung up what remained of the fragile treasure by the side of Murray of Broughton's saucer, — the cup belonging to which was destroyed in a nobler manner by Scott's father, when it had through Mrs. Scott's officiousness conveyed a cup of tea to the renegade, — as a vestige of two different kinds of loyalty. And well would the broken glass, at all events, have symbolized the brittle nature of all that was associated with Scott's intercourse with George IV. But we have said enough of his weaknesses.

No creation of his art interests us quite so much as the revelations of himself with which that art supplies us. Even his description of nature — the most valuable part of his poetry, and that in which he is eminently a representative of the movement we have connected with his name — seems to us most interesting when it blends itself with what Mr. Ruskin so happily calls his "far away Æolian note," — a touch of sentiment always simple, sometimes what might be called commonplace, but commonplace only because the feelings represented are so common, not because the allusion is borrowed. The feeling is always slight and expressed as shortly as possible, yet it appears to us to set his bright objective pictures on a wonderfully effective background of pensive coloring, while it often contains what seems the reflection of his own conscience on his genius. As for instance: —

> It seemed some mountain rent and riven,
> A channel for the stream had given,
> So high the cliffs of limestone grey
> Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
> Yielding along their rugged base,
> A flinty footpath's niggard space,
> Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
> May hear the headlong torrent rave, . . .
> Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
> Thick as the schemes of human pride
> That down life's current drive amain,
> As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

This sense of the fugitiveness of all things earthly is impressed with a peculiar vividness on all Scott's poetry. It is difficult to find anything in the circumstances of his life, at the time his poetry was written, to explain this sense of insecurity and change; at least it is only in a single case that we can trace any actual cause for it; and though this one deep and enduring feeling seems to us to have been not sufficiently allowed for in any review of his life, yet a healthy nature does not allow any single feeling, however deep and strong, to color its whole being. Scott's early love was not, however, obliterated by any adequate domestic companionship, and some pathetic verses * (pathetic at least in their circumstances), in the feeble handwriting of his last years, but not his own composition, and known to have been much admired by this young lady, remained after his death associated with her initials, to witness to the undying love which seems to have been the source of a wonderfully enduring pain, but perhaps also of that deeper tone never wanting to his poetry, and giving it, to our mind, its special charm. It often happens, we believe, that a nature of much sensibility associates with some painful memory many feelings which are not caused by it, and unawares lets some event become a symbol of temptations and sorrows with which it has no direct connection. We could almost fancy that the fair young girl whom he remembered so tenderly in his old age (and to whom his thoughts seem to have recurred after his wife's death almost with a sense of freedom) symbolized for him higher, purer aims, and that he regretted in her some ideal to which his whole life had been faithless. It is in the poem where he attempted to paint her † that we also find many of the lines which seem dictated by the spirit of self-reproach. We could fancy that the spirit of warning and guidance which most of us can trace in some form or other, in looking back at our lives, sometimes threw the shadow of his own temptations on the canvas that glowed with his creative power. It might have been his guardian angel who bid him write,

> O teach him, while your lessons last,
> To judge the present by the past;
> Remind him of each wish pursued,
> How rich it glow'd with promised good;

* They were addressed "To Time," and believed to have been the composition of the object of his affection. They are a specimen of the slight conventional style of eighty years ago, and, though not actually written by the person to whom they were attributed, are an evidence of a certain power, both of mind and character, in their possible author.

† We suppose that she must have been the lady "long since dead" whom he described as the original of the colorless Matilda.

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Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
How soon his hopes possession cloy'd!
Tell him we play unequal game
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim!
And, ere he strip him for her race,
Show the conditions of the chase.
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret;
One disenchants the winner's eyes,
And strips of all its worth the prize.
While one augments its gaudy show
More to enhance the loser's woe.
The victor sees his fairy gold
Transform'd, when won, to drossy mould,
But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

Trite moralizing, the reader may decide, whose palate, accustomed to the highly seasoned speculation of our own day, finds insipidity in what is simple. To such a mood the grandest thoughts of antiquity would appear trite if they were not veiled in a learned language, and hallowed by the respectful attention of ages. This first of the Romanticists (first at least in fame) may take his place by the side of many a classic writer for the purity and simplicity of the thought which seems poor at first, and enriches itself with the growing experience of life, so that it expands to take in a part of all that we most vividly remember and hope.

That note of dissatisfaction is what we most gladly remember, as we bid him farewell. Whatever in his career was worldly and disappointing, he did not sink so low as to be satisfied with it. He felt the emptiness and poverty of the things he grasped at. Such at least was the utterance of his truest self — such we will also believe (though from a proud, reserved nature there could hardly be evidence of it) was the conviction that lay deeper even than the sense of their loss, and blended with the sense of things eternal that showed clearer as his brittle follies were swept away. JULIA WEDGWOOD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT" IN 1720.

A FEW years ago, a literary man of some eminence, since prematurely gone from us, came to a publisher in a state of great excitement. "I have just picked up the most wonderful thing at a bookstall," he said. "Did you ever hear of an African explorer of the name of Singleton? Can you tell me anything about this book of his? It contains the most extraordinary anticipations of the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone in central Africa. Here is a man — Captain Singleton, the name is, there is no date on the book — who professes to have travelled across Africa from Zanzibar to the Gold Coast, and who tells you what he and his party saw on each day's march, what wild beasts they met, how they were treated by the natives, where they halted, and how far they walked at a stretch. They had nothing but a chart and a pocket compass, and yet they crossed the whole continent. But the extraordinary part of it is that he came across the sources of the Nile, and saw it flowing from a lake exactly as Speke describes. This man really ought to get the credit of the discovery. He must have been there, for he gives the particulars of each day's march in the most minute way, and besides, you see, he has been confirmed. I can't understand how I never heard of him before. I don't think his name has turned up in any of these discussions at the Geographical Society. Can you tell me anything about him? When did he live?" "Captain Singleton! Captain Singleton!" said the publisher; "that is surely the name of the hero of one of Defoe's stories;" and turning to the list of Defoe's works, he found that his memory had not deceived him.

"The Adventures of Captain Singleton," and his account of the customs and manners of central Africa, are the creation of the author of "Robinson Crusoe;" but this pushes the surprise at his anticipations of recent discovery only a step farther back. I must admit for my own part, that till I thought of following the captain's itinerary on a modern map, I had supposed, from his general appearance of accuracy, that our ancestors had information about central Africa which had somehow been allowed to drop out of knowledge. It is always the case, in supposed anticipations of modern discoveries, that the bygone investigator or speculator has hit upon the most startling feature, the most blazing promontory, in an unexplored country, or unobserved fact, or unthought-of contrivance. He has announced, in short, by some happy intuition, all that the mass of us ever come to know, and we are consequently ready to give him as much credit as the patient discoverer or inventor who has brought certitude or practical value to his random guesses. Captain Singleton appeared to be a worthy predecessor and anticipator of Livingstone and Speke, because, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, he narrated how in the interior of

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Africa, which the map-makers of the time represented as an unexplored blank, he had seen vast lakes, and a river issuing from one of them which he believed to be the Nile. The one fact in the discoveries of African travellers before Stanley that had laid hold of popular interest was that the Nile had its source in a huge lake, and not, as had previously been the common belief, in the Mountains of the Moon. Captain Singleton was apparently aware of this, and therefore it seemed that his merits as an explorer had been unfairly allowed to die out of the memories of men.

If Captain Singleton is to be judged by leading facts, there is yet another leaf to be added to his laurels. The most striking fact among the results of Mr. Stanley's last journey, is that the river Congo, in the most northerly part of its course, stretches above the equator. I must confess that I was fairly overwhelmed by the greatness of the imaginary hero, and disposed to yield the most enthusiastic belief to Defoe's boast that he "had the world at his finger ends," when I came across a passage which seemed to anticipate even this last triumph of discovery. There can be little doubt that whatever was the source of Defoe's information, it was one of his notions of central African geography that the Congo ran north of the equinoctial line. In their progress across Africa, Captain Singleton's party were diverted from their straight course from east to west by a vast lake, which "held them till they passed the equinoctial line," and when they were rounding this obstruction, and deliberating how to shape their journey for the western coast, their chief geographical authority, after consulting his charts, "advised them that as soon as they had passed this lake they should proceed W. S.W., that is to say, a little inclining to the south, and that in time they would meet with the great river Congo." Nothing could be more explicit. Is it possible that Defoe, with his genius for seizing the most reliable sources of information, had somehow obtained knowledge of the exact lie of the central African lakes and the great river, as they have been explored by recent enterprise?

A close tracing of the course that Captain Singleton followed across Africa dissipates the idea that Defoe might have had access to the notes of some real seventeenth century traveller. One's first impression is, on finding how truly Defoe conforms to the main lines of central African geography, that he had obtained possession of the itinerary of some early Portuguese traveller. The Portuguese had trading settlements on both coasts of Africa, and it is conceivable that enterprising merchants might have made the journey overland from one coast to the other. Defoe knew Portuguese, and was keenly interested in every kind of human enterprise; and there seemed nothing violently improbable in the supposition that he had procured, from some Portuguese adventurer, notes of an actual journey, and made them the basis of the adventures of the fictitious Captain Singleton. But intrinsically probable though this supposition may be, it is not borne out by a minute comparison of Singleton's itinerary with what we know of central Africa from more recent and more accurate travellers. Defoe set forth with inimitable vividness the best knowledge of his time, but it falls considerably short of modern knowledge in point of minute accuracy.

It is impossible, of course, to reproduce in a brief summary the wonderful charm of Defoe's circumstantial narrative. The adventures of Captain Singleton have an imperishable interest apart from their geographical truth. Still, it is worth while to extract the geographical teaching from the other details of the story, merely as an example of the knowledge possessed at the beginning of the seventeenth century by a man of genius who had made it his pride to know all that could be known in his time concerning the surface of the globe. There is a sort of notion abroad that there was a backsliding among the geographers of the seventeenth century from the knowledge gathered by their predecessors of the previous century, and no better test of the truth of this notion can be desired than to examine what we are told concerning central Africa by a man who stood between the two centuries, and was much readier to believe that he knew everything, than to admit that he knew nothing. Defoe has often been quoted as a first-hand authority in matters of history. No reader of his "Journal of the Plague," or his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," who had not been expressly put on his guard, would be likely to suppose that he was not in contact with a contemporary annalist. Part of the secret of this wonderful verisimilitude is that the great story-teller was at pains to master the leading historical facts, and to weave his imaginary incidents upon them as a framework. It is obvious that he had recourse to the same device for giving an air of truth to the adventures of his fictitious traveller "across the dark continent," and that he carefully studied and

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closely followed the best geographical authorities, supposing, that is to say, that those authorities who knew nothing for certain and therefore professed to know nothing at all, were not the best.

We may be sure that it was not scientific curiosity that took Captain Singleton across the dark continent. He was a steward's boy on board a Portuguese ship, and had been concerned in a mutiny. The mutineers had been left by the captain on a barbarous island on the coast of Madagascar, to die of hunger, or be killed by the natives, or make their way back to civilization as they might. In spite of his youth, Singleton's daring and resource soon gave him authority among his companions. He became their leading adviser when they began to concoct means of escape. His advice was that they should seize the small boats of the natives, and coast along the island till they came to natives who had bigger boats, and so on till they should be sufficiently equipped to capture some passing ship of considerable size, and sail away to the Red Sea to ply the trade of piracy. This admirable plan miscarried from the want of a proper gradation of boats, but the deserted mutineers, after making some progress by various ingenious contrivances, had the good fortune at last to encounter the wreck of a Dutch ship, out of which they built a small frigate, and so made their escape to the mainland. Arrived at the mainland, however, they were hardly in less miserable case than before, for if they sailed for the Red Sea in their little vessel, they were certain to be taken by the Arabs and sold for slaves to the Turks, and the winds were too variable, and the sea too tempestuous, to give them a chance of reaching the Cape of Good Hope. They took, therefore, the chronicle says, "one of the rashest, and wildest, and most desperate resolutions that ever was taken by man, or any number of men in the world; this was, to travel overland through the heart of the country, from the coast of Mozambique, on the East Ocean, to the coast of Angola or Guinea, on the Western or Atlantic Ocean, a continent of land of at least eighteen hundred miles; in which journey they had excessive heats to support, impassable deserts to go over; no carriages, camels, or beasts of any kind to carry their baggage, innumerable numbers of wild and ravenous beasts to encounter with, such as lions, leopards, tigers, lizards, and elephants; they had the equinoctional line to pass under, and consequently were in the very centre of the torrid zone; they had nations of savages to encounter with, barbarous and brutish to the last degree; hunger and thirst to struggle with; and, in one word, terrors enough to have daunted the stoutest hearts that ever were placed in cases of flesh and blood."

Singleton by no means approved of this resolution of his Portuguese comrades. He had the bulldog courage of an English buccaneer, and his view was that they should "get into the Arabian Gulf or the mouth of the Red Sea, and waiting for some vessel passing or repassing there, of which there is plenty, seize upon the first they came at by force, and not only enrich themselves with her cargo, but carry themselves to what part of the world they pleased." Finding, however, that his companions had not spirit for this enterprise, but were bent upon making their way overland, he convinced them of the necessity of seizing sixty natives to carry their baggage. From one of these natives Singleton — having given such proofs of natural capacity to command that he was unanimously appointed captain of the expedition — learnt that there was "a great river a little further to the north, which was able to carry their bark many leagues into the country due west," and resolved to take advantage of this waterway for his journey. An observation taken by the gunner, who was the geographer of the company, and was provided with charts and a pocket compass, showed the adventurers that they were in 12° 35′ south of the line. With regard to the position of the river, Captain Singleton says that he "takes this to be the great river marked by our chart-makers at the northmost part of the coast of Mozambique, and called there Quilloa."

Defoe gives a minute description, after his circumstantial manner, of this river: —

> All the country on the bank of the river was a high land, no marshy, swampy ground in it; the verdure good, and abundance of cattle feeding upon it wherever we went, or which way soever we looked; there was not much wood, indeed, at least not near us; but further up we saw oak, cedar, and pine trees, some of which were very large.
>
> The river was a fair open channel about as broad as the Thames, below Gravesend, and a strong tide of flood, which we found held us about sixty miles, the channel deep; nor did we find any want of water for a great way. In short we went merrily up the river with the flood and the wind blowing still fresh at E. and E. N. E.; we stemmed the ebb easily also, especially while the river continued broad and deep; but when we came past the swelling of the tide, and had the natural current of the

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river to go against, we found it too strong for us, and began to think of quitting our bark; but the prince would by no means agree to that, for finding we had on board pretty good store of roping made of mats and flags, which I described before, he ordered all the prisoners, which were on shore, to come and take hold of those ropes, and tow us along by the shore side; and as we hoisted our sail too, to ease them, the men ran along at a great rate.

In this manner the river carried us up, by our computation, near two hundred miles, and then it narrowed apace, and was not above as broad as the Thames at Windsor, or thereabout; and after another day we came to a great waterfall or cataract, enough to frighten us, for I believe the whole body of water fell at once perpendicularly down a precipice above sixty feet high, which made noise enough to deprive men of their hearing, and we heard it above ten miles before we came to it.

The travellers could not carry their frigate above this waterfall, but built canoes and pursued their course by means of them.

We passed abundance of inhabitants upon this upper part of the river, and with this observation, that almost every ten miles, we came to a several nation, and every several nation had a different speech, or else their speech had differing dialects, so that they did not understand one another. They all abounded in cattle, especially on the riverside; and the eighth day of this second navigation, we met with a little negro town, where they had growing a sort of corn-like rice, which eat very sweet; and as we got some of it of the people, we made very good cakes of bread of it, and making a fire baked them on the ground, after the fire was swept away, very well; so that hitherto we had no want of provision of any kind we could desire.

Our negroes towing our canoes, we travelled at a considerable rate, and by our own account could not go less than twenty or twenty-five English miles a day, and the river continuing to be much at the same breadth, and very deep all the way, till on the tenth day we came to another cataract; for a ridge of high hills crossing the whole channel of the river, the water came tumbling down the rocks from one stage to another in a strange manner; so that it was a continued link of cataracts from one to another, in the manner of a cascade; only that the falls were sometimes a quarter of a mile from one another, and the noise confused and frightful.

They hauled and carried their canoes past these cataracts, but the river did not serve them much farther; after two days it became so shallow that "there was not water enough to swim a London wherry," and they were obliged to set forward wholly by land.

There is probably a good deal of guesswork in the description of this river, though there is an element of truth in Defoe's account of the cataracts. Not only are there cataracts on the east African rivers, but they are like the cataracts that Defoe describes. His lower cataract with its sheer descent might pass for the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and the succession of cataracts higher up the river have a resemblance in character to the falls on the river Shire. It may have been some rumor of these waterfalls that he has thus boldly localized; still, while the Rufigi is unexplored, it would be rash to say that Defoe has drawn upon his imagination for the most remarkable features of his great river. If we suppose the river up which Captain Singleton sailed to have been the Rufigi, we must give Defoe credit for another remarkable agreement with modern geography. He relates how Captain Singleton after travelling for thirty days due west reached a vast wilderness of sand, and how after pushing on for ten days through this desert he reached an immense lake. "Happily," Singleton says, "we came to it at the south point of it, for to the north we could see no end of it; so we passed by it, and travelled three days by the side of it." Now on looking at the most recent maps of Africa, we see that a line due west from the mouth of the Rufigi would carry the traveller past the southern shore of Lake Tanganika, so that although Defoe is a few degrees wrong in his latitude he might still get credit for a wonderful amount of correct anticipation. On looking, however, at the maps of the seventeenth century, we do not find that in this particular Defoe was ahead of the common knowledge of his age; his lake was simply the Zafflan of the maps, the southern extremity of which was in the same latitude with the river marked Quilloa.

We may admit indeed that the geographers of the seventeenth century had an inkling of the correct position of the southern part of Lake Tanganika. The Portuguese had penetrated as far as that. It is after he has carried Captain Singleton past this point that Defoe's geography becomes indisputably wild and fabulous. His travellers rest for five days by the lake, after their fatigues in the desert. There are no human beings to annoy them — Defoe makes them traverse a thousand miles of the interior without meeting with any creatures of their own kind — but they have several adventures with wild animals, elephants, lions, tigers, and wolves, who compel them to stand on their de-

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fence. Setting forward from the lake to get rid of this disagreeable company, and still keeping their course due west, they find the desert continue, though it is not so arid as before, but watered by small streamlets; they push on through the desert for sixteen days, till the ground begins almost insensibly to rise, and at the end of three days more they reach the summit of a very high ridge of hills, from which they see stretching before them a country clothed with green, and a large river. It was a month since they had had a tree to shelter them from the sun, and the shade of the woods was "the most refreshing thing imaginable to them." The gunner, who kept their computations, told them that they had now come about eleven hundred miles of their journey, and "pulling out his map," assured them that the river which they saw was "either the river Nile or ran into the great lake out of which the river Nile was said to take its beginning." They debated whether it would not be well, if that were the Nile, to build canoes and float down it to Egypt rather than expose themselves to any more deserts and scorching sands, but the gunner dissuaded them by good and sufficient reasons from this way of reaching the sea. While they were loitering by the river before resuming their march, one of the party picked up a piece of gold, and they spent some days searching for gold with great success. The rainy season coming on, they encamped for four months by the Golden River. With commendable care not to set the covetous upon a vain chase, Captain Singleton mentions that they cleared the spot of gold, and that it seemed to be only a casual deposit.

From the Golden River Captain Singleton and his party set forward again due west, and marched ten days through a pleasant country, "easy to travel in as well as to supply us with provisions, though still without inhabitants," at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles a day, stopping only one day "to make a raft to carry us over a small river which having been swelled with the rains was not yet quite down." We must quote Defoe's realistic account of the surprise with which they were then confronted: —

> When we were past this river, which by the way ran to the northward too, we found a great row of hills in our way; we saw indeed the country open to the right at a great distance; but as we kept true to our course due west, we were not willing to go a great way out of our way, only to shun a few hills, so we advanced; but we were surprised, when, being not quite come to the top, one of our company, who, with two negroes, was got up before us, cried out, the sea! the sea! and fell a dancing and jumping, as signs of joy.
>
> The gunner and I were most surprised at it, because we had but that morning been calculating that we were then above a thousand miles from the seaside, and that we could not expect to reach it till another rainy season would be upon us; so that, when our man cried out, the sea, the gunner was angry and said he was mad.
>
> But we were both in the greatest surprise imaginable, when, coming to the top of the hill, and, though it was very high, we saw nothing but water, either before us, or to the right hand or the left, being a vast sea, without any bound but the horizon.
>
> We went down the hill full of confusion of thought, not being able to conceive whereabouts we were, or what it must be, seeing by all our charts the sea was yet a vast way off.

They are fairly puzzled, but they resolve to hold to the north. They travel along the shore of this sea full twenty-three days, till they descry land on the further side of the water, due west; after travelling eight days more, they find that the lake or sea ends in "a very great river, which runs N. or N. by E." The gunner again pulls out his maps, and declares his belief that he had been mistaken before, and that this is the river Nile. With some trouble they waft themselves and their cattle across the river, and discover a most inhospitable country, full of strange wild creatures, distinguished among which was "an ugly, venomous, deformed kind of snake or serpent," so hideous and noisy that "our men would not be persuaded but it was the devil, only that we did not know what business Satan could have there where there were no people." "It was very remarkable," Captain Singleton reflects, "that we had now travelled a thousand miles without meeting with any people, in the heart of the whole continent of Africa, where, to be sure, never man set his foot since the sons of Noah spread themselves over the face of the whole earth."

A few days after they cross the river, our travellers see some signs of inhabitants. These prove to be "all negroes, and stark naked," but "a very frank, civil, and friendly sort of people," who give Captain Singleton directions for his journey, and show him that he must no longer go due west, but turn northwards, because there is another lake in the way. In two days more they sight this lake, and it "holds them till they pass the equinoctial line."

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If one reads Captain Singleton's travels hurriedly, without attending to the precise notes of his position at various stages, it might easily appear that Defoe had somehow obtained a more correct idea of the lie of the central lakes than the map-makers of his time. Here we have described a vast lake out of which the Nile issues, and near it another great lake stretching north of the equator. Further, his learned gunner is of opinion that when they have rounded this second lake, they should bend a little to the south, and in time they would strike upon the Congo. One is disposed to jump immediately to the conclusion that Defoe was writing from the information of some early explorer of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, and some traveller on the Congo who had traced its course north of the equator. Captain Singleton does not reach the Congo; he finds an impassable desert in his way, and holding more directly west, conducts his band at last to the Gold Coast. Still the gunner's geography would have been verified if the desert had not intervened; his charts marked the true course of the Congo, in one great particular at least, as it has been ascertained by Mr. Stanley during his explorations.

The position of Defoe's lakes, however, is seen to be very different from the true position of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, when we look closely at his definition of them. He makes Captain Singleton travel thirteen hundred miles due west from about 12° S. latitude on the Zanzibar coast, before striking on the great central lake which looked like the sea. It is unnecessary to say that such a course would land the traveller a good thousand miles from the Victoria Nyanza, as marked on the modern map. On the other hand it would bring him as nearly as possible to the Lake Zaire of the seventeenth century map-makers. There is a collection of seventeenth century maps of Africa in the British Museum, which agree, with the slightest possible variations, in the position they give to the central lakes. Dapper's map, reproduced in Mr. Stanley's recent work, is a very good sample of them, and shows their universal conception of the lake system. Defoe's great lake is simply their Lake Zaire. The points in which he differs from them are his second lake lying across the equinoctial line, which I have not seen represented in any map, and the course which he seems to assign to the Congo. On this last point he has been corroborated; but no great equatorial lake has yet been discovered anywhere near the longitude in which he represents it as lying.

Still it is curious that Defoe should have been right about the Congo when the Dutch, English, and French map-makers were wrong. The probability is that he got his information from Portuguese sources — the gunner was a Portuguese sailor, and would naturally have used the maps of his own countrymen — and that the Portuguese had traced the Congo upwards from their settlements near its mouth. We may even suppose that Defoe, who was all his life much in contact with traders, and at one time proposed settling in Cadiz as a merchant, learnt more from the Portuguese than their government would allow publishers to put into their maps. Dr. Livingstone at one time accused the Portuguese government of deliberately misleading the world about the mouths of the Zambesi, and they may easily have had commercial reasons at an earlier date for keeping their knowledge to themselves. The writer of an interesting article in *Nature** on the old maps of Africa, points out that the old map-makers, proceeding upon information furnished by Portuguese traders and missionaries, were so far right about the Congo, that they made it issue from a lake in the interior. We may expect to hear by-and-by an account of the exact amount of knowledge concerning central Africa possessed by the early geographers, from the commission which the Lyons Geographical Society has instituted to inquire into the subject. Meantime, judging from what Defoe puts into the mouth of Captain Singleton, we should say that the Portuguese, if they, as seems most likely, were his authorities, knew a good deal about the country for some distance inland from both coasts, but that there was a vast expanse in the interior into which they had never penetrated, or from which they had brought back only the vaguest information.

No exploring records that have yet been brought to light go the least way towards diminishing the credit of recent explorers, Livingtone, Speke, Burton, Baker, and Stanley. The noble courage and patience of these explorers, nothing, of course, can diminish; but they may still retain also unchallenged the glory of priority. Nor do I think that the

* Living Age, No. 1777, p. 56.

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map-makers of the eighteenth century were guilty of a step backwards when they discarded the conjectural tracings of vast lakes which formed the tradition of central African geography in the previous century. I do not know who is responsible for thus making central Africa a geographical blank. The writer in *Nature* attributes it to Guillaume Delisle; and one finds maps without the lakes which are said to be constructed "*selon les nouvelles Observations de Messrs. de l'Académie des Sciences.*" But at any rate one cannot admit that it was a scientific error thus to make confession of ignorance. The map-makers retained the lakes long after geographers had ceased to profess any knowledge of the country where they were conjecturally placed. Peter Heylin, for example, has the lakes shown in the map accompanying his "*Cosmographie,*" although in the text of the work he makes this frank confession: "Touching these provinces we can say but little, and that little of no great note or certainty; but that they differ for the most part from one another both in speech and behavior; each village under a several king, and each in continual quarrel with its next neighbors, whom, if they overcome, they eat." The sum total of the seventeenth century knowledge about central Africa was that both the Nile and the Congo flowed out of large lakes deep in the interior. The eighteenth century geographers cannot be blamed for ceasing to give pictorial representation to these facts, when they could not fix the true position of the lakes within a thousand miles. The first step towards true knowledge is the rejection of knowledge falsely so conceived; and the exclusion of Lakes Zafflan, Zaire, and Zembre from the maps, was really the first step towards a scientific geography of the unexplored African continent.

W. MINTO.

From Public Opinion.

THE BUZZING OF INSECTS.

THE old naturalists thought generally that the buzzing of insects was produced by the vibrations of the wing, but they had scarcely attempted to analyze this phenomenon, and their opinion was abandoned when Reaumur showed that when the wings are cut a blow-fly continues to buzz. Other explanations of the phenomenon have been advanced by various naturalists, but none of them are satisfactory. M. Jousset de Bellesme has been making some investigations on the subject, and, after proving that previous theories are unsatisfactory, he describes the results of his own researches. To avoid confusion, it should be distinctly understood what is meant by buzzing. In the scientific acceptation it means to imitate the sound of the humblebee, which is the type of buzzing insects. But the humblebee gives out two very different sounds, which are an octave of each other — a grave sound when it flies and a sharp sound when it alights. We say, then, that buzzing is the faculty of insects to produce two sounds at an octave. This definition limits the phenomenon to the hymenoptera and the diptera. The coleoptera often produce in flying a grave and dull sound, but they are powerless to emit the sharp sound, and consequently do not buzz. There are two or three ascertained facts which will serve as guides in the interpretation of the phenomenon. First, it is indisputable that the grave sound always accompanies the great vibrations of the wings, which serve for the translation of the insect. It is easily seen that this sound commences as soon as the wings begin to move, and that if the wings be cut off it disappears entirely. The sharp sound is never, on the contrary, produced during flight; it is only observed apart from the great vibrations of the wings when the insect alights, or when it is held so as to hinder its movement, and in that case the wing is seen to be animated by a rapid trembling. It is also produced when the wings are entirely taken away. From these two remarks we may draw the conclusion that the grave sound belongs properly to the wings, that it is caused by their movements of great amplitude. There is here no difficulty. As to the sharp sound, it is certainly not produced by the wings, since it survives the absence of these. Yet the wings participate in it and undergo a particular trembling during the production of this sound. To discover the cause it is necessary to go back to the mechanism of the movement of the wing. It is known that among nearly all insects the muscles which serve for flight are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the parts of the thorax which support it, and that it is the movement of these which acts on the wing and makes it vibrate. The form of the thorax changes with each movement of the wing under the influence or the contraction of the thoracic muscles. The muscular masses intended

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for flight being very powerful, this vibratory movement of the thorax is very intense, as may be proved by holding one of these insects between the fingers. But as the vibrations are repeated two or three hundred times per second, they give rise to a musical sound, which is the sharp note. In fact, the air which surrounds the thorax is set in vibration by that directly, and without the wing taking part in it. There are then two simultaneous sounds, one produced by the vibration of the wings and the other by the thoracic vibration, the latter twice as rapid as the former, and therefore an octave. This is why in flight only a single grave sound is heard. When the thorax moves alone a sharp sound is produced. This, M. de Bellesme believes, is the only explanation that can be given of the mode of production of the two sounds which constitute buzzing.

From The Spectator, "Paris Exhibition."

CAMBODIA.

ANOTHER recollection to carry away and dream of — from the gallery of foreign retrospective art — is that of the sculptures from Cambodia, and more particularly of the fragment of a huge, many-headed serpent, with two figures astride on it, and enclasping it, which formed part of the approaches to one of the gates of a fortress, a model of which restored is to be found in the pavilion of the French Direction of the Fine Arts on the other side of the river. The whole body of the serpent would be, if I recollect aright, one hundred and twenty feet long, and the whole number of figures astride, twenty or twenty-two. A people wholly lost to history has left these evidences behind it that it had an art of its own, as complete in its way as that of Egppt or Assyria; that its architects could uprear edifices of stone of gigantic size; that its sculptors could represent the human and other natural forms in due proportion, and in any size; that its artists had the sense of movement in the highest degree — on a fragment of frieze there is an uprearing short-maned horse which might be Assyrian — that they had the gift of ornament, and could wind their characteristic emblem, the serpent, into the most subtle decorative patterns. We may fancy we trace resemblances with the art of Assyria, of China, or India, but the artistic individuality of this extinct people, whose monuments alone remain in the midst of the forests of Cambodia, is unmistakable. I know of nothing resembling the colossal quaternion of heads into which the fortress gate grows up; no other people that I am aware of has thus treated the human form. Not less remarkable is the conception of the serpent. I have spoken of it as many-headed, but it really has one enormous head, out of which many smaller ones spring. And then the type of the human figures themselves, as they ride the serpent, thick-lipped, low-nosed, broad-nostrilled — yet neither negro nor Mongolian — with a kind of sneering smile of self-satisfied power! There is nothing of the cold and awful serenity of the Egyptian, — nothing of the proud, self-conscious strength of the Assyrian. You seek in vain for any really human quality in these faces. Justice is as far from them as mercy. You cannot even say that they are cruel, for cruelty implies something of impulse, if not of passion. They simply have no sense beyond that of satisfying their own selfishness, and they know that they are able to do so to the full. With such a smile on their faces, one might conceive of the antediluvians listening to the preaching of Noah.

Such races deserve to perish. But one would fain know, instead of having to guess, the riddle of their history. Standing before these wonderful remains — the vigorous battle-scene, the wild dance, the strange architectural conceptions, the ever-recurring serpent, the quaternion of gigantic heads — one feels how dark is the fate of nations which have only an art, and not a literature. Not a trace of anything that looks like writing can be discerned anywhere. And so of this lost race of Cambodia, "their memorial is perished with them."

L.

[There is nothing in the world more wonderful than these remains, of which we hear so little. A French traveller once showed us photographs of some upper stories built by these Cambodians, which in his belief, and he was an expert, no architect could now reproduce. He could not conceive how they were done. — ED. *Spectator.*]

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COMMISSIONED.

"Do their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them; be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy and life of it."

WHAT can I do for thee, beloved,
Whose feet so little while ago
Trod the same wayside dust with mine,
And now up paths I do not know
Speed, without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life
All fresh and fair and beautiful
Has opened its wide arms to thee;
Thy cup is over-brimmed and full;
Nothing remains for me.

I used to do so many things:
Love thee and chide thee and caress;
Brush little straws from off thy way,
Tempering with my poor tenderness
The heat of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give;
And it is grief of griefs to bear
That all these ministries are o'er,
And thou, so happy, love, elsewhere,
Dost need me never more.

And I can do for thee but this:
(Working on blindly, knowing not
If I may give thee pleasure so;)
Out of my own dull, shadowed lot
I can arise, and go

To sadder lives and darker homes,
A messenger, dear heart, from thee
Who wast on earth a comforter;
And say to those who welcome me,
I am sent forth by *her:*

Feeling the while how good it is
To do thy errands thus, and think
It may be, in the blue, far space,
Thou watchest from the heaven's brink,
A smile upon thy face.

And when the day's work ends with day,
And star-eyed evening, stealing in,
Waves her cool hand to flying noon,
And restless, surging thoughts begin,
Like sad bells out of tune,

I'll pray, "Dear Lord, to whose great love
Nor bound nor limit-line is set,
Give to my darling, I implore,
Some new, sweet joy, not tasted yet,
For I can give no more."

And, with the words my thoughts shall climb
With following feet the heavenly stair
Up which thy steps so lately sped,
And seeing thee so happy there,
Come back half comforted.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Sunday Afternoon for November.

HOLYDAY.

HALF-GREEK adown the Highland glen
And singing to the open sky,
I passed beyond the ways of men
And found my vale in Arcady.

The bees were drowsy on the slope,
The air was wondrous sweet and still,
And all my heart beat high with hope
Of marvels on the Grecian hill.

The light cloak from my shoulders flew,
My bare brown limbs were light and free;
The lark whose rapture thrilled me through
Was but a singing bird to me:

For I was Greek in Hellas' prime
And singing to the clear bright air,
And Grecian bees were in the thyme
And the lost charm in all things fair.

Hills beyond hills from blue to grey
Faint to the misty Highland sky,
But I have been an hour away
In my own vale of Arcady.

From tree to tree the whisper creeps,
"Look, sister, at the wayward man!
His are the eyes of one who sleeps
Within the vale Arcadian."

"Hush, hush!" the pine-tree sighs, "and look,"
The lav'rock peeps from heather sweet,
And headlong streams the Highland brook
To break in laughter at my feet.

Blackwood's Magazine. J. S.

DO WE WELL TO MOURN?

YES, grieve! it can be no offence to Him
Who made us sensitive our loss to know;
The hand that takes the cup filled to the brim
May well with trembling make it overflow.

Who sends us sorrow means it should be felt;
Who gave us tears would surely have them shed;
And metal that the "furnace" doth not melt,
May yet be hardened all the more instead.

Where love abounded will the grief abound?
To check our grief is but to chide our love;
With withered leaves the more bestrewed the ground,
The fuller that the rose hath bloomed above!

Yes, grieve! 'tis nature's — that is, God's — behest,
If what is nature called is will divine:
Who fain would grieve not cannot know how blest
It is to sorrow, and yet not repine.

Spectator. S. H.

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From The Contemporary Review.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE NINETEENTH.

A STUDY ON THE REFORMATION.

Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
In monte saxum: sed vetant leges Jovis.
HOR. Epod. xvii. 68.

IN the month of October, 1850, was kindled a strong political excitement, which ran through this island in all its districts, and gave birth to the measure, at once defiant and impotent, which, under the name of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, encumbered the statute-book for a quarter of a century, and then silently closed its unwept existence. Public susceptibility had been quickened at the time by a number of secessions from the Church of England to the Church of Rome, large in relation to the previous rarity of such occurrences, and important from the high character of the seceders, and the talents of many, as well as the fine and subtle genius of one, among them. It happened that I had occasion to travel by post in the centre of France at the period when the stir began. Resting for Sunday at Roanne, I attended the *paroisse;* and heard an earnest preacher on the triumphs of the Church. His capital point was, that these triumphs were in no way confined to the earlier centuries: they were even now as conspicuous as ever; at the very time when he addressed them the great fortress of heresy was crumbling away, and the people of England were returning in crowds within the one true fold of Christ.

Is the worthy preacher now alive? Has he observed the currents of the religious and the ecclesiastical world? What does he think of his description, and of the prediction which it involved? Is he satisfied with the statistics of conversion? Or does he look deeper than statistics, which can at best speak only for the hour that is? Does he dive into causes, and, estimating moral and mental resource in all its deep diversities, does he still see in the opening future that golden harvest, with the glow of which his vision was then delighted?

As for the statistics, they are obstinately stationary. The fraction of Roman Catholics in the population of this country, as computed from the yearly returns of marriages, has for a generation past been between five and four per cent.; and, out of this small portion, by far the larger part, probably not less than five-sixths, are of Irish birth. The slight variation observable has, on the whole, been rather downwards than upwards. The fraction itself, which approached five per cent. in 1854, now rises little above four. There is, in short, no sign that an impression has been made on the mass of the British nation. This is especially remarkable on two grounds. First, that a new lodgment has really been effected in the body of the aristocracy. Now, high station is in this country a capital element of attractive power. Fully half a score of peers, or heirs apparent to peerages, have, within forty years, joined the Latin communion; and have carried thither in several cases the weight of high character, in one or two that of noted abilities or accomplishments. But, secondly, these years have beyond all question effected an enormous augmentation in the arguing and teaching capacity of the Anglo-Roman body. I do not speak of merely mechanical appliances, as buildings. It is probable, that the secessions have multiplied at least fivefold the stock of educated ability and learning, available for all its purposes. The aggregate addition might perhaps claim to be equivalent in force to the entire body of honormen at Oxford or Cambridge for several years. The zeal of the seceders has been even more conspicuous than their talents. Yet this great afflux of missionary energy has entirely failed to mark the work of propagandism either by an increase of relative numbers, or, as every observer must admit, by an augmentation of civil, political, or social force.

Upon this curious state of things, a French priest, the Abbé Martin,* looks in a state of mind more curious still. For him, and for those on this side the water who may have prompted him, the whole argument in the Roman controversy is on one side. Though there has been a great historical controversy, worked out, during many centuries, in many countries,

* What Hinders the Ritualists from Becoming Roman Catholics? By the Abbé Martin. *Contemporary Review*, August, 1878, pp. 113-136.

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through the most disturbed and complex human action, and often, as all candid men allow, through the vilest human instruments, and through means equivocally good or unequivocally bad, yet this is not one of the matters in which real weights lie in the opposite scales of argument, and we have to be led by the "probable evidence" which is "the guide of life." The case on his side is as clear as a little rill of water, a couple of inches deep. Then these Ritualists, of whom the abbé writes, have gone so provokingly near him; and yet, like the asymptote of the parabola, they will not touch him. They seem to hug and scrape the boundary, and yet refuse to pass it. So the abbé and his friends are as men standing under a tree, whose branches bend under a weight of golden fruit; and they shake the tree with all their might, yet, he says, the apples will not fall. Or they are like a professor of a popular natural science in his lecture-room, with all his paraphernalia around him: his explanation is clear, his description of what he is about to do has not a shadow of a doubt upon it; but, when he comes to his experiment, his instrument will not work, and he finds that there is something wrong. If Mr. Babbage's calculating machine had given him an erroneous result, he would at once have suspected a fundamental error in his adjustment of the parts; but this is the very last thing that would occur to the abbé or his friends. No unkind or discourteous word, indeed, drops from his pen. The glove he wears in his helmet is perfumed "sweet as damask roses." * He has all manner of reasons to excuse these Ritualists; reasons of unconscious, concealed interest, of feeling, of tradition. But his article is entirely subjective; all on the men, nothing on the question. Anything and everything suggests itself to him, except that he finds no reason great or small, lying in the heart and essence of the case itself; a supposition, which the self-centred certainty of the Roman Church forbids any of her sons to entertain. And certainly his case is so far a hard one, that the rush of converts forty, thirty, and twenty years ago was such as to raise a fair presumption that so many teachers would surely be followed by a corresponding multitude of the taught, and to afford at once temptation and excuse for many an unwary and precipitate anticipation.

The general proposition announced by the abbé at the outset seems to be this: that a portion of the English Church much resembles the Latin Church in ritual, usage, and doctrine, and it is therefore matter of astonishment that the resemblance does not merge into identity; in other words, that they do not enter the papal fold. Now, it may relieve the abbé's mind of a portion of the pain of this astonishment if he asks himself another question: it is this. There is another body, whose ritual and doctrine is deemed by his own communion to be very much closer to its own, than those of any portion of the Church of England. The ritual and doctrine of the Eastern Church have received from the Latin Church an acknowledgment it has never granted to any Anglican faction or section whatsoever; it is admitted that, in these capital points, that Church stands unassailable. Accordingly, it is only impeached on the charge of schism, a charge which the Eastern polemics retort in a manner highly inconvenient to the defenders of the *Filioque*, the supremacy, and the infallibility. Now the abbé must be aware not only of the admitted nearness of the Easterns to the Roman patterns, but also of the fact that nothing is so rare as a theological or ecclesiastical conversion from among them to the Latin communion. He may, then, do well to take the beam of the non-conversion of Greeks and Russians out of his eye before he troubles himself so seriously with the mote of the non-conversion of Ritualists.

The abbé is not coherent in his account of these Ritualists. At one time (C. R. pp. 113, 126) they do not truly belong to the Church of England; at another (p. 125) they "only continue the traditions of Anglicanism under a rather more subtle and dangerous guise." Which of these is the abbé's meaning? Perhaps, though it might seem difficult, he holds by both. If, then, these Ritualists are people who have found out a form of Angli-

* Winter's Tale, iv. 3.

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canism "rather more subtle," *i.e.* difficult for an opponent to grapple with, and "rather more dangerous," *i.e.* to the Roman controversialist, is it any great wonder that they should remain in the communion where they may think, as they are indeed assured by the abbé, they have found out new means of making good the positions held by their fathers for a term now of three and a half centuries? But, in truth, this article is not an argument merely about Ritualists, as the term is commonly understood among us. The point of the weapon is directed towards them; but the blade is one which cuts down together all, under whatever name, who are either unable to recognize the paramount claims of the actual Roman Church, or resolutely determined to repel them. While the abbé cannot understand — but I hope my reference to the Eastern Church may have advanced him at least one step towards understanding — how there can be a Ritualist, who is not a Romanist, so neither can he, in the same page (113), comprehend how there can be a Protestant who is not a rationalist. In both cases alike, he sees the fact, but he cannot unravel the question how it comes about. Into any of the specialities attaching to the name of Ritualist, or the name of Protestant, I will not enter. I pass by the men, and go to the case. The appeal which I wish to recognize, is really a broader one, on more open ground, in fresher air.

Es machte mir zu eng, ich musste fort.*

It is an appeal to all the disobedient; and it summons them to repent and to obey. What the abbé does not understand is the fact presented rudely, but substantially, by the statistics I have cited: the incompatibility, be it for good or be it for evil, of the English mind with the Roman claims, and the system which those claims introduce. Now, to this system, whether under the name of Rome or of ritual, or whatever other name, I hold it perfectly certain that this nation will, at least until it has undergone an extensive moral as well as theological transformation, decline to submit. And yet not on the ground which the abbé Martin, exhibiting herein a want of acquaintance with the state of opinion and feeling among us, appears to imagine. He thinks that the people of this country in general suppose the Roman Catholic religion to be "a tissue of error and iniquity" (pp. 117, 118). In this idea I believe he does them great injustice. Among the only admissible witnesses, namely, men thoughtful and trained, the great Latin Church as often perhaps receives more than justice, as less. In her vastness, in her continuity, and in the close cohesion of her clergy, she has great and telling advantages. These, let me add, are enhanced by the aspect of unity and standard of zeal which, in this country, existing as a small and marked sect, she exhibits even in her lay members. Beyond all doubt, partly as fact and partly as idea, she makes a most powerful appeal to the imagination, by the side of the little fenced-in "Anglican paddock," as Mr. Dowden has happily denominated the system which resulted from English action on Church matters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Gregory VII., Innocent III., Thomas à Becket, are great and imposing figures to us all; but Archbishop Laud, who was the Gregory VII. or the Innocent III., or the Thomas à Becket, of our little paddock, seems to take hold of nobody's imagination, and has been set down by Macaulay before his millions of readers as an individual truly contemptible. Our bishops are indeed peers of Parliament; but they have as good as ceased to take part in its debates, except on matters relating to the paddock. Their incomes are carefully regulated by statute, and I believe most properly and becomingly laid out; but they do not partake much of the ideal, even in the sense in which the ideal may be recognized in the eighty and sixty thousand a year inherited at this day by some of the Austro-Sclavonian prelates from the Middle Ages. Luther, quarried out of the rock rather than shaped out of the marble, the Huguenots, the Puritans — these, among them, have taken up the imaginative sides of the great reforming movement. They exhibit all its poetry; Anglicanism shows little

* Schiller's "Wallenstein."

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but the prose of compromise and the *via media*. Cranmer, notwithstanding his great position, and his latest moments on the heights of heroism, has never excited half the living human interest that has been given to Margaret Wilson, drowned at a stake by the advancing tide on the western coast of Scotland; as to whom Mr. Napier has lately shown it to be somewhat probable that she never was drowned, or otherwise "done to death," at all. This want of hold upon one of the great sovereign faculties of human nature has, I am persuaded, been a main cause why the English Church has been unable to retain some of her loftiest minds. She is a Church which makes a double appeal to the Catholic and to the Reformed traditions; but she exhibits each of them in shapes in which they are disowned by the more acknowledged representatives of the two respectively. Nor is this all. There has, it is manifest, been a rather marked tendency to Erastianism in the "Anglican paddock;" the natural result of the care which the State bestowed on fencing it, and the legitimate parent of a strong tendency to worldliness. This has been encouraged by historical events. The Puritans were ejected in 1662, and the Nonjurors after the Revolution. Without doubt, the bulk of those who remained were as conscientious as those who departed. But there is usually, almost inevitably, on such occasions, a worldly leaven, a more or less corrupt minority, that loves to abide where the "loaves and fishes" are to be had; and this minority lowers the average tone of the mass, in which it remains. The Puritan and the Nonjuring clergies were alike in this, that they carried with them a very small laity, and a portion relatively large of the zeal, and love, and faith, which are the life of a church.

But there are other reasons which seem, on one side at least, to blunt the sword of controversy. We think ourselves to be great lovers of historic truth. Partly by our origin, partly by our institutions, partly by our habits, we are bound to its service; chained, as it were, to its car, whether we will or no. So that, even if we break the chain, we drag the fragment; it entangles all our movements; we have not the undisturbed complacency, the tripping step, of those who settle every debate as the old Neapolitan police, when they tapped a man on the shoulder and apprehended him, met his inquiries for a cause with the conclusive reply: "*Per ordine superiore.*"

No country, again, has produced more temperate reasoners than this country. Witness Richard Hooker, witness Bishop Butler; I add a third, not unworthy to be named with them for learning and for love, Bishop Forbes of Edinburgh, the author of the "*Considerationes Modestæ.*" Nor, I believe, has any country produced a greater number of henotic writers; the theological peacemakers, who, hoping against hope, have striven, by charitable corrections, and favorable interpretations, to close the breaches of Christendom. It is true, indeed, that we have also to this day a section of almost fanatical combatants against the Church of Rome, and everything in which they can trace a resemblance to it. But their productions are supposed to pass with unusual despatch into the waste-paper basket, and it may truly be said of that Church that, in this country at least, she is even more happy in her extremest adversaries, than in her friends.

In point of fact this servitude, a noble servitude so far as it is realized, to historic truth, is what I cannot bring myself even to stigmatize as inconvenient, if we measure convenience largely, and by eventual results. However this may stand, without doubt the general habit of mind, encouraged by the causes I have named, derives a more direct encouragement from the spirit of the Christian religion such as we profess it. For it is undoubtedly a spirit of examination; even as the spirit inculcated, and generally prevailing, in the Latin communion is a spirit of acquiescence. And here it is that the conditions of any discussion with one in the position of the abbé come into such violent discrepancy on the two sides respectively, that I can hardly hope to convey with any fulness or clearness to his mind what is the point of view from which, according to our national habits of thought, his position is regarded. If two men meet in argument, one of them desirous to measure fully and accurately the points of strength and weakness on both sides, but especially the points of weakness on his own, and the other with an equal honesty of intention, but with a mental habit formed and hardened under influences which forbid not only any condemnation but even any critical scrutiny of the system he belongs to, they can have no common measure of truth, no means of comprehending one another. They are like men, neither of whom understands the language spoken by his adversary. My countrymen in general will I think give their full and final adhesion only to a method which bends

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submissively to all historic evidence; which handles that evidence in the domain of Church history on the same principles as in any other domain; and which has for its aim nothing else than this, to come at the clear and entire truth, without fear or favor. And there is need of a disposition of this kind. In every religious body without exception, there forms itself a special tradition; an atmosphere, in which its members habitually live and breathe, and according to which all their ideas arrange and shape themselves. In every case, and not alone in the Roman case, this tradition lapses and slides far away from the truth of history. For it is not formed upon facts alone, but upon passions, sympathies, prepossessions: it is the offspring of man's promiscuous nature, and not only of the faculties given him for searching out the truth; and it is matter of much difficulty, even where no authoritative inhibition intervenes, to get out of the mist and the dusk which this tradition sheds around us, and to look at the face of things as they are in themselves, and after they have been stripped of their spurious integument.

Now the first consequence of such a resolute method of proceeding is one unpalatable to every sincere controversialist. He must stoop to the effort of making admissions. I will proceed to make one. Believing the general enterprise of Roman propagandism to be hopeless throughout Great Britain, I nevertheless can also believe that, between the bold and confident assumptions of the Latin Church, the shock given to many minds through the sceptical movement, and the real faults and shortcomings easy enough to be discerned in the Church reformed after the Anglican fashion as well as in every other Church, the Roman fishermen will from time to time gather a handful of fish into their net.

The matter of those faults and shortcomings requires a more detailed notice in one branch. Abuses properly so called, that is to say, corrupt deflections from the acknowledged standard, have in no Church been more rife and rank, than they were in the Church of England for several generations. But these are in a great degree things of the past; they are generally and strongly renounced, at any rate, by the clergy, in spite of whom they exist, so far as they exist at all. But the defects, other than mere abuses, have a deeper seat.

The Protestant, and the Anglican tradition of this country, in the sense in which I recently described, starts from a position allowed by all, that the Christian Church in general had, in the course of time, fallen away in various particulars from its purity. This was the state of declension which prevailed until the sixteenth century. Then there came upon Christendom, initiated by the bravery of Luther, a powerful impulse, which passed into a mighty struggle. This conflict was carried on through many years, with many vicissitudes. But it resulted in a new state of things. On the one side, there remained the Latin Church with its dogma generally unchanged, but with many current opinions and practices hardened into dogma. On the other side stood a variety of Protestant or Reformed communions, differing it is true on several points among themselves, but differing more profoundly or more sensibly, or both, from the great Latin communion which had rejected, or had been rejected by, them. Speaking roughly, there were now set up in western Christendom two systems of doctrine, discipline, and ritual, instead of one: issue had been joined on a multitude of points, and upon all of them where the controversy lay between reformed and unreformed, the second, according to the Protestant tradition as I have described it, was simply wrong, and the first simply right. The Reformers were regarded, not indeed as inspired, but as those who had displaced a false system, and either devised or replaced a true one, in such a sense that it was obligatory, or wise at the very least, to follow them in each and every point as they had delivered it, under pain of impeachment for disloyalty. There was a kind of latent reserve on behalf of those who wished to go beyond the Reformers, though this reserve was again subjected to reservation, and was not held to shelter Unitarians. But for such as fell short of the Reformers, there was no mercy. To adhere to the Gospel in its republication was a duty, as much as to have adhered to it in the form of its original publication. The new system was to be reasoned from, not reasoned on. Private judgment was legitimate, if it resulted in accepting on trial the conclusions of a particular time and crisis; but the lawfulness of its exercise was conditional upon its thinking generally as the Reformers thought, and in each country as the Reformers of that particular country thought.

In England, it had so happened that the Reformation period, popularly thus called, had left the Church of the land in a state of inward conflict between two schools,

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alike determined in rejecting the jurisdiction of Rome, and various other matters along with it, but seriously differing on sacramental doctrines, on the nature and government of the Church, and generally on their relation to the framework of the old religion apart from the more recent Roman peculiarities. It was not for a hundred years, namely, not until 1661, that this feud was brought to a decisive issue by the final triumph of the historical or traditional school, which has commonly been called Anglican, and which is represented in the phrase of the "Anglican paddock." The framers of the scheme then settled were really the final Reformers of the Church of England. But, in the thought and language of the Protestant tradition, they were believed to savor somewhat of reaction; and never took the benefit of that peculiar authority, above the natural though below the supernatural, above the patristic, though below the apostolic, which the Protestant tradition ascribed to the Reformers. But, though their authority may be little recognized in the abstract, it is beyond doubt that, through the medium of the Common Prayer Book they have operated very powerfully on the religious mind of those within the pale of the Anglican Church, and have helped to lift it some would say above, and others would say away from, the true Reformation standard. In the main, however, it is the body of ideas evolved in the sixteenth century, as accepted in England, which has been the treasure, it may even be said the idol, of our "Protestant tradition;" and has been popularly deemed to hold a place beyond the reach of ordinary criticism. This conception, however, is now very widely felt to be one which it is difficult for the philosopher to conceive, or for the reasoner to defend.

It is a serious matter to shake any tradition established with regard to religion. For the invisible world contends against the visible at many and terrible disadvantages, and gets so much less than fair play in the general competition, that there should be much tenderness and caution about shaking any part of the ground it actually holds. But such motives, though they recommend care and forbid precipitancy, cannot establish a standing law in derogation of historic truth; and it is the attempt so to derogate which may often generate the most violent and dangerous reactions. The English mind, under the guidance of liberty,

Libertas, quæ, sera, tamen respexit inertem.

has found it impossible to justify the practice of looking at the Reformation as if it had been a revelation. We cannot be bound even to approve all the proceedings of the primitive Church in its dealings with the heathen world. Much less can we suppose that in the civil wars of Christianity, the conduct of either side had a monopoly of virtue, or its thought of religious truth. It does not follow that the work of the sixteenth century is to be hastily or harshly judged. Its case before the court, so to speak, of posterity is like that of the men of Magna Charta, of the Revolution of 1688, or of the Reform Act. All of these are recognized as signal public benefactors; but none of them are exempt from criticism, or even censure, in the points where it may be found that their workmanship has been defective. But as the passions attending those great political epochs were less fierce, violent, and subtle than those of the Reformation, and again as the business of the Reformation was one far more complex and difficult to deal with, we must be prepared in its case to find, without astonishment, more excesses and more failures mixed with the details of a great and immortal performance. And, when we find them, we must estimate them with judicial calm, but with historic freedom.

The mental and moral upheaving, both of nations and of individuals, at the date of the Reformation was an effort such as civilized man had never before been called upon to make. For Christianity, from its origin, wound itself but slowly into the body of society. And, although the early controversies, such as those of the fourth century, went much nearer the foundations of the faith, they were carried on (so to speak) in the scientific region, and did not greatly enter into the moulding of ordinary life and character. But the struggle of the Reformation was not confined to the mental and moral sphere. At every point, it was prosecuted or repressed by the axe and the stake, by sword and cannon. When reason and feeling were thus fiercely and inextricably blended with "blood and fire, and vapor of smoke," * it was impossible that the action of mind could be normal and duly measured, or that its results should come forth without bearing upon them the marks of the agony and convulsion of their birth. To treat the particular tenets of the Reformation one by one, and the verbal forms in which they are expressed. as purely scientific products of

* Acts ii. 19.

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human thought, is contrary to all the lessons of history, to the whole analogy of our nature. The circumstances of the Reformation as a great uprising in vindication of human right, and as a manful protest against corruptions now admitted and lamented by every candid man, gave it a great authority, in the philosophic sense of that word; but this was in its broad outlines and in the main scope of its moral purposes, and cannot be shown to ramify and descend equably into the detail of all its processes.

Of this we have a marked example, as I think, in the doctrine of justification. For Luther, it was the note and test of life or death, the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*. Yet the Anglican Church seems to have steered amidst these troubled waters clear of all the difficulty. Some may think it requires a strong appetite for controversy to detect a radical incompatibility between the Anglican article on this subject and the Tridentine teaching in its positive part.* The complemental doctrine of assurance, so widely taught on the Continent as a thing necessary for the Christian, has never at any time been sanctioned by the Church of England. The "*Considerationes Modestæ*" of Bishop Forbes present abundant materials for a view of the controversy of justification; and that work, together with the "*Symbolik*" of Möhler, written from the opposite side, appears to supply all that reasonable minds can require in order to close the contest.† Accordingly, the divines, who met at Bonn in 1874, do not seem to have encountered much difficulty in the composition of a reconciling formula, which has not, so far as I have learned, given cause for any scandal in this country.

There were other points, at which partisanship has left its mark, if not on the body of doctrine formulated in the sixteenth century, yet on the Protestant tradition, which is for the greater number of minds its living representative. The strong and just reaction from the purgatorial system, prevailing in the Latin Church of the period, went far to account for, and even excuse, that stark and rigid conception of the effect of death on the state of the human being, which led to an abandonment of the uniform practice of the earliest ages of the Church, as testified by the liturgies, in the commendation of the faithful departed to God, for an increase of their rest and peace. But what caused, nay even what might excuse, the violence thus done to nature, as well as to religion, did not frustrate its mischievous effects in narrowing the range of Christian sympathies, and establishing an anomaly in the general doctrine of prayer. With the obscuration of an universal tradition there came, indeed, manifold confusions of doctrine: the final judgment, with its solemn import, seemed to have no place left for it, when the intermediate state of souls had been reduced almost to a cipher. Worst of all, the new standard appeared to be in hopeless conflict with the widest experience: for it implied that the entire work of discipline was in every case fully accomplished on this side the grave; that every soul passed away into the unseen in a state of ripeness for a final destiny of bliss or woe. But violence begets violence. Within the last twenty years a reaction has arisen, under the force of which a crowd of Protestants, and even many who deem themselves to be of the cream of Protestantism, have adopted ideas of trial and purgation beyond the grave, which vastly exceed in latitude anything ever taught by the Church of Rome.

Again, if it be true that, in the current doctrine and practice of the eucharist, the sacrificial idea had, before the Reformation, and not for the best purposes, been allowed to assume an undue and enormous predominance over that of communion, it came, in the course of controversy, to be so depressed on the Protestant side, that it was almost effaced from the common mind. This could hardly be done without a serious dislocation of the historical relations between that great sacrament and its historic types. Nor, again, without seriously lowering the general conception of Christian life and worship as a true sacrifice to God, which had the eucharistic sacrifice for its central point. St. Paul seems to lift upward the whole fabric of Christian observance, when he exhorts the faithful to present their bodies a living sacrifice unto God, which, he says, is "your reasonable service."* And, if so, whatever tends to impair the efficacy of that idea, tends in like degree to lower the Christian obedience from the level of the filial, towards that of the servile, standard.

A fourth point, in which the general interest of Christian truth took damage from the course of the controversy, related to the authority of Holy Scripture. Exultation in the recovered access of the

* Art. xi. Conc. Trid. Sessio vi., capp. viii., ix.

† Bishop Forbes' Consid. Modest., Books 1–5; and Möhler's Symbolik, i. 1–3.

* Rom. xii. 1; cf. 1 Pet. ii. 5.

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people to the Divine Word concurred with the jealousy of it exhibited on the Roman side to heighten our conception of its exalted function under the economy of the Gospel. The bald announcement of a coordinate authority in dogmatic traditions, exterior to the sacred volume,* the wide door thus laid open to arbitrary assertion, and the unlimited use made of Church authority against human freedom, provoked the reforming parties into the total rejection of that authority, and the substitution of the invisible for the visible Church. It thus became alike a logical and practical necessity to lay upon Scripture the entire stress of defining and proving itself, and to hold the Almighty pledged as it were to every letter forming part of its *corpus*, with a particularity and rigor hardly known to former ages. It has become long since evident that this was a straining of the truth; and that the superstition thus engendered might, when it wore out and disappeared, make room for scepticism. It can hardly be doubted that the Christian world is, in our day, suffering seriously from this cause. Diminishing, by an arbitrary process, the aggregate of testimony which the wisdom of God had supplied for the establishment and determination of the Gospel, and finding the stock, when thus diminished, to be insufficient, we impeach the revelation itself for a want, which is due only to our own improvidence.

This great and menacing mischief was inherent in the course of the foreign, much more than of the Anglican, Reformation. But another evil was an especial growth of the movement as it shaped itself in England. The popedom was, after the rupture had been consummated through the folly of Pope Pius V., virtually effaced from the national Christianity. So serious a void there was a temptation, perhaps a necessity, to fill; and through the force of events, more than any formal declaration, it was filled in the main by the sovereign. This was a result extremely adverse to civil freedom. It further heightened that excess of regal power, which had already marked the Tudor period. The doctrines of divine right, and of passive obedience, took deep root in England; and they were peculiarly the growth of the English Reformation. The strength of the crown had, indeed, in many respects eased the religious process; and the ill effects in this department were greatly mitigated by the sagacity of "great Elizabeth," and by an undoubted sincerity of attachment to the Church in the two first sovereigns of the Stuart line. But, on the whole, the tendency of the exaggeration I have noted was to depress spiritual life and energy, and to promote and perpetuate a civil intolerance, which the marked theological moderation of the Church of England would of itself have greatly discouraged.

Now, I would warn the abbé Martin — the repeated recurrence of whose name in this paper I trust will not offend, as it is rather typical than personal — that he will not on all hands receive the benefit of such admissions as have here been made. Many among us will demur to them on their merits, many more out of deference to tradition, *videlicet*, the current popular tradition. Some will probably go so far as to censure any writer, by whom they are made. But doubt, says Dante (*Parad.* iv. 130), nestles at the root of truth, and no lesson more profound is to be learned among the many that have proceeded from that great and royal teacher. To tradition, as the witness of history, the highest regard is due. Tradition, as the floating opinion of a sect or party, has only a presumptive title to respect even among the members of that sect or party, and cannot be pleaded against a serious investigator, like a privileged communication in an English court of justice.

Again, Abbé Martin may find rained down upon him in abundance, as reproaches, in answer to his inquiry, all those accretions to the Christian faith, partly in the current usages and tradition of his Church, partly in its more authoritative documents, which have been urged by our controversialists with much power, at the various periods when they have seriously drawn the sword of controversy. This ground I leave to professional combatants. I waive, therefore, much advantage, and rather desire to make every possible admission; in the belief that, for the time in which we live, the ultimate issues of discussion will be mainly governed, not by the topics which the propagandist loves, and which he uses in individual cases with great effect, but by those which take a broader grasp of the general reason of mankind. At the same time, while I shall speak of the Roman Church in Roman Catholic countries, on the other side I limit myself to English ground; for I do not feel myself possessed of that acquaintance with the entire case, as it stands in Protestant lands abroad, which is necessary to warrant the degree of pretension implied in the very act of making any contribution

* Perrone, De Loc. Theol., pars ii., sect. ii. 1.

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to a public discussion. The religion of each side I take where it is the prevalent religion; for where it represents but a handful, the comparison is vitiated by exceptional, and therefore misleading particulars.

Admitting, then, for argument's sake, that certain conceptions, material to a largely developed Christianity, have been impaired or curtailed, and consenting to pass by the countervailing inquiry whether our common religion has not on the other side suffered more deeply from exaggerations which practically mutilate, I take the case at the worst, and I compare the condition of Christian belief, as such, in the great Latin communion with what it is, for example, in England. I will not rely upon the case of the respective clergies, which we may safely take to be, as a general rule, firm in the faith which they profess. Yet I cannot dismiss their case without a remark. In the Roman Church, they are a body trained from an early age, in jealous and careful severance from the laity. In adult life, this severance continues; so that belief among the clergy tells us nothing as to belief among the educated laity. In England, as also in the Eastern Churches, the clergyman is everywhere a citizen, and everywhere (I include our Nonconformists) in sympathy either with all or many of the educated laity; so that here the general fidelity of the priesthood or ministry does tell us a great deal as to the existence of belief among the educated laity. Nor will it be disputed that the state of belief among those of the general community, who have received the highest instruction, is likely in the course of time, perhaps to determine, at any rate largely and vitally to affect, the belief of the mass.

I suppose it too, to be undisputed that, in the early, though not in the earliest days of the mediæval culture, a strong spirit of reaction against faith asserted its place in the contemporary literature; that is to say, in the permanent, incorporated thought of man for the period. This spirit, mainly known by its relation to the Renaissance of the fifteenth century, I shall describe by the name of paganism. And for one most signal manifestation of it I go back to the middle of the fourteenth, and to the "*Decamerone*" of Boccaccio; a work which has undoubtedly become part of the literary inheritance of mankind through all generations. This production is saturated from top to toe with the pagan spirit. Many a book composed with the direct intention of assailing dogmatic religion, is far less profoundly estranged from it than the "Decameron." I do not now speak mainly of its indecencies: partly because there has been a change in the general tone, if not the framework of ideas, which makes an exact judgment on the point difficult: partly because that offence has been committed by others, who have left evidence of a strong spirit of Christian belief and feeling, such as Margaret, queen of Navarre, has given in her very beautiful verses, "*Qui veut être vrai Chrétien.*" The profound paganism of the "*Decamerone*," again, is not principally to be proved by its merciless exhibition of corruption among the priests, monks, and nuns; although the chastisement is couched in a tone as different as possible from that of a reformer. It seems as though it was their being specially bound to the exhibition of the great anti-pagan system, which, instead of exciting grave sorrow and shame, gave zest and intensity to the pleasure of the author in exposing their worldly and fleshly vices. But it is the entire strain, the atmosphere, nay, the very basis of the work, which is pagan, and ultra-pagan. It lies in the exhibition of dissolute life, upon Epicurean principles, as the proper and natural refuge of the very choicest spirits in Florentine society, women as well as men, from the horrors, and from the solemn duties, brought to their doors by the black death of the period. This revival of the *carpe diem* * as the guide of human life, close to the headquarters of Latin Christianity, is the more remarkable, because the book makes no attack on speculative belief. It was truly a fact in the life of the country of its birth, and of its own and the following generations, such in magnitude and moment as to have no parallel, for the purpose of the present argument, in literary history. It was a national event. It entered into the business of States, and the circle of diplomacy. Produced close to the central seat of Latin Christianity, it became the subject of one or more embassies to Rome from Florence. Under Paul IV. and Pius IV. it was in the *Index Prohibitorum Librorum;* but in 1573, under Gregory XIII., it was published at Florence, with express approval from the Roman Inquisition, and with a brief from the pope, which granted the copyright to the publishers, and excommunicated all who

* Admirably described in the preface to the new edition of Maçon's (1545) translation. Paris: Liseux. 1878. The subsequent regret of Boccaccio, if established (see Ugo Foscolo's Discourse), will not affect the argument.

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should anywhere infringe it, besides fining them heavily if in the Roman States. It had been corrected; but how? Mainly by the omission of one out of the hundred tales, and by the general omission of ecclesiastical personages, for whom schoolmasters and students were commonly substituted. This concession, which would be incredible if it were not indisputable, tells more than many a volume might be written to tell, of the strong and impregnable position which had been taken by paganism, at the very heart of the whole civilized and Christian world. Unhappily it would be quite easy to widen this illustration, though deepened it could not be; as, for example, by reference to the "*cauti carnascialeschi*" of the Medicean court, to the remarkable "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," and to the now infamous, but then famous, person and works of Pietro Aretino, Knight of St. Peter by favor of Julius III.

When Christian morality had been to so great an extent shaken and displaced in the mind, and in the practice, of the educated and refined, we cannot be surprised at the violence with which, upon the wider introduction of the new studies from the East, the Christian dogma also was touched by the influence of Greek thought. If ever in the natural world a tempest was required to re-establish atmospheric equilibrium, the great earthquake of the Lutheran movement was needed to shake the very ground under the feet of the Roman court, to compel reflection, to revive religion, and to abash and overbear the interests opposed to disciplinary reform. In this sense I suppose it to be admitted by many members of the Roman Church that it was not only helped, but saved, by the Reformation. The reforms, however, which were accomplished by, and after, the Council of Trent, were confined to the ecclesiastical sphere, and did not exorcise the spirit of paganism. That scandal of scandals which I have set forth, the acceptance and commendation of the "*Decamerone*" from the Roman chair, was effected amidst the storm of religious war in France and in the Low Countries, and one year only after the same reigning pontiff had struck a medal, and ordered a thanksgiving, in honor of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. As early, indeed, at least, as in the time of Dante, the severance of the supreme Christian teaching from Christian practice had come to be such, as to produce results highly significant of the future. The poet, than whom there had been no more profound believer, and perhaps no greater spiritual writer, since the apostolic time, has described the court of Rome in terms which would have satisfied the highest transports of Luther; and gave tokens of attachment to human liberty sufficient to mark him as a dangerous man. In our own time, a devoted adherent of the popedom has published an elaborate work to prove him an heretic, as well as a revolutionist and a socialist.* But the further lodgment of the enemy has not then been made within the precinct where was to dwell "a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle;" even "the king's daughter, all glorious within," and having "her clothing of wrought gold." Made it was, and seemingly before another century had passed. To this day, he has never been dislodged. Nay more, he has enlarged his tents enormously; and it is no secret that among the educated men of France and Italy, with the exception of a few individuals, the Christian dogma has ceased to hold an authoritative sway over either intellect or life. It is not this or that tenet which they doubt: the whole basis has crumbled, the whole superstructure fallen to the ground; and what even in this day moves some of them when they come to England is, astonishment at the large number of believers. All minor assaults upon belief the Latin Church has indeed put down in her own precinct, with the same success as that which she achieved in defeating the reforms of Scipio Ricci and the synod of Pistoia, or in blasting the promise of Port Royal. Nothing can be more splendid than the external tokens of victory. Jansenism, and Josephism, and the *Petite Eglise* of France, before our time, and in our own day Hermesianism and the movement of Ronge, have gone the way of all flesh. It remains to see what will be the fate of the Old Catholicism of Germany, and of the sister associations elsewhere. But, while so many attacks have been repulsed, so many rebellions quelled, in detail, the foundations themselves have been sapped, and the educated thought of civilized man, in the countries of the Roman obedience, has broken, and to all appearance finally broken, with Christian belief.

Now it must be most instructive to compare, even in the rudest and briefest outline, the experience of the pagan movement in our own country with its history abroad. I say in our own country, for the abbé Martin's appeal is to us, whom he

* *Dante Hérétique, Révolutionnaire, et Socialiste.* Par E. Aroux, Ancien Député. Paris, 1855.

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seeks to draw out of our churchless, shelterless condition, into the shelter he so much enjoys. But many of us doubt whether we are quite so churchless, and still more of us whether we are quite so shelterless, as he supposes.

The rebellion of paganism against the faith was felt throughout western Europe. It was a barometrical indication of the condition of a moral atmosphere, which overspread all Christendom, and pervaded its essentially common life. England was an early recipient of the Greek studies in her two universities; and the close connection of her rising literature with Italy ensured her sharing largely in all the impulses which had convulsed or touched the mother country of our civilization. The marks not only of Italy, but of Boccaccio, are stamped upon English letters from Chaucer onwards. But Chaucer exhibits neither the moral foulness, nor that deep underlying of the pagan spirit, which marks the great Italian novelist. His "goodman of religion," is purely and strongly Christian:

The love of Christ, and his apostles twelve,
He taught; but first he followed it himself.

One of the very sweetest and most perfect of Christian poems is "The Merle and the Nightingale," by Dunbar. If it be said that this difference was national and not religious, it has also to be replied that England was distinguished from Italy between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries, first by a doctrinal reaction among a portion of the people, which found vent in Wiclif and in Lollardism; secondly, by that strong and truly national reaction against the court and see of Rome, which touched its climax in the proceedings of the reign of Henry VIII. So much for the first stage in the history of the Italian paganism.

The second stage was that, which it reached under the influence of the classical Renaissance. And here I suppose, that the British analogue to the Italian manifestation of the sixteenth century is to be found in the Elizabethan literature, the terrene spirit of which has been very powerfully described by Mr. Dowden in his remarkable works on Shakespeare. Let us estimate that literature first in its prince. Shakespeare undoubtedly exhibits a strong reaction against the transcendental spiritualism of the Middle Ages. It is hard to measure the distance between his mental attitude and that of Thomas à Kempis, or even that of Dante, who was, outwardly at least, a man of the world, a practical politician and partisan. The mediæval Church, or rather that part of it which aimed at fidelity to its mission, in its anxiety to keep religion pure and lofty, had set a gulf between it and the rude common life. Its idea was lofty; but it was not the idea of training the human being in every faculty and for every function of the present existence as the normal means of preparing him for a remoter future. Mary it followed; but Martha, who of necessity must be more typical of the mass of Christians, it rather proscribed. The conditions of earthly existence were renounced, rather than sanctified, in the religious ideal. In order to the eventual re-establishment of the balance between the worlds, there required to be a strong reassertion, not only of the reality of this world and of life in it, but of their legitimacy. They, and not the cloister, were the school, in which the Almighty had appointed his children to be taught and reared. Hence came, as the grand characteristic of our Elizabethan age, what Mr. Dowden calls "devotion to the fact," "attainment of the fact," "rich feeling for positive, concrete fact." * In this reaching out with one arm, so to speak, of our nature over the whole terrestrial domain, there was a real widening of the scope of life; and if we look back impartially to the history of that great period, it seems difficult to deny that there was also a great accession of new human energy to the pre-existing stock. It was the office of the other arm to embrace the unseen life; and probably this grasp was weakened for the time. It could hardly be but that, as in all human reactions, the function restored should trespass on the province of the function previously in too exclusive possession. We need not then be surprised that the works of Shakespeare, as a whole, bear a somewhat worldly aspect; that in their exhibition of human nature, entirely unrivalled in all literature for largeness and variety, with depth, so small a portion should be seen on the side lying heavenward; that saintship, where it appears in Henry VI., is emasculated and incoherent; that not only in our early plays, such as "Romeo and Juliet," but in the later and greater works, "Macbeth," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Lear," the deep problems of our life and duty are handled upon a basis which is but negatively Christian. This is the more noteworthy, because a multitude of passages exhibit Shakespeare as an undoubting believer. But religion had been wrenched

* Dowden's Mind and Art of Shakespeare, pp. 18, 19, 23.

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away from life; and life, in its recoil, busied with the gathering of all its energies, had not recovered the key to its own harmony with religion. I have endeavored here not to understate the charge, which a Beatrice might be warranted in making against our Elizabethan age. But when we compare the English "paganism," as exhibited in Shakespeare, with the Italian paganism, hardened into an Epicurean creed and sanctioned by the Roman court, or teaching with the very same pen, as in the "divine" Aretino, the vilest profligacy and the most orthodox theology, or even as it is exhibited in the splendid poetry of Bojardo and Ariosto, I cannot but think that, in fidelity to history and the fact, we must allow that the comparison is favorable, as far as it goes, both to England and to the Reformation.

Mr. Dowden has chosen with great judgment four names as being together typical of the Elizabethan age in letters: Shakespeare, Bacon, Spencer, Hooker. The magnificent intellect of Bacon is held by Mr. Dowden to have been profoundly indifferent to religion. Is this truly so? I do not presume to deny that in Bacon's character "the world that now is" weighed for more than "that which is to come." But I would appeal with some confidence to his account, for example, of the fall of man, as a proof that he rendered a solid faith and fealty to the Christian dogma. As for Spenser, it is surely notable that, forming himself as he did upon the poets of the Italian romance, he utterly renounced their uncleanness, and, as it were, "passed by on the other side." More still is it to be noted that, while far from being the most robust of the band, Spenser is the one who seems to have taken the best aim at the literary restoration of a true theory of life. All virtue, all duty, all activeness of the human character, are set out by him, under the forms of chivalry, for our instruction; but his ideal knight is Christian to the core.

> And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
> The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
> For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
> And, dead as living, ever him adored.*

Nor was Hooker less a restorer than his great compeers. For was it not given to him to recall our theology from the hungry region of mere polemics to that of positive and fruitful truth, and to become the father of a long line of divines, reared undoubtedly in the mere Anglican paddock, yet not without name and honor in the wide pastures of the Christian world?

I know not whether the Abbé Martin will recognize the relevancy of a discussion of this kind. He may think it *ἀπροσδιόνυσον*; far from the mark. I admit that it fetches a compass; but this is what frequently, in strategy, hems in the adversary with a zone of iron. The case, I think, may be thus exhibited. Religion lives in various forms; but it has to a great extent the same evils to contend with. These evils are failure in the law of human duty, and failure in the Christian dogma, without which dogma, as Christians believe, the laws of human duty cannot on a large scale be maintained. Obviously our controversies would be solved, could we see plainly in which of its rival forms our religion dealt with these foes most effectually. But then comparison of the dogma is the polemical business, which in this paper has been waived. Comparison of the morality, on an adequate scale, of the countries of the Latin Church and the countries of the Reformed communions would be most instructive; but the facts are so manifold and complex, as to defy reduction to a simple issue. It is something, then, gained towards the establishment of truth, if we can obtain hints for tracing the intellectual history of these countries respectively, in its relation to religion. Such a hint I have sought to supply by exhibiting the effect upon the two systems, or upon the two frames of mind, of the great paganizing movement dating about the close of the Middle Age. We might find here something that may faintly resemble the parables of our Lord, and their adaptedness for public instruction; wherein the truth (as I think Whately observes) is perceived before its application to contending parties has come into view. Upon the whole I believe, that a continuation of the inquiry into the lay literature of the respective countries down to our own day would tell the same very significant story; and would show that, with all our faults, which are countless, yet, taken at large, religion has dealt and deals more hopefully with the great anti-dogmatic movements here in England, than in the lands of the Papal Church. Suppose, for example, that we bring into the field Tasso on the one side, and Milton on the other. Undoubtedly the chief work of Tasso rests upon a basis of Christian facts: yet it may be doubted whether the Christianity of Milton, as exhibited in his works, with all its errors or offences, had not in it far more

* Faerie Queene, i. 2.

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of the character of a living operative power, holding the allegiance of heart and will. Again, while in the last century, the Voltairian torrent carried away the mind of France, the three most prominent contemporary names in English literature, those of Johnson, Burke, and Richardson, were eminently Christian. At a later period we can point to at least four great contemporary poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Scott, none of them professional * or theological, but all decidedly Christian. It might be difficult to find a parallel within the Roman pale. Men such as these, it must be remembered, are fountain-heads of thought, moulders and makers of the generations yet to come;

> Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood o' the world.†

At the present moment, indeed, belief in the revelation of the unseen is undergoing, here as elsewhere, a shock which is without parallel, at least in the history of this country, for the activity of its manifestations; and is suffering a sharp retribution for all the errors of all its professors. But it remains to be seen whether what we witness is a structural change, like those which fill the record of geologic time, or whether it is the wave of a cyclone, which wastes and submerges, and is then itself re-absorbed. So it was with the unbelief which Bishop Butler described; so it may be again. It is, however, even now, my persuasion that, so far as men of mature life are concerned, there is exaggeration abroad, if not as to the world of physical science — which has not yet become the "mother and mistress of all the sciences" — yet as to the world of literature; still more as to the sphere of those professions, which are mainly conversant with human life and action, and which, as I cannot but think, must best prepare men to judge of any scheme, which has for its object the training of mankind.

But whatever modesty, whatever reserve the present rampancy of the non-believing movement may inspire, it will hardly prompt us to look to the Latin Church as invested with the reconciling mission between faith and the human reason. It is true that the central authority of that Church has recently pointed out another method of settling the difference. It proposes to effect the work by the simple action of authority: and this method, boldly proclaimed, and well echoed through the world, may attract a fragmentary proportion even of English minds. The abbé Martin says (p. 132), "The fundamental principle of Catholic discipline is respect for authority;" and he calls on us to "understand very clearly" (p. 131) that those, who accept his invitation, must, "in religious matters, make an entire surrender of their personal liberty and of their own will."

Freedom, then, is quietly trodden under foot. Now, this is not a lawless country. It constantly excites the surprise of foreigners that, when revolution shakes or saps the Continent, authority sits undisturbed in England. But that, it will be said, is temporal authority. It is not temporal authority alone. Rely upon it, the acknowledgment of a law external to ourselves in things unseen is the absolute condition, under which alone authority can uphold itself in the sphere of the visible and tangible. But it is met by the counteracting play of liberty; met, yet not extinguished. Authority can only be defended by reason: it is a part of what reason sanctions and recommends. But there is no escape from this, that it must be tried by reason; as even the being of God, with reverence be it spoken, must be tried by reason. Tried by reason, under a great responsibility; but under no external coercion, either physical or moral. What the English mind demands, and will demand, is that the contest between belief and non-belief shall be fought out upon equal terms. This does not mean that human consent, that the tradition of ages, shall be cast aside as a thing of no account; but means that it shall be weighed, and account taken of its weight, by that faculty which God has made to be the very door of our matured minds, and through which alone lawful entrance into them can be had. The principle of authority, the fact of revelation, the stability and perpetuity of the catholic creed, all these, I trust, will remain firmly grounded among us; but they can only be maintained through a frank acceptance of the challenge to make good their claims by reason. This demand of the English mind has been met by the Roman Church with the allegation, that her head is infallible. But then we know that, until eight years ago, this very thing was freely denied by the highest authorities in her communion. She likewise asserts her universality; but does not this seem to be somewhat impaired by the fact that the Christians, who are not of her communion, are quite as

* I do not think Coleridge's early function, as a preacher of a creed soon abandoned, requires me to qualify this epithet.

† Tennyson's Princess, ii.

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numerous as those who are? She claims, too, a right to override the conclusions of science; but will candid reflection regard the plea as strong enough to stand the shock of hard and concrete facts? We observe in the Roman Church a most powerful organization, and a great faculty of action upon all those who do not laboriously think, or largely contribute to supply mankind with its stock of thought: but we observe, also, when we look to the countries of her unbroken dominion, an apparent want of capacity to meet the human mind in its questioning attitude; so that it has simply broken away from her control, and the communications between the two are like the voices of men severed on this side and on that by a broad and deep stream that neither of them can cross. The non-believing guerillas are busy in the field of science, of archæology, of language, of pre-historic facts, of speculative philosophy, of Biblical and all archaic criticism. In every one of these they challenge Christians to the fight. What, within the last thirty years, the current generation — during which the trumpet of defiance has been ever sounding in her ears — have this vast clergy and Church effected in answer to the challenge? And why are Ritualists, or anybody else, to be in a hurry to surrender their Christianity to a body that shows so small capacity to defend a territory, which nevertheless it claims exclusively to occupy?

The truth is that the Reformation, amidst its convulsive throes, lifted again to the surface a gigantic question which had long lain buried beneath the *débris* of the current religious traditions; namely, whether freedom is one of the vital and normal coefficients for all healthy life and action of the human soul? It answered this question, too, not at once, but partly led and partly driven by the logic of events, in the affirmative. Neither had the Roman Church, before the Reformation, replied to it in the negative. Since that great epoch, her attitude has become in many ways more artificial and constrained. The tendencies adverse to freedom within her pale are supposed to be due to the order of Jesuits. But Loyola is himself only the first, and most prominent, index and result of those tendencies. The foe was everywhere around the walls: sentries had to be multiplied, passwords appointed, and doors formerly open kept fast with lock and key. Jesuitism was only rendered possible by the Reformation: it was, by reflex action, the Reformation's child. Compulsory confession was a yoke which one-half Europe had refused to bear: but in the post-Reformation Church, that rule was developed into the system of direction. Now Tartaros was as far beneath the ground, as the ground beneath heaven; and direction was as far beyond mere confession, as confession was beyond the lines of human autonomy. Religion became more sensuous, more artificial, more feminine. The saints of this period differ from earlier saints, not merely as the ages differ, but from the specific reflex effect which had been wrought upon the Latin religion. What a difference, for instance, between Saint Bernard and St. Francis de Sales: how much more human, natural, and universal is the one, how much more removed is the other from the largeness of the true type of manhood! And so it still seems to be a continual tendency, nay, a standing policy, to depress the man in the priest, and to make the common type of the order force down the growths of individual character. Finally, what the Reformation did once, the French Revolution did anew. It stimulated and centralized the ecclesiastical spirit, narrowing its precinct, making it more intense within that precinct, but widening the gap between it and the lay Christian world, and wearing away the hope of reconciliation between them. It is easy to denounce from the Roman chair all opposers, as simply representing the world, the flesh, and the devil. But the question will recur to calm minds whether that absoluteness of rule which it establishes, from the head downwards, through the several stages of its clergy, ending in the dominion of them all over the flock, and in the establishment of an unchecked clerical supremacy over the detail of life, is really healthful for mankind; really according to the laws of the constitution given us from on high; really the due form of the remedy appointed for the healing, the restoration, and the full development of human nature?

A variety of circumstances tend to confirm this mistrust in the capacity of a Church, such as the abbé Martin recommends, for becoming a successful champion of belief. We know, for example, that forty, thirty, or twenty years ago the fortress of thought and of scientific theology, for the Latin Church, was in South Germany. But we also know that the band of men, who were then her joy and crown, have been driven, since the Council of 1870, out of her communion; and are now known as Old Catholics. If we cross the Rhine into France, we observe that Lamennais, the greatest genius of the

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French clergy of his day, and Hyacinthe, once their greatest preacher, each, though in different directions, became estranged from their Church; that Montalembert is known, and Gratry is suspected, to have died in mental resistance to the Council of the Vatican. If we carry our view into Italy, we find that nearly all the most remarkable men of its clergy for the last half-century have been unable to hold their positions, or have fallen under the positive censures of the Church: Rosmini, Gioberti, Ventura, Passaglia: a list to which two notable names, at least, of men now living might be added. In England it is true that a large number of notable persons were, within our memory, induced to cross the Roman border. They changed the color of their small but respected Anglo-Roman communion, and some of them have been active in polemical campaigning; but what has this clergy effected in the great warfare for belief?

There was a time when the champions of the Latin Church were content to pursue the historic method, and to trace through the sacred Scriptures, the writings of fathers, the structure of liturgies, and the decrees of councils, those severed elements of proof, which, as they thought, welding themselves by degrees into a mass, presented the features of a true historic growth, and justified them in inscribing over the portals of their Church the proud title of the unchanged. There was not only a material but a formal difference between this mode of arguing, and the mode now in use. For it was a process carried on in the open, level arena, upon the common ground of an appeal to history, and to rational judgment, upon a wide range of actual fact. The method is now disused; and such men as the Bossuets, the Nicoles, or as the great divines of Constance, are discredited and even denounced; a change in tactics, which must have a cause, and which suggests no other cause than this; that, in the face of the profound alterations lately effected in the Roman system, the appeal to history has become a patent peril, and must be not only laid aside but inhibited. But do the modes of argument, which have been substituted, better sustain the ordeal, through which they have to pass in every reflective and impartial mind?

For example, in lieu of showing what has been in the world, and what is, or is not to be deduced from the abundant facts of history bearing on the case, recourse is now often had to the argument *a priori*. This may well be called the domineering argument; as, in order to instruct man, it lays down the law for God, and determines the provision it was needful for him to make in order to ensure the fulfilment of his promise to the Church that the gates of hell should not prevail against it; or, that the Christian faith, and the society to whose stewardship it was to be intrusted, should endure throughout all the ages, until the work of the Redeemer should have been fully accomplished. To this end, we are often told, it was necessary that there should be an ecclesiastical organization with one head exercising supremacy over the entire body. But when we look through or over the wall of the Western Church into the precincts of the Eastern, we seem to find a living confutation of this argument. For there a vast body, nearly a fourth of Christendom, has subsisted from the great day of Pentecost to our day, which not only does not enjoy, but which renounces and condemns, the whole doctrine of supremacy; and which, under the old patriarchal constitution of the Church, retains the Christian faith entire, by the acknowledgment of Rome herself, which invites, and invites in vain, to her councils those unyielding patriarchs of the East. And what is the answer? We may really marvel that human lips can be found to speak, or hands to write it. It is, says Abbé Martin (p. 125), that the Eastern Churches are "almost all of them dead or dying for the last many centuries." Dying for the last many centuries! It is told, I think, of Fontenelle, that he was warned against coffee as a slow poison. "A very slow one," he replied; "I have drunk it through eighty years." Surely it is a poor, thin, transparent shift, which the dire necessities of exhausted polemics may rather account for than excuse. I shall attempt no reply except to say that the score of millions of those Christians, who inhabit the Turkish Empire, have for almost a corresponding tale of generations enjoyed the highest of all honors; they have been sufferers for their faith. They have been its martyrs and its confessors. They alone have continuously filled that character. Many a tender maid, at the threshold of her young life, has gladly met her doom, when the words that accepted Islam, the act that invested her with the *yatchak*, would have made her in a moment a free and honored member of a privileged, a dominant community. Ever since the Turkish hoof began to lay waste the Levant, those twenty millions have had before them, on the one side peace and freedom, on the other side

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the gospel. They have chosen the gospel; and have paid the forfeit. And whatever be their faults and errors, it is not for us of the West, amidst our ease and prosperity, our abundant sins and scandals, to stigmatize them as professors of a dead or dying Christianity, and thus to disparage the most splendid and irrefragable, perhaps, of all the testimonies which man can render to the religion of the Cross. Of this deplorable plea I should confidently hope never to hear again, but that I believe none better can be found to serve its controversial purpose.

There may be many, who believe in the perpetuity of the Christian faith, and Christian society or Church, and therefore in its preservation in all necessary truth; and yet who, on the broad ground of rational interpretation of Scripture, would utterly deny, or resolutely question, the assumption that either the Roman pontiff, or any organ or organs of the Church whatever, have a guaranteed immunity from error. The life of the Church is one thing; its health, and the perfection of its health, surely are another. A promise of life to an individual does not exclude sickness: why should the promise of life to the Church? It is surely futile to reply that she cannot err, because immunity from error is essential to the perfect discharge of her duties. Here we have again the *a priori* doctrine, and rules of conduct laid down for one whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways.* But the assumption is not only arbitrary; it is in straight contradiction to the whole constitution of things, under which we live. For in it every provision for the performance of duty, for the attainment of good, is marked with the imperfection thus haughtily refused. To this rule there is no exception. Even the very "creature," † the beautiful material world, is touched and streaked with it; lest perchance, if it had been faultless, it might suggest to us a claim for immunities that seem to have been advisedly withheld by the supreme wisdom.

But also this daring argument, which threatens, like Capaneus, to scale the gates and walls of heaven, is, after all, quite insufficient for its purpose. If we are to believe in the inerrability of a person, or a body of persons, because it is, forsooth, necessary for the full preservation of the truth, we must then also believe in all besides that can be shown to be needful for the perfect attainment of that end. Now, the conservation of all spiritual truth is not a mere operation of the intellect. It requires the faultless action of the perceiving power of the spirit. That is to say, it requires the exclusion of sin; and the man or body that is to be an infallible, must also be a sinless organ. I here deal, it will be observed, only with the argument *a priori*, which proclaims that infallibility must be true, because it is necessary for the perfect maintenance of truth and exclusion of error. If this be so, there is something else that is necessary for infallibility. It is necessary that the tainting, blinding, distorting power of sin should be shut out from the spiritual eye of the infallible judge. In a word, one-half of the claim is too glaringly at variance with the facts of every day to be prudently employed; yet it is requisite, in order to make good in reason the other half, which is only advanced with greater safety, because its detection depends upon long, and more complicated and disputable processes.

Another argument which has been recently brought into use, and has dealt a heavy blow to the old and revered motto of *Semper eadem*, has been that which may indeed be called *Nunquam eadem;* or, the doctrine of development. When Dr. Newman explained to the world that this was the instrument which had opened for him the way from his mother Church and university into the Roman communion, he felt the necessity of supplying tests, which might serve to distinguish a development from a corruption. Of these he enumerated no less than seven.* They were: —

1. Preservation of type or idea.
2. Continuity of principles.
2. Power of assimilation.
4. Early anticipation.
5. Logical sequence.
6. Preservative additions.
7. Chronic continuance.

Now I submit that these seven tests, imposing as they sound, are radically insufficient to guarantee a normal and healthy growth, which is, I apprehend, the only legitimate development; for they do not include either maintenance of the equilibrium of the system, or the due proportion of its parts. Certainly they afford a warrant against the removal of the old essence and the substitution of a new one; against

* Isaiah lv. 8.
† Rom. viii.

* Newman on Development of Doctrine, chap. i. London. 1845.

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the transubstantiation, so to speak, of the Church. But they afford no more. Suppose a child to be born weaker in one leg than in the other, and suppose that weak leg to be bandaged up and never put to the ground. The child develops — that is, he grows up, though he grows up a cripple, with a shrunken limb. But the type or idea of a human body remains; the principle of its life is continuous; it assimilates, for it is nourished by food; the early anticipation was shown in the weakness of the limb; the logical sequence is the continuity of growth; the preservative additions which, on Dr. Newman's principles, must be accessories only, are found in his duly measured clothes; and the chronic duration is in the long life, to which such a person may, and often does, attain, like another of seemlier formation. But the equilibrium is gone, and he wants a crutch; the parts have lost their just proportion, and exhibit only the contrast of a strong side and a weak one. Now this, if I may presume so far, not unfairly describes the development of the Roman out of the apostolic Church. No doubt (as I for one believe) the Church began with a clergy; nay, began in a clergy. It had its centre of life, and of self-propagating power, in the apostolic college, which gradually called into being those orders that form the full equipment of the Christian ministry. I could not in candor deny that Holy Scripture assigns to St. Peter some kind of leadership or primacy. Thus far, and if this had been all, we have, I admit, the germ of an absolute hierarchy, capable of development into the full organism. But these principles of life were girt about on every side with limiting conditions, of an equally active kind. As between St. Peter and the apostles, by the independence of each upon every other individually, extending even to the power of remonstrance and rebuke, and by the superior authority of the apostolic college and the council of the Church. As between the ministry and its flocks, by their free admission to the Word of God without stint or limit; by the authorized, nay, commanded, exercise of their rational mind upon it; by their having some share in appointing to the ministerial office, for surely it was the *cheirotony* of the Acts that expanded into lay assent, perhaps lay patronage, in the subsequent history of the Church; by their actual participation in government, which I suppose might very well be developed out of the Council of Jerusalem; and finally by their paramount control over temporalities. I do not dispute the historical and huge development in the Latin Church of the first set of principles and powers. But what has become of the second? The access to the Divine Word of Scripture has, to say the least, been greatly narrowed. The duty to prove is replaced (see Abbé Martin) by the duty to submit. Not only are lay rights in regard to appointments fast passing into clerical hands, but presbyteral and episcopal rights are in course of rapid absorption into the will of one single supreme clergyman, the Roman pontiff. The last remnant of lay influence, from within the Church, over its government was effaced in principle and fact, by the exclusion of the representatives of States from the Council of the Vatican. Even of the care of temporalities the Church went far to relieve the people, when, besides the tithes and the voluntary offerings, it possessed before the Reformation from one-third to one-half the land of various countries. And at this day it is held to be vital by a party, that the pope ought also to be a king, in order that he may be temporally independent. The whole space, given for the growth of two sets of principles, has been monopolized by one. In the structure of the Church system, the original equilibrium has thus been wholly dislocated, and a new one devised, with a crutch. The proportion of parts is lost; the laity count but do not weigh; hardly a vestige of their ecclesiastical rights remains; that vestige is only in the form of patronage; and it is marked for early extinction.

It is, I think, clear that, for the purposes of popular influence as well as of controversy, the Roman Church derives vast practical advantage from the continuity of her traditions. She is like a State that has never undergone a revolution. I will not say she is like Russia, as compared with England: since I feel that the illustration is imperfect. For in a State, when evils become intolerable, a radical and violent change must come; inasmuch as to be in the State is, and is felt to be, a first necessity of life. In these times, there is no corresponding sense of a first necessity to be in a Church, that is, to be truly in it, as among its living and working members. So it is quite possible that, in lieu of the trouble, the pain, the agony, of a convulsive change, like revolution in a State, men in a Church may tacitly withdraw, and may pass, through a comprehensive but noiseless disobedience, into a dogmatic vacuum, if not into spiritual death.

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Thus much it is right to allow; that traditions, unbroken by any shock of change, offer undoubtedly an imposing spectacle; but they supply no test of truth in religious controversy, any more than they supplied a test of health and safety in the France of 1788. It had unbroken traditions; but it was to come down with a crash in 1789. England, on the other hand, by deposing bad sovereigns, and extorting Magna Charta and the Triennial Bill and the Bill of Rights, in a series of revolutions, had won her way to a true stability of civil existence. A just parallel, a sound illustration, is to be found, as I think, in the pagan or Olympian system of the classic ages. From what original did that system draw its lineage? The abbé Martin will probably agree with me in believing that a primitive religion was given, as the Scriptures tell us, in the cradle of our race. It was not by the shock of religious revolution, by the violence of Luthers, and Zuingles, and Calvins, that this primitive religion was disnatured and deformed. Here and there we have indications of minute local conflicts between an old god and a new; but they were purely local. It was not by persecuting laws, by tribunals of inquisition, or by wars of religion, that the old monotheism was (so to speak) transelemented, and caricatured, into the gorgeous but gross and motley religion of the Greek and Italian peninsulas. It was by continually importing new matter, of a particular quality and bearing. And these were very "preservative additions;" insomuch that they supplied the most civilized part of man, through fifteen hundred years, with what, in "chronic continuance," served them for a religion.

But they gradually and slowly drew the system off its old axis, and pitched it on a new one; and so handled it, that at last it seemed to lose all features of religion considered as a discipline for man. It then no longer presented the first of the seven tests in the preservation of the type or idea. Let it not be supposed that I mean to insinuate such a charge against the Latin Church. The type or idea, that of redemption and renovation through our Lord and Saviour, is, I rejoice to think, still held with a marvellous consent by nearly the entire body, however broken up, of professing Christians. My argument is one *a fortiori*, and is this; that the plea of continuous traditions is of no binding force, because, as we see from the case of the Olympian system, this feature may subsist, and yet not merely corruption and debasement, but even possibly change of the type, and loss of the essence, may arrive.

Another imposing plea, the plea to which the Latin Church commonly owes what success she may achieve in making proselytes, is the great advantage, or, as it is sometimes put, the necessity, of certainty in religion, for the satisfaction and establishment of the soul. In this department of theology has been elaborated the doctrine of a "divine faith," the privilege of every Latin Christian, distinct, from the first, in its nature from even the most normal process and fullest ripeness of persuasion and conviction. Without doubt faith is distinct from knowledge, in things human as well as in things divine. But, over and above this, it is taught that faith is in essence different from the just appreciation of motives of credibility,* and a claim seems to be made for every Latin Christian of what is essentially a separate and specific revelation. Thus infallibility, on the one side, in the living voice of the Church, seems to be met by a divine certainty on the other in receiving it. No more ingenious scheme could be devised for shutting out that scrutiny of doctrine and ecclesiastical title, which is recommended to the members of all other religious communions, and inhibited to her own. But, when the interior parts of this machinery come to be examined, it is found to exhibit fatal flaws. For there are no infallible means provided for carrying the message from the infallible mouth to the person happily endowed with a gift of "divine certainty" for receiving it. The priest who instructs him is not infallible, nor is the bishop who overrules the priest, nor is the synod which outweighs the bishop. As to the priest, I need not enlarge. As to the bishop, in 1822 Bishop Baynes, a great authority, published his belief that no one in his communion, throughout England and Ireland, believed in the infallibility of the pope. As to synods, the national synod of Ireland, in 1810, declared that no Roman Catholic could be "required to believe or profess" that infallibility, and also declared this freedom to be "a part of the Roman Catholic religion." † Into what terrible pitfalls, then, may the Latin believer fall headlong unawares! for to day he may be assured by a synod, in the name of the entire Roman Church, that he cannot be required to

* Perrone, De Loc. Theol. iii. 1, 2, 137, 138: "*Credit perinde ac si cerneret intuitu suo, immò magis.*"

† Defence against Dr. Moysey, p. 230. Slater on Roman Catholic Tenets, pp. 14, 15.

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believe a proposition, and to-morrow a council, meeting at the Vatican, can lay on him that very obligation. What shock to certainty, comparable for a moment to this, has ever been imparted by any act done in the Anglican communion?

I do not wish to use any expression that can wound. But surely, in the sonorous pretensions of the Latin controversialists, there is a great deal of what in common affairs would be adjudged to be no better than "tall talk." The impression on my mind is, that it is no difficult matter to establish a very formidable and damaging indictment against any one of the portions of the Christian Church: damaging enough to excite, unsettle, terrify any one of its members, who does not resort to the unpalatable, but restorative, medicine of examining with an equal care such "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores" as may perhaps be detected in the community he is solicited to join. I fear that the restless and eager prosecution of the business of proselytism has often done irreparable mischief. First, in exposing the cause of belief to those cavils and scoffs, which it has provoked from men who do not believe. Secondly, and yet worse, in unsettling the foundations of that reverence, which every one ought to feel for the faith in which he has been reared, even as for the breasts at which he has first been fed. How often has it shaken the foundations of authority in the very first ordinance of God, the family! How often has it promoted a supposed orthodoxy of belief, to the neglect or to the detriment of those laws of conduct, the support of which is the work, and end, and the true and only renown, of orthodoxy! How often, in accepting the hasty process, often of an unformed and youthful mind, as a sufficient warrant for the tremendous operation of changing a religion, does it, by an unfelt but inevitable influence, impair the strength and sanctity of those bonds which, if sincerely entertained, a religion must as such have woven round the mind and heart! How apt is it to insinuate, "Unless you believe what I tell you, you have no warrant to believe at all!" How eagerly does it inculcate authority upon principles of rebellion, and obtain the surrender of mental freedom through the operation of unbridled mental license! I do not say that no man is to change a false religion for a true; or a less true religion for one with fuller truth; but that the change ought to be recognized for what it is, in fully developed minds, at the best a terrible convulsion, and at times such a rent in the spiritual life, as nothing can repair. Still less do I say that the spirit which our Lord once rebuked is confined to any sect or body: but I fear there is little doubt, upon a survey of the Christian world, which is its most favored seat.

In writing this paper I have obeyed, as far as I could, the injunctions of the abbé Martin, who deprecates dwelling on detail, and urges that "a great institution ought to be taken as a whole," judged "by its broad outlines," tested by its general results (pp. 127, 134). Anxious to avoid the sorer points of contact, I have avoided questions of morality; but he should know that we in England generally do not like the actual teaching of his Church as to the relative places given to particular sins and virtues. We fear that, in that teaching, a supreme law, the love of truth, comes off but second best; so that in the intercourse of life with his co-religionists, we rely a great deal more on the individual, than on the Church. I have taken little notice of his own observations as to details. It is no matter for wonder that his knowledge of things as they are with us, like ours of things as they are in France, should be but remote and inaccurate. Had he been a closer student of our history, he never could have said that there was no peace in the English Church, except when the State tightened the reins. The time of this tightening of the reins has usually been with us the time of the greatest disturbance. The State promoted a lethargic peace during the eighteenth century: not by tightening the reins, but by appointing Hanoverian bishops, who could not exercise a sharp control over a Jacobite clergy; and thus by loosening, not tightening discipline. Nor could he have said, that the Church worked worst in periods of vigor. Hardly any one denies the enormous increase of good wrought in our own time, amidst all its troubles and all its scandals. He sets out in much detail trivial causes, which he thinks prevent conversion. It seems only to occur to him by accident, and as he draws near a close, that his Ritualists abide in the Anglican Church because they believe it to be "a part of the true church of Jesus Christ" (p. 130). But if he is right, — and doubtless he is right, — in imputing to them this belief, how is it that he does not see how it supplies, until overthrown, — and he has done nothing to overthrow it, — the sufficient and conclusive answer to his question?

His courtesy and evident good-will inspire the wish that he knew more closely the state of religion in this non-Roman

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world. He offers us a religion with "authority for its fundamental principle" (p. 132), but authority blended with "great kindness and condescension" (p. 127). The freedom which we think to be, by the ordinance of God, an inseparable law of our life, and condition of all its healthful energy, has thus tranquilly disappeared from the system of the abbé. What we want is not so much authority "blended with great kindness and condescension," as authority freely entertained and accepted by reason, met by it, and "blended" with it. Were he more familiar with us, he would see that in this country, conformably to its essential character, there exists no question as to the maintenance of religion without this freedom; the serious question is whether it is to be maintained with it, or not to be maintained at all. The liberal coquetry of Von Hartmann * with the Latin Church, as the only foe that negation can stoop to recognize, has, except as to individuals, little meaning for England. Yet there is here a great mass of positive belief, both within and without the Church of the nation. Among the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the Nonconformists of England, extremes of doctrine have been greatly mitigated; but theology is on the rise, and culture is held in increased esteem. No doubt the principles called Anglican, which have also greatly advanced in positiveness and in practical vitality, exhibit notable distinctions from the Protestant system, as it exists outside the Church of the land. But both this evangelical Protestantism, and the Anglican system, have crossed the oceans, and sprung up in the remotest portions of the earth, with vigorous organizations to sustain them, and with no small exhibition of expansive force in efforts to reclaim the heathen. Of the Church of England and her daughters beyond sea, it may with no gross immodesty be said,

> Tum, fortes latè ramos et brachia tendens
> Huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.†

There are Roman divines, who seem to boast of the disintegration of Protestantism. Yet I hardly understand how the candid mind, be it Roman or other, can fail to see that these two, which I have described, are great and powerful factors, for the present and for the future, in the composition and direction of the Christian world. They differ in their respective distances from the Church of Rome, in their conceptions of Church communion, of sacraments, of authority, and of Christian tradition. But both prize as an inestimable boon the power of free and universal access for all Christians to the written Word, the most powerful and pure of all instruments of human education; and that boon was obtained for both by the struggle of the sixteenth century. Both look, with a common anxiety, to the great issues that are now debated in every form, and in the hearing of every class and every person. Both look to the determination of those issues, as involving the alternative of the further advancement, or the eventual degeneracy, of man. For them the question of questions is, what *modus vivendi*, what terms of respective possession and reciprocal influence, can be established between the Christian revelation and the more and more restless, but also more and more awakened and busy, reason of man. The foundations of the great deep are indeed broken up; and men have to contend for the first beginnings, elements, and foundations of the truth. The specific idea of revelation; the limit of inspiration in the Divine Word; the relation between the past and the passing generation in the acceptance and delivery of truth, between the ancient expressions of it and the play of recent thought upon and around them, between the action of freedom in which our nature is grounded, and the reaction of authority, which is as much an essential of mental as of external life; the place of law in the visible creation, and of miracle in relation to experience; the nature and range of intercourse by prayer between the creature and the Creator; the rules by which the dubious conflicts of righteousness in this world shall work out into its final triumph, and the probation of the human being, oftentimes so narrow and inadequate, to our human view, shall usher him onwards to a definitive condition: these are some of the questions within the region of theism, to say nothing of those beyond it, which call importunately for the vindication or readjustment of old replies, or the construction of new ones. Nor do they call in vain. There is no acquiescence in the attempt to divorce morality from religion, or religion from theology. Though the contest be close and urgent, and all the more so from the respect due to so many of the assailants, there is no despondency as to the issue. But it is felt that the time has come, when discussion has to be substituted for anathema as the main instrument of defence. If the Latin

* *Die Selbstzersetzung des Christenthum*, p. xv.
† Virg. Georg. ii. 296.

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Church will gird herself for that discussion, and show that she can surpass Anglicans and Nonconformists, Lutherans and Reformed, in vindicating the authority of religion, and establishing its harmony with the advised and persistent demands of the human reason, she may then only secure for herself the *spolia opima* of battle in the best of causes. She would thus, assuredly, do more to bring about the ultimate triumph of her own particular claim, than by wondering, while admitting, that all Protestants are not Rationalists, or that all Ritualists do not leave a Church, which is said at the same time, as a true Church, to command their allegiance (p. 130); and, as "the living embodiment of every high and holy thought, memory, purpose, hope," to warm their heart.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

ROSE-COLORED RIBBONS.

THE heroism with which Emmie had armed herself for her visit appeared at first to have been a little uncalled-for. The anticipated trials did not come, and the disagreeables that cropped up as the days passed on were so unlike those expected that Emmie actually did not discover them to be grievances till the time for bearing them was almost over. She would not be so inconsistent as to complain of being shut up in her aunt's room, out of the way of all but distant glimpses of the gaieties going on in other parts of the house, when she had lately told Katharine Moore that it was the being obliged to go into company that she dreaded. Yet it must be confessed that when the first strangeness of the great house and the many servants was over, such a longing for home would seize her, and send her, towards the close of a long afternoon, into such disgraceful fits of yawning, that she was frequently obliged to make her escape from the close, scented atmosphere of Lady Rivers's dressing-room and bring herself into wide-awake order again by peering over the balusters to the chief staircase, up which a group of afternoon callers would perhaps be ascending, in full view of Emmie's sleepy, disconsolate eyes.

It was very silly, she told herself, to feel disconsolate by about the end of the first week, and to wish, oh so vehemently, that a flight up stairs or down would bring her to Air Throne, or land her in the regions where she and Mary Anne were accustomed to hold discussions and work out experiments which gave the dinners and teas that resulted therefrom a better flavor than Aunt Rivers seemed to find in her dainty little meals. Yes, it was very weak-minded to grow homesick after such a short absence, when another week would bring her back to the old cares and to what she had been used to call the gloom of Saville Street. And with little news to impart to the others, for really, except during the moments of these stolen peeps on to the staircase, any one might come to the house without her being the wiser, even *the* one person who would come expecting to find Emmie West in the drawing-room, and who might possibly feel a little disappointed at her non-appearance.

One day while Emmie was looking over the balusters a stout, long-trained lady, with a dazzling bird of paradise in her bonnet, suddenly looked upwards, and so evidently saw something in the distant perspective of the winding staircase to arrest her attention that a tall young man who was following lifted up his face and saw too. Only the top of a retreating head Emmie hoped, for though the first glance had somehow fascinated her and kept her for quite a second staring down into the broad, smiling, good-humoredly inquisitive face that was turned up towards her, she had presence of mind to dart away before the younger pair of equally good-humored, inquisitive eyes had quite found her out. A sudden suspicion, turned into certainty by a moment's thought, shot through her and caused her to tingle all over. Yes, those were the Kirkmans: the mother and son whose names Aunt Rivers brought forward so constantly in her conversations with Emmie, and introduced even into those gossipy confidences with her nurse, which Alma used to frown upon.

The next day and the next at the same hour, Emmie cautiously peeped again, just long enough to see the glitter of the paradise feather nodding on the drawing-room landing. Then she retreated into the dressing-room, robbed, she felt, of even the poor dissipation of watching the stairs, and devoted herself for the rest of the afternoon to reading aloud to her aunt. Somewhat monotonously, it is to be feared, for her thoughts were all the while revolving round and round one point — the possi-

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bility, namely, that another caller might come to the house and be shown into the drawing-room while that keen-eyed young man and his smiling mother were talking to Alma. Through a whole chapter of a novel filled with the most thrilling incidents Emmie would continue to see mentally one series of little pictures only. A figure mounting the staircase — the drawing-room door thrown open — and then the change that would come on a certain person's face as soon as a glance into the room had made him aware of its occupants. Next she wondered how it would be if, instead of being shut up here, she were seated down there, say by the fireplace or in the window recess; would the new-comer, for want of something else to do, stroll up to her, and should she be able to say anything to soften the disgust and pain she could picture so surely on his face.

But it was only in the afternoons during the hours when afternoon tea and callers prevailed in the drawing-room that Emmie was guilty of monotonous reading aloud, or indeed of any other symptom of want of sympathy with the invalid who claimed her attention. On all other occasions she proved a most agreeable sick-room companion, and had only herself to thank; Lady Rivers found so much pleasure in her society that she could not bring herself to forego it even for an hour or two. It was sheer selfishness that caused her imprisonment, for Lady Rivers was too much engrossed just then with her own ailments to notice the unfashionable make of Emmie's winter dress. She only kept her shut up because such a listener as Emmie was too great a boon to be shared with any one who did not need the comfort of sympathy as much as she did.

It was something quite new to Lady Rivers to talk about her troubles to a person who looked up with interested instead of critical eyes, puzzled perhaps but still believing, and in spite of past prejudices, Emmie was such a person. Her nature was so essentially sympathetic that while Lady Rivers talked with her accustomed eloquence of complaint she could not help being mesmerized into an answering feeling of compassion. Possibly, after all, it was a worse state of things to live in a great, plentiful house, where everybody, from its master to the youngest of the servants, occupied themselves mainly in spiting and thwarting the mistress, in the fashion Aunt Rivers described, than like her mother to be struggling against the spite and thwarting that came from an empty purse only. Certainly her mother found less to say about her grievances and fewer people to feel bitter against. Poor Aunt Rivers!

And when Emmie tried her hand timidly at condolence, and brought forward, by way of tonic, stoical maxims learned from Katharine Moore, the conversations still flowed on amicably enough. Her velvety brown eyes quite melted with pity and sweetness as she spoke, and it never occurred to Lady Rivers that Emmie West could be recommending contempt of riches, or indifference to the good things of this world to *her*. In her own opinion she stood secure on an eminence of aristocracy that involved obligations of its own, and she could listen to moralities, applicable to persons whose inferior station in life laid a different order of duties on them, without the least stirring of conscience.

Contentment was no virtue for *her*, who had always found she could gain any point she set her heart upon by worrying long enough, though it might shine sweetly as a grace in people who mismanaged their family affairs as poor sister West had done. It was, however, gratifying to find virtue in its right place, and Lady Rivers would put out her white jewelled fingers, and reward Emmie's hesitating little sermon with a pat on her cheek, or a caressing touch of her hair, while Emmie wondered and glowed with gratitude, and felt almost as strangely distinguished as if she had seen the stone statue in the Square gardens come down from its pedestal, and hold out a welcoming hand.

"That child is really wonderfully pretty," Sir Francis remarked one day, after Emmie had left the room when he had come in and surprised one of those beaming looks of gratitude on her face. "I don't wonder at your keeping her hidden away here, my dear, if, like Madame de Sévigné, you hold to your reputation of mothering *la plus jolie fille à marier* in the market at present. You have never met Madame de Sévigné, you say, and don't know her daughter; that is your loss, my love, and perhaps also hers, for I think she would have written a very pleasant letter about you if she had had the luck to know you. No, she is not a *person* who has been putting notions into my head about Emmie West. I spoke simply from my own observation, and I am sorry that it differs from yours, for, proud as I am of Alma, my conscience will never let me say that her nose is as well-formed, or her complexion so good as her cousin's, now I have remarked the difference. However,

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as you find Emmie West's looks only tolerable, don't you think that you might allow her a little more liberty, and show your confidence in Alma's supremacy by venturing the other into the drawing-room sometimes? It would be only common humanity, and might be indulged in without much risk, I should think. Horace Kirkman is too far gone in infatuation for Alma's grey eyes to be disturbed by those pretty brown ones of Emmie's, unless I am much mistaken, and if he could be so disturbed, I think we might all survive his defection. Your suspense would be over, at all events, and you could betake yourself, with Alma, to the south of France, where Dr. Urquhart urges me to send you till the spring winds are over in England. You would be free to go then without being reproached by your maternal conscience for taking your daughter out of the way of a splendid match, to promote which you have, I am afraid, been perilling your life all the winter."

This remonstrance was, presumably, repeated afterwards in some less irritating form, and enforced by conjugal arguments, to which Lady Rivers succumbed; for the next morning Emmie found herself released from attendance; and had the agreeable choice offered her of accompanying her uncle in the carriage to his law court, and of visiting a circulating library on her way back to select a fresh supply of novels for her aunt's afternoon reading — dissipations not to be despised by a young person to whom a drive even in a street cab was a distinct pleasure, and who had, moreover, a hazy kind of interest in law courts, having given a few moments sometimes to wondering how "people" looked in wigs and gowns whose faces without the wigs had become a standard of pleasantness. Did it alter a person much — would a friendly face in a wig look old and dignified, and could one reasonably expect such an one to be just going in, or just coming out, of that legal temple before which Uncle Rivers's carriage would draw up? Might one even venture to shake hands with a friend in a wig, and explain to him how one was situated with respect to afternoon callers?

Sir Francis Rivers did not interrupt a careful reasoning out of these problems by any ill-advised attempts at conversation during the rapid progress of the brougham which conveyed himself and his niece through "miles of London." He had come out of the house and put himself into the carriage with that peculiar expression on his face, hair flying, eyes fixed, lips working without any corresponding sound proceeding from them, which had inspired Casabianca with the notion of drawing a likeness of his uncle, as "Johnny Head-in-Air," and through the hour's drive there might just as well have been a bundle of rags on the seat opposite him as Emmie West for any impression conveyed to his mind by her presence. No need to care how shabby one's hat and jacket were in a drive with Uncle Rivers. The cessation of the motion when the brougham drew up did not bring Sir Francis down from the clouds all at once. He seized a bundle of papers, threw himself out, and was bustling down a long passage, which Emmie searched with her eyes in vain, when something seemed to stop his course suddenly. He turned round and came back to the carriage, "Johnny Head-in-Air" no longer, but that other edition of Uncle Rivers, whose keen glance, critical or kind, seemed to go down to the bottom of one's mind, and read one's thoughts.

"My child," he said, "I have not given James any orders where to drive. You must tell him yourself where you would like to go. Now you are out for the morning, you will be disposed for a little shopping, no doubt. Girls always want to buy ribbons or something, and I dare say you forgot to bring your purse out with you. There, tuck that into your little glove, and say nothing about it to any one, but tell James to take you where you can spend it as you like."

He was gone quite to the end of the dark passage before Emmie had had presence of mind to smooth out the transparent bit of paper, whose crisp touch was so unfamiliar to her. It was actually a ten-pound note, and for the first moment or two, the almost awful sense of responsibility in having to deal with such a sum brought Emmie more fright than pleasure. Ribbons, indeed! What could Uncle Rivers be thinking about? Did he know what he was doing? or ought one to keep the note untouched, and remonstrate at dinner-time? A recollection of the half smile that played round his lips when he said, "Say nothing about it to any one," was answer enough to this scruple. Perhaps a habit of giving away ten-pound notes inadvertently was one of the peculiarities which Lady Rivers found so trying in her husband.

With this suspicion, Emmie felt a new responsibility laid on her, not to get her benefactor into trouble. It was, moreover, impossible to keep the stately James waiting for orders at the door of the carriage a

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moment longer, and, on the spur of necessity, Emmie named a shop where Alma had, she knew, been making purchases the day before, and during the long drive her tumultuous thoughts had time to settle themselves into a brilliant kaleidoscope picture of delight; her very fears and scruples fitting in as white lights to heighten the colors.

Yes, yes; she had been told to spend all this money as she pleased, and she would do as she was bid, and for once supply the wants of the feminine side of the household at home with a liberal hand. Her mother's first, then Mildie's, then her own, and there might even remain, when all these were provided for, something over and above wherewith to buy that Christmas present for Mary Ann, which her mother had been so sorrowfully obliged to omit this year. Here was, indeed, a happy morning's work laid out. Yet the purchasing of her presents, when the time came for it — did not take so long as might have been expected. The wants to be supplied were not by any means fancy ones, and had been discussed between Emmie and her mother so often, that she had no difficulty in making up her mind what to buy. Just the very things they had talked of as needful, but impossible to come by, on many a long, rainy afternoon over their mending! Only, now that she had this money in hand of her very own, Emmie decided that the warm shawl for her mother should be softer and finer and of a prettier shade of grey than they had dared to dream of when they spoke of buying it some day, and that Mildie's new hat and her own might be chosen for once with more regard to what was becoming than to what was cheap — just for this once. The giving her home address as the destination of her purchases caused Emmie to color violently, and almost tremble in her shoes, for she could not help fancying the shopman looked surprised, as if he knew the house, and thought her lavishness something monstrous. She recovered her equanimity, however, in the satisfaction of choosing one or two pretty things for herself, such as had never been so much as spoken of in Saville Street, ribbons and gloves and bows for her hair, that were to accompany her back to Eccleston Square, and be worn on occasions when she might make them pretexts for a word, or at all events, a look of gratitude directed towards her kind uncle. He might notice her finery and give her one of his knowing smiles, or just as probably he might remain "Johnny-Head-in-Air" for all the rest of her visit. Anyhow, the interest of having a private understanding about her ribbons with Uncle Rivers, would remain the same. It would be something amusing to think about, and would make her feel more at home in the house, more like a person whose existence had been recognized outside the dressing-room, than she had felt hitherto. That was surely consequence enough to predict for a few yards of ribbon; but Emmie's purchases had a more important part to play than the one she anticipated, and before she had done with them they got twisted round two or three rather significant events, which gave a color to the remaining days of her visit not altogether their own *couleur de rose*.

The first link of this ribbon-chain was a natural one enough, and was woven under the very circumstances Emmie had foreseen, and on the evening of the important drive. As there chanced to be no guests at dinner that day, and as an old neighbor had unexpectedly come in to sit an hour with Lady Rivers, Emmie was invited to accompany Alma down-stairs, and had the pleasure of putting on her brightest set of ribbons, before she had possessed them many hours.

Sir Francis remained silent and unobserving all dinner-time; but when the dessert was put upon the table he woke up, or rather tumbled down from some region of speculation into his own dining-room, and catching sight of Emmie seated opposite, he twinkled a confidential look across the table at her. Emmie quite thought it was the rose-colored knots on her bosom and in her hair that attracted his attention and caused him to gaze on her approvingly for quite two minutes; but perhaps it was another sort of rose-bloom, deepening and deepening under his gaze, that had chiefly to do with the undoubted pleasure his kindly eyes expressed. To save herself from appearing conscious, Emmie tried to turn her attention to the business of choosing, from the fruit Alma offered to her, something that could not possibly have come from Golden Mount. On former occasions, when she had dined down-stairs, no one had noticed her curious preference for the least inviting fruits on the table; but to-day Sir Francis was watching her closely, and he exclaimed, at the result of her long deliberation, —

"What are you thinking of, child? Why, you have picked out the only pear in the dish that is not worth eating. Where are your eyes? Let me choose for you."

"No, thank you, uncle; I like the little pears best — I do, indeed!"

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"Ah, you have never tasted a Golden Mount monster! It combines all the fruit-flavors in the world, from pineapples to strawberries. Come, pass the dish! I will pare one, and you shall divide it with me."

"No, thank you, uncle. Please, don't! I had rather not, *indeed!*" said Emmie, feeling that Alma was looking at her, and hardly knowing the amount of unnecessary earnestness and resolution she put into her second "indeed."

"Hallo! What's the matter?" cried Sir Francis, greatly amused. "Is it a fast-day? or is this some pretty little penance we have imposed on ourself, eh?"

"Yes, what is it, Emmie?" said Alma, in a low, slightly scornful voice, which somehow put Emmie on her mettle.

"I don't want to eat any of Mr. Kirkman's fruit, because ——"

"Well, my dear, go on; because — how has Mr. Kirkman been so unlucky as to offend you?" asked Sir Francis.

Emmie's courage was ebbing fast, so she stuck to her first beginning.

"Because it would be sharing the spoil, and I don't think one ought to do it."

"Emmie has got hold of some of the popular prejudices against Mr. Kirkman," observed Alma; "she does not of course know anything about him."

"I do," said Emmie, looking full into Alma's eyes; "I understand a great deal more than you think."

Alma's eyes fell under something she read in Emmie's; and Sir Francis, a good deal surprised, continued the conversation.

"I did not know you were a politician, or a political economist, my dear. You can't really know anything about Mr. Kirkman's ways of making money. I don't suppose you have ever heard a single fact of his life."

"I know one thing," said Emmie, her voice trembling between timidity and indignation. "Mamma, who knew him long ago, told me that when he was managing a mine in the neighborhood where she lived then, he used to pay the people who worked for him in goods instead of money, and that he cheated the women and children, by selling them bad food. I think these great pears and grapes of his that are made out of all those people's hunger, ought not to taste well to him, and I should not like to help him to eat them."

There was a moment's awful silence after Emmie had ended her eloquent speech. Alma picked up one of the big pears, which Sir Francis had half drawn out of the dish, and restored it carefully to its former position in the pyramid of which it had formed a part, and Sir Francis drummed with three fingers on the knuckles of his left hand, smiling all the time as if he was determined not to let himself be embarrassed by what a pink and white faced chit, like the one before him, could say, and yet had not a crushing answer ready.

"Ah, there is Horace Kirkman's knock at the front door," he said at last. "He takes it pretty much for granted that he is welcome to spend his evenings here — that young fellow. Emmie had better run up quickly to mamma, I think, for if she and Horace Kirkman meet while she is in this red-hot state, we shall have a new version of the battle between the 'doves and the cranes' enacted on the premises."

Emmie did not wait for a second permission to escape, but she felt very miserable as she untied her rose-colored ribbons in her own room before going to her aunt, to read aloud to her for the rest of the evening, while Alma played and sang in the drawing-room to Horace Kirkman.

Had she been very ungrateful? Had she taken more upon herself than she had any right to do? for, after all, what business was it of hers, if Alma chose to marry Horace Kirkman? Of one thing she felt certain — she had offended Alma, and must not expect anything but cold looks and distant words from her during the rest of her visit to Eccleston Square. For this she could not help grieving. Alma had shown her many little acts of kindness lately, and however hard she tried, Emmie could not live for ten days in the same house with her cousin, without falling so far under her fascination, as to care a great deal about the sort of looks she had from her. It was all the sweeter surprise, when quite late that evening, just as Emmie had taken the last pin out of her hair, there came a little tap at the door of her room, and Alma's face looked in.

"What! no fire?" she said, "and it is quite a cold night. How lazy of the housemaids! I must speak about it to-morrow. But my room is next door; bring your brush and comb there, and we will have a talk over my fire."

It was the first time that Alma had ever given such an invitation, and Emmie felt considerably flattered, especially when she found that the talk was to be a real *tête-à-tête;* for the maid had gone to relieve guard in Lady Rivers's room, and Alma was dealing with her own shining plaits herself, and looked as ready for a gossip

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as ever did Christabel Moore when she stole down to Emmie's chilly little bedroom from the attics, in evening dishabille, for a specially confidential chat. This room of Alma's was something of a contrast to that other one, and Emmie felt wrapt in a dream of comfort and luxury, as she sat on a low stool by a blazing fire and watched the little streams of gold dropping through Alma's white fingers as she undid her braids and shook the rippling glory all about her. In this one respect, in spite of Sir Francis's disparagement, there was no comparison between the cousins. Emmie's soft, dusky hair was well enough, and made just the right setting for the perfect oval of her face; but Alma's hair was a distinct beauty in itself — its crisp, wilful waves and fitful lights and pale glooms seeming as full of individuality and character as everything else about her. Emmie took up and stroked a long coil of hair that had rippled down to where she sat, and said, "I wish Christabel Moore could see it."

"Christabel is the little pale one, who always gets behind her sister, is she not?" asked Alma indifferently.

"She is the artist," answered Emmie; "that is why I wish she could see you just now with your hair down."

It was the nearest approach to a compliment that Emmie had ever ventured on, and Alma, reading the sincerity with which it was offered in Emmie's admiring eyes, repaid it by asking a few questions about the Moores, hitherto a tabooed subject in Eccleston Square. She did not expect to be interested in hearing the history of her aunt's lodgers, but she was; her questions came quicker, and after one long answer from Emmie, Alma sat musing silently, quite forgetting to roll up the coils of hair she held in her hand.

"I could do that," she said at last, decidedly. "The kind of life you have described is not hard. I don't think I should object to toil, or even poverty, if I had got straight down to it once for all, and if there was nobody who had expected better things of me looking on to reproach and complain over me. Emmie, I don't know why I say this to you; I don't think that till to-night I minded very much what you might be thinking of me, but I feel now as if I must ask you, once for all, not to judge me hardly for anything you may hereafter hear of my doing — not very hardly. Unless you could stand exactly where I do, and feel all the influences round me, all the little threads pulling me, you can't judge fairly. You don't know how hard it is to resist what comes to one with the very air one breathes, or how often, when I think of doing some things, I wish for a hand to be stretched out strong enough to save me from myself — from that half of myself which everybody about me feeds while the other starves."

There was a short silence when Alma finished, for Emmie's breath was coming so quickly that she could not command her voice to speak at once, and besides, could she have understood rightly? Did Alma mean her to understand, and might she answer in the only words that her conscience would let her speak after such an appeal, though the very thought of speaking them brought a chill feeling as of a cold wind blowing through her heart.

"I think the hand is stretched out," she said at last, "but you won't see it. I — I wish you would. Alma, dear Alma, I wish you would."

Alma finished putting up her hair, and then she bent down and kissed Emmie between her eyes.

"You are all trembling and cold," she said. "Poor child, I ought not to keep you up late when you tire yourself out waiting on mamma all day. You are a good little thing, Emmie — a good little thing, and I am glad we know each other better now than we did before you stayed here; but your world is so different from mine, you must try not to judge me."

"Good-night, then," said Emmie, making a necklace of her arms so as to hold down Alma's face near her own till she had finished what she wanted to say; "I am only a little thing compared to you, but let me just tell you what Katharine Moore ——"

"No," cried Alma, smiling, "not what Katharine Moore says; I won't hear a word more of hers to-night. She is miles above me, and she knows nothing of me and my world."

"Then I will say something quite new to you," Emmie whispered; "something that I have never said to myself before. Whatever your world may be like, I don't think it will be worth living in if you let love slip out of it. Don't do that, Alma, for you can help it if you will."

"Can I? Good-night. It is actually striking twelve, and I cannot let you speak another word to-night," said Alma.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. KIRKMAN'S KISS.

EMMIE got up next morning with a strong impression on her mind that

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"silence was golden;" and she made several firm resolutions while she was dressing about the careful government of her tongue during the remaining portion of her visit to Eccleston Square. Only two days more now; surely she should be able to live through them without falling foul of any subject that would again force words from her lips such as she could not remember afterwards without agonies of shyness. She comforted herself with the assurance that there seemed every prospect of a quiet, uneventful time to be spent monotonously in Lady Rivers's dressing-room, for she found on leaving her room, that Alma had had a note from Constance, begging her to take the opportunity of Emmie's being with their mother to spend two days with her, and Sir Francis was sure to take himself out of the way in the evenings of Alma's absence.

The first day passed smoothly enough to put Emmie off her guard, but on the next, on the very last day of her visit, unexpected trials of temper assailed her, culminating towards evening in a great stress of circumstance that brought her face to face with a self she had not known before to be alive within her. For five strange, fire-lit minutes this new, unexpected Emmie West woke up, and, as it were, stood forth and spoke outside the childish, familiar one, and then, in a great silence that followed the outburst of speech, the new passionate self had to be taken back and shut up a prisoner under bonds that one hoped might not have to be broken ever again. But all this happened at the end of a long, trying day; such self-revelations, such comings-out of the kernel of the being to act irrespectively of old habits do not occur without a great deal of previous emotion to lead up to them.

The rose-colored ribbons again formed a link in the chain of small events that led to Emmie's second outburst of loquacity. Feeling the need of something to brighten her spirits, for Lady Rivers had been in a complaining temper all day, Emmie had adorned herself early in the afternoon with some shreds of her new finery, and Dr. Urquhart, who had lately taken to paying long afternoon visits in Eccleston Square, and indulging his patient with a good deal of conversation after his professional duties were ended, chanced once or twice, in a semi-absent way, to fix his eyes while he was talking on the bright ribbon that fastened her dark hair, being puzzled perhaps to account for such an appearance on *her* head. Either this circumstance, or something unusual in his manner when he took leave of Emmie, put a sudden new thought into Lady Rivers's mind, which interested her so much as to make her forego the just anger she might have felt against her physician for having eyes for any one but herself while visiting her. She magnanimously put this offence aside in her eagerness to follow out her discovery, and she experienced quite a glow of good-humor in consequence of her self-conquest.

"Urquhart," she began meditatively, as soon as the door had closed behind the doctor. "Urquhart! that is a Scotch name, and a good one, I fancy. Do you happen to know, Emmie, whether these Urquharts of yours are related to Sir Colin Urquhart, of Glen Urst? Your uncle spent a day once with Sir Colin when we were in Scotland, and I would take an opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to Dr. Graham Urquhart if I thought it would do any good."

"What good could it do?" said Emmie, looking puzzled. "I believe Sir Colin Urquhart is what Mrs. Urquhart calls a far-away cousin of theirs; but why should Dr. Urquhart care to know that Uncle Rivers has visited him?"

"My dear child, you don't understand these matters, and your poor mother is of course out of the way of thinking of them. It does not signify, however, as you have, fortunately, some one to take a little care for you when the right time comes. Long before then my mind will be quite free from all my present cares." And Lady Rivers took a pause of thought, and then continued, more to herself than to Emmie, "But no, I am not glad to hear of Dr. Urquhart's connection with the baronet, the owner of Glen Urst, a splendid place, I can tell you, Emmie. Scotch people think a great deal about family when they happen to have it, and unfortunately your father's bankruptcy was made so public, and now your poor mother's miserably ill-judged step of letting lodgings; even our connection would hardly outweigh that with Scotch people; but"—raising her voice and looking at her niece again—"never mind, Emmie, you have pleased me very much since you came here, and I never mean to let you slip quite away from us again. We shall be a great deal together by-and-by, no doubt. When Alma is married she will be so sought after and so much engaged in society, that I, like an unselfish mother as I am, shall have to make up my mind to see very little of her; and then I shall lay claim to you, my dear,

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altogether. You will live here almost entirely, I daresay, by-and-by, and I shall have many little plans and schemes for you too. You will see, my dear."

Emmie's cheeks were blazing by this time, and she now rose from her seat and stood full in front of Lady Rivers's sofa, looking at her with something in her eyes that almost took away her aunt's breath.

"I hope you will never make any plans for me, Aunt Rivers," she said. "I don't like it. I am sorry you made plans for Alma, and I hope you never will for me; and I don't mean almost to live with you by-and-by, for I am wanted at home; and I had rather stay there, whatever may have happened to make people ashamed of us. The Urquharts are not ashamed of us; they are good friends of mamma's and mine, and we don't want them to be anything else. I hope you will never speak like that of them again, Aunt Rivers, or I can't come and nurse you next time that you send for me."

"My dear, what are you thinking about? sit down, you startled me," said Lady Rivers, who was actually too much cowed by the indignation in Emmie's face, to be all at once as angry as contradiction usually made her; "you are misunderstanding me, I'm sure, and you must not look at me in that way, when I am thinking of nothing but how to be kind to you. I wonder you have the heart. There, you see, you have quite shaken me, and I must have my drops again, or I shall not be able to settle comfortably, or get a wink of sleep the whole evening."

Emmie found and administered the drops, and then resumed her seat by the sofa; but though she said no more, there was still something in her face and manner which so roused Lady Rivers's instinct of self-justification, that she could not give the drops a fair chance of composing her, but felt obliged to launch out into fresh expostulations.

"You ought not to be so independent, Emmie; you ought not, indeed. A girl, with four brothers and a sister, all utterly without prospects, and with a mother in weak health, to say nothing of a father who has twice failed in business — not very creditably — a girl in such circumstances as these should be very humble and thankful to any one who speaks of holding out a hand to smooth her way in life. She should not have too much confidence in herself. Good looks are not everything, no, nor the power of winning favor, either, if she chances to have that. Why, even Alma has not found everything to her mind; she could tell you, if she pleased, how possible it is to be deceived and disappointed in people who appear at one time to be devoted to you. Whatever your uncle may choose to say, there is no one equal to Alma. I don't say it's impossible to have more beauty, but I do say that I never saw any one who had such charming ways, or who made people get so fond of her; yet even Alma has not met in one quarter with the treatment she had a right to expect. You may well look surprised, my dear; but I am telling you this for a lesson, and also to show you that if I do seem a little over-anxious about my dear Alma's prospects, it is not without provocation. I am not a schemer; with such daughters as mine I have had no occasion to scheme; but I naturally could not sit still quietly under the idea that Alma had been neglected. Happily that trouble is over now, and as things are turning out I am more than satisfied. We can look on the old disappointment as a great escape now, for even if Mr. Anstice had behaved as he ought, and avoided quarrelling with his uncle, he would never have been as good a match as Horace Kirkman, and I should never have liked him half as well."

"But Alma — but Alma herself?" said Emmie, in a breathless whisper.

"Alma is convinced that a girl may very well be mistaken in choosing for herself; and that it would be mere perversity in her to go on preferring a person who has once failed her."

"Does Alma think he failed," said Emmie, still in a half whisper; "does she call *that* failing?"

"My dear, you know nothing about it," answered Lady Rivers, a little impatiently. "A man of the world should know well enough that he has no right to aspire to a girl like Alma, unless he has something suitable to offer her, and if he wilfully throws away all his fine prospect for the sake of crotchets and scruples, that half the world don't understand, what can one think of his affection for her? A girl of spirit cannot possibly permit herself to be so treated."

"But if she knew he loved her all the time," persisted Emmie, "and that he hoped she would understand him, and like him the better for standing up for what was right, even at the risk of not getting her at once, then — oh, Aunt Rivers, do you suppose Alma does not know that?"

"You are talking great nonsense, I think, Emmie, and growing quite excited again. What is the use of my taking drops if you look at me in that startling way, and

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touch me with such a hot, trembling hand. I don't understand you at all to-night, and I wish I had never begun to talk to you. What can you know about Alma and Wynyard Anstice more than I have told you? How can you possibly form an opinion on the subject? — an ignorant child who has never been anywhere."

"I am sorry I touched you with a hot hand," said Emmie, no longer in a whisper, but in a tone cold enough to heal the burning touch of her fingers; "and I am sorry we began to talk, since it has disturbed you so much, Aunt Rivers. Perhaps I had better leave you for a little while, and send Ward to give you your afternoon tea."

"Yes, indeed, I think you had better go away, for you have not managed me at all well this afternoon, I must say, Emmie. Your uncle would have been quite surprised if he had heard the tone in which you spoke to me just now, and would have had less to say for the future about your sweetness of temper. However, you tell me you are sorry, and as I never take offence, I shall say no more about it, but allow you to come and read to me after I have had my tea, as usual, and you may give me a kiss before you go, if you like. You had better go down into the drawing-room, I think. I did say I would see Mrs. Kirkman, if she called to-day, but I hardly feel equal to the exertion now. Mrs. Kirkman's voice, and her musk, and the rustle she makes with her dress in moving about are very overpowering when one is not feeling strong. I should like you to speak to her for me, Emmie, and to tell her that I am sorry I cannot see her, and that Alma will certainly be back to-morrow in time to keep her engagement for the flower-show. Now, don't forget that part of the message, Emmie; and speak it as pleasantly as you can. There is no saying what good might not follow to your brothers, if Mrs. Kirkman were to take a fancy to you; and instead of looking proud and vexed, you ought to be grateful to me for giving you the chance of making a favorable impression on such an influential person."

Emmie gave the kiss required, with more reluctance than she had ever felt in bestowing a kiss, since long-past nursery days, when the servants in Saville Street had been wont to remark that Miss Emmie had a pride and a will of her own for all her sweet looks. Then she betook herself to the drawing-room, hoping in that ample space to walk off the excitement that was making her heart beat so quickly and her cheek burn. She hoped devoutly that Mrs. Kirkman would not come just yet, not till she was in a fit state to meet her with the dignity and distance with which such an antagonist ought to be encountered. Her brothers, indeed! As if Harry and Casabianca were of the sort to need that their sister should curry favor with any one on their behalf. No, it would not do to think of that. Emmie's steps quickened and quickened, keeping pace with the rush of indignant feeling, till even the long drawing-room seemed a confined space to walk up and down in. Yet the thoughts that were waiting behind these surface ones were more agitating still — Alma — Mr. Anstice — that hint about Dr. Urquhart, which seemed to Emmie just then a cruel attempt to rob her of the one consoling spot in her life by bringing bitterness and confusion into the very land of Beulah itself.

She left off pacing the room at last, finding it did her no good, and went and stood in the window recess between two great pyramids of rare exotics in pots, that had been sent from the Golden Mount conservatories the day before, and were filling every corner of the drawing-room with their strong, spicy odors. It was raining out of doors a very deluge of rain, but even when standing quite close to the well-fitting double windows Emmie could only faintly catch the sound of the sweeping wind and rushing tempest, under which the trees in the Square garden were bending their black heads; while the foot passengers on the pavement below cowered and fled to the nearest shelter. Outside in the storm seemed better to Emmie just then than inside among the flowers; and the contrast between within and without struck her with a curious, angry pain. She looked round the room: there on the piano was Alma's music lying scattered about, the songs she had sung two evenings ago to Horace Kirkman; here were the flowers breathing themselves out, as it seemed, to Emmie, in silent payment for those songs, and for the smiles that went with them. A confusion of thoughts whirled up into her brain, till she could almost have believed that the trumpet-shaped blossoms hanging round her changed themselves into veritable brazen trumpets, and were blaring out harsh sounds that summoned her, and her brothers, and all the world to come and bow down before the great Kirkman image of gold that Aunt Rivers had set up. Yet even this fantastic picture did not present itself coherently, for it seemed to Emmie

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now that the trumpet-flowers had changed their note, and were calling on her to pass through a burning fiery furnace to save Alma from having to bow down. Gradually, however, her thoughts steadied, the flower-trumpets left off singing and swinging, and Emmie discovered a word, a sentence that remained clear in her mind when all the seething anger and the fancies had drawn themselves away: "Mr. Anstice ought to know, even if you have to tell him yourself; he ought to know the danger, and that Alma sometimes, if only sometimes, wishes to be saved from it." This was what conscience said at the end of all.

During the thickest of her fancies, Emmie had heard, without noticing, the stopping of a carriage before the front door; but now in the calm that had followed, the voice of her old enemy James announcing Mrs. Kirkman reached her understanding quite distinctly. It brought her out of her recess her ordinary self again, excepting only that she drew up her head a little higher than usual to encounter the entering visitor, and offered her hand without any appearance of shyness.

Mrs. Kirkman was somewhat surprised at the cold, dignified air with which Lady Rivers's message was delivered to her, but not being a person apt to take offence, it did not occur to her to be the least in the world quelled by it. She would have been quite ready to patronize one of Fra Angelico's angels if he had stepped alive towards her out of a picture, psaltery in hand, and to order him tickets for a concert or a dinner at the huge palace Mr. Kirkman had built at Kensington Park Gate, if it had occurred to her, from the scantiness of his tunic, that his purse was scantily filled. His angelic beauty and his airs of heaven would have had nothing awful about them for her.

"My dear, let me sit down," she said, "and then I can listen comfortably to what you have to say to me. The stairs in this house are rather steep compared to ours, which Mr. Kirkman had made on purpose to suit me, and my breath is just a little short. There! — I have untied my bonnet strings, and — yes, here is my fan — now I know you won't mind sitting down opposite me, and telling me exactly how my friend Lady Rivers is to-day. I have a right to be anxious; and Alma has told me who you are, and all about your making such a nice, quiet companion to your aunt while she is sick. You won't mind answering a few questions, will you, my dear?"

Emmie felt that she might just as well throw a bucket of water up at the sun, with a view of extinguishing its light at midday, as attempt to put out the radiant complacency of that large, motherly face by any frosts of reserve within her command. She had to give in without any show of resistance, and to submit to the squeezing of a fat hand laid over hers to emphasize the questioner's anxiety or relief at the information she elicited by a series of close inquiries such as Emmie could not imagine she would ever have ventured to put to Alma.

"You see I am so glad to have an opportunity of getting the truth from some one," Mrs. Kirkman remarked, after an interval of fanning. "Mr. Kirkman was getting fidgetty. He's a man that don't like to hear of sickness or death coming in to put back arrangements that he's set his mind upon. He ain't been used to it, for things always do seem to fall out as he wishes; and if by chance anything of the kind happens to hinder his plans, he's apt to get impatient, and fly off one don't know where. I would not say this before your cousin, but you will understand, my dear, why a serious illness of Lady Rivers would be a great inconvenience, and worse than an inconvenience to us just now. Oh, yes, I see you are quick enough to guess that it is not only of Mr. Kirkman I'm thinking; there's some one else who would dislike even more than he to be shut out from this house by anything untoward happening. You look a little surprised, my dear, at my speaking so plainly" (for Emmie had, in fact, raised her eyebrows with an expression that even Mrs. Kirkman could not quite overlook); "but I am a very frank, talkative person, and everybody who has to do with me must take me as I am; and though perhaps you mayn't know it, my dear Miss West, matters have gone so far between Eccleston Square and Kensington Park Gate that you and I may as well begin to look upon each other as relations at once. I hope you have not any objection, for I have not. I never had but one child — my Horace — who was from the first too sturdy a fellow to put up with much mother's petting; and I've always longed to get pretty young-girl things like you about me to make much of."

The full-blown, smiling face had got alarmingly near by this time. Emmie felt the warm, puffy breath on her cheek, and the paradise feather nodding into her eyes. She could not put up her hand and push it away, that would be too naughty and childish, however vehemently she might

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wish such a course of action were possible. She could not even openly shrink, for it was a motherly face after all; she could only drop her chin an inch or so to save her pouting, quivering lips, and receive the sounding salute, when it came, in the middle of her forehead.

"There," said Mrs. Kirkman, laughing, and holding out both hands, "you'll know me again, my dear, when we meet next. Help me up from my seat, for I must be going; and I ain't as active as I used to be twenty years ago. I don't mind confessing it to you, but four sumptuous meals such as Mr. Kirkman will have put on the table every day at Kensington Park Gate ain't quite the thing for me, not being exactly what I was brought up to. Why, what a color I have given you! And it was only an old woman's kiss, after all — not deserving of such a pretty blush as that to come after it. You must take this fan of mine to cool your cheeks; it came from Paris only yesterday, and maybe you'll find more use for it than I shall. What! you say you had rather not take it? My dear Miss West, but you must. I'm not one to be said 'No' to. That's something I've learned of my husband; and seeing how well it has answered with him, I hold to the lesson. Besides, you need not be so shy; it's a pretty toy, I daresay, but I've a dozen others at home, and I really want you to keep this as a token that we are to be fast friends by-and-by, when —— Well, as you shake your head, and don't seem to like me to say *when*, I won't finish my sentence, but leave it as a crow to be plucked between us on some gala day, when perhaps you'll be glad enough to escape with only my kisses; Mr. Kirkman not being the man to let off such a pretty bridesmaid as you'll make without giving him his due at his son's wedding."

Mrs. Kirkman had talked herself nearly to the door, and Emmie was following with a vain hope of being allowed to thrust the fan back into her hand at the last moment; when James's voice, announcing another guest, was heard close behind them, "Mr. Anstice."

It came like a thunderclap on Emmie, just because, ten minutes ago, she had been planning how she would act, and what she would say, if such an unlikely circumstance as Mr. Anstice's appearance on this, her last afternoon, should fall out. Oh, why had fate taken her so cruelly at her word, and put the task she was dreading upon her so soon, before she had well had time to summon up resolution for it? She quite forgot her anxiety about the fan, and flitted back into the middle of the room before she took any notice of Mr. Anstice's entrance, feeling that the first necessity was to put as great a space as possible between herself and Mrs. Kirkman, and put an end to those dreadful innuendoes of which (terrible thought) he might possibly have overheard a word or two.

In a moment the drawing-room door shut behind Mrs. Kirkman, and then, before Emmie had settled it with herself that most likely he had not heard, she felt, rather than saw, for she dared not look up, that Mr. Anstice had brought a chair near to the sofa, on which she had seated herself, and was beginning to talk to her. Wynyard was surprised to find that her shyness continued after the first few moments, when he had tried his very best to put her at ease with him, by talking of Saville Street, and making flattering allusions to Katharine Moore, and to that discussion in Air Throne to which he had been made welcome. He grew quite concerned at her downcast looks and her silence. He was always very much at home with her himself, and had a tender, half-playful, half-affectionate feeling towards her — such as he might have felt towards a young sister, if fate had been so kind as to bestow such a treasure on him — a feeling full of repose and sweetness, without any of the excitement that Alma's presence brought. He thought he should very much like to make Emmie look up at him just now, and to comfort her if there was anything really amiss. It never occurred to him that the cause of her trouble could possibly react on him in any way, or be any concern of his.

"What is the matter?" he said at last, when there had been quite a moment's silence. "I don't think you listened to what I told you just now of my having met Casabianca in the street this morning, and I have a more important anecdote about him in store which I cannot possibly bring out unless you will look up and seem interested. Come, now, did we not make a bargain to tell each other of our grievances in this house? If you will begin, I will go on. Mine are quite serious, I assure you, and yours I am convinced cannot go beyond James and Casabianca's silver tray, for I gathered from Miss Rivers, when I called last week, that the whole household is at your feet since you came to stay here. Won't you look up and tell me?"

He was not at all prepared for the real pain in Emmie's eyes when she did look up.

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"That lady who left the room as you came in," she began abruptly, "was Mrs. Kirkman. She has been sitting here, talking to me for a long time."

"Well," he said, a little puzzled, "she is a very good-natured person, is she not? I met her the other night at a *conversazione*, and she did not frighten me. I was even a little relieved, I think, to find her so big. It gives a reason for the Brobdignagian palace they have built at Kensington Park Gate that reconciles one to it a little. She has not done anything very bad to you, I hope."

"She gave me a kiss," said Emmie, her lip quivering so piteously as she spoke, that the words came out with difficulty, and she had to pause to bring them into order for something else that was to follow.

Wynyard felt tempted to laugh for one second, the contrast between Emmie's extreme agitation, and the cause assigned to it struck him as so comical. Then all at once his very heart stood still, for a thought came like a flash of lightning, warning him of a blow that he must call up all his courage to meet manfully.

"You have something else to tell me," he asked slowly; "I should like to hear it at once if you don't mind."

"She said," Emmie went on, looking away and trying hard to empty her voice of significance; "she said she kissed me because we, she and I, were likely to be relations soon."

"And she meant ——"

"Her son and — and ——"

"Miss Rivers! Well, I did not think it would be that; not anything quite so bad as that."

The words were spoken so quietly that Emmie looked up relieved for a moment, and then she could not remove her pitying, remorseful eyes from the face (always a mirror of feeling), which told a great deal too plainly of the stress of the blow she had dealt. It was dreadful to see the pain, the look of death upon it. She felt like a murderess, as if she had really plunged a dagger into a living heart, and was watching the life-blood flow out. How was she to bring out the words, to which this information was meant only to lead up? There was no use in speaking them just now; he could not take them in till this life and death struggle was over.

It really lasted only for a second or two under her eyes. The instant Wynyard recovered himself enough to know that she was looking at him, he sprang up and moved away; her soft, pitying gaze seeming to carry a sting of agony with it just then. In a minute or two, he thought, this live pain with which he was struggling for very existence, as it seemed, would be a dead one, dead with how much else of his very soul extinguished with it. He strolled to the piano where Alma had played to him on the evening when he had resolved to take up again the hope of winning her, and saw some music lying about with Horace Kirkman's name written on it in a bold hand. That sent him further away still to the window recess where he stood for some minutes among the flowers, inhaling their strong perfume without knowing at the time what the impression on his senses was, although similar odors remained hateful to him to his dying day, and always brought back something of the horror of confusion and pain he suffered then. It was not the loss of Alma only that was such a blow to him. He had, at least, believed himself to be prepared for that, ever since the change in his worldly prospects had altered their relations to each other, though there had never been any taking back of old admissions of preference by Alma herself. He had often thought of losing all future right in her, but this way of losing seemed to involve a great deal more than the actual loss in the future. It was a shattering of all the thoughts of her that dated from the first bright dawning of imaginative love in his boyhood when she had summed up perfection to him; a making all the past as empty as it seemed the coming years were to be. Alma and Horace Kirkman! He knew a little of Horace Kirkman, not one bad thing that could be said to stamp him as unworthy, but just a number of very small things which to Wynyard's mind revealed the man's character plainly enough: boastful speeches, little meannesses as the reverse side of ostentatious lavishness, a coarse word or two in an overheard conversation, showing, he thought, a nature that the Alma of his dreams would have shrunk from instinctively. How could his recollection of her stand out pure and clear by the side of this other utterly distasteful image? And Wynyard knew all the time that these were only first thoughts born of his own selfish pain. The pity for her, the longing to save her from what he knew would be misery in the end, the remorse for this first harsh judgment of her, the struggle to put her back in her supreme place, and worship the fallen idol as devoutly as ever, would all have to be gone through in their turn — long, long vistas of pain.

He was just rousing himself to the

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thought of where he was, and to the necessity of getting away from a place where he was liable at any moment to encounter Alma herself, when he felt a timid touch on his arm, hardly a touch — it was more like the flutter of a little bird's wing hovering near; and looking round he saw Emmie standing by his side.

"I am going out of the room now," she said. "I would have gone before but — but — before I go I want to tell you why I repeated Mrs. Kirkman's words to you just now. I thought you ought to know — because ——"

"You were quite right," said Wynyard gently, "and I thank you for it."

"Because," continued Emmie, who could only go straight on, and felt she should be lost if the prepared words were to slip from her, "because, though Mrs. Kirkman and Aunt Rivers say it is to be so — as I told you — Alma herself speaks differently. It was one night when she and I were sitting together alone; but" — she paused almost frightened at the change, the sudden, eager hopefulness that sprang into his face; "do you think I ought to repeat to you what Alma said to me alone?"

"You need not, thank you," said Wynyard, recovering himself after a struggle that had prevented words. "I understand enough to thank you with all my heart for caring enough for me — for her — to say what you have said, for giving me so much hope and trusting me so far. It may not make any difference, I think, now that I should have tried what remonstrance could do without it; but perhaps that is only because you have brought me back to life again. You said you were going, but I will go. I have intruded on you a great deal longer than I intended."

He had got to the door, leaving Emmie still standing among the flowers, when he turned suddenly and came back again. The color had returned into his face, and the dawning of a smile was making it look itself again. "I want you to come away from among Mr. Kirkman's flowers," he said, "for I think there is something poisonous about them, and I'm sure you don't like them any better than I do. And there is another thing I want. I want you to promise me never to blame yourself for what you said to-day; for your kindness to me, whatever comes of it, you must not."

In the midst of his own pain it had occurred to him, with that instinctive reading of a woman's heart only a very high-minded man is capable of, that she would perhaps recall that touch on his arm, those pitying looks she had given him; and when the excitement of the occasion was over, suffer pangs of wounded reserve and pride on their account, and he wanted to save her from self-blame if he could.

"You must promise not to regret anything you have said this afternoon," he persisted.

"I will try," said Emmie, reading the kindness in his face, and feeling grateful, though her heart died under it like a weight.

Then he went, and she walked straight to the fireplace, and seated herself on the same low stool where Alma sat to read Agatha's letter on the evening of Constance's wedding-day. No idle tears, however, came to *her* to relieve her pain. She knew quite well that she had not time to cry. Aunt Rivers would ring her bell in a minute to summon her to give an account of Mrs. Kirkman's visit, and Emmie thought she had almost rather put out her eyes than let Aunt Rivers see them swollen with crying to-day. She pressed her fingers tightly over the dry, aching balls, and set her will to the task of seizing, and, as it were, repressing within the old bounds this strange, new self that had to-day performed feats, and spoken words she must not so much as think about again for a long, long time. To-morrow she should be at home, making tea for the boys at this hour in the little schoolroom, and having the prospect before her of discussing the weekly bills with Mary Ann in the course of the evening. Surely she should be quite herself again under that pressure, and need never let thoughts of what had happened here rise up to trouble her. Emmie's short experience of life had already taught her more self-control than she was usually credited with by those who only observed the sympathetic expression of her face. The victory over her agitation was quickly won, and when the bell summoned her she was ready to take into her aunt's room a face in which Lady Rivers was not able to detect any disturbance.

"So," she said, when Emmie had answered all her questions, "Mr. Anstice has been calling here again, has he? It is strange how slow some people are in finding out where they are not welcome. He must have seen the Kirkmans' carriage at the door, and Mrs. Kirkman herself. I wonder what he thought about it! Well, he will have to know the truth sooner or later, and it had better not be till all is quite satisfactorily settled, for I would not have Alma's mind disturbed just now for worlds. I think I shall write to Mr. Anstice myself then, a nice, sympathetic little

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note, for after all he was very useful to Frank, and behaved particularly well when poor dear Melville got into that unlucky scrape at Oxford. I don't forget all *that;* but if I let him have early news of the engagement, and write to him myself, I don't see that he will have any right to consider himself ill used. He can't possibly be so selfish as to wish to stand between Alma and such a match as Horace Kirkman. He must surely see that he has nothing to offer comparable to that."

What Mrs. Kirkman, on her side, thought of Mr. Anstice, she was at that moment expounding to her son, whom she had come across at the corner of a neighboring square, and taken into the carriage during its transit across Hyde Park.

"Quite a high young man, and very handsome," she was saying. "I don't know how he comes to be calling so often at No. 17; but it strikes me that he looks very much at home in that house. He is not a relation of the Riverses, I know that, and though Miss Rivers and he were talking very intimately about old times and old friends one day when I came in, and found them together, I observed that she never called him anything but Mr. Anstice."

"Anstice," returned Horace crossly. "I know the man; a barrister and scribbler in the papers, and those who know him best, say that, clever as he is, he will never get very far, for he has a knack of always taking up the least workable side of every question. Christian socialism, temperance, I don't know what; notions that would drive my father wild, and cannot, I should think, go down any better with Sir Francis. I don't understand your being so particularly taken with his looks, mother!"

"Well, there's a something, but mind, Horace, I don't mean 'airs' when I say 'high.' It's a something I've never been able to put my finger upon yet. Money won't give it, nor yet education, for you've had the very best of that, you know. It's done a great deal for you, and put you in a better place than your father and me, as far as society goes, though, to be sure, you'll never be such a *man* as your father, but it has not given you quite the look and way with you that I've noticed in a few tiptop people, and though this Mr. Anstice mayn't have a penny to bless himself with, he's got *that*. I don't want to make you uneasy, Horace. I'm only telling you just what I see, and explaining why I think that if I were you I would try to get something settled in a certain quarter before very long. Your father hates a thing to be long in hand, and would like to see you engaged to-morrow, and married by the end of the month if it could be done, and we know well enough what Sir Francis's and Lady Rivers's wishes are. It's only the young lady herself."

"Only," cried Horace, turning away his head, and looking out of the window.

"Well, I never knew you backward in asking for anything you wanted before, my boy."

"Perhaps I never wanted anything before so much as this," returned the young man, to whom love was already giving more effective lessons in humility, the root of good manners, than his various teachers through a long and expensive education had been able to instil.

"Your father thought he was asking for a good deal when he came for me," said Mrs. Kirkman, smiling, and putting a big hand on her son's shoulder, "for I was his master's daughter, and had plenty of suitors after me. Shall I tell you what I had been thinking for a good while before he spoke? there now — that he was not quite the man I had taken him for at first, or he would not have waited so long. He found me ready enough, and though, as I said before, you aren't your father, you're his son, and Kirkmans have generally got what they really set their minds upon ever since I have known anything of the family. Miss Rivers left word that she should not fail to be at home in time to go with us to the Botanical Gardens to-morrow afternoon, and you have only to give me a look or a squeeze of the foot at any minute, and I will manage to keep out of the way."

"I sha'n't give you a look or a squeeze of the foot, you may be satisfied, mother," said Horace. "I could not do it to command in that fashion, and yet, perhaps, you are right about the time, and I wish with all my heart that it were well over. But here we are at Kensington Park Gate, and there is my father's brougham at the door before us."

This conversation was one of the consequences that resulted from Emmie's hour in the drawing-room at Eccleston Square. A second result came to Alma in the form of a letter by the eight o'clock evening post on the following day while Emmie was making tea for the children in the back sitting-room at home, and wondering as she listened to the latest anecdotes and most recent Saville Street witticisms as retailed by Mildie and Casabianca, why her fortnight's absence should have stretched such a gulf between her and

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these once absorbing topics. When the note was brought to her, Alma was alone in the drawing-room, waiting till she could make up her mind to go to her mother's room, where she was due, and make an announcement to her which it was doubtless also her mother's due to hear, before the event that had to be communicated was another hour old. Alma was trying to make herself believe that she looked forward to the caresses and praises which might be expected to follow her news. She ought to be glad to know that in a minute or two more she would bring so much satisfaction, such happiness to her mother. She ought not to shrink from the triumphant jubilee there would be made over her. It was the reward she had to look to, and reasonably she should be in a hurry to taste it. Just then the letter was brought to her, and she took it and held it in her hand, looking at it by the firelight stupidly as one does look at a well-known handwriting that one has not seen for a long time. How familiar it was, and how strange! Dreading what there might be inside the letter, Alma gave herself five minutes in which to recall the pictures that the look of those characters on the envelope brought back to her. Her schoolroom exercise books, when she was thirteen or fourteen, which had had many pages in a handwriting only a little less formed than that. Pages scribbled off in some great press of schoolroom business to secure her being able to join some boating or nutting excursion for which the others had gone off to prepare without thinking of her troubles. How exhilarating the run down to the river, hand in hand, used to be when the task was done! How happy one dared be without thinking of consequences in those days! And again the letters that had come day by day, when Frank had been taken ill with small-pox abroad, and only one member of the reading party to which he belonged had dared to stay in the infected spot to nurse him, and write the bulletins that had brought at first such dismay, and then relief and thankfulness. Alma remembered the position on the pages of these letters where sentences had occurred, which had first made her know that she was in the writer's mind, while he penned them, that he was thinking of her anxiety more than of any other person's, that it was to herself rather than to Frank the devotion was paid. Yes, and it was a look she had seen on her mother's face, while reading one of the letters, that had confirmed her own impression, and permitted her to carry it as a treasure in her heart through all those anxious days. With this recollection, Alma did what she knew she must never do again, scarcely remember henceforth from this evening; she lifted the envelope to her face, and laid her lips on the writing for an instant. It was a good-bye, only that, a good-bye to the poetry, to the romance of her life. Henceforth there would be solid substance for her — plenty of that. Was not Moloch the god of riches, and did not people in old times drop their children through his outstretched brazen hands into the consuming fire beneath that was his heart? Was it so much to drop one's fancies, one's aspirations, the first flower-like feelings of one's heart, through those hands to be burnt up? Surely they would burn without more wailing and demonstration of grief than the trumpets and shawms playing in the Valley of Tophet would drown. Then Alma broke open the seal of the letter, and read: —

"My dear Alma, — I shall address you in the old style once more, whether I have a right to do so or not; for it is only while recalling old privileges, old unrevoked admissions of yours that I feel I have any claim to speak as I am going to speak now. Of course a word from you would silence me forever, but I recollect that I have never had that word. Your mother made me understand some time ago that the change in my worldly prospects after my uncle's death must be held to put an end to the hopes she well knew I had long cherished, and not without her sanction, respecting yourself. She was very angry, and I was very much astonished, for I did not know before that it was the supposed heir of my uncle's money, and not Wynyard Anstice, who was welcomed to your home. I tried hard to nourish resentment and to believe it could kill love, but you delivered me from that delusion on the evening when we talked together over Agatha's profession, and you once more condescended to let me see *yourself* as you are when the world lets you alone. Since then I have permitted myself to hope again, and this is my hope, that you will let your heart speak to you apart from other considerations and fears. I am the same as I was in the days when you looked kindly on me, when you let me see the dawn of what I believed was to be the crown and glory of my life — your preference for me. I love you as much more now than then, as a man who has struggled and suffered something can love, more

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than a boy who is beginning to love, and the love of then and now is one unbroken, undying growth. I have proved to myself and can prove to your father and you that as far as considerations of prudence go, I am fit to be trusted with the care of your future. I cannot, it is true, now offer you the riches you might have elsewhere, but besides the love, of which I shall not trust myself to speak much at present, I can promise you something more than the proverbial dinner of herbs. I do not think it likely that I shall ever make a great fortune, but I have health and resolution and aptitude for my own sort of work, and I have been successful in a moderate way so far. I have confidence in your father that he would not oppose your wishes if only they were heartily enlisted on my side. Question them, dearest Alma, straitly to-night. I am not pleading selfishly. I would not, or at least I think I would not have you if you could be — I don't say more prosperous, — but happier, more blessed with any one else, only I don't believe there breathes a man who could love you as I could. With that tremendous boast I must end. In spite of it, heaven knows I am humble enough, fearful enough, and as well aware as I can be of what it is I am asking you to do. If your heart stirs towards me, if it is only a little, give it time to speak. I will wait indefinitely, for I fear nothing so much as a hasty verdict. Yours, as I have always been since I first knew you,

"WYNYARD ANSTICE."

Nearly an hour passed after Alma finished reading, before she betook herself to her mother's room, and as it was then past nine o'clock, she found Lady Rivers, as might indeed have been expected, in a very plaintive state on the score of having been left to her own company for such a length of time.

"I have been coughing all the evening, and I have wanted my drops since Ward left me," she began, directly Alma entered. "I miss poor little Emmie West sadly, and I did think you would have made a point of coming to sit with me and read me to sleep on the first evening of my being alone, especially as, so far as I can make out, there has been nothing to keep you down-stairs. Ward said that a letter had been taken in to you, but you left the Kirkmans only just before you dressed for dinner, so it cannot have been anything of importance!"

"The letter was nothing you would care to hear about, mamma," answered Alma. "But let me sit down near you on the bed, dear mother. I am sorry that your cough has been troublesome, and that I was not here to give you your drops when Ward went down to her supper, especially as I have something to tell you now that we are alone."

"My darling Alma!" cried Lady Rivers, stretching out her arms.

"Yes, mamma," said Alma, without however bending her head an inch from the stately height at which she held it, "it *is* that — Mr. Horace Kirkman spoke to me this afternoon while we were walking in the gardens, and ——"

"Alma, be quick, child! What is the matter? You accepted him, of course?"

"I did not refuse him, mother. Yes, I suppose it was a virtual acceptance; they are sure to interpret it so; but I asked that we might have a little more time to know each other before my acceptance was considered quite final and made known beyond our two families. I felt this to be fair to him, mother, as well as to myself. When he understands the nature of my feelings a little better, he may not be satisfied, and if I am to sell myself, at all events I should like it to be an honest bargain."

"Alma, do you want to kill me by saying such unkind things, just when we ought to be so happy and thankful? Sold! what can you mean? Horace Kirkman is sincerely attached to you, in fact, absolutely devoted to you. However rich he had been I should not, you know, have wished you to marry one who was not that."

"I believe he is that, mamma."

"And your father thinks well of him, and he is enormously rich, one of the best matches in England just now. Lady Amhurst told Constance only last week that Horace Kirkman might have chosen his wife from almost any of the noble families in England where there are many daughters."

"I wonder he did not."

"He fell in love with you, Alma, directly he was introduced to you, and will not hear of marrying any one else. Mrs. Kirkman told me this so long ago as when we went to Golden Mount for Christmas. Oh, Alma! you ought to think yourself a lucky girl — you ought to be thankful!"

"Let us begin then, mamma," said Alma; "let us be very happy about it. I reckoned a great deal on satisfying you."

"But the delay, the risk, — I don't like that part. Why could you not have put an end to all anxiety by accepting him outright to-day? It would only have been what the

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Kirkmans will consider his due, and you would have been in a better position with the old people than you will ever be after this hesitation. I too should have been at rest, and could have got well then."

"I did what I could, mamma," said Alma, the tears rising in her eyes; "you must not press me any further; indeed I thought of you, and hoped you would be happy."

Lady Rivers stretched out her arms again, and again took them back empty.

"You talk of my being happy," she said plaintively, "but it is my children's happiness I want after all — nothing but that — and I can't help having my own views about what will be best for them, Alma, when I have such an example of the miseries of poverty before my eyes forever, as your poor aunt West shows us all. It may have made me over anxious, a little pressing, perhaps, but you ought not to resent it; you should consider how natural it is that I should dread the same wretchedness for my own children that I see in my poor sister. If you, Alma, were to come down to letting lodgings, I should turn in my grave, I think, if I had been dead twenty years."

"You will bring the cough back, I am afraid, mamma," said Alma, "if you talk so excitedly. I had better read a few verses to you, as Emmie used to do, to compose you, and then I will say good-night, leaving the rest of our talk till to-morrow morning when we shall both be calmer."

Alma hurriedly took up the first book that came to hand as she spoke, a Bible from which Emmie West, continuing home habits, had been used to read a chapter or a Psalm to her aunt before leaving for the night; and she opened it haphazard, meaning to read the first sentence or two on which her eye fell. "And the rich man lifted up his eyes being in torments, and saw Lazarus afar off." Alma turned the page quickly. She must not read *that* as a sedative to her mother's dread of *post-mortem* anxiety. To put her in mind that things might look so differently in her grave as to make poverty no longer the supreme terror, would hardly conduce to her sleep just now. Apparently Emmie West had greater skill in finding composing passages than Alma, for somehow, as she turned page after page in search of a calming sentence, she thought that the whole book was written through and through with warnings and exhortations against worldliness and the love of riches; such warnings as would be a mere blow in the face when spoken by her lips to her mother that night. After five minutes' search she laid the book down in despair.

"After all I think I had better ring for Ward to come and read you to sleep," she said; "she is not a good reader, but you say the sound of her voice makes you drowsy, and I am sure the sooner you sleep and the less you think to-night the better it will be for you." Then Alma got up from the bed and after ringing the bell wished her mother good-night and left the room.

"Without one kiss to her mother on the day when she had engaged herself to be married," Lady Rivers reflected bitterly, chewing the cud of sad thoughts as she lay waiting for Ward, who was enjoying a cheerful gossip with James down-stairs over the symptoms of coming change, death, and marriage, in the household. She lay regretting Emmie West, and recalling little anecdotes that had come out in Emmie's talks about her home, which suggested a very different state of things between her and her mother. Lady Rivers could not possibly be capable of envying a person who let lodgings, and yet, all through a sleepless night when she tried to comfort herself by picturing the splendors of Alma's marriage, her thoughts perpetually strayed away from the fascinating theme to wonder how Emmie would look and speak, and what sort of fondling and caressing there would be between the mother and the daughter, when she came to tell poor sister West of some marriage engagement that certainly would not, like Alma's, claim a sentence to itself in all the morning papers.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE TROUBLES OF A SCOTS TRAVELLER.

If the reader be neither an ignorant fool nor a proud knave; if he be neither a villain, a ruffian, a momus, a carper, a critic, a buffoon, a stupid ass, nor a gnawing worm, he may read with amusement the travels * of one of the most adventurous spirits that Scotland ever sent forth; but if he be any of these, then the traveller, who is his own biographer, bids him go hang himself. With rare modesty, he tells us in his prologue how he knows his

* A most dilectable and true discourse of an admired and painefull peregrination from Scotland to the most famous kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Africa, etc., etc. By William Lithgow. London: Printed by Nicolas Oakes, dwelling in Fetter Lane. 1623.

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history will, to the wise, be welcome; to the profound historian yield knowledge, contemplation, and direction; and to the understanding gentleman insight, instruction, and recreation. Having thus taken criticism by the horns, he shows how, in his opinion, his talents as a traveller and writer should be appreciated, by publishing, immediately after his prologue, some verses by three of his friends, one of whom tells him that his work,

> In subject, frame, in method, phrase, and style,
> May match the most unmatchèd in this isle.

Our autobiographer then proceeds to develop one of the most marvellous stories of adventure ever told; in which, though the fabulous in history is strangely mingled with the true in travel, we may without much difficulty dissever the fables due to the ignorance of the time from the real and striking adventures of the hero of the tale. And if to have

> by the great providence of God, escaped infinite dangers; by sea, suffering thrice shipwrecks; by land, in woods, and on mountains, often invaded; by ravenous beasts, crawling and venomous worms, daily encumbered; by home-bred robbers, and remote savages, five times stripped to the skin; excessive fatigues, unspeakable adversities, parching heats, scorching drought, intolerable distresses of hunger, imprisonments, and cold:

if all this endured is not sufficient, at least the sufferings of the dungeon and the rack at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition have so rarely found a narrator in the person of one who has undergone them, that our indomitable traveller can scarcely be denied an exceptional claim to our attention.

Who or what William Lithgow was by birth he does not himself tell us; nor has his origin been handed down to posterity. We know that he was a Scotsman, born in Lanark; and he must have been possessed of considerable means; for although he describes his journeyings as having been traced over by his "painful feet," yet he never seems to have been without money for his wants. He tells us that in the stripling age of his youth, he made two voyages to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, and thereafter surveyed all Germany, Bohemia, Helvetia, and the Low Countries from end to end, before visiting Paris, where he remained ten months. His Scots associates in Paris were men of good family; and when he left that city on the 7th March 1609, among those who escorted him a short distance on his way, he names "Monsieur Hay of Smithfield, now esquire of his Majesty's body-guards." From Paris he went to Rome; "committing his feet to the hard bruising way," and apparently now, as in all his subsequent journeys, by choice travelling as a pedestrian. In Rome he seems to have found only one good thing, the lachrymæ Christi. "I drew so hard," he says, "at that same weeping wine, till I found my purse began to weep also; and if time had not prevented the sweetness of such tears, I had been left for all the last a miserable mourner." But of all else in Rome his abuse knows no stint; for he is in the very heart of the "snarling crew of snakish Papists," against whom he is never tired of railing. In no unmeasured terms he expresses his opinion of the abominations of Rome, and it is probable that he spoke out more freely than was palatable there; for he relates how the streets and gates were watched for him, and how he was hidden by a compatriot for three days in the palace of the old Earl of Tyrone, escaping on the fourth midnight by leaping the walls. Throughout Lithgow's book we are constantly meeting the most violent tirades against the Papists; and the mixture of fanatical religious zeal with a thorough enjoyment of a broad joke and a love of good living, constitutes one great charm of the narrative. He was not at all above enjoying his journey from Rome to the Chapel of our Lady of Lorretto with two gentlemen of Rome, and the two "vermilion nymphs" who accompanied them, who, "to let me understand they travelled with a cheerful stomach, would often run races, skipping like wanton lambs on grassy mountains, and quenching their follies in a sea of unquenchable fantasies;" but his scorn of them for pulling off their shoes and stockings to enter the "ten thousand times polluted chapel" is of the strongest; and the event gives him theme for a long dissertation upon idolatry, and for a couplet which, we think, stands unrivalled even amongst the many bad verses sprinkled throughout the narrative: —

> To Lorett people haunt with naked feet,
> Whom religion moves with love's fervent sp'rit.

Accompanied by a friend, Lithgow now proceeded to Venice, landing just in time to find a grey friar burning at St. Mark's Pillar, and to see "the half of his body and right arm fall flatlings in the fire." The story of the friar's offence will scarcely bear repetition here; but it so tickled the fancy of our travellers that, before they either ate, drank, or took their lodging,

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they went to visit the monastery whence "the lady prioress and the rest of her voluptuous crew," who had shared in the friar's iniquities, had been banished. The description of the customs of Venice is most curious; and one sentence reads somewhat painfully to us Britons of the present day: "The Venetians, howsoever of old they have been great warriors, they are now more desirous to keep than enlarge their dominions; and that by presents of money, rather than by the sword of true valor." A few years later the crows were flocking to the carcass of the enfeebled republic, bloated with money, and having lost the *prestige* which had made it unrivalled in the world. For one thing Venice was particularly welcome to our traveller. "I commend," he writes, "the devotion of Venice and Genoa beyond all the other cities in Italy; for the Venetians have banished the Jesuits out of their territories and islands, and the Genoese have abandoned the society of Jews, and driven them from their jurisdiction." At Venice, too, as at Rome, the Jews were made to wear red-and-yellow hats for notice' sake, to distinguish them from others; "which necessary custom, would to God, were enjoined to all the Papists here in England, so should we easily discern them from the true Christians."

To Venice, after some travels in Lombardy, and three months spent in learning Italian at Padua, Lithgow returned; and thence, after having waited twenty-four days for a passage, he at last embarked for the Dalmatian coast. The master had no compass to direct his course, neither was he expert in navigation, so it is no wonder that they made another port than the one for which they had sailed; but at last they reached Zara, strongly garrisoned by Venetian soldiery, and into which no infidel was allowed to enter, unless after giving up his weapons at the gate. From Zara, in an open boat manned by five Sclavonian mariners, who sometimes rowed and sometimes sailed, Lesina was reached, where the governor of the island accompanied Lithgow to see a wonderful monster, surpassing either the Siamese twins or the two-headed nightingale, "for below the middle part there was but one body, and above the middle there was two living souls, each one separated from another with several members." The child or children's father, who is described as "that sorrowful man," informed them that when the one slept the other awaked, which was a strange disagreement in nature. After a chase by a barbarian man-of-war of Tunis, carrying two tier of ordinance and two hundred men, and having been saved only by night's darkness, our traveller reached Ragusa, then a republic, paying tribute both to the Turks and to the Venetians; where he noted the curious proof of the semi-European, semi-oriental character of the place in the method of wearing the hair; "the most part of the civil magistrates having but half of the head bare, but the vulgar sort being all shaven, like the Turks." Corfu was next visited, and the singular precaution taken for the safety of its two fortresses is described.

> Lest by the instigation of the one captain, the other should commit any treasonable effect, the governors of castles, at their election before the senators of Venice, are sworn neither privately nor openly to have mutual conference, nor to write to one another for two years, which is the space of their government.

The Grecian *carmoesalo*, in which, with forty-seven fellow-passengers, Greeks, Sclavonians, Italians, Armenians, and Jews, our traveller next embarked for Zante, sighted, when off Cephalonia, a Turkish galley making straight to assail her. The affrighted master sought counsel of his fellow-passengers, most of whom, being confident their friends would pay their ransom, counselled rather to surrender than to fight. But our wandering pilgrim pondering in his pensive breast his solitary estate, the distance of his country and his friends, could conceive no hope of deliverance from slavery. Whereupon he "absolutely arose," and bade the master prepare his two pieces of ordnance, his muskets, powder, lead, and half-pikes, encourage his passengers, and promise his mariners double wages — "for who knoweth but the Lord may deliver us from the thraldom of these infidels?" This counsel taken, and preparations having been made to make combat below rather than on deck "both to save them from small shot, and besides for boarding them on a sudden," the doors having been fastened down, every one in his station, and the Almighty having been invoked, the combat began.

> In a furious spleen, the first hola of their courtesies was the progress of a martial conflict, thundering forth a terrible noise of galley-roaring pieces; and we, in a sad reply, sent out a back-sounding echo of fiery flying shot, which made an equivox to the clouds, rebounding backwards in our perturbed breasts the ambiguous sounds of fear and hope.

Night parted the combatants, a tempest separated them; and the brave vessel,

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leaking heavily, put into the Bay of Largastolo (Argostoli) Cephalonia. Three Italians, two Greeks, and two Jews had been killed, eleven others wounded, and our adventurous Lithgow hurt in the right arm. The survivors gave thanks to the Lord for their unexpected safety, buried the dead Christians in a Greekish churchyard, and interred the Jews by the seaside.

From Cephalonia to Zante, which gives rise to the following burst of moral indignation against the English love of plum-puddings. The immense sum made by the traffic in currants — more than £80,000 yearly — having been named, it is called

a rent or sum of money which these silly islanders could never afford, if it were not for some liquorish lips here in England of late, who, forsooth, can hardly digest bread, pasties, broth, and (*verbi gratiâ*) bag-puddings without these currents. And as these rascal Greeks, becoming proud of late with this lavish expense, contemn justly this sensual prodigality, I have heard them often demand the English, in a filthy derision, what they did with such liquorish stuff, and if they carried them home to feed their swine and hogs withal. A question indeed worthy of such a female traffic; the inference of which I suspend: there is no other nation, save this, thus addicted to that miserable isle.

We must pass over the journey with a Greek caravan across the Morea from Patras to Athens, and the reflections to which it gives birth, and hasten on by way of Cerigo to Crete, where new and striking adventures befell the traveller at the very outset of his journey. Having landed at Grabusa, he started to walk to Canea, much against the advice of the governor of the fort.

Scarcely was I advanced twelve miles on my way, when I was beset on the skirt of a rocky mountain with three Greek murdering renegadoes, and an Italian bandido; who laying hands on me, beat me most cruelly, robbed me of my clothes, and stripped me naked, threatening me with many grievous speeches.

At last the Italian, to whom he had spoken in his own tongue, having searched his clothes and *budgeto*, and found no money except eighty *bagantines*, scarcely two groats English — for he had knowingly "put his money in exchange" before leaving Grabusa — came across his letters of recommendation from divers princes of Christendom, amongst others from the duke of Venice. These moved the Italian to compassion, and he induced the other brigands to give him back his pilgrim's clothes and his letters; but they kept his blue gown and his *bagantines*, giving him a stamped piece of clay as a token to show any of their companions whom he might meet on the road. But his troubles were not over. "Leaving them with many counterfeit thanks," he travelled that day thirty-seven miles, and at night attained to the unhappy village of Pickehorno, where he could have neither meat, drink, lodging, nor any refreshment for his wearied body. The people crowded round him with desperate looks. A pitiful woman told him he was likely to be killed; so he stole forth in the dark night, and lay down till morning in a cave by the seaside, "with a fearful heart, a crazed body, a thirsty stomach, and a hungry belly."

But the adventurous spirit still sought fresh adventure. Safely arrived at Canea, which was carefully guarded by seven companies of soldiers of the Venetian republic, Lithgow must needs mix himself up in the affairs of another, and so get into new trouble. The story is such a curious example of the conditions of the time as to be worth relating at some length. During Lithgow's stay at Canea, six Venetian galleys arrived, on one of which was a young French Protestant gentleman, who had been condemned to the galleys for life for having taken part in a brawl in which a Venetian nobleman had been killed. He was allowed by the captain of the galley to come ashore, carrying an iron bolt on his leg and in charge of a keeper; and his tears and account of the persecution to which, as a Protestant, he was subject, so moved Lithgow's sympathetic and anti-Papal spirit, that he resolved to deliver him. The difficulty was to get rid of the keeper; but Lithgow invited him to the wine, "where, after tractal discourses, and deep draughts of Leatic, reason failing, sleep overcame his senses." Then Lithgow clad the Frenchman in an old gown and a black veil that he had borrowed from his laundress, and took him out into the fields, whence he directed him to a Greek convent, known as "the Monastery of Refuge," where he would be detained till the men-of-war arrived from Malta — it being a custom of the Maltese vessels returning from the Levant to touch here to carry away refugees. On his road back to the town, Lithgow met two English soldiers — John Smith and Thomas Hargrave — who had come to warn him that the officers of the galleys were searching for him. They advised him to enter by the eastern gate, which was guarded that day by three other English soldiers and eight French soldiers; and these all accompanied him as an escort to the Ital-

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ian monastery, where he lodged. Four officers and six galley-soldiers tried to seize him; but the English and French drew their swords and resisted, mortally wounding two of the officers of the galleys, while Lithgow ran off with John Smith to the monastery, where he remained under safeguard of the cloister until the galleys were gone, when he started to make a tour of the island.

His descriptions of people and of things in Crete are most amusing. He gravely accepts the cave pointed out to him as the labyrinth of Dædalus; he computes that Mount Ida is six miles in height; but he scorns "the darkness of cloudy inventions" in such fables as that if a woman in Crete bite a man anything hard, he will not recover, or that if a certain herb is chewed, hunger shall not be felt for four-and-twenty hours. He notes, with a sharp incisive touch, the dress, the manners, and the habits of the men; and attributes the light conduct of the women to "the nature of the soil and climate." His return to Canea was marked by another kindness on the part of his friend Smith, the English soldier. One night, when Lithgow was at supper in a sutler's, Smith came, with three Italian soldiers, to warn him that there was an Englishman named Wolson in the town, who said that his elder brother had been killed at Burntisland, in Scotland, by one called Keere; and that, notwithstanding Keere had been beheaded, Wolson had sworn to kill the first Scotsman he met; and having heard of Lithgow being in the place, he had resolved to stab him, as he went home that night, asking the English soldiers to help him. Smith, Hargrave, and Horsperld had refused, but Cook and Rollands had yielded. However, Smith and the Italians safely conducted Lithgow to his bed, and Wolson, finding that his design was discovered, and probably being an arrant coward, fled from Canea. It was not long before Lithgow was able cheaply to reward Smith for his kindness on these two occasions. Smith had enlisted at Venice as a soldier for Crete, "where, when transported, he found his captain's promise and performance different, which forced him at the beginning to borrow a little money off his lieutenant." At the end of five years, Smith, unable to discharge his debt, was handed over by his captain to the captain who relieved him, and who paid the old captain his money, and the same again at the end of a second five years. Thus Smith, who was anxious to regain his liberty, was now completing his fifteenth year of bondage. Lithgow paid his debt, got leave for him to depart, and embarked him in a Flemish ship, whose master was one John Allan of Glasgow. The debt for which he had served fifteen years was forty-eight shillings.

In spite of his hatred of the priests, Lithgow had not disdained to live in a monastery at Canea; and he admits that, had it not been for his desire to continue his voyage, he would gladly have stayed longer, "in regard of their great cheer and deep draughts of Malvoise, received hourly, and often against my will." There were four friars, only one of whom was a mass-priest, and he was "so free of his stomach to receive in strong liquor, that, for the space of twenty days of my being there, I never saw him, nor any one of the other three, truly sober." This was the life of the monastery. "Every night after supper the friars forced me to dance with them, either one gagliard or another. Their music in the end was sound drunkenness, and their syncope turned to spew up all; and their bed converted to a board or else the hard floor; for these beastly swine were nightly so full that they had never power to go to their own chambers, but where they fell there they lay till morn."

From Crete Lithgow cruised among the islands of the Levant, taking passage in such small boats as he could find. Stormbound for sixteen days at Angusa, he lived in a little Greek chapel, even cooking his food there, and sleeping in the sanctuary; shipwrecked on the island of Scio, and living "for three days without either meat or drink," in a cave, but saving his *coffino*, with his papers and linen therein; rescued on the fourth day by fishermen; again chased by Turkish galliots off Negroponte, and compelled by the untoward Greeks to stand sentinel every night for six nights on the top of a high promontory near the inlet where the boat took shelter, it being the time of a snowy and frosty winter, — he never lost heart, but in his night watchings composed some of those execrable verses which he considers the most perfect poetry, and in which he thus makes his will: —

To thee, sweet Scotland, first,
My birth and breath I leave;
To heaven my soul, my heart King James,
My corpse to lie in grave.

My staff to pilgrims I,
And pen to poets send;
My haircloth robe, and half-spent goods
To wandering wights I lend.

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From the hands of the Greek crew who detained his *budgeto*, and made him act as permanent sentry, he was saved by two exiled Venetian gentlemen, who belabored the captain of the ship, and presented Lithgow with forty sequins of gold. He next went to Salonica, then the great university for the Jews, where he says "they speak vulgarly and maternally the Hebrew tongue, man, woman, and child, and not elsewhere in the world." Thence to Tenedos, to the plains of Troy, and to Constantinople, where he received a welcome, which is not without its moral in the present day.

> Bidding farewell to the Turks who had kindly used me three days, in our passage from the Castles, the master of the boat saying "*Adio Christiano*," there were four French runagates standing on the quay, who, hearing these words, fell desperately upon me, blaspheming the name of Jesus, and throwing me to the ground, beat me most cruelly; and if it had not been for my friendly Turks, who leaped out of their boat, and relieved me, I had there doubtless perished. The other infidels standing by said, "Behold, what a Saviour thou hast, when these that were Christians, now turned Mohammetans, cannot abide nor regard the name of thy God!"

His wounds having been anointed in a Greek lodging, where he was kindly received, and where all recompense was refused, Lithgow paid his respects to Sir Thomas Glover, the British ambassador, and was entertained by him for three months in his house, where at the same time was staying the duke of Moldavia, who had been deprived of his principalities, and whom, when all the other ambassadors had refused to entertain him, Sir Thomas Glover took in, furnishing him with money and other necessaries of his condition. No higher character could be given than that which Lithgow awards to this English ambassador. "He relieved more slaves from the galleys, paid their ransoms, and sent them home freely to their Christian stations, and kept a better house than any ambassador did that ever lay at Constantinople, or ever shall, to the world's end."

Our object being to trace the personal adventures of our hero, we can devote no space to his interesting accounts of the Turkish customs and religion, or to his quaint account of Mahomet, and of his imposing upon "the old Trot," as he calls the prophet's first wife. We must pass on to his next voyage; when, embarking in the spring, he sailed in the "Allathya" of London from Constantinople to Smyrna in twelve days; thence along the coast of Asia Minor to Rhodes in a Turkish coasting vessel; and then, another twelve days' voyage, to Cyprus. Here, on his return to Famagusta from a visit made to the interior of the island, he encountered some Turks, who, because he refused them his mule to ride upon, pulled him by the heels from the mule's back, beat him unmercifully, and left him almost dead. His interpreter fled, and some Greeks saved him from perishing where he lay. From Cyprus to Tripoli; and here we may note what, in these days of Turkish ironclad men-of-war, is a curiously interesting opinion, based on Lithgow's personal experience of Turkish sailors: —

> The natural Turks [he says] were never skilful in managing of sea-battles, neither are they expert mariners, or experienced gunners. If it were not for our Christian runagates, French, English, and Flemings, and they too, sublime, accurate, and desperate fellows, who have taught the Turks the art of navigation, and especially the use of ammunition, which they both carry to them, and then become their chief cannoneers, the Turks would be as weak and ignorant at sea as the silly Ethiopian is inexpert in handling of arms on the land.

Every word of that is as true to-day as it was when written two hundred and fifty years ago.

At Tripoli Lithgow was obliged to wait a long time for a caravan to Aleppo; so he took the opportunity, with three Venetian merchants, to visit the cedars of Lebanon, a day's journey off. Losing their way among the rocks, two of their asses fell over a precipice and broke their necks, and they themselves fell into snowdrifts, and were nearly drowned in a torrent; but at last they safely reached the patriarch's house, and were hospitably entertained. From Tripoli our traveller proceeded with a caravan of Turks to Aleppo, where he had hoped to find a caravan for Babylon: but it had already started; and though he hired a janissary and three soldiers as escort, and tried to overtake it, it had already departed three days before his arrival at Beershake on the Euphrates. His disappointment was great; and his muse expresses what his sorrowful prose cannot perform: —

> My treach'rous guide
> Did nought but cross me; greed led him aside.
> Still this — still that I would. All I surmise
> Is shrewdly stopt. At last my scopes devise
> To make a boat, to bear me down alone,
> With drudges two, to ground — chang'd Babylon.

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That could not be; the charges was too great;
And eke the stream did nought but dangers threat.
My conduct still deceiv'd me, made it square
Another caravan, O! would come here
From Aleppo or Damascus; till in end
Most of my monies did his knavery spend.
Thus was I toss'd long five weeks and four days
With struggling doubts.

At last he complained to the authorities, and they compelled the janissary to take him back to Aleppo. There he laid his tale before the Venetian consul, who took him to the bashaw. The pasha was an upright man, and took the side of the traveller. The janissary was put in prison, and made to restore to Lithgow all the money he had received;

And for his ten weeks' fees, no more he had
Than he that's owner of a ditch-fall'n jade.

In Captain Burnaby's "Ride through Asia Minor," we read of adventures very similar to those of Lithgow, in the attempted extortions by his servants, and the difficulties of travel; and in Lithgow's work we see the same powerful influence exercised by the consuls as at the present day. But in those days Venice had the greatest power, and had that first place in commerce and in influence, which her subsequent trust in "money rather than in the sword of true valor," caused her to lose.

Leaving Aleppo, where he was much struck by the carrier-pigeons, which took messages from Aleppo to Babylon in forty-eight hours, Lithgow reached Damascus in a nine days' journey with a great caravan of some fifteen hundred persons, accompanied by one hundred soldiers as escort. It seems to have been a hard journey. The caravan was often assailed by Arabs; and the Turkish escort used to beat the Christians in their charge. By a present of tobacco Lithgow secured the good-will of the Turkish owner of the mule which carried his provisions; for the Turks, he says, are as addicted to smoke, as Dutchmen are to the pot. But when once Damascus was reached, food for man and beast, and lodging, were provided gratis by the grand seignior. Of Damascus, its pillar of brass marking the spot where Cain slew Abel, the house of Ananias, "the rose-water sold in barrels as beer is with us," the weapons of steel, the fruits, Lithgow speaks in unbounded terms of praise. He can only compare it to one other city out of paradise, "that matchless pattern and mirror of beauty, the city of Antwerp." The journey through Arabia Petræa was safely performed, thanks to the admirable precautions of the captain of the caravan, who, nevertheless, freely bled Lithgow's purse, making him pay excessive sums by the way of tribute to the Arab chiefs, and putting the difference in his own pocket. The Holy Land was traversed. At one village near Cæsarea Philippi, the Moors and Arabs gave the Christians for their supper an hundred strokes apiece, because some of them had trodden on the graves of the dead. After leaving Nazareth a great danger was incurred. A Christian guide named Joab was hired to lead the caravan to Lydda. Sending on ahead he warned a robber chief to intercept the caravan, and then led the travellers into all sorts of bad places, in order to give time to the Arabs to intercept them. However, he was suspected, and having been bound on a horse and threatened with death he confessed. At last by another route the caravan reached Tyre, where Lithgow, like Mark Twain's new pilgrims, broke off a pound-weight of a marble pillar, said to have been brought from Gaza, and to be one of those that Samson pulled down. The half of this precious relic he afterwards presented to King James of blessed memory. Here too he met an English factor, Mr. Brokess, who kindly took him to a Moorish house, "where instantly we swallowed down such jovial and deep carouses of Leatic wine, that both he and I were almost fastened in the last plunge of understanding."

And so the rude journey continued. One day he has to pay seven gold sequins tribute, another day five, to the wretched kings of the East. Another day, his tobacco being all gone, the owner of his mule tried to beat him and dismount his goods. Again, attacked by Arabs, who were driven back, the caravan had nine women and five men killed, and over thirty persons, including the captain, badly wounded. At last Jerusalem appears in sight; but the sun having gone down, the gates were locked, and the hungry and weary travellers were left outside. No offers of money would induce the Turks within to give them food; but the guardian of the monastery of Cordeliers sent two friars who let down bread, wine, and fish to Lithgow over the wall; for which, having been espied, the guardian had to pay next day a fine of one hundred piastres, £30 sterling; "otherwise had both he and I been beheaded."

On Palm Sunday 1612, three years from his leaving Paris, Lithgow entered into Jerusalem, where he was met and received

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by the guardian of the convent of grey friars. Though we know that his travels were undertaken from sheer love of adventure, we fear he did not scruple to accept the advantages of the *rôle* of pilgrim. He was escorted to the monastery by twelve friars, singing a *Te Deum*, and each holding a wax candle. The guardian washed his right foot and the vicar his left; then they and all the twelve friars kissed them. "But when they knew afterwards that I was no popish Catholic, they sore repented them of their labor." How the canny Scotsman must have thrust his tongue in his cheek, as the guardian and the vicar performed these loving ablutions! Yet his intolerant spirit might have well received a lesson from these good Catholic monks; for, on the very day of his arrival, when he and some German Protestants who were, like himself, hospitably entertained at the convent, laughed to see the guardian and the friars beaten and ill-treated on the return of their procession from Bethpage, all the answer made by the guardian was a gentle request that whatever they might think, they would abstain from mocking at the rites which he was bound to perform. "To which," says Lithgow, "we condescended."

A day or two later the friars and their guest made a pilgrimage to the Jordan. They were nearly overwhelmed in sand and attacked by Arabs, but at length they reached the river; and here, as a specimen of our author's style, we will describe in his own words his adventure in search of a stick for King James: —

> Considering the ancient reputation of this famous river, and the rare sight of such an unfrequented place, I climbed up to the top of a turpentine tree, which grew within the limited flood, a little above where I left my company, even naked as I came from swimming, and cut down a fair hunting-rod, which afterwards, with great pains, I brought to England, and did present it (as the rarest gem of a pilgrim's treasure) to his Majesty. But I remember in the choosing thereof, an unexpected accident fell out; for I being sequestrate from the sight of the company, upon this solitary tree, with broad observing leaves, the friars and soldiers removed: keeping their course toward Jericho, but within two furlongs from Jordan, they were beset with the former nocturnal enemies, who assailed them with a hard conflict. For I, hearing the harquebuses go off, was straight in admiration; and looking down to the place where I left my associates, they were gone; so bending my eyes a little further in the plain, I saw them at a martial combat; which sight gave me suddenly the threatening of despair, not knowing whether to stay intrenched within the circumdating leaves, to approve the events of my auspicious fortunes, or in prosecuting a relief to be participant of their doubtful deliverance. In the end, pondering I could hardly or never escape their hands, I leapt down from the tree, leaving my Turkish clothes lying upon the ground, took only in my hand the rod and shass which I wore on my head; and ran stark naked above a quarter of a mile amongst thistles and sharp-pointed grass, which pitifully bepricked the soles of my feet. Approaching on the safe side of my company, one of our soldiers broke forth on horseback, being determined to kill me for my staying behind. Yea, and three times he smote at me with his half-pike; but his horse being at his speed, I prevented his cruelty, first by falling down, next by running in among the thickest of the pilgrims, recovering my beast. Which when the guardian espied, and saw my naked body, he presently pulled off his gown and threw it at me, whereby I might hide the secrets of nature; by which means in the space of an hour I was clothed three manner of ways: first, like a Turk; secondly, like a wild Arabian; and thirdly, like a grey friar; which was a barbarous, a savage, and a religious habit.

We cannot pause to relate in detail the sojourn in Jerusalem: how Lithgow refused to be made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, with its privileges of being allowed to set free any malefactor on his way to the gallows, and of carrying silks through all Popish countries without paying duty; how he had his right arm tattooed with the crowns of Scotland and England, and some verses in honor of the king, immediately over the holy sepulchre, to the horror of the friars; how he had to pay the guardian handsomely, and to reward "the avaricious guide, the gaping steward, the Cerberian porter, and the Cimmerian cook with his Etnæan face;" how he finally refused all prayers for further bounties to the convent, having already in eighteen days in Jerusalem spent eighteen pounds sixteen shillings sterling, and this, although the convent had been fined £30 for feeding him on the night of his arrival; how he bargained with the Egyptian caravan to take him away, and how he crossed the desert of Sinai from Gaza; the hardships of the journey; how three of the party of six Germans died in the desert of exhaustion; and how at length Cairo was reached, where the remaining three died of drinking down too much strong Cyprus wine without mixture of water; how the last of the six left all their gold to the stout Scotsman who had been the companion of their desert journey; how the Venetian factor in whose house they died seized their goods, and the pasha gave judgment that two-thirds

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should go to Lithgow and one-third to the Venetian; the unmistakable delight at the legacy of nine hundred and forty-two sequins, and the rather doubtful sorrow and the very sincere resignation expressed for the poor gentlemen's death.

Lithgow visited the pyramids and the sphinx, and then descended the Nile to Rosetta, in a boat surrounded with forked spikes of iron for fear of the crocodiles, "who generally leap upon boats, and will carry the passenger away headlong down the stream." He tells how the crocodiles are killed by a rat, which runs into their mouths and eats its way out of their bodies; and relates an admirable sporting story of how a Venetian "squint-eyed gunner" killed an enormous crocodile by a most complicated and ingenious combination of a piece of ordnance, a train of powder, a match, a string, and a dead ass for bait, — he having "been duly licentiated thereto by the grand bashaw." At Alexandria it was so hot that the traveller and his companions, used as they were to the desert heat, spent the day in sprinkling themselves with water, and the night lying on the housetop; but in due time a Sclavonian ship bound for Ragusa took them off. Seventeen mariners, and all the four French pilgrims who had accompanied Lithgow from Jerusalem, died on the passage home, of what seems to have been the plague. Five times was the good ship assailed by the corsairs of Tunis; yet she arrived safely in Malta. Thence Sicily was reached, where the traveller was the means of rescuing some Sicilians from a gang of Moors who had seized them for slaves; and hence Naples, whence he again crossed Italy. A narrow escape from murder by four French thieves in a wood near Nice was his last trouble. By way of Spain, across the Pyrenees, he returned to Paris, and thence to London, where he duly presented to King James the pound-weight of Samson's marble pillar and the turpentine stick that had so nearly cost him his life; and so ends Lithgow's first journey.

How long he remained at home he does not tell us; nor will he say whether "discontent or curiosity drove him to his second perambulation" — that, he says, is best reserved to his own knowledge. At all events, before long he was on the road again. This time he traversed the Netherlands, ascended the Rhine, and crossed Switzerland into Italy, where he was robbed, and threatened with a year in the galleys for carrying a stiletto, on the false accusation of a soldier; but he was soon released, and received fifty Florentine crowns of gold in compensation, whereat he extolled the knave that had brought him such a noble reward. Beset by banditti in Calabria, he was saved by exhibiting his patent of Jerusalem. Crossing to Sicily, he found two barons lying dead, who had fought for the love of a young noble woman. "Upon which sight, to speak the truth, I searched both their pockets, and found their two silken purses full loaden with Spanish pistoles, whereat my heart sprung for joy; and, taking five rings off their four hands, I hid them and the two purses in the ground;" after which he alarmed the neighborhood; and when the neighbors were in full lamentation, and had removed the bodies, he made off with his stolen treasure, and reached Malta.

Hence away to Tunis, then to Algiers, strongly garrisoned by janissaries, and full of Spanish slaves; hence to Fez, the most horribly vicious of all the Eastern towns he met, in spite of its magnificent mosques, its beautiful houses and gardens, its sixty-seven bridges, its palaces and hospitals. His companion here was a French lapidary, one M. Chatteliné, who was advised to go to Æthiopia to buy precious stones, on which journey Lithgow was only too glad to accompany him. Hiring a dragoman and two Moorish servants, who left six of their kinsmen in custody as hostages with the Turkish authorities, they set forth. Part of the journey lay through a country rich in cattle, camels, and horses, among half-savage tribes, who sometimes "overlabored" the travellers with bastinadoes; part through a desert full of serpents and wild beasts, inhabited only by Bedouins. At last, despairing of reaching Æthiopia, and Chatteliné having fallen sick, and been left behind, Lithgow, at his dragoman's demand, turned northwards, and came among the Libyan Sabunks. The description of their prince is very curious: "His religion is damnable, so is his life; for he and all the four tribes of Libya worship only for their god, garlic; having altars, priests, and superstitious rites annexed to it; thinking garlic, being strong of itself, and the most part of their food, to have a sovereign virtue in an herbal deity." We should like to know what was "the merry secret here concerning the woman, which often I recited to King James of blessed memory;" but for once our traveller is reticent. Back from the Sabunks, with a guide, through the Numidian Moors — who made horseshoes and nails by heating iron in the sun and hammering it with their fists — to

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Tunis, where the first curiosity he describes is the artificial hatching of chickens in a furnace, upon warm camel's dung, through which the heat was admitted,—"a common thing almost throughout all Africa, which maketh hens with them so plenty everywhere."

While Lithgow was at Tunis, a certain Captain Danser, a Fleming, who had been a great pirate, came to the port as an ambassador of the French king, to relieve some French barks that were in captivity. The bashaw visited him on board his ship, sent him the vessels freely, and invited him to return the visit next day. Danser landed with twelve gentlemen; but as soon as he had crossed the drawbridge of the castle, the gate was shut, and the twelve friends left outside. Danser was then accused by the pasha of his old piracies and murders, and was straightway beheaded, his body being thrown into a ditch. Then the guns of the forts opened fire upon his vessels, but they, by cutting cables, escaped. Nor does this strange treatment of an ambassador draw forth any further comment from our author than, "Lo! there was a Turkish policy, more sublime and crafty than the best European alive could have formed."

The homeward journey was made by Malta and Sicily, where our traveller visited Etna. At Messina he found dying, in extreme misery, Sir Francis Verney, who having spent all his patrimony, had turned Turk at Tunis, had been captured by Sicilian galleys, and, after two years' slavery, had been redeemed by an English Jesuit, on promise of reversion to the Christian faith, and had then turned common soldier. Sir Francis soon died, and his corpse was charitably interred by Lithgow. The rule of the country by the duke of Sona draws forth much admiration from our traveller; and as an example of his wisdom and justice, the following case is cited. A priest of Palermo having killed, in a house of ill-fame, a knight's servant who was brother to a shoemaker, the viceroy made the shoemaker pistol the priest, in spite of the cardinal. But the cardinal had previously punished the priest for killing the servant, by inhibiting him from saying mass for a year; so, to make justice complete, the viceroy, for the murder of the priest, inhibited the shoemaker from making shoes for a year, during which time, however, he gave him two shillings a day for his maintenance.

At Naples, whither he next proceeded, Lithgow was nearly coming to an untimely end through his testing the effects of the Grotta del Cane upon himself, rather than pay the charge of the dogkeeper who stays by the cave; and again, by pushing his way too far into the Sibyl's Cave, where his guide abandoned him, his torch went out, and he fell into the water. From Naples he made his way into Hungary, of whose soil and climate he speaks in unbounded praise; but of its inhabitants he says they have ever been theftuous, treacherous, and false, so that there one brother will hardly trust another. From Hungary he passed through Transylvania into Moldavia, where, in a wood, he was robbed of all his clothes and sixty gold ducats, and bound stark naked to a tree. Here he remained all night, in great fear of wolves and wild boars, till in the morning he was relieved by a company of herds, who gave him an old coat, in which he put the papers and seals that had been left to him, and then made his way to the Baron Starhuld's, who more than made good all his losses. He now travelled through Poland, meeting Scotsmen everywhere, as indeed he had done throughout his travels. One of these took him in a wagon from Warsaw to Dantzic, where for three weeks he lay so ill that his grave and tomb were prepared by his countrymen. But he was destined for other and still greater troubles yet; and so he sufficiently recovered to end his second journey by a sea-voyage home to London.

The traveller himself feels bound to give some special reasons for undertaking a third voyage after encountering so many privations in his two previous journeys. He tells us that his most urgent cause was the necessity of completing his survey of all Europe by visiting Ireland and the half of Spain, which alone he had not yet visited; and secondly, that he was resolved to visit Prester John's dominions in Æthiopia. So he wrote a poetical pamphlet to the king, obtained in return letters of safe-conduct and recommendation, and again set forth on his travels, reaching Dublin on the 22d August 1619. He spent five months travelling through Ireland; and he declares there are more rivers, lakes, brooks, strands, quagmires, bogs, and marshes there than in all Christendom besides. He was often overmired, saddle, body, and all; often set a-swimming in danger of his life, "that for cloudy and fountain-bred perils he was never reduced to such a floating labyrinth." In five months' space he quite spoiled six horses, and himself as tired as the worst of them. His description of the country is very remarkable; the people living in turf-

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cabins then as now; their utter ignorance of the commonest tenets of their religion; their priest-ridden condition; their pagan superstitions, such as bequeathing their cattle to the protection of the new moon; their suffering from absentee landlords: their semi-barbarous manner of life; their ploughs fastened by straw-ropes to the horses' tails; the women giving suck to the babes on their backs by throwing the breasts over the shoulder, as the women in Africa do at this day: the lavish hospitality of the Irish gentry, whose "Spanish sack and Irish uscova" were always ready at hand; the wretched condition of the Protestant Irish clergy, of whom he says: "The ale-house is their church, the Irish priests their consorts; their auditors be 'fill and fetch more;' their text, Spanish sack; their prayers, carousing; their singing of Psalms, whiffing of tobacco; their last blessing, *aqua vitæ;* and all their doctrine, sound drunkenness."

From Ireland he crossed over to St. Malo, and again visited Paris. His remarks on the fantastic foolery of the French are most amusing; and he concludes his epitome of France by naming three things for the wayfaring man to avoid there: —

> First, the eating of victuals and drinking of wine without price-making; lest, when he hath done, for the stridor of his teeth, his charges be redoubled. Next, to choose his lodging far from marshy ditches, lest the vehemency of chirking frogs vex the wished-for repose of his wearied body and cast him into a vigilant perplexity. And lastly, unless he would rise early, never to lie near the fore-streets of a town, because of the disturbing clamors of the peasant samboys or nail wooden-shoes, whose noise, like an equivox, resembleth the clashing armor of armies, or the clangor of the Ulyssan tumbling horse to fatal Troy.

Lithgow now crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, then continued into Portugal, and thence back to Madrid; but the discomforts of travel in the Peninsula were too great even for our toil-inured traveller: "Great scarcity of beds and dear, and no ready-dressed diet;" and a people far from suited to one who was fond of free quarters and being hospitably entertained; for the Spaniard he found to be "of a spare diet and temperate, if at his own cost he spend; but if given gratis he hath the longest tusks that ever played at table." From Madrid he went to Toledo, where he met one Mr. Woodson, a London merchant, whom he accompanied to Malaga, where he arranged for a passage in a French ship to Alexandria in Egypt. But on the 27th October, 1620, the English fleet, despatched against the pirates of Algiers, cast anchor in the roads. The people of Malaga thought they were Turkish ships, and the town was called to arms; but in the morning the mistake was discovered. Hundreds of the crews came on shore. Lithgow visited the English general Sir Robert Maunsil, on board his ship the "Lion;" and when the fleet sailed, resisting Sir Robert's invitation to accompany him to Algiers, he returned in a fishing-boat to save his linen, letters, and sacket, lying in his hostelry. He had scarcely landed, and was making his way by a quiet road to his lodging, shunning acquaintance, as he was to embark that evening, when he was seized by nine alguazils, wrapped in a black cloak, held by the throat to prevent his crying out, and carried to the governor's parlor. And now began the worst, if not the last, of all poor Lithgow's troubles.

The governor, whom Lithgow had previously known, paid no heed to his remonstrances, but ordered him to be confined, and his apprehension to be kept secret, and sent for the captain of the town, the alcalde, and the State scrivener. These four being assembled at a table, Lithgow was brought before them and questioned as to his journeyings. He was then shut up in a small room, whither the alcalde came and asked him to confess having been in Seville, where he had never been; but as he denied it, he was again brought before the tribunal, and made to swear to tell the truth. He was questioned as to the English fleet, its strength, designs, etc.; and when he denied previous knowledge that the fleet was coming, the governor called him a lying villain, and said he had been nine months in Seville as a spy, to give the English knowledge of the movements of the Spanish fleet. Lithgow in vain sent to his lodging and produced all his letters and passports. Even his patent of Jerusalem, and his *liber amicorum*, or book of kings', princes', and dukes' autographs, would not convince the governor, and order was given for his being incarcerated secretly in the palace. Then he was searched and stripped, and "in the doublet neck of his breeches, fast shut between two canvasses," they found one hundred and thirty-seven double pieces of gold, which the governor kept. At midnight he was heavily ironed by bolts on each ancle separated by an iron bar a yard long, and thrice as heavy as his body; so that he could only lie on his back, and not even turn. That night he had a good

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supper of meat and wine, the last for many a long day.

Next day the governor visited him alone, and tried to get him to confess he was a spy; and when he would not, the governor flew into a rage, ordered that he should have no food but a pint of water and three ounces of brown bread daily, that only a slave should come near him, and that he should be allowed to hear no voice. And so he was left in the dark; and thus for forty-six days he lay.

On the forty-seventh morning before dawn he was carried, ironed as he was, in a coach, to a vine-press house in the fields outside the town, whither the rack had been brought the day before: all this secrecy being observed lest English or French or Flemings should hear of his imprisonment. At dawn of day he was interrogated with the same result — and as he would confess nothing, he was carried to the rack, his irons were knocked off, an inch of his left heel being struck away with the bolt by the executioner, while they told him his sufferings had not yet begun. Then he was stripped, mounted on the rack, and hung by the shoulders, with two small cords passing under his arms and through two rings in the wall above his head. His legs were drawn through the sides of the rack, and cords were fastened to his ancles; and then — the torture began. The description is far too horrible to be related here; and the torture was carried the further because the name and crown of that arch-heretic King James were found upon the sufferer's arm. The account of the torture of the rack is sickening; yet to that inhuman devilry was added that of filling the body with water till it could hold no more. For six long hours did these horrors, he tells us, endure, and then he was reclothed and given some wine and warm eggs, and transported back, in irons as before, to his former dark dungeon.

This occurred five days before Christmas, and each following day he was made to believe the torture was to be repeated. On Christmas Day he was visited by Marina, the ladies' gentlewoman, who, with many tears, brought him honey and fruits, and kind speeches; also the Turkish slave who waited on him brought him word, about St. John's Day, that the English fleet was coming with the Moors to sack Malaga. And now as Twelfth Day came he was threatened with more tortures; and every fourth day the governor ordered his silver-plate keeper to sweep the vermin which filled the loathsome cell over his poor broken body. Then at night the poor Turkish slave would steal in with sticks and burning oil, and sweeping up the vermin in heaps, would burn them.

Soon afterwards he learned that some priests were busily translating his books into Spanish, and that they had found out he was an arch-enemy of the pope. Poor Lithgow! how bitterly his books were rising up in judgment against him now! Those two editions of the "delectable and true discourse of his first paineful peregrination" were too full of anathemas against those accursed Papists. How often Job's "Oh that mine enemy would write a book!" must have come up into his mind. And now, on the second day after Candlemas, the inquisitors, with two Jesuits, entered his cell, accompanied by the governor. A long interrogation ensued. They admitted he had been unjustly accused as a spy, but said that now they had read his books, how he had written against the blessed miracles of Loretto, and the pope, Christ's vicar on earth, he deserved to be speedily burned. Day after day they returned, and endeavored to convert the heretic, promising him liberty and a pension if he would join the Catholic Church. But he still refused; whereupon he was condemned to receive eleven strangling torments in his cell, and then to be transported to Granada, and there burnt alive. Again was the horrible water torture used; the teeth set asunder with iron wedges, and water poured down the throat; then the throat was bound with a garter, and he was rolled about the room. Afterwards he was hung up by his toes, the garter cut, and the water allowed to run out of his mouth. Almost dead after this trial, he was again restored by wine.

The Turkish slave fell sick, and a negro woman who waited on him used secretly to convey him wine; but she was suspected, and the Turk brought back. And so things went on till near Easter; when one evening after supper, the governor, "to entertain discourse," disclosed the whole history to a Spanish cavalier of Granada, whose Flemish servant, standing behind his master, overheard the tale, and at daybreak next morning related it to the English consul, Mr. Richard Wilde, who at once guessed that Lithgow was the unfortunate sufferer. He summoned the other English merchants in Malaga, and they wrote to Sir Walter Aston, the British ambassador at Madrid, who obtained a warrant from the king of Spain for Lithgow's release. On Easter Saturday before midnight he was released, and next day he

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was carried on board his Majesty's ship the "Vanguard," and thence sent to England in the "Goodwill" of Harwich, — the British merchants sending him presents of food, clothes, wine, and money. Fifty days later he reached Dartford-upon-Thames, whence the next morning he was carried on a feather-bed to Theobald's, and brought before the king, at his return from park; who witnessed with all the court of England "what a martyred anatomy he was, and how small hope was either expected of his life or recovery." The king sent him before the Spanish ambassador, who promised, in the presence of Lords Hamilton and Buckingham, that, after hearing from Spain, all his goods and money and papers should be restored, with £1,000 sterling to be paid by the governor of Malaga. These promises were made on the 6th June 1621. Lithgow was sent at the king's expense to the baths, and gradually recovered the health and strength of his body, though his left arm and crushed bones were incurable.

Alas, poor Lithgow! — another evil yet befell him. The ambassador's promises, which were to have been fulfilled by Michaelmas, were postponed to the following Easter; and then they were still unfulfilled, and the ambassador himself was about to depart for Spain. What happened had best now be told in our hero's own words: —

> I told him flatly in his face the inward grief of my soul. Whereupon, in the Chamber of Presence, before the emperor's ambassador and divers gentlemen, his Majesty's servants, he rashly adventured the credit of regal honor in a single combat against me, a private, lame, and injured man. Where indeed he valiantly obtained both the victory and fame. Victor he was because of my commitment, for I lay nine weeks incarcerate in the Marshalsea at Southwark; and fame he likewise won, because he took it all with him to his country, leaving none here behind him, I mean, for this action.

The edition in which Lithgow first relates this his third voyage, and in which he tells the story of his imprisonment in the Marshalsea, is dated "from my chamber in the Charterhouse, the 13th of January 1623;" and in some verses before the end of the volume, the traveller describes his rest and content as a recipient of the advantages of the charitable aims of the founder of that institution.

That he subsequently so far recovered as to make a pedestrian journey from London to Scotland, it is satisfactory at least to know; but his later editions, to which these are added, do not improve his autobiography.

At the end of the copy of this edition, in the British Museum, are some verses, written in contemporary handwriting, said to be the author's autograph, that suggest some subsequent imprisonment.

> The Charterhouse is lost, the more's my grief,
> And I close pris'ner clapt, in bondage strong,
> Where I six long years lay, void of relief,
> This book the cause, the Spaniard and their wrong;
> Whose former tortures nor their bloody rack
> Cannot suffice, but still they seek my wrack.
> Vivit post funera virtus.

In spite of his vanity, his love of money, his intolerance in religion, his drunken bouts, and his unblushing robbery of the dead in Sicily, we confess the adventurous traveller has won our sympathy by his indomitable courage and perseverance; while by the side of his hardships and sufferings, those of even Cameron and Stanley sink into comparative insignificance.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

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

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOWN SPARROW.

"THIS, too, will pass," is a Persian word: I should like it better if it were "This too shall pass."

Gibbie's agony passed, for God is not the God of the dead but of the living. Through the immortal essence in him, life became again life, and he ran about the streets as before. Some may think that wee Sir Gibbie — as many now called him, some knowing the truth, and others in kindly mockery — would get on all the better for the loss of such a father; but it was not so. In his father he had lost his Paradise, and was now a creature expelled. He was not so much to be pitied as many a child dismissed by sudden decree from a home to a school; but the streets and the people and the shops, the horses and the dogs, even the penny-loaves though he was hungry, had lost half their precious delight, when his father was no longer in the accessible background, the heart of the blissful city. As to food and clothing, he did neither much better nor any worse than before: people were kind

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as usual, and kindness was to Gibbie the very milk of mother Nature. Whose the hand that proffered it, or what the form it took, he cared no more than a stray kitten cares whether the milk set down to it be in a blue saucer or a white. But he always made the right return. The first thing a kindness deserves, is acceptance, the next is transmission: Gibbie gave both without thinking much about either. For he never had taken, and indeed never learned to take, a thought about what he should eat or what he should drink, or wherewithal he should be clothed — a fault rendering him, in the eyes of the economist of this world, utterly unworthy of a place in it. There is a world, however, and one pretty closely mixed up with this, though it never shows itself to one who has no place in it, the birds of whose air have neither storehouse nor barn but are just such thoughtless cherubs — thoughtless for themselves, that is — as wee Sir Gibbie. It would be useless to attempt convincing the mere economist that the great city was a little better, a little happier, a little merrier for the presence in it of the child, because he would not, even if convinced of the fact, recognize the gain; but I venture the assertion to him, that the conduct of not one of its inhabitants was the worse for the example of Gibbie's apparent idleness; and that not one of the poor women who now and then presented the small baronet with a penny, or a bit of bread, or a scrap of meat, or a pair of old trousers — shoes nobody gave him, and he neither desired nor needed any — ever felt the poorer for the gift, or complained that he should be so taxed.

Positively or negatively, then, everybody was good to him, and Gibbie felt it; but what could make up for the loss of his Paradise, the bosom of a father? Drunken father as he was, I know of nothing that can or ought to make up for such a loss except that which can restore it — the bosom of the Father of fathers.

He roamed the streets, as all his life before, the whole of the day, and part of the night; he took what was given him, and picked up what he found. There were some who would gladly have brought him within the bounds of an ordered life; he soon drove them to despair, however, for the streets had been his nursery, and nothing could keep him out of them. But the sparrow and the rook are just as respectable in reality, though not in the eyes of the henwife, as the egg-laying fowl, or the dirt-gobbling duck; and, however Gibbie's habits might shock the ladies of Mr. Sclater's congregation, who sought to civilize him, the boy was no more about mischief in the streets at midnight, than they were in their beds. They collected enough for his behoof to board him for a year with an old woman who kept a school, and they did get him to sleep one night in her house. But, in the morning, when she would not let him run out, brought him into the school-room, her kitchen, and began to teach him to write, Gibbie failed to see the good of it. He must have space, change, adventure, air, or life was not worth the name to him. Above all he must see friendly faces, and that of the old dame was not such. But he desired to be friendly with her, and once, as she leaned over him, put up his hand — not a very clean one, I am bound to give her the advantage of my confessing — to stroke her cheek: she pushed him roughly away, rose in indignation upon her crutch, and lifted her cane to chastise him for the insult. A class of urchins, to Gibbie's eyes at least looking unhappy, were at the moment blundering through the twenty-third Psalm. Ever after, even when now Sir Gilbert more than understood the great song, the words, "thy rod and thy staff," like the spell of a necromancer would still call up the figure of the dame irate, in her horn spectacles and her black-ribboned cap, leaning with one arm on her crutch, and with the other uplifting what was with her no mere symbol of authority. Like a shell from a mortar he departed from the house. She hobbled to the door after him, but his diminutive figure many yards away, his little bare legs misty with swiftness as he ran, was the last she ever saw of him, and her pupils had a bad time of it the rest of the day. He never even entered the street again in which she lived. Thus, after one night's brief interval of respectability, he was again a rover of the city, a flitting insect that lighted here and there, and spread wings of departure the moment a fresh desire awoke.

It would be difficult to say where he slept. In summer anywhere; in winter where he could find warmth. Like animals better clad than he, yet like him able to endure cold, he revelled in mere heat when he could come by it. Sometimes he stood at the back of a baker's oven, for he knew all the haunts of heat about the city; sometimes he buried himself in the sids (*husks of oats*) lying ready to feed the kiln of a meal-mill; sometimes he lay by the furnace of the steam-engine of the waterworks. One man employed there, when his time was at night, always made a bed

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for Gibbie: he had lost his own only child, and this one of nobody's was a comfort to him.

Even those who looked upon wandering as wicked, only scolded into the sweet upturned face, pouring gall into a cup of wine too full to receive a drop of it — and did not hand him over to the police. Useless verily that would have been, for the police would as soon have thought of taking up a town sparrow as Gibbie, and would only have laughed at the idea. They knew Gibbie's merits better than any of those good people imagined his faults. It requires either wisdom or large experience to know that a child is not necessarily wicked even if born and brought up in a far viler *entourage* than was Gibbie.

The merits the police recognized in him were mainly two — neither of small consequence in their eyes; the first, the negative, yet more important one, that of utter harmlessness; the second, and positive one — a passion and power for rendering help, taking notable shape chiefly in two ways, upon both of which I have already more than touched. The first was the peculiar faculty now pretty generally known — his great gift, some, his great luck, others called it — for finding things lost. It was no wonder the town crier had sought his acquaintance, and when secured, had cultivated it — neither a difficult task; for the boy, ever since he could remember, had been in the habit, as often as he saw the crier, or heard his tuck of drum in the distance, of joining him and following, until he had acquainted himself with all particulars concerning everything proclaimed as missing. The moment he had mastered the facts announced, he would dart away to search, and not unfrequently to return with the thing sought. But it was not by any means only things sought that he found. He continued to come upon things of which he had no simulacrum in his phantasy. These, having no longer a father to carry them to, he now, their owners unknown, took to the crier, who always pretended to receive them with a suspicion which Gibbie understood as little as the other really felt, and at once advertised them by drum and cry. What became of them after that, Gibbie never knew. If they did not find their owners, neither did they find their way back to Gibbie; if their owners were found, the crier never communicated with him on the subject. Plainly he regarded Gibbie as the favored jackal, whose privilege it was to hunt for the crier, the royal lion of the city forest. But he spoke kindly to him, as well he might, and now and then gave him a penny.

The second of the positive merits by which Gibbie found acceptance in the eyes of the police, was a yet more peculiar one, growing out of his love for his father, and his experience in the exercise of that love. It was, however, unintelligible to them, and so remained, except on the theory commonly adopted with regard to Gibbie, namely, that *he wasna a' there.* Not the less was it to them a satisfactory whim of his, seeing it mitigated their trouble as guardians of the nightly peace and safety. It was indeed the main cause of his being, like themselves, so much in the street at night: seldom did Gibbie seek his lair — I cannot call it couch — before the lengthening hours of the morning. If the finding of things was a gift, this other peculiarity was a passion — and a right human passion — absolutely possessing the child: it was, to play the guardian angel to drunk folk. If such a distressed human craft hove in sight, he would instantly bear down upon and hover about him, until resolved as to his real condition. If he was in such distress as to require assistance, he never left him till he saw him safe within his own door. The police asserted that wee Sir Gibbie not only knew every drunkard in the city and where he lived, but where he generally got drunk as well. That one was in no danger of taking the wrong turning, upon whom Gibbie was in attendance, to determine, by a shove on this side or that, the direction in which the hesitating, uncertain mass of stultified humanity was to go. He seemed a visible embodiment of that special providence which is said to watch over drunk people and children, only here a child was the guardian of the drunkard, and in this branch of his mission, was well known to all who, without qualifying themselves for coming under his cherubic cognizance, were in the habit of now and then returning home late. He was least known to those to whom he rendered most assistance. Rarely had he thanks for it, never halfpence, but not unfrequently blows and abuse. For the last he cared nothing; the former, owing to his great agility, seldom visited him with any directness. A certain reporter of humorous scandal, after his own third tumbler, would occasionally give a graphic description of what, coming from a supper party, he saw about one o'clock in the morning. In the great street of the city, he overhauled a huge galleon, which proved, he declared, to be the provost himself, not exactly *water-*

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logged, and yet not very buoyant, but carrying a good deal of sail. He might possibly have escaped very particular notice, he said, but for the assiduous attendance upon him of an absurd little cock-boat, in the person of wee Gibbie — the two reminding him right ludicrously of the story of the Spanish Armada. Round and round the bulky provost, gyrated the tiny baronet like a little hero of the ring, pitching into him, only with open-handed pushes, not with blows, now on this side and now on that — not after such fashion of sustentation as might have sufficed with a man of ordinary size, but throwing all his force now against the provost's bulging bows, now against his overleaning quarter, encountering him now as he lurched, now as he heeled, until at length he landed him high, though certainly not dry, on the top of his own steps. The moment the butler opened the door, and the heavy hulk rolled into dock, Gibbie darted off as if he had been the wicked one tormenting the righteous, and in danger of being caught by a pair of holy tongs. Whether the tale was true or not, I do not know: with after-dinner humorists there is reason for caution. Gibbie was not offered the post of henchman to the provost, and rarely could have had the chance of claiming salvage for so distinguished a vessel, seeing he generally cruised in waters where such craft seldom sailed. Though almost nothing could now have induced him to go down Jink Lane, yet about the time the company at Mistress Croale's would be breaking up, he would on most nights be lying in wait a short distance down the Widdiehill, ready to minister to that one of his father's old comrades who might prove most in need of his assistance; and if he showed him no gratitude Gibbie had not been trained in a school where he was taught to expect or even to wish for any.

I could now give a whole chapter to the setting forth of the pleasures the summer brought him, city summer as it was, but I must content myself with saying that first of these, and not least, was the mere absence of the cold of the other seasons, bringing with it many privileges. He could lie down anywhere and sleep when he would; or spend, if he pleased, whole nights awake, in a churchyard, or on the deck of some vessel discharging her cargo at the quay, or running about the still, sleeping streets. Thus he got to know the shapes of some of the constellations, and not a few of the aspects of the heavens. But even then he never felt alone, for he gazed at the vast from the midst of a city-ful of his fellows. Then there were the scents of the laylocks and the roses and the carnations and the sweet peas, that came floating out from the gardens, contending sometimes with those of the grocers' and chemists' shops. Now and then too he came in for a small feed of strawberries, which were very plentiful in their season. Sitting then on a hospitable door-step, with the feet and faces of friends passing him in both directions, and love embodied in the warmth of summer all about him, he would eat his strawberries, and inherit the earth.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAMBO.

No one was so sorry for the death of Sir George, or had so many kind words to say in memory of him, as Mistress Croale. Neither was her sorrow only because she had lost so good a customer, or even because she had liked the man: I believe it was much enhanced by a vague doubt that after all she was to blame for his death. In vain she said to herself, and said truly, that it would have been far worse for him and Gibbie too, had he gone elsewhere for his drink; she could not get the account settled with her conscience. She tried to relieve herself by being kinder than before to the boy; but she was greatly hindered in this by the fact that, after his father's death, she could not get him inside her door. That his father was not there — would not be there at night, made the place dreadful to him. This addition to the trouble of mind she already had on account of the nature of her business, was the cause, I believe, why, after Sir George's death, she went down the hill with accelerated speed. She sipped more frequently from her own bottle, soon came to "tasting with" her customers, and after that her descent was rapid. She no longer refused drink to women, though for a time she always gave it under protest; she winked at card-playing; she grew generally more lax in her administration; and by degrees a mist of evil fame began to gather about her house. Thereupon her enemy, as she considered him, the Rev. Clement Sclater, felt himself justified in moving more energetically for the withdrawal of her license, which, with the support of outraged neighbors, he found no difficulty in effecting. She therefore *flitted* to another parish, and opened a worse house in a worse region of the city — on the river-bank, namely, some little distance above the quay, not too far to be within easy range of sailors, and the

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people employed about the vessels loading or discharging cargo. It pretended to be only a lodging-house, and had no license for the sale of strong drink, but nevertheless, one way and another, a great deal was drunk in the house, and as always card-playing, and sometimes worse things were going on, getting more vigorous ever as the daylight waned, frequent quarrels and occasional bloodshed was the consequence. For some time, however, nothing very serious brought the place immediately within the conscious ken of the magistrates.

In the second winter after his father's death, Gibbie, wandering everywhere about the city, encountered Lucky Croale in the neighborhood of her new abode: down there she was *Mistress* no longer, but, with a familiarity scarcely removed from contempt, was both mentioned and addressed as Lucky Croale. The repugnance which had hitherto kept Gibbie from her having been altogether to her place and not to herself, he at once accompanied her home, and after that went often to the house. He was considerably surprised when first he heard words from her mouth for using which she had formerly been in the habit of severely reproving her guests; but he always took things as he found them, and when ere long he had to hear such occasionally addressed to himself, when she happened to be more out of temper than usual, he never therefore questioned her friendship. What more than anything else attracted him to her house, however, was the jolly manners and open-hearted kindness of most of the sailors who frequented it, with almost all of whom he was a favorite; and it soon came about that, when his ministrations to the incapable were over, he would spend the rest of the night more frequently there than anywhere else; until at last he gave up, in a great measure, his guardianship of the drunk in the streets for that of those who were certainly in much more danger of mishap at Lucky Croale's. Scarcely a night passed when he was not present at one or more of the quarrels of which the place was a hot-bed; and as he never by any chance took a part, or favored one side more than another, but confined himself to an impartial distribution of such peace-making blandishments as the ever springing fountain of his affection took instinctive shape in, the wee baronet came to be regarded, by the better sort of the rough fellows, almost as the very identical sweet little cherub, sitting perched up aloft, whose department in the saving business of the universe it was, to take care of the life of poor Jack. I do not say that he was always successful in his endeavors at atonement, but beyond a doubt Lucky Croale's houff was a good deal less of a hell through the haunting presence of the child. He was not shocked by the things he saw, even when he liked them least. He regarded the doing of them much as he had looked upon his father's drunkenness — as a pitiful necessity that overtook men — one from which there was no escape, and which caused a great need for Gibbies. Evil language and coarse behavior alike passed over him, without leaving the smallest stain upon heart or conscience, desire or will. No one could doubt it who considered the clarity of his face and eyes, in which the occasional but not frequent expression of keenness and promptitude scarcely even ruffled the prevailing look of unclouded heavenly babyhood.

If any one thinks I am unfaithful to human fact, and overcharge the description of this child, I on my side doubt the extent of the experience of that man or woman. I admit the child a rarity, but a rarity in the right direction, and therefore a being with whom humanity has the greater need to be made acquainted. I admit that the best things are the commonest, but the highest types and the best combinations of them are the rarest. There is more love in the world than anything else, for instance; but the best love and the individual in whom love is supreme are the rarest of all things. That for which humanity has the strongest claim upon its workmen, is the representation of its own best; but the loudest demand of the present day is for the representation of that grade of humanity of which men see the most — that type of things which could never have been but that it might pass. The demand marks the commonness, narrowness, low-levelled satisfaction of the age. It loves its own — not that which might be, and ought to be its own — not its better self, infinitely higher than its present, for the sake of whose approach it exists. I do not think that the age is worse in this respect than those which have preceded it, but that vulgarity, and a certain vile contentment swelling to self-admiration, have become more vocal than hitherto; just as unbelief, which I think in reality less prevailing than in former ages, has become largely more articulate, and thereby more loud and peremptory. But whatever the demand of the age, I insist that that which *ought* to be presented to its beholding, is the com-

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mon good uncommonly developed, and that not because of its rarity, but because it is truer to humanity. Shall I admit those conditions, those facts, to be true exponents of *humanity*, which, except they be changed, purified, or abandoned, must soon cause that humanity to cease from its very name, must destroy its very being? To make the admission would be to assert that a house may be divided against itself, and yet stand. It is the noble, not the failure from the noble, that is the true human; and if I must show the failure, let it ever be with an eye to the final possible, yea, imperative, success. But in our day, a man who will accept any oddity of idiosyncratic development in manners, tastes, or habits, will refuse, not only as improbable, but as inconsistent with human nature, the representation of a man trying to be merely as noble as is absolutely essential to his being — except, indeed, he be at the same time represented as failing utterly in the attempt, and compelled to fall back upon the imperfections of humanity, and acknowledge them as its laws. Its improbability, judged by the experience of most men, I admit; its unreality in fact I deny; and its absolute unity with the true idea of humanity, I believe and assert.

It is hardly necessary for me now to remark, seeing my narrative must already have suggested it, that what kept Gibbie pure and honest was the rarely-developed, ever-active love of his kind. The human face was the one attraction to him in the universe. In deep fact, it is so to every one; I state but the commonest reality in creation; only in Gibbie the fact had come to the surface; the common thing was his in uncommon degree and potency. Gibbie knew no music except the voice of man and woman; at least no other had as yet affected him. To be sure he had never heard much. Drunken sea-songs he heard every night almost; and now and then on Sundays he ran through a zone of psalm-singing; but neither of those could well be called music. There hung a caged bird here and there at a door in the poorer streets; but Gibbie's love embraced the lower creation also, and too tenderly for the enjoyment of such a melody. The human bird loved liberty too dearly to gather any thing but pain from the little feathered brother who had lost it, and to whom he could not minister as to the drunkard. In general he ran from the presence of such a prisoner. But sometimes he would stop and try to comfort the naked little Freedom, disrobed of its space; and on one occasion was caught in the very act of delivering a canary that hung outside a little shop. Any other than wee Gibbie would have been heartily cuffed for the offence, but the owner of the bird only smiled at the would-be liberator, and hung the cage a couple of feet higher on the wall. With such a passion of affection, then, finding vent in constant action, is it any wonder Gibbie's heart and hands should be too full for evil to occupy them even a little?

One night in the spring, entering Lucky Croale's common room, he saw there for the first time a negro sailor, whom the rest called Sambo, and was at once taken with his big, dark, radiant eyes, and his white teeth continually uncovering themselves in good-humored smiles. Sambo had left the vessel in which he arrived, was waiting for another, and had taken up his quarters at Lucky Croale's. Gibbie's advances he met instantly, and in a few days a strong mutual affection had sprung up between them. To Gibbie Sambo speedily became absolutely loving and tender, and Gibbie made him full return of devotion.

The negro was a man of immense muscular power, like not a few of his race, and, like most of them, not easily provoked: inheriting not a little of their hard-learned long-suffering. He bore even with those who treated him with far worse than the ordinary superciliousness of white to black; and when the rudest of city-boys mocked him, only showed his teeth by way of smile. The ill-conditioned among Lucky Croale's customers and lodgers were constantly taking advantage of his good nature, and presuming upon his forbearance; but so long as they confined themselves to mere insolence, or even bare-faced cheating, he endured with marvellous temper. It was possible, however, to go too far even with him.

One night Sambo was looking on at a game of cards, in which all the rest in the room were engaged. Happening to laugh at some turn it took, one of them, a Malay, was offended, and abused him. Others objected to his having fun without risking money, and required him to join in the game. This for some reason or other he declined, and when the whole party at length insisted, positively refused. Thereupon they all took umbrage, nor did most of them make many steps of the ascent from displeasure to indignation, wrath, revenge; and then ensued a row. Gibbie had been sitting all the time on his friend's knee, every now and then stroking his black face, in which, as insult followed insult, the sunny blood kept slowly rising,

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making the balls of his eyes and his teeth look still whiter. At length a savage from Greenock threw a tumbler at him. Sambo, quick as a lizard, covered his face with his arm. The tumbler falling from it, struck Gibbie on the head — not severely, but hard enough to make him utter a little cry. At that sound, the latent fierceness came wide awake in Sambo. Gently as a nursing mother he set Gibbie down in a corner behind him, then with one rush sent every Jack of the company sprawling on the floor, with the table and bottles and glasses atop of them. At the sight of them his good humor instantly returned, he burst into a great hearty laugh and proceeded at once to lift the table from off them. That effected, he caught up Gibbie in his arms, and carried him with him to bed.

In the middle of the night Gibbie half woke, and, finding himself alone, sought his father's bosom; then, in the confusion between sleeping and waking, imagined his father's death come again. Presently he remembered it was in Sambo's arms he fell asleep, but where he was now he could not tell: certainly he was not in bed. Groping, he pushed a door, and a glimmer of light came in. He was in a closet of the room in which Sambo slept — and something was to do about his bed. He rose softly and peeped out. There stood several men, and a struggle was going on — nearly noiseless. Gibbie was half-dazed, and could not understand; but he had little anxiety about Sambo, in whose prowess he had a triumphant confidence. Suddenly came the sound of a great gush, and the group parted from the bed and vanished. Gibbie darted towards it. The words, "*O Lord Jesus!*" came to his ears, and he heard no more: they were poor Sambo's last in this world. The light of a street lamp fell upon the bed: the blood was welling, in great thick throbs, out of his huge black throat. They had bent his head back, and the gash gaped wide.

For some moments Gibbie stood in ghastly terror. No sound except a low gurgle came to his ears, and the horror of the stillness overmastered him. He never could recall what came next. When he knew himself again, he was in the street, running like the wind, he knew not whither. It was not that he dreaded any hurt to himself; horror, not fear, was behind him.

From The Argosy.

LIGHTHOUSES.

LIGHTHOUSES are of great antiquity, but were long of a very imperfect kind; originally nothing more than open fires on the ground. Faraday says that the first idea of a lighthouse was the candle in the cottage window, lighting the husband across the water, or the pathless moor. At an early period in the history of commerce the necessity for such structures must have been felt, and the ancients paid great attention to their construction. The most celebrated lighthouse of antiquity was that of Pharos, near Alexandria, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, B.C. 280. Josephus states that its light could be distinguished at forty-five miles distance; it fell so recently as A.D. 1303. From this building pharos came to be the general name for lighthouse, and still exists in the French *phare*.

The Romans were diligent builders of lighthouses, and were the first to introduce them into England. On the summit of Dover Mount still stands the Roman pharos which is supposed to have lighted vessels from the coast of France. Authentic records have come to us of lighthouses at Ostea, Caprea, Ravenna, Puteoli, at the mouth of the Chrysorhoas, on the Bosphorus, Boulogne; and Pennant gives a plate of what is supposed to have been a Roman tower at Gaireg, in Wales.

During the Middle Ages many such towers were erected, the most beautiful of which, as an architectural structure, is that of Genoa. The old English towers were rough and homely, and Lambarde describes them before the reign of Edward III. as "merely great stacks of wood."

The general management of lighthouses and buoys in England is entrusted to the Corporation of the Elder Brethren of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, known as Trinity House. This body was first incorporated in the year 1515, in the reign of Henry VIII., but for many years little was done to ensure the safety of ships by means of lights. With the increase of commerce and navigation, however, they became a matter of necessity, and in the time of James I. the first lighthouse was erected on Dungeness Point.

The first stone lighthouse in Europe was the celebrated Tour de Condouran, built on a flat rock off the mouth of the Garonne, in the Bay of Biscay. It was finished and lit up more than two hundred and fifty years ago, but still continues one

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of the finest towers in existence; it replaced one built by the English between 1362–71, when the Black Prince was governor of Guienne. The stone building was begun by Louis de Foix in 1584, continued through the reign of Henry IV., and finished in that of Louis XIII. Its height is now one hundred and eighty-six feet, and its style of construction enables it to bear much more decoration than our own more homely structures; it is also memorable as the first house which exhibited a revolving light.

Perhaps the most familiar and celebrated of all lighthouses is that of Eddystone, which marked a crisis in the history of lighthouse building, for the marvellous success which attended its erection led to many other works of the same kind. The Eddystone forms the crest of a reef of rocks which rise fourteen miles S.S.W. of Plymouth Harbor; they are nearly in a line with Lizard Head and Start Point, and lie in the very path of vessels coasting up and down the English Channel; many a gallant ship has been dashed to pieces, and its sailors gone down within sight of home, on this cruel rock. The first attempt to establish a light upon it was made by Mr. Winstanley, who obtained the necessary powers in 1696, and finished his honorable undertaking in four years, though the light was first exhibited in 1698. The rock being uncovered only at low water and in calm weather, rendered the undertaking one of extreme difficulty, and the first summer was entirely spent in making twelve holes in the rocks, and fastening irons into them by which to hold the superstructure; sometimes for ten or twelve days together, the violence of the eddying sea would prevent all operations. The work of the second summer was the erection of a solid pillar on which to set the lighthouse; and during the third, it rose to a height of eighty feet. The fourth summer saw the completion of what resembled a Chinese pagoda, with open galleries and numerous projections; the main gallery under the light was so wide that an eye-witness recorded that it was "possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted up on a wave, and driven clear through the open gallery into the sea on the other side." Winstanley deserves every credit for his heroic endeavor to accomplish what had hitherto been deemed impossible, but a building so unsuited in every way to endure the violence of winds and waves could not stand, and we are not surprised to hear that, during a violent storm in November, 1703, it was entirely washed away, though we must regret that its brave erector perished in the fall of his own creation.

Three years after this failure, in 1706, the Brethren of Trinity House obtained an act of Parliament to enable them to rebuild the lighthouse, and the lease being taken by Captain Lovet, he entrusted the work to John Rudgood, who designed a simple and masterly tower which, avoiding the projections of its predecessor, offered as little resistance as possible to the elements; it was erected in the form of a cone, but its main defect lay in the material of which it was composed, for, like Winstanley's, it was of wood. It would take too long to follow the details of a building which was then considered a triumph of engineering skill: it is sufficient to say it stood bravely for fifty years and fell a victim to fire in 1755; the flames spread with rapidity through the dry and heated lantern, and in a few minutes the whole building was in a blaze. As the increasing trade in the Channel impelled its re-erection, the proprietors took at once the necessary steps for the work, and casting around for the best man their choice fell upon John Smeaton, whose name will ever live in connection with one of the proudest triumphs of human skill and patience. He was by profession a mathematical-instrument maker, and the matter in hand was wholly new to him, but he lost no time in devoting all his energies to it.

One of his first conclusions was, that the building must be of stone, thus combating the popular impression that "nothing but wood could possibly stand on the Eddystone." He carefully examined the plans of the two former lighthouses, and became more and more convinced that their defect was want of weight; he therefore resolved to make his building solid up to a certain height and from thence hollow, and greatly to increase the diameter of the foundation, taking for his model the bole of a spreading oak-tree; he also made very extensive use of the process of dove-tailing, then unknown in masonry, and rooted his foundations into the rock. His plans were made before he ever visited the scene of his future labors, but so skilfully were they laid that slight modifications only were needed. Nothing could bring before us more vividly the almost superhuman difficulties of this undertaking than the account of Smeaton's first attempts to land on the Eddystone rock. Day after day a storm kept him on shore, and when he did reach his destination the sea was

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so violent that to effect a landing was impossible. This was not the history of one but repeated trials, and we must ever honor the man who, by his patient perseverance, won so noble a victory over the greatest obstacles that nature in her angriest mood could lay in his path.

It was determined that the lighthouse should be built of stone, and all arrangements having been made, Smeaton himself fixed the centre and laid down the lines on August 3rd, 1756, and from that date the work proceeded steadily but intermittently, depending greatly on tide and weather; at the most not more than six hours' labor could be done at one time. By the end of November the necessary cutting in the rock had been safely accomplished, and the workers returned to shore to prepare the stone for next season. The building was fairly begun in the summer of 1757, and, as soon as the work had been carried above high water, it proceeded rapidly. Next season the task was recommenced in May, and to the engineer's delight he found that the storms of winter had left the tower unscathed. This season saw the completion of the solid portion of the building, which formed the floor of the storeroom — the first of the necessary rooms for the lighthouse keepers: the walls of these rooms are twenty-six inches thick; the blocks of stone "joggled and cramped, so as to secure perfect solidity." All through these anxious months Smeaton's sole thought was for his lighthouse, and early in the morning and late at night would he gaze eagerly through his telescope from Plymouth Hoe, till the tall white pillar of darting spray assured him of the safety of his cherished undertaking, every portion of which had been manufactured under his own eye. The next season proved so stormy that the men did not begin their work till July; but, so rapidly did it now progress, that by August 17th the last stone was set, and on October 16th, 1759, that light was first exhibited which for more than a century has been a source of joy and safety to the tempest-tossed sailor. The Eddystone lighthouse is ninety feet high, and its light is visible for nine miles, and is now only one of the many beacons which light up the English Channel along its whole extent, and render its navigation as safe by night as by day.*

Eleven miles from the mainland of Scotland, near the entrances of the Firths of Forth and of Tay, lies a dangerous reef, which, so early as the fourteenth century, was a source of such peril that the Abbot of Arbroath caused a bell to be placed on what is now so well known as the Bell Rock. In 1799 a more than usually violent storm, which caused a terrible loss of life, gave rise to the formation of many plans for a lighthouse on the fatal spot, and Captain Brodie proposed one of cast iron, but his idea was not approved of. Other plans were also proposed and rejected, till the commissioners appointed Mr. Rennie to examine the site, and report as to the best course to be pursued. After much deliberation he decided that a stone lighthouse, built on the plan of Eddystone, would alone meet the exigencies of the case; the rock being uncovered by the water for less time than that of Eddystone, the difficulties of the foundation would be even greater, but he had no doubt they could be overcome and the work accomplished in four years. The report was adopted, and Mr. Rennie appointed chief engineer, with Mr. Stevenson as assistant, to superintend operations on the spot, and in 1807 the task was begun.

It is impossible in one short paper to follow in detail the difficulties, disappointments, and slow progress of the building of each lighthouse, which were much the same in every case, varied only by the greater or less hindrances of tide and site. The history of the Bell Rock lighthouse rivals in thrilling interest that of Eddystone, and should be read by all who can sympathize with the daring yet patient ardor of our great engineers. We must be content to say that it was happily completed by the end of 1810, and the light regularly exhibited after February 11th, 1811. Its cost was £61,332; its height, one hundred and seventeen feet, and its light can be seen for a distance of eighteen miles.

Another celebrated Scotch lighthouse, to which a brief notice must be accorded, is that of Skerryvore, twenty-four miles west of Iona. It is the chief rock of a long reef of compact gneiss, which stretches for eight or ten miles, and in the only point which could afford the needful foundation; for forty-four years previous to 1844 it had been annually the scene of

* Since these words were written it has been discovered that the foundations of the Eddystone Lighthouse have commenced to give way. The lighthouse is consequently condemned. It was at first proposed to destroy the rock on which it stands by dynamite; but there appears to have been some objection to this plan: and the present lighthouse will probably give place to a new and still more perfect structure.

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a shipwreck. The difficulty of landing was great, owing to the immense force (three tons to the superficial foot) with which the Atlantic broke upon it, and caused the delay of the scheme till 1838, when it was undertaken by Mr. Alan Stevenson, who followed generally the plan of the Bell Rock, and, in spite of disasters and tempests, completed his work in 1844. Its cost was nearly £87,000; its diameter at the base, forty-two feet, and at the top, sixteen feet; and its light is a guide to mariners for eighteen miles.

The total number of lights in Great Britain in January, 1871, afloat and ashore, was five hundred and fourteen. Lighthouses in England are usually painted white or red, while those in Scotland are left their natural color. The number of lights of all classes on the English coast averages one to nearly every eleven miles; or, if the floating lights are excluded, one to every fourteen miles; as a general rule, the horizon to be lighted is limited to fifteen or twenty miles, and the height above the sea level varies from ninety to five hundred and forty feet; depending, of course, on the situation of the foundation.

The French lighthouse system is very perfect and comprehensive; the authorities class their lights in four divisions, according to their power and range of visibility. The *phares* of the first class are visible for thirty, those of the second for twenty-five, those of the third for fifteen miles; while the fourth class, or harbor lights, are seen only for six miles. Of thirteen of the principal French lighthouses, the height varies from one hundred and fifty-seven to three hundred and ninety-seven feet, and the cost from £4,000 to £38,000; while the range of visibility is from eighteen to twenty-seven miles. The greatest recorded distance at which an oil lamp has been seen is that of the holophotal light of Allepey, in Travancore, which has been visible from an elevated position forty-five miles away. This seems very wonderful, but is almost equalled by the revolving light of Buccalieu, in Newfoundland, which throws its beneficent beams for forty nautical miles.

Something must now be said on the subject of the lights themselves, which, beginning with the old-fashioned beacon fires, have not yet reached perfection. The earliest system was merely that of blazing fires on the open ground; then a candle was tried placed in a lantern, and this was adopted at Eddystone, which was first lighted by twenty-four candles in a sort of chandelier. The use of oil lamps instead of candles is said to have been introduced by the celebrated engineer Borda, about 1780 or 1790. Various kinds of oil have been tried; for fifty years spermaceti was used, but the preference is now given to rape-seed, or colza, as the most economical and reliable.

The next step in advance was the adoption of reflectors, which gave rise to the *catoptric* system, which was universal for half a century. The light thrown from a parabolic reflector is sent out in parallel rays, and can be seen for a great distance. Then came the *dioptric* system, which consisted in magnifying one large flame through a lens. It had been suggested to Smeaton, 1759, and had been actually employed in the Portland lighthouse in 1789, but, through some mismanagement, it had fallen into disfavor for many years till revived by Augustin Fresnel in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences, in 1822. The French government at once adopted the dioptric system, which has been improved and perfected by Leopold Fresnel, Alan Stevenson, Arago, and Faraday; it is to this last-named distinguished philosopher that we are indebted for the present efficient mode of ventilating lighthouse lamps.

The light now generally adopted in British lighthouses is a mixture of the two systems; inside the great glass lantern, usually about twelve feet high, is placed another framework of glass, corresponding to the shape of the lantern, and which, enclosing the lamp, is composed of, firstly, a band of glass round the middle, called the *lenticular* belt, which considerably magnifies the flame; the top consists of a number of prisms, which intercept the light which would otherwise be lost on the roof; and in the lower part of the apparatus is another set of prisms, which, in a similar manner, prevent the light being wasted below.

A curious light is one shown at Stornoway Bay, where the position of a rock is indicated by means of a beam of parallel rays thrown from the shore upon an apparatus fixed in the top of a beacon erected upon the rock itself; this is called an *apparent* light, from its appearing to rise from a flame on the rock, while in reality it proceeds from the shore six hundred and fifty feet distant, and is refracted by glass prisms placed on the beacon.

Many other means of lighting, besides that of oil lamps, have been tried, though none of them are yet extensively adopted;

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lime light, electric light, magnesium, and gas. Sir William Thomson, however, considers that "the lighthouse of the future is to be illuminated by gas, except when the situation is on an isolated rock, or where, for any reason, the price of coal is prohibitory." Professor Tyndall coincides in this opinion, and in a paper by Mr. Wigham, gas engineer, we find that this theory has been put into practice by the Irish Board of Lights at Howth Bailey, in Dublin Bay, where an actual saving has been effected by the substitution of gas for oil. The most beautiful and interesting, perhaps, of all lights, is that discovered by Professor Faraday, the electric light. It is really nothing more than the white heat caused by the meeting of two opposing electrical currents, generated by a powerful machine, and conveyed by two copper wires, each terminating in a carbon point. These points are kept at a certain distance from each other, and when the two opposing currents meet there, the resistance of both causes the carbon to glow and become white hot; the incandescent state of the carbon is the brilliant electric light itself. It was utilized by Mr. Holmes, who invented an apparatus for producing it, which was tried in 1859 at the South Foreland lighthouse; it has, however, only been steadily used for six years, but has proved itself so successful that it merits a somewhat detailed notice. The stream of electricity which supplies the two lighthouses standing one above the other on the chalk cliffs of the South Foreland promontory, is not derived from a pile or a battery, but is ground out of huge magneto-electric machines worked by a twenty horse-power steam engine — the current being conducted by wires from the machine-house to the lighthouses. The light generated by this beautiful contrivance is kept constant by means of a clockwork arrangement which draws the carbon points closer together as they disperse themselves by combustion; it is necessary, however, to change them altogether every three hours, but as this is accomplished by the keeper in a few seconds, no real inconvenience is experienced. The cost is a more serious consideration, for we are told, while three keepers suffice for an ordinary lighthouse, a staff of eight men is constantly needed to sustain the electric light at the South Foreland.

A large majority of lights on the British coast are fixed, but a considerable number are revolving. Sir William Thomson considers the present system of lighting very far from perfect, and would have all lighthouses so distinguished that they could not possibly be mistaken for ship or shore lights. He recommends the abolition of lights revolving at different intervals, which, he says, are often mistaken on a stormy night, and the adoption of Morse's telegraph signs. Each lighthouse should have its own letter, which it should show incessantly from sunset to sunrise by means of Morse's dots and dashes, this being accomplished by a simple mechanical contrivance which would drop a screen before the gaslight, eclipsing it at intervals, thus by light and darkness showing the letters on Morse's plan; the length between the dots and dashes indicated by intervals of darkness, the dots and dashes themselves, that is the letters, by short and long flashes; this is called an *occulting* light. The originator of this idea was Babbage the mathematician, and his paper on the subject may be found by the curious in the pigeon-holes of Trinity House, though warmly approved of by such high authorities as Professor Tyndall and Sir William Thomson, the latter of whom has invented an eclipsing gaslight to be employed in lighthouses, which was exhibited at a conversazione of telegraph engineers on December 2nd, 1874.

This branch of scientific discovery is, like so many others at the present day, still capable of further development, and the perfection and extension of the labors of our savants will doubtless furnish a theme of interest to the future historian of scientific research, and its practical application to the wants of commercial navigation. A. G.

From The Saturday Review.

BOOKWORMS.

In the long and bitter struggle for supremacy which has gone and is still going on between the bookish few and the unread many, we must reckon to the score of the latter two signal advantages, when, in times past, they invented the terms "bookworm" and "blue-stocking." These were immense achievements, such as their opponents could scarcely match, and all the more noticeable because the party from which they have proceeded is, as a rule, the inarticulate one. Such an instance of the force of expression whereby it has once upon a time delivered itself is a measure of the feeling which lies smoul-

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dering in the breasts of all its members, the "great silent souls" — to borrow a phrase of Mr. Carlyle — who belong to what we may call the unintellectual class. It should serve as a wholesome caution to the literary minority, who are too apt to forget — because, forsooth, they can make their side of the dispute *sound* the loudest — that there is this balanced conflict going on, and to imagine that the fighting is all on one side, that they have now nothing more to do than to inflict the proper chastisement upon their opponents. Nothing can exceed the depth of their error upon this and kindred questions; a natural error, perhaps, because they are here concerned with the subject of their own influence and importance in the world. What the literary man is pleased to call (euphemistically) fame or reputation arising from his successes is by this very term bookworm exposed at its true valuation in the eyes of the laity. When expanded into its full meaning — for the utterances of the silent class are as concise and pregnant as those of an oracle — the word seems to express some such sentence as this addressed to the man of letters: You are a poor creature, who, from the unkindness either of nature or fortnne, have failed past all hope of success in the real efforts of life; you have never been an athlete, a maker of scores at cricket, or a rower in university eights; you have shown no skill as a sportsman; and, as you grew in years, you did not grow in your knowledge of horseflesh or in your discrimination of vintages. You are letting the years pass over you without having learnt or done one of the things which it is the common desire of mankind to learn and do. You never won a Derby or a shooting-match, or made a great "bag" or a good "book;" you have not got so much as a single cup or a single brush to show that your life has not been lived in vain. But, to avoid the stings of conscience, and a too crushing sense of defeat, you bury yourself in the frivolous and fanciful pursuits of literature or science, and surround yourself with a clique of unhappy wretches of the same mould — lepers and outcasts in reality — who agree in pretending that their unhealthy hues are the natural complexion of man in his highest development.

This is the real opinion of the world — the vast majority in any country — concerning fame and literary reputation. Balzac said that critics were *les impuissants qui manquent à leur début;* most men would go further and apply the phrase to everybody who wields a pen. By sedulously shutting his eyes to the truth and courting the society of his kind, such as can be found in large towns, the bookworm may for a time succeed in forgetting that he is not a hero, but a sort of pariah among his fellowmen. Indeed, as has been said, his blindness sometimes leads him to the length of railing against the unlearned, as though he were carrying the whole world along with him. For a proper awakening, and in order that society may have its full revenge upon him, let the bookworm be tracked out alone, and taken away to spend a few months in the midst of an agricultural neighborhood; that is to say, let him be put for once among a people occupied not with the fictitious interests of imagination or of the past, but with those real and constantly recurring interests which attach to turnips considered either in respect of their own qualities or of the quantity of game to which they will afford a shelter, the conflicting merits of different kinds of guns and cartridges, the capacities and the ailments of the horse and the dog, etc. In the midst of these things he soon discovers how remote his speculations have lain from the practical business of life. To such varied subjects will be added about nightfall disquisitions upon the purchase and history of wines and of cigars — is he more at home here? — or upon that never-failing topic, the history of the coloring of a meerschaum pipe. Among the other sex, besides the universal and purely feminine interests of dress and babies, some local disturbance — the dispute between the clergyman and his archdeacon, between the schoolmaster and the Dissenting minister — involves, it is evident, some deepest considerations of policy or of religion, but so intricately that they are quite inexplicable to the uninstructed layman.

At first, with a sinful hankering after forbidden pleasures, our bookworm hopes to gain some consolation from his accustomed companions. He carries the accursed thing in pocket volumes about with him, and tries to steal away into arbors or unused morning rooms. But he is oppressed by a sense of guilt and a constant fear of detection, which eat into and in time quite wear away his power of enjoyment. There are some hosts and hostesses who feel it to be a reflection upon their character if their guest is seen occupied with a book, deeming that nothing but the extremity of dulness could ever bring one

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to such a pass. And so, if he goes to the library at all, the bookworm must go there under the plea of writing letters, and take good heed not to become too absorbed, lest he should find that some expedition out of doors has been waiting for him to join it. Or he must stand by the bookshelf in an attitude of pretended irresolution — the true dawdling attitude of a country house — as though only casually, and as it were accidentally, peering into the volume. When he drives to a picnic he longs for a seat on the box, which might afford a chance for gratifying his craving; but if he gets there he is allowed no peace, and is almost required to twist his head off for fear of missing the sights of the neighborhood. These are penalties sufficient for whatever contemptuous expressions he or his associates may in happier moments have been betrayed into towards the unreading public. For, if he is a true brother of the order, some daily dose of literature is as necessary to the bookworm as his daily drops are to the opium-eater; without it he must die, or abruptly end his visit. Towards the end of the day his agonies grow very intense. During the protracted discussion of wines in the dining-room his spirits have been rapidly falling, just as the opium-eater's spirits fall when the hour for his dose has long passed, and at last threaten a total extinction; and when he gets into the drawing-room and the music is found fairly under way — "John Peile" for the benefit of the country gentlemen — he is mechanically drawn to the one bookshelf the room contains. Alas, it has glass doors and they are locked! A row of standard authors in virgin bindings — sleeping beauties — lie before his eyes, ready for a touch to awake them into life; but he has not the audacity of the true prince. Certainly the enchantment consists of nothing more than two comparatively inexpensive glass doors. He *could* break through it, after such a period of torture; but his resolution is not fixed before he is recalled to the excitement of a round game at cards.

Nevertheless, let him take courage, for his time will come at last. Have we not said that otherwise he must perish? It comes when the household has retired for the night. There in bed, at the double danger of murder and suicide — only that, like Macaulay, he has too often run the risk of committing patricide, matricide, and fratricide to attach much weight to such a consideration as that — we may leave him to his orgies. The early habits of the country, early chiefly in the direction of retiring to rest, are a great inducement towards reading in bed, supposing any inducement to such an indulgence were necessary; and for ourselves we have never known any moments of this enjoyment more keenly pleasurable than such as were won under the circumstances in which we have placed the bookworm. Increase of appetite has not in these cases grown from what it fed on, but from a terrible and protracted fast. Fortunately in the present day no household is so unlettered as not to offer us plenty of matter worth reading; indeed there is a certain class of literature almost always to be met with in those country wildernesses, and seeming to have a peculiar appositeness and vitality there. We can remember making our first close acquaintance with Bewick's "British Birds" in the most bookless house in which it was ever our fortune to be cast. Bewick and Walton and White of Selborne are of course sure to be lurking somewhere; and these three authors, less than any that we know, should be read in copies furnished from a lending library. If we do not possess them ourselves, we should certainly wait till we can borrow them from a friend; for they are treasures too sacred and individual to form a part of any communal schemes. In addition to these classics, the country house may be reckoned upon to hold a number of works which are too rapidly disappearing from our town bookshelves — the bygone classics, standing monuments of wit and beauty as they were esteemed by our fathers, now almost utterly faded from the recollection of the present generation. Here they find their asylum, their harbor of refuge, where the peace of their last resting-place is seldom broken. Such books as we mean are "Tom and Jerry," or Seymour's "Sporting Sketches," or "The Book of Beauty, Edited by the Countess of Blessington," with its story by B. Disraeli, Esq., and elegant verses by Thomas Haynes Bayly, or Mrs. Radcliffe or Mrs. Gore, or "our immortal Joanna Baillie" herself — the expression is Scott's — and many immortals more back to the time of the author of "Douglas;" or, again, some of the antique numbers of magazines and reviews — the *Gentleman's Magazine* of sixty years ago, or the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* under the editorship of Southey and Lockhart. When we read such relics of the past, we see that the historic imagination may be exercised without going further away than

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the youth time of the last generation; and for any unkindly rubs of fortune in our own case, some unaccountable blindness of the reading public towards our merits, we gain the solace of a free criticism of other former reputations. How remote some of these things seem from us — impossible beauties, impossible sentimental stories, impossible political theories of Southey and Lockhart. We might be exploring an antediluvian literature. The proverb is something musty. "Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there is hope that a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year."

An Old-Fashioned Orchard. — In these modern days men have lost the pleasures of the orchard; yet an old-fashioned orchard is the most delicious of places wherein to idle away the afternoon of a hazy autumn day, when the sun seems to shine with a soft slumberous warmth without glare, as if the rays came through an aërial spider's web spun across the sky, letting all the beauty but not the heat slip through its invisible meshes. There is a shadowy coolness in the recesses under the trees. On the damson trunks are yellowish crystalline knobs of gum which has exuded from the bark. Now and then a leaf rustles to the ground, and at longer intervals an apple falls with a decided thump. It is silent save for the gentle twittering of the swallows on the topmost branches — they are talking of their coming journey — and perhaps occasionally the distant echo of a shot where the lead has gone whistling among a covey. It is a place to dream in, bringing with you a chair to sit on — for it will be freer from insects than the garden seats — and a book. Put away all thought of time; often in striving to get the most value from our time it slips from us as the reality did from the dog that greedily grasped at the shadow; simply dream of what you will, with apples and plums, nuts and filberts within reach. Dusky Blenheim oranges, with a gleam of gold under the rind; a warmer tint of yellow on the pippins. Here streaks of red, here a tawny hue. Yonder a load of great russets; near by heavy pears bending the strong branches; round black damsons; luscious egg-plums hanging their yellow ovals overhead; bullace, not yet ripe, but presently sweetly piquant. On the walnut-trees bunches of round green balls — note those that show a dark spot or streak, and gently tap them with the tip of the tall slender pole placed there for the purpose. Down they come glancing from bough to bough, and, striking the hard turf, the thick green rind splits asunder, and the walnut itself rebounds upwards. Those who buy walnuts have no idea of the fine taste of the fruit thus gathered direct from the tree, when the kernel, though so curiously convoluted, slips its pale yellow skin easily, and is so wondrously white. Surely it is an error to banish the orchard and the fruit garden from the pleasure-grounds of modern houses, strictly relegating them to the rear as if something to be ashamed of. Pall Mall Gazette.

Spontaneous Combustion of Wasps' Nests. — Some time ago the house of General P. M. Arismendi (now consul of Venezuela, in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad) in this city, had a rather narrow escape from being set on fire by the spontaneous combustion of a large wasps' nest (a species of *Polistes*) in a closet under a roof. The day was exceedingly hot; but this circumstance, I think, has a very slight connection (if any at all) with the outbreak of smoke from the nest. Roofs in this country are constructed of tiles supported by a thick layer of compact earth, which rests on the usual lath-work of dry canes (the stems of *Gynerium saccharoides*, or aborescent grass), both being substances that conduct heat very badly. The source of heat must therefore have been in the nest itself. In bee-hives the temperature rises sometimes as high as 38° C. (*teste* Newport, as cited in Girdwoyn, "*Anat. et Physiol. de l'Abeille*," p. 23). We may be allowed to suppose that something similar happens occasionally also in wasps' nests. Such a heat might be caused by an alteration beginning in the wax, hydro-carbons being formed, which, on being absorbed by the paper-like, porous substance of the cell-walls, must get still more heated, so that a comparatively small access of oxygen would be sufficient to set the whole nest on fire.

I have been assured that the spontaneous combustion of wasps' nests is a well-known fact in the interior of Venezuela, and as I do not recollect having found it mentioned in books, it appeared to me worth while to inquire whether something similar has been observed in other parts of the world, and if so, whether my explanation will hold good in all cases. A. Ernst.

Carácas, July 15.

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IN HARVEST DAY.

THRO' Farmer Gale's wide fields I passed
Just yestereve;
My week of holiday was spent,
And idly on the stile I leant,
Taking my leave

Of all the fair and smiling plain,
Wood, vale, and hill,
And all the homely household band
(The warm grasp of each kindly hand
Bides with me still);

And I was sad. The stricken grain
Around me lay;
I could but think of silent glade —
Of buds and blossoms lowly laid
That harvest day.

"And this is all!" I sadly said,
"These withered leaves —
This gathered grain! Spring's hours of bliss
And summer's glory turn to this —
Some yellow sheaves!"

Then Farmer Gale — that good old man,
So simply wise —
Who overheard, and quickly turned,
Said, while a spark of anger burned
In his grey eyes,

"Lad, thou art town-bred, knowing nought
Whereof thou pratest!
For, be the flower as fair as May,
The fruit it yields in harvest day
Is still the greatest!

"And thou — *thy* spring shall quickly pass;
Fast fall the leaves
From life's frail tree. In harvest day
See that before thy Lord thou lay
Some yellow sheaves."

He went his way; I mine; and now
I hear the flow
Of busy life in crowded street —
Of eager voices, hurrying feet,
That come and go.

Yet e'en while flashing factory looms
My hands engage,
I see that far-off upland plain —
Its long, long rows of gathered grain,
Its rustic sage,

And hear them say, "Let pleasures fair,
And passions vain,
And youthful follies fade and die;
But all good deeds, pure thoughts and high,
Like golden grain,

"Be gathered still." Blest harvest store,
That only grows
In hearts besprinkled with the blood
That evermore — a sacred flood —
From Calvary flows!

Lord, when thou callest, when this world
My spirit leaves,
Then to thy feet, oh, let me come,
Bringing, in joyful harvest-home,
Some yellow sheaves!

Sunday Magazine. ROBINA F. HARDY.

"AUS ALTEN MARCHEN WINKT ES."

FROM the realm of old-world story
There beckons a lily hand,
That calls up the sweetness, the glory,
The sounds of a magic land.

Where huge flowers droop in the splendor
Of closing day's golden red,
And gaze on each other with tender
Looks as of lovers new wed;

Where all the trees, too, have voices,
And all like a chorus sing,
And a sound as of music rejoices
In the babble of every spring;

On the air songs of true love are swelling,
Such as never elsewhere thou hast heard,
Till by yearnings divine beyond telling
Thy soul is divinely stirr'd.

Oh me, if I might go thither,
And gladden my careworn breast,
Shake off all the sorrows that wither,
Be happy and truly at rest!

Ah, many a time in my dreaming
Through that blessed region I roam!
Then the morning sun comes with its beaming,
And scatters it all like foam.

HEINE.

THE UNBURIED CHURCH, PENMAEN.

OF thy unwritten records, faerie Gower,
O'ermounded sepulchre or cromlech grey,
Giddy hill-fortress perch'd above the spray
That beats thy cliffs with unrelenting power,
Or cavern never reach'd by sun or shower, —
One relic, open'd to the eye of day
Out of the wind-swept sand-drift, brings a ray
Of light to gild thy long bedarken'd hour.
Lo, the unburied church on Penmaen downs!
Token of prayer and praise and minist'ring hands,
Of penitence and shrift for lawless bands.
One roof the cross, 'mid the wild dwellings, crowns,
The vesper bell rings softly o'er the sands,
Nor all unblest the realm where Penard frowns.

October 2nd, 1878. HERBERT NEW.

Spectator.

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From The London Quarterly Review.

THE BROTHERS CHAMBERS.*

THERE is a kind of cant lightly passed from lip to lip that publishers are the natural enemies of authors, feed on their brains, push modest merit into the background, and grudgingly reward popularity. The accusation, except in rare instances, is as unjust as it is untrue. In all professions there are discreditable members — literature itself being by no means an exception. But at no time have publishers been wanting as the generous and forbearing friends of authors. Indeed all who mix with literary men and women can cite instances of help given freely in sore need, of claims foregone, of difficulties smoothed, and paths opened by those who, making large outlays of capital and taking all the risk, are fairly entitled to a handsome share of the profits of literature. Moreover, from the days of Dodsley to our own, publishers have existed who have been both discriminating judges of the writings of others and themselves writers of no small distinction. Few careers offer wider opportunities of usefulness; and of those men who have combined book-writing with book-selling few perhaps have used these opportunities better than the late Robert, and the happily still surviving William, Chambers.

The birthplace of the brothers Chambers was that old-world town on the banks of the Tweed whose tranquillity suggested the proverb, "As quiet as the grave or as Peebles:" at the beginning of this century occupied by a prosperous, primitive, homely community of weavers, who burnt peat, ate from wooden platters with horn spoons, wore the stuffs they wove, and by way of dissipation invited each other to tea and proverbs — "a class of sayings" writes Robert Chambers, "which from their agreeable tartness found scope for exercise in ordinary transactions, and were more especially useful in snubbing children and keeping them in remembrance of their duty." Peebles was a paradise of handloom workers, where the operatives could easily earn two pounds a week, a sum which at that time and place represented much more comfort and importance than it would now. And a prominent man in the little community was James Chambers, sprung directly from generations of substantial woollen manufacturers, but looking back with pride through this prosaic vista to "William de la Chaumbre, Bailif é Burgois de Pebles, in the list of those who signed bonds of allegiance to Edward the First at Berwick-on-Tweed, in 1296."

James Chambers is described by his sons as neatly made and rather short, with a handsome face, a kindly, cheerful temper, and a taste for astronomy and the German flute. He occupied "a small mansion fronting Eddleston Water;" with a pretty sitting-room, carpeted, containing an alabaster clock and alabaster-framed pictures, rarities in those days, and also the Scottish indispensable — "a concealed bed;" with looms on the ground floor, and warp and weft in the garrets, where also was ignominiously stowed away a spinet which the music-loving head of the family had rashly sent in a carrier's cart from Glasgow, forgetful of the fact that there was no place for it to stand in.

Weaver James, seated at the open window of his little parlor on calm summer gloamings, "would play an endless series of Scottish airs which might be heard along the Eddleston Water," writes his son Robert. "Then, as the clear silvery moon and planets arose to illumine the growing darkness, out would be brought his telescope, which being planted on my mother's tea-table there ensued a critical inspection of the firmament and its starry host."

The mother's name opens another chapter of curious reminiscences of Scotland in days now historical. About two miles from Peebles was a farm called Newby, seven miles in length, though its homestead consisted only of a cottage and outhouses. Its occupants, towards the end of the last century, were a middle-aged farmer named Gibson, and his wife, a handsome girl of eighteen, who, small as their dwelling was, every night afforded shelter to troops of vagrants, sometimes as many as

* *Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographical Reminiscences of William Chambers, LL.D.* Ninth Edition. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1877.

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twenty at a time. Those of the best character were entertained in "the farmer's ha'," where the family and servants usually sat, repaying their hosts by scraps of country-side gossip gathered in their peregrinations, which there was at that time no other means of hearing. The eldest daughter of the house in after years married James Chambers.

My grandmother and her maids [writes Robert Chambers] were generally up at an early hour to attend to the ewes, and their time for going to rest must consequently have been an early one. There was always, however, a period called "between gloaming and supper time," during which the wheels were brought out for spinning the yarn which was to clothe the family. I often think that it must have been a pleasing sight in that humble hall — the handsome young mistress amidst her troop of maidens, all busy with foot and finger, while the shepherds and their master, and one or two favored gaberlunzies, would be telling stories or cracking jokes for the general entertainment, or some one with a good voice would be singing the songs of Ramsay and Hamilton (p. 38).

Robert's earliest recollection of his mother is that of "a young woman of elegant shape and delicate features, . . . a being of ladylike grace and scarcely in her twenty-fourth year, though already the mother of four children. . . . Punctiliously tasteful in dress, and beautiful in feature, but with an expression of blended pensiveness and cheerfulness indicative of the position into which she had been brought. Even as a child I could see she had sorrows — perhaps regrets." The sorrows chiefly sprang from the temperament of her husband, whose genial disposition, tastes, and accomplishments exposed him to all the temptations attending social success, and who preferred cultivating his musical talent or studying astronomy with his celebrated friend, Mungo Park, then settled in Peebles as a surgeon, to superintending the hundred looms at one time in his employment. "Too slight a regard for personal responsibilities," as his son William gently puts it, threw the burden of them on the shoulders of his delicate wife, who, besides bringing up a large family, had to confront, and, where possible, conquer, the difficulties evaded by her husband. Two of their numerous children were born with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot.* This peculiarity was said by the gossips to presage good luck — and good fortune certainly rewarded both Robert and William in after life, though we are inclined to attribute it rather to perseverance, talent, and energy than to their superfluous members.

The two boys were at an early age intelligent, observant, and impressionable. They learnt a love of natural beauty from the place in which they lived, and the people among whom they moved gave them a sense of humor. What can suggest a prettier picture than the following passage from the recollections woven into William Chambers's life of his brother? —

The going forth of the town cows to their pasturage on a neighboring hill and their return, constituted leading and interesting events of the day. Early in the summer mornings the inhabitants were roused by the inharmonious sounds blown from an ox-horn by the townherd, who leisurely perambulated the streets with a grey plaid twisted round his shoulders. Then came forth the cows deliberately, one by one, from their respective quarters, and took their way instinctively by the bridge across the Tweed, their keeper coming up behind to urge forward the loiterers. Before taking the ascent to the hill, the cows, in picturesque groups, might have been seen standing within the margin of the Minister's Pool, a smooth part of the river which reflected on its glistening surface the figures of the animals in various attitudes, along with the surrounding scenery; the whole — river, cows, and trees — forming a tableau such as would have been an appropriate study for Berghem or Wouvermans (p. 20).

The strongly marked characteristics of the Peebles folk may naturally have given some hints to Scott for his famous Waverley portrait gallery. It is more surprising to find among the early acquaintances of the brothers Chambers certain oddities who might have supplied Dickens with the germs of two characters in "Our Mutual

* In William's case amputation of each surplus finger and toe was successfully resorted to; but in Robert's the remedy caused an almost lifelong soreness and tenderness of the feet.

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Friend." Yet Miss Ritchie, the clever sprightly woman of irreproachable character, "who, so far from the obsequiousness of her profession, . . . ruled house, servants, and guests with her clear head and ready tongue," reminds us forcibly of Miss Abbey Potterson, to whose beneficent disposition and rough and ready rule over the "Six Jolly Fellowships' Porters," the waterside population of Limehouse bowed down. Miss Ritchie would never allow her customers to have liquor after a certain hour. "When that hour arrived — I think it was the Forbes-Mackenzie hour of eleven," says Robert Chambers — "it was vain for them to ask for a fresh supply. 'Na, na, gang hame to your wives and bairns,' was her dictum, and it was impossible for them to sit much longer."

On the clock's striking ten [says Charles Dickens] and Miss Abbey's appearing at the door, and addressing a certain person in faded scarlet jacket with "George Jones! your time's up. I told your wife you should be punctual," Jones submissively rose, gave the company good-night, and retired. At half past ten, on Miss Abbey's looking in again, and saying, "William Williams, Bob Glamour, and Jonathan, you are all due," Williams, Bob, and Jonathan with singular meekness took their leave and evaporated. Greater wonder than these, when a bottle-nosed person in a glazed hat had, after some considerable hesitation, ordered another glass of gin-and-water of the attendant pot-boy, and when Miss Abbey, instead of sending it, appeared in person, saying "Captain Joey, you have had as much as will do you good," not only did the captain feebly rub his knees and contemplate the fire without offering a word of protest, but the rest of the company murmured — "Ay, ay, captain, Miss Abbey's right. You be guided by Miss Abbey, captain."*

Tam Fleck, again, — considered by his neighbors "a flichty chield," who, "not particularly steady at his legitimate employments," struck out a sort of profession by going about in the evenings with a well-worn copy of L'Estrange's "Translation of Josephus," which he read as current news by the flickering blaze of the cottage fires, — recalls the familiar figure of Mr. Silas Wegg, at Boffin's Bower, alternately "dropping into poetry," and "declining and falling" with Gibbon's "Roman Empire" for the edification of the golden dustman and his Henrietty, at fivepence an hour. And the care with which the supply of improving literature was economized closely resembles that "ligneous sharper" Mr. Wegg's judicious method of eking out his scanty literary resources by pipes and cold pie. It was Tam Fleck's practice, says Dr. William Chambers,

not to read more than from two to three pages at a time, interlarded with sagacious remarks of his own by way of foot-notes, and in this way he sustained an extraordinary interest in the narrative. Retailing the matter with great equability in different households, Tam kept all at the same point of information, and wound them up with a corresponding anxiety as to the issue of some moving event in Hebrew annals. Although in this way he went through a course of Josephus yearly, the novelty somehow never seemed to wear off. "Wal, Tam, what's the news the nicht?" would old Geordie Murray say, as Tam entered with his Josephus under his arm, and seated himself at the family fireside. "Bad news, bad news," Tam would reply, "Titus has begun to besiege Jeruselem — it's gaun to be a terrible business." The protracted and severe famine which was endured by the besieged Jews was a theme which kept several families in a state of agony for a week. And when Tam in his readings came to the final conflict and destruction of the city by the Roman general, there was a perfect paroxysm of horror. At such *séances* my brother and I were delighted listeners (pp. 30, 31).

Nothing can, perhaps, be imagined much more dramatic than the sudden invasion in 1810 of this quiet, sober-minded little Scotch town, whose inhabitants read Josephus for excitement, and took "a smell of fresh air" (generally in the kirkyard) for recreation, by over one hundred prisoners of war on parole. Most of them were lively, accomplished men; naval or military officers fresh from the Peninsular War, and all devoted adherents of Napoleon, though of varied nationality — French, Italian, Swiss, and Polish. Their strange, picturesque attire, their vivacious, gentlemanly manners, above all their determination to establish a *table d'hôte*, a

* Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens, Vol. I., p. 49.

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billiard-room, and a theatre, without which existence was to them an impossibility, turned the heads of the peaceful Peebles folk and filled their hearts with fearful joy. Military stragglers had already visited the old town and given "an intellectual fillip to the place" — militia regiments had marched to and fro with drums beating and colors flying, and gay recruiting sergeants (dashing, insinuating fellows!) had carried off the youth and valor of the locality, leaving behind in their stead London newspapers, the most new and fashionable airs, — such as, "Cease your funning," — and a knowledge of cricket. A few prisoners, too, had been sent thither — Walloons, Dutch and Danes, who fell quietly into the ways of the quiet town, and by fishing and handicrafts managed to earn a bare subsistence. But no event so revolutionizing as the "French invasion" had ever before happened to Peebles!

James Chambers, as might be expected from his social disposition and love of excitement, took kindly to the clever and interesting exiles. Unable to compete with machinery, he had for some time given up his weaving business and set up as a draper. His new friends were not only welcomed to his house and assisted in their theatrical properties from his wife's wardrobe, but were liberally supplied with clothing from his stores. To these unprofitable business transactions Mrs. Chambers, with the welfare of a large young family at heart, demurred. But her husband, easy-tempered and sanguine, continued to give "unlimited credit" to his unfortunate customers, and, when the government order for their removal to Dumfriesshire arrived, lost every penny due to him. This brought on a crisis in his affairs, complicated by the roguery of a trustee. The home at Peebles was broken up, and the family removed to Edinburgh. Though occasioned by loss and trouble, nothing could have been more fortunate for the two lads than the change of abode. They had exhausted the educational resources of Peebles, which were not vast, though ampler, and incomparably more accessible, no doubt, than in English country towns at the same period. The first school attended by the brothers Chambers was kept by an old widow, who undertook to carry her pupils as far as reading the Bible, with the exception of difficult words, "such as Mahershalalhashbaz," which she told her pupils might reasonably be considered "a pass-over." Thence they were transferred to the burgh school, where reading and writing could be acquired for two shillings and twopence per quarter, with arithmetic thrown in for an extra sixpence; and where, during the teacher's too frequent absence on a carouse, the boys would have a "battle of the books," while the girls discreetly retired under the tables. The "finishing" academy was a grammar school of some celebrity in its day, boarders from Edinburgh and the colonies occasionally appearing there. Boys were even prepared for the university, being well grounded in Greek and Latin for five shillings a quarter. To this establishment Robert alone was advanced; William's education, technically so called, terminating at thirteen, having cost, books included, about six pounds. The boys learnt more at home than at school. They had picked up conversational French from their father's unprofitable customers, studied astronomy through his telescope, and, inspired by his example, spent their play hours in devouring Pope, Goldsmith, Fielding, Smollett, and the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The latter work was a mine of wealth, an intellectual Fortunatus's purse, discovered by Robert in a chest in the attic, having been, like the spinet, a white elephant of a purchase for which no standing room could be found in the crowded little house. "What the gift of a whole toyshop would have been to most children," he says, "this book was to me."

The brothers were fitted for a wider career than their native town could afford. They were independent, thoughtful, full of character, energy and resource. When James Chambers, after some fruitless attempts to revive his commission business in Edinburgh, accepted the post of manager to certain salt works at Joppa Pans, near Portobello, Robert and William were left in the capital; the former to pursue his studies at the academy of Benjamin Mackay, the latter to begin life as a bookseller's out-door apprentice, at four shillings a week. It is immensely to his credit that he made this scanty sum suffice for lodging, clothing ("shoes," he says, "were an awkwardly heavy item"), and board, never asking the smallest help from his father, but living bravely and contentedly on threepence-halfpenny a day, thanks to the frugal catering of his landlady, who declared that eating was "just a use," and relied principally on oatmeal. For a time William managed to earn a daily hot roll (most welcome addition to his scanty breakfast of porridge) by reading aloud to a baker of literary tastes but scanty leisure, while he and his sons prepared their batch. Rising about four o'clock on winter morn-

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ings, the lad of fourteen, before beginning a hard day's work at Sutherland's shop in Calton Street, made his way across the silent town to the baker's cellar, where for over two hours he read aloud, seated on a flour-sack in the window sill, with his book in one hand and a tallow candle stuck in a bottle in the other. The choice of books was left to the young reader, his employer only stipulating for "something comic." "Roderick Random" was the first experiment, attended by shouts of laughter; most of the novels of Smollett and Fielding followed in due succession, but "Gil Blas" was the prime favorite. Shop hours lasted from half past seven till nine at night. Such infinitesimal leisure as remained, the brothers (for Ropert temporarily shared William's bed-closet) spent with two studious lads, named King, "whose talk was of retorts, alkalies, acids, oxygen gas, Leyden jars and the galvanic pile." Their experiments, such as the production of coal-gas in a blacking-bottle, were conducted in the residence of a street porter, a handy and ingenious man, who in early life had broadened his sympathies and picked up an extensive assortment of odds and ends of knowledge by travelling as a gentleman's servant.

A varied experience of strange sorts and conditions of life, many of them long since obsolete, William Chambers gained during those early times of struggle and privation, which he half playfully, half sadly, calls the "dark ages." His master combined with book-selling a circulating library and and an agency for the State Lottery, many of whose patrons were found — strange regions for Alnaschar visions! — in the Sanctuary, the Canongate, and the Old Tolbooth. William's heaviest grievance was the delivery of "those odious piles of lottery circulars," but even in this he found characteristic consolation: "Over the doorway of an old house in the West Bow, which I passed several times daily, was the inscription carved in stone, *He that tholes overcomes;* I made up my mind to *thole* — a pithy old Scottish word signifying to bear with patience." The superstitious preferences of the lottery patrons were innumerable. Some would only buy odd numbers of five figures, others bought numbers they had dreamt of, others brought the seventh son of a seventh son to chose a number for them. The majority of purchasers contented themselves with a sixteenth share, costing about a guinea and a half, and were chiefly hackney coachmen, waiters, housekeepers, small tradesmen, and prisoners for debt. But the inhabitants of the Sanctuary would probably have disdained this title; "distinguished characters from England, gaunt, oldish, broken-down men of fashion, wearing big gold spectacles," to whom it was inconvenient to reside near their creditors, occupied the cluster of decayed buildings round Holyrood Palace, within whose precincts they surely defied the sheriff and his men. The debtors' quarter of the Old Tolbooth (of which many strange stories were told) when William Chambers found patrons there, was "little else than a union of lodging-house and tavern, under lock and key." Political fugitives occasionally found refuge there, and thence escaped to the Continent; and among the *détenus* were several voluntary residents, very obligingly overlooked by the governor, and preferring to live rent-free in a prison to paying for accommodation outside.

But however distasteful the routine of the week might be, Sunday always brought its blessed rest and variety. Between nine and ten on Saturday night the brothers started for their long walk through Portobello to Joppa Pans. The salt works had ceased to send up their noxious fumes, the manager's cottage, however poor and small, was home, and the mother's welcome was loving. Next day would be spent in due visits to the old churches of Inveresk or Dalkeith, followed by rambles through fields which, though scarred by coalpits, still had hedgerows where birds sang and wild flowers bloomed; or amongst "the shell and tangle covered rocks, against which pellucid waves dashed in unremitting murmurs." Even on these walks the rule of never losing a moment for mental cultivation was maintained, and the boys carried a French New Testament with them to study by the way.

The community amongst whom James Chambers was then living had many peculiarities. Together with the colliers in the neighboring tiled hamlets, the elder salt-makers had at one time been serfs, and in that condition had been legally sold with the property on which they dwelt.

> I conversed with some of them on the subject [says William Chambers]. They and their children had been inheritable fixtures to the spot. They could neither leave at will, nor change their profession. . . . I feel it curious that I should have seen and spoken to persons in this country who remembered being legally in a state of serfdom — and such they were until the year 1799, when an act of Parliament abolished this last remnant of slavery in the British Islands. Appreciating the

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event, they set aside one day in the year as a festival commemorative of their liberation (pp. 117, 118).

The boys had not long even the home at Joppa Pans as a refuge. The trials of James Chambers and his wife reached a climax when he was waylaid and robbed of some money he had collected in Edinburgh for his employers. It seems hard measure that he should be discharged because he had been savagely attacked and left stunned and penniless in the high road. But probably his rugged and irritable independence, always averse to receive or obey orders, became unmanageable when they were such as he did not approve, so that he was unpopular with his employers; and the business at Joppa Pans consisted largely of "supplying material for a contraband trade across the border to England," a trade which high protective duties rendered exceedingly profitable, but whose illegality vexed the soul of the manager.

On Mrs. Chambers, in spite of her weak health and the cares of numerous children, devolved the task not only of nursing her husband, but also of supporting the whole family, except William. Removing at once to a small house on the Musselburgh road, she opened a shop, assisted by such very small savings as William could contribute, the most important item being half-a-guinea presented to him by the happy owner of the sixteenth of a twenty thousand pound prize. Wherever Mrs. Chambers went she made friends by her industry, rectitude, and pleasant manners. Her new undertaking, in course of time, prospered accordingly.

The change in the circumstances of the family fell most heavily on Robert. From inability to pay the college fees, he was compelled to give up his cherished scheme of becoming a divinity student, to which end he had been working desperately hard both in and out of school, half starving himself, and abstaining from every kind of recreation. "I cannot recollect," writes his brother, "that he ever spent a moment in what was purely amusing or of no practical value;" and this stoic was barely fifteen years old! Intensely fond of classical studies, he was a tolerable Latin verse writer and an ardent Pythagorean, sustained through every privation by the distinctions he won at school, and the hope that they presaged equal distinction in the Church. When this hope was dashed to the ground, and the reaction after so much effort and endurance came; when, in addition to his own disappointment, he was forced helplessly to witness the struggles and privations at home, "he wandered about with a sense of desolation," says his brother, "and abandoned himself to an agony of despair." But all this time the "divinity that shapes our ends," however hard our misdirected enthusiasms may strive against it, had been qualifying him for a career more suited to his powers than the ministry. His vocation was to teach through the press, not from the pulpit; and the extreme poverty which sent him after school-hours to the Old Tolbooth for warmth and shelter, or prompted his restless wanderings through every nook and corner of the old picturesque city, filled his fancy with character studies for future essays, and stored his brain with the quaint antiquarian and legendary lore which, seven years later, made Sir Walter Scott wonder "where the boy got all his information." But he could not foresee this in the hour of disappointment at his altered prospects; and the brothers held many a Sabbath eve consultation as to the future, as they sat on a grassy knoll overlooking the gleaming waters of the Firth. Jeremy Taylor says: "No man but hath blessings enough in present possession to outweigh the evils of a great affliction;" how the blessings are to be recognized and brought into practical application, comments William Chambers, is sometimes the difficulty. In Robert's case the blessings consisted of youth, health, a fair education, and honorable aspirations. Then came the question, what was he to do with them? At first a little teaching was undertaken at Portobello. Then an ill-paid situation in a merchant's office. But the latter involved a daily walk of twelve miles, which his lameness compelled him soon to give up; and from his next situation he was discharged, for no reason that he could think of, he said, but that his employer thought him "too stupid ever to be of any good." Impressionable, sensitive, feeling keenly the indifference of well-to-do relations, who might easily have removed the obstacles from his path, Robert now found himself "at the bottom of the ladder"—and instantly set about climbing up again.

Each brother had cherished a secret ambition: Robert's hope of entering the ministry must clearly be given up. William's dream of becoming a bookseller might still be realized. Why should not both enter on the same career, since the experience gained already by the one was fully at the service of the other? And not

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the experience only: during his apprenticeship William had contrived, by heaven only knows what frugality and self-denial, again to save a very little money, and this was at his brother's disposal, to start him on his new career. So in 1818, at sixteen years old, the disappointed divinity student set up as a bookseller in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, with his stock in trade, consisting of the well-worn remains of his father's library, displayed on a rude stall in front of the little room which "served him for workshop, parlor, and all," as the nursery rhyme runs, and for which he paid the gigantic rental of six pounds a year. William went to live with him in order to lessen expenses, and to be at hand for professional advice, regardless of the fact that a bed on the floor, with a bundle of books for a pillow, was all the accommodation his brother could offer him.

In May, 1819, William's apprenticeship came to an end, and he resolved to make a bold stroke for independence. Continuing to live with his brother, he rented a small shop at no great distance in the Walk — a kind of broad boulevard, stretching for a mile between Edinburgh and the seaport, and used as a general thoroughfare in which most of the eccentrics of Edinburgh circulated, especially at the time of Leith races. Shops for shells, corals, and other curiosities abounded; but the chief attraction was a wax-work show, at whose entrance sat an old gentleman in full court dress, reading a newspaper which had occupied him for ten years. The houses were of a most heterogeneous order, villas with showy gardens appearing between rows of small shops, and an avenue of fine old trees leading to Pilrig House, fronting William's bookstall.

Robert having come into possession of the family library, it was problematical whence William's stock in trade would be derived, but for a lucky accident which gained him the good graces of the travelling agent of William Tegg, the Cheapside publisher, who was about to hold a trade sale at Edinburgh, and wanted the help of some one accustomed to pack and arrange books. William Chambers was recomended, and gave satisfaction; and inquiries followed as to what he meant to do. "I replied to the friendly inquirer, that I was about to begin business," says William, "and that if I had any money I should buy a few of his specimens. 'Well,' he replied, 'I like that frankness. You seem an honest lad, and have been useful to me. Select ten pounds' worth of samples, and I will give you the usual credit.'" This offer was joyfully embraced, and William, having wheeled his precious windfall home in a borrowed truck, spent the few remaining shillings of his last wages in deals, nails, etc., to fit up his shop and stall. A few days later he began business.

He saved as well as earned money in every possible way. He bought books in sheets, and learnt to put them in boards himself; and on wet days, when trade was dull, he transcribed poems for albums with exquisite neatness, in imitation of copperplate lettering. Then he began to write a little himself, and next to print his own productions. The *modus operandi* he must himself describe, premising that the whole machine only cost three pounds.

> The press, constructed to stand on a table, consisted of a wooden sole, with a carriage, on which the forme of types was to be laid; and this carriage required to be pushed forward and drawn out as you would a drawer. The power consisted of an iron screw hung on a cross beam, sustained by two upright supports. The handle was attached to the upper and projecting end of the screw, and had to be turned about twice with a smart jerk before the pressure could be effected. The working of the machine was slow. Owing to the unsteadiness of the structure, the impression was imperfect. The extent of the pressing surface was eighteen inches by twelve. . . . When the screw was brought to the pull a jangling and creaking noise was produced, like a shriek of anguish, that might have been heard two houses off. The impression being so effected the screw had to be whisked back to a state of repose. I had no table on which to fix this frail machine, and placed it on a stout wooden chest turned on its side, which in more prosperous days had been used in my father's house as a meal-ark.

Nothing more primitive, Dr. Chambers may well remark, had been attempted since Gutenberg made his rudimentary efforts in the art of printing.

> I think there was a degree of infatuation [he continues, evidently giving a half-compassionate, half-regretful glance at those happy days when he was so miserable] in my attachment to that jangling, creaking, wheezing little press. Placed at the only window in my apartment [he had by this time left his brother, and was renting a bedroom behind his own shop] within a few feet of my bed, I could see its outline in the silvery moonlight when I awoke. And there, at the glowing dawn, did its figure assume distinct proportions. When daylight came fully in, it was impossible to resist the desire to rise and have an hour or two of exercise at the little machine (pp. 158–162.

The first work which issued from this apparatus was "The Songs of Robert

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Burns," a popular subject, only too fascinating to the young printer himself, who "hung delightedly over the verses, and could not help singing them" as he set the type. After an interval of fifty years he adds, "I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression, the pleasure since of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets pouring from machines in which I claim an interest being nothing to it." The artist who illustrated the volume was as remarkable an instance of perseverance under difficulties as the young publisher; both were excellent representatives of a type of character perhaps only to be found in full perfection among the Scots.

Peter Fyfe had been a weaver's reed-maker in Paisley, but having been unfortunate in business had migrated to Edinburgh. Necessitous and clever, he was ready for anything artistic that might come in his way. I am not aware of any department in the fine or useful arts of which he would have confessed himself ignorant. At this period, when few knew anything of lithography, and he knew nothing at all, he undertook in answer to an advertisement to organize and manage a concern of that kind, and by tact and intuition gave unqualified satisfaction. Although altogether unacquainted with copperplate engraving he executed from the description I gave him a portrait of the Black Dwarf, for my account of that singular personage, which sketch has ever since been accepted as an authority. I now applied to this genius for an illustration to my song-book, which he successfully produced, and for a few additional shillings executed a vignette representing some national emblems (p. 163).

The profits of the venture, nine pounds, were found very useful in increasing William's stock of types, which he had been obliged to supplement by wooden letters cut with his chisel and penknife. His next experiment was a circulating library, in which the Waverley novels formed the chief attraction. A huge signboard, with "BOOKSELLER AND PRINTER" painted on it by his own ready hand, also attracted attention; and, in short, though he had many irons in the fire, he handled them so well that none of them burnt his fingers.

The printing stock had been enlarged just at the right time. A rage for writing fell on Robert (then nineteen), who projected a threepenny fortnightly periodical of sixteen pages octavo, to be called "The Kaleidoscope,* or Edinburgh Literary Amusement." Robert was the editor and author in chief; his brother William, printer, publisher, and contributor when leisure served. At the time William undertook these additional tasks he was already working sixteen hours a day, only allowing himself a quarter of an hour for meals which, indeed, did not offer much temptation to loiter, as he lived literally on the provincial sixpence a day. Nothing but the energy and hopefulness of youth could have sustained such pressure and privation.

The Kaleidoscope barely paid its expenses, and expired, at a year old, in 1822. Other hopes and prospects were opening to the young editor. In the same year he issued his first book, "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," containing descriptions of supposed originals of notabilities in the earlier Waverley novels, such as Dominie Sampson, Meg Merrilies, etc. William set it up in his best long primer type, worked off a thousand copies, and put them in boards with pink paper covers. These were soon sold, and an Edinburgh publisher brought out a second edition in better style, with, as frontispiece, a portrait of Walter Scott, his face hidden by a curtain; an ingenious, and then novel, way of identifying the "Great Unknown." Another circumstance soon brought Robert Chambers into personal communication with his idol. Like his brother, Robert Chambers had cultivated ornamental penmanship; and among other things, he wrote with wonderful minuteness a large sheet of extracts from Scott's poems, which a friend showed to Constable. This led to Robert's obtaining an interview with the great publisher, who advised him to copy the songs from "The Lady of the Lake," in a volume which he would have bound, that Robert might personally present it to the author. The book was taken to Scott's house in Castle Street, and kindly and admiringly received. In a letter from Robert Chambers to Constable, describing the interview, gratitude and enthusiasm hurried the usually accurate and even precise young writer into an extraordinary image. Hoping that he did not stay too long, he adds: "If I have been guilty there, my excuse will readily be found in my only having endeavored to take as long a draught as possible of the bewitching bowl of his presence."

When George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822, Scott employed his young admirer in copying addresses to the king, and also commissioned him to enter in a volume like the one presented to himself the best *vers d'occasion* inspired by the royal visit.

* The kaleidoscope, "an optical toy, about which people were, for a time, nearly crazy,' was invented by Brewster in 1821.

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In 1823 the stock of the two brothers had become worth about two hundred pounds each, and they removed to better quarters — William to Broughton Street, Robert to India Place, where he began his "Traditions of Edinburgh" in penny numbers, printed by William.

Edinburgh was at that time full of historical remains, most of which have been swept away in the course of modern improvements. Robert Chambers observing the transition state of society, foresaw the doom of many of these objects of interest, and that many curious customs would soon be obsolete. He therefore conceived and carried out the happy idea of giving, in a popular form, minute accounts of them.

His statements of places and residents exhibit [says Lord Cockburn]* a picture of society which is incomprehensible now [1847], and indeed was scarcely credible even to such survivors as lived in it. They imply that those of the upper class must have all been well acquainted and must have associated with the familiarity of village neighbors. What else could people do who pigged together in the same "land," and had their main doors within a few feet of each other on the same common stair? This must certainly have occasionally given rise to the petty quarrels and factions that keep small sets awake; but on the whole the local concentration was favorable to kindliness and mirth. Few of them had houses, and still fewer incomes, convenient for formal company dinners. The lady's bedroom was often the drawing-room. This, and custom, prolonged hereditary resort of men to the tavern for business and conviviality. . . . The society of Edinburgh contained many good and several bright names, both professional and literary, and was graced by a far greater intermixture of resident rank and family than either Edinburgh or any provincial town can boast of now, when everything of the kind is sucked into the London whirlpool.

Lord Cockburn then laments the "successive throes of the old town," which produced various "improvements," amongst them being the bringing of railways into Princes Street Gardens, whereby many highly interesting memorials perished, and over which the antiquarian soul sighs in vain. Robert Chambers's book attracted some notice, and during its publication, Scott, Lockhart, and Henry Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeling") called upon him; and Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the well-known antiquary, gave him the notes he had made for a book to be called "Reekiana," and written jointly by Walter Scott and himself. Scott also sent the young author, with a kind, encouraging letter, sixteen closely-written folio pages of reminiscences of old persons and things in Edinburgh. "Such a treasure to me!" wrote Robert, in an introduction to a later edition, "and such a gift from the greatest literary man to the humblest!"

On the completion of the "Traditions" in numbers, and exhaustion of the first collected edition, Robert was advised by Constable to send the second edition to his London correspondents, Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co., to whom he would recommend it. Some large packages were sent, accordingly, but the brothers not feeling satisfied with the result, William determined to look into matters in person. A little romance attending this determination is so naïvely told, that we cannot resist quotation: —

On a fine summer evening in 1825, arriving by a steamer in the Thames, I first visited the Metropolis. The circumstance is to be specially remembered by me. It being too late to pursue my business mission I thought of calling on Mr. John Clark, of Westminster, an artist whom I had accidentally met in Scotland the previous year, when taking views of the principal towns. A long walk brought me to Mr. Clark's door. It was opened by a sprightly young lady, his daughter, whom I had never seen before. The interview with the family was agreeable. An intimacy ensued. And some years afterwards, when the fates were propitious, the sprightly young lady who had chanced to open the door became my wife (p. 200).

The more prosaic result of the visit to London was that William, not liking the aspect of affairs at Messrs. Hurst and Co.'s Cheapside establishment, withdrew the whole stock of "Traditions," and thus saved his brother from any loss in the gigantic crash which ruined Sir Walter Scott, Ballantyne, Constable and his London correspondents. The "Traditions" were afterwards purchased by William Tait for between three and four hundred pounds, and finally, in more prosperous days, repurchased by Robert Chambers.

The satisfaction felt by the brothers in the literary success of the "Traditions" was alloyed by a piece of characteristic imprudence on their father's part. When his son's prospects improved he removed to Edinburgh, and began a lawsuit for the possession of "a wretched old house, not worth, perhaps, £200," which had once belonged to the family, but had drifted into other hands. Both Mrs. Chambers

* Journal of Henry Cockburn; being a Continuation of the Memorials of his Time; 1831–1854 (Edinburgh: Edmondstone and Douglas, Princes Street; 2 Vols., 1874), Vol. II., pp. 194, 195.

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and her children strongly, but vainly, opposed the hopeless litigation. The case proceeded, was lost and the effect on James Chambers was, that he "went from bad to worse, . . . and under his accumulation of disasters and cankering reminiscences, ascribable in a great degree to his own inconsiderateness and want of moral courage, died a wreck, in November, 1824." The costs of the lost lawsuit not only swallowed up all the money received from Tait for the "Traditions," but also threw the brothers back a year or two in their brave struggle. Notwithstanding this heavy legacy of debt left them by their father, his widow found a peaceful and an honored home with her sons, and had the consolation of seeing their progress, and being rewarded by their affection, till the close of her long and useful life in 1843.*

To Robert Chambers's next work, "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," Walter Scott also gave assistance; and, until overwhelmed with work and trouble by Constable's failure in 1826, showed the author much personal kindness, daily walking with him and discussing his studies and prospects. Pecuniary help, it was often hinted, would have been given as readily, but Robert, with youth and strength for capital, honorably preferred to rely upon his own exertions. "The quantity of varied literary work," writes his brother, "which he went through at this time was astonishing," especially as he was personally superintending every detail of an increasing business. Scott seems to have thought he was overdoing it, for he wrote in his diary: —

> Took to reading Chambers's "Beauties of Scotland," which would be admirable if they were accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste. I am not making too much myself, I know — and I know, too, it is time I were making it. But there is such a thing as more haste and less speed.†

This is a fault to which all fluent and popular young writers, who undertake serial works for money as well as fame, are prone. The marvel in Robert Chambers's case was that, doing so much, and often literally while the press waited for copy, he attained such an average of excellence. He had the advantage of dealing generally with kindred subjects, so that while engaged on one book he was accumulating materials for others, as a glance at their titles will show. Between 1822 and 1832 he produced, besides the "Illustrations" and "Traditions," his "History of the Rebellion of 1745;" "History of the Rebellions in Scotland from 1638 to 1660;" "History of the Rebellions in 1689 and 1715;" "Life of James the First;" "Scottish Ballads and Songs;" "Scottish Jests and Anecdotes;" and "Biography of Distinguished Scotsmen," in addition to editing an old-established newspaper, called the *Edinburgh Advertiser*. This was a busy life, yet he found time in its course to fall in love with and marry Anne Kirkwood, a charming and accomplished woman — the heroine of some of his poems — whose musical and social talents helped to draw round their home a pleasant circle.

Meantime, William Chambers also was busy writing. His first work, "The Book of Scotland," describing the secular and religious institutions peculiar to that country, he mentions as poor, and "now very properly forgotten." Nevertheless it procured his engagement, in conjunction with his brother, to prepare the "Gazetteer of Scotland," a compilation from the best authorities, with additional matter, to obtain which William undertook pedestrian journeys of forty miles a day, consulting the "oldest inhabitants," and resting at the humblest inns. The compiled portions he wrote and rewrote so diligently, that his manual work amounted to thirty thousand pages of MS., all transcribed behind the counter, or after business hours. *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the enterprise by which the brothers' name became best known, was started in February, 1832. Popularly written, and plentifully mixing tales and poems with essays and "useful knowledge," at three halfpence a number, it had an immediate success far beyond its projector's hopes. The circulation of the third number reached eighty thousand. The honor of the idea belonged to William. Robert was sceptical, and even a little shocked at it. By the thirteenth number he was converted, and became joint editor; of this partnership the survivor says: —

> A happy difference, yet some resemblance, in character, proved of service in our literary and commercial union. . . . One could not well have done without the other. With mutual help there was mutual strength. . . . All previous hardships and experiences seemed to be but a training in strict adaptation for the course of life opened to us in 1832. Nothing could have happened better.

* Robert and William Chambers also took charge of and associated with themselves in business two brothers, James and David; the former of whom died young, the latter dying in 1871, four days after his brother Robert.

† Lockhart's "Life of Scott," 2nd edit., 1839, Vol. IX., p. 304.

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Such was their brotherly confidence that for twenty-one years no memorandum of agreement between them was thought necessary. In his opening address William Chambers hoped that the *Journal* would be welcomed by "the poorest laborers in the country." How the hope was realized is shown in this passage from a letter written by Allan Cunningham to Robert Chambers: —

> My wife, who has just returned from Scotland, says that your *Journal* is very popular among her native hills of Galloway. The shepherds, who are scattered there at the rate of one to every four miles square, read it constantly, and they circulate it in this way: the first shepherd who gets it reads it, and at an understood hour places it under a stone on a certain hilltop; then shepherd the second in his own time finds it, reads it, and carries it to another hill, where it is found like Ossian's chief under its own grey stone by shepherd the third, and so it passes on its way, scattering information over the land (p. 245).

On the 21st of September, 1832, died that glory of Scotsmen and giant among *littérateurs*, Sir Walter Scott, who was buried on the 26th, at Dryburgh Abbey, with every mark of regret and respect which could make the ceremony impressive. Among the few mourners from Edinburgh were the brothers Chambers. No one acquainted with the almost idolatrous veneration they lavished on the great leader of Scottish literature can for a moment doubt the genuineness of their grief, notwithstanding the sudden transition in the following passages: —

> Indebted to Sir Walter for so many kindnesses some years previously, and in correspondence with him till the close of 1837, my brother felt that he had lost his most honored friend. Almost immediately, he proceeded to write a memoir of the deceased, from such materials as were within reach, as well as from personal recollections (p. 242).

The memoir was no doubt very excellent — certainly it was very popular, as a hundred and eighty thousand copies were sold.

There are three extremely national features in this "simple story." The *naïve* mixture of sorrow with an eye to business; the honesty with which it is avowed; and the apparent blindess to its ludicrous side.

It is impossible to enumerate here all the books for which *Chambers's Journal* led the way. A few instances will sufficiently indicate their nature and success, and enforce the lesson of their authors' struggling, persevering, and finally triumphant lives. Chambers's "Information for the People" sold one hundred and seventy thousand sets, was republished in America and translated into French. The "Educational Course" was so well received that it extended to a hundred volumes, several of them written by Robert Chambers, while William wrote many of their popular "Social Science Tracts." Among Robert's earlier works was a "History of Scotland" (projected and published by Richard Bentley) to which his "Domestic Annals of Scotland" formed a valuable appendix. In Chambers's "Encyclopædia" and "Cyclopædia of English Literature," the brothers were of course assisted by competent friends, including James Payn, George Dodd, and Robert Carruthers — the latter having been but recently taken from us in his seventy-ninth year. One book written by Robert deserves special mention — because it furnishes an illustration of one of his many methods of "doing good by stealth," and because it evoked from Charles Dickens an unexpected tribute of generous appreciation. On the 25th of January, 1859, a grand Burns Centenary Festival was held at the Crystal Palace, while similar gatherings were held in most of the principal towns throughout the kingdom, and of course in Edinburgh. In *Household Words* for the 12th of February following, appeared as leader an article entitled, "Burns: Viewed as a Hat-Peg." Written by Dickens himself it satirized, in his own incisive, inimitable style, the commemoration as a gigantic humbug and display of personal vanity, singling out, however, for "favorable distinction" the Edinburgh dinner "from the circumstance that one man happened to be present" who *had* "done something for the memory of Burns besides talk about it." That "one man" was Robert Chambers, who acknowledged in a speech of "just two lines" the toast to "the biographers of Burns."

> What Mr. Robert Chambers said for Burns on this occasion [continues Mr. Dickens] is not mentioned in the report we read. The infinitely more important question of what he has done for Burns we are in a position to answer without referring to reports. About seventeen years ago a grateful country had left Burns's sister, Mrs. Begg, and her daughters in the most impoverished circumstances; and Mr. Robert Chambers set on foot a subscription for them. The result of the appeal thus made, and of a solemn Branch-Burns Commemoration got up in Ayrshire was a subscription amounting to something less than

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£400; of which the queen and court gave £64. As much was done with this pittance as could be done; and it was sunk in an annuity for the three poor souls to live upon. Mrs. Begg and her daughters were settled in a cottage in Ayrshire. Mr. Robert Chambers then went bravely to work with his own hands and brains to help Burns's kindred for Burns's sake. After devoting admirable industry and research to the task, he produced "The Life and Poems of Burns" in four volumes; published the book in 1851; and devoted the first proceeds of the sale, £200, to the necessities of Mrs. Begg and her daughters. Thus giving from his own individual exertion more than half as much as the entire sum which all Scotland had given. We hope Mr. Robert Chambers will forgive us for filling up an omission in the newspaper history of the 26th January, and mentioning by way of contrast the nature of *his* tribute to the memory of Burns.*

This paragraph was copied into the *Times* with a heading, "Robert Burns and Robert Chambers," and while it gave considerable surprise to Robert Chambers it was even more gratifying to his friends and relatives, who knew how modestly he shrank from all parade, and that he "never spoke" of what he did to help poor but deserving persons whose distresses were brought under his notice. Leigh Hunt immediately after reading the paragraph wrote to Robert Chambers to express his "delight" with it, saying of the facts announced, "These are things which bring tears of admiration into one's eyes. I never heard of the circumstances before or I should have spoken of them. They did not surprise me, for I already believed you to be a man capable of such things; but it is affecting to see realized what one believes in."

Remembering that Leigh Hunt and the brothers Chambers had been considered in some sort competitors for the honor of having originated cheap and good periodical literature; that Leigh Hunt had been the projector, proprietor, and editor of more than one commercially unsuccessful publication of the kind; and that Charles Dickens was the projector, proprietor, and editor of an every way successful periodical, which might have been regarded as the southern rival of the northern journal, it is what Leigh Hunt himself would have called a "handsome thing" to see in all three such utter freedom from that "trade malice" which Mr. Charles Reade so trenchantly denounces — and without which, according to the same high authority, no literary man can be complete!

* *Household Words*, Vol. XIX., pp. 242, 243.

Another generous act formed the sequel to a pretty love story in the life of Robert Chambers. When he was beginning to make way as a bookseller of nineteen, a widow with several daughters lodged over his shop in Leith Walk; the girls sang and played excellently, and Robert, listening, thought them "a choir of angels." In such a case, as his brother drily remarks, there is always one who is *most* angelic; and Lilias, the youngest and fairest of the daughters, became Robert's first love. He used to lie awake at night listening while she sang overhead, and weaving verses on her sweet voice and bright eyes. His affection was returned, but the mother thought the young suitor ineligible and broke off the acquaintance. In time Lilias married — in every respect unfortunately. Hearing of her destitute condition, Robert Chambers liberally assisted her. They met once more, when both were on the verge of the grave. She was a widow; he doubly a widower. He was rich and celebrated; she entirely dependent on his bounty. The interview was painful, and they parted with tears. In his will Robert Chambers made ample provision for his first love, but she only survived him a few months.

There was, however, much good work to be done, and there were many fortunate years to be enjoyed before this sequel to their story. The latter half of the brothers' lives was as full of prosperity as the earlier had been of privation. Visiting foreign countries, and writing pleasant and reliable accounts of their travels; receiving municipal and collegiate honors in their own country; welcomed abroad by leaders of thought as worthy fellow-workers, and happy at home among affectionate families and "troops of friends," they amply reaped the reward of their labors.

At a time of life when most men allow their youthful acquirements to rust a little for want of practice, Robert Chambers took up a new science by way of recreation, and threw himself into the study of geology with an ardor worthy of the boy who preferred the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to fairy tales. The Rhineland, Switzerland, Iceland, and Norway, besides the remoter parts of Great Britain, were visited in the course of his explorations, which were described in readable and useful volumes. In America both brothers were cordially received. William was made LL.D. of Edinburgh (of which he was lord provost for four years), and St. Andrews conferred the same dignity on Robert. In the London literary society of the

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last half-century the brothers were popular. While staying in town a visit from Sydney Smith — who announced himself as the originator of the *Edinburgh Review* come to see the originator of the *Edinburgh Journal* — gave William Chambers great pleasure. In the course of their chat Mr. Chambers claimed for the Scotch a considerable fund of humor. "Oh, by all means!" replied his reverend visitor. "You are an immensely funny people, but you require a little operating upon to let the fun out, and I know no instrument so efficacious as the corkscrew."

One visit paid by William Chambers was to Miss Mitford at her pretty cottage at Three Mile Cross. They were mutually pleased, and the authoress of "Our Village" wrote in January, 1850, to the Rev. Hugh Pearson: "I am sure you would like Mr. Chambers. I verily believe that he is all he seems: kind, truthful, benevolent, intelligent, and eminently practical."*

In all their later successes the brothers never lost sight of their birthplace, or forgot their early friends. In grateful recognition of the benefits they had received from a little collection of books called "Elder's Library" in Peebles, William Chambers gave the town a suite of rooms consisting of museum, art gallery, lecture hall, reading-room, and a library of ten thousand volumes. But he frankly admits that the class for whose benefit the princely gift was chiefly intended has not benefited by it to the hoped-for extent.

The last work of any magnitude undertaken by Robert Chambers was "The Book of Days" — a gigantic miscellany of popular antiquities, illustrating the calendar, "including anecdotes, biographies, curiosities of literature, and oddities of human life and character." As it was necessary to attend the British Museum almost daily in order to collect materials Robert Chambers brought his family to London, and took for their accommodation Verulam House, St. John's Wood. This residence, says one of his daughters, he described to her as comprehending

> a large garden, lawns, hothouses, and, in short, the whole paraphernalia of a gentleman's country house, with a fine conservatory adjoining the drawing-room, and containing a fountain surrounded with flowers. Besides plenty of space for the beloved books [Mrs. Dowie adds] and spare rooms for guests, there was no end of scope for the romping of grandchildren. On the lawn, adjoining a rustic summer-house, there were some fine trees, one of them a splendid spreading oak, beneath which my mother often took breakfast, at which she usually held a *levée* of cats. Her fondness for these animals was extraordinary, and she always maintains that they were a misunderstood and ill-used people. Her special favorites were two beautiful white cats, known as Mr. and Mrs. Archie, and one of their kittens was generally perched on her shoulder, when seated under the trees (pp. 306, 307).

Amidst this charming home life "The Book of Days" was begun in 1861, at which time also he was reading the proofs of his "History of the Indian Mutiny," with the assistance of a new friend, Lord Clyde. Two years later "The Book of Days" was finished; but, as he said himself, it was his "death-blow." It seems both sad and strange that a man who had attained greater wealth and popularity than his wildest boyish visions painted; who was surrounded by a loving and beloved family and a wide circle of eminent friends; who could rest or travel as he chose; and at whose command was every requisite for making life enjoyable, should have died of "overwork." Yet that he was a "victim to literary labor" his family believed; though, as he had reached within one year of the allotted threescore and ten, it cannot be held that overwork very materially shortened his career. This toiling unto the eleventh hour, when the need for toil has long ceased, is but too common among literary men, as instanced by Thackeray, Southey, and Dickens; less, of course, for the love of gain than for that of the actual work produced, and the unimpaired power of producing it. Whether this was so or not with Robert Chambers, it is certain that "The Book of Days" was the last continuous work of which he was capable. He died in his own house at St. Andrews — in his study, which had been fitted up as a bedroom during his illness. His last words were: "Quite comfortable — quite happy — nothing more."

Consistently with his unremitting industry, he left an unfinished book; and consistently with his deep though unobtrusive piety, the subject was "The Life and Preachings of Jesus Christ from the Evangelists, for the Use of Young People."

In an excellent summary of his brother's character, at the end of the memoir, Dr. William Chambers says: —

> In the common language of the world, Robert's life had been successful. From humble beginnings he had risen to the enjoyment

* Letters of Mary Russell Mitford. Edited by Henry C. Chorley. Second Series. (Bentley, 1872.) Vol. II., p. 199.

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of a fair share of earthly possessions. Let it, however, be understood that he never sought to acquire wealth for its own sake. He had a hatred of mere money-making. Life with him, as I may say with myself, was viewed as a trust for much more noble ends than that of miserly accumulation. At the outset we had to encounter some privations, but the struggle was by no means either discouraging or cheerless.

He then speaks at some length of the "unextinguishable impulse upwards," which supported them through so many struggles, and pays a grateful tribute to the

sustaining influence of a keen love of and veneration for books. We revelled [he adds] in imaginative as well as in more serious kinds of literature. . . . In looking back through a long vista of years to the "Dark Ages," I cannot but think that this species of enjoyment was not only actively but negatively advantageous. There was always for us something to think of besides ordinary cares, something to modify and subdue the temptation to mean indulgence. . . . Poor we were, but so far as the pleasures of reading were concerned, we might be said to be almost on a level with the affluent. . . . Actuated by correct and generous impulses, Robert's career afforded a lesson not only to the young but to the middle-aged. . . . There was a purity, a simplicity, a geniality about his whole career which we do not often see so amiably or so consistently demonstrated. In youth, in manhood, and in declining age, in all the social phases through which he passed, he was ever the same gentle and benign being — loved and esteemed by all who knew him (pp. 338, 339).

We have dwelt at perhaps disproportionate length on the earlier part of the brothers' gallant fight with fortune. But all who have to toil and struggle may turn for encouragement and example to this minutely-painted picture of self-denial, industry, and ingenuity. There is nothing in the story of the brothers Chambers which may not be imitated by young men beginning life with an equal amount of health, principle, and perseverance. No noble patron smoothed seemingly insurmountable obstacles out of their path by the touch of a jewelled finger; no Indian uncle helped them on by an unexpected legacy; no heiress fell in love with the heroic souls inhabiting those poorly-clad bodies, as virtue is usually rewarded — in novels. Their story is simply an excellent commentary on the brave old text: "God helps those who help themselves."

There is a fibre in the Scottish character which will bear a tremendous strain: the bracing of the keen native air, the Spartan simplicity of the national diet, may be among its material causes. Of its existence there can be no doubt. Every generation affords examples of Scots who, against innumerable and intolerable difficulties, have worked their way to stations honorable to themselves, helpful to those around them, and useful to the world; and in all this distinguished list few lives have been more admirable than those of the brothers Chambers.

Of Robert we have had to speak in the past tense; of William, though the elder brother, we may yet, happily, speak in the present, for he worthily continues the career of which, so far, a sketch has been given. To the young and friendless the simple, earnest memoir before us ought — to use William's words — to be both "instructive and inspiriting;" and we may add that in time to come — which we trust will be long in coming — it will prove to be the best monument to the memory of William and Robert alike: a fine lesson of probity and industry, and a beautiful record of brotherly affection.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

(continued.)

His next recollection of himself was in the first of the morning, on the lofty chain-bridge over the river Daur. Before him lay he knew not what, only escape from what was behind. His faith in men seemed ruined. The city, his home was frightful to him. Quarrels and curses and blows he had been used to, and amidst them life could be lived. If he did not consciously weave them into his theories, he unconsciously wrapped them up in his confidence, and was at peace. But the last night had revealed something unknown before. It was as if the darkness had been cloven, and through the cleft he saw into hell. A thing had been done that could not be undone, and he thought it must be what people called *murder*. And Sambo was such a good man! He was almost as good a man as Gibbie's father, and now he would not breathe any more! Was he gone where Gibbie's father was gone? Was it the good men that stopped breathing and grew cold? But it was those wicked men that had

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deaded Sambo! And with that his first vague perception of evil and wrong in the world began to dawn.

He lifted his head from gazing down on the dark river. A man was approaching the bridge. He came from the awful city! Perhaps he wanted him! He fled along the bridge like a low-flying water-bird. If another man had appeared at the other end, he would have got through between the rods, and thrown himself into the river. But there was no one to oppose his escape; and after following the road a little way up the river, he turned aside into a thicket of shrubs on the nearly precipitous bank, and sat down to recover the breath he had lost more from dismay than exertion.

The light grew. All at once he descried, far down the river, the steeples of the city. Alas! alas! there lay poor black Sambo, so dear to wee Sir Gibbie, motionless and covered with blood! He had two red mouths now, but was not able to speak a word with either! They would carry him to a churchyard and lay him in a hole, to lie there forever and ever! Would all the good people be laid into holes and leave Gibbie quite alone? Sitting and brooding thus, he fell into a dreamy state, in which, brokenly, from here and there, pictures of his former life grew out upon his memory. Suddenly, plainer than all the rest, came the last time he stood under Mistress Croale's window, waiting to help his father home. The same instant back to the ears of his mind came his father's two words, through the window as he had heard them — "*Up Daurside.*"

"Up Daurside!" — Here he was upon Daurside — a little way up too: he would go farther up. He rose and went on, while the great river kept flowing the other way, dark and terrible, down to the very door, inside which lay Sambo with the huge gape in his big throat.

Meantime the murder came to the knowledge of the police, Mistress Croale herself giving the information, and all in the house were arrested. In the course of their examination, it came out that wee Sir Gibbie had gone to bed with the murdered man, and was now nowhere to be found. Either they had murdered him too, or carried him off. The news spread, and the whole city was in commotion about his fate. It was credible enough that persons capable of committing such a crime on such an inoffensive person as the testimony showed poor Sambo, would be capable also of throwing the life of a child after that of the man to protect their own. The city was searched from end to end, from side to side, and from cellar to garret. Not a trace of him was to be found — but indeed Gibbie had always been easier to find than to trace, for he had no belongings of any sort to betray him. No one dreamed of his having fled straight to the country, and search was confined to the city.

The murderers were at length discovered, tried, and executed. They protested their innocence with regard to the child, and therein nothing appeared against them beyond the fact that he was missing. The result, so far as concerned Gibbie, was, that the talk of the city, where almost every one knew him, was turned, in his absence, upon his history; and from the confused mass of hearsay that reached him, Mr. Sclater set himself to discover and verify the facts. For this purpose he burrowed about in the neighborhoods Gibbie had chiefly frequented, and was so far successful as to satisfy himself that Gibbie, if he was alive, was Sir Gilbert Galbrath, Baronet; but his own lawyer was able to assure him with equal certainty, that not an inch of property remained anywhere attached to the title. There were indeed relations of the boy's mother, who were of some small consequence in a neighboring county, also one in business in Glasgow, or its neighborhood, reported wealthy; but these had entirely disowned her because of her marriage. All Mr. Sclater discovered besides was, in a lumber-room next the garret in which Sir George died, a box of papers — a glance at whose contents showed that they must at least prove a great deal of which he was already certain from other sources. A few of them had to do with the house in which they were found, still known as the Auld Hoose o' Galbraith; but most of them referred to property in land, and many were of ancient date. If the property were in the hands of descendants of the original stock, the papers would be of value in their eyes; and in any case it would be well to see to their safety. Mr. Sclater therefore had the chest removed to the garret of the manse, where it stood thereafter, little regarded, but able to answer for more than itself.

CHAPTER IX.

ADRIFT.

GIBBIE was now without a home. He had had a whole city for his dwelling, every street of which had been to him as

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another hall in his own house, every lane as a passage from one set of rooms to another, every court as a closet, every house as a safe, guarding the only possessions he had, the only possessions he knew how to value — his fellow-mortals, radiant with faces, and friendly with hands and tongues. Great as was his delight in freedom, a delight he revelled in from morning to night, and sometimes from night to morning, he had never had a notion of it that reached beyond the city, he never longed for larger space, for wider outlook. Space and outlook he had skyward — and seaward when he would, but even into these regions he had never yet desired to go. His world was the world of men; the presence of many was his greater room; his people themselves were his world. He had no idea of freedom in dissociation with human faces and voices and eyes. But now he had left all these, and as he ran from them a red pall seemed settling down behind him, wrapping up and hiding away his country, his home. For the first time in his life, the fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless stray of the streets felt himself alone. The sensation was an awful one. He had lost so many, and had not one left! That gash in Sambo's black throat had slain "a whole cityful." His loneliness grew upon him, until again he darted aside from the road into the bush, this time to hide from the Spectre of the Desert — the No Man. Deprived of human countenances, the face of creation was a mask without eyes, and liberty a mere negation. Not that Gibbie had ever thought about liberty: he had only enjoyed; not that he had ever thought about human faces: he had only loved them, and lived upon their smiles. — "Gibbie wadna need to gang to h'aven," said Mysie, the baker's daughter, to her mother, one night as they walked home from a merry-making. "What for that, lassie?" returned her mother. "'Cause he wad be meeserable whaur there was nae drunk fowk," answered Mysie. And now it seemed to the poor, shocked, heart-wounded creature, as if the human face were just the one thing he could no more look upon. One haunted him, the black one, with the white, staring eyes, the mouth in its throat, and the white grinning teeth.

It was a cold, fresh morning, cloudy and changeful, towards the end of April. It had rained, and would rain again; it might snow. Heavy undefined clouds, with saffron breaks and borders, hung about the east, but what was going to happen there — at least he did not think; he did not know east from west, and I doubt whether, although he had often seen the sun set, he had ever seen him rise. Yet even to him, city-creature as he was, it was plain *something* was going to happen there. And happen it did presently, and that with a splendor that for a moment blinded Gibbie. For just at the horizon there was a long horizontal slip of blue sky, and through that crack the topmost arc of the rising sun shot suddenly a thousand arrows of radiance into the brain of the boy. But the too-much light scorched there a blackness instantly; and to the soul of Gibbie it was the blackness of the room from which he had fled, and upon it out came the white eyeballs, and the brilliant teeth of his dead Sambo, and the red burst from his throat that answered the knife of the Malay. He shrieked, and struck with his hands against the sun from which came the terrible vision. Had he been a common child, his reason would have given way; but one result of the overflow of his love was, that he had never yet known fear for himself. His sweet confident face, innocent eyes, and caressing ways, had almost always drawn a response more or less in kind; and that certain some should not repel him, was a fuller response from them than gifts from others. Except now and then, rarely a street boy, a little bigger than himself, no one had ever hurt him, and the hurt upon these occasions had not gone very deep, for the child was brave and hardy. So now it was not fear, but the loss of old confidence, a sickness coming over the heart and brain of his love, that unnerved him. It was not the horrid cruelty to his friend, and his own grievous loss thereby, but the recoil of his loving endeavor that, jarring him out of every groove of thought, every socket of habit, every joint of action, cast him from the city, and made of him a wanderer indeed, not a wanderer in a strange country, but a wanderer in a strange world.

To no traveller could one land well be so different from another, as to Gibbie the country was from the town. He had seen bushes and trees before, but only over garden walls, or in one or two of the churchyards. He had looked from the quay across to the bare shore on the other side, with its sandy hills, and its tall lighthouse on the top of the great rocks that bordered the sea; but, so looking, he had beheld space as one looking from this world into the face of the moon, as a child looks upon vastness and possible dangers from his nurse's arms where it cannot

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come near him; for houses backed the quay all along; the city was behind him, and spread forth her protecting arms. He had, once or twice, run out along the pier, which shot far into the immensity of the sea, like a causeway to another world — a stormy thread of granite beaten upon both sides by the waves of the German Ocean; but it was with the sea and not the country he then made the small acquaintance — and that not without terror. The sea was as different from the city as the air into which he looked up at night — too different to compare against it and feel the contrast: on neither could he set foot: in neither could he be required to live and act — as now in this waste of enterable and pervious extent.

Its own horror drove the vision away, and Gibbie saw the world again — saw, but did not love it. The sun seemed but to have looked up to mock him and go down again, for he had crossed the crack, and was behind a thick mass of cloud; a cold damp wind, spotted with sparkles of rain, blew fitfully from the east; the low bushes among which he sat, sent forth a chill sighing all about him as they sifted the wind into sound; the smell of the damp earth was strange to him — he did not know the freshness, the new birth of which it breathed; below him the gloomy river, here deep, smooth, moody, sullen, there puckered with the gray ripples of a shallow laughter under the cold breeze, went flowing heedless to the city. There only was — or had been, friendliness, comfort, home! This was emptiness — the abode of things, not beings. Yet never once did Gibbie think of returning to the city. He rose and wandered up the wide road along the river bank, farther and farther from it — his only guide the words of his father, "*Up Daurside;*" his sole comfort the feeling of having once more to do with his father so long departed, some relation still with the paradise of his old world. Along cultivated fields and copses on the one side, and on the other a steep descent to the river, covered here and there with trees, but mostly with rough grass and bushes and stones, he followed the king's highway. There were buttercups and plenty of daisies within his sight — primroses, too, on the slope beneath; but he did not know flowers, and his was not now the mood for discovering what they were. The exercise revived him, and he began to be hungry. But how could there be anything to eat in the desert, inhospitable succession of trees and fields and hedges, through which the road wound endlessly along, like a dead street, having neither houses nor paving-stones? Hunger, however, was far less enfeebling to Gibbie than to one accustomed to regular meals, and he was in no anxiety about either when or what he should eat.

The morning advanced, and bye-and-by he began to meet a fellow-creature now and then upon the road; but at sight of every one a feeling rose in him such as he had never had towards human being before: they seemed somehow of a different kind from those in the town, and they did not look friendly as they passed. He did not know that he presented to them a very different countenance from that which his fellow-citizens had always seen him wear; for the mingled and conflicting emotions of his spirit had sent out upon it an expression which, accompanied by the misery of his garments, might well, to the superficial or inexperienced observer, convey the idea that he was a fugitive and guilty. He was so uncomfortable at length from the way the people he met scrutinized him that, when he saw any one coming, he would instantly turn aside and take the covert of thicket, or hedge or stone wall, until the bearer of eyes had passed. His accustomed trot, which he kept up for several hours, made him look the more suspicious; but his feet, hardened from very infancy as they were, soon found the difference between the smooth flags and the sharp stones of the road, and before noon he was walking at quite a sober, although still active pace. Doubtless it slackened the sooner that he knew no goal, no end to his wandering. *Up Daurside* was the one vague notion he had of his calling, his destiny, and with his short, quick step, his progress was considerable; he passed house after house, farm after farm; but, never in the way of asking for anything, though as little in the way of refusing, he went nearer none of them than the road led him. Besides, the houses were very unlike those in the city, and not at all attractive to him. He came at length to a field, sloping to the road, which was covered with leaves like some he had often seen in the market. They drew him; and as there was but a low and imperfect hedge between, he got over, and found it was a crop of small yellow turnips. He gathered as many as he could carry, and ate them as he went along. Happily no agricultural person encountered him for some distance, though Gibbie knew no special cause to congratulate himself upon that, having not the slightest conscience of offence in what he did.

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His notions of property were all associated with well-known visible or neighboring owners, and in the city he would never have dreamed of touching anything that was not given him, except it lay plainly a lost thing. But here, where everything was so different and he saw none of the signs of ownership to which he was accustomed, the idea of property did not come to him; here everything looked lost, or in the same category with the chips and parings and crusts that were thrown out in the city, and became common property. Besides, the love which had hitherto rendered coveteousness impossible, had here no object whose presence might have suggested a doubt, to supply in a measure the lack of knowledge: hunger, instead, was busy in his world. I trust there were few farmers along the road who would have found fault with him for taking one or two; but none, I suspect, would have liked to see him with all the turnips he could carry, eating them like a very rabbit: they were too near a city to look upon such a spectacle with indifference. Gibbie made no attempt to hide his spoil; whatever could have given birth to the sense that caution would be necessary, would have prevented him from taking it. While yet busy he came upon a little girl feeding a cow by the roadside. She saw how he ate the turnips, and offered him a bit of oatmeal bannock. He received it gladly, and with beaming eyes offered her a turnip. She refused it with some indignation. Gibbie, disappointed, but not ungrateful, resumed his tramp, eating his bannock. He came soon after to a little stream that ran into the great river. For a few moments he eyed it very doubtfully, thinking it must, like the kennels along the sides of the street, be far too dirty to drink of; but the way it sparkled and sang — most unscientific reasons — soon satisfied him, and he drank and was refreshed. He had still two turnips left, but, after the bannock, he did not seem to want them, and stowed them in the ends of the sleeves of his jacket, folded back into great cuffs.

All day the cold spring weather continued, with more of the past winter in it than of the coming summer. The sun would shine out for a few moments, with a gray, weary, old light, then retreat as if he had tried, but really could not. Once came a slight fall of snow, which, however, melted the moment it touched the earth. The wind kept blowing cheerlessly by fits, and the world seemed growing tired of the same thing over again so often. At length the air began to grow dusk: then, first, fears of the darkness, to Gibbie utterly unknown before, and only born of the preceding night, began to make him aware of their existence in the human world. They seemed to rise up from his lonely heart; they seemed to descend upon him out of the thickening air; they seemed to catch at his breath, and gather behind him as he went. But, happily, before it was quite dark, and while he yet could distinguish between objects, he came to the gate of a farmyard; it waked in him the hope of finding some place where he could sleep warmer than in the road, and he clambered over it. Nearest of the buildings to the gate, stood an open shed, and he could see the shafts of carts projecting from it: perhaps in one of those carts or under it, he might find a place that would serve him to sleep in: he did not yet know what facilities for repose the country affords. But just as he entered the shed, he spied at the farther corner of it, outside, a wooden structure, like a small house, and through the arched door of it saw the floor covered with nice-looking straw. He suspected it to be a dog's kennel; and presently the chain lying beside it, with a collar at the end, satisfied him it was. The dog was absent, and it looked altogether enticing! He crept in, got under as much of the straw as he could heap over him, and fell fast asleep.

In a few minutes, as it seemed to him, he was roused by the great voice of a dog in conversation with a boy: the boy seemed, by the sound of the chain, to be fastening the collar on the dog's neck, and presently left him. The dog, which had been on the rampage the whole afternoon, immediately turned to creep in and rest till supper time, presenting to Gibbie, who had drawn himself up at the back of the kennel, the intelligent countenance of a large Newfoundland. Now Gibbie had been honored with the acquaintance of many dogs, and the friendship of most of them, for a lover of humanity can hardly fail to be a lover of caninity. Even among dogs, however, there are ungracious individuals, and Gibbie had once or twice been bitten by quadrupedal worshippers of the respectable. Hence, with the sight of the owner of the dwelling, it dawned upon him that he must be startled to find a stranger in his house, and might, regarding him as an intruder rather than a guest, worry him before he had time to explain himself. He darted forward therefore to get out, but had scarcely reached the door, when the dog put in his nose, ready to follow with

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all he was and had. Gibbie, thereupon, began a loud barking, as much as to say — "Here I am: please do nothing without reflection." The dog started back in extreme astonishment, his ears erect, and a keen look of question on his sagacious visage: what strange animal, speaking like, and yet so unlike an orthodox dog, could have got into his very chamber? Gibbie, amused at the dog's fright, and assured by his looks that he was both a good-natured and reasonable animal, burst into a fit of merry laughter as loud as his previous barking, and a good deal more musical. The dog evidently liked it better, and took it as a challenge to play: after a series of sharp bursts of barking, his eyes flashing straight in at the door, and his ears lifted up like two plumes on the top of them, he darted into the kennel, and began poking his nose into his visitor. Gibbie fell to patting and kissing and hugging him as if he had been a human — as who can tell but he was? — glad of any companion that belonged to the region of the light; and they were friends at once. Mankind had disappointed him, but here was a dog! Gibbie was not the one to refuse mercies which yet he would not have been content to pray for. Both were tired, however, for both had been active that day, and a few minutes of mingled wrestling and endearment, to which, perhaps, the narrowness of their play-bounds gave a speedier conclusion, contented both, after which they lay side by side in peace, Gibbie with his head on the dog's back, and the dog every now and then turning his head over his shoulder to lick Gibbie's face.

Again he was waked by approaching steps, and the same moment the dog darted from under him, and with much rattle out of the kennel, in front of which he stood and whined expectant. It was not quite dark, for the clouds had drifted away, and the stars were shining, so that, when he put out his head, he was able to see the dim form of a woman setting down a something before the dog, — into which he instantly plunged his nose, and began gobbling. The sound stirred up all the latent hunger in Gibbie, and he leaped out, eager to have a share. A large wooden bowl was on the ground, and the half of its contents of porridge and milk was already gone; for the poor dog had not yet had experience enough to be perfect in hospitality, and had forgotten his guest's wants in his own: it was plain that, if Gibbie was to have any he must lose no time in considering the means. Had he had a long nose and mouth all in one like him, he would have plunged them in beside the dog's; but the flatness of his mouth causing the necessity, in the case of such an attempt, of bringing the whole of his face into contact with the food, there was not room in the dish for the two to feed together after the same fashion, so that he was driven to the sole other possible expedient, that of making a spoon of his hand. The dog neither growled nor pushed away the spoon, but instantly began to gobble twice as fast as before, and presently was licking the bottom of the dish. Gibbie's hand, therefore, made but few journeys to his mouth, but what it carried him was good food — better than any he had had that day. When all was gone he crept again into the kennel; the dog followed, and soon they were both fast asleep in each other's arms and legs.

Gibbie woke at sunrise and went out. His host came after him, and stood wagging his tail and looking wistfully up in his face. Gibbie understood him, and, as the sole return he could make for his hospitality, undid his collar. Instantly he rushed off, his back going like a serpent, cleared the gate at a bound, and scouring madly across a field, vanished from his sight; whereupon Gibbie too set out to continue his journey up Daurside.

This day was warmer; the spring had come a step nearer; the dog had been a comforter to him, and the horror had begun to assuage; he began to grow aware of the things about him, and to open his eyes to them. Once he saw a primrose in a little dell, and left the road to look at it. But as he went, he set his foot in the water of a chalybeate spring, which was trickling through the grass, and dyeing the ground red about it: filled with horror he fled, and for some time dared never go near a primrose. And still upon his right hand was the great river, flowing down towards the home he had left; now through low meadows, now through upshouldered fields of wheat and oats, now through rocky heights covered with the graceful silver-barked birch, the mountain ash, and the fir. Every time Gibbie, having lost sight of it by some turn of the road or some interposing eminence, caught its gleam afresh, his first feeling was that it was hurrying to the city, where the dead man lay, to tell where Gibbie was. Why he, who had from infancy done just as he pleased, should now have begun to dread interference with his liberty, he could not himself have told. Perhaps the fear was but the shadow of his new-born aversion to the place where he had seen those best-loved countenances

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change so suddenly and terribly — cease to smile, but not cease to stare.

That second day he fared better, too, than the first; for he came on a family of mongrel gypsies, who fed him well out of their kettle, and, taken with his looks, thought to keep him for begging purposes. But now that Gibbie's confidence in human nature had been so rudely shaken, he had already begun, with analysis unconscious, to read the human countenance, questioning it; and he thought he saw something that would hurt, in the eyes of two of the men and one of the women. Therefore, in the middle of the night, he slipped silently out of the tent of rags, in which he had lain down with the gipsy children, and ere the mothers woke, was a mile up the river.

But I must not attempt the detail of this part of his journey. It is enough that he got through it. He met with some adventures, and suffered a good deal from hunger and cold. Had he not been hardy as well as fearless he must have died. But, now from this quarter, now from that, he got all that was needful for one of God's birds. Once he found in a hedge the nest of an errant and secretive hen, and recognizing the eggs as food authorized by the shop windows and market of the city, soon qualified himself to have an opinion of their worth. Another time he came upon a girl milking a cow in a shed, and his astonishment at the marvels of the process was such, that he forgot even the hunger that was rendering him faint. He had often seen cows in the city, but had never suspected what they were capable of. When the girl caught sight of him, staring with open mouth, she was taken with such a fit of laughter, that the cow, which was ill-tempered, kicked out and overturned the pail. Now because of her troublesomeness this cow was not milked beside the rest, and the shed where she stood was used for farm-implements only. The floor of it was the earth, beaten hard, and worn into hollows. When the milk settled in one of these, Gibbie saw that it was lost to the girl, and found to him: undeterred by the astounding nature of the spring from which he had just seen it flow, he threw himself down and drank like a calf. Her laughter ended, the girl was troubled: she would be scolded for her clumsiness in allowing Hawkie to kick over the pail, but the eagerness of the boy after the milk troubled her more. She told him to wait, and running to the house, returned with two large pieces of oatcake, which she gave him.

Thus, one way and another, food came to Gibbie. Drink was to be had in almost any hollow. Sleep was scattered everywhere over the world. For warmth, only motion and a seasoned skin were necessary: the latter Gibbie had; the former, already a habit learned in the streets, had now become almost a passion.

CHAPTER X.

THE BARN.

By this time Gibbie had got well up towards the roots of the hills of Gormgarnet, and the river had dwindled greatly. He was no longer afraid of it, but would lie for hours listening to its murmurs over its pebbly bed, and sometimes even sleep in the hollows of its banks, or below the willows that overhung it. Every here and there, a brown rivulet from some peat-bog on a hill — brown and clear, like smoke-crystals molten together, flowed into it, and when he had lost it, guided him back to his guide. Farm after farm he passed, here one widely bordering a valley stream, there another stretching its skirts up the hillsides till they were lost in mere heather, where the sheep wandered about, cropping what stray grass-blades and other eatables they could find. Lower down he had passed through small towns and large villages: here farms and cottages, with an occasional country seat and little village of low thatched houses, made up the abodes of men. By this time he had become greatly reconciled to the loneliness of nature, and no more was afraid in her solitary presence.

At the same time his heart had begun to ache and long after the communion of his kind. For not once since he set out — and that seemed months where it was only weeks, had he had an opportunity of doing anything for anybody — except, indeed, unfastening the dog's collar; and not to be able to help was to Gibbie like being dead. Everybody, down to the dogs, had been doing for him, and what was to become of him! It was a state altogether of servitude into which he had fallen.

May had now set in, but up here among the hills she was May by courtesy only; or if she was May, she would never be Might. She was, indeed, only April, with her showers and sunshine, her tearful, childish laughter, and again the frown, and the despair irremediable. Nay, as if she still kept up a secret correspondence with her cousin March, banished for his rudeness, she would not very seldom shake from her

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skirts a snow storm, and oftener the dancing hail. Then out would come the sun behind her, and laugh, and say — "I could not help *that;* but here I am all the same, coming to you as fast as I can!" The green crops were growing darker, and the trees were all getting out their nets to catch carbon. The lambs were frolicking, and in sheltered places the flowers were turning the earth into a firmament. And now a mere daisy was enough to delight the heart of Gibbie. His joy in humanity so suddenly checked, and his thirst for it left unslaked, he had begun to see the human look in the face of the commonest flowers, to love the trusting stare of the daisy, that gold-hearted boy, and the gentle despondency of the girl harebell, dreaming of her mother, the azure. The wind, of which he had scarce thought as he met it roaming the streets like himself, was now a friend of his solitude, bringing him sweet odors, alive with the souls of bees, and cooling with bliss the heat of the long walk. Even when it blew cold along the waste moss, waving the heads of the cotton-grass, the only live thing visible, it was a lover, and kissed him on the forehead. Not that Gibbie knew what a kiss was, any more than he knew about the souls of bees. He did not remember ever having been kissed. In that granite city, the women were not much given to kissing children, even their own, but if they had been, who of them would have thought of kissing Gibbie! The baker's wife, kind as she always was to him, would have thought it defilement to press her lips to those of the beggar child. And how is any child to thrive without kisses! The first caresses Gibbie ever knew as such, were given him by Mother Nature herself. It was only, however, by degrees, though indeed rapid degrees, that he became capable of them. In the first part of his journey he was stunned, stupid, lost in change, distracted between a suddenly vanished past, and a future slow dawning in the present. He felt little beyond hunger, and that vague urging up Daurside, with occasional shoots of pleasure from kindness, mostly of woman and dog. He was less shy of the country people by this time, but he did not care to seek them. He thought them not nearly so friendly and good as the town-people, forgetting that these knew him and those did not. To Gibbie an introduction was the last thing necessary for any one who wore a face, and he could not understand why they looked at him so.

Whatever is capable of aspiring, must be troubled that it may wake and aspire — then troubled still, that it may hold fast, be itself, and aspire still.

One evening his path vanished between twilight and moonrise, and just as it became dark he found himself at a rough gate, through which he saw a field. There was a pretty tall hedge on each side of the gate, and he was now a sufficiently experienced traveller to conclude that he was not far from some human abode. He climbed the gate, and found himself in a field of clover. It was a splendid big bed, and even had the night not been warm, he would not have hesitated to sleep in it. He had never had a cold, and had as little fear for his health as for his life. He was hungry, it is true; but although food was doubtless more delicious to such hunger as his — that of the whole body, than it can be to the mere palate and culinary imagination of an epicure, it was not so necessary to him that he could not go to sleep without it. So down he lay in the clover, and was at once unconscious.

When he woke, the moon was high in the heavens, and had melted the veil of the darkness from a scene of still, well ordered comfort. A short distance from his couch, stood a little army of ricks, between twenty and thirty of them, constructed perfectly — smooth and upright and round and large, each with its conical top netted in with straw-rope, and finished off with what the herdboy called a *toupican* — a neatly tied and trim tuft of the straw with which it was thatched, answering to the stone-ball on the top of a gable. Like triangles their summits stood out against the pale blue, moon-diluted air. They were treasure-caves, hollowed out of space, and stored with the best of ammunition against the armies of hunger and want; but Gibbie, though he had seen many of them, did not know what they were. He had seen straw used for the bedding of cattle and horses, and supposed that the chief end of such ricks. Nor had he any clear idea that the cattle themselves were kept for any other object than to make them comfortable and happy. He had stood behind their houses in the dark, and heard them munching and grinding away even in the night. Probably the country was for the cattle, as the towns for the men; and that would explain why the country-people were so inferior. While he stood gazing, a wind arose behind the hills, and came blowing down some glen that opened northwards: Gibbie felt it cold, and sought the shelter of the ricks.

Great and solemn they looked as he drew nigh — near each other, yet enough

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apart for plenty of air to flow and eddy between. Over a low wall of unmortared stones, he entered their ranks: above him, as he looked up from their broad base, they ascended huge as pyramids, and peopled the waste air with giant forms. How warm it was in the round-winding paths amongst the fruitful piles — tombs these, no cenotaphs! He wandered about them, now in a dusky yellow gloom, and now in the cold blue moonlight, which they seemed to warm. At length he discovered that the huge things were flanked on one side by a long low house, in which there was a door, horizontally divided into two parts. Gibbie would fain have got in, to try whether the place was good for sleep; but he found both halves fast. In the lower half, however, he spied a hole, which, though not so large, reminded him of the entrance to the kennel of his dog-host; but alas! it had a door too, shut from the inside. There might be some way of opening it. He felt about, and soon discovered that it was a sliding valve, which he could push to either side. It was, in fact, the cat's door, specially constructed for her convenience of entrance and exit. For the cat is the guardian of the barn; the grain which tempts the rats and mice is no temptation to her; the rats and mice themselves are; upon them she executes justice, and remains herself an incorruptible, because untempted, therefore a respectable member of the farm-community — only the dairy door must be kept shut: that has no cat-wicket in it.

The hole was a small one, but tempting to the wee baronet: he might perhaps be able to squeeze himself through. He tried and succeeded, though with some little difficulty. The moon was there before him, shining through a pane or two of glass over the door, and by her light on the hard brown clay floor, Gibbie saw where he was, though if he had been told he was in the barn, he would neither have felt nor been at all the wiser. It was a very old-fashioned barn. About a third of it was floored with wood — dark with age — almost as brown as the clay — for threshing upon with flails. At that labor two men had been busy during the most of the preceding day, and that was how, in the same end of the barn, rose a great heap of oat-straw, showing in the light of the moon like a mound of pale gold. Had Gibbie had any education in the marvellous, he might now, in the midnight and moonlight, have well imagined himself in some treasure-house of the gnomes. What he saw in the other corner was still liker gold, and was indeed greater than gold, for it was life — the heap, namely, of corn threshed from the straw: Gibbie recognized this as what he had seen given to horses. But now the temptation to sleep, with such facilities presented, was overpowering, and took from him all desire to examine further: he shot into the middle of the loose heap of straw, and vanished from the glimpses of the moon, burrowing like a mole. In the heart of the golden warmth, he lay so dry and comfortable that, notwithstanding his hunger had waked with him, he was presently in a faster sleep than before. And indeed what more luxurious bed, or what bed conducive to softer slumber, was there in the world to find!

"The moving moon went *down* the sky," the cold wind softened and grew still; the stars swelled out larger; the rats came, and then came puss, and the rats went with a scuffle and squatter; the pagan gray came in like a sleep-walker, and made the barn dreary as a dull dream; then the horses began to fidget with their big feet, the cattle to low with their great trombone throats, and the cocks to crow as if to give warning for the last time against the devil, the world, and the flesh; the men in the adjoining chamber woke, yawned, stretched themselves mightily, and rose; the god-like sun rose after them, and, entering the barn with them, drove out the gray; and through it all the orphan lay warm in God's keeping and his nest of straw, like the butterfly of a huge chrysalis.

When at length Gibbie became once more aware of existence, it was through a stormy invasion of the still realm of sleep: the blows of two flails fell persistent and quick-following, first on the thick head of the sheaf of oats untied and cast down before them, then grew louder and more deafening as the oats flew and the chaff fluttered, and the straw flattened and broke and thinned and spread — until at last they thundered in great hard blows on the wooden floor. It was the first of these last blows that shook Gibbie awake. What they were or indicated he could not tell. He wormed himself softly round in the straw to look out and see.

Now whether it was that sleep was yet heavy upon him, and bewildered his eyes, or that his imagination had in dreams been busy with foregone horrors, I cannot tell; but, as he peered through the meshes of the crossing and blinding straws, what he seemed to see was the body of an old man with dishevelled hair, whom, prostrate on the ground, they were beating to death with great sticks. His tongue clave to the

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roof of his mouth, not a sound could he utter, not a finger could he move; he had no choice but to lie still, and witness the fierce enormity. But it is good that we are compelled to see some things, life amongst the rest, to what we call the end of them. By degrees Gibbie's sight cleared; the old man faded away; and what was left of him he could see to be only an armful of straw. The next sheaf they threw down, he perceived, under their blows, the corn flying out of it, and began to understand a little. When it was finished, the corn that had flown dancing from its home, like hail from its cloud, was swept aside to the common heap, and the straw tossed up on the mound that harbored Gibbie. It was well that the man with the pitchfork did not spy his eyes peering out from the midst of the straw: he might have taken him for some wild creature, and driven the prongs into him. As it was, Gibbie did not altogether like the look of him, and lay still as a stone. Then another sheaf was unbound and cast on the floor, and the blows of the flails began again. It went on thus for an hour and a half, and Gibbie, although he dropped asleep several times, was nearly stupid with the noise. The men at length, however, swept up the corn and tossed up the straw for the last time, and went out. Gibbie, judging by his own desires, thought they must have gone to eat, but did not follow them, having generally been ordered away the moment he was seen in a farmyard. He crept out, however, and began to look about him — first of all for something he could eat. The oats looked the most likely, and he took a mouthful for a trial. He ground at them severely, but hungry as he was, he failed to find oats good for food. Their hard husks, their dryness, their instability, all slipping past each other at every attempt to crush them with his teeth, together foiled him utterly. He must search farther. Looking round him afresh, he saw an open loft, and climbing on the heap in which he had slept, managed to reach it. It was at the height of the walls, and the couples of the roof rose immediately from it. At the farther end was a heap of hay, which he took for another kind of straw. Then he spied something he knew: a row of cheeses lay on a shelf suspended from the rafters, ripening. Gibbie knew them well from the shop windows — knew they were cheeses, and good to eat, though whence and how they came he did not know, his impression being that they grew in the fields like the turnips. He had still the notion uncorrected, that things in the country belonged to nobody in particular, and were mostly for the use of animals, with which, since he became a wanderer, he had almost come to class himself. He was very hungry. He pounced upon a cheese and lifted it between his two hands: it smelled good, but felt very hard. That was no matter: what else were teeth made strong and sharp for? He tried them on one of the round edges, and, nibbling actively, soon got through to the softer body of the cheese. But he had not got much farther when he heard the men returning, and desisted, afraid of being discovered by the noise he made. The readiest way to conceal himself was to lie down flat on the loft, and he did so just where he could see the threshing-floor over the edge of it by lifting his head. This, however, he scarcely ventured to do; and all he could see as he lay was the tip of the swing-bar of one of the flails, ever as it reached the highest point of its ascent. But to watch for it very soon ceased to be interesting; and although he had eaten so little of the cheese, it had yet been enough to make him dreadfully thirsty, therefore he greatly desired to get away. But he dared not go down: with their sticks those men might knock him over in a moment! So he lay there thinking of the poor little hedgehog he had seen on the road as he came; how he stood watching it, and wishing he had a suit made all of great pins, which he could set up when he pleased; and how the driver of a cart, catching sight of him at the foot of the hedge, gave him a blow with his whip, and, poor fellow! notwithstanding his clothes of pins, that one blow of a whip was too much for him! There seemed nothing in the world but killing!

At length he could, unoccupied with something else, bear his thirst no longer, and, squirming round on the floor, crept softly towards the other end of the loft, to see what was to be seen there.

He found that the heap of hay was not in the loft at all. It filled a small chamber in the stable, in fact; and when Gibbie clambered upon it, what should he see below him on the other side, but a beautiful white horse, eating some of the same sort of stuff he was now lying upon! Beyond he could see the backs of more horses, but they were very different — big and clumsy, and not white. They were all eating, and this was their food on which he lay! He wished he too could eat it — and tried, but found it even less satisfactory than the oats, for it nearly choked

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him, and set him coughing so that he was in considerable danger of betraying his presence to the men in the barn. How did the horses manage to get such dry stuff down their throats? But the cheese was dry too, and he could eat that! No doubt the cheese, as well as the fine straw, was there for the horses! He would like to see the beautiful white creature down there eat a bit of it; but with all his big teeth he did not think he could manage a whole cheese, and how to get a piece broken off for him, with those men there, he could not devise. It would want a long-handled hammer like those with which he had seen men breaking stones on the road.

A door opened beyond, and a man came in and led two of the horses out, leaving the door open. Gibbie clambered down from the top of the hay into the stall beside the white horse, and ran out. He was almost in the fields, had not even a fence to cross. He cast a glance around, and went straight for a neighboring hollow, where, taught by experience, he hoped to find water.

From The Nineteenth Century.

FAITH AND VERIFICATION.

"An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign."

In my former essays on the religious question of the day, what I have tried to make evident has been this: I have tried to make evident that to all moral life, religion — a belief in God — is essential; and that to all human culture, to all that gives our existence either zest or dignity, a belief in the moral life is essential. I am now going to approach the subject from a somewhat different point, and I conceive myself to be addressing a somewhat different audience. My arguments hitherto have been addressed to those who deny not only that religion is true, but also that it is useful; to men who look on it as a piece of antique lumber — a machine that may have done some good work in its time, but which at its best was inadequate and clumsy, and which now is broken; which the world must put away, and let its place be taken by a more efficient substitute. That religion might be broken I did not attempt to deny. I contended merely that, if it were, its loss was incalculable, and that no substitute could be found for it. *Now* I am addressing those with whom no such contention is necessary. Neither of these conclusions need be forced upon such, for they admit both already; and they admit this further, which I did not admit — not only that if religion went it would leave them desolate, but that it actually has gone, and that it actually has so left them.

This class is fully as important as the other; and though it is more silent, it is probably far larger; it is certainly making more converts; at some times it embraces the very men who at other times are most opposed to it; it is a desolate, dismal class, one of the ghastliest of the time's phenomena; and it seems every day to be increasing. To the best of my knowledge I am not speaking at random. Let a man have watchful eyes, and a wish to observe beneath the surface; let him mix in any society beyond that of a single set, and he will see the signs all round him of a state of things like this. It is said that in tropical forests one can almost hear the vegetation growing. One may almost say that with us one can hear faith decaying.

Within a certain limited circle there is nothing new in this. The causes of this decay have been maturing for three hundred years, and their effects prophesied for fifty; indeed, not prophesied only, but in some degree accomplished. But what is only now beginning is their general action. Hitherto they have influenced few except the professed *thinkers*. Now their work is beginning on the mass of lay humanity, whose various powers of thinking may be great or small, but whose special occupation is not thought. We must all of us know this; we can all of us see it. What I have said has been only a general statement, but particular examples of the truth of it must come thick to all of us. Let us compare our friends of to-day with our friends of five years since, and note from how many of them the hold of religion, which was then hardly loosening, is now altogether loosened. The influences of unbelief are breathing everywhere, like a wind in a lighted garden. It makes but little noise, and we might hardly know that it was a wind at all, if the lamps were not all flickering, and so many of them expiring fitfully.

Now what I say is, that this loss of faith, complete as it may be, is a thing bitterly regretted by many, who are most ready to own to it. They may often sneer at faith, and say it will never come back to them; and this bitterness against it may often seem a sign of their being glad to be rid of it. But it is as the bitterness of a woman against her lover, which has not been the cause of her deserting him, but which has

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been occasioned by his deserting her. To men in a condition like this, a strange blankness has come over human life. They may hear others vociferating that it is solemn; they feel quietly that it is only sad. It is not serious, it is only not amusing. The state of mind and its prevalence is very apt to be overlooked, because it is not a state of mind that, in common intercourse, readily finds utterance. Indeed not this only, but in common intercourse it tends for the time to disappear. People cannot be always exclaiming in drawing-rooms that they have lost their Lord; and the fact may be temporarily forgotten because they have lost their portmanteau. All serious reflections are like reflections in water. A pebble will disturb them for a moment, and make a dull pond sparkle. But the sparkle dies, and the reflection comes again. And there are many about us, though they never confess their pain, and perhaps themselves hardly like to dwell on it, whose hearts are aching for the God that they no longer can believe in. Their lonely hours, between the intervals of gaiety, are passed with barren and sombre thoughts; and a cry rises to their lips, but never passes them.

Amongst such a class the most unlikely people may at times be found, or at least they may be found with leanings that would soon bring them to belong to it. Thus Professor Clifford, one of the most jubilant of our atheistic essayists, has admitted that theism, under certain forms, might ennoble and comfort man; and such faith as that of Charles Kingsley's has awakened his deepest reverence. An example more important still is that of Professor Huxley. Whilst denying with the most unbending and gravest severity any right to man to any positive faith, he yet admits that were such a faith permissible it would be a welcome and a grateful thing. "The lover of moral beauty," he says, "struggling through a world of sorrow and sin, is surely as much the stronger for believing that sooner or later a vision of perfect peace and goodness will burst upon him, as the toiler up a mountain for the belief that beyond crag and snow lie home and rest." And he adds that, could a faith like what he here indicates be but placed upon a firm basis, mankind would cling to it as "tenaciously as ever drowning sailor did to a hencoop." But all these feelings are of no avail. The wish to believe is there; but the belief is as far off as ever. There is a power in the air around us by which faith seems paralyzed. Our intellect, we think, has acquired a new vigor, and a clearer vision; but the result of its growth is, with many, to have made it an incubus; and it lies upon all their deepest hopes and wishes

> like a weight,
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

It is to men and women in this state that I now conceive myself to be speaking; and I wish to do them a service that they very rarely do for themselves. The whole intellect, the whole ordered thought of the world, is fatal, they feel keenly, to their dearest hopes and wishes. But the reasons why it is fatal they only understand vaguely. They do not sort them and appraise them, and look them fairly in the face. To do this is an easy task, and yet beyond measure a useful one. It is the task, indeed, humble and important, that I have now before me. From the very nature of the case I shall say nothing that is novel. I shall merely be uncoiling a few threads that we trip on every day in a state of tangle.

The objections to religion are of two distinct kinds — scientific and moral. An instance of the first is the following (used in this exact form by Professor Clifford), that, all consciousness being connected with a brain, there can be no God unless the universe is one single brain in itself. An instance of the second is, that, human misery being so plain and so vast a fact, the world cannot possibly have any all-powerful governor, who is willing and able to do his best for it.

I propose to deal with these two sets of objections in two separate papers; and I shall try, as far as possible, to confine myself to one single point — not to showing men that they must believe, but that, granting certain points which I presuppose granted, by every rule of reason, they may.

The scientific objections to religion are so many in number, and many of them of so complex a nature, that it would seem they could hardly, in any legitimate way, appeal to so large a class as are undoubtedly affected by them. And to a certain extent their power operates indirectly. The achievements of positive science have given to its greater masters a strange and unexampled pre-eminence. Their obscure researches into the natural order have led them to a very clear rejection of a belief in the supernatural; and the rest of the world has felt itself moved by their conclusions, independently of its assimilation of their premisses. But this is far from being the whole account of the case. The unscientific world, for all practical purposes,

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knows far more of science than one might at first expect it would. In the common sense of mankind there is a sort of œcumenical infallibility that at once detects the real bearing of facts. The facts are as food to their minds. They may not be able to find or to prepare the food; they may even be unable to distinguish the taste of it; but, how or why they know not, they can and they do digest it. And from all the facts that science has laid before them, they have concentrated and assimilated this great essential fact — that, of design, of government, of creation, the universe can afford no proof. Some say indeed, it can afford a disproof; but this, with the mass of men, has little weight. They perceive instinctively that this is to go too far. The result, however, is not in the least affected. Failure to find proof is indirectly equal to success in finding disproof. Granting, says Professor Huxley, that a religious creed would be beneficial,

> my next step is to ask for a *proof* of the dogma. If this proof is forthcoming, it is my conviction that no drowning sailor ever clutched a hencoop more tenaciously than mankind will hold by such a dogma, whatever it may be. *But if not*, then I verily believe that the human race will go its own evil way; and my only consolation lies in the reflection that, however bad our posterity may become, so long as they hold by the plain rule of not pretending to believe what they see no reason to believe, because it may be to their advantage so to pretend, they will not have reached the lowest depths of immorality.

And such is the language of the majority of those I am now addressing. Ask any one oppressed and embittered by the want of faith, the reason why he does not again embrace it, and the reason will still be this — that there is no proof that it is true. In the *Fortnightly Review* for this last September, Mr. Leslie Stephen has said the same thing with a new vehemence; and the beliefs of men, according as we can prove or not prove them, he has classified passionately into realities and empty dreams. A few sentences of his will be worth quoting, as, though he himself does apparently not long for any religious comfort, his arguments are precisely the ones that oppress those who do. "Now," he exclaims to the generation round him, "at last, your creed is decaying. People have discovered that you know nothing about it; that heaven and hell belong to dreamland; that the impertinent young curate who tells me that I shall be burnt everlastingly for not sharing his superstition, is just as ignorant as I myself, and that I know as much as my dog." Again, he says, "The ignorant and the childish are hopelessly unable to draw the line between dreamland and reality; but the imagery which takes its rise in the imagination, as distinguished from the perceptions, bears indelible traces of its origin in comparative unsubstantiality and vagueness of outline." And Mr. Stephen's simile, within certain limits, is one of perfect accuracy. It is this that the world is coming now to see; it is this distinction that it is learning so fast to make. What men do feel now is that they are in some sense awakening: they are learning to test the difference between facts and dreams. And the test, the infallible test, is the possibility of proofs.

The meaning of the word proof by itself may perhaps be somewhat hazy, but the meaning that positive science attaches to it is plain enough. A fact only is proved when the evidence that it rests upon can leave us no room for doubt; when it cannot be denied without absurdity; when it becomes a necessity of the reason that we give our full assent to it. This is the positive doctrine of which we hear most now. Mr. Stephen, as we have seen, conceives it to be changing the whole face of things.

The matter thus, however, is only half stated. Taken by itself this doctrine could have no effect whatever; indeed it would amount to nothing but a verbal proposition. The real power of it lies in the suppressed premiss, that nothing is true that is not susceptible of proof; or, at any rate, that no one has any right to proclaim it as true. This is the fulcrum of the modern intellectual lever; and to fix this firmly in the human mind has been the great aim of science, so far as its aim has had any beyond a commercial and manufacturing value. But the work has proved far more arduous than one might have thought it would have been. To set this fulcrum on a sure foundation is the hardest task of all intellectual engineering. The foundation once secure, the rest is comparatively easy. But the human mind is a sand-bank, and positive science has had to drive endless piles into it, before its engines could have any thing firm to stand on; and nothing really firm has been come to even yet. The foundation, as it now stands, will bear a certain strain, but a certain only. Load it but a little too heavily, and it sinks and is swallowed up in an instant. In other words, the hardest of all beliefs to fix in men's minds is this cardinal axiom of the world's present philosophy, that nothing is

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surely true but what cannot rationally be doubted; or, to put the matter in Mr. Stephen's language, that dreams of some sort are not more real than realities.

Mr. Stephen can be shown, out of the very paper I allude to, to be an example of this fact himself; and if without offence I may compare him to a fabulous being that children once used to believe in, his position is exactly that of Satan trying to cast out Satan. And such is not his position only, but the position of every positive thinker who has treated human life as though there were morally a right and a wrong in it, and as though morally it were worth being influenced at all. My aim in this paper is a simple and a single one. It is to show that, judged by the daily life of any earnest person, by the very intellectual air he breathes and desires to continue to breathe, the great scientific axiom is an utterly false one; that so far from being true, it is in diametrical opposition to truth; and that if we will only test by reason our own beliefs, each one of us who can in any sense be said to be moral, or to be acting upon any fixed principles whatsoever, will find that so far from proof being the test of all that we hold true, it is only the meanest, the most subordinate truths that are capable of being proved at all; and that there is no belief that gives life any human value that cannot be doubted or contradicted without absurdity, and that has not been doubted and contradicted continually throughout all the world's history.

By way of prelude to what I am going to say, let me ask any positive thinker, such as Professor Huxley, this question. He supposes, at least for argument's sake, that a belief in God might be desirable. But, granted this, he goes on, his next step is to ask for some proof of the truth of it. Now I ask Professor Huxley, or any one else in Professor Huxley's position, what sort of proof it is that he would require to find? What image has he in his mind when he speaks like this? Would his proof be a piece of litmus paper, taking various unexplained colors, in answer to his prayers? or would it be any thing at all of that nature? Such a miracle in the world of matter can hardly be what he looks for, because he starts with assuming that such a miracle is an impossibility. And human evidence is so very fallible, and the human senses are so very subject to hallucinations, that unless a man has strong *a priori* reasons for a belief in miracles, it is hardly fair to expect him to believe in one, not only when others report the truth of it, but even when his own senses may seem to do so likewise. I defy any one in Professor Huxley's position to name any thinkable proof of the truth of any supernatural fact, using the word *proof* with the meaning he professes to give to it. He would not be persuaded, nor indeed logically could he be, even should one rise to him from the dead.

Let us now consider the matter step by step. The world once thought that there were two orders of things, the one material, and the other immaterial, of which the most familiar examples were the human soul and body. The highest generalizations of modern science are denials of this dualism; and all its countless details are significant mainly as supporting them. Things are due, it tells us, not to a formless matter and a forming mind; but to a formless matter that, of necessity, has taken form itself. And everything, under a certain aspect, would seem to point this way. Professor Tyndall has said, with perfect justice, that were not man and his destinies involved, we should all long ago have accepted the doctrine of evolution, and the full sufficiency of materialism. So, doubtless, we should have done. Our chief difficulty would in that case be removed; and we should do many things if they were not difficult. Professor Tyndall has hit the right nail on the head. Let us, to begin at the beginning, take the material world by itself, and put conscious life altogether out of the question. The doctrine of evolution, as applied to this, could be accepted by our minds immediately, without the least intellectual difficulty. It would only be a question of evidence; and the evidence that is by this time in our possession would be quite enough to convince us. Long, however, before we come to human destinies, there is one fact which startles us. That fact is consciousness. At a certain stage of its development matter becomes, as it were, two-sided. How to account for this phenomenon science frankly says is hopeless. We do not even possess the rudiment of an organ by which it is conceivable that we could do so. So says Professor Tyndall; and so has said every man of science who has had the least tincture of philosophy, I might almost say the least tincture of education.

This eternal and insuperable gap in our knowledge has been a stumbling-block to some physicists, but to many more a refuge. Here, in "this interspace of world and world," or, rather, of side and side, they think they have found room for man's

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spiritual nature to expand in — a free and open sky that the ideal may still blossom under. If any one taxes them with making the universe a dull machine, and of explaining everything at the expense of denying everything that is worth explaining, they retort that they too have their mystery as well as their opponents, and a mystery the depth of which they alone can duly appreciate. Profess to explain everything! exclaims Professor Tyndall. Far from it, we profess to explain nothing: "the molecular groupings and motions" of the materialist "in reality *explain* nothing." See — we not only admit the existence of a mystery, but we do all we can to parade it.

In reality, however, the whole of this kind of talk is useless. The mystery in question is essentially a barren one. It can afford no nourishment to anything that is spiritual or ideal in us. It is not an open window in life, through which an air can blow to us out of an unfathomable distance. It is simply a walled chamber in life, which we can walk all round, but which we can never break into. Or a more apt illustration of the matter will, perhaps, be this. Physical processes and the facts of consciousness may be compared to a sheet of blotting-paper, either side of which we can look at singly, but which, by the very nature of our sight, we can never look at both at the same time. The crowning doctrine of the scientific pyramid, we must recollect, is this: every mental fact has a functional relation to some molecular fact; in other words, mind is inseparable from matter; it is, indeed, the same phenomenon, only regarded from different quarters. But for this, the old dualism, now supposed to be obsolete, would be entirely undisturbed. Indeed, if this doctrine were denied, such a dualism would be the only alternative. To return again, then, to the simile of the sheet of blotting-paper, let us imagine one side of it mechanically spluttered over by a little wheel turning round in an ink-pot. That will represent consciousness, when approached from its physical side. Let us imagine that to the other side of the paper some of the splutterings have soaked through, and taken the form of words or letters. That will represent consciousness, when approached from its mental side.

If such be the connection between the two, one important fact will at once become evident. Matter existed and fermented long before the evolution of mind. One side of the blotting-paper had been spluttered for countless ages, before any ink soaked through, or took the form of writing, on the other. Mental facts are, therefore, essentially dependent on molecular facts; molecular facts are not dependent on mental. They may seem to be so; but this is only a delusion. They are as much the outcome of molecular groupings and movements as the figures in a kaleidoscope are of the groupings and movements of the colored bits of glass. They are things entirely by the way; and they can as little be considered links in any chain of causes as can one figure in a kaleidoscope be called the cause of the figure that succeeds it.

This conclusion is so distasteful to most men that but few of them can be brought to face it. Their intellects start aside from it, shying like startled horses, and go galloping aimlessly away along any track leading in an opposite direction. And yet, as Professor Tyndall says of another doctrine, "were not man's origin implicated, we should accept it without a murmur. . . . The conclusion of pure intellect points this way and no other. But this purity is troubled by our interests. . . . Reason is traversed by the emotions."

A very luminous illustration of this has been given in the *Nineteenth Century*. It will be remembered that some time since there was a discussion in its pages on "The Soul and Future Life," suggested by some writings of Mr. Frederic Harrison. To that discussion Professor Huxley contributed a paper; and to that paper Mr. Harrison made a special reply, in which he charged Professor Huxley with holding a low form of materialism, and claimed for himself a doctrine that was essentially opposed to it. Professor Huxley spoke of how "the religious feelings might be brought within the range of physiological inquiry;" and of how the production of "The Priest in Absolution" might be due to "a diseased viscus" in the author of it. In these sentences Mr. Harrison found an epitome of modern materialism, and he set himself with all his vigor to show that they were false and mischievous. "We both agree," says Mr. Harrison, "that every mental and moral fact is in functional relation with some molecular fact. So far we are entirely on the same side as against all forms of theological and metaphysical doctrine, which conceive the possibility of human feeling without a human body. But then, says Professor Huxley, if I can trace the molecular facts, which are the antecedents of the mental and moral facts, I have *explained* the mental and moral facts. That I deny." And he

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adds, that to ask "how the religious feelings may be brought within the range of physiological inquiry," is about as sane as to ask, "what barometrical readings are responsible for the English constitution." Some connection, he admits, there is between the two — the constitution and the climate; indeed, it is one of his primary dogmas that "all human things depend on . . . the general laws of the solar system." But Professor Huxley's method, none the less, is a false, futile, and degrading one; and its fault lies in this, not that "it confuses moral with physical phenomena," but that "it exaggerates the physical side of moral phenomena."

Now, if we try to get at the bottom of Mr. Harrison's state of mind, we shall see that he is laboring unconsciously with two meanings; one of which is something true, but trivial, and the other of supreme importance, but inconsistent with his own premisses. It is only to the trivial meaning that he has any logical right; and we will examine that first.

It will be found to amount to nothing more than this — that Professor Huxley talks, as conceivable, of a state of knowledge which is practically not attainable; and that in so talking he is talking rather idly. According to Mr. Harrison's own premisses, every mental fact has its exact molecular counterpart, and is able conceivably to be expressed in terms of molecules. But the molecular facts are so minute, so many, and so intricate, and their connection with other molecular facts is at once so infinite and so infinitesimal, that we must despair of ever describing them completely enough to be of any use to us. Let our vision become as keen as it is ever likely to be, the physical side of consciousness will be still a perplexity to it. It will be as the wrong side of a piece of tapestry — nothing but a dim confusion of canvas, threads, and colors. It is the other side alone which it will bring us any profit to look at. If Mr. Harrison, however, will consider his own position, he will see that, in the case of consciousness, to approach it in this way is nothing better than a *pis-aller*. In the tapestry, the under side is the by-result of the upper. In consciousness the upper side is the by-result of the under. If all human things depend on the laws of the solar system, it will at once be seen that this must be so. Consciousness has been the result of those laws; those laws have not been the result of consciousness.

We may compare a fact of consciousness to a cannon made at billiards; and Professor Huxley would seek to explain the cannon by the laws of motion and the particular stroke of the cue. This, were it practicable, would surely be the right way of proceeding; but Mr. Harrison calls it absurd and wrong. That there is some fault in it is true enough; but Mr. Harrison calls it by the wrong name. The fault is simply that it is a difficult method, not that it is an absurd one.

The simile of the billiard balls will be of much further use to us. Let us suppose six billiard balls to represent a human brain, and the various figures that these balls could assume to represent the various changes attendant on the man's various feelings. Let us take such a man as Mr. Harrison would most admire — a humanitarian enthusiast; and let us imagine him in a crisis of his life when some selfish desire, such as that of a good dinner, was contending with an unselfish desire, such as that of giving a lecture on positivism. At first he is about to yield to the low desire for his dinner. There is a struggle in him. Suddenly his face flushes with the light of a high resolve. The unselfish desires have conquered, and he goes fasting and heroic to the delivery of his lecture.

Such is the aspect of the event as viewed from Mr. Harrison's stand-point. But what is its aspect when viewed from the other side? The six billiard balls have simply changed their places. When they corresponded to the selfish impulse, they formed, let us say, an oval; when they correspond to the unselfish impulse, they formed themselves, let us say, into a circle. What is the cause of this change? Clearly a certain impetus imparted to the balls. The question is, what imparted it? Now, according to Mr. Harrison's hypothesis, the balls were cannoning and dashing about the board long before they so arranged themselves as to correspond to any fact of consciousness; when they were so dashing they dashed in obedience to certain fixed laws — such laws, to put the matter again into Mr. Harrison's language, as "the general laws of the solar system;" and the entire sum and substance of his intellectual position is nothing more than this — that the balls combine so as to equal consciousness, by exactly the same laws they combined by when they did not equal it. It is plain then that as soon as the first stroke was given to them, their entire future history was virtually decided; and that every combination they could ever form into could be foreseen, with sufficient knowl-

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edge, at the moment of the stroke. Were our knowledge extended in degree simply, and not in kind, the question derived by Mr. Harrison would be a perfectly proper one — by what barometrical readings can we explain the British constitution? Mr. Harrison says much about the word *explaining;* but his language makes me doubt a little in what sense he uses it. I use it in this: I say that one fact *explains* another when, with a *full* knowledge of the former, we can infallibly predict the latter; and using the word in this sense, it is perfectly true to say, not only that would a *full* knowledge of our climate lead to a full knowledge of our constitution, but that a full knowledge of any single square inch of the universe would lead to a full knowledge of every other inch of it. If there be but one set of laws at work everywhere, nothing that is could be otherwise than as it is. If human things depend on the general laws of the solar system, had Saturn one moon less, the course of English history would have, in some degree, been different; and the extinction of a crater in the moon would contain the history in it of the death of Christ on the cross. Mr. Harrison complains that Professor Huxley *exaggerates* the physical side of moral phenomena. But how, on his principles, is it possible to exaggerate the physical side? Take the entire universe — take even the solar system, on whose general laws all our moral phenomena are dependent, and what are all our moral phenomena when compared to that? Is not the organism dwarfed by its vast environment, from the depth of which all its powers are drawn, to the depth of which all its powers will return, and of which it is itself but a part — a fragment? All then that logically Mr. Harrison can mean by his fierce reproof to Professor Huxley is, that when he speaks of a state of knowledge as conceivable, he forgets to observe at the same time that it is practically unattainable; although by the admissions of both of them it is the state to which we are getting nearer and nearer, although we never actually reach it.

But though this is all that Mr. Harrison can mean logically, it is but a very small part of what he does mean actually. His eloquence and his indignation have some really serious content, not only different from this, but diametrically opposed to it. What he is really urging on Professor Huxley is the utter inadequacy of his own premisses; and he is virtually fighting his duel in the oriental fashion, by putting an intellectual end to himself. He comes forward, he says, as a denier and a denouncer of all such theological and metaphysical figments as the existence of a soul apart from a body, or the possibility of any thought or emotion but what is the reverse side of some molecular fact. But what his eloquence really means, is the exact opposite of this. It is a passionate proclamation of the dualism that he conceives himself to be denouncing. "Man is one," he says, "however complex." What he means is that man is complex, however one. Unless he means this, he agrees with Professor Huxley. There is no alternative.

Let us return to our simile of the billiard balls, and we shall see the case more plainly. We have imagined six balls in motion to have grouped themselves for a moment into an oval, and the oval then to have changed shape to a circle. And that change of shape we took to be the physical counterpart of some great moral crisis. Now the balls, we must remember, were in motion, before they corresponded to anything moral at all: a player, we will say, gave them a chance hit with a cue. Professor Huxley says that the change of the oval to the circle can be explained by a knowledge of that hit, combined with a knowledge of the laws of motion. "That," says Mr. Harrison, "is the thing that I deny." But if he denies it, what does he affirm in its stead? When the oval changes to the circle, what new force have we to take account of? Either the balls go on moving by exactly the same laws they have always moved by, and are in the grasp of the same invincible necessity, or else some new and disturbing force has begun to act upon them. Mr. Harrison speaks of consciousness as if it were such a force — a new factor with which we have to reckon. But if consciousness is inseparable from matter, how can it be? Do our billiard balls, when so grouped as to represent consciousness, generate some new motive power, distinct from and often stronger than the original impetus? Clearly no scientific thinker can admit this. To do so would undermine the entire fabric of science. All its highest generalizations would be wrong; and we should again think that it was possible to construct a perpetual motion.

This then, it is plain, cannot be Mr. Harrison's meaning. But if not this, what can it be? There is only one alternative, and that is that unconsciously he postulates a second player — a second cue tampering with the billiard balls, or even more than this — a second hand taking them up,

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and arranging them arbitrarily in certain figures. Mr. Harrison is on the horns of a dilemma. The mind or spirit is either arranged entirely by the molecules it is connected with, or the molecules it is connected with are arranged, at least partially, by the mind or spirit. Mr. Harrison rejects the former theory: he must accept the latter. The mind in that case is a disturbing element. Since nature is uniform, then this disturbing element must be something supernatural; and we are brought back again to the old religious dualism. The mind or spirit is a something self-existent; known to us only through its action upon matter, but essentially not tied to matter, any more than the hand that interferes with the billiard balls is tied to the billiard balls. Once condemn materialism as Mr. Harrison condemns it, and in this condemnation is to be found the affirmation of *will*. Once affirm will, and you affirm a dualism — you affirm a self-existent, supernatural order — that is, an order of things of which *ex hypothesi* no natural *proof* can be given, because *ex hypothesi* it lies quite beyond the region of nature. The mere facts of the case we can explain on either hypothesis. Which we adopt must depend entirely on the value we attach to the facts. We may consider them as a series of mere phenomena, which hitherto we have misinterpreted. There is nothing to compel us to fall down and worship them. But once let us do this, once let us speak of moral responsibility, and exalt things spiritual above and beyond things physical, and we are constrained by reason to affirm a supernatural force — a self-existent will. We are renegades to the faith that proof is the test of truth. The foundation-stone of our creed becomes a dogma that cannot be verified.

I have dwelt thus long on a dispute between two particular writers, because they are both men of very singular ability, and their dispute contains the pith of the great dispute of the age. And now let us look round at that age, and see something of what its moral condition is. In many places, it is true, materialism is beginning to do its logical work; but that, in England at least, is amongst those who are taught the gospel, rather than amongst those who teach it. Our leaders of scientific thought are men full of lofty instincts and sure principles. Professor Huxley perpetually is speaking of moral beauty, of sin, and the highest good; and whenever his materialism might teach him any practical lessons, he is to the full as false to it as Mr. Harrison himself. Mr. Leslie Stephen is another case in point. I have noticed his late distinction between *dreams* and *realities*. But in the very paper in which he puts this distinction forward, his one inspiring principle has been what on his own showing is a dream. Not only is his whole paper colored by such ethical epithets as *low*, and *lofty*, and even *sacred*, but he implies at the end that the love of truth for truth's sake is the one principle that is really worthy of man. His closing paragraph is an accumulation of grim taunts against the dreamers, and the bitterest of all these is this. "The sentiment," he says, "which he (the dreamer) most thoroughly hates and misunderstands is the love of truth for its own sake. He cannot conceive why any man should attack a lie, simply because it is a lie." Mr. Stephen is wrong. That is exactly what the dreamer can do, and no one else but he; and Mr. Stephen is himself a dreamer, when he writes and feels like this. Why, let me ask him, should the truth be loved? The truths of nature, so far as man is concerned with them, Mr. Stephen says, are "harsh" truths. Why then should "harsh" things be lovable? The dreamer may with sufficient accuracy be said to love truth for its own sake, because he dreams that somehow or other truth and good will be some day found identical. But take his dreams from him, and his love for truth will be gone. Very certainly in that case he will not understand it, and in saying that he will not Mr. Stephen is really saying what redounds most to his praise. Again, *low* and *lofty* — these words too are part of the language of dreamland. Mr. Stephen has no right to them. If he has, he must be able to draw a hard and fast line between them; for if his definitions be "vague in outline" and "insubstantial," they belong, according to his express definition, to the land of dreams. Finally, as to all these moral concepts, and more especially as to the love of truth for its own sake, we need only say to Mr. Stephen in his own language, that if their *reality* "be really enforced by logic, there is no more to be said; only in that case it is desirable that an exhibition of the logical ground should be less frequently superseded by a simple appeal to emotion. It is assuredly a misfortune that morality should be based on a conception that is avowedly little more than a vague 'perhaps.'" Mr. Stephen's arrow goes here very near the mark. Whether he considers it a misfortune or not, it is precisely on a "perhaps" that morality is based, if anything is a "perhaps" that we

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have any choice in believing. It implies, and it is based upon, a belief in the independence of will. The belief that will is free is as essential to our moral conceptions as the belief that nature is uniform is essential to our scientific conceptions. Morality would be meaningless without the former, as science would be impossible without the latter.

I have taken the foregoing instances from the language of our modern teachers as a reminder, rather than a proof, of the present state of things — of how false to their own great axiom the exponents of positive thought are; and how, so far from believing nothing that cannot be proved to be true, they can only explain their propagation of the dogma by a conviction that has been formed in defiance of it.

This question of free will, however, lies only on the threshold of the matter. Morality assumes two axioms: firstly, that man is responsible for the path he walks in; secondly, that such or such a path is the only right one. The first, as we have seen, implies that the will is free. We will now go on to consider what is implied in the second; and this will show us yet more clearly how supernatural, how unverifiable, are the foundations that the whole moral world rests on. Professor Huxley has denied this in a very memorable sentence, which throws so singular a light on the present state of the question, that I cannot do better than quote it here.

"The assertion," he says, "that morality is in any way dependent on certain philosophical problems, produces the same effect on my mind as if one should say that a man's vision depends on his theory of sight; or that he had no business to be sure that ginger is hot in the mouth unless he has formed definite views as to the nature of ginger, and secondly as to whether he has or has not a sensitive soul."

Professor Huxley is a very remarkable man. On those subjects, by his mastery of which he has grown so famous, he is admired and listened to by all who can form an opinion about them; and those even who can judge little of his scientific work themselves, are yet conscious, as they read his writings, of the vigor of his intellect, and above all of the robust honesty of his character. But when he quits the physical world for the moral, a strange change comes over him, and all that his strength can do is to recoil upon himself. He is pledged to a theory of monistic materialism, and he endeavors to unite this with a dualistic spiritualism. The task, however, is beyond his power. If any one could accomplish it, it might perhaps be he; but the things he would unite are things that can never be united; and the result of his labor is that he sets them side by side, and merely exhibits a contrast when he thinks he has effected a union. But the vigor of his intellect does not desert him. Even here he is above all his fellows. He masses together contradictory and incompatible statements as no one else does. His inconsistencies are more trenchant, and come on us with the force of a sledge-hammer. He concentrates fallacy and confusion into a single sentence, with a vigor to which I can find no parallel. Of this the sentence I have just quoted is an example, and as such will be much use to us here.

The illustration in it illustrates much, but it illustrates the very fact it was designed to invalidate. The fact that ginger is hot in the mouth is compared to the fact that a certain action is pleasing or is unpleasing to a man's whole being. And so far as it goes the comparison is perfectly just. Certain actions undoubtedly affect men in certain ways, quite independently of all theory about them. Sexual abstinence or indulgence is an instance of this. About this, however, there is no question: it is necessarily taken for granted. The question is not whether ginger be hot in the mouth or no, but whether or no we ought to eat it; and thus the very matter which Professor Huxley says is indifferent is the very matter that is really all-important. We must have definite views as to the nature of ginger before we know whether to eat or abstain from it.

That such or such a food is hot in the mouth is just the order of fact on which positive science can be positive. It is an excellent illustration of how far such science will go, how far into the ethical world its verifications will escort us. It will show us that certain outer things affect us in a certain way; and that some of these affections are pleasurable, and some not so. But a study of such tastes as these will no more supply us with any guide to action, show us the way to any spiritual elevation, or help us in any way to be "lovers of moral beauty," than the inspection of a block of marble will enable us to carve an Apollo from it. Men's natural tastes, and the verifiable certitudes with regard to them, such as that ginger is hot in the mouth, are nothing more than the raw material of morality. The spiritual, the moral life consists in shaping and chastening this, in cutting away with care and labor a large part of it, till the shape

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accords with a certain ideal pattern — till the statue is hewn out of the block. I have pointed out, in a former paper, the confusion, common to most modern theories, between the verifiable laws by which alone freedom of choice can be secured to us, and the essentially unverifiable laws by which this choice is to be directed. Sociology, so far as any art can be based upon the science of it, will guide us merely towards the ideal of J. S. Mill — that of securing as much freedom to each of us as is compatible with a like freedom for all. Sociology must, then, be subsidiary either to individual license or else to some supernatural system. We may compare human life to a yew-tree. Science will show us how it has grown from the ground, and how all its twigs must have fitting room to expand in. It will not show us how to clip the yew-tree into a peacock. All moral truths must rest ultimately on the proved facts of sociology. This is what our scientific moralists are forever proclaiming to us, and no one in his senses would dispute this. Morality, as we must all admit, does rest upon sociology, but it rests on it as a statue does on its pedestal; and the same pedestal will support an Athene or a Priapus.

Which shall the statue be? That is the moral question, and every moralist has for it an unhesitating answer. He is absolute, he is positive on the point. He will not admit that there can be any doubt about it. Of the many ideals possible, one and one only is the best. He can give no reason why it is so; he can only reiterate that it is a fact. Men can agree or disagree with him as they please, and are for this reason the subjects of his praise or blame.

Thus, in the moral world, not only is free-will demanded implicitly, but the exaltation of some ideal — the submission of ourselves to some one "dream," is demanded explicitly. Professor Tyndall sees this plainly enough, and winds up a defence of monistic materialism by a vigorous statement of it. "What is really wanted," he says, "is the lifting power of an ideal element in human life." And all enthusiasms for humanity and the like, all devotions to truth for its own sake, are attempts at supplying us with such an ideal element. What then? Men form such ideals, it will be said, and cannot these be accepted as ultimate facts? Most emphatically they cannot. Did men all agree in forming the same ideal, and when formed did they not continually incline to be false to it, the case might then be different. But as a fact the ideals are very diverse; and when logic and when science have done all they can for us, they leave us face to face with a choice as to which they have no advice to offer us. Let the choice once be made, they will come back to us in an instant, and will again do our bidding; but while we are making the choice, they must leave us solitary; no power of theirs can sustain us in our vigil.

It will thus be seen that when once we enter the moral world we entirely leave the physical, or our concern with it, at any rate, becomes quite subordinate and secondary. We move amongst laws and forces that have no necessary connection with physical facts, and are essentially independent of the laws of the solar system. Their impress on physical facts, their interference with physical laws, may doubtless be the only things through which we can perceive their action; but they are as distinct from the things by which we alone perceive them as a hand unseen in the dark that should arrest or divert the course of a phosphorescent billiard ball. I say that this is so, if they exist at all.

Mr. Stephen says that these all belong to dreamland; and he is quite welcome, if he please, to keep his names. His terminology at least has this merit, that it recognizes the dualism of matter and of spirit. Let him keep his names if he will; and the question in his language amounts to this, whether it may not be only for the sake of the dreams that visit it, that the world of reality has any value for us, and if the dreams may not continue when the reality has passed away.

I will now pass to another point; and Mr. Stephen's language will again be of help to me here. Men's moral notions, taken simply by themselves, may very truly be called dreamlike; distinguished, that is, as Mr. Stephen says, by "their comparative vagueness, and insubstantiality of outline." There is a certain general agreement about them, but the details are ill defined, and are apt to undergo cloud-like changes of shape. Or we may compare such morality to a dim diffused light, not strong enough to see to read by, and falling upon objects mysterious with fog and mist. Religion is the sun from which all this light proceeds; and a man's assent to it corresponds with the emergence of the sun from a cloud-bank. The fogs and mists evaporate, and what was vague becomes clearness. No simile, however, is perfect for very far, and this of the sunlight fails to illustrate the relationship of natural to revealed religion. The question

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here, however, is a little beside the mark, except for one reason; as, if it were not for that, the passage from the one to the other would, so far as science is concerned, be easy, if not inevitable. Practically what a revelation does is to give natural religion an organized working form. It is a burning-glass, by which the sun's heat is concentrated, and which sets things on fire that were only warm before. Once, then, let us grant a God, and there are strong *a priori* grounds for expecting and for desiring that he would reveal himself. There is, however, but one revelation — the Christian — that has much chance of securing the world's assent to it; and this is so encumbered with miracles, that its alleged history and credentials seem not only things that we cannot prove to be true, but things as well that we can prove not to be possible. A miracle is an actual suspension of the laws of nature. A variety of molecular or molar motions take place, in defiance of their usual laws. The most marked instance of this, in the Biblical records, is the standing still of the sun and moon at the bidding of Joshua; whilst we may take, as an instance from the New Testament, the sudden cessation of a storm at the words of Christ. Such is the nature of all miracles proper; and though these may do more violence than some to the imagination, the impossibility of all is equal. Let us once grant that a tear could be held from falling, when of physical necessity it would fall, and we must grant that the course of the planets might at any moment be tampered with. Let us grant that a single atom could be deflected from its course for a moment, and we must grant that winds in a moment might be hushed, and turbulent waters stilled. The uniformity claimed for nature is an absolute uniformity, and an infinitesimal violation of this is an infinite violation of it.

And now let us return to a fact we were just now considering. If human free will be a force in life at all, it must, if nature be uniform, be a supernatural force, acting on matter, but essentially independent of it. Every logical reasoner who admits the power of such will must admit not only the possibility of miracles, but also the actual fact of their daily occurrence. Every exertion of the human will is, strictly speaking, a miracle; only it takes place within the closed walls of the brain. The molecules of the brain are arranged and ordered by a supernatural agency. Their natural automatic movements are suspended, or directed and interfered with. It is true that, in common usage, the word *miracle* has a more restricted use, but so far as it relates to nature the sense is essentially the same. What are commonly called miracles are acts, not of man's free will, but of God's; which is conceived of as disturbing in the same way the automatic movements of matter without the skull, as a man's free will disturbs those of the brain within it. Once then let us grant free will to man, and the impossibility of miracles vanishes — even the improbability.

The imagination, it is true, may turn restive, and swerve from a conclusion such as this; but such is the one conclusion that rigid reason points to, and sooner or later the imagination will have to yield to it. Did our modern thinkers only keep strictly on all points to that strict logic, in whose name they cast out miracles, they would be surprised to find how ingrained in the thoughts of men are conceptions that involve their possibility, and that ignore the strongest arguments that can be urged against them. Science has thrown on this question an infinite and unexpected light. If facts are what I mean to affirm they are, when I say that I threw a stone because I chose to throw it, or stopped a rolling stone because I chose to stop it, I have introduced, by such an action on matter, a disorder into the material universe of exactly the same kind, though not of the same molar magnitude, as Joshua did when he stayed the moon at Ajalon. That story of course may not be true. Because we believe in some miracles, there is no reason to believe in all, any more than, because Sheridan was no doubt a wit, we believe to be really his all the foolish witticisms set down to him. But, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, on *a priori* grounds, and examined by calm reason, there is no more impossibility involved in the story of Joshua's moon than in saying that a little boy in the street trundled his hoop because he *willed* to do so, or forbore to trundle it. The possibility of both is equal. Science can find room for the possibility of neither. And thus, as I have said before, let the evidence for miracles be never so overwhelming at first sight, no scientific thinker can be fairly asked to yield to it; and the many possible deceptions of the senses and the imagination leave him ample room to escape from it. Once, however, let a belief in them become intellectually admissible, and the evidence for a number of them becomes abundant and conclusive. Many *probable* events, which we consider certainties, rest on far slighter evidence than

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do many miracles which we at once reject as fictions.

And now I will sum up briefly what I have thus far tried to elucidate. Life, as endowed with any spiritual significance, consists of two elements as different from each other as a sponge is from the water that soaks it. Modern thought, with a singular slovenliness, assumes these two elements to be one; and I have been trying to show their difference, and localize the point of junction. We begin with matter, its automatic motions, and the astounding complexity of combinations that have been evolved by them. This line of study brings us at last to men, the most astounding of all automata, capable, in themselves, of moving along a vast variety of paths, but sent each by preceding circumstances along one path in particular. It is at this point that we enter the realm of faith. Faith finds man an automaton, and injects into him a new force. The path along which each man will move becomes no longer fore-decided for him. He may come to the choice with a certain automatic bias, but there is that within him that can overcome this. His choice is in his own hands. You may choose which path you will; that is the first thing faith says to him. Such or such a path is the only right one; that is the second thing. Why is it right? he asks; and morality takes the form of religion, and faith answers thirdly, Because it leads to God, because it leads to the heart's desire.

In former papers I have tried to make it clear how logically inseparable morality is from theism; how theism is the one form to which reason must ultimately reduce the "ideal element," the "lifting power" of which, Professor Tyndall says, is so essential to us. But it has not been necessary to dwell upon that here; since I presume, as I have said, for the present, a desire for religion in my readers, and a recognition of the value of it, only practically thwarted by the absence of any grounds for believing in it. What I have tried to point out to such is this: that the grounds they have been taught to look for are grounds that cannot exist; and that to say that we cannot believe religion because there are no such proofs of it, would be to say we cannot believe that a bird has flown over a desert because it has left no footprints in the sand. I have tried to bring this more home to them by examples found close at hand; to show them that not only in their own moral life do they entirely deny verification as a test of truth, but that the same thing is done by our leaders of positive thought also; and that in the case of all the most important beliefs, this test is abandoned by the very men who have persuaded others to use it.

Arguments are like seed, or like the soul as Paul conceived it, which he compared to seed. They are not quickened unless they die. As long as they remain in the form of arguments, they are ineffective. They begin their action only after they have sunk down into the memory; when the hostility and the distrust they were regarded with die away; when, silently and unperceived, they melt into the mental system, and, becoming part of oneself, effect a turning round of the soul. This, at least, is true in such vital matters as those I am now dealing with. One cannot bully people into the love of God, nor even into a belief in him; and I should not expect my arguments to convert a single sceptic. But I do not for that reason think them useless. If they be sound, as I most firmly think they are, they will some day do their work in the world; but they will need to be stated and re-stated by many thinkers, and in many ways, before their work is appreciable; and every statement helps. And even then what are they? They do but show us the question, not answer it; and show us also that it is still open. I write in the interests of those who desire the gift of faith — a gift of fire as it was to them, which I think falsehood has done much to extinguish. But I cannot re-light the fire; I can only begin sweeping the chimney.

Sweeping the chimney is to my mind a not inapt metaphor; and it applies equally to the work of science. Men of science, so long as they keep to their own limits, are chimney-sweepers in the house of life. They have been at their work now for many generations, and they have cleared away much of the soot of ages; but, unfortunately, they have made more than they have cleared away. The brush of reason must next be applied to this; and the passage will then be clearer than it ever before has been. Or I may express my meaning thus. The reign of science, I may compare to a thunder-storm, which, though it darkens the air while it lasts, will have left it clearer when it has passed away.

In other words, the teaching of science has needed to be made perfect before its limits, and its full meaning, could be truly realized. "Unless I have seen with mine eyes I will not believe," expresses a cer

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tain mental tendency that has always had existence. But till science and its positive methods began to dawn on the world, this tendency was vague and wavering. Positive science supplied it with solid nutriment; its body grew denser, and its shape more definite; till at last it has spread its affirmations, and its denials also, throughout the whole universe. So far as spirit goes, and spiritual aspirations, it has left the universe empty, swept, and garnished. If spirit is to enter in and dwell there, we must seek elsewhere for it.

If faith then is to have any future history, this, I conceive, is what science will be found to have done for it. It will have taught us to set it on its right foundation. It will have taught us, for instance, that to seek to prove God's existence by traces of design in nature is to begin altogether at the wrong end of the matter. Once let us believe in God, and such traces of design may then perhaps be revealed to us; but the belief must come first, and these traces afterwards. In that case they will remind us of our faith, rather than convince us of it; as a glass of flowers in his library may remind a man that his wife cares for him, though their presence of itself would never make him think he was married.

But perhaps the reign of faith is over. Perhaps we are really about to live by positive science only. So far as reason goes, we shall get no help in the matter; for the issue is not one between faith and reason, but between a belief in two orders of things and a belief in only one. The work of reason will be the same in either case. In either case she will be like a custom-house officer. She will make us declare our taxable goods; and if she finds any in our box we have not declared, she will pitilessly take them away from us. In either case she will be like a judge who will judge us by the laws of which country we choose. Till that choice is made we are her masters; when it is made we are her servants. She will take our beliefs, and she will sift them and resift them, and leave us nothing but what we have an absolute right to. Give her the laws of science, and let her judge our beliefs by them, and slowly but surely she will sift our dreams from our realities. Mr. Stephen will soon shriek to her that she is mistaken, that those are not dreams she is discarding, but solid realities, that he cannot possibly get on without. But reason will not hear him. Her fan is in her hand, and she will thoroughly purge her floor.

What the world's final choice will be may perhaps remain undecided till some practical illustration shall be given of what life looks like, when thus winnowed clean of its dreams. Would-be believers may perhaps be shocked to find that the truths of the spirit have their chief foundation in the world of the spirit; and that logically they are as free to deny them as they are to accept them — that the question, in fact, is positively a matter of choice. But a little reflection will show them that this must be so, and that faith, were it not so, would be robbed of half its value. Could the fact of God's existence, for instance, or the moral value of purity, be expressed by scientific proof — that is, could it be so proved that we had no choice but to believe it — our belief would lose that chastening and transforming power that, by those who feel it, it is supposed to have. An act of faith has the same effect on the character that an act of generous trust has. It is the only act by which the mind can be humbled in the presence of the sum of things, without being abased also; by which man can acknowledge the certain fact of his insignificance, without denying himself altogether any strength and dignity. According to the scientific view of nature, unless we adopt the creed of indifferentism, which is its only logical outcome, man in the face of nature must either strut or grovel. In the first case he is ludicrous; in the latter, by his own admission, contemptible.

What then, again I ask, is the future chance of religion? So long as the moral enthusiasm of men has not spent itself — so long "as vain thoughts," as Dante says, "have not been a petrifying fountain to the soul" — there is the same "stuff" left in the world as religious "*dreams* are made of;" and when the prestige of positive thought has been reduced to its true dimensions, we may once more return to such dreams as the only true reality. At present it may be hard to do so. A sort of intellectual hysteria may numb our faculties. But this may pass away, and their former strength return to them. The laws of God may once more seem surer to us than the laws of gravitation. Faith may once more dictate to the world, and put its foot upon the neck of nations. It may: we do not know that it ever will. This, however, we do know, that the elements that would make such an event psssible still smoulder in the world. And there are many who, though now they can ejaculate no prayer, and rehearse no creed, would exclaim in a moment, could they think such a coming possible, "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

W. H. MALLOCK.

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WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THOUGHT.

THE appearance of the new Mrs. Despard in the Abbey made a very great impression. The brilliancy of her blue silk and the bushiness of her orange blossoms were calculated to strike awe into all beholders. There was scarcely a lady within the precincts who did not feel herself personally insulted by the appearance of the milliner girl flaunting in her bridal finery and taking her place by right among them. As for the wives of the chevaliers, their indignation was too great for words. Mingled curiosity and enmity had brought them out in larger numbers than usual, to see the creature, if she was so lost to every feeling of shame as to show herself; and it is scarcely necessary to say that Polly was in that particular entirely lost to every feeling of shame. She came in with her captain, clinging to his arm, and whispering to him, even in the sacred quiet of the Abbey, and as the pair were late, and almost the entire congregation assembled, nothing was wanting to the full enjoyment of her triumph. Polly felt when she raised her head, after that momentary homage to the sacred place which even in her state of excitement she felt bound to make, that one object of her life was attained, that everybody was staring at her, and that in her blue silk she was more the centre of regard than the dean himself under his canopy, or the minor canon just about to begin the service, who perceptibly paused in consequence of the little rustle and commotion which accompanied her entrance. The feelings of the ladies among whom this intruder pushed her way may be imagined. It was all that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy could do, she said afterwards, to refrain from throwing her hymn-book at the head of the jaunty captain, as he handed his bride into her place, before taking his own among his brother chevaliers. The ladies in the Abbey were divided from their partners, being placed in a lower row, and to see the captain pass on to his stall with a swing of elation in his step after handing his bride to her seat, was enough to make any veteran blaspheme. Why should a man be so proud of himself because he has got a new wife? The imbecile glow of vanity and self-congratulation which in such circumstances comes over the countenance, nay, the entire person, even of the wisest, conveys exasperation to every looker-on. The sentiment of indignation, however, against Captain Despard was mingled with pity; but scarcely even contempt sufficed to soften the feeling with which Polly in her blue silk was universally regarded. Polly was an intruder, an aggressor. The very way in which she tossed her head upwards with its bristling crown of artificial flowers was an offence. The women might have their little differences now and then, and it was an undoubted fact that Mrs. Dalrymple, for instance, who was very well connected, had never been able to endure Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who had no connections at all; but now they all clung together as with one impulse. They crowded upon each other in the seat, so as to leave a clear space between them and Polly, who, unabashed, took full advantage of it, and spread out her flounces, her blue silken skirts around her, with a rustle of defiance. Mrs. Temple was the one who was left next to Mrs. Despard. This lady, who took no notice at first, soon roused up, and putting on her spectacles, looked very seriously at the intruder. Polly faced round upon her, with dauntless readiness, but Mrs. Temple looked so seriously at her, that even Polly felt somewhat discomfited. She saw this new observer's eyes upon her all the time. "Who was that old woman who stared at me so?" she asked, scarcely taking the trouble to whisper, as her husband led her round the nave while the voluntary was being played. "That! that's the wife of an old idiot who gives himself no end of airs," said the captain. "I thought as much," said Polly, tossing her head, "but she'll find I can stare just as well as she can. Two can play at that game." She spoke so loudly that some of the people near said "Hush-sh!" The signor was just then playing a very delicate cadenza in the minor key.

Mrs. Temple took her old husband's arm without a word, and went straight home. He had not himself been at the service, but met her at the door; where he too saw the bride in her blue silk. The old captain did nothing but shake his head. He could not trust himself to speak. "What are things coming to?" he said at last, as they got within their own door. "When that young fellow was made a chevalier, I said nothing could come of it but mischief to the community." Captain Despard, being only fifty, was a young fellow to this veteran. "Never mind the community," said Mrs. Temple, which was a bold thing to say. It was getting late in

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the October afternoon, and within the little sitting-rooms of the lodges it seemed dark, coming in even from the grey afternoon skies outside. Mrs. Temple rang for the lamp before she went up-stairs to take off her bonnet. She was very full of thought, and sighed as she went. Her own girl, for whom she would so gladly have died, was gone, though she had both father and mother to care for her — and here was another poor girl who lived but had no one to care for her. Strange are the decrees of Providence. Mrs. Temple sighed as she came down-stairs again to where her old captain sat gazing at the lamp with a sorrowful face. "Yes, my dear," he said as she came in, "you were right to say never mind the community. After all, I suppose there is no community in the world that has not its black sheep. Nobody will be so foolish as to confound us with such a fellow; but when I think of that poor girl ——"

"That is what I have been thinking of," said Mrs. Temple, "but perhaps," she added, still unwilling to betray her interest in Lottie, that interest which was half opposition, "perhaps she may not feel it so much as we suppose."

"Feel it! I have not liked to say very much about her, my dear. She reminds me so of our own — and I know you could not bear to talk of that," said the good captain, innocent of the fact that he had talked of little else for months past. "But if you only knew her better! There is something in the walk — in the turn of her head — that so reminds me. But I never liked to say much about it. You must not think she does not feel it. I met her and was talking with her just before I came for you. But for leaving you alone I should have taken her for a walk; it would have done her good. I believe she rushed off to the slopes after all."

"I do not think she would get much good on the slopes," said Mrs. Temple, thinking of the little wind of gossip about Mr. Rollo Ridsdale which had begun to breathe about the lodges.

"She would get fresh air — and quiet. She likes that; she is a very thoughtful girl, my dear — very serious, just like our own poor —— You must forgive me if I am always seeing resemblances. Lottie is very fond of the twilight. I have gone with her so often I know her tastes. Many a time I have done the same with —— When I feel her little arm in mine, I could almost think sometimes that other days had come back."

The shadow of Mrs. Temple's cap quivered on the wall. The thought of the little arm in his, the other days, which this simple touch brought back, was not sweet but terrible to her. A film floated before her eyes, and something choking and intolerable rose in her throat. "I do not suppose," she said hastily, "that a girl brought up like that can mind as one thinks."

The captain shook his head. "I wish you knew her better," he said, with that soft answer which quenches animadversions. The servant maid came in with the tray at this moment, and Mrs. Temple began to pour out the tea. She was a little tired, having had many things to do that day, and it occurred to her suddenly that to lean back in her easy-chair as the captain was doing, and to have her cup of tea brought to her, would be sweet. To have some one to wait upon her tenderly and read her wishes in her eyes, and divine her thoughts before they came to her lips, that would be sweet. But could any one do that except a child, could anything but love do it, and that sacred influence which is in the blood, the same blood running in the different veins of parent and child? These thoughts went through her mind without anybody being the wiser. She gave her husband his tea, and sat down in her turn to rest a little. There was nothing said in the still little room. The two together, did not they know all each other's thoughts and wishes and recollections? They were old, and what could happen to them except the going out to the Abbey, the coming in to tea? But if there had been three instead of two, and one young, with all a dawning world before her feet, everything would have borne a very different aspect. Ah! Mrs. Temple moved quickly, as she had the habit of doing when that recollection, always present to her mind, struck suddenly like a new blow. And here was a creature, helpless, forlorn, without a mother to fly to. The mother who had no child stood doubtful between earth and heaven, asking, speechless, what she was to do. Pass by on the other side as if there was no mother in her, or pardon God for taking her child, and hold out her hand to his? She did not know what to do. Things were not easy for her as for her husband. It was cruel of this girl even to live, to pass by a poor woman's windows who had lost her child. Yet what was the woman to do when this creature who was living, who was an offence to her, was in trouble? Let her sink and never hold out a hand? But what then would the other girl in heaven think of her mother? Mrs. Tem-

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ple was torn by this conflict of which she gave no sign, while perhaps the old captain in his kind and tender heart, yearning over the young creature who was so helpless and desolate, was unjust to his wife and thought her less than kind.

And it was not only in Captain Temple's house that Polly's appearance was the cause of excitement. The signor put his hand upon the arm of his young assistant as they went out together by the north door. "Did you see them?" he said, with meaning. Young Purcell was pale with excitement. He had done nothing but watch Polly promenading through the nave on her husband's arm, and the very fact of Lottie's superiority to himself made him feel with more horror the impossibility of any harmony between her and Polly, whom he considered so much inferior to himself. He had watched her from the organ-loft, while the signor played the voluntary, with feelings indescribable, and so did his mother who was also in the Abbey, and who gaped at the fine young woman with a mixture of consternation and admiration, by no means sure of her inferiority, yet feeling that a crisis had arrived, and that whatever Miss Despard might have said before, she could not but be glad now of any offer of an 'ome. Mrs. Purcell did not stay for the voluntary, but went home quickly to see after "her dinner," very full of thoughts, and tremulous with expectation. The young lady was proud, she would not have anything to say to John before — but now, no doubt she would send for him and all would be settled. The housekeeper knew that a young stepmother was a strong argument against the peace of a girl who had been used to have everything her own way, and she felt with a tremor of her heart, half pride, half pain, that now at last she would have to resign her boy, and see him pass from beyond her ken into those regions of gentility with which the signor's housekeeper had nothing to do. Very likely John, or John's wife who was "such a lady," would want her to leave her comfortable situation. Mrs. Purcell did not like the idea of it, but still, if it would help to make her boy happy — perhaps even it would remove a stumbling block out of John's way if she were to take it into her own hands, and give up her situation. The thought made her heart heavy, for she liked her place, and the signor, and her comfortable room, and the power of laying by a little money. But John was the person to be considered. What could a young lady object to in his position? he was all that a gentleman could wish to be; but a mother who was in service might no doubt be an objection. Mrs. Purcell made up her mind hurriedly, that if it proved needful she would not wait to be asked, but would herself take the initiative and make the sacrifice; but she did so with a heavy heart. To give up not only her boy, who when he was married would not, she knew, be much more to his mother, but her occupation likewise, and her chief comforts, and her master who was, in a way, like another son to her, a foster son, much greater and richer than she, but still dependent on her for his comfort — it was hard, but still she could do it for her John's sake. Meanwhile her John, feeling the signor's hand heavy with meaning on his arm, answered with tremulous excitement, "Yes — I saw it. It is terrible, terrible! a desecration. To think she should have to put up with that even for a day."

"I wonder what will be the issue," said the signor meditatively. "Her heart is not in her work now. If she becomes an artist it will be against her will — art is not what she is thinking of. I wonder what will come of it. Will she feel the hollowness of this world and throw herself into her profession, or will she ——"

"Master," said the young musician fervently, "sooner or later she will turn to me. It is not possible that a man could love a young lady as I do, and have an 'ome to offer her, as I have ——"

Purcell was educated — he did not forget his h's in general; but how many people are there who, beguiled by that familiar phrase, forget all precautions and plunge recklessly into the pitfall of an 'ome!

"You think so?" said the signor. He did not himself put any confidence in this result, and was even surprised, after his recent experiences, that the young man should be sanguine; but still, after all, who ought to have such true intuitions as the hero himself? and there is no telling what perseverance mingled with enthusiasm may do. The signor was not satisfied with his pupil. She would not devote herself to her work as he wished. She had no abstract devotion to art, as art. The Signor felt, musing over it, that it was possible she might take to it more warmly if by any chance she became Purcell's wife. John was a very good fellow, and when he was disappointed the signor was very angry with Lottie; but still he thought it probable that Lottie, if she married him, would not find much to satisfy her in Purcell, and therefore would be driven to art. And of all results that could be attained,

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was not this the best? In the mean time however he was very doubtful whether by this means it ever would be attained.

"Yes, master," said the young man; "how can I help thinking so? I can give her, if not very much, at least independence and the comforts of an 'ome. She would not be dragged down by any thing about me. My mother's position may be doubtful," he said, with passing embarrassment; "but you have been so good, you have never made her like a common servant; and at Sturminster nobody need ever know."

"Your mother has been very good and done a great deal for you; you must never let any one ignore your mother."

"Certainly not," said the young man. "She is my mother; that ought to be enough for anybody. And I shall have her come to see me the same as if she were a duchess; but still there is no need of publishing to everybody where she is when she is at home."

"That is true, that is true," said the signor; "then you really think there is a chance that this is how it will end?"

"Master," said Purcell, pausing at the door before they entered. It was one of the Italian traditions which had lingered in the signor's habitual bearing, to stand still now and then as he was walking, by way of giving emphasis to a sentence. They paused now, looking at each other before they went in, and the color came to the young fellow's face. "Master," he said, "it may look self-sufficient, but how can it end otherwise? There is no one else who will offer her what I can offer her; and it would be supposing she had no sense, which is very far from the case, to think she would stand out forever. She is a lady, she is above me in birth; but, thanks to you, I know how to behave like a gentleman, and surely sooner or later this is how it must end."

"Amen, with all my heart," said the signor, turning in at the door which old Pick held open behind, waiting, as one who knew his master's way.

It was Mr. Ashford who had intoned the service that afternoon, and his attention had been so caught by Polly's entrance, that he made a kind of stumble in the beginning — a pause which was perceptible. After that, during the singing of the anthem and at other moments when his attention was free, he had looked down upon that gorgeous apparition from his high desk with a look of compassion on his face. The compassion, it is needless to say, was not for Polly, who wanted none of it. He watched her behind his book, or behind the hand which supported his book, with the most curious alarmed attention. And when he passed her with her husband going out, Mr. Ashford looked at her in a way which Polly thought to be flattering. "That's one as takes an interest in us," she said. "It's Ashford, the minor canon. It must be you he takes an interest in," whispered the captain, and Polly laughed and tossed her head. He went home with the same strange look on his face. It was softened and touched and pitiful. "Poor thing," he said to himself, "poor girl!" and when he got in he sat for a long time in the centre window in the dark, looking out, and trying to think out some way of help. What could he do for her? Poor thing, with all her better instincts and higher feelings, with her impulse of taking care of everybody and keeping her father and brother right, what would become of her now? Mr. Ashford asked himself with many an anxious thought what could be done? A man could do nothing — where it was a girl that was in the case, a man was more helpless than a baby. He could do nothing to help her; he could not even show his sympathy, without probably doing more harm than good to the sufferer. He sat in the window-seat, gazing out on the dusk and the dim horizon as if that could help him in his musings. If he had only had a mother or sister — any woman to whom he could have appealed, he thought he must have done so on behalf of this girl. But he had neither sister nor mother. He was a man very much alone in the world. He had a brother, a poor clergyman with a large family and a wife, who would not understand in the least why Ernest should interest himself in a stranger — *a girl*. If he wanted some one to spend his money upon, why not take one of the children, he thought he heard her say; and certainly she would not understand, much less respond to any appeal he would make to her. What could he do? If any other suggestion swept across Mr. Ashford's face in the dark or through his heart, nobody was there to see or divine it. He sat there without ringing for his lamp till it was quite late, and was much discomposed to be found sitting in the dark when a messenger arrived with a note from the Deanery about the extra service for the next saint's day. He was annoyed to be found so, being conscious perhaps of reasons for the vigil which he would not have cared to enter upon, for he was shy and sensitive, and it had often happened to him to be

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laughed at, because of his undue anxiety about others. What is it to you? had been often said to him, and never with more occasion than now. For, after all, what did it matter to the minor canon, what became of Lottie Despard? Whether she and her stepmother should "get on" together; or if they should never "get on," but yet might manage to live under the same roof, a cat and doggish life, what was it to him? One way or other it would not take sixpence out of his pocket, or affect his comfort in any way. But yet he could not get it out of his head. No one in the house had thought of coming to his room to light his lamp, to see that all was in order for him. He was not served with precision as was the signor, for he was fond of saving his servants trouble, and making excuses for them. And when the man came from the Deanery and followed the maid into the study, where she went groping, declaring that her master was not at home, the minor canon was uncomfortable, finding himself thus taken by surprise. "You need not wait for an answer. I will send one in the morning," he said, when the candles on the writing-table had been lit with a match, and he had read the note. He felt that his confused and troubled thoughts might be read in his eyes. But nobody had any clue to the subject of these thinkings; and how could any one suspect that it was a matter of such absolute indifference to himself that was occupying his thoughts — a thing with which he had nothing in the world to do?

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT ROLLO HAD TO MARRY ON.

THE moment after a man has made a proposal of marriage, and has been accepted, is not always a moment of unmitigated blessedness. There are ups and downs in the whole business from beginning to end. Sometimes the man has the best of it, and sometimes the woman. When either side has betrayed itself without a response on the other, when the man seems to waver in his privilege of choice, when the woman hesitates in her crowning prerogative of acceptance or rejection, then there are intervals on either side which are not enviable; but when all these preliminaries are over, and the explanation has been made, and the two understand each other — then the lady's position is, for the first few days at least, the most agreeable. She has no parents to interview, no pecuniary investigations to submit to, nor has she to enter upon the question of ways and means, settlements and income for the future. But when a man who knows he has nothing to marry upon is beguiled by circumstances, by a sudden emergency, or by strain of feeling, into the momentous offer, and after the first enthusiasm of acceptance looks himself in the face as it were, and asks himself how it is to be done, there is something terrible in the hours that follow. How was it to be done? Rollo Ridsdale left Lottie at her door, and went across the road towards the Deanery in a state of mind which was indescribable. He was not an immaculate man, nor had he now spoken of love for the first time; but yet he was real in his love, and the response had been sweet to him, sweet and terrible, as conveying every risk and danger that life could bring, as well as every delight. He had lingered with his love until the last available moment, and yet it was a relief to turn his back upon her, to go away into the chaos of his own life and try to find a way out of this maze in which he had involved himself. How was he to marry? what was he to do? He felt giddy as he walked along, steadily enough to outward seeming, but in his soul groping like a blind man. He had asked Lottie Despard to marry him, and she had consented. He wanted nothing better than her companionship, her love, the delight and comfort of her to be his own; but, good heavens! — but, by Jove! — but, in the name of every thing worth swearing by — how was it to be done? — how was he to marry? what was he to do? The happiness was delicious — it was a taste of Paradise, a whiff of Elysium — but —— Rollo did not know where he was going as he crossed the Dean's Walk. He went — steadily enough, his legs carrying him, his knowledge of the place guiding him mechanically, but his whole soul in a maze of thought. How was he to do it? How could he, a man with nothing, not much better than an adventurer, living upon chances and windfalls — how could he weight himself with the support of another — marry a wife? It was preposterous, it was terrible — yet it was sweet. Poor child, she was in want of his arm to shelter her, in want of some one to take care of her; and he could not tolerate the idea that any one but himself should give her the succor she needed; but how was he to do it? The question seemed to get into the air, and echo round him — how was he to do it? He had nothing, or what to such a man was nothing, and worse than nothing. He managed to live no one could

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tell how. True, in living he did not know how, Rollo managed to spend a good deal of money — more than many a family is reared upon; but there is proportion in everything, and he never could tell, from one year's end to another, how he had got through. And he had asked a girl to marry him! He groaned within himself when he came back to this centre thought, this pivot of all his reflections, though it was sweet. He had asked her to marry him; he had pledged himself to take her away out of her troubles, to open a refuge to her, to make her escape practicable: speedily, certainly, easily so far as she knew — and how was he to do it? If the question went through his mind once, it flew and circled in wavering rounds about him, like a moth or a bat in summer, a hundred times at least as he went from the chevaliers' lodge to the Deanery door. He had no time for thinking, since the hour of dinner approached, and the dean waited for no one; but he thought and thought all the same. What was he to do? He, marry? how was he to do it? Yet it must be done. He did nothing but ask himself this while he brushed his hair and tied his evening tie. He had nothing, not a penny — he had a valet and a dressing-case with gold tops on all the bottles, and the most expensive clothes from the dearest tailor — but he had nothing, and everybody knew that he had nothing. The situation was appalling. A cold dew came out on his forehead; he to do such a thing! but yet he had done it — he had committed himself, and now the question that remained was — not how to get out of it, which under any other circumstances would have been his clear duty, but how to do it? This was the problem he tried to solve while he was dressing, which flitted about his head while he sat at dinner, between every mouthful of his soup, and fluttered all through the dessert. How was he to do it? And when the evening was over — when Lady Caroline had gone to bed, and the dean to his study, Rollo at length ventured out into the Deanery garden with his cigar, in spite of the black looks of Mr. Jeremie, who wanted to shut up the house and get to bed himself at a reasonable hour, as a dean's butler has a right to do.

It was cold — but he did not feel the cold — and the wind was still strong, blowing the black branches wildly about the leaden sky. The dean's garden was bounded by the slopes, only a low and massive grey wall, as old as the buttresses amid which the lawn was set, separating it from the larger grounds, which were open to the community — and Rollo leaning on that wall could almost see the spot where he had sat with Lottie, when she had clasped her hands on his arm, leaning upon him with delicious trust, and giving up all her future into his hands. Even then what a difference there had been between them — she throwing herself upon him in utter faith and confidence, feeling herself delivered completely and at once from all the troubles that overwhelmed her; while he, even in the thrill of pleasure which that soft weight and pressure gave him, felt his heart jump with such sudden alarm as words could not describe. Now when he thought it over, the alarm was more than the pleasure. Lottie, retired into her little chamber, was at that hour going over the whole scene with the tenderest happiness and reliance — feeling safe with him, feeling free of all responsibility, not even forecasting the future, safe and relieved from all the anxieties of the past, caring for nothing but this moment, this exquisite climax of life, this perfect union that had begun and was never to end. Very, very different were Rollo's thoughts. How was he to do it? Marry! the very idea seemed impossible. It involved disclosure, and disclosure would be madness. What would his relations say to him? — what would his friends say to him? His tradesmen would send in their bills, his associates would contemplate him with the very horror of astonishment. Ridsdale married! as well cut his throat at once. Had he ever thought of the little *ménage* on which Lottie's thoughts (had they been free to plan any thing) would have dwelt with simple pride and happiness, he would have been disposed really to cut his throat. In such a case Lottie would have been sure of her own powers — sure that if they were poor she could make their money go twice as far as Rollo by himself could make it go — and make up for much more than her share of the expenses by the housewifely powers which would have been her delight and her ambition. But to Rollo love in a cottage was a simple folly, meaning nothing. The very idea was so foreign to him that it never entered into his mind at all. What did enter into his mind as the only hope in the blank of the future, was of a very different description. It was the original idea which had first of all moved him towards this girl, who gradually had awakened within him so many other sentiments: her voice. Should he be able to produce this as he hoped, then there would be a

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way of escape from the difficulty. The manager had behaved like a fool, but Rollo had not changed his opinion. Though he had fallen in love with the singer, and his sentiments in regard to her had thus been modified, he had never changed his opinion. It was a magnificent organ which she possessed and though (which seemed to him very strange) Handel at present was her only inspiration, yet he felt that with proper care that voice could do anything, and that in it might yet lie all the elements of fortune. Casting about around all his horizon, for something like salvation, this was the only light that Rollo perceived. It, perhaps, was not the most desirable of lights. To marry a singer in full heyday of her powers, admired by all the world, and making a great deal of money, was not a thing that any younger son would hesitate to do; but an unknown singer with all her way to make, and her very education still so imperfect, that was a very different matter; but still it was the only chance. In former times, perhaps a man would have thought it necessary to pretend at least a desire to snatch his bride from the exposure of publicity, from the stage or even from the concert-room — a determination to work for her rather than to let her work for him; but along with circumstances sentiments change, and the desire of women for work is apt to be supported from an undesirable side by those who once would have thought their honor concerned in making women's work unnecessary. In civilization there can be no advance without its attendant drawback. Mr. Ridsdale had fallen in love, a thing no young man can entirely guard against, and he had engaged to marry Lottie Despard, partly because he was in love with her, partly because she was in want of protection and succor. But he did not know in what way he could keep a wife — and short of breaking his word and abandoning her altogether (things which at this moment it seemed utterly impossible to do), what other way was open to him than to consider how his wife could keep him? This was a great deal more easy. He had nothing — no money, no profession — but she had a profession, a something which was worth a great deal of money, which only required cultivation to be as good as a fortune. Rollo's heart perceptibly lightened as he thought of this. It did not make the social difficulties much easier, or soften the troubles which he must inevitably have with his family; but still, whereas the other matter had been impossible, this brought it within the range of things that could be contemplated. He could not refrain from one sigh (in the undercurrent of his mind, not dwelt upon or even acknowledged, a thing which he would have been ashamed of had he admitted it to himself), one sigh that the idea of marriage had come in at all. She might have found in him all the succor, all the companionship, all the support she wanted without that, and it would have done her no harm in her after career. But that was a secret thought — an inadvertence, a thing which he dared not permit himself to think, as it were, in the daylight, in his own full knowledge. He knew very well still what a fool he would appear to everybody — how the idea that he, Rollo, with all his experience, should be thus taken in at last, would cause infinite surprise and laughter among his friends — but still there came a gleam of possibility into the matter when he thought of Lottie's gift. By that means they might do it. It was not quite out of the question, quite impossible. Rollo had been so lost in thought that he had not seen Mr. Jeremie looking out from the window through which he had gone into the garden; but as he arrived at this, which was a kind of conclusion, if not a very satisfactory one, he became at last aware of the respectable butler's anxiety.

"Her ladyship, sir, don't hold with leaving the windows open," said Mr. Jeremie, who did not hold with staying out of bed to attend upon a young man's vagaries. There had been nothing of this kind in Miss Augusta's time — not even when Mr. Daventry came courting. Rollo tossed the end of his cigar over the wall and came in, somewhat relieved in his mind, though the relief was not very great. It left all the immediate question unsolved, what his family would say, and what was to be done in the mean time — but it gave a feeble light of possibility in the future. He had calculated on Lottie's voice to make his fortune when he thought of it only as a speculator. He had much more right to look upon her as likely to make his fortune now.

In the morning the same thought was the first in Rollo's mind; but the faint light of hope it gave was surrounded by clouds that were full of trouble. Supposing that in the course of time, when she was thoroughly established in her profession, trained and started, she could mange to attain that most necessary thing called an income, with which to meet the world — this was a contingency which still lay

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in the future; whereas it might be necessary to act at once. The very urgency and anxiety of Rollo's thoughts will show that he neither wanted to abandon Lottie, nor to allow her to guess that he was alarmed by his engagement to her. The whole scope and object of his deliberations was to make the thing possible. But for this why should he have troubled himself about it at all? He might have "let things take their course" — he might have gone on enjoying the delights of love-making, and all a lover's privileges, without going any further. Lottie was not the kind of girl who ever would have hurried matters, or insisted upon the engagement being kept. He knew well enough that she would never "pull him up." But he was in love with Lottie — he wanted to deliver her from her troubles — he wanted to have her for his own — if he could only see how it was to be done. Evidently there were various conditions which must be insisted on — which Lottie must yield to. Public notice must not be called to the tie between them more than was absolutely necessary. Everything must be conducted carefully and privately — not to make any scandal — and not to compel the attention of his noble family. Rollo did not want to be sent for by his father, to be remonstrated with by his elder brother, to have all his relatives preaching sermons to him. Even his aunt Caroline, passive, easy-going soul, even she would be roused, he felt, to violence, could she divine what was in the air. Marry Miss Despard! the idea would drive her out of all the senses she possessed. Kind as she was, and calm as she was, Rollo felt that in such circumstances she would no longer be either kind or calm — and if even Lady Caroline were driven to bay, what would be the effect of such a step on Lord Courtland, who had no calm of nature with which to meet the revelation? Therefore his heart was heavy as he went out, as soon as the bells had ceased ringing for matins, to meet his love on the slopes. His heart was heavy, yet he was not a cool or indifferent lover. The thought of seeing her again was sweet to him; but the cares were many, and he did not know how to put into language which would not vex or hurt her, the things that must be said. He tried to wrap them up in honeyed words, but he was not very successful — and at last he decided to leave it all to providence — to take no thought for what he was to say. The words will be put into my mouth at the right time, he said to himself piously. He could not exactly forecast what shape the conversation would take, or how this special subject would be introduced. He would not settle what he had to say, but would leave it to fate.

The morning sunshine lay as usual unbroken upon the Dean's Walk. It had been feeble and fitful in the earlier morning, as sunshine has often begun to be in October, but now had warmed into riper glory. The paths on the slopes were strewed with fallen leaves, which the winds of last night had blown about in clouds. Rollo was first at the trysting place, and when he saw Lottie appear suddenly round the bole of the big elm-tree, she seemed to be walking to him, her foot all light and noiseless, upon a path of gold. Her steps seemed to have a fairy tinkle upon that yellow pavement. The movement of her figure was like music, with a flowing liquid measure in it. The little veil that dropped over her hat, the ribbons at her neck, the soft sweep of her dark merino gown, commonest yet prettiest of fabrics, all united in one soft line. There was nobody by, and it was the first heavenly morning upon which they had belonged to each other. She came to him as if out of paradise, out of heaven, all radiant with happiness and celestial trust and love. A glow of tenderness and gladness came over the young man. He forgot all about the difficulties, about money, about his family, about how they were to live and what was to be done. He went to meet her, ardent and eager, forgetting everything but herself. It was the *vita nuova* all over again, a new earth and new skies. It seemed to both of them that they had never lived before, that this was the birthday of a glorified existence. Even last night, in the agitation of their happiness, had not been like this first new day. When they stepped into each other's sight, realizing the mutual property, the mutual right, the incomprehensible sweetness of belonging to each other, everything else seemed to be swept out of the world. There was nothing visible but themselves, the sweet sky, and genial air; the leaves dropping softly, all crimson and golden, the sun shining on them with a sympathetic surprise of pleasure. For the moment, even to the young man of the world, everything was simple, primitive, and true, all complications and conventionalities swept away; and if so to Rollo, how much more to Lottie, thus advancing sweetly, with a soft measure in her step, not hurried or eager, but in modest faith and innocence, into her lover's arms.

And, lo! in a moment all his calcula-

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tions proved needless. It was the worse for both, perhaps, that it should be so — but that which is fittest and sweetest is not always that which is most practically good. Instead of talking seriously to each other, making their mutual arrangements, deciding what was to be done, as would have been far the wisest way of employing the solitude of this sweet morning, which seemed to brighten expressly for them, what did the two do, but fall into an aimless delicious whispering about their two happy selves, and nothing more! They had things to say to each other which came by stress of nature, and had to be said, yet were nothing, while the things of real importance were thrust aside. They fell a-gossiping about themselves, about each other, going over all the old ground, repeating last evening's tender follies, about — when you first began to think — and when I first knew — and what has been in the one heart and in the other, when both had to talk of other things, and make no sign. What need to follow all the course of that foolishness? There was nothing in earth or heaven so deeply interesting to Lottie as to hear how Rollo was thinking of her while he stood and talked to somebody else, watching her from far; and how his heart would beat when he saw her coming, and how he blasphemed old Captain Temple, yet blessed him next moment for bringing her here; and what he had really meant when he said this and that, which had perplexed her at the time; nor to Rollo than to know how she had watched for him, and looked for his sympathy, and felt herself backed up and supported the moment he appeared. There was not a day of the past month but had its secret history, which each longed to disclose to the other, and scarcely an hour, scarcely a scrap of conversation which did not contain a world of unrevealed meaning to be unfolded and interpreted. Talk of an hour! they had ample enough material for a century without being exhausted; and as for arrangements, as for the (so to speak) business of the matter, who thought of it? For Lottie was not an intelligent young woman, intending to be married, but a happy girl in love; and Rollo, though he knew better, was in love too, and wished for nothing better than these delightful confidences. The hours went by like a moment. They had already been aroused two or three times by the roll of baby carriages propelled by nursemaids before the greater volume of music from the Abbey proclaimed that service was over. "Already!" they both cried, with wonder and dismay; and then, for the first time, there was a pause.

"I had so much to talk to you about," he said, "and we have not had time to say a word, have we? Ah! when can we have a good long time to ourselves? Can you escape your captain to-night, my darling? I should like to shake him by the hand, to thank him for taking care of you; but couldn't you escape from him, my Lottie, to-night?"

Lottie grew a little pale; her heart sank, not with distrust, but with perhaps a little, a very little disappointment. Was this still how it was to be? Just the same anxious diplomacies to secure a meeting, the same risk and chances? This gave her a momentary chill. "It is very difficult," she said. "He is the only one I have to take care of me. He would think it unkind."

"You must not say now the only one, my Lottie — not the only one — my substitute for a little while, who will soon have to give me up his place."

"But he will not like to give it up now; not till he knows; perhaps not even then — for his daughter, you know ——"

"Ah! it was she who married Dropmore. Lottie, my love, my darling, I cannot live through the evening without you. Could you not come again, at the same time as last night? It is early dark, heaven be praised. Take your walk with him, and then give him the slip, and come here, sweet, there to me. I shall be watching, counting the moments. It is bad enough to be obliged to get through the day without you. Ah! it is the signor's day. The signor is all wrapped up in his music. He will never suspect anything. I will be able to see you at least, to hear you, to look at you, my lovely darling ——"

After a moment said Lottie, "That was one thing I wanted to ask you about. You know why the signor gives me lessons. Will it be right *now* to go on with him? *now* that everything is changed? Should not I give them up?"

"Give them up!" cried Rollo, with a look of dismay. "My darling, what are you thinking of? They are more necessary, more important than ever. Of course, we will pay for them after. Oh, no fear but he will be repaid; but no, no, my love, my sweet, you must not give them up!"

She looked at him with something like anxiety in her eyes, not knowing what he could mean. What was it? Lottie could not but feel a little disappointed. It seemed that everything was to go on just the same.

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"I shall see you there," he said; "so long as we are in the same place everything is sweet; and I have always taken so much interest in your dear voice that no one can suspect. And to-night you will come — promise me, my darling — just after the service, when it is getting dark?"

"Yes," she whispered, with a sigh — then started from his side. "I saw some one among the trees. The old chevaliers are coming up for their morning walk. Let me go now — you must let me go — Mr. Ridsdale ——"

"Mr. Ridsdale! How can I let my Lottie go before she has called me by my right name?"

"Oh, I must not stay. I see people coming," said Lottie, disappointed, troubled, afraid of being seen, yet angry with herself for being afraid. "Mr. Ridsdale — Rollo, dear Rollo — let me go now ——"

"Till it is time for the signor ——" And he did let her go, with a hasty withdrawal on his part, for unmistakably there were people to be seen moving about among the trees, not indeed coming near their corner, yet within sight of them. Lottie left him hurriedly, not looking back. She was ashamed, though she had no cause for shame. She ran down the bank to the little path which led to the foot of the hill, and to the town. She could not go up and run the risk of being seen going home by the Dean's Walk. She drew her veil over her face, and her cheeks burned with blushes. She was ashamed, though she had done no wrong. And Rollo stood looking down after her, watching her with a still more acute pang. There were things which were very painful to him, which did not affect her. That a girl like Lottie should go away alone, unattended, and walk through the street, with no one with her, a long round, annoyed him beyond measure. He ought to have gone with her, or some one ought to be with her. But then what could he do? He might as well give up the whole matter at once as betray all he was meditating to his people in this way. But he watched her, leaning over the low parapet, with trouble and shame. The girl whom he loved ought not to go about unattended, and this relic of chivalry, fallen into conventionality, moved him more than greater things. He did not object, like Ferdinand, to let his Miranda carry his load for him; but it did trouble him that she should walk through St. Michael's by herself, though in the sweet security of the honest morning. Thus minds differ all over the world.

From The Saturday Review.

THE THINGS WE HAVE NOT.

AMONG all the various kinds of charm, whether inherent in the objects of our desires or woven round them by fine threads of association and circumstance, is there one more subtly enthralling than that which belongs to the things we do not possess? We can scarcely tell how much of the ethereal beauty of youthful dreams depends upon their inaccessible distance, for many other things conspire to steep them in a magical atmosphere. But when we have long ago emerged from that enchanted ground, and have reached the level table-land of middle life, there still are visions haunting us, some more, some less, but not wholly absent from the busiest and the sternest lives; there is still a halo surrounding some objects, which we could not, even if we would, entirely dispel. And of all the favorite spots about which this glamor hovers, there is none to which it clings so persistently as to the things we have not. In a sense this is true, of course, of what we have had and have lost. But that is a comparatively intelligible feeling, made up largely of regret, mixed with love and self-reproach, and bound up with many personal and perhaps even arbitrary associations. It is not the same as the strange bloom of ideal beauty which belongs for us to the things in which we have not, and never had, nor can hope to have, a share. Such things wear a kind of remote impersonal grace, which can be scattered by no rude touch of change or chance, and withered by no closeness of grasp. Our thoughts of them are culled from all the most perfect instances, and combined into a type which perhaps transcends experience. There is an incident in "Transformation" which shows how fully alive Hawthorne was to this idealizing faculty as exercised especially by those not in possession. In looking over Hilda's pictures some of her friends pause at one of a child's shoe, painted, as the author tells us, with a care and tenderness of which none but a woman who deeply loved children would have been capable, and which no actual mother would have been likely to bestow upon such a subject. Actual mothers no doubt have enough to do with their children's shoes without painting them. Possession brings an object into many disenchanting relations. Children themselves, however idolized by their mothers, can scarcely have for them that abstract visionary charm which they possess for the childless. No doubt the

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joys of possession are far more intense and more richly colored than those of contemplation; but they have not the same half sacred remoteness, the same unchanging lustre. They are purchased by so many cares, often by so much toil, and exposed to so many risks, that enjoyment is often obscured by fatigue and anxiety. However, we need not disparage the delights of possession in order to enhance those of mere contemplation. These are pure enough and keen enough to need no adventitious aids. But their comparative excellence can scarcely be appreciated until after a certain rather severe discipline.

Perhaps no satisfying enjoyment gives so keen and sharply defined an impression of certain forms of happiness as does the eagerness of expectation, or the yearning gaze of privation and disappointment. Does any millionaire realize what money can buy so vividly as the struggling poor man does? He no doubt knows more about it; he finds out a thousand unexpected results in convenience and pleasure, and by practice becomes expert in devising gratifications the very possibility of which would not occur to the poor; but all these details necessarily distract his attention from the one radical and inestimable privilege of being once for all utterly beyond the reach of debt, difficulty, or anxiety in money matters, with its accompanying expansion in all the thousand directions in which our activity is limited by money. The fact of this freedom and all its details become familiar to him, but the keenest sense of its value belongs to those who are, or have very recently been, cramped by poverty. The gift of silence has a wonderful charm for great talkers; and we can hardly suppose that to any very beautiful woman outward symmetry means as much as it does to those who suffer for want of it.

Even in respect of opportunities of acquiring knowledge, the empty-handed have some advantages. Actual experience no doubt teaches more forcibly than any thing else. But it is necessarily absorbing and narrow. It does not leave room for the extensive observation of life which is possible to those whose personal share in it is least. A Roman Catholic priest probably knows more about family relations than any father of a family, though his wider knowledge is of course lacking in a certain fertilizing and corrective element, which is perhaps rather moral than intellectual. It would, however, be idle to deny the importance of a certain personal isolation in throwing open wide fields of observation, which, through sympathy, may become almost as fruitful as the narrower province of personal experience. And sympathy is the form into which unsatisfied feeling is most easily transmuted. By its operation the possessions which for others are limited and accidental and transitory become for a few unchanging and all-pervading. Human nature and its circumstances are everywhere so much alike that those in whom a possession, lost or withheld, has called forth the faculties and feelings appropriate to it will never lack objects for their exercise. If to enter largely into the lives of others lays one open to many griefs, it also brings many joys; and neither can be so absorbing as if they were our own. To live in the experience of others means, at its best, to have a far wider range, and therefore sooner to attain to the calmness of maturity, than is possible to those whose experience is chiefly personal. We mean not the calmness of indifference, but the calmness of an habitual balance of feeling. For those who share in many lives there can scarcely ever be a period of unrelieved gloom, or of untempered brightness. A certain quiet serenity is the peculiar portion of those who are willing to pass through life empty-handed.

But, as we have said, this habitual acceptance of the universal in lieu of the personal can by most people be attained only as the result of keenly felt privation. Till we have at least hungered after some good thing for ourselves, we can scarcely recognize its full value for others. But if the chief end of life be, as may be plausibly maintained, to impress certain ideas upon the mind, it may be a question whether this end will be most effectually attained by actual experience or by privation; in other words, by positive or negative experience. There is a keenness and a persistency about our appreciation of the things which do not fall to our lot which is rarely found in regard of those we have. We may call the topmost grapes sour, but we gaze at them with an earnestness which we should hardly pause to bestow upon those within our reach; and it is odd if the flavor of those undevoured clusters does not haunt our imagination long after the sweetness of their swallowed brethren has been forgotten. Weak human nature would no doubt in general rather eat grapes than receive ever so perfect a mental impression of them; but as we rarely have our choice between these rival processes of experience, it is worth while to open our eyes to the merits

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of both. Birds in the bush look better and sing more freely than they will ever do in the hand, and when we cannot catch them it is a pity if we cannot learn to sit down quietly and listen to them. And the birds of loveliest plumage and most exquisite song are those which cannot be enjoyed at all except in their native haunts. A lark in a cage charms us chiefly by recalling recollections of free larks, and humming-birds, we believe, have too exquisite a sense of the fitness of things ever to live in captivity. What indeed would they be to us without their liberty to flit from flower to flower? One might as well wish to tame a butterfly.

If we could weigh in a balance the things which can and those which cannot be appropriated, we might perhaps be surprised to find how very large a part of our happiness is derived from things which we cannot lose, because we can never possess them. Possession is of course a very vague word, capable of many different applications; but almost in proportion to the possibility and completeness of individual appropriation are the precariousness of our tenure and the weight of counterbalancing burdens. Sky, sea, and moorland, mountains and stars, music and poetry, will never fail, nor do they ever cost us an anxious thought, for they can never be ours. We had almost added flowers to the list; and all this is indeed true of the "jocund companies" of daffodils, and blue firmaments of wild hyacinths, and starry glades of wind-flowers, the sheets of heather and golden furze, and all the hosts of their wild compeers, who owe nothing to human care. It is even true, in a sense, of roses and lilies, jessamine and honeysuckles. But because these last are capable of becoming cherished nurslings, we cannot say of them that they never cost us an anxious thought. Other people's roses and our neighbor's lilies may give us unmixed pleasure; a purer, though less intense kind of pleasure than that which we derive from our own carefully nurtured plants. The most refined epicureanism would perhaps lead us to cultivate, above all, a taste for the thornless roses which blossom behind no garden hedge, for the unfading lilies which never grew on lawn or bed.

It is impossible to weigh the personal against the universal, the concrete possession against the abstract idea, and say from which the greatest enjoyment is derived in the long run; but certain it is that the one tends to displace the other. The growth of interest in what is universal and abstract is rarely very rapid or very marked in lives filled to the brim with strong personal interests. What we have called negative experience is the choicest soil in which it can be made to bloom. If privations have not been endured, or have not been sharply felt, the mind is hardly ever roused to the keenest admiration of which it is capable; enjoyment ties it down, and lulls it to sleep, and limits its range. Nothing so throws open the doors of the soul and so irresistibly lures it outwards as to have gazed long and steadfastly upon some great natural source of happiness, only to learn that it is forever beyond our grasp. Minds elevated enough to take such an experience kindly are thenceforward undisputed heirs of such happiness in all its forms. They may not grasp it, and yet it can never elude their grasp. They know better than to wish it reduced to the narrow limits of their own personal belongings, for their eyes are satisfied with its perpetual presence all around them. Pleasure for them is transmuted into beauty, possession into contemplation. And contemplation is the one satisfying joy belonging to this world, for it alone has upon it a touch of eternity.

From The London Times.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

ONE of the most interesting papers read in the Anthropological Section at the recent meeting of the British Association was by Professor Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, on the Canadian Indians. Professor Wilson showed that the Canadian Indians, instead of "melting away" before the civilized virtues and vices of the white man, have already been to a considerable extent absorbed, and the likelihood is that ultimately this absorption will be complete. At present, Professor Wilson maintains — and he has so mastered the subject that he has a right to speak — the blood of the so-called "red man" flows in the veins of every class of Canadian, from the highest to the lowest; and many of those who are treated by the government as "Indians" are as white as many of their "pale-faced" fellow-countrymen. This subject of the fate of the American Indian has been also engaging the attention of competent men in the United States, and the facts and statistics which have been collected appear to give the death-blow to the commonly accepted "blight" and "withering" theory.

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An extremely interesting paper * on the subject, just published, by Lieutenant-Colonel Mallery, enters into the question of the former and present number of the Indians in so thorough a manner as to give confidence in the conclusions come to. Colonel Mallery, from his position on the United States Survey, has had every opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the present condition and number of the Indians, and he has taken great pains to become acquainted with whatever records exist as to their past numbers. Colonel Mallery shows that the estimates of earlier writers are so varied as to be untrustworthy. Early travellers had no opportunity whatever of acquiring a knowledge of the Indian population of the North American continent, but naturally would exaggerate the number of those with whom they came into contact. Naturally, also, the natives from a wide district would crowd to the shores of the sea, river, or lake, which were the first visitors' only highways, and thus the latter would be led to form an exaggerated notion of the extent of the whole population. Colonel Mallery shows that before and long after the advent of the whites, the only regions where the Indians could find support were along the shores of the great rivers and lakes. If the successive waves of continental migration did originate on the Pacific coast, it is scarcely to be supposed that they crossed the arid plains only lately explored, or even the more eastern prairies, where, with all then existing facilities the support of life would have been most difficult. The savages relied at first mainly on fish, secondarily and later on the chase, and only in their last stages of development on agriculture, which, though a greater resource among some tribes than is generally understood, became so after their long-continued occupancy of regions near the Atlantic and great lakes. They could neither, before obtaining the horse, pursue to great advantage the large game of the open prairie necessary for their subsistence while passing it, nor transport stores before collected, and moved probably (as one route, others being also contended for) *via* the headwaters of the Mississippi and the outlet of Lake Superior, resting on long lines and with little lateral spread, near rivers, lakes, and the ocean. The greater part of the districts east of the Rocky Mountains and some to their west, where the Indians are now, or in recent years have been found, and much of which was until recently charted as the "Great American Desert," was, in fact, a solitude when America was discovered, the population being then confined to the wooded borders of the traversing streams. Colonel Mallery adduces irrefutable evidence to prove that many Indian tribes now classed as prairie Indians were, when first met with and for long after, lake and river Indians. Early voyagers on the Mississippi and Lake Michigan met Indians only after many days', and even weeks', travel. Vermont and western Massachusetts and much of New Hampshire were left unoccupied. On early maps the low country from the Mobile River to Florida was marked vacant, and the oldest reports from Georgia assert with gratulation that there were scarcely any savages within four hundred miles of Savannah. Colonel Mallery adduces many other facts which, when grouped together, show how insignificant was the territory actually occupied by the natives before the European immigrants could possibly have affected their numbers or distribution, and how silly are any estimates obviously influenced by a calculation of the product of their number on some one square mile, multiplied by the figures expressing all the square miles embraced between the Atlantic and Pacific and certain degrees of latitude. The mounds of the Mississippi Valley certainly prove that at some time it held a large population; but the origin and period, connections, and fate of these so-called "mound-builders" are still *sub judice*. It is, however, conceded that they were agricultural, had several arts unknown to the historic tribes, and had passed away before the latter had come within our knowledge. The ethnologists and philologists, though so widely disagreeing in other respects, both admit that the actual distribution of the natives at the time of, and shortly after, their discovery, was as represented by Colonel Mallery, and the immediate practical inquiry concerns the tribes then and still known to us, rather than ancient inhabitants, whether or not the ancestors of these tribes.

This distribution rendered misconception of their numbers by the early whites almost unavoidable. The latter, using the natural and only readily available highways

* Two papers are in fact quoted from in this editorial, the titles of which are: "The Former and Present Number of our Indians," published in the "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," Nashville Meeting, and "Some Common Errors Respecting the North American Indians," in the Bulletin of the Philosophical Society of Washington, both by Brevet Lieut.-Col. Garrick Mallery, Captain 1st Infantry, U. S. Army, detailed with the U. S. Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region in charge of Maj. J. W. Powell.

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of ocean and river, met the Indians precisely where they were most numerous and stationary, and could not thoroughly explore the endless tracts where they only occasionally roamed, or which they entirely avoided; while the enormous distances of separation prevented any one traveller from actually seeing, and thereby distinguishing between, but a limited number of tribes. Even if an expedition through the wilderness were risked, the very presence of the explorers from obvious motives of curiosity, barter, or defence, would, as we have said, attract all the bands over many miles. Cunning and vanity, moreover, would induce every tribe to exaggerate its own importance, which there was at first no evidence to contradict. So late as 1829 Naw-Kaw, a Winnebago chief, attending a balloon ascent in the Battery in New York, where there was an immense crowd, and being asked if he had ever seen so many people together, replied haughtily, "We have more in our smallest villages." Considering that his whole tribe only mustered then about three thousand souls, this may pass as a creditable specimen of aboriginal brag, which, if government officials had not already become familiar through systematic fraud with the actual count of the Winnebagoes, would doubtless have been adopted as a faithful comparison to influence statistics, as has actually occurred with other chiefs, who, likening their few score warriors to "the leaves of the forest," have been seriously quoted. The early travellers received such tales with alacrity to enhance their own adventures, repeating them with the fabled reproductiveness of the three black crows, even when they did not imitate Falstaff in the multiplication of his men in buckram. Another potent cause of error in the enumeration of the Indians, extending even to modern times, and from which we are scarcely yet free, necessarily arose from the utterly confused synonyms. Not only had each of the tribes a variety of names among themselves, but the various English, French, and Dutch immigrants added to these names of their own coining so that one tribe might have a dozen different names, and each name has often been mistakenly held to apply to a different tribe.

The main explanations of the lately unquestioned law dooming all the American Indians to speedy death have been in their constant wars and the strange diseases introduced. As regards the latter small-pox has been the most fatal; but Colonel Mallery shows that its ravages have been no greater among the Indians than among other races and other lands which recovered from it. Moreover, these ravages have been greatly exaggerated often, as may be seen from the report of the Canadian minister of the interior for 1876. In 1868 it was stated the Indians of Vancouver's Island had been nearly exterminated from small-pox, and that "hundreds of bodies lay unburied." After a full inquiry it was found that only eighty-eight Indians had died from the disease in the whole district throughout the entire year. The fact is that many Indians have died of small-pox, as did many Europeans before the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Dr. Jenner, and also that those who could ran away from the danger, as more enlightened people do now, with the difference that the latter are brought back by the ties of real and personal property, which, not troubling the former, they ever after avoided a locality that in their theory of disease was the scene of demoniac wrath. It may be noted that this particular disease has ceased to be a scourge to the tribes, the reports of fifty-six agents in recent years not including any fatal case.

As to the destructive element of war, that was the normal condition of the Indians before the advent of the whites, who only added to the number of the combatants. The whites did not introduce extermination and dispossession, which were systematically carried out before they came by one or two of the most powerful tribes. The whites were never more systematic or successful in subjugation by force of arms than were several of the Indian leagues, and all we know of the prevailing customs of the continent tells us that war was with its natives a necessity for the assertion of manhood, if not a religious duty. Perhaps since the power of the white race has been established with restraining effect, there have been fewer and less bloody wars than were frequent for centuries before, and certainly for years past no whole tribe, and but a minority of individuals among very few of the tribes, have been on the war path against any other in the United States. No such conversion, then, from less to greater combativeness is apparent as would account for any important change in the Indian population. If warfare has been a chief cause of their decrease, they were on the wane long prior to their discovery. Of this, however, there is no evidence. Taking the Iroquois as a representative body of Indians, Colonel Mallery shows that they now number 13,668 souls, as against 11,650, thirteen years be-

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fore the Declaration of Independence, being an increase of two thousand. This is not a solitary instance; and especially among the hybrids of Canada, New York, the Indian Territory, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin, has there been a steady increase during the past thirty or forty years. Figures are given to show that the Sioux Confederacy have quadrupled in one hundred and forty years, and doubled, at least, in twenty-nine years. Remarkable increase is shown in other tribes, notwithstanding war, disease, and whisky. It is at the same time admitted that in some of the western regions, especially California, the unusual barbarity of the brutal white has told seriously on the Indian population there, though not to nearly so great an extent as vague estimates would make out.

Only within the past four years has there been any official report of the births and deaths among several tribes sufficiently general to be of value. These official returns relate to over one hundred thousand Indians, belonging to nearly one hundred tribes, and the excess of births over deaths was found to vary from six-tenths to 2·32 per cent. Again, in former times only the strongest survived, weak children not being allowed to live, and old and diseased persons being often put out of the way. Only one of twins was allowed to survive, and generally the battle of life was only to the strong. Now, since the United States government protect and subsidize the Indians the latter are acute enough to see that it is to their interest to have as many mouths to feed and bodies to clothe as possible, and act accordingly.

Colonel Mallery then, from the *data* which he has collected, comes to the conclusion that when Columbus discovered America there were not more than five hundred thousand Indians to the north of Mexico, and that now, in the United States and Alaska alone, excluding Canada, there are something like three hundred thousand. If the Canadian Indians and hybrids were added to this it would probably turn out that the native population had not at least decreased. At all events it seems to us that Colonel Mallery has adduced strong reasons for hesitating to accept the "blight" and "withering" theory for the American Indians at least. That it does apply to other races with which the Anglo-Saxon at least has come into contact, there is only too good reason to believe. The last of the Tasmanians has gone, the years of the Sandwich Islanders are numbered, many other Pacific islands have been almost depopulated. As to Australia, we wish some one would do for it what Colonel Mallery has done for North America. We believe the results for South America, if the native population question were carefully examined, would show that there also the decrease has been greatly exaggerated. To make a sweeping generalization as to the inevitable disappearance of white before black is absurd; what would be the use of Africa to the world if this were so? As to the future of the American Indian, both Colonel Mallery and Professor Wilson speak hopefully. The process of breaking in the savage to civilized ways of life must be slow. It cannot be done *per saltum*. How long did it take the European conglomeration of tribes to settle down and reach their present stage of culture? In Canada many so-called Indians are really as settled and civilized as the English peasant, perhaps, on the whole, more so; and if the Indians in the States had as fair play as their Canadian brethren, the process would be much more rapid than it is. At all events, the theory of disappearance by extinction seems now a most improbable one, and that by absorption is proved to be actually occurring. Indeed, the old, old drama which has been acted in Europe from the time of the cavemen until even now is being continued on the other side of the Atlantic; and the result a century or two hence may be a race more mixed, perhaps, than any in the old world, but with the English type of character dominant, and by its very mixture better able to cope with the conditions which prevail on a continent so different in many respects from Eurasia. Professor Huxley has shown how absurd it is to talk of purity of race; there is no such thing probably anywhere in the world, least of all in Europe, in whose population there are lower strains than even that of the North American Indian. We may state that some of the most eminent scientific inquirers in the United States share Colonel Mallery's opinions as to the increase of the Indians.

Colonel Mallery disperses a few other delusions with regard to the North American Indian, most people's idea of whom is derived from Cooper's fictions. He shows how they got their name of "red men" — from the fact that they were in the constant habit of coloring their faces with the ochre found in the soil. Their real color is brown, with many shades. No more common notion exists with regard to the Indians than their belief in one "Great Spirit," under names like Manitou, Taku Wakau, etc. A better acquaintance

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with Indian traditions, and particularly with the etymology of its languages, shows that this also is a great delusion. The more learned missionaries are now not only agreed that a general creator or upholder never existed in aboriginal cosmogony, but that the much simpler belief in a superhuman Great Chief or ruler is a modern graft. However unpleasant, from a sentimental point of view, Colonel Mallery has done good service by his researches in abolishing beliefs which are so unfounded, and some of which are apt to be mischievous in their consequences.

From The Saturday Review.

THE ART OF GOING AWAY.

We have heard it said that one of the most important social accomplishments is that of entering a room gracefully; but to our mind that of leaving one easily and judiciously is to be preferred. It is painful to see people anxious to beat a retreat from a call or visit, and yet apparently as unable to escape as rats in a trap, although nothing bars their egress, and all persons concerned would gladly dispense with their company. The art or science of departure both from localities and positions is worth studying in great as well as little matters. To understand when to bring to an end a morning call or a public career requires, in a lesser or greater degree, the exercise of the same faculty. No visitor is likely to be popular who has not the tact to leave at the proper time a house at which he may be staying; and no prime minister understands his business unless he recognizes the exact moment at which he ought to tender his resignation. Many cases at once present themselves to the mind in which the judicious exercise of the faculty of bringing things to a conclusion is necessary. It is one of the greatest merits of a novelist to know when to wind up his story, and the orator who can sit down at the right moment and in the right way is master of a good half of his art. Preachers sometimes complain that their greatest difficulty is that of concluding their sermons; but in this particular case there is little need for the exercise of any special ingenuity, as an abrupt but early ending is the fault, of all others, which is most readily pardoned by their hearers.

A bulky treatise might be written upon this subject if we had no scruple about violating our own precepts, but we only propose to look at it in some of its social phases. We will not enlarge upon the advisableness of moderation in the length of morning calls, because we lately treated this matter in some detail; and to write an essay instructing people how to get away from their friends would be about as useful as an attempt to teach riding by means of a book. It would of course be easy to multiply palpable truisms on the subject, after the manner of the writer on etiquette who observed that it was ungenteel to blow your nose with your table napkin. We might, for instance, point out that it is unnecessary for a nervous bore who has paid a call lasting three-quarters of an hour to announce his withdrawal by observing that he "*fears* he must go;" for his host would probably mentally reply, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "Sinful brother, part in peace." Or we might inveigh against the habit to which some ladies are addicted, of waiting to say an interminable quantity of last words after they have risen to leave; but we have come to the conclusion that the regeneration of mankind on these matters is quite hopeless. Although, however, we have little expectation that the virtue of early departure will ever become common, we may point out the popularity of such a proceeding. It is often a doubtful question whether people will be much gratified by one's arrival, but it is almost always certain that they will be secretly glad at one's departure. At any rate, nobody suffers in the estimation of his friends by leaving them with an appetite for his society.

Few people have more or better opportunities of observing the idiosyncrasies of mankind in this matter than owners of country houses. It is often amusing to notice the various methods of intimating an exit which are adopted by different persons in any houseful of guests. Some will try to break the distressing news gently, as if they were afraid it would overwhelm us with grief, expressing their fears that they "really must go" on such or such a day, probably a later day than they were expected to remain; and it is lucky if the unavoidable regrets expressed by their entertainer do not call forth a reply that they "will do their best to stay a little longer." Others hint indirectly that they are going to deprive you of the pleasure of their company by inquiring where they may obtain flys; while some, on the other hand, say not a word till the carriage is at the door to take them away. Between ignorance as to when some of the guests intend to leave and the sudden departure of others,

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a host is often thrown into a state of considerable perplexity. To add to these and the other cares of hospitality, some visitors, especially maiden ladies, are apt to bother him about their intended journey for several days beforehand, expecting him to study "Bradshaw" for their edification. At last perhaps they find that they "can't get" to their proposed destination in one day, or at any rate in time for dinner; and therefore they determine to remain a few days longer in their present quarters. When the time arrives for a party of the guests to start for the station, one or two will very likely keep their entertainer in a state of nervous anxiety by making no visible preparations for a start; the servants of others will not be forthcoming, although their masters and mistresses are ready, the carriages at the door, and the luggage on the top of them. Two or three people will want change, too evidently for the purpose of tipping the servants, and the mind of one will be concentrated upon the mysterious disappearance of his umbrella, that of another upon the non-arrival of a letter which he expected that morning, and which he will wish to be carefully forwarded to a place with an unpronounceable Welsh name. When the host's mind is occupied with these matters, one of his visitors will probably call his attention to a telegram in the morning papers; and, just as he is about to bid a graceful farewell to the most important of his guests, there will very likely be an outcry that somebody's fly has not arrived, and a rush will have to be made to the stables, where there will be a scramble to provide a conveyance of some sort at a moment's notice. The worst case of all is when a departed guest suddenly reappears, hot and flurried, having left some of his belongings behind him. Seizing his lost property, he wishes his host a breathless good-by, and, springing into his fly with a bounce and a bang, shuts the door, hoarsely calling to his driver to go on as quickly as possible lest he should miss his train. Fortunate and worthy of all praise is he who succeeds in taking his leave easily and courteously, saying the right thing at the right moment, and calmly going away without fuss or hurry.

There is a proper time for everything, and not least for going away. We must not be misunderstood as implying that, as a universal rule, the sooner our guests leave us the better. On the contrary, there are few greater social nuisances than the premature loss of an important member of a well-assorted party. Perhaps everything has been arranged with the best prospect of success when it suddenly turns out that the most desirable guest of all, who had been expected to stay a week, can only remain for a couple of days. The welcome visitor who leaves too soon is a great offender, and his sin is aggravated when it leads to the extra stay of a decided bore. But a considerable knowledge of character is required by the guest who would stay or go exactly at the right time. It is sometimes difficult to discover whether his host is telling the truth or politely lying when he presses him to remain. The proper hour of the day for leaving is also a matter of some moment. The visitor who goes away at an inconvenient time often gives an immensity of trouble. Many a half-day is wasted by people having to wait at home in order to see a guest off. It is of course desirable to use the most convenient trains, but it is not desirable that a whole household should be disarranged in order that one man may catch an express. It were better that a guest should be an hour longer on his journey than that he should put his entertainer to inconvenience by starting at an awkward moment; for he should remember that his host's recollection of him and his visit will probably be a good deal associated with the occasion of his departure, and it is therefore highly important that that association should be agreeable. One of the greatest difficulties in bidding farewell to a host is to convey to him the impression that you have enjoyed yourself. Expressions of thanks for a pleasant visit are apt to have a stereotyped and conventional ring about them. A hospitable man likes to know that his friends have been happy; but when each of them mutters a sort of little grace on his departure, he feels that they are but paying him an ordinary social compliment, for he knows that they thank their entertainers wherever they go as regularly as they tip the servants. Indeed we once heard of an absent and nervous man who, as he was getting into the carriage which was to convey him to the station, inadvertently tipped his host and thanked the butler for his pleasant visit.

There are unhappy mortals who are so utterly ignorant of the art of departure that more or less decisive measures have to be taken to induce them to leave at all. It is a distressing episode when a visitor has to be assisted in making up his mind to go away, in much the same manner as a lame dog is said to be helped over a stile. It is hard to say which appears the greater fool under such circumstances — the guest or his host. A man is in a decidedly false

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position when, having enticed another into his house, he is unable to coax him to go out of it again. If the art of departure is difficult, that of ejection is still harder to learn. The reversal of the engines of hospitality is a very undignified proceeding. There are people who are quite callous to all hints that they have stayed long enough. The deterioration of the champagne, the increasing lightness of the claret, the disappearance of the satin damask furniture under loose covers, and even the feigned indisposition of the host, have no effect on such gentlemen. They say that there is nothing they like so much as to be with you when you are quite alone, nor will anything persuade them to be so faithless and ungrateful as to leave you until you are completely restored to health. As regards the little manœuvre about the wine, they will seize the opportunity for a conversation on the subject of vintages, and put a strain upon your temper and your veracity by making inquiries as to the age of the special fluid with which you are endeavoring to starve them out. We must not conclude without a word on the constantly recurring difficulty of getting our friends to go off to bed. When wearily sitting up with our guests in the smoking-room to abnormal hours, how anxiously we watch their cigars becoming shorter and shorter! and how mortifying it is, when we think that the happy moment has at last arrived, and that we are to be allowed to retire to rest, to see them calmly light fresh cigars before throwing away the ends of the old ones! But sometimes non-smokers are little better behaved. Repeated hints that it is getting late seem merely to have the effect of making our visitors congregate on the hearthrug; and, just as we are hoping for a real move, a wretch firmly fixes his back against the mantelpiece, and deliberately proceeds to open the Eastern question. We devoutly wish we could put a stop to his untimely lecture as abruptly as we can conclude an article.

From The Saturday Review.

SOCIAL HYPOCRITES.

MORALISTS are fond of vaguely advising people to "be themselves," and of assuring them that all is well so long as a man dares to be to his own self true. The value of this counsel, of course, entirely depends on the sort of self with which each person happens to be endowed. Socrates, who knew a good deal about his own character, asserted that, if he had been true to himself, he would have been one of the greatest scoundrels of an age peculiarly fertile in unredeemed blackguards. He would have danced a *pas de deux* with Hyperbolus on the comic stage, instead of figuring as a well-meaning but nebulous professor in a basket. Many people must have the same sort of knowledge of themselves, though they may not be as free-spoken as Socrates. Many a fast freshman, many a noisy subaltern, knows in his inmost heart that he would rather "make hay" in Arcadia than in his friends' rooms; that he would rather sketch than ride a screw in a steeplechase; and that his true self takes more pleasure in the society of his maiden aunts than in that of sporting prophets. He feigns to be what he is not, in the hope that perhaps some day he may really become the sort of character that he admires and imitates. Men of this kind are social hypocrites, and the world is full of them.

The hypocrite is not a popular character; but Heaven forbid that we should judge him harshly. Take him at his worst, take Tartufe or Uriah Heep, and you find a man who has at least a vision of virtue, and who may be supposed to have put himself in training for virtuous courses. Why should he not become "subdued to that he works in," and, by constant practice, catch the trick of righteousness? Probably there is some reason in the nature of things which works against this happy result of a hypocritical career. The sort of "eminent Christian" who robs widows' houses (as the Free Church ministers complain when preaching about the City of Glasgow Bank and its directors) generally breaks down before the close of his beneficent career. Few lies live to old age, and the lie of hypocrisy is apt to be discovered just when discovery is least convenient. The practice of the virtues somehow does not become a habit of the proper and ethical sort. One may doubt whether the practice of the conduct which is socially acceptable becomes more truly the second nature of the social hypocrite. Is he ever quite at his ease in his disguise? However that may be, his failures are not so disastrous and so conspicuous as those of eminent Christian bank directors.

The most notoriously offensive social hypocrite is, to our minds, the man of sham geniality. Concerning even a real genuine "genial man" it may be plausibly urged that he is often intolerable, as he is almost always tolerant. He insists on

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calling people "good fellows," "excellent fellows," whom you know by instinct to be pestilent creatures, narrow, conceited, and envious. By a peculiarity of vision which must make life very enjoyable, the genial man is blind to these things, and no doubt he is the happier for his blindness. But that does not make him any the better companion to people of lower animal spirits, people who are not always in the very pink of mental, moral, and physical condition. On the whole, however, people of thoroughly healthy minds and bodies seem to be the majority in this world — a thought which should be a great comfort to the philosopher who takes wide views — because we do find genial people decidedly popular. Hence the temptation to be a *faux bonhomme*, which naturally besets men of a certain weight and physical conformation who are not naturally genial. A man can hardly be genial under twelve stone; but it is not desirable that all persons who scale over that weight and are florid and unctuous should try to be genial. The result of their efforts is the existence of the most annoying sort of social hypocrite, the man who slaps backs out of malice aforethought, sits up late and drinks toddy when he would be in bed if he listened to what the inner spirit sings, and who gives an exuberant welcome to people whom he heartily wishes never to see. A great many doctors, and a great many lawyers, with a sprinkling of the ministry of our Dissenting brethren, are falsely genial. It would be interesting to know whether they are aware that they impose on but few persons, while they inspire the rest of the world with a wild desire to rush on them, to rumple their shirt fronts, tear their broadcloth, and beat them on the nose. They would be much less unpleasant if they were frankly bearish — if they were, in fact, their own disagreeable selves. They are execrable imitations of a type which less than most endures to be imitated. It is agreeable to believe that they are generally mistrusted, that they are always on the point of being found out, and that they compensate themselves for the open exercise of a brusque yet oily courtesy and good-will in public by bullying their families at home.

The sham man of the world is another most uncomfortable and uneasy social hypocrite. The poor wretch has a little taste perhaps and some literary ability; he took a very fair degree at college (where he posed as a hunting-man and a player of loo); he is not unsuccessful as a scholar, a professor, a writer, a popular preacher. What he does naturally — namely, his work — he does well enough; what he does detestably is the thing that is not natural to him — his play. The late ingenious Lord Byron, if we are to believe Leigh Hunt and Mr. Trelawny, was the very crown and flower of this class of social hypocrite. His great natural gifts as a man of the world, his strength, his beauty, his wit, his success with women, were alloyed and impaired by his even more extraordinary poetic powers. The two sides of his nature clashed and made him miserable, and he always preferred and longed for the trivial fame of a man like Luttrell. The common man of letters who wishes to seem a man of the world is probably, with his limited power of feeling, not much happier than Byron. He never can be persuaded that, if he were not a man of letters, he would be nothing. He is always craving for the reputation of the *roué* or the deer-stalker, of the *shekarri* or the athlete. It is not his Latin prose (which is not so bad) that he plumes himself on, but his riding, and he rides like a sack of potatoes. He knows a number of things; but he will talk about the things he does not know, such as jockeys, weights, and handicaps. He tries to be the fit companion of young military men; and, when he writes, he mentions "pedants" and "bookworms" as if he were not himself a member of the brotherhood. He is the pedant of fly-fishing, the prig of cricketing or boating shop. Every one is a "pedant" in his eyes who writes about distant times in a tone that is not rollicking, and who writes correctly where *he* writes at random. If the contempt of scholars, the amusement of men of the world, and the admiration of people who are neither the one nor the other is a desirable reward, the sham man of the world does not lack his guerdon. He is most offensive, perhaps, when, being a popular preacher by his trade, he haunts billiard-rooms, and tries to win a reputation for his knowledge of risky stories. Bad as are the ignoramus who affects knowledge and the vulgar man who affects distinction, the shamefaced braggart scholar escaped from his cloister into mess-rooms and drawing-rooms is even more distasteful.

The refined men who pretend to a healthy, blusterous quality are comparatively innocent impostors. Nature urging them to speak softly and to walk delicately, they must needs strut and shout for fear of being thought effeminate. They hold vague opinions, and vaguely believe in their casual creeds; but to hear them talk,

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or to read their writings, you would suppose them all to be Cromwells or Knoxes. Mr. Carlyle has much to answer for in regard to this class of humbugs. They are always saying that "the ratepayers will have Lord Lytton's head," or whatever head may be in question, and giving the world to understand that they are on the side of the bloodthirsty ratepayers. They long for rebellions in distant colonies that they may preach the virtues of flogging, of tar-caps, and of military executions. To tell the truth, they could not endure the sight of blood, and their hearts are as tender and womanish (if women's hearts are tender) as their theological opinions are casual and undetermined. Yet, when they treat of the past of theology, or the present restoration of St. Albans, they speak as if they were convinced Calvinists or "hard-shell" Puritans, as if the stool of Jenny Geddes lay ever ready to be thrown at the first representative of "black prelacy" who comes within shot. These deluded persons have a feminine admiration of brute force. Some of them adore Cromwell and others Robespierre, while the charms of that conqueror Henry VIII. still prevail over the ladylike minds of others. The result is to be found in the insincere noise of much modern rhetoric which is poured from a dozen very various pulpits. The fires of Smithfield would be nothing to the conflagrations of to-day if all the pseudo-strong-minded writers had a period of power, and did not run away and hide when their chance came.

The distrust of self, a fine and engaging diffidence, seems to be the motive of most social hypocrites. The sham genial man and the sham man of the world no doubt hope to gain something, some commercial or social reward by their travesty. The others whom we have described find a dubious recompense in the power of occasionally believing that they really are what they try to seem — bluff, brutal, overbearing, roughly simple, destitute of distinction, and hopelessly commonplace. That prize, after all, is nearly as valuable as most of those which an approving and self-satisfied conscience can confer.

From The Spectator.

CHARACTER AND POSITION.

MODERN life is passing, slowly and not always steadily, but still decidedly, through a great revolution, now nearly achieved. The relation of equality is gradually eclipsing every other, that of inequality, where it does survive, taking its least noble form, as most things do in their decay. The poor are still, on this side of the Atlantic, deferential to the rich, but save in that questionable aspect, there is no such thing as looking up or looking down, — we survey each other on a level. The change has been considerably more rapid since the French Revolution, but on a broad view we recognize it as the change from ancient to modern society. Ancient society was essentially unequal; liberty meant dominion. The relation of master and slave, separating the social world by a deep chasm which kindness may have bridged, but which it was never dreamed that justice would fill, was the type, at least in the Roman world, of almost all the relations which existed between human beings. All the important relations of life were unmutual. The duties involved were correlative, not common. Neither the son nor the wife had rights against the husband and father; their right attitude was submission, his was a just and temperate use of authority. Obedience was the right thing for the majority, and a man no sooner ceased to obey than he was at liberty to command. The ideal of democracy is the exact opposite of all this. It has exchanged the idea of correlative for that of common duty, and in stripping virtue of its specific character it has made human relation less organic, and more monotonous.

One result of this change, obvious enough when sought for, seems to us to have been inadequately noticed, and some injustice is the result of forgetting the much greater strain that has been put upon character, since position has lost its importance. Those who have been educated under the old ideal almost always judge too severely those whose characters have been moulded under the new. A person, for instance, whose youth has been embittered by severity, looks with amazement on the unthankfulness and captiousness of those whose parents have always treated them as equals. Had the yoke suddenly been made so light to him, what devotion, what boundless submission would have been too much for his gratitude! He forgets that no one can be as grateful for a yoke never being put on, as for its being taken off. He does not know that a whole new class of difficulties emerge, when the relation changes from an unequal to an equal one. No one can measure, till he has tried it, the difference that is made in any relation by the fact that

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it leaves space for criticism. A man educated under such a *régime* as that of J. S. Mill's childhood and youth, for instance, feels one aspect of the character painfully. But he never supposes himself to see more than one aspect. His taste is not hurt, his sense of the becoming is not jarred, he has no formed conceptions of what his father ought or ought not to do, to be crossed and disappointed. Above all, he has, as long as he deems himself bound to submit to his parents, no sense of corporate responsibility with them. He has one trial to bear instead of many. The one may be heavy enough to outweigh the many, but then it must be heavier than is compatible with the average experience of parental care and discipline, we trust, at any time. The old man who remembers a cowed and anxious youth imagines the young people he sees about him have to deal with a single aspect of character as he had, only that it is a more pleasing aspect. But the truth is that whereas he felt the faults of one side of the nature, they feel the faults of the whole.

The two ideals are contrasted most distinctly when they are exhibited in the same person. A proud and sensitive character excites admiration by forbearance and self-control under a heavy yoke. Unreasonable claim has been submitted to, unprovoked harshness or arrogance forgiven, irritation and annoyance have been put down with a strong hand, and a stern dutifulness has kept the relation which was merely irksome sound and active, till it is ended by death. "Now," it is thought, "we shall see the sweetness of the nature. If so much was achieved under difficulty and restraint, what will be the result of removing all difficulty and restraint? If such blossoms sprang from a sterile soil, what will not the plant produce, transplanted into a garden?" Such anticipations probably never failed of disappointment. There are, indeed, all sorts of reasons why they should be disappointed, but the one we are considering is enough. Forbearance exercised under a sense of dominion is no guarantee whatever, except in the sense that every good quality is a preparation for every other, for forbearance exercised in an attitude of criticism. The mind, in the position of subjection, enjoys absolute repose from all questioning of the limits of responsibility. It is difficult to allow for the added distaste and disapproval of every course disliked and disapproved, if we have only once allowed ourselves to ask, "Can I prevent it?"

Where deference ends, criticism begins. We do not mean anything nice or subtle by criticism. We speak of something that may be carried on quite as well in the housekeeper's room and the servants' hall as in the library or the parlor. The master whose service is accepted on the basis of contract — so much money from the one party, so much service from the other — is seen, by the best of servants, in a less gracious light than that in which an average servant regards one whom he remembers as the son of his father's superior, who was an object of interest to him before he was aware of merit or demerit, who stands, in a word, in a certain relation to him which will did not create and cannot annul. The subservience of tenant to landlord may not be thought a very noble relation. Perhaps not, but still it is, or at least it was a relation. There was something stable about it, something that veiled demerit and set merit in its most becoming light, something that checked the restlessness of human choice, and gave respect and consideration time to grow. Under the influence of modern democracy, all this is fast disappearing. Respect is given only where it is seen to be due to something in the character. Every one must stand on his own merits. This may appear at first sight a great gain. Reverence for goodness and wisdom, it may be thought, will stand forth more distinctly, when there is no reverence for anything else. We question whether experience corroborates that belief. As long as we respect each other for position, we are judging something we *can* judge. Whether these two individuals are father and son, husband and wife, is not matter of controversy. What may be their due meed of respect or consideration, if they are to be judged on their merits, will be subject of endless controversy. As long as the family rule is in theory monarchic, as long as the duty of son or wife is mapped out in a rough but definite simplicity, the ideal may be difficult to act upon, but there is no other difficulty in the case. But when the one thing that settles our relation to each other is character, we are moulding our views of duty on something that is often shifting, and difficult to ascertain when it is permanent. There are crises in life when intercourse with those who were absolutely ignorant of a man's character would be not only the pleasantest, but actually the best thing that could happen to him. He needed encouragement, perhaps, and no one could have given encouragement who knew the facts of the case. He wanted an atmosphere of trust, and a

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knowledge of his character rendered such an atmosphere impossible. It was possible for him to act upon anticipations of good which it was impossible for any one intimate with him to form. Of course really to know the character would be to knew its latent possibilities of good; to see that something there was able, as Mr. John Morley finely says, to "cast out the corpse of the dead self;" but such insight as this is impossible to human eyes, and we are certain that the best substitute for perfect knowledge, in such circumstances, is absolute ignorance. All knowledge less profound is in such a case misleading.

We allude to rare crises in the history of the human spirit, but something of the kind belongs to the experience of most of us. Who has not felt the wonderful relief of a sojourn among those who were ignorant of his faults? Not, surely, that there is any real relief in imposture, not that in supporting a feigned character there is anything but torment. No, what he really feels must be the escape from ignorance, not from knowledge. The anticipation of blunders and sins, irrational as the statement sounds often, necessitates blunders and sins. There is — would that we could stamp the warning on the heart of a single parent — a creative power in confident expectation. What others expect us to be, even if nothing would more gladden them than to be surprised, it needs strength of mind not to be. Anticipation, however reluctant, seems to cut a path through the tangle, and even if we know it leads far away from our goal, we are apt to find ourselves treading it.

"But why," it may be urged, suppose anticipation busy on the side of evil alone, "why may not the difficulty of mutual apprehension tend to leniency, as well as severity?" We can only say that as a matter of fact it does not. In this imperfect world our faults invite notice much more actively than our virtues. Evil is everywhere far more obvious than good. "*Le crime est bruyant par sa nature, la vertu est silencieuse par la sienne.*" We forget years of unwearied benefaction in the unkindness of a moment, and a burst of temper outweighs, in its effect on the critical judgment, a long course of forbearance. It is not true that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones;" rather the evil that men do lives contemporaneously with them, while the good often waits their disappearance to emerge distinctly. Memory, we believe, is almost always just; but when memory speaks, the time is past for justice to be much else than pain.

If such be the difficulty of any true judgment of character, it may well be thought a loss that the general tendency of social relations has been towards getting rid of those views of life by which respect is claimed on other ground than that of merit. The change is part of a great revolution, which it is idle to arraign or to deplore. It would be wishing to change the whole progress of society, as it is known to history. The abolition of perhaps the most unmixed evil known to history, slavery, is but the first step of this process; and every fresh link in the chain is, in some sense and to some degree, a development of liberty. Still, we see no inconsistency in approving some steps in this direction, and disapproving others. There is no inconsistency in rejoicing in a mild spring day, and dreading the sultry heat of August. There is no disloyalty to the will that has decided on the laws of history, in seeing that, like all other laws known to us, they have their disadvantages. Respect for position, we believe, is a sort of sheath which shields while it only temporarily hides character, allowing it to emerge brighter and keener. We have got rid of the sheath, and there is no use sighing for it back again. But there is great use in recognizing and allowing for our loss, in recognizing the difficulties — not yet consecrated by any traditional attention — of the relations of equality. We do not think, indeed, that as far as the inferior is concerned they are as yet recognized at all. It is seen to be a loss to the superior that he should not be deferred to, but the superior difficulty of justice, as compared with submission, is hardly yet realized. Perhaps the difficulty may diminish. It may be that we are passing through a transition stage, combining the difficulties of both ideals, for such a stage is never recognized till it is past. For the present, the difficulty of justice and the difficulty of deference are increased by the difficulty of choosing between them, and the wisdom of those who find themselves thus entangled is that each should remember — what indeed is perhaps the only antidote to the greater part of human misapprehension — that the one thing certainly common to both parties is difficulty. Such a conviction at least inspires that spirit of indulgence without which, from such imperfect beings as we are, there is no such thing as justice.

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From The Spectator.

WEATHER PROPHECIES.

We are always talking about the weather, always interested in it, always trying to foretell it, always grumbling at it, or delighted with it. How long will it be before we know all about it? And what will life be like when we do? Weather prophecies have hitherto been interesting merely as guesses about a subject which interests us all. Did any one ever come across the absurdest of prophetical almanacs without glancing at that day's prediction to see what the prophet had made of it? Our memories have been stored with sayings about the weather which we learned as children, and which since then have always been at hand to encourage us when they happened to fall in with our wishes; while if they did not, we could remember failures enough to justify us in disregarding them, and hoping for the best. "Evening red and morning grey," has cheered us a little on the cloudiest of mornings; while such sayings as "Rain before seven, fine at eleven," are so delightfully easy to remember, as almost to suggest the idea that the rhyme must have been considered in the general arrangement. All these rules, however, have admitted of numerous exceptions, but prophecy is now beginning to assume a different aspect. Storms announced as coming do actually come, with more or less violence, as the case may be, and perhaps a little uncertainty in point of time, like slightly unpunctual friends, but nevertheless, they come. Many people may be still inclined to look upon these announcements rather as interesting guesses than in any more practical way. But we are beginning to recognize the fact that if the aim is not always quite accurate, we have to deal with something very different from the random shooting of the makers of almanacs, who were as likely as not to put "stormy" or "much rain" opposite a sultry day in the midst of a fortnight of parching sunshine. We may hope, as we go on board the steamer at Newhaven, that the rough weather which was threatened for that particular day will not prove to be anything very dreadful, and we may dwell upon the hopeful opinion expressed by the sailor whom we consulted before we made up our minds to start. But half-way across to Dieppe, in the agonies of a horrible passage, we remember the prediction, if we do not forget the sailor. And with our ever-increasing faith comes the inclination to dream of a time when it shall have a wider range. This is the day of small things, but may there not be a day of greater things reserved for us?

If we were able to foretell the changes of the weather for some little time to come, as certainly and as accurately as eclipses are foretold, there would be a good many obvious advantages in the knowledge. We should have no more pageants ruined by an unlucky choice of day, like the opening of the Paris Exbibition, no draggled processions moving under a leaden sky, no crowds of soaked spectators, ankle-deep in mud. Our fireworks would always go off, and our decorations, designed for the sun to shine on, would not be spoilt by the persistent beating of the rain. Our picnics would not always be fixed for the wettest days in the summer, and when we had carefully planned a month's holiday, we should not begin it exactly as the settled weather broke up. But we should very soon discover that our former ignorance had had its unsuspected compensations. Perhaps the first disadvantage that would strike us in the new state of affairs would be the inconvenient crowding which must result from our increased knowledge. We should all be doing the same thing at the same time. Solitude might be enjoyed in a thick fog or a succession of thunderstorms, but every fine day would be like a cheap excursion, when we should turn out with most of our fellow-creatures, and visit beautiful places in troops. That happiness which consists in contemplating the happiness of others would be ours in a far greater degree, but at times we might half wish to recall the days of uncertainty, when holidays were tickets in a lottery, and we took our chances of disappointment together with the chance of a somewhat more solitary enjoyment. And apart from all selfish thoughts, we should really have something to regret. While we utilized all our fine weather with calculating discretion, how often we should miss the glimpses of beauty which sometimes brighten a wet day! We should lose the gleam of sunlight and tender blue between two heavy showers, the momentary lighting-up of dripping foliage, the sudden splendor flaming in the west in some loneliness of soaked heather and spongy turf. It would require great strength of will to face the inevitable drenching, with a deliberate intention of seeing such things; to ignore the warnings of anxious relatives, prophesying severe colds, and to suppress an uneasy suspicion that possibly it might be rather an idiotic thing to do. And if one did go, defying all possi-

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bilities of later repentance, it would be to find that half the charm was gone with the unexpectedness. Though the best point of view might be secured at the precise moment when the weather cleared up, there would be no securing the best mood in which to enjoy the sight. It would be like getting up on purpose to see the sun rise at an unreasonable hour, when one is full of unchristian sentiments. One would be studying oneself all the time to ascertain whether the splendor really did give pleasure enough to make up for the discomfort it had cost, and thus weighing it in the balance, the decision would inevitably be that it did not. It is different when all the weariness and discouragement have been involuntarily endured, and we are helplessly resigned to the day's failure. Such glimpses of loveliness come then as pure bounty and delight, because we have expected nothing, and nothing is expected of us. That is the real charm, whether we go through much or little before we arrive at it, and to own the honest truth if our weather knowledge came to such perfection that it was possible to announce a peculiarly beautiful atmospherical effect to be seen without any trouble at half past three some afternoon, it would be enough to make one take up a book and turn one's back on the window. It is not everybody who can find pleasure in being "personally conducted."

And how much drearier would our wider knowledge make all dreary weather! We should provide for our rainy days in a new sense. All the tiresome duties of life that could possibly be put off would be reserved for the dull time which was known to be at hand. We should go sadly to bed when a bright week was over, and wake up on the fated morning to the gloomy horror of a thick fog, and the remembrance of the arrears of work which we detested. We are told now that our letters are not as charming as the gossiping letters of old times. The penny post has spoilt them, they say, the swift diffusion of news through other channels, and the feverish hurry of the age. But what will the letters of our descendants be like, when they are all written on the dullest days in the calendar? One wonders, too, what new and harmless subject of talk will be found for people who have no ideas in common. No doubt they will not immediately cease to speak of the weather. "Old use clings," and after the conversation of ages, we must surely be born with a natural bias in that direction. But in course of time the habit must be lost; they will look on nature with different eyes, and the old weather proverbs of our ancestors will be as useless to them as bows and arrows to our volunteers. It will become impossible then for any one to please himself with the happy fancy that the skies are smiling on his little projects, and that the slant ray of sunshine which broke through the rain-clouds to shine on the way by which he went to some new enterprise was a hopeful sign. We do not seriously believe it now, and yet there is something pleasantly encouraging in it, as in the parting smile and good wishes of a friend. Nature is so endlessly varying in her moods, that it needs an effort to realize that she takes no heed of ours. But there must be an end of such dreams of sympathy, if we learn to foresee her moods more certainly than our own. We have already given up the comets, which used to rush through space that they might be present at important periods in the world's history, hanging terribly in the heavens at the birth of a hero or the destruction of a city; and the eclipses, conveying threats in their mysterious shadows; but it does seem a little hard, that all our wonderful hopes and fears should not influence so much as a chance ray of sunshine on a cloudy day. "Happy the bride the sun shines on," has been said at many weddings, with its touch of superstition and old-fashioned poetry, but we can hardly repeat it when our knowledge of the weather increases till the wedding-day is carefully arranged with a view to the sunshine. Not only must we give up all thought of sympathy, but we should even feel a double-lack of it when we saw nature's moods not only varying in quick succession, but varied at the same moment. When we hear of some great catastrophe now, we sometimes look back and endeavor to recollect how it was with us at that moment, but we can never realize it now as we might realize it then. With wider knowledge, what terrible storms there would be under cloudless skies for those who had husbands or sons at sea, how strange would be that silent presence of the tempest on a windless afternoon, and with what ghostly distinctness they would hear the labor of the straining ship and the fierce rush of the waves, when not so much as a poplar-leaf quivered overhead.

But though it might be easy, it is perhaps hardly worth while to pursue the fancy further. It is not near enough as yet to make it worth much consideration. We may merely remark that if we ever

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do learn to foretell the weather, there is one discontented class to whom the knowledge will indeed be a boon. The farmers will feel that they have a wider scope. Hitherto they have only been able to grumble at weather past and present, but when they can grumble also at the weather of the future, their sombre horizon will be rounded and complete.

From The Spectator.

ENDURANCE AND FATALISM.

IT has been said that every people which adopts Christianity as its creed assimilates to itself out of that system the teaching which suits its nature, and rejects the teaching with which it finds in itself no inherent sympathy. The remark, though cynically intended, is in one way a testimony to the truth of a creed in which all natures, however different, find encouragement and restraint, and it is undoubtedly in great part true of the British people. They feel and accept, not in practice always, but still as a theoretic ideal, a great deal of Christianity, but they reject a great deal more. They ignore altogether Christ's speeches about wealth, which, whatever he taught about it, he meant should be a very secondary object; they slur over his personal and direct testimony to the equality of men before the Lord; they "wait for the explanation" of what certain "socialistic" utterances mean; and as to his teaching about submission, they repudiate it altogether. The business of a Mahommedan, they say, is to be resigned; an Englishman must struggle with adversity, even if no hope remains. His duty is war, not submission; grumbling, not content; effort, not resignation; and if anybody teaches the contrary, why, he is either a fatalist, or a weakling, or a man given to suggesting "counsels of perfection" as guides for the every-day life of a world in which the man who does not contend is sure to be crushed down in the endless stampede. Everything, says the Englishman, except death, can be prevented or remedied, and ought to be; and that man is most to be respected who gives way the least, even before the inevitable. Success in a struggle, not peace, is the Englishman's object; to assert his own individuality, not to yield to any higher power. So deeply rooted is the feeling, that if the *Spectator*, which preaches free-will about five times a week, chances to remark of a misfortune which it believed to have been unpreventable that "it taught the lesson of endurance," it is pelted with the cries of "fatalism," and accused of wishing to suspend effort, while a majority of Englishmen would utterly reject the Massachusetts senator's prayer. He was asked in writing by some impertinent journalist to explain, also in writing, his views as to a future state, for the public benefit, and replied, if we remember aright, "I do not know much about it, and I never feel certain, but I do in my better moments hope strongly that I shall go to another world, where I shall find less friction and no editors." The Englishman would have hoped for a world in which he specially should always have strength to overcome the friction.

So far as this spirit is the outcome of energy, or of combativeness against the curable evils of the world, it has, we need not say, our most hearty sympathy — though we can see also the beauty for some natures of the Catholic notion of resigned submission and retreat — but we are not fully assured that energy is the root of it all. The grumbler is not always the worker, or the fighter either. We think we trace some of it at least, possibly a good deal of it, to a much lower impulse, — that passion for comfort and ease which is now so strong that it grows destructively angry when anything interferes with it, which would punish the heavens for hailing, if it could, and which at heart utterly rejects the notion that Providence can be stern. We noticed the strength of that passion fifteen years ago, during the discussion on eternal punishment, marking with pain that while the argument which moved thinkers was the disproportion between finite guilt and infinite penalties, the argument which moved the multitude was the probable, and, as it were, motherly kindness of the Creator. Since then the feeling has spread, as we notice, very rapidly, till the very ideas that law is hard, that endurance in faith may be a virtue, that resignation is one of the highest graces, that elevation and not happiness may be the object of the grand plan, seem disappearing from men's minds. People seem positively to be affronted with the divine will because shipwrecks occur, to be ready to quarrel with nature because gas explodes in a mine, to doubt all supernatural energy because on the earthquake belt earthquakes kill innocent folk. It is not that they believe that all is love, but that all ought to be gentleness. There ought to be no violence, even in hurricanes, no bloodshed even when eagles are hungry,

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no pain even when flame has struck on flesh. There should be no teaching of endurance, but only such a development of intelligence that there shall by-and-by be nothing whatever to be endured.

It is a very gelatinous creed, all that, and one for which we confess we have but scant respect. It is utterly inconsistent with the facts of the world, and with any conception any reflecting creature can form of Divine Providence. Suppose we adopt the physicist's theory, reject government by a sentient mind, and believe everything to be cause and effect, then the faith becomes positively ludicrous. Man has then to bear, without protection from anything but his own brain, which in the direction of foresight is nearly powerless, all that is and all that may be. If science is gospel, a heavy proportion of pain is as certain as a demonstration in Euclid. Granted so many millions of people, there will be so many burnt, so many drowned, so many induced to kill themselves with strychnine or corrosive sublimate, so many afflicted with tubercle of the spine; and the proportion may, under certain contingencies, be indefinitely increased, till everybody, for instance, may die in solitude and neglect of yellow fever. There is no earthly reason, under a *régime* of simple science, why a whole population should not go raving mad, why everybody should not have hypochondria, why all food alike should not be stricken, as was the potato, and all sentient beings die out from any one country. (There is grave reason to suspect that that very thing did occur to the whole people of Cambodia.) Surely, if the scientific hypothesis is true, the very first notion to be taught is the necessity of endurance, of cultivating that form of manliness which can submit to the inevitable without whining, and without wasting mental strength in impotent scratches at an incoming flood, sure, at least, of this thing, that man retains control over himself. The Stoics taught that ages since, and would have smiled in scorn at the weaklings who, without believing in Providence, yet maintained that the first duty of man after a shipwreck is to scold at all concerned, the tide included, as shrilly as he can. Why not accept the lot which must fall on somebody, and which had this time fallen to those for whom he cared? And if science is not God, if, as we believe, the world is regulated by a sentient mind with a purpose of its own to be fulfilled, then the value of endurance, whether in its masculine form of fortitude or its feminine form of resignation, is even greater, for there is in repining, besides weakness, something of disloyalty and accusation of the king whose laws are so irresistible. Of the occasional hardness of those laws, there can be no doubt whatever. Not to mention the sentence of capital punishment under which we all live, there is the fact that all physical penalties — for example, the action of fire — fall upon good and bad alike; that intense suffering may be inherited, as in the liability to caries or leprosy; and that pain is often proportioned not to the capacity to bear it, but to the incapacity, the horse suffering tortures which the polypus escapes. And we may add, though the *Saturday Review* will be angry, this other fact, — that as far as man can ascertain, no care will entirely destroy his own liability to blunder, under circumstances where his blundering — as, for example, possibly in the structure of the "Captain" — will involve more misery than his guilt could do. In the face of such a *régime*, which no one doubts, it seems to us that to cultivate endurance, or if we must use theological phrases, the suppression of the will before a higher power, is most conducive to mental strength, and that to condemn such cultivation as "fatalism," as three of our contemporaries recently did, is to deprive man of a portion of his possible armor. "Fatalism," as we understand it, is neither endurance, nor resignation, nor submission, but acquiescence produced by a belief that a blind power — necessity — overrules both the will of the sentient mind and the usual relations of cause and effect, and involves ultimately the denial alike of science and theology, though, as usually held, *more* fatal to the former than the latter. The Turkish regiments which, surrounded by Greeks in an amphitheatre of hills, sat down and died patiently of starvation, gave an example of fatalism in an extreme and nearly perfect form. Almost every recorded martyrdom gives an example of submission or resignation. But the man who, believing a shipwreck unpreventable, or caused by the unexpected and undesigned consequences of human blundering, accepts the catastrophe without questioning the Providence which, and which alone, could have prevented it, shows the example of endurance; and that endurance, if only real, and not the result of callousness, is a true strengthener to the mind, which, from most of its speculations, gains so little strength.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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LOST EILEEN.

I.

SOFT lights may swathe the castle tower,
O'er purple hills the dawn may break;
Dark eves may shadow Eileen's bower,
And night its dusky pinions shake;
The bell may beat what hour it will,
Or hang in silence hushed and still,
But by the sea, or by the shore,
The dark-browed maid is seen no more.

II.

When gloaming last engloomed the land,
And vapors gathering dimly swept
The ridges of the dark-ribbed sand,
And where the latest sun-glow slept,
Ere yet the silver moon had shown,
Or o'er the wave her light was thrown,
Beside the ocean old and gray,
Sweet Eileen bent her lonely way.

III.

So still! The wind was all too weak
To lift the wimple from her breast,
Or toss the curl upon her cheek,
But died away in tones of rest.
So still! No other sound awoke,
Save when a quivering billow broke
About the cliff, or, faintly hailed,
Her solitude the curlew wailed.

IV.

So still! But list — for as a beam
Of silver moonlight slanteth through
Deep-foliaged dells, a sudden stream
Of saddest, sweetest music, new
With echoes of the sobbing blast,
Across the listening waters past,
Now fell away, now rose again,
Like gushes of the summer rain.

V.

A shallop through the mist appeared,
Cleaving the dark in noiseless flight,
And on the prow, as still she neared,
There hung a soft and starry light;
A shallop swift — nor oar nor sail
Broke crystal wave or kissed the gale,
Nor lacketh them, the path to win
Soul-moved by one who sate therein.

VI.

Now by that wild uncertain gleam,
Maid Eileen saw a vision bright,
With bated breath, as when a dream
Arises on the brain by night —
The spirit of the mystic bark
That oarless cleft the odorous dark,
A youth with darkly floating hair,
And eyes that glowed with lustre rare.

VII.

Close to his heart a harp he held
Of chastely burnished Indian gold,
That, by his fingers moist compelled,
A weirdly woven music rolled,
A strain where lingered strangely blent
All notes of awe and wonderment,
Like those sweet subtle thoughts that start
At twilight through a poet's heart.

VIII.

"Soft-bosomed maiden, o'er the main
My palace halls are gleaming white;
Full many an emerald they contain,
And diamond and chrysolite.
And there are domes of milky pearl,
And thrones of sapphire, gates of beryl;
And to the portals, wrought of gold,
The tribute of the sea is rolled.

IX.

"Soft banners of the crimson even
Hang grandly in the hyaline,
White creamy waves to foam are driven
Round islands nestled in the brine.
Endusked by bloss'my greenery,
Those purple islets peaceful lie,
And scented breezes upward run
Like incense to the golden sun.

X.

"For thee, when gloaming mists were weft
Across the gray face of the sea,
The glory of those halls I left,
The glory of those isles for thee:
My heart was tingling all aflame,
I could not rest me till I came,
And if with me thou wilt not go,
Alas! thou workest bitter woe."

XI.

Like netted sunbeams softly fleeing
To sleep upon the violet's breast,
Into the maiden's inmost being
The magic of those strains hath pressed.
A touch of hand, a breathless kiss,
The mortal maiden seals her his;
A parting look, a flashing oar,
Sweet Eileen will be seen no more.

XII.

The purple-vestured dawn may break
Once more across the restless main,
Across the meadows she may shake
Soft-falling dews in pearly rain.
The glowing hues of eve may burn,
And twilight lift its darkling urn,
But by the sea, or by the shore,
The dark-browed maid is seen no more.

Belfast. GEO. L. MOORE.

Chambers' Journal.

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From The Westminster Review.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.*

REGARD for the security of our colonies and dependencies is now so preponderant an element in the foreign policy of England, that we are apt to forget how recent is the growth of the system we are anxious to maintain, and how much more accident has contributed to its development than settled policy. Hardly a century has elapsed since the servants of a commercial company, acting without the leave, and often contrary to the express orders of their employers, overthrew the French power in India, and laid the foundations of our empire there. We took the Cape from the Dutch, not because we wanted a field for colonization, but because we wanted a naval station. In Canada, we succeeded the French. The earlier colonies in America were the result of private enterprise — not of government action. And if the foundation of the different Australian colonies is due to the policy of the government of Mr. Pitt, that policy was suggested, not by any desire to find a new field for the honest energy of England, but by the need of providing a place of exile for the felons it was no longer possible to send to America. We purpose, in the present article, to show how, from this sinister origin, have grown communities prosperous in the present, and destined at no distant time to rival in every element of power the country from which they have sprung. Victor Hugo says somewhere that man has to sustain a threefold struggle — against the falsehoods of religion, against the injustice of human laws, and against the inexorability of Nature. From the tyranny of superstition, and from the burden of depraved custom which weighs down old societies, the Australian settlers have from the first been free. They have constructed their own political systems. They have, it is true, wisely adopted the general features of the constitution of the mother country, but in legislation they have attempted to prevent the growth of those abuses and inequalities which they thought rendered society in the mother country unhealthy. They have allowed to each individual full religious liberty, and have tried to prevent any sect or religious tendency from having an unfair advantage. But with Nature in all her moods they have had to maintain a long and unremitting struggle. The physical conditions of every country limit and direct the activities of the people, and perhaps, in the case of no country so much as that of Australia is it necessary to commence an account of social and industrial development by a description of the soil and climate.

Lord Palmerston, it is said, once found a difficulty in filling the office of secretary for the colonies. In his despair he proposed to take the department himself. "Come up-stairs," he said to a friend; "let us get a map and see where these places are." Had physical geography formed in his time a part of the training of public schools, he might have learnt much of the problems of Australian administration by the slight process of initiation he jestingly proposed. Australia is not an island, but a continent. And it is a continent destitute of all those features which give variety to the climates of Europe and Asia. The vast, uniform desert plain of the interior impresses on the fringe of littoral its own character of uniformity. The northern part of the continent is within the tropics. The rest is for the most part semi-tropical, though the highlands of the south-eastern corner may fairly be called temperate. The total area is nearly three million square miles, but the greater part of this is occupied by the barren plateau of the interior. This is an almost level waste of sandstone sloping slightly to the centre. Its margin, on the south, descends into the sea in abrupt cliffs. On the north and east and west it dips into the fringing coastland by declivities more or less gradual, which, seen from below, present the appearance of a mountain chain. The elevation of this margin varies from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet above the sea. The lowland between the edge of the plateau

* 1. *The Dominion of Australia: an Account of its Foundations.* By W. H. L. RANKEN. London: 1874.

2. *Australia and New Zealand.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. London: 1873.

3. *The Early History of Victoria.* By FRANCIS PETER LABILLIERE. London: 1878.

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and the sea varies in breadth, as a rule, from one hundred to two hundred miles, but in places the highlands, or the projecting spurs, overlook the sea. The general contour of the country thus resembles that of the Deccan, but the absence of heights within the central plateau, and its vast size, forbid the existence of the rivers which render southern India so fertile. In many places volcanic agency has raised the level of the edges, and covered the surrounding country with rich volcanic deposits.

On the west, at a distance of two hundred miles from the coast a steep ascent of granite and syenite leads like steps from the lowland to the plateau. The range is continued along the north, diminishing in elevation as it approaches the east. The northern portion of the eastern edge is about twelve hundred feet in height. Between Rockhampton and Brisbane in Queensland it is broken by volcanic irruptions which run from east to west. South of this it approaches the sea, and has been raised by volcanic agency to heights of three thousand feet. From Queensland to Victoria the breadth of coast-land varies from one hundred to fifty miles. In Victoria — the south-eastern corner of the continent — the range rises to the height of seven thousand feet, and is dignified with the title of the Australian Alps. Thus the centre of the continent is a sandy waste, parched by a tropical sun. Periodic winds from the north-west and the south do indeed bring moisture from the surrounding seas. But except on the eastern and the south-eastern coasts there are no great mountain heights to front the winds and condense the moisture in fertilizing rain. The perpetual radiation from the surface of the interior makes the air so dry that it absorbs whatever moisture the heights near the coast fail to condense. From this result not only droughts but floods. For when year after year no rain has fallen in the interior, the intense heat of the surface so rarefies the atmosphere that an excess of air is drawn from the sea and sweeps with greater force to greater distances inland. When the cold southern current meets the warm, moist north-west monsoon, the vapor is condensed and covers the desert with floods. We have said that the interior slopes in an almost imperceptible decline to its centre. There is, therefore, no drainage. The water lies in wide stagnant sheets. Under the fierce rays of the sun it rises in vapor, but when it reaches the higher and cooler strata of the atmosphere it is again precipitated in rain. There is no mode of escape for the imprisoned water except by evaporation, and thus the excessive rainfall of one year is followed by excessive rainfall in succeeding years. It is thus that the desert centre impresses, as we have said, its own character on the surrounding country, except where bold and varied local features give parts of the country a character of its own. "In the depressions of the great plain," says Mr. Ranken, "there is most probably only one long drought or one long wet season; no seasons of a year but years of a season."

Volcanic agency, by rearing mountain barriers and opening up drainage lines, has conferred such a special character on the south-eastern corner, and in a less degree on the east coast generally. From Queensland to Victoria the eastern edge of the tableland forms a watershed from which rivers flow sluggishly to the south-west. They would have hardly energy to force their way to the sea, but that they meet the Murray, fed by the copious rainfall of the Australian Alps. These rivers, the Darling and the Murray and their tributaries, form the only great river system of Australia. No other rivers flowing from the inner slope of the edge of the plateau reach the sea. The rain that falls elsewhere spreads out in sudden floods or creeps listlessly along in vague and manifold channels till it is lost in the sands or absorbed by evaporation in the dry air. The soil of the interior is, as a rule, disintegrated sandstone, saliferous or ferruginous, and often is covered with marshes of salt or gypsum. The volcanic upheavals on the south-east, east, and north-east margins have not only improved the climate, by diversifying the surface of the country, but have in many parts covered it with rich deposits of volcanic soil.

The botanical features which are characteristic of Australian scenery are the

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same everywhere, and are in many cases peculiar to the continent. But there are exceptions to this uniformity which have led botanists to divide it into four provinces, the vegetation of each of which resembles respectively Indian, Polynesian, African, and South American types. As the centre is approached these distinctions disappear. The exceptional vegetation of the north is distinctly tropical. In sheltered situations on the eastern slopes reached by the rainfall from the sea, are found shady forests of rich foliage, which contrast with the dark, shadeless trees and grassy scrub characteristic of Australia. Near Rockingham Bay in Queensland, the base of the high hills is clothed with jungle, in which cedars and palms and bamboos are festooned with vines and lanas, and shadow a rich undergrowth of orchids and ferns. Farther south, in New South Wales, the wild wood-crowned valleys and flowery glens of the Blue Mountains form a striking contrast to the thickets of shrubs which conceal the sandy soil of the neighboring tracts. But in Sydney Harbor the bare, crumbling cliffs and thickets, descending abruptly to the clear blue water, form a scene of surpassing loveliness. Farther south still, in the deep valleys and glens of the Australian Alps, giant eucalypti shelter thickets of ferns and mimosas. The trees clothe the mountain-side even to the snow-line. For here (perhaps owing to the dryness of the atmosphere of the interior) though the highest summit is only 7,142 feet above the sea, eternal snow lies on the mountain-tops. Such is the scenery on the seaward side of the elevated edge of the table-land. Westward of the Cordilleras the land slopes gently inwards in park-like undulations and grassy downs. Patches of shady thicket and forest belts relieve the landscape, and quaint volcanic peaks enclose it. But where the watershed is not broken, and as the interior is approached, there is only a waste of stones, or sand, or marsh, or struggling water, or wide flood. There is no vegetation, but a poor variety of meagre grasses and low shrubs. The ordinary forest scenery of Australia is characterized by want of shade. The trees, which are mostly evergreens, stand in isolated clumps. The branches shoot upwards, and the scant, dull, leathery leaves hang vertically. Frequent bush fires destroy the grass and undergrowth, and leave the giant eucalpyti standing gaunt and bare. Monotony and absence of interest is the rule. Nearly everywhere the want of water robs the landscape of one great charm. Good scenery, it must be confessed, is exceptional.

The climate is everywhere dry, and singularly healthy. Exposure which in other climates would be fatal, is easily borne. Though the heat, especially in the north, is at times excessive, it has not the same enervating effect on persons of European blood as heat has in ordinary tropical regions. Towards the south, at any rate, it never interferes with outdoor work. The hot winds which sometimes blow from the interior produce great discomfort, but do not last long enough to be really formidable. The seasons, we need hardly say, are the reverse of ours — Christmas falling in the middle of the Australian summer. Droughts and floods are the two great obstacles to industrial enterprise. Mr. Ranken's description of the end of a long drought is so vivid and picturesque, and illustrates so many features of Australian life and scenery, that we cannot forbear to quote it: —

For days and months the earth has been hot, parched, and cracked; for months the waters have ceased to flow, the trees have lived but not grown, and the sky has been cloudless. The never-green forest is browner, sadder, and still in the oppressive air; the plains are bare and dusty; the watering-places (for the sheep) filled with dead, and the whole scene quivers before the eye by the great radiation of its heat. Daily the sun rises in a hazy sky, sails in a white heat through a cloudless course, and sets a round ball of fire on the edge of a copper dome. A sullen dewless night follows the dreaded day. The leaves of the forest and the surviving grass of the field glisten like blades of steel in the glare of the mighty sun: there is no green thing, nor sound of life from bird or beast or tree in the great noonday heat. At length clouds mysteriously gather — daily they gather and disappear at night — at last they form dense, low masses, thunder breaks, and violent storms of wind sweep the plain: no rain. Again and again

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these storms break before the longed-for rain comes, and with it comes flood. Perhaps the rain, filling the northern streams, first floods the southern water-channels before a cloud is in their sky. But with the floods destruction to lingering life no less than hope to withering vegetation is brought down. Many a settler has been ruined by droughts; but many a flock which survived that ordeal has been silently, hopelessly swallowed by the flood.

We cannot wonder then, that though the desert yields a scant herbage for sheep, settlers do not venture to push far into the interior. Nor can we fail to appreciate the dangers and difficulties which the long series of heroic explorers have had to encounter, and to which so many have succumbed. The eastern half of the continent has been fairly explored. A line of telegraph has been carried from Adelaide, on the south, to Port Darwin, on the north, but the western half may still be said to bid defiance to the zeal of discoverers. On the south it ends in a long line of cliffs. The rivers which reach the sea on the west and north have been found to have their source in the granite declivity of the table-land. The waters that lay beyond were found to lose themselves as they flowed towards the centre. Instability as well as barrenness is the character of the interior. The sheets of water by which the camps are pitched will suddenly dry up, or when pitched on what seems safe ground, they may be swept away by unforeseen floods. Water is generally obtained only by sinking wells. In South Australia alone are there permanent collections of water worthy of being called lakes. Such are the physical features of the country.

The condition of the inhabitants, whom, because we know of no earlier race dwelling there, we call aborigines, is the same now as it was when the first European landed on the shores of Australia, and as it probably has been during ages of unprogressive and uneventful existence. This is not the place to inquire as to their affinities and their history. Whether they are an isolated remnant of the people who once peopled and, to some extent, people now the Asiatic continent and the islands of Polynesia, we cannot say; but this at least may be affirmed, that no other race anywhere has sunk to or continued in so low a state of barbarism, or shows so little susceptibility to civilizing influences. No savage race presents more repulsive features. The type of face is negro, but the hair hangs lank and long. They wear no clothes, and provide no shelter for themselves except temporary structures of boughs and grasses. On the coast and by the rivers they live well on fish, opussums, kangaroos, and bandicort; but in the interior they as often as not live on rats or frogs. They are found in greatest numbers on the seaboard, but far away in the interior they occur in sparsely distributed tribes and families. As they have nothing to possess, they have no ideas of individual or tribal property. But each tribe has territory peculiarly its own, and the rule that no tribe must trespass within the limits of another tribe is rigidly adhered to. The principle is so well understood that fidelity to it leads to the only acts of cannibalism they are known to commit. A tree called the bunya-bunya bears once in three years a large crop of fruit which the natives consider a great delicacy. Neighboring tribes are allowed to enter the district in which it grows to feast upon the bountiful provision. After some time the visitors, who had previously been accustomed to an almost exclusively animal diet, grow weary of the rich, farinaceous food. The game and fish of their hosts is sacred from their touch. But the desire for flesh is uncontrollable, and one of their own number becomes a victim to it. The tribes have chiefs, and in matters such as marriage obey customs of the most complex kind. But they are totally destitute of religious sentiment. They have no mythology — hardly, indeed, a superstition. In some districts there survive traditions of some animal now extinct, the return of which they fear. They have identified in some cases the conception of a devil which the white men have imparted to them with this object of horror. But of a god, or a great spirit, or spiritual existences of any kind, they appear not only to have no idea, but to be incapable of forming a conception. In the interior and on the north there is but one wide-spread dialect; but each river of the great river system which flows from the western downs of the Cordilleras, and each separate tribal district along the coast, has a distinct language.

In sketching the history of the early European settlements, we shall have to speak of the fatal effects of their presence in the native races. Even now the hostility of the tribes of the interior is one of the great dangers in the way of discovery. Bands of explorers, whose aims and methods were humane and conciliatory, have had to fight their way from day to day through successive districts of attacking savages. Settlers in the bush — as all the

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country remote from the great towns is called — have to protect themselves against their thieving raids, and are not always nice in the measures they take in self-defence. The aboriginal — if he ever ponders questions of right — no doubt thinks he is justified in plundering from the intruder who has shut him out from the rivers and the coast, and driven away the game on which he used to live. And the settler, of course, has European notions as to the sacred rights of property. In such a struggle barbarism must in the end be worsted. But the temper of government is just and even benevolent to the black men. There are laws to preserve them, not only from aggression, but from the temptations to which the presence of civilization exposes them. Christian philanthropy has established institutions where an attempt is made to atone for the wrongs done to the race by training a few individuals to industrial pursuits, and giving them secular and religious instruction. But the attempt seems hitherto to have produced little fruit. Aborigines labor — especially in the jails where they are compelled to do so — but they have hardly as yet learned to feel the needs which are the incentives to civilized life. Mr. Trollope says he has never heard of an aboriginal living in a house of his own. They read and write: they sing hymns and recite portions of Scripture. But they acquire no ideas from what they read, and no real religious sentiment seems to have been developed. As is the case with most savage races, freedom from toil and the wild ardor of the chase have given litheness and agility, and even an air of dignity, to their frame. They are employed in large numbers as horsekeepers, and in other callings of that kind. In Queensland and western Australia they are employed as policemen. Their endurance, and the keenness of observation which often enables savages to follow up tracks which a man accustomed to civilized life would lose, fit them admirably for police duties in a country where theft of cattle is one of the commonest forms of crime. In the towns some work (irregularly) as masons or carpenters, while many lead a lazy, loafing life on the outskirts of civilization. There are certain spots reserved for their residence where they may be studied in all the observances of pristine barbarism.

The distribution of animals is similar to that of men. Everywhere the varieties are few and the individuals of each variety few. But near the coast and rivers they are more numerous than in the arid plains of the interior, and the animals, like the men of the temperate south, are of stronger and finer type than those of the hotter north. There are no quadrumana, pachydermata, or ruminantia. There are but few mammalia, and of these, most are marsupials. The opossum "up a gum tree," and the kangaroo are, perhaps, the most familiar types. The melancholy valediction of the disappointed free selecter quoted by Mr. Trollope, sums up what are regarded as the salient features of life on the downs of the western slope of the Cordilleras. "Farewell to the kangaroo, farewell to the wild emu, farewell to the squatter of the plain. I hope I shall never see that d——d rascal again." The scantiness of food and the uncertainty of the seasons prevent the formation of large herds and the adoption of migratory habits. It is a land of lonely, not gregarious life. The only beast of prey is the dingo, or wild dog — which is nearly everywhere a constant scourge to the sheep-farmers. Reptiles and insects abound. There are many birds of prey and birds of brilliant plumage, but few melodious birds of song. We are speaking here, of course, only of indigenous varieties, for as we shall hereafter see many foreign kinds have been acclimatized.

Australia was discovered by Manuel Godenho, a Portuguese, in 1601. During the rest of the seventeenth century various Dutch adventurers landed on points of the continent and adjacent islands. Names such as Carpentaria, Arnheimland, and Van Diemen's Land, are memorials of their enterprise. Dampier, the buccaneer, was the first Englishman to effect a landing. After him came a series of English, Dutch, and French mariners. But none of these succeeded in laying the foundation of a permanent settlement. In 1770, the celebrated Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay, and proclaimed the country part of the territories of the English crown. He surveyed a portion of the eastern coast (which from its resemblance to his native country he called New South Wales), and proposed that convicts should be sent hither from England. Accordingly, in 1788, Governor Phillip landed with seven hundred and fifty-seven convicts (of whom one hundred and ninety-two were women), two hundred and eight marines and their families, and a chaplain. He attempted to found a convict establishment at Botany Bay. Defeated in his effort by the unfavorable nature of the site selected, he at length succeeded in founding one at Port Jackson, a little to the north. This grew

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and prospered, and became the centre from which eastern Australia was colonized. It is now the city of Sydney, a place of calm prosperity, long since purged of all felon taint, a city of fair streets and gardens on the shores of the fairest haven of the earth. After the foundation of the settlement at Port Jackson, the French made several attempts to establish themselves in southern Australia; but, like all their vast and shadowy schemes of colonization and conquest, these efforts failed.

Around the convict settlement at Port Jackson grew the first English colony — New South Wales. It is the classic land of Australia. If the spirit of Greek romance survived, the soft glories of Sydney Harbor, the bold picturesqueness of the Hawkesbury River, and the wild defiles of the Blue Mountains would be peopled in the imagination of the settlers with nymphs and genii. Australian mythology would not lack heroes. The Greeks built temples to the founders of their states. In their grateful devotion, the dim traditions of the greatness of their mortal chiefs grew into myths which identified them with the mighty ones of heaven. To the first governors of New South Wales glory such as this has been denied. But they have such immortality as the unpoetic intelligence of modern times allows. Athens had its Theseum, and Phillip Street in Sydney and Port Phillip in Victoria commemorate the first governor at Port Jackson. The struggle which he and his successors had to maintain was indeed one that called for the highest efforts of heroism. They were dependent for food and necessaries on precarious supplies from England, or India, or the Dutch settlements in the East. They had to struggle with drought and floods. They had not only to preserve discipline among the convicts, but to control the mutinous and imperious spirit of the force which was sent from England to enable them to maintain order. And there were constant troubles with the aborigines, who were too barbarous to be conciliated or even effectively coerced. The civilization of the white men made scarcer and scarcer every day the fish and game on which they lived. Their own unwritten law prevented them from withdrawing to the territory of other tribes. As was natural, they attempted to retaliate for their wrongs by killing stray whites and destroying their property. And, as was natural too, the white men often treated them as beasts of prey, to be hunted down and exterminated if they could not be driven away. Writing in the July number of this review we described the inevitable results of the relations between civilized colonists and uncivilized natives. The whites can always plead provocation, but in Australia as in Kafirland the measure of retribution has far exceeded the measure of provocation. Governor Phillip estimated the number of the tribe which dwelt around Port Jackson at fifteen hundred individuals. The last survivor of the tribe died in 1849. European disease and European stimulants proved hardly less fatal elements in the process of extermination than mere violence and pressure.

More than once absolute starvation seemed likely to put an end to the infant settlement. The governor shared the hardships of the governed, and his highest state hardly rose above rough plenty. In 1791 the first non-criminal immigrant arrived. He was a German and married one of the female convicts. In 1793 a wooden church was erected, and this in 1806 was succeeded by one of brick. In that year, too, a ship was built and a newspaper published. In 1825 one-third of the population were convicts. In 1839 the last batch of convicts were put ashore. Altogether seventy thousand criminals were brought to New South Wales, many of whom at the expiration of their term of punishment were absorbed into the general community. Thus in the total population of not much more than half a million, the taint of convict blood is sufficiently appreciable to engender in the minds of ardent colonists much sensitiveness of sentiment on the subject. Meanwhile enterprise and exploration penetrated inland. Attempts at cultivation were at first unsuccessful, but it was discovered that the natural pasture of the country was admirably fitted for sheep. Between 1810 and 1821 the growing hopes of an export trade in wool attracted settlers. The merino breed was introduced, and soon runs of thousands of acres in various parts of the strip of coastland were occupied by sheep. All the land of the colony belonged to the crown, and the rights conceded to individuals — at least in later times — were generally rights of grazing only. The persons to whom concessions of this kind have been made are called, throughout Australia, "squatters." Since the crown has made over its right in the land to the colony, the interest of these pastoral leaseholders has come into conflict with the interest of a new class of agricultural freeholders, which the colonial legislatures, in their anxiety to avoid the evils they discern

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in the old-world model of society, have striven to create. The struggle still continues and is, as we shall hereafter see, the great question of Australian politics. Distress at home has been in all ages the great incentive to migration. Many attempts had been made in vain to cross the Blue Mountains and penetrate into the unknown interior; but in 1813, when a general drought had rendered the wide pasturages of the seaboard barren, a band of sheep-farmers succeeded in getting through and finding grass for their flocks on the other side. In 1808 a convict settlement dependent on New South Wales was formed in Van Diemen's Land. In 1835 settlers from Van Diemen's Land founded, near the harbor of Port Phillip, a town which is now known as Melbourne, the capital of Victoria. In 1825 Van Diemen's Land was made a penal settlement, independent of New South Wales, and in 1851 the dependency of Port Phillip was made a separate colony under the name of Victoria. We shall have hereafter to speak of the causes which make disruption a corollary to the growth of these vast but little-organized and imperfectly developed territories which we call colonies. Victoria asserted its independence, as we have seen, in 1851, and in 1859 the northern portion of New South Wales, which had previously been known as the Moreton Bay District, was constituted a separate colony under the name of Queensland. The seat of government for Victoria was fixed at Melbourne, and for Queensland at Brisbane. In the article on south Africa, already referred to, we have spoken of the difference between the constitution of a colony as a crown colony, and the system known as responsible government. Hitherto New South Wales had been a crown colony. The governor appointed by the English ministry did, in fact, govern subject only to the control of Downing Street. The lands of the colony which had not become the property of individuals or corporations were held to be at the disposal of the crown. But in 1856 responsible government was introduced. Though the crown retained a power of veto, the duty of legislation was left to two houses of Parliament, representative, in different degrees, of the people of the colony. The executive administration devolved upon ministers responsible to Parliament, and the crown lands were surrendered to the colony, and were, of course, at the disposal of its Parliament. The social and material progress of the various territories of Australia hardly admit of being sketched in detail, and will, perhaps, be most easily made clear when we have to speak of their present condition. The subjects of keen political discussion, and the general tendency of legislation in all are so similar that one general account will suffice. Here we shall only attempt to sketch in rough outline the main incidents in the history of the other settlements.

Port Phillip was discovered in 1802 during a voyage of exploration along the southern coast. An attempt to plant a penal settlement there in 1803 failed. We have seen how great are the dangers which attend attempts at exploration by land in the interior. But from the earliest years of our settlement at Port Jackson to the present day bands of explorers have followed in rapid succession. In 1824 an expedition from New South Wales succeeded, after incredible hardships, in crossing the Murray River and penetrating overland to Port Phillip. In 1826 another unsuccessful effort was made to locate convicts at Western Port (west of Port Phillip), chiefly as it appears as a protest against French claims. In 1827 Mr. John Batman, a native of Paramatta, near Sydney, and Mr. T. J. Gellibrand, both settlers in Van Diemen's Land, informed the governor of New South Wales that they were "in possession of some flocks of sheep highly improved, some of the merino breed and some of the pure south Devon; of some pure south Devon cattle, and also of a fine breed of horses. They proposed to ship to Western Port fifteen hundred to two thousand sheep; thirty head of cows, oxen, horses, etc., the whole to be under the personal direction of Mr. Batman, who would constantly reside there; and they asked his Excellency to grant them a tract of land proportionable to the sum of money they proposed to expend, and also to afford them every encouragement in carrying the proposed project into effect." The governor curtly declined to comply with their request.

In 1834 Mr. Henty, another Van Diemen's Land settler, established himself without leave or license from the crown at Portland Bay (in Victoria), and had soon the happiness of seeing the stock he brought with him increase to seven thousand sheep, two hundred and forty-seven cattle, and twenty-five horses. Incited, perhaps, by Henty's success, Batman crossed to Port Phillip and concluded a treaty with the chiefs of the native tribes, by which they declared that they do "give, grant, enfeoff, and confirm" unto him,

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"his heirs and assigns, all that tract of country situate and being in Port Phillip" (here follows the description) "containing about five hundred thousand acres, more or less." Mr. Labilliere preserves the inventory of the articles given as the price. The value of course was ludicrously small compared with that of the concession. But Batman further agreed to protect the chiefs and pay them annual tribute. On a part of the tract thus ceded, which Batman devoted to pastoral purposes, stands at present the city of Melbourne, with its population of more than two hundred thousand souls. The governor of Van Diemen's Land naturally refused to sanction the arrangement that had been made, as it would be "a departure from the principle upon which a Parliamentary sanction, *without reference to the aborigines*, has been given to the settlement of South Australia as part of the possessions of the crown." But finally a sum of 7,000*l.* was allowed to Batman and his associates "in consideration of expenses incurred by them in the first formation of the settlement." But Mr. Batman is not the only person entitled to the credit of this first formation. In 1835 Mr. Faulkner came from Van Diemen's Land and settled on the site of Melbourne, in rivalry, but not at variance, with Batman's party. In 1836 Captain Lonsdale arrived as official head; and from this time the settlement of Port Phillip grew rapidly in numbers and prosperity. Its soil and area made it less successful in the growth of wool than New South Wales, and in the cultivation of wheat than South Australia. But it combined these two industries as neither of its neighbors could, and thus approached more closely to the colonial idea of well-being. It was the creation of private enterprise, and from its earliest years was impatient of subordination to spiritless, benighted, official New South Wales. In 1851 its aspirations were satisfied by its establishment as a separate colony, under the name of Victoria. It is the youngest of the Australian group, and the most powerful. But its greatness is due not to its fields, nor its pastures, nor its ports, nor to the radical constitution it has established for itself. In 1851 — the year it became an independent colony — gold was found at Ballaarat. Not from Europe only, but from the struggling colonies around, adventurers flowed in — often at the rate of five hundred every day. The pasture lands of the Riverina and the wheatfields of South Australia were drained of cultivators and shepherds. The growing towns were deserted by the workmen — by all, indeed, who had trust in their nerve and lucky star. The contagion of adventure was ever spreading. Convicts came from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales and added to the difficulties with which the young government had to deal. A vast multitude of men was soon collected, for whom there was no shelter, no system of supplies, no settled mode of rule. Where all had dreams of finding a fortune by one lucky stroke, none were content to earn the slow wages of labor or the profits of trade. Policemen could only be provided by offering extravagant rates of pay. Shopkeepers would only sell at exorbitant prices. The luxuries of life were more common than the comforts — even than what, according to Western notions, are the necessaries of life. Men drank champagne at three guineas a bottle who could not afford to eat a well-cooked mutton chop. At first, society was saved by the rough methods known as lynch law. By degrees more settled methods were established. The charges imposed by government for permission to dig, gave rise to discontent, which in one instance ended in open revolt, suppressed only with great loss of life. The average earnings of the miners were no doubt less than those which could have been realized in regular industries. Some made large fortunes; many were ruined; and the profits of the gold-fields went in larger proportions to the traders than to those who found the gold. The fascination of the fields paralyzed for a time the development of production and commerce in the neighboring colonies, but in the end the result was happy. The want of the country was labor, and gold attracted it. There was need of concentration, and at the gold-fields sprang up organized societies with wants and the means of satisfying them. The growth of Melbourne is connected with the growth of Ballaarat, and is hardly so wonderful. Ballaarat was founded in 1852. In 1871 its population was nearly fifty thousand; it had fifty-six churches and three town halls. Its municipal revenue was 50,000*l.* It had sixty miles of water mains and fifty miles of gas mains. There were in it eleven banks, eight iron foundries, thirteen breweries, and three flour-mills. Gold has since been found and regularly worked in New South Wales, Queensland, and to some extent in Tasmania. West Australia — the most melancholy of Australian colonies — still cherishes dreams of finding in gold a solace for all the struggles and disappointments of the past, and there is every reason to believe that it exists in

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large quantities in South Australia. But its fascination has ceased. It is obtained now, as a rule, by quartz-crushing — a system which requires capital or at least association and co-operation. Thus the returns are less speculative than those of the old system of alluvial washings, in which each man trusted to his own luck and his own energy. Miners' wagers are high — higher, perhaps, than the average earnings of those who work on their own account at their own risk. Gold mining, like copper mining in South Australia and coal mining in New South Wales, is likely to be a permanent industry. In its beginning it has enriched Australia with much-needed labor, and the English language with such words as "chum" and "duffer."

Of the early history of the other colonies we must speak but briefly. Van Diemen's Land was occupied as a convict settlement in 1803. Convict labor soon covered it with well-made roads and other public works. Convict labor gave the free settlers many of the conveniences of slavery, from which institution it differed in no important respect. The bushrangers, or escaped convicts, here as in New South Wales, are the dreaded personages in the romance of early settlement. And the presence of so large a criminal element in the population was a perpetual subject of reproach and chagrin to the free colonists. Their complaints and protests were at last heard, and since 1853 no convicts have been sent to the island. So many painful associations linked themselves to the name Van Diemen's Land, that it was henceforth called Tasmania, after Tasman, its Dutch discoverer. In 1856 the colony was endowed with responsible government; but when it escaped from the control of the mother country, it also lost its claim to protection. The Tasmanians of to-day ascribe the decline of their prosperity, not only to the loss of convict labor and the abolition of the large penal establishments, but to the withdrawal of the British troops. Throughout Australia, generally, the sentiment of loyalty is strong, and they feel a regret, which is all the stronger because it is sentimental, that British soldiers should no longer be among them to represent the protecting energy of Great Britain. This is hardly the place to discuss the possibility or the desirability of making the connection between England and its colonies permanent. But assuming that the object is one worth striving for, it must be admitted that the social relations existing between British officers and the upper classes of colonial society are an important element in securing their good-will.

South Australia, like Victoria, originated as a settlement of free colonists — not, like all the other territories, as a convict depot. In 1830 Sturt, one of the early explorers, starting from New South Wales, followed the Murrumbidgee to its confluence with the Murray, and thence followed the course of the Murray to the sea. His discoveries were followed by a survey of the country from that river to the Spencer Gulf, and by the formation of a company in London to "plant" a colony there. By this time the evils resulting from the want of system in previous attempts at colonization had been recognized. It was seen that society in the old world depended for its prosperity on the due distribution of functions to each individual, and that in new countries hitherto the universal desire for the possession of land, and the ease with which it was gratified, had prevented the formation of a healthy industrial framework. Large grants of land had been made to individuals, but they remained for the most part unoccupied and untilled. Mr. Wakefield's scheme of colonization was devised as a remedy for these evils, and it was to some extent adopted in the English act of 1834 for the formation of the colony of South Australia. The land was to be sold in small blocks, and the proceeds of the sale were to be devoted to the encouragement of immigration. Mr. Wakefield had strongly insisted that the land should only be disposed of for a "sufficient" price, but he had made no suggestion as to the application of the purchase money. The price in South Australia has never been less than twenty shillings an acre. Where attempts have been made to discover the sufficient price by auction, the result has been only to create a class of land agents who, with no honest intention of acquiring land themselves, contribute to levy tribute from those who wish to do so. The Board of Control for India had been established by government as a check upon the exercise of authority by the East India Company. By the act of 1834, a board of South Australian commissioners in London was created to be a check upon the exercise of authority by government. In practice, however, the power of control was little exercised. The act had further provided that as soon as the population of the new colony should have reached fifty thousand, a constitution with representative government should be granted to it. After some intermediate changes of system — the pop-

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ulation, in 1850, having attained this limit — the colonists were allowed to elect sixteen out of the twenty-four members of the Legislative Council. Representative government was thus granted, not, as in the other colonies, as the result of popular pressure, but in accordance with the scheme for the creation of South Australia. But the people desired a still more popular constitution. New South Wales, the only colony to which a constitution had been granted, had been satisfied to leave the nomination of members of the upper house to the crown; but the more democratic instincts of South Australia were impatient of official control, and in 1866 the constitution now in force was proclaimed. Under it there are two houses: an upper house, elected by the country at large, and a lower house of seventy-two-members, elected — two for each district — by manhood suffrage. The large expenditure on public works, in the first years of the colony's existence, involved it in debt. The proceeds of the land sales, instead of being devoted entirely to immigration, were devoted — one-third to immigration, one-third to public works, and a third to the repayment of the public debt. The financial equilibrium has long since been restored, and the price of land now forms part of the ordinary revenue of the colony. Copper was to South Australia what gold was to Victoria, and though, like other industries, it suffered by the rush for gold in 1851, it seems likely to be a more permanent source of prosperity. The wool trade has fluctuated, as elsewhere, the squatters gaining experience and devising modes of cheapening production after each fresh disaster. But the production of wool, which is the great industry of New South Wales, is, in South Australia, of importance second to that of wheat. She not only grows for her own consumption, but exports to the other colonies — to the Cape, to India and China, and to Great Britain. In 1866–67 the area under wheat was 457,628 acres; in 1870–1 it was 604,761 acres; but the uncertainty of the climate is shown by the fact that between those years the average crop per acre varied as follows: 1866–67, fourteen bushels twenty pounds; 1867–68, four bushels forty pounds; 1868–69, nine bushels forty-two pounds; 1869–70, five bushels forty-five pounds; 1870–71, eleven bushels thirty pounds.

Wine is produced in South Australia as well as in Victoria and West Australia. It is well adapted for local consumption, though in little favor. The poorer classes prefer abominable concoctions simulating spirit: the richer prefer brandy or the light wines of France. The art of wine-making is acquired empirically and only by long local experience. Australian growers seem as yet to have failed in their attempts to please the English palate. But it is to be hoped that the efforts they made to make their wines known at the Paris Exhibition and the acknowledged excellence of some of the brands will overcome the inveterate prejudices of home consumers.

South Australia is more than a geographical expression, but as a geographical expression it has long ceased to be appropriate. The territory of the colony extends northward to the northern coast of the continent. While other colonies were discussing schemes for united action to secure telegraphic communication with Europe, South Australia, with characteristic enterprise, determined to secure to itself all the advantages of exclusive possession. The difficulties of pushing a line of telegraph through eighteen hundred miles of desert interior were at length successfully surmounted, and now the wire connects Adelaide on the south with Port Darwin on the north. Round Port Darwin a settlement has been formed which will soon, no doubt, become a colony and claim separation from the mother colony, as Queensland and Tasmania and Victoria did from New South Wales, and as sections of Queensland and New South Wales are now claiming from the rest of the territory to which they belong. As we write, the news comes that a new expedition for discovery and survey is projected from Queensland to Port Darwin. The settlement of the north-east coast will follow, and soon the hot northern coast-lands will be as well known, and perhaps as well peopled as the more temperate lands of the west and east and south.

Of West Australia we have still to speak. It was founded by a band of English emigrants under the direction of Captain (afterwards Sir James) Stirling. The nucleus of the settlement was the town of Perth on the Swan River, founded in 1829. Immigrants continued to arrive, but from the beginning the colony had difficulties and misfortunes to encounter such as fell to the lot of none of the other colonies. It had neither the cheap labor, nor the grants of imperial funds, nor the centralized system which fostered the growth of New South Wales and Tasmania. Nor was it the result of organized effort, like South Australia. The aboriginal inhabitants were of an especially savage and

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irreconcilable type, and the relations of the colonists with them, in spite of the humane and conciliatory disposition of the governors, were bitter and bloody. The patches of cultivable land occurred at long intervals in the waste of sand and scrub-covered rock. Before the foundation of Perth there had been a convict depôt at St. George's Sound. In 1832, it was proposed to succor the distressed condition of the colonists, and relieve the embarrassment of Great Britain, which could find no home for its felons, by reviving the depot there. But the colony, as a whole, repudiated the scheme, and struggled on. Though cultivation slowly increased it failed to retain the labor necessary for its development, and in 1849, the broken-spirited settlement accepted the sad alternative of receiving convicts. In 1850, a penal settlement was established on the Swan River. The advantages hoped for were to some extent realized, but Victoria and South Australia, with natural horror of the convict taint, complained that the time-expired prisoners came and settled in their midst. Owing to their remonstrances convicts ceased, after 1860, to be sent to Swan River. The population of Western Australia is only twenty-five thousand, and during ten years ten thousand felons had been landed on its shores. In 1872, there were two thousand convicts still in confinement, or at large on ticket of leave, or under a conditional pardon. Of the remaining eight thousand those who had not died or gone to other colonies formed with their families part of the ordinary population. The result is, as Mr. Trollope says, that "the whole labor market of the colony savors of the convict element. Many of the most thriving shopkeepers came out as convicts. There are convict editors of newspapers. The convict flavor is over everything." Of course this social taint, added to the physical disadvantages of the country, discourages immigration, but the men themselves, however vicious in disposition or unprepossessing in feature, and however dissipated their habits may be, are at least restrained from crime. Life and property are as safe as elsewhere. The colony has always hoped and still hopes that gold will at last be discovered to attract labor, but hitherto the money spent in search and experiments has been spent in vain. Pearls have been found on the coast, but the class the fisheries enrich can hardly be regarded as inhabitants. Wool is the principal staple, but the production is small compared with that of other colonies. Of the patches of land suitable for pastoral runs much is covered with poisonous herbage. Both soil and climate are in many places fit for wheat. But the system of farming is thoroughly bad, and hitherto there have been many failures from moth and rust.

Western Australia is the only Australian colony which has not a responsible representative government of its own. Yet it can hardly be called a crown colony in the strict sense of that term. The governor is in theory absolute and responsible. But besides his executive council of permanent officials there is a legislative council of eighteen members — six of whom are nominated by the government and twelve elected by the colony. And as the legislative council has the power of stopping supplies, it can of course contest the action of the governor. Such an arrangement as this, it is evident, is only tolerable as the precursor of regular representative institutions.

We have thus attempted to review the early history of each of the colonies. We have still to describe the general features of the process by which occupation spread inwards and laterally from the first centres of settlement. New South Wales, we have seen, commenced with a convict settlement. The free settlers who followed came to be cultivators, not stock farmers. The frequent droughts and floods soon taught them the climate was unfavorable to agriculture. But pasture, they found, was abundant, and the mildness of the winter and absence of beasts of prey made stock-keeping easier than in better-watered regions. The merino sheep was introduced, and soon superseded the previous breeds. About the same time a herd of cattle, kept at the settlement for meat, escaped, and showed graziers the way to finer pastures. In 1873 there were in Australia 4,340,638 horned cattle and 41,366,263 sheep. The first graziers, it must be remembered, were cultivators first and graziers after. Wheat had to be grown for the support of the convicts. Government was glad to give grants of land and convict labor and military protection from the outrages of the laborers thus given, to those who would establish out-settlements to grow the needed wheat. The best land was devoted to agriculture, but the poorer lands adjoining were stocked with sheep and cattle. As these increased fresh pastures were sought inland. Cattle were found to be the best pioneers of settlement — requiring little labor and none of that painful preparation that agriculture involves. Government conceded for a

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nominal fee unrestricted rights of grazing in the apparently limitless interior, and thus the class of squatters arose. The dry air of the interior made the sheep healthy. Their wool was always marketable. Cattle, on the other hand, though they fattened even on the meagre herbage of the desert-like plains, yielded no return as soon as they increased beyond the number necessary to supply the population with meat. Sheep-runs therefore unconnected either with cultivation or the employment of convicts multiplied inwards. The droughts, which proved so mischievous to agriculture, and fluctuations in the external demand have from time to time depressed squatting enterprise. But from each disaster the sheep-farmers learned some mode of improving the staple or economizing their resources. Sheep, it is known, thrive best in a dry climate and by frequent change of pasture. The damp clay lands of the coast (where the rainfall is greater than inland) were therefore left for the most part to cattle — while the sheep were driven to the western slopes of Cordilleras, or eastern margin of the great inland plateau. The agriculturist followed the squatter, for land which is found to be good for sheep is favorable for the growth of food. But distance from ports and markets of course prescribed limits to the advance of settlement, and rich lands near the coast, like those of West Australia, were most readily occupied. Cattle were the most hardy stock, and were often sent to new land to prepare it for sheep. Riverina is the great plain country in the angle of New South Wales and Victoria, north of the Murray River, and intersected by the tributary streams of that great system. It was easily accessible from New South Wales and Victoria, and was already being stocked when the gold discoveries of 1857 gave an impetus to grazing by creating a demand for meat. Soon, not only the land near the rivers was taken up, but the land between, far from watercourses, was provided with water by dams and wells and fully occupied. The success of stock farming here tempted men northwards. From South Australia and New South Wales flocks were driven hundreds of miles to the interior. The accounts of explorers had led the new settlers to expect fair seasons. Much capital was sunk in constructing wells and dams. The herbage, though scanty, was rich in salt and fattening. But after a few years came a drought. The sheets of water dried up and wells failed. In the droughts or in the floods which followed nearly all the sheep perished, and hardly a station of all those that had been established was maintained. The result of the simultaneous advance in Queensland was hardly less discouraging to the pioneers. Unlike the settlers of the Riverina they were men of little experience in stock-raising, and they secured lands rather as speculative investments than with the intention of occupying them themselves. Pastoral runs they saw were everywhere increasing in value, and they believed that the rich downs of Queensland would soon be at a premium. Much time and effort was, in the first place, wasted in the search of suitable lands as yet unallotted. Then the conditions imposed by government required that the land should be actually occupied. To occupy it stock and labor were necessary. Prices and wages were at the time very high, and the speculators had to borrow capital at excessive rates of interest. The returns from such outlay are very slow, and year after year they had to borrow fresh capital, to part with a portion of their land, or to mortgage the whole. Every one clung to his land, while no one prospered on it. At last the crisis came. In 1868 the price of wool fell to one-half of what it had been. The lands so long prized became almost unsalable. The speculators were ruined, and their creditors lost heavily. And when the trade in wool revived the benefit was reaped by new men, who had purchased the stations for nominal sums. The early squatters thought more of increasing the production of wool than of improving the breed of sheep. They depended upon imported rams, but year by year it became more apparent that careful attention to processes of natural selection, results in the creation, for each district, of breeds giving a better and more abundant staple.

At first the flocks of sheep — or "mobs" as they are called in Australia — were under the charge of shepherds, and were driven each morning to pasture, and at night confined to narrow folds. The dingoes, or wild dogs, and the hurtful spear-grass were the great dangers to be feared. As the pasturages began to show symptoms of exhaustion the mobs were driven to the virgin lands that lay beyond. But as settlement increased and the cost of labor rose, and the decreased value of wool compelled the squatter to fresh economy, it was found that it was better to fence in the runs and leave the sheep to seek their own pasture night and day within the limits of huge paddocks. In place

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of many shepherds and messengers was one boundary rider. The result of this system was of course to impoverish the soil of the confined area. Thus in the more settled districts it has become the practice to sow imported grasses and trefoil in order to enrich the natural pasture. Under this more careful system of grazing it is profitable to keep sheep upon freehold. At first it would only pay to keep them on leasehold land, for which but small fees were paid, but the tendency of industrial development as well as of legislation, is to substitute for a system of huge squatters' leasehold lands a system of freehold sheep-farms. There have even been instances of cnltivated lands reverting to pasture.

The largest number of sheep which a run can safely carry under one management is said on excellent authority to be ten thousand. But the number is often much greater than that. Yet so wide is the area over which they feed, that Mr. Trollope says the most striking feature in the aspect of the pastoral regions is the absence of sheep. Many of the squatters, especially in the older districts, are men of great wealth. But the provinces are, as a rule, working on capital borrowed from banks or merchants in the towns. The wool is shipped to England through the merchants, and for years its value goes only to reduce the debt. The rate of interest in the colonies is about double what it is in England, and on every fresh advance which the fluctuations of trade or the need of increased productive expenditure compels the squatter to solicit, a heavy commission is charged. The result is that often the pioneer is ruined, while his merchant, or his overseer, or even his shepherd, succeeds to the valuable property he has created.

Drought, we have said, is the great foe of the squatter. This is especially the case in South Australia, where flocks have sometimes been driven hundreds of miles from the interior to the coast in search of water. The dingoes are formidable, but their number is kept down by systematic poisoning. On old pastures disease attacks the sheep; their constitution deteriorates, and salt and tonics have to be supplied to them. But in the settled districts the squatters complain that they are victims, not to the "inexorability of Nature," but to the tyranny of human law. The free selecter is dreaded more than the dingo. The benevolent intentions of the legislature have designed him to be a yeoman cultivator, but in practice he is, say the squatters, a cattle-stealer. He establishes himself as a thorn in the side of the squatter, taking land from pasture which is never likely to produce wheat. He may be bribed into withdrawal, but while he remains he lives on the squatter's meat. The imputation seems to be hardly resented by the class on whom it is made. "I was once standing by," says Mr. Trollope, "over a kangaroo which we had hunted, and which a free selecter who had made one in the hunt was skinning. 'You have heard of the cattle-stealers, sir,' he said, looking up at me; 'this is the way they do it by moonlight, I'm told.' He was owning himself to be a cattle-stealer, but he was not a bit ashamed of it." Vagrants, too, are a serious tax on the resources of the squatter. Want of hospitality to wayfarers would, in most cases, be want of humanity. Many an honest man in search of work depends for shelter and sustenance on the dwellers in the wilderness through which he passes. Anglo-Indian notions everywhere prevail, and the result is the existence of a class similar to the Anglo-Indian loafer. The fear of mischievous reprisal prevents individuals from doing any thing to check the evil. In India a special act was passed to prevent European vagrancy, and either legislation or associated action must effect the same end in Australia.

But in spite of all these drawbacks to human felicity, the life of a squatter and his assistants must be pronounced in the main a happy life. Horses are plentiful, and the work to be done involves regular habits and constant exercise in the open air. Lambing, washing, and shearing times are full of excitement. Rough plenty prevails. Mutton is, of course, a too familiar fare, but there is abundance of other meat and vegetables. Tea is the ordinary beverage of all classes, but brandy-and-water seems popular as a stimulant with the upper. The shearers and other laborers who assemble in large numbers during shearing-time drink tea only. But Sir Wilfred Lawson, and others who think with him that the drunkenness of England is due to the daily temptations of the public-house, ought to note that these Australian teetotalers look forward to one long drinking-bout at the end of their labors as the reward of their abstinence, and the best investment for their large earnings. The practice, whether it be due to inherited instinct or the survival of depraved tastes, is in every way to be deplored. A man can spend but little in Australia except in food. But rations are, as a rule, supplied

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in addition to regular wages; and if the latter were saved and invested in freehold, Australia would soon have its longed-for yeomanry. Distances are so great that there is little of settled social intercourse between the scattered squatters. But when they travel on business they receive, and may almost demand, unbounded hospitality. Visits of this kind are frequent and welcome. The houses of the squatters are more like Indian bungalows than English residences. They are generally of one story only, and have the verandah as a principal feature. The storerooms, the offices and quarters for the servants and assistants, adjoin. The whole has an air rather of patriarchal plenty than of elegance and comfort. The richer squatter sometimes attempts to reproduce in his house and its surroundings the aspect of an English mansion and its grounds. But finished picturesqueness is wanting. The Australian settler takes pride and pleasure in the possession of books, but their life is too active to allow much leisure for reading; and culture, far removed from all that ministers to it, languishes. The surrounding scenery of course varies. Some of the runs are in forest-covered tracts, amid rocks and hills; others in what seems a flat, treeless waste. Elsewhere they occupy bare grassy downs. Where there is forest it contains little life or variety of charm. The limits of squatting are defined by climate. As the north is approached, sheep thrive less, and yield less wool. But the influences which are hostile to sheep are favorable, or at least not injurious, to horned stock. In the hot, damp climate of the north, and in the low coast-land, cattle thrive. They are hardier than sheep, and require far less expenditure both for labor and cartage. Being better able to travel to find food, they can be maintained on pastures too poor for sheep. For this reason they have been pioneers in land subsequently occupied by sheep or brought under cultivation. The care of stock suits better the wild undisciplined habits of the aboriginals than any other form of labor. Their services can be cheaply secured, and they have therefore been largely employed as assistants to the stockmen. Though fencing has of late years been resorted to, cattle are easily herded, and can, in the dry climate, be driven long distances without loss of condition. Cattle-stealing long harassed the cattle, but laws providing for the registration of brands have done much to check it. The only other special difficulty is the danger that the cattle will get wild and break away into the scrub. Recovering these runagates is perhaps the most exciting of Australian sports.

It was at one time hoped that the trade in preserved meat would enrich Australia and benefit the English consumer. The preparation was conducted in the most economical way. In one establishment, "the meat was preserved, the essence extracted, the tallow made into soap and candles, hides made into leather, the hoofs boiled for oil, the bones crushed, and the refuse dried and compressed into manure." But the advantage in price has not been sufficient to make the consumption considerable in England, and the profits of the Australian producer were very small. The success of the effort to bring fresh meat in freezing-chambers to England, promises better for the future of both wool-growing and stock-keeping in Australia. The fashion in wool changes and converts the profits of the squatter to a loss, but the demand for good mutton is constant, and tolerably uniform; and, of course, the increased value of the meat would enable the wool-grower to compete on more favorable terms with the wool-growers of other countries. The Australian horses are hardy and strong: they are bred in large numbers for home use and for export. Most of the weight-carrying horses of Anglo-Indians are "Walers." Pasture is abundant, and the horses require absolutely no care. Sometimes they break away into the bush, and thus large herds of wild horses are formed, which occupy pastures coveted by the squatters. The work of expelling them is excellent sport. Few of those captured are worth breaking in, and in many places they are ruthlessly shot down. The wild horse rapidly degenerates. The emblem of Australia is the kangaroo, but the figure of a centaur would be more appropriate. Every one rides, and horse-racing is even more than in England a national sport.

But the great ambition of protectionist and democratic Australia is to grow its own food supplies — that is to say, its own wheat, for no other breadstuff is generally used — and to substitute the small farmer for the squatter. The eastern seaward slopes are, as a rule, fitted neither by climate nor soil for the growth of wheat. Few river valleys of any breadth traverse them, and the crops they yield are chiefly maize and sugarcane and grass and vines and oranges. But the inland slopes of the mountain-chain spread out in downs, which, though for the most part devoted to wool, are admirably fitted for wheat. Such are the Darling downs in Queensland, and,

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south of these, the highlands of New England; and again, south of Sydney, the high cold country of Manera.

North of the Murray River stretch the plains of Riverina. They include all the country watered by the Darling and its tributary streams, and have no definite limit northwards. Admirable for pasture, they would also be admirable for wheat, if only the rainfall were sufficient. To the south-east, and on the margin of the rivers, the free selecter has made good his hold, and wheat is grown. To grow it profitably, the rainfall must be not only large on an average of years, but fairly uniform. The chance of ample and steady rainfall diminishes as the distance from the coast increases; and so spasmodic is the action of the river system, that no practicable scheme of irrigation has been devised. But the area of land fit for wheat, and, as yet, unsold, is very large compared with that under cultivation. Much depends on the character of the settler. In South Australia, where many thrifty Germans have made a home for themselves, wheat is grown in large quantities on lands with a lower rainfall than lands elsewhere, which other settlers find unprofitable. The need of thrift and dogged industry during the first years of cultivation is obvious. The land has to be cleared of trees before even preparations for sowing can be made; and the country offers absolutely no wild produce which can be used for food. Then droughts and floods must be regarded as normal phenomena. It can hardly be matter of surprise that deserted freeholds are so common in New South Wales. Many of the free selecters eke out the produce of their farms by the wages they earn as carters, or as laborers for the neighboring squatters; and the squatters who complain of their presence are too apt to forget the advantages they reap from it in this respect. The system of cultivation is unscientific. Labor is dear, and therefore the great object is to economize it. The corn is reaped by a machine which thrashes as it reaps. There is no attempt at rotation of crops: manure is not given, and even the stubble is often burnt in the ground. By such superficial methods the farmer has earned for himself the name of cockatoo — for he does not till, but scratch. He has but one defence — the system pays, and perhaps no other would. Posterity will suffer — not he. And if he were not a cockatoo, the land would lie uncultivated. Wasteful use is better than useless waste.

The Australian farmer's homestead has nothing of the picturesque comfort of the English farmhouse. It is a mere hut in the midst of fields. The fields, indeed, are fenced to keep off the cattle of the neighboring grazing grounds, and to satisfy the requirements of the land laws, but there is no garden nor old trees, nor anything round which the associations of home can grow. The farmer comes not to find a home but to make money by growing wheat. When the soil is impoverished he migrates to fresh land. As settlement has been extended in the south African colonies by Dutch farmers "trekking" inland to escape from British rule; so it has been extended inward in Australia by cultivators in search of "fresh fields" and graziers in quest of "pastures new." The object of democratic legislation in Australia has been to attract immigrants, and to create a class of peasant proprietors. Land has not the same sentimental value in new countries as in old, but the Australian elector has not been able to divest himself of the feelings with which the state of society in England inspired him. He carries to the new country antipathies engendered in the old. He does not ask himself how the land of his adoption may be best developed, but how it may be saved from the power of capitalists and large landed proprietors. The risks which attend the enterprise of the squatter and the large scale on which his operations are conducted, render the possession or the command of capital absolutely necessary. The immense extent of land required render it impossible for him to purchase it. He has it on lease — and for grazing only. This monopoly of land — possibly of land suited for wheat — by capitalists, is an abomination to the democratic elector. He forgets that the class which supplies immigrants are attracted not by the prospect of the possession of land, but by the prospect of earnings. If wages are higher than the profits of cultivation they prefer to be workmen — not farmers. And wages, as a rule, *are* higher than the profits of a poor, inexperienced farmer. But to the fascination of abstract theory was added the class rancor of the ignorant and demagogue-driven workman against the better-educated, prosperous, and perhaps selfish, squatter. In the electoral struggle the squatters have been defeated. In Victoria and New South Wales the rule of free selection before survey prevails. By this rule any one can select anywhere a prescribed area of land not as yet alienated by the State, and by complying with certain conditions as to personal residence and improvements, and by pay-

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ing a small amount of purchase money, spread in easy instalments over a term of years, can obtain a title to its possession as freehold. The area is limited in order to prevent the growth of large estates. The purchase money is fixed, not with a view to increasing the general revenue of the colony so much as to enable it to execute the works necessary to bring the land within reach of markets. The price fixed is, we believe, nowhere less than twenty shillings an acre. There are no limits to this power of choice. The free selecter may oust the squatter from the best portions of his leasehold run, or he may take a part which seriously diminishes the utility of the rest. It is notorious that land is often chosen not for its value to the selecter but on account of the injury with which the selection threatens the squatter. He naturally complains that while the term of his lease is unexpired his lands should be thus invaded. He claims to have discovered its capabilities and to have, by his capital, by his energy, by his daring even, to have developed them and converted the wilderness into a place of men. To protect himself from the wanton wrong which, as the squatter believes, the law does him, he is content to evade it. When a run is threatened by free selecters too numerous or too respectable to be bought off, the squatter himself becomes a free selecter of the threatened parts or of parts which command the rest. He buys in the name of his relatives, his servants, his friends — often in names which are wholly imaginary. By this system of dummying, considerable portions of squatters' leaseholds have become his freehold, and legislation has thus precipitated the evil against which it was directed. But the wrong done to the squatter is as nothing compared to the wrong done to the class of free selecters and the common weal. Much of the land now devoted to pasture is fit for tillage, and no one can reasonably complain if on these the squatter should give place to the farmer. But the lands chosen are often entirely unsuited to tillage. In South Australia the system of selection *after* survey prevails. In western Australia an attempt is made to confine the selections to areas on which a compact community can grow. But elsewhere the inexperienced immigrant is allowed to wander where he pleases and select whatever he takes a fancy to. The result is that the country is covered with straggling homesteads, and that while good wheat-land lies unused labor is wasted on land which never will be fit for wheat. The disadvantages under which the children of these scattered settlers labor as regards education is a grave evil in a country which depends for its future as much on the character of its people as on its own natural capabilities. Already the ignorance of these children of the wilderness is a reproach to Australia. The free selecters themselves are often cattle-stealers; are often ruined and driven to bushranging. Of eight hundred thousand acres alienated in New South Wales only one hundred and forty-seven thousand were sown with wheat in 1871. If the lands were compact within a smaller area, education and markets would be within reach, government would be easy, and instead of struggling, isolated families, there would be a community strong for mutual support. The large freeholders — the true aristocracy of Australia — have even a graver grievance than the leasehold squatter. In the early days of colonization large tracts were given to them or to their fathers as an inducement to them to devote energy and capital to the development of the country. It was then a wilderness, and nothing was known as to its capabilities. After a thousand struggles and failures they succeeded in introducing breeds of animals which flourish there now — and the crops which their experience and their outlay have shown to be most suitable. They have made roads, built bridges, and laid out towns. Now that the landowner has shown what the lands are fit for he wants tenants for those he cannot occupy himself. But the very tenants he would wish to get — the men with a little capital — the system of free selection has tempted to scatter themselves all over the country. They prefer unprofitable freeholds to profitable leaseholds. The tenants who offer themselves are men whom one bad season ruins. Hence this arable land is generally devoted to grazing; for "sheep are the only tenants whose crops do not fail."

The remedy for these evils is not to make the leasehold squatter secure in his domain, but to allow selection to be made only in districts which survey by experienced persons has shown to be suitable both as regards soil and access to markets. Where free selections thrive their prosperity is generally due to the fact that they are allowed to graze cattle in the waste land round their holdings. If the price of land were reduced — if lands fit for grazing, though not for agriculture, were sold in sufficiently large plots to render grazing profitable at a few shillings an acre, instead of at twenty shillings, a class of

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grazing farmers would be created that would confer on the country all the blessings hoped for from the class of tillage farmers.

Queensland, the most tropical of the colonies, is the seat of sugar cultivation. Unlike other crops, the cane requires two seasons to ripen, and therefore one year of drought or excessive rain or cold, will imperil the produce of two. The cultivation is encouraged by a heavy protective duty, and in favorable parts of the coast-lands, near to markets, has proved singularly remunerative. The climate is such that white men cannot do field-work, and even if they could, the high pay that would be necessary would prevent Queensland growers from competing with the growers of other climes who depend altogether on cheap tropical labor. Up to 1871 the work of the sugar plantations was chiefly done by laborers imported from various islands of Polynesia. The traffic seems to have been conducted under stringent regulations for securing the Polynesian from coercion, ill-usage, forcible detention, or bad faith. Of forty-three hundred imported up to 1871, twenty-seven hundred had returned to their homes, possessors of fortunes such as avarice never dreamt of in their own country, and endowed with habits of industry, such as, it might well be hoped, would render them missionaries of civilization to their fellows. But the cooly traffic for other regions than Queensland was not so rigidly controlled — was not, indeed, controlled at all, and true stories of kidnapping and outrage stirred English philanthropists to action. Unfortunately their zeal was not according to knowledge, and was shown in undeserved denunciations of what was called Queensland slavery. Within the colony itself white labor, shrinking from the competition of blacks, clamored for protection and prohibitions, and their selfish outcry was mistaken for an echo of the philanthropic sentiment of England. The traffic declined, and the Qneensland planters have now to look to India and China for cooly labor. Cotton, which it was once attempted to encourage by a bounty on exportation, is still grown in large quantities near Brisbane, but elsewhere it has given place to sugar.

Mining industries, though at present secondary to agriculture and grazing, are likely in no distant future to be the chief element in Australian prosperity. We have spoken already of the discoveries of gold and copper. Tin was found in New South Wales in 1872, and a tin fever followed, which resembled in all its stages the gold fever. Coal-fields of immense extent exist in many parts of the east coast and far away into the interior. But many years must elapse before the population is dense enough to allow the inland fields to be worked. At present those only are utilized which are within reach of the sea, or close to rivers. The Hunter River is the Tyne of Australia. At its mouth is the important town of Newcastle, whence coal is exported in large quantities to India, China, and other centres of eastern Asia. Iron is brought there to be smelted. Elsewhere in Queensland and New South Wales the iron ores (which exist in rich deposits on the surface in the neighborhood of free-stone) are smelted at the mines — the dense forests of large timber supplying ample fuel. But the time will come when forest timber will be no longer available, and then the coal seams will be worked. It is to be hoped that the Australian governments, which in so many respects show wise prevision, will save the country from the disastrous consequences which have elsewhere ensued on the destruction of forests. With coal and iron Queensland and New South Wales will become a new England in the East. They will first manufacture their own implements and then their own ships and cotton goods. Victoria has no coal, and despite the vigor of her citizens, ambitious Melbourne will not rival the greatness of apathetic Sydney.

The great obstacle to industrial development is everywhere the difficulty of transit. The squatter two hundred miles inland has to draw all his supplies from the coast and send all his wool there for shipment to England. The roads, except in the most settled districts, are mere improvised tracks, while the rivers generally have bar mouths, and are navigable only for a short distance from the sea. The only navigable system is that of the Darling, and even it is not navigable to its mouth. Traffic, too, is possible only at certain seasons, and is liable to frequent interruption. Yet so great is the difficulty and expense of land carriage, that the produce of Riverina finds its way by the tortuous windings of the rivers to a point on the Murray, and thence by rail to distant Melbourne, rather than by a comparatively short route overland to the much nearer port of Sydney.

Railways run straight inland from several of the chief ports; but, with the exception of the line destined to connect Melbourne and Sydney, none go from one

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centre of population to another. The reason is, of course, that population is densest on the coast, and that here communication by sea is easy. South Australia, elated by its success in constructing the telegraph line across the continent, thought of making a railway as well, and thus peopling the interior. But the physical conditions on which we have so often dwelt ordain that as the centre of the continent is approached, population and production must diminish in relation to area. Railways inland, therefore, can never give rise to settlement as they have done in America. The traffic can never require great speed or frequent trains. The first lines constructed were of the most costly type, but the advantages of cheap, light lines are now recognized. Railways, we may remark, have been constructed by the government. Private enterprise would certainly not have ventured on the necessary outlay, and the benefits they have conferred are undoubted. But the corrupting influence which the construction and maintenance of the lines has had, both on the government and the constituencies, justifies to a great extent the often expressed objections to entrusting such functions to the State. The scramble for public works grants of all kinds is, next to the democratic instinct, the great depraving influence in Australian politics. The candidates who succeed are not the men who are fitted by character and ability for the duties of legislation, but the men who have the knack of pleasing and amusing the electors; who can promise most glibly roads and railways and bridges; who attack most rancorously men of property and position, and announce them as oppressors of the honest laborer. Ministers must use the same arts to secure Parliamentary support as the members do to secure suffrages. Members and districts alike are bribed with grants from public funds for local works. The needs of the district are not considered, but its claims on the ministry. In such an atmosphere personal integrity cannot long exist. Many of the projects are mere jobs intended to benefit not a locality even, but a few individuals. The management of the State property is extravagant and corrupt. Personal and political considerations — often even coarser forms of inducement — determine the way in which lands are assigned and contracts given. Loan after loan is contracted with a light heart. The public debt grows, and only the substitution of local administrative governments for the system of centralized authority can save colonial finance from permanent disorder. The income from the sales of land being reckoned as ordinary revenue for a time conceals the danger, and the vigor of a young community will, in any case, repair the waste of unthrifty government.

Hardly anywhere in Australia is there any class, except the mercantile and trading classes of the towns, intermediate between the large capitalist and the laborer. At first the squatters were supreme in legislation, and selfishly used their power to save the lands they leased from agricultural occupation. But the various forms of mining industry led to the introduction of a large class of workmen, to whom, under the new constitutions, political power passed. They hated the squatters and the principles which squatting represented. Already the large freeholders desired the creation of a farming class to take their land on lease. The democracy created instead the class of free selecters. Production they endeavored to develop or to maintain where it languished by protective duties. Everything was protected — what the colony could not produce as well as what it could produce — everything except the produce of the squatter. The mercantile classes, who of course were mainly importers, opposed it. The press opposed it. The intelligence of the country opposes it, but the doggedness of the ignorant masses maintains it. The home government of course preferred free trade, but could not force it on an unwilling colony. It insisted only, in justice to foreign nations with whom it had treaty relations, and perhaps in the hope that practical inconvenience would be more convincing than abstract argument, that the goods of one colony should not be admitted on more favorable terms into another than the goods of foreign countries. The Australian colonies pay for their economic hobby not only by the misdirection of their industry, but by the expense and inconvenience of having to maintain against each other a customs barrier. The Riverina is politically connected with New South Wales, but all its imports and exports are by way of Melbourne. Commercially it is a part of Victoria, but the New South Wales government levies duty on all the goods which pass the Murray River. To obviate this inconvenience it was arranged that the Victoria government should collect and appropriate to its own use all the duties at Melbourne, and pay a lump sum annually as compensation to New South Wales. But a dispute arose as to the amount, and a barrier as discred-

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itable as that of the Indian Inland Customs line is still maintained. Confederation of the Australian colonies is a consummation that can hardly be hoped for very soon. But a customs union — such as that which existed between the German States — is the only remedy for the present intolerable obstacles to inter-colonial trade. To the council appointed to superintend the working of such a union other common functions — defence, for instance, and foreign relations — will by degrees be assigned, and thus the object of confederation will be slowly attained.

We have seen that Victoria and Queensland successfully claimed independence of New South Wales. Further separations are the great questions of local politics. Riverina — a district of squatters — though it finds the inconvenience of being politically connected with New South Wales — having its trade in Melbourne and its courts of justice in Sydney — is yet unwilling to be absorbed in democratic Victoria. It therefore claims to be made an independent colony. Rockhampton, in Queensland, is indignant that Brisbane should be enriched by the establishment of public offices there, and that the district round Brisbane, having a preponderance of votes, should have an unfair proportion of the public funds spent in works for its benefit. It, too, claims independence, but the claim is met by the protests of Bowen — a centre of population still further north. Bowen objects to the supremacy of Rockhampton on the very grounds on which Rockhampton objects to the supremacy of Brisbane. Thus every district — especially those which are most remote from the seat of government — desires separation. Parties too weak in the legislature often unite to support each other's schemes. But the more remote and less developed regions have not representation enough to make themselves heard, even by this process of "log-rolling. Confederation and decentralization will alone prevent the indefinite multiplication of these claims — by diminishing the prerogatives, and therefore the charms, of independence, and by removing the grievances which at present make subordination irksome.

We have said that the Australian States are democratic, but they are so in varying degrees. In Queensland the franchise is higher than elsewhere. The squatting interest is still powerful, and, as a result, salutary restraints are imposed on the power of selecting land for agriculture. The area has been surveyed and classified, and only the cultivation appropriate to each soil is permitted. Like New South Wales, it has attempted to create a yeoman class, but it has done so by recognizing the fact that the inland soil is suited for grazing, rather than for agriculture. Land is given at low rates as freehold for grazing; and the prosperous grazing farms of Queensland are a happy contrast to the scattered patches of the free-selecting cultivators of New South Wales. South Australia, too, has adopted the system of selection *after* survey, and New South Wales, though it permits free selection before survey, is less protectionist than Victoria. Victoria, the most prosperous of all, is the most democratic. It is indeed, perhaps, the most democratic state that exists, or has ever existed. The attempt of the squatters to save their leasehold lands from invasion has long since been defeated. The battle is now being fought over the lands they have acquired in freehold. That the form of acquisition was legal hardly any one denies. That the acquisition was in most cases opposed to the common interests of the colony, and that the squatters, as a class, have shown selfish indifference to those interests, not many will deny. The democracy wishes to open out fields for industry: the squatters prefer to reserve their lands for grazing, and thus exclude industry. Confiscation has been proposed; resumption at equitable rates has been proposed; but the favorite remedy is a tax on large landed estates, the rate being enhanced according to the degree in which the estate exceeds the untaxed minimum. The disputes as to the payment of members and the mode of making the will of the lower house override that of the upper house are mere incidents or phases of this controversy. Financial distress gives the question urgency. The proceeds of the land sales have long been treated as revenue, when they ought in truth to have been regarded as capital. Now that they begin to fail and that the customs — under the fatal influence of protection — languish, democracy looks round for some means of escape from the consequences of its own extravagance.

In all the colonies (except western Australia) the English model of government by queen (*i.e.* governor), lords (*i.e.* Legislative Council), and commons (*i.e.* Legislative Assembly), has been followed. In Queensland and New South Wales the council is nominated by the governor on the advice of his ministers. In South Australia and Victoria it is elective. We need not give details as to the qualifica-

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tions of electors and candidates. In Victoria, a member of council must own property worth 2,500*l.*, and the elector must pay rent or rates to the value of 50*l.* Thus the upper chamber represents property generally and not, as is often assumed in our newspapers, merely the squatting interests. For elections to the assembly there is manhood suffrage, and no property qualification. Members of the assembly receive a yearly salary. The elections excite little interest or excitement, and are hardly ever attended with disorder. This is due in part to the system of voting by ballot, but chiefly to popular indifference. Minorities have been hopelessly crushed. Political life has no venerable associations, and little of present dignity to attract the cultured classes. The history of the country is one of slow development, and presents none of those crises in which great men can stand forth and win fame. The character of the career, and the character of those who choose it, act and react on each other. As a rule, men of wealth and education enter Parliament only to procure the passing of some measure in which they are personally interested; and, as a rule, elections turn not on broad questions of political principle, but on considerations of local or personal advantage. Such political capacity as exists in the assemblies is due to the existence of the much-abused class of professional politicians. If most men go to Parliament only for the sake of business, it is well that a few should make a business of going there. In that, as in other professions, professional skill ought to lead to professional feelings of honor.

The affectionate loyalty of Australians to the mother country is shown in their adherence to English Parliamentary forms. The custom of our House of Commons is the code of colonial assemblies. There is generally an absence of dignity and too often of decorum in the conduct of debates — and discussions are too often mere wrangling over local jobs or interchange of coarse personalities. There are endless disputes on points of order, and the speaker is perpetually on his legs. Did we not remember the session of 1877 in our own House of Commons we should add that tactics of obstruction are resorted to such as no assembly of reasonable men ought to tolerate. Notwithstanding this endless flow of talk few speakers acquire even decent fluency of correct expression. It is to Oxford, not to Sydney, that we owe the incisive rhetoric of Mr. Lowe. Society in Australia is still young and small, and the delegates but represent the faults of their constituencies. The eighty-six members of the Victoria Assembly represent a population of only 629,776. The population of South Australia is 225,677, and of Western Australia 27,321. We ought to compare the Australian houses rather with London vestries or rural boards than with our own legislature. A free society in a healthy and productive climate must progress, whatever be the faults of its representative institutions. Melbourne, with its population of 247,000, and Sydney with its population of 167,000 would be considered large cities, even in England. In all that makes the life of their present inhabitants happy — in all that tends to the well-being of posterity — they are as rich as the most fortunate of English cities. Happily for their country, there is as yet no need for a system of State relief of distress. But grants of public money assist benevolent associations in succoring the helpless. The system of popular instruction is excellent, and a university provides for the need — not at present, it would seem, very acutely felt — of higher education. Churches, chapels, and conventicles of every creed and hue, attest the religious instincts of the people. The public offices are stately — the streets wide and well cared for. The gardens are so extensive that the country may be said to saturate the town. Beyond the great cities life assumes a less polished form. Nothing can be more primitive than the ordinary features of bush life. The towns, where they occur, are very small. A sanguine prudence has, in nearly every case, laid out the plans with geometrical precision and wild prodigality of space. The skeleton thus framed is but slightly clothed with flesh, and the comfort and picturesqueness of the present is sacrificed to the needs of the future. The great features of the towns seem to be street alignments, churches, hotels, and banks — the latter following the example of Lombard Street in architectural pretension. Education in the bush has till recently been much neglected, but is now regarded as a matter of pressing importance. The character of the working class is drawn in favorable colors. They are in better circumstances than their English brethren. They are less self-conscious in their assertion of independence, and therefore more polite. As a class they are not so sharply distinguished from the other classes of the country by difference of education as the mass of English workmen are, but the continued inflow of uneducated

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emigrants is one of the chief causes which have depraved politics. Prosperity fits a man for political functions, but the sudden change from poverty to affluence upsets his intelligence and self-control. Tippling is uncommon — but occasional bouts of drunkenness form, as we have had occasion to say before, the dear delights of life. Next to the workman's antipathy to capital and squatting — perhaps, indeed, even above it — must be reckoned his dislike of colored labor. He may possibly feel the objections to it which, in the minds of dispassionate judges, seem to justify his hostility, but his immediate reason for hating it is that it is cheap. We cannot, of course, condemn it on this ground. The Chinaman or Polynesian is cheap because the food he eats is easily grown and he has no habits which require much outlay. He and his habits are, perhaps, better suited to the climate than the European and European habits, and give more promise of permanency. We see no reason to believe that the man with simpler wants is less capable of improvement and development than the man with wants acquired under other conditions than those he has to work under. We see that in the northern colonies cheap labor — colored labor — is necessary for utilizing the productive resources of the country. But we also see that the population which gives the labor is transitory and incapable of becoming an element in a healthy State. The profligacy and indecency of the Chinese communities is so gross and open that we sympathize with the feeling of indignation and almost shame which self-respecting workmen must feel at their proximity. But this question of setting a limit to the growth and spread of depraved yet industrious races, is one we cannot discuss within the limits we assign to ourselves. Probably in Australia the political solution will be a recognition of the fact that there are two zones of country — one for white labor and one for colored. In the former we shall have countries organized on the Western model; in the latter we shall have an oligarchy of white directors of labor, and under it a mass of toiling, unprivileged, colored men.

It is pleasant to dream of a greater Britain at the antipodes, where the English language will be spoken, English literature had in loving honor, and English traditions be treasured long after the inevitable doom of decadence has befallen our island kingdom. But the future of the white population is not yet so well assured that we can say with confidence that the dream will be realized. The experiment of acclimatization has not been tried long enough to determine whether our race can adapt itself to the new conditions without loss of vigor and persistence. In India, we believe, pure European blood is sterile in the third generation. In America the physical degeneracy of persons of pure American extraction is acknowledged. The race would languish and become either extinct or effete, but for the ever fresh infusion of European blood. While the Australian cricketers are still among us, it seems rash to say that the "native" Australian is physically inferior to the Englishman. But he is certainly of lighter build — more agile, perhaps, and as enduring, but not so strong. Mentally they are, as contrasted with Englishmen, precocious and quick rather than sound. Manners, of course, are due rather to temporary environments than to inherent qualities. The rich men — the aristocrats — are often men of the humblest origin; and there is no aristocracy of birth, or even of education, to give tone to society and establish a standard of manners. This is delicate ground, and the general estimate we give must be understood to be subject to many exceptions. If the upper classes are often uncultured, it must be remembered that in the ranks of the strugglers are many men of gentle English birth. Society is not as in England distinguished by sharp contrasts. The gentles are rougher, the simples are more polished than at home. Here in England statesmen talk without hesitation or regret of the possibility of colonial independence and separation. But in Australia it is treason to do so. The Colonial Office may be abused, but the English connection is very dear, and every symbol of it is valued. A Victorian is proud of Melbourne, and a New South Wales man of Sydney, but there is no sentiment of pride or loyalty regarding Australia as a whole. We are of those who hold that the affection of the colonists should be prized and cherished by our country, and that in our policy we should not encourage the idea nor even anticipate the possibility of separation. There may perhaps never be a self-sustaining Anglo-Saxon population in Australia, but the decline of England must be rapid indeed if for centuries to come we shall not be able to send the overflow of a healthy people to maintain the vigor of our distant settlements.

Of the works, the titles of which we have prefixed to this article, those of Mr. Ranken and Mr. Trollope are well known. Mr. Ranken's is at once philosophic and practical — scientific and business-like.

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He treats adequately of all the conditions — social, physical, and political, which govern the development of nations, while his style, Tacitean almost in brevity and suggestiveness, admits of several passages of finished picturesqueness of expression. Mr. Trollope is perhaps more readable. Full of genial common sense, he speaks rather as an intelligent and practised observer than as an expert. To both our acknowledgments are due, but especially to Mr. Ranken. Mr. Labilliere's work seems to have been written rather for Victorians than for Englishmen. It contains many details of interest but, on the whole, rather materials for history than history — rather archives than annals.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XL.

DREAMS.

THIS long and terrible night: will it never end? Or will not life itself go out, and let the sufferer have rest? The slow and sleepless hours toil through the darkness; and there is a ticking of a clock in the hushed room; and this agony of pain still throbbing and throbbing in the breaking heart. And then, as the pale dawn shows gray in the windows, the anguish of despair follows him even into the wan realms of sleep, and there are wild visions rising before the sick brain. Strange visions these are; the confused and seething phantasmagoria of a shattered life; himself regarding himself as another figure, and beginning to pity this poor wretch who is not permitted to die. "Poor wretch! poor wretch!" he says to himself. "Did they use to call you Macleod; and what is it that has brought you to this?"

. . . . . .

See now! He lays his head down on the warm heather, on this beautiful summer day; and the seas are all blue around him, and the sun is shining on the white sands of Iona. Far below, the men are singing "*Fhir a bhata*" and the sea-birds are softly calling. But suddenly there is a horror in his brain; and the day grows black; but an adder has stung him! it is *Righinn* — the Princess — the Queen of Snakes. Oh, why does she laugh, and look at him so with that clear, cruel look? He would rather not go into this still house where the lidless-eyed creatures are lying in their awful sleep. Why does she laugh? Is it a matter for laughing that a man should be stung by an adder, and all his life grow black around him? For it is then that they put him in a grave; and she — she stands with her foot on it! There is moonlight around, and the jackdaws are wheeling overhead; our voices sound hollow in these dark ruins. But you can hear this, sweetheart: shall I whisper it to you? "*You are standing on the grave of Macleod.*"

. . . . . .

Lo! the grave opens! Why, Hamish, it was no grave at all, but only the long winter; and now we are all looking at a strange thing away in the south, for who ever saw all the beautiful flags before that are fluttering there in the summer wind? O sweetheart! your hand — give me your small, warm, white hand. See! we will go up the steep path by the rocks; and here is the small white house; and have you never seen so great a telescope before? And is it all a haze of heat over the sea, or can you make out the quivering phantom of the lighthouse — the small gray thing out at the edge of the world? Look! they are signalling now; they know you are here: come out, quick! to the great white boards, and we will send them over a message, and you will see that they will send back a thousand welcomes to the young bride. Our ways are poor; we have no satin bowers to show you, as the old songs say; but do you know who are coming to wait on you? The beautiful women out of the old songs are coming to be your handmaidens — I have asked them — I saw them in many dreams — I spoke gently to them — and they are coming. Do you see them? There is the bonnie Lizzie Lindsay, who kilted her coats o' green satin to be off with young Macdonald; and Burd Helen — she will come to you pale and beautiful; and proud Lady Maisry that was burned for her true love's sake; and Mary Scott of Yarrow that set all men's hearts aflame. See, they will take you by the hand. They are the Queen's Maries. There is no other grandeur at Castle Dare.

. . . . . .

Is this Macleod? They used to say that Macleod was a man! They used to say he had not much fear of anything. But this is only a poor trembling boy — a coward trembling at everything, and going away to London with a lie on his lips.

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And they know how Sholto Macleod died, and how Roderick Macleod died, and Ronald, and Duncan the fair-haired, and Hector; but the last of them — this poor wretch — what will they say of him? "Oh, he died for the love of a woman!" She struck him in the heart, and he could not strike back, for she was a woman. Ah, but if it was a man, now! They say the Macleods are all become sheep, and their courage has gone, and if they were to grasp even a rose-leaf they could not crush it. It is dangerous to say that; do not trust to it. Oh, is it you, you poor fool in the newspaper who are whirling along behind the boat? Does the swivel work? Are the sharks after you? Do you hear them behind you, cleaving the water? The men of Dubh Artach will have a good laugh when we whisk you past. What! you beg for mercy? — come out, then, you poor devil! Here is a tarpaulin for you. Give him a glass of whiskey, John Cameron. And so you know about theatres; and perhaps you have ambition too; and there is nothing in the world so fine as people clapping their hands? But you — even you — if I were to take you over in the dark, and the storm came on: you would not think that I thrust you aside to look after myself? You are a stranger; you are helpless in boats: do you think I would thrust you aside? It was not fair — oh, it was not fair: if she wished to kill my heart, there were other things to say than that. Why, sweetheart, don't you know that I got the little English boy out of the water; and you think I would let you drown! If we were both drowning now, do you know what I should do? I should laugh and say, "Sweetheart, sweetheart, if we were not to be together in life, we are now in death, and that is enough for me."

. . . . . .

What is the slow, sad sound that one hears? The grave is on the lonely island; there is no one left on the island now; there is nothing but the grave. "*Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.*" Oh no, not that! That is all over; the misery is over, and there is peace. This is the sound of the sea-birds, and the wind coming over the seas, and the waves on the rocks. Or is it Donald, in the boat, going back to the land? The people have their heads bent; it is a lament the boy is playing. And how will you play the "*Comhadh na Cloinne*" to-night, Donald? — and what will the mother say? It is six sons she has to think of now; and Patrick Mòr had but seven dead when he wrote the "Lament of the Children." Janet, see to her! Tell her it is no matter now; the peace has come; the misery is over; there is only the quiet sound of the waves. But you, Donald, come here. Put down your pipes, and listen. Do you remember the English lady who was here in the summer-time; and your pipes were too loud for her, and were taken away? She is coming again. She will try to put her foot on my grave. But you will watch for her coming, Donald; and you will go quickly to Hamish; and Hamish will go down to the shore, and send her back. You are only a boy, Donald; she would not heed you; and the ladies at the castle are too gentle, and would give her fair words; but Hamish is not afraid of her; he will drive her back — she shall not put her foot on my grave; for my heart can bear no more pain.

. . . . . .

And are you going away — *Rose-Leaf* — *Rose-Leaf* — are you sailing away from me on the smooth waters to the south? I put out my hand to you; but you are afraid of the hard hands of the northern people, and you shrink from me. Do you think we would harm you, then, that you tremble so? The savage days are gone; come — we will show you the beautiful islands in the summer-time; and you will take high courage, and become yourself a Macleod; and all the people will be proud to hear of Fionaghal the Fair Stranger who has come to make her home among us. Oh, our hands are gentle enough when it is a rose-leaf they have to touch. There was blood on them in the old days; we have washed it off now: see — this beautiful red rose you have given me is not afraid of rough hands! We have no beautiful roses to give you, but we will give you a piece of white heather, and that will secure to you peace and rest and a happy heart all your days. You will not touch it, sweetheart? Do not be afraid! There is no adder in it. But if you were to find, now, a white adder, would you know what to do with it? There was a sweetheart in an old song knew what to do with an adder. Do you know the song? The young man goes back to his home, and he says to his mother, "O make my bed soon; for I'm weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doon." Why do you turn so pale, sweetheart? There is the whiteness of a white adder in your cheeks; and your eyes — there is death in your eyes! Donald! — Hamish! help! help! — her foot is coming near to my grave! — my heart ——

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And so, in a paroxysm of wild terror and pain, he awoke again, and behold, the ghastly white daylight was in the room — the cold glare of a day he would fain have never seen. It was all in a sort of dream that this haggard-faced man dressed, and drank a cup of tea, and got outside into the rain — the rain, and the noise of the cabs, and the gloom of London skies: these harsh and commonplace things were easier to bear than the dreams of the sick brain. And then, somehow or other, he got his way down to Aldershot, and sought out Norman Ogilvie.

"Macleod!" Ogilvie cried, startled beyond measure by his appearance.

"I — I wanted to shake hands with you, Ogilvie, before I am going," said this hollow-eyed man, who seemed to have grown old.

Ogilvie hesitated for a second or two; and then he said vehemently, —

"Well, Macleod, I am not a sentimental chap, but — but — hang it! it is too bad. And again and again I have thought of writing to you, as your friend, just within the last week or so; and then I said to myself that tale-bearing never came to any good. But she won't darken Mrs. Ross's door again — that I know. Mrs. Ross went straight to her the other day. There is no nonsense about that woman. And when she got to understand that the story was true, she let Miss White know that she considered you to be a friend of hers, and that — well, you know how women give hints ——"

"But I don't know what you mean, Ogilvie," he cried, quite bewildered. "Is it a thing for all the world to know? What story is it — when I knew nothing till yesterday?"

"Well, you know now: I saw by your face a minute ago that she had told you the truth at last," Ogilvie said. "Macleod, don't blame me. When I heard of her being about to be married, I did not believe the story ——"

Macleod sprang at him like a tiger, and caught his arm with the grip of a vise.

"Her getting married? — to whom?"

"Why, don't you know?" Ogilvie said, with his eyes staring. "Oh yes, you must know. I see you know. Why, the look in your face when you came into this room ——"

"Who is the man, Ogilvie?" — and there was the sudden hate of ten thousand devils in his eyes.

"Why, it is that artist fellow — Lemuel. You don't mean to say she hasn't told you? It is the common story. And Mrs. Ross thought it was only a piece of nonsense — she said they were always making out those stories about actresses — but she went to Miss White. And when Miss White could not deny it, Mrs. Ross said there and then they had better let their friendship drop. Macleod, I would have written to you — upon my soul, I would have written to you — but how could I imagine you did not know? And do you really mean to say she has not told you anything of what has been going on recently — what was well known to every body?"

And this young man spoke in a passion too: Keith Macleod was his friend. But Macleod himself seemed, with some powerful effort of will, to have got the better of his sudden and fierce hate; he sat down again; he spoke in a low voice; but there was a dark look in his eyes.

"No," said he slowly, "she has not told me all about it. Well, she did tell me about a poor creature — a woman-man — a thing of affectation, with his paint-box and his velvet coat and his furniture: Ogilvie, have you got any brandy?"

Ogilvie rang, and got some brandy, some water, a tumbler, and a wineglass placed on the table. Macleod, with a hand that trembled violently, filled the tumbler half full with brandy.

"And she could not deny the story to Mrs. Ross?" said he, with a strange and hard smile on his face. "It was her modesty. Ah, you don't know, Ogilvie, what an exalted soul she has. She is full of idealisms. She could not explain all that to Mrs. Ross. *I* know. And when she found herself too weak to carry out her aspirations, she sought help. Is that it? She would gain assurance and courage from the woman-man?"

He pushed the tumbler away; his hand was still trembling violently.

"I will not touch that, Ogilvie," said he, "for I have not much mastery over myself. I am going away now — I am going back now to the Highlands. Oh! you do not know what I have become since I met that woman — a coward and a liar! They wouldn't have you sit down at the mess table, Ogilvie, if you were that: would they? I dare not stay in London now. I must run away now — like a hare that is hunted. It would not be good for her or for me that I should stay any longer in London."

He rose, and held out his hand: there was a curious glazed look on his eyes. Ogilvie pressed him back into the chair again.

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"You are not going out in this condition, Macleod — you don't know what you are doing. Come now, let us be reasonable; let us talk over the thing like men. And I must say, first of all, that I am heartily glad of it, for your sake. It will be a hard twist at first; but, bless you! lots of fellows have had to fight through the same thing, and they come up smiling after it, and you would scarcely know the difference. Don't imagine I am surprised, — oh no. I never did believe in that young woman; I thought she was a deuced sight too clever; and when she used to go about humbugging this one and the other with her innocent airs, I said to myself, 'Oh, it's all very well; but *you* know what you are about.' Of course there was no use talking to you. I believe at one time Mrs. Ross was considering the point whether she ought not to give you a hint, seeing that you had met Miss White first at her house, that the young lady was rather clever at flirtation, and that you ought to keep a sharp look-out. But then you would only have blazed up in anger. It was no use talking to you. And then, after all, I said that if you were so bent on marrying her, the chances were that you would have no difficulty, for I thought the bribe of her being called Lady Macleod would be enough for any actress. As for this man Lemuel, no doubt he is a very great man, as people say; but I don't know much about these things myself; and — and — I think it is very plucky of Mrs. Ross to cut off two of her lions at one stroke. It shows she must have taken an uncommon liking for you. So you must cheer up, Macleod. If women take a fancy to you like that, you'll easily get a better wife than Miss White would have made. Mind you, I don't go back from anything I ever said of her. She is a handsome woman, and no mistake; and I will say that she is the best waltzer that I ever met with in the whole course of my life — without exception. But she's the sort of woman who, if I married her, would want some looking after — I mean, that is my impression. The fact is, Macleod, away there in Mull you have been brought up too much on books and your own imagination. You were ready to believe any pretty woman, with soft English ways, an angel. Well, you have had a twister; but you'll come through it; and you will get to believe, after all, that women are very good creatures, just as men are very good creatures, when you get the right sort. Come now, Macleod, pull yourself together. Perhaps I have just as hard an opinion of her conduct toward you as you have yourself. But you know what Tommy Moore, or some fellow like that, says: 'Though she be not fair to me, what the devil care I how fair she be?' And if I were you I would have a drop of brandy — but not half a tumblerful."

But neither Lieutenant Ogilvie's pert common sense, nor his apt and accurate quotation, nor his proffered brandy, seemed to alter much the mood of this haggard-faced man. He rose.

"I think I am going now," said he, in a low voice. "You won't take it unkindly, Ogilvie, that I don't stop to talk with you. It is a strange story you have told me.— I want time to think over it. Good-by."

"The fact is, Macleod," Ogilvie stammered, as he regarded his friend's face, "I don't like to leave you. Won't you stay and dine with our fellows? Or shall I see if I can run up to London with you?"

"No, thank you, Ogilvie," said he. "And have you any message for the mother and Janet?"

"Oh, I hope you will remember me most kindly to them. At least I will go to the station with you, Macleod."

"Thank you, Ogilvie; but I would rather go alone. Good-by, now."

He shook hands with his friend — in an absent sort of way — and left. But while yet his hand was on the door, he turned and said, —

"Oh, do you remember my gun that has the shot barrel and the rifle barrel?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And would you like to have that, Ogilvie? — we sometimes had it when we were out together."

"Do you think I would take your gun from you, Macleod?" said the other. "And you will soon have plenty of use for it now."

"Good-by, then, Ogilvie," said he; and he left, and went out into the world of rain and lowering skies and darkening moors.

And when he went back to Dare it was a wet day also; but he was very cheerful; and he had a friendly word for all whom he met; and he told the mother and Janet that he had got home at last, and meant to go no more a-roving. But that evening, after dinner, when Donald began to play the lament for the memory of the five sons of Dare, Macleod gave a sort of stifled cry, and there were tears running down his cheeks — which was a strange thing for a man; and he rose and left the hall, just as a woman would have done.

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And his mother sat there, cold, and pale, and trembling; but the gentle cousin Janet called out, with a piteous trouble in her eyes, —

"Oh, auntie, have you seen the look on our Keith's face ever since he came ashore to-day?"

"I know it, Janet," said she. "I have seen it. That woman has broken his heart — and he is the last of my six brave lads."

They could not speak any more now; for Donald had come up the hall; and he was playing the wild, sad wail of the "*Cumhadh na Cloinne.*"

CHAPTER XLI.

A LAST HOPE.

THOSE sleepless nights of passionate yearning and despair, those days of sullen gloom broken only by wild cravings for revenge that went through his brain like spasms of fire, these were killing this man. His face grew haggard and gray; his eyes morose and hopeless; he shunned people as if he feared their scrutiny; he brooded over the past in a silence he did not wish to have broken by any human voice. This was no longer Macleod of Dare. It was the wreck of a man — drifting no one knew whither.

And in those dark and morbid reveries there was no longer any bewilderment. He saw clearly how he had been tricked and played with. He understood now the coldness she had shown on coming to Dare; her desire to get away again; her impatience with his appeals; her anxiety that communication between them should be solely by letter. "Yes, yes," he would say to himself — and sometimes he would laugh aloud in the solitude of the hills — "she was prudent. She was a woman of the world, as Stuart used to say. She would not quite throw me off — she would not be quite frank with me — until she had made sure of the other. And in her trouble of doubt, when she was trying to be better than herself, and anxious to have guidance, *that* was the guide she turned to — the woman-man, the dabbler in paint-boxes, the critic of carpets and wall-papers!"

Sometimes he grew to hate her. She had destroyed the world for him. She had destroyed his faith in the honesty and honor of womanhood. She had played with him as with a toy — a fancy of the brain — and threw him aside when something new was presented to her. And when a man is stung by a white adder, does he not turn and stamp with his heel? Is he not bound to crush the creature out of existence, to keep God's earth and the free sunlight sweet and pure?

But then — but then — the beauty of her! In dreams he heard her low, sweet laugh again; he saw the beautiful brown hair; he surrendered to the irresistible witchery of the clear and lovely eyes. What would not a man give for one last, wild kiss of the laughing and half-parted lips? His life? And if that life happened to be a mere broken and useless thing — a hateful thing — would he not gladly and proudly fling it away? One long, lingering, despairing kiss; and then a deep draught of Death's black wine!

One day he was riding down to the fishing station when he met John MacIntyre the postman, who handed him a letter, and passed on. Macleod opened this letter with some trepidation, for it was from London; but it was in Norman Ogilvie's handwriting.

"DEAR MACLEOD, — I thought you might like to hear the latest news. I cut the inclosed from a sort of half-sporting, half-theatrical paper our fellows get; no doubt the paragraph is true enough. And I wish it was well over and done with, and she married out of hand; for I know until that is so, you will be torturing yourself with all sorts of projects and fancies. Good-by, old fellow. I suppose when you offered me the gun, you thought your life had collapsed altogether, and that you would have no further use for anything. But no doubt, after the first shock, you have thought better of that. How are the birds? I hear rather bad accounts from Ross; but then he is always complaining about something.

"Yours sincerely,

"NORMAN OGILVIE."

And then he unfolded the newspaper cutting which Ogilvie had inclosed. The paragraph of gossip announced that the Piccadilly Theatre would shortly be closed for repairs; but that the projected provincial tour of the company had been abandoned. On the reopening of the theatre, a play, which was now in preparation, written by Mr. Gregory Lemuel, would be produced. "It is understood," continued the newsman, "that Miss Gertrude White, the young and gifted actress who has been the chief attraction at the Piccadilly Theatre for two years back, is shortly to be married to Mr. L. Lemuel, the well-known artist; but the public have no reason to fear the withdrawal from the stage of so popular a favorite; for she has consented

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to take the chief *rôle* in the new play, which is said to be of a tragic nature."

Macleod put the letter and its enclosure into his pocket, and rode on. The hand that held the bridle shook somewhat; that was all.

He met Hamish.

"Oh, Hamish!" he cried, quite gayly. "Hamish, will you go to the wedding?"

"What wedding, sir?" said the old man; but well he knew. If there was any one blind to what had been going on, that was not Hamish; and again and again he had in his heart cursed the English traitoress who had destroyed his master's peace.

"Why, do you not remember the English lady that was here not so long ago? And she is going to be married. And would you like to go to the wedding, Hamish?"

He scarcely seemed to know what he was saying in this wild way; there was a strange look in his eyes, though apparently he was very merry. And this was the first word he had uttered about Gertrude White to any living being at Dare ever since his last return from the south.

Now what was Hamish's answer to this gay invitation? The Gaelic tongue is almost devoid of those meaningless expletives which, in other languages, express mere annoyance or temper. When a Highlander swears, he usually swears in English. But the Gaelic curse is a much more solemn and deliberate affair.

"*May her soul dwell in the lowermost hall of perdition!*" — that was the answer that Hamish made; and there was a blaze of anger in the keen eyes and in the proud and handsome face.

"Oh yes," continued the old man in his native tongue, and he spoke rapidly and passionately, "I am only a serving-man; and perhaps a serving-man ought not to speak; but perhaps sometimes he will speak. And have I not seen it all, Sir Keith? — and no more of the pink letters coming; and you going about a changed man, as if there was nothing more in life for you? And now you ask me if I will go to the wedding! And what do I say to you, Sir Keith? I say this to you — that the woman is not now living who will put that shame on Macleod of Dare!"

Macleod regarded the old man's angry vehemence almost indifferently: he had grown to pay little heed to anything around him.

"Oh yes, it is a fine thing for the English lady," said Hamish, with the same proud fierceness, "to come here and amuse herself. But she does not know the Mull men yet. Do you think, Sir Keith, that any one of your forefathers would have had this shame put upon him? I think not. I think he would have said, 'Come, lads, here is a proud madam that does not know that a man's will is stronger than a woman's will; and we will teach her a lesson. And before she has learned that lesson, she will discover that it is not safe to trifle with a Macleod of Dare.' And you ask me if I will go to the wedding! I have known you since you were a child, Sir Keith, and I put the first gun in your hand, and I saw you catch your first salmon; it is not right to laugh at an old man."

"Laughing at you, Hamish? I gave you an invitation to a wedding."

"And if I was going to that wedding," said Hamish, with a return of that fierce light to the gray eyes, "do you know how I would go to the wedding? I would take two or three of the young lads with me. We would make a fine party for the wedding. Oh yes; a fine party! And if the English church is a fine church, can we not take off our caps as well as any one? But when the pretty madam came in, I would say to myself, 'Oh yes, my fine madam, you forgot it was a Macleod you had to deal with, and not a child, and you did not think you would have a visit from two or three of the Mull lads?'"

"And what then?" Macleod said, with a smile — though this picture of his sweetheart coming into the church as the bride of another man had paled his cheek.

"And before she had brought that shame on the house of Dare," said Hamish excitedly, "do you not think that I would seize her — that I would seize her with my own hands? And when the young lads and I had thrust her down into the cabin of the yacht — oh yes, when we had thrust her down and put the hatch over — do you think the proud madam would be quite so proud?"

Macleod laughed a loud laugh.

"Why, Hamish, you want to become a famous person! You would carry off a popular actress, and have all the country ringing with the exploit! And would you have a piper, too, to drown her screams — just as Macdonald of Armadale did when he came with his men to South Uist and carried off Flora Macdonald's mother?"

"And was there ever a better marriage than that — as I have heard many a man of Skye say?" Hamish exclaimed eagerly. "Oh yes, it is good for a woman to know that a man's will is stronger than a woman's will! And when we have the

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fine English madam caged up in the cabin, and we are coming away to the north again, she will not have so many fine airs, I think. And if the will cannot be broken, it is the neck that can be broken; and better that than that Sir Keith Macleod should have a shame put on him."

"Hamish, Hamish, how will you dare to go into the church at Salen next Sunday?" Macleod said; but he was now regarding the old man with a strange curiosity.

"Men were made before churches were thought of," Hamish said curtly; and then Macleod laughed, and rode on.

The laugh soon died away from his face. Here was the stone bridge on which she used to lean to drop pebbles into the whirling clear water. Was there not some impression even yet of her soft warm arm on the velvet moss? And what had the voice of the streamlet told him in the days long ago? — that the summer-time was made for happy lovers; that she was coming; that he should take her hand and show her the beautiful islands and the sunlit seas before the darkening skies of the winter came over them. And here was the summer sea; and moist, warm odors were in the larch wood; and out there Ulva was shining green, and there was sunlight on the islands and on the rocks of Erisgeir. But she — where was she? Perhaps standing before a mirror, with a dress all of white, and trying how orange blossoms would best lie in her soft brown hair. Her arms are uplifted to her head; she smiles: could not one suddenly seize her now by the waist, and bear her off, with the smile changed to a blanched look of fear? The wild pirates have got her; the rose-leaf is crushed in the cruel northern hands; at last — at last — what is in the scabbard has been drawn and declared, and she screams in her terror!

Then he fell to brooding again over Hamish's mad scheme. The fine English church of Hamish's imagination was no doubt a little stone building that a handful of sailors could carry at a rush. And of course the yacht must needs be close by; for there was no land in Hamish's mind that was out of sight of the salt-water. And what consideration would this old man have for delicate fancies and studies in moral science? The fine madam had been chosen to be the bride of Macleod of Dare; that was enough. If her will would not bend, it would have to be broken. That was the good old way: was there ever a happier wife than the lady of Armadale, who had been carried screaming down-stairs in the night-time, and placed in her lover's boat, with the pipes playing a wild pibroch all the time?

Macleod was in the library that night when Hamish came to him with some papers. And just as the old man was about to leave, Macleod said to him, —

"Well, that was a pretty story you told me this morning, Hamish, about the carrying off of the young English lady. And have you thought any more about it?"

"I have thought enough about it," Hamish said in his native tongue.

"Then perhaps you could tell me, when you start on this fine expedition, how you are going to have the yacht taken to London? The lads of Mull are very clever, Hamish, I know; but do you think that any one of them can steer the 'Umpire' all the way from Loch-na-Keal to the river Thames?"

"Is it the river Thames?" said Hamish, with great contempt. "And is that all — the river Thames? Do you know this, Sir Keith, that my cousin Colin Laing, that has a whiskey shop now in Greenock, has been all over the world, and at China, and other places; and he was the mate of many a big vessel; and do you think he could not take the 'Umpire' from Loch-na-Keal to London? And I would only have to send a line to him and say, 'Colin, it is Sir Keith Macleod himself that will want you to do this;' and then he will leave twenty or thirty shops — ay, fifty and a hundred shops — and think no more of them at all. Oh yes, it is very true what you say, Sir Keith. There is no one knows better than I the soundings of Loch Scridain and Loch Tua; and you have said yourself that there is not a bank or a rock about the islands that I do not know; but I have not been to London. No, I have not been to London. But is there any great trouble in getting to London? No, none at all, when we have Colin Laing on board."

Macleod was apparently making a gay joke of the matter; but there was an anxious, intense look in his eyes all the same — even when he was staring absently at the table before him. "Oh yes, Hamish," he said, laughing in a constrained manner, "that would be a fine story to tell; and you would become very famous — just as if you were working for fame in a theatre; and all the people would be talking about you. And when you got to London, how would you get through the London streets?"

"It is my cousin who would show me

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the way: has he not been to London more times than I have been to Stornoway?"

"But the streets of London — they would cover all the ground between here and Loch Scridain; and how would you carry the young lady through them?"

"We would carry her," said Hamish curtly.

"With the bagpipes to drown her screams?"

"I would drown her screams myself," said Hamish, with a sudden savageness; and he added something that Macleod did not hear.

"Do you know that I am a magistrate, Hamish?"

"I know, Sir Keith."

"And when you come to me with this proposal, do you know what I should do?"

"I know what the old Macleods of Dare would have done," said Hamish proudly, "before they let this shame come on them. And you, Sir Keith — you are a Macleod too; ay, and the bravest lad that ever was born in Castle Dare! And you will not suffer this thing any longer, Sir Keith; for it is a sore heart I have from the morning till the night; and it is only a serving-man that I am; but sometimes when I will see you going about — and nothing now cared for, but a great trouble on your face — oh, then, I say to myself, 'Hamish, you are an old man, and you have not long to live; but before you die you will teach the fine English madam what it is to bring a shame on Sir Keith Macleod!'"

"Ah, well, good-night now, Hamish; I am tired," he said; and the old man slowly left.

He was tired — if one might judge by the haggard cheeks and the heavy eyes; but he did not go to sleep. He did not even go to bed. He spent the livelong night, as he had spent too many lately, in nervously pacing to and fro within this hushed chamber, or seated with his arms on the table, and the aching head resting on the clasped hands. And again those wild visions came to torture him — the product of a sick heart and a bewildered brain; only now there was a new element introduced. This mad project of Hamish's, at which he would have laughed in a saner mood, began to intertwist itself with all these passionate longings and these troubled dreams of what might yet be possible to him on earth; and wherever he turned it was suggested to him; and whatever was the craving and desire of the moment, this, and this only, was the way to reach it. For if one were mad with pain, and determined to crush the white adder that had stung one, what better way than to seize the hateful thing and cage it, so that it should do no more harm among the sons of men? Or if one were mad because of the love of a beautiful white princess, and she far away, and dressed in bridal robes, what better way than to take her hand, and say, "Quick, quick, to the shore! For the summer seas are waiting for you; and there is a home for the bride far away in the north?" Or if it was only one wild despairing effort — one last means of trying — to bring her heart back again? Or if there was but the one fierce captured kiss of those lips no longer laughing at all? Men had ventured more for far less reward, surely? And what remained to him in life but this? There was at least the splendid joy of daring and action!

The hours passed; and sometimes he fell into troubled sleep as he sat with his head bent on his hands — but then it was only to see those beautiful pictures of her that made his heart ache all the more. And sometimes he saw her all in sailor-like white and blue, as she was stepping down from the steamer; and sometimes he saw the merry duchess coming forward through the ballroom, with her saucy eyes and her laughing and parted lips; and sometimes he saw her before a mirror; and again she smiled — but his heart would fain have cried aloud in its anguish. Then again he would start up, and look at the window. Was he impatient for the day?

The lamp still burned in the hushed chamber. With trembling fingers he took out the letter Ogilvie had written to him, and held the slip of printed paper before his bewildered gaze. "The young and gifted actress." She is "shortly to be married." And the new piece that all the world will come to see, as soon as she is returned from her wedding tour, is "of a tragic nature."

. . . . . .

Hamish, Hamish, do you hear these things? Do you know what they mean? Oh, we will have to look sharp if we are to be there in time! Come along, you brave lads; it is not the first time that a Macleod has carried off a bride. And will she cry, do you think — for we have no pipes to drown her screams? Ah, but we will manage it another way than that, Hamish! You have no cunning, you old man! There will be no scream when the white adder is seized and caged.

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. . . . . .

But surely no white adder! O sweetheart, you gave me a red rose! And do you remember the night in the garden, with the moonlight around us, and the favor you wore next your heart was the badge of the Macleods? You were not afraid of the Macleods then; you had no fear of the rude northern people; you said they would not crush a pale rose-leaf. And now — now — see! I have rescued you; and those people will persuade you no longer; I have taken you away — you are free! And will you come up on deck now, and look around on the summer sea? And shall we put in to some port, and telegraph that the runaway bride is happy enough; and that they will hear of her next from Castle Dare? Look around, sweetheart: surely you know the old boat. And here is Christina to wait on you; and Hamish — Hamish will curse you no more — he will be your friend now. Oh, you will make the mother's heart glad at last: she has not smiled for many a day.

. . . . . .

Or is it the proud madam that is below, Hamish; and she will not speak; and she sits alone in all her finery? And what are we to do with her now, then — to break her will? Do you think she will speak when she is in the midst of the silence of the northern seas? Or will they be after us, Hamish? Oh, that would be a fine chase, indeed; and we would lead them a fine dance through the western isles; and I think you would try their knowledge of the channels and the banks. And the painter fellow, Hamish, the woman-man, the dabbler — would he be in the boat behind us? — or would he be down below, in bed in the cabin, with a nurse to attend him? Come along, then! — but beware of the overfalls off Tiree, you southern men! Or is it a race for Barra Head, and who will be at Vatersay first? There is good fishing-ground on the Sgriobh bhan, Hamish; they may as well stop to fish as seek to catch us among our western isles. See, the dark is coming down, are these the Monach lights in the north? — Hamish, Hamish, we are on the rocks, and there is no one to help her! Oh, sweetheart! — sweetheart! ——

The brief fit of struggling sleep is over; he rises and goes to the window; and now, if he is impatient for the new day, behold! the new day is here. Oh, see how the wan light of the morning meets the wan face! It is the face of a man who has been close to death; it is the face of a man who is desperate. And if, after the terrible battle of the night, with its uncontrollable yearning and its unbearable pain, the fierce and bitter resolve is taken? — if there remains but this one last despairing venture for all that made life worth having? How wildly the drowning man clutches at this or that, so only that he may breathe for yet a moment more! He knows not what miracle may save him; he knows not where there is any land; but only to live — only to breathe for another moment — that is his cry. And then, mayhap, amid the wild whirl of waves, if he were suddenly to catch sight of the shore, and think that he was getting near to that, and see awaiting him there a white princess, with a smile on her lips and a red rose in her outstretched hand, would he not make one last convulsive effort before the black waters dragged him down?

CHAPTER XLII.

THE WHITE-WINGED DOVE.

THE mere thought of this action, swift, immediate, impetuous, seemed to give relief to the burning brain. He went outside, and walked down to the shore; all the world was asleep; but the day had broken fair and pleasant, and the sea was calm and blue. Was not that a good omen? After all, then, there was still the wild, glad hope that Fionaghal might come and live in her northern home; the summer days had not gone forever; they might still find a red rose for her bosom at Castle Dare.

And then he tried to deceive himself. Was not this a mere lover's stratagem? Was not all fair in love as in war? Surely she would forgive him, for the sake of the great love he bore her, and the happiness he would try to bring her all the rest of her life? And no sailor, he would take care, would lay his rough hand on her gentle arm. That was the folly of Hamish. There was no chance in these days for a band of northern pirates to rush into a church and carry off a screaming bride. There were other ways than that; gentler ways; and the victim of the conspiracy — why, she would only laugh in the happy after-time and be glad that he had succeeded. And meanwhile he rejoiced that so much had to be done. Oh yes, there was plenty to think about now, other than those terrible visions of the night. There was work to do; and the cold sea air was cooling the fevered brain, so that it all seemed pleasant and easy and glad. There was Colin Laing to be summoned

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from Greenock, and questioned. The yacht had to be provisioned for a long voyage. He had to prepare the mother and Janet for his going away. And might not Norman Ogilvie find out somehow when the marriage was to be, so that he would know how much time was left him?

But with all this eagerness and haste he kept whispering to himself counsels of caution and prudence. He dared not awaken her suspicion by professing too much forgiveness or friendliness. He wrote to her — with what a trembling hand he put down those words, *Dear Gertrude*, on paper, and how wistfully he regarded them! — but the letter was a proud and cold letter. He said that he had been informed she was about to be married; he wished to ascertain from herself whether that was true. He would not reproach her either with treachery or deceit; if this was true, passionate words would not be of much avail. But he would prefer to be assured, one way or another, by her own hand. That was the substance of the letter.

And then, the answer! He almost feared she would not write. But when Hamish himself brought that pink envelope to him, how his heart beat! And the old man stood there in silence, and with gloom on his face: was there to be, after all, no act of vengeance on her who had betrayed Macleod of Dare?

These few words seemed to have been written with unsteady fingers. He read them again and again. Surely there was no dark mystery within them?

"DEAR KEITH, — *I cannot bear to write to you. I do not know how it has all happened. Forgive me, if you can; and forget me.* G."

"Oh, Hamish," said he, with a strange laugh, "is it an easy thing to forget that you have been alive? That would be an easy thing, if one were to ask you? But is not Colin Laing coming here to-day?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," Hamish said, with his eyes lighting up eagerly, "he will be here with the 'Pioneer,' and I will send the boat out for him. Oh yes; and you are wanting to see him, Sir Keith?"

"Why, of course," Macleod said. "If we are going away on a long voyage, do we not want a good pilot?"

"And we are going, Sir Keith?" the old man said; and there was a look of proud triumph in the keen face.

"Oh, I do not know yet," Macleod said impatiently. "But you will tell Christina that if we are going away to the south, we may have lady visitors come on board some day or another; and she would be better than a young lass to look after them, and make them comfortable on board. And if there is any clothes or ribbons she may want from Salen, Donald can go over with the pony; and you will not spare any money, Hamish, for I will give you the money."

"Very well, sir."

"And you will not send the boat out to the 'Pioneer' till I give you a letter; and you will ask the clerk to be so kind as to post it for me to-night at Oban; and he must not forget that."

"Very well, sir," said Hamish; and he left the room, with a determined look about his lips, but with a glad light in his eyes.

This was the second letter that Macleod wrote; and he had to keep whispering to himself, "Caution! caution!" or he would have broken into some wild appeal to his sweetheart far away: —

"DEAR GERTRUDE" (he wrote), — "I gather from your note that it is true you are going to be married. I had heard some time ago; so your letter was no great shock to me; and what I have suffered — well, that can be of no interest to you now, and it will do me no good to recall it. As to your message, I would forgive you freely; but how can I forget? Can you forget? Do you remember the red rose? But that is all over now, I suppose; and I should not wonder if I were, after all, to be able to obey you, and to forget very thoroughly, not that alone, but everything else. For I have been rather ill of late — more through sleeplessness than any other cause, I think; and they say I must go for a long sea-voyage; and the mother and Janet both say I should be more at home in the old 'Umpire' — with Hamish and Christina and my own people round me — than in a steamer; and so I may not hear of you again until you are separated from me forever. But I write now to ask you if you would like your letters returned, and one or two keepsakes, and the photographs: I would not like them to fall into other hands; and sometimes I feel so sick at heart that I doubt whether I shall ever again get back to Dare. There are some flowers, too; but I would ask to be allowed to keep them, if you have no objection — and the sketch of Ulva, that you made on the deck of the 'Umpire' when we were coming back from Iona, I would like to keep that, if you have no objection. And I remain your faithful friend,

"KEITH MACLEOD."

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Now at the moment he was writing this letter Lady Macleod and her niece were together, the old lady at her spinning-wheel, the younger one sewing. And Janet Macleod was saying, —

"Oh, auntie, I am so glad Keith is going away now in the yacht; and you must not be vexed at all or troubled if he stays a long time; for what else can make him well again? Why, you know that he has not been Keith at all of late — he is quite another man — I do not think any one would recognize him. And surely there can be no better cure for sleeplessness than the rough work of the yachting; and you know Keith will take his share, in despite of Hamish; and if he goes away to the south, they will have watches, and he will take his watch with the others, and his turn at the helm. Oh, you will see the change when he comes back to us!"

The old lady's eyes had slowly filled with tears.

"And do you think it is sleeplessness, Janet," said she, "that is the matter with our Keith? Ah, but you know better than that, Janet."

Janet Macleod's face grew suddenly red; but she said hastily, —

"Why, auntie, have I not heard him walking up and down all the night, whether it was in his own room or in the library? And then he is out before any one is up: oh yes, I know that when you cannot sleep the face grows white and the eyes grow tired. And he has not been himself at all — going away like that from every one, and having nothing to say, and going away by himself over the moors. And it was the night before last he came back from Kinloch, and he was wet through, and he only lay down on the bed, as Hamish told me, and would have slept there all the night but for Hamish. And do you not think that was to get sleep at last — that he had been walking so far, and coming through the shallows of Loch Scridain, too? Ah, but you will see the difference, auntie, when he comes back on board the 'Umpire;' and we will go down to the shore, and we will be glad to see him that day."

"Oh yes, Janet," the old lady said, and the tears were running down her face; "but you know — you know. And if he had married you, Janet, and staid at home at Dare, there would have been none of all this trouble. And now — what is there now? It is the young English lady that has broken his heart; and he is no longer a son to me, and he is no longer your cousin, Janet, but a broken-hearted man that does not care for anything. And you are very kind, Janet; and you would not say any harm of any one. But I am his mother — I — I — well, if the woman was to come here this day, do you think I would not speak? It was a bad day for us all that he went away — instead of marrying you, Janet."

"But you know that could never have been, auntie," said the gentle-eyed cousin, though there was some conscious flush of pride in her cheeks. "I could never have married Keith."

"But why, Janet?"

"You have no right to ask me, auntie. But he and I — we did not care for each other — I mean, we never could have been married. I hope you will not speak about that any more, auntie."

"And some day they will take me, too, away from Dare," said the old dame, and the spinning-wheel was left unheeded; "and I cannot go into the grave with my five brave lads; for where are they all now, Janet? — in Arizona one, in Africa one, and two in the Crimea, and my brave Hector at Königgrätz. But that is not much: I shall be meeting them all together; and do you not think I shall be glad to see them all together again just as it was in the old days? and they will come to meet me; and they will be glad enough to have the mother with them once again. But Janet, Janet, how can I go to them? What will I say to them when they ask about Keith — about Keith, my Benjamin, my youngest, my handsome lad?"

The old woman was sobbing bitterly, and Janet went to her and put her arms round her, and said, —

"Why, auntie, you must not think of such things. You will send Keith away in low spirits if you have not a bright face and a smile for him when he goes away."

"But you do not know — you do not know," the old woman said, "what Keith has done for me. The others — oh yes, they were brave lads; and very proud of their name, too; and they would not disgrace their name wherever they went; and if they died, that is nothing, for they will be together again now; and what harm is there? But Keith, he was the one that did more than any of them; for he staid at home for my sake; and when other people were talking about this regiment and that regiment, Keith would not tell me what was sore at his heart; and never once did he say, 'Mother, I must go away like the rest,' though it was in his blood to go away. And what have I done now? — and what am I to say to his brothers when they

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come to ask me? I will say to them, 'Oh yes, he was the handsomest of all my six lads; and he had the proudest heart too; but I kept him at home.' And what came of it all? Would it not be better now that he was lying buried in the jungle of the Gold Coast, or at Königgrätz, or in the Crimea?"

"Oh, surely not, auntie! Keith will come back to us soon; and when you see him well and strong again, and when you hear his laugh about the house, surely you will not be wishing that he was in his grave? Why, what is the matter with you to-day, auntie?"

"The others did not suffer much, Janet; and to three of them anyway it was only — a bullet — a cry — and then the death-sleep of a brave man, and the grave of a Macleod. But Keith, Janet, he is my youngest; he is nearer to my heart than any of them: do you not see his face?"

"Yes, auntie," Janet Macleod said, in a low voice. "But he will get over that. He will come back to us strong and well."

"Oh yes, he will come back to us strong and well!" said the old lady, almost wildly; and she rose, and her face was pale. "But I think it is a good thing for that woman that my other sons are all away now; for they had quick tempers, those lads; and they would not like to see their brother murdered."

"Murdered, auntie!"

Lady Macleod would have answered in the same wild, passionate way, but at this very moment her son entered. She turned quickly; she almost feared to meet the look of this haggard face. But Keith Macleod said, quite cheerfully, —

"Well, now, Janet, and you will go round to-day to look at the 'Umpire?' And will you come too, mother? Oh, she is made very smart now; just as if we were all going away to see the queen."

"I cannot go to-day, Keith," said his mother; and she left the room before he had time to notice that she was strangely excited.

"And I think I will go some other day, Keith," his cousin said gently, "just before you start, that I may be sure you have not forgotten anything. And, of course, you will take the ladies' cabin, Keith, for yourself; for there is more light in that, and it is farther away from the smell of the cooking in the morning. And how can you be going to-day, Keith, when it is the man from Greenock will be here soon now?"

"Why, I forgot that, Janet," said he, laughing in a nervous way. "I forgot that, though I was talking to Hamish about him only a little while ago. And I think I might as well go out to meet the 'Pioneer' myself, if the boat has not left yet. Is there anything you would like to get from Oban, Janet?"

"No, nothing, thank you, Keith," said she; and then he left; and he was in time to get into the big sailing-boat before it went out to meet the steamer.

This cousin of Hamish, who jumped into the boat when Macleod's letter had been handed up to the clerk, was a little black-haired Celt, beady-eyed, nervous, but with the affectation of a sailor's bluffness, and he wore rings in his ears. However, when he was got ashore, and taken into the library, Macleod very speedily found out that the man had some fair skill in navigation, and that he had certainly been into a good number of ports in his lifetime. And if one were taking the 'Umpire' into the mouth of the Thames, now? Mr. Laing looked doubtfully at the general chart Macleod had; he said he would rather have a special chart which he could get at Greenock: for there were a great many banks about the mouth of the Thames; and he was not sure that he could remember the channel. And if one wished to go further up the river, to some anchorage in communication by rail with London? Oh yes, there was Erith. And if one would rather have moorings than an anchorage, so that one might slip away without trouble when the tide and wind were favorable? Oh yes, there was nothing simpler than that. There were many yachts about Erith, and surely the pier-master could get the "Umpire" the loan of moorings. All through Castle Dare it was understood that there was no distinct destination marked down for the "Umpire" on this suddenly arranged voyage of hers; but all the same Sir Keith Macleod's inquiries went no further, at present at least, than the river Thames.

There came another letter, in dainty pink; and this time there was less trembling in the handwriting; and there was greater frankness in the wording of the note.

"DEAR KEITH" (Miss White wrote), — "I would like to have the letters; as for the little trifles you mention, it does not much matter. You have not said that you forgive me; perhaps it is asking too much; but believe me you will find some day it was all for the best. It is better now than later on. I had my fears from the beginning: did not I tell you that I was

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never sure of myself for a day? and I am sure papa warned me. I cannot make you any requital for the great generosity and forbearance you show to me now; but I would like to be allowed to remain your friend. G. W.

"P. S. — I am deeply grieved to hear of your being ill, but hope it is only something quite temporary. You could not have decided better than on taking a long sea-voyage. I hope you will have fine weather."

All this was very pleasant. They had got into the region of correspondence again; and Miss White was then mistress of the situation. His answer to her was less cheerful in tone. It ran thus: —

"DEAR GERTRUDE,—To-morrow morning I leave Dare. I have made up your letters, etc., in a packet; but as I would like to see Norman Ogilvie before going farther south, it is possible we may run into the Thames for a day; and so I have taken the packet with me, and, if I see Ogilvie, I will give it to him to put into your hands. And as this may be the last time that I shall ever write to you, I may tell you now there is no one anywhere more earnestly hopeful than I that you may live a long and happy life, not troubled by any thinking of what is past and irrevocable.

"Yours faithfully,
"KEITH MACLEOD."

So there was an end of correspondence. And now came this beautiful morning, with a fine northwesterly breeze blowing, and the "Umpire," with her mainsail and jib set, and her gay pennon and ensign fluttering in the wind, rocking gently down there at her moorings. It was an auspicious morning; of itself it was enough to cheer up a heartsick man. The white sea-birds were calling; and Ulva was shining green; and the Dutchman's Cap out there was of a pale purple-blue; while away in the south there was a vague silver mist of heat lying all over the Ross of Mull and Iona. And the proud lady of Castle Dare, and Janet, and one or two others more stealthily, were walking down to the pier to see Keith Macleod set sail; but Donald was not there — there was no need for Donald or his pipes on board the yacht. Donald was up at the house, and looking at the people going down to the quay, and saying bitterly to himself, "It is no more thought of the pipes now that Sir Keith has, ever since the English lady was at Dare; and he thinks I am better at work in looking after the dogs."

Suddenly Macleod stopped, and took out a pencil, and wrote something on a card.

"I was sure I had forgotten something, Janet," said he. "That is the address of Johnny Wickes' mother. We were to send him up to see her some time before Christmas."

"Before Christmas!" Janet exclaimed; and she looked at him in amazement. "But you are coming back before Christmas, Keith?"

"Oh, well, Janet," said he carelessly, "you know that when one goes away on a voyage, it is never certain about your coming back at all; and it is better to leave everything right."

"But you are not going away from us with thoughts like these in your head, surely?" the cousin said. "Why, the man from Greenock says you could go to America in the 'Umpire;' and if you could go to America, there will not be much risk in the calmer seas of the south. And you know, Keith, auntie and I don't want you to trouble about writing letters to us; for you will have enough trouble in looking after the yacht; but you will send us a telegram from the various places you put into."

"Oh yes, I will do that," said he, somewhat absently. Even the bustle of departure and the brightness of the morning had failed to put color and life into the haggard face and the hopeless eyes.

That was a sorrowful leave-taking at the shore; and Macleod, standing on the deck of the yacht, could see, long after they had set sail, that his mother and cousin were still on the small quay watching the "Umpire" so long as she was in sight. Then they rounded the Ross of Mull; and he saw no more of the women of Castle Dare.

And this beautiful white-sailed vessel that is going south through the summer seas: surely she is no deadly instrument of vengeance, but only a messenger of peace? Look, now, how she has passed through the sound of Iona; and the white sails are shining in the light; and far away before her, instead of the islands with which she is familiar, are other islands — another Colonsay altogether, and Islay, and Jura, and Scarba, all a pale transparent blue. And what will the men on the lonely Dubh Artach rock think of her as they see her pass by? Why, surely that she looks like a beautiful white dove. It is a summer day; the winds are soft; fly south, then, white dove, and carry to her this message of tenderness and en-

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treaty, and peace! Surely the gentle ear will listen to you; before the winter comes, and the skies grow dark overhead, and there is no white dove at all, but an angry sea-eagle, with black wings outspread, and talons ready to strike. Oh, what is the sound in the summer air? Is it the singing of the sea-maiden of Colonsay, bewailing still the loss of her lover in other years? We cannot stay to listen: the winds are fair. Fly southward, and still southward, O you beautiful white dove, and it is all a message of love and of peace that you will whisper to her ear!

CHAPTER XLIII.

DOVE OR SEA-EAGLE?

BUT there are no fine visions troubling the mind of Hamish as he stands here by the tiller in eager consultation with Colin Laing, who has a chart outspread before him on the deck. There is pride in the old man's face. He is proud of the performance of the yacht he has sailed for so many years; and proud of himself for having brought her — always subject to the advice of his cousin from Greenock — in safety through the salt sea to the smooth waters of the great river. And indeed this is a strange scene for the "Umpire" to find around her in the years of her old age. For instead of the giant cliffs of Gribun and Bourg, there is only the thin green line of the Essex coast; and instead of the rushing Atlantic, there is the broad smooth surface of this coffee-colored stream, splashed with blue where the ripples catch the reflected light of the sky. There is no longer the solitude of Ulva and Colonsay, or the moaning of the waves round the lonely shores of Fladda, and Staffa, and the Dutchman; but the eager, busy life of the great river — a black steamer puffing and roaring, russet-sailed barges going smoothly with the tide, a tug bearing a large green-hulled Italian ship through the lapping waters, and everywhere a swarming fry of small boats of every description. It is a beautiful summer morning, though there is a pale haze lying along the Essex woods. The old "Umpire," with the salt foam of the sea incrusted on her bows, is making her first appearance in the Thames.

"And where are we going, Hamish," says Colin Laing, in the Gaelic, "when we leave this place?"

"When you are told, then you will know," says Hamish.

"You had enough talk of it last night in the cabin. I thought you were never coming out of the cabin," says the cousin from Greenock.

"And if I have a master, I obey my master without speaking," Hamish answers.

"Well, it is a strange master you have got. Oh, you do not know about these things, Hamish. Do you know what a gentleman who has a yacht would do when he got into Gravesend as we got in last night? Why, he would go ashore, and have his dinner in a hotel, and drink four or five different kinds of wine, and go to the theatre. But your master, Hamish, what does he do? He stays on board, and sends ashore for time-tables and such things; and, what is more than that, he is on deck all night, walking up and down. Oh yes, I heard him walking up and down all night, with the yacht lying at anchor."

"Sir Keith is not well. When a man is not well he does not act in an ordinary way. But you talk of my master," Hamish answered proudly. "Well, I will tell you about my master, Colin — that he is a better master than any ten thousand masters that ever were born in Greenock, or in London either. I will not allow any man to say anything against my master."

"I was not saying anything against your master. He is a wiser man than you, Hamish. For he was saying to me last night, 'Now when I am sending Hamish to such and such places in London, you must go with him, and show him the trains, and cabs, and other things like that.' Oh yes, Hamish, you know how to sail a yacht, but you do not know anything about towns."

"And who would want to know anything about towns? Are they not full of people who live by telling lies and cheating each other?"

"And do you say that is how I have been able to buy my house at Greenock," said Colin Laing, angrily, "with a garden and a boat-house too?"

"I do not know about that," said Hamish; and then he called out some order to one of the men. Macleod was at this moment down in the saloon, seated at the table, with a letter inclosed and addressed lying before him. But surely this was not the same man who had been in these still waters of the Thames in the bygone days, with gay companions around him, and the band playing "A Highland lad my love was born," and a beautiful-eyed girl, whom he called Rose-Leaf, talking to him in the quiet of the summer afternoon? This man had a look in his eyes like that of an animal that has been hunted to death and

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is fain to lie down and give itself up to its pursuers in the despair of utter fatigue. He was looking at this letter. The composition of it had cost him only a whole night's agony. And when he sat down and wrote it in the blue-gray dawn, what had he not cast away?

"Oh no," he was saying now to his own conscience, "she will not call it deceiving! She will laugh when it is all over; she will call it a stratagem; she will say that a drowning man will catch at any thing. And this is the last effort — but it is only a stratagem: she herself will absolve me — when she laughs and says, 'Oh, how could you have treated the poor theatres so?'"

A loud rattling overhead startled him.

"We must be at Erith," he said to himself; and then, after a pause of a second, he took the letter in his hand. He passed up the companion-way; perhaps it was the sudden glare of the light around that falsely gave to his eyes the appearance of a man who had been drinking hard. But his voice was clear and precise as he said to Hamish, —

"Now Hamish, you understand everything I have told you?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith."

"And you will put away that nonsense from your head; and when you see the English lady that you remember, you will be very respectful to her, for she is a very great friend of mine; and if she is not at the theatre, you will go on to the other address, and Colin Laing will go with you in the cab. And if she comes back in the cab, you and Colin will go outside beside the driver, do you understand? And when you go ashore you will take John Cameron with you, and you will ask the pier-master about the moorings."

"Oh yes, Sir Keith; have you not told me before?" Hamish said, almost reproachfully.

"You are sure you got everything on board last night?"

"There is nothing more that I can think of, Sir Keith."

"Here is the letter, Hamish."

And so he pledged himself to the last desperate venture.

Not long after that Hamish and Laing and John Cameron went in the dingey to the end of Erith pier, and left the boat there; and went along to the head of the pier, and had a talk with the pier-master. Then John Cameron went back, and the other two went on their way to the railway station.

"And I will tell you this, Hamish," said the little black Celt, who swaggered a good deal in his walk, "that when you go in the train you will be greatly frightened. For you do not know how strong the engines are, and how they will carry you through the air."

"That is a foolish thing to say," answered Hamish, also speaking in the Gaelic. "For I have seen many pictures of trains; and do you say that the engines are bigger than the engines of the 'Pioneer,' or the 'Dunara Castle,' or the 'Clansman' that goes to Stornoway? Do not talk such nonsense to me. An engine that runs along the road, that is a small matter; but an engine that can take you up the Sound of Sleat, and across the Minch, and all the way to Stornoway, that is an engine to be talked about!"

But nevertheless it was with some inward trepidation that Hamish approached Erith station; and it was with an awe-struck silence that he saw his cousin take tickets at the office; nor did he speak a word when the train came up, and they entered and sat down in the carriage. Then the train moved off, and Hamish breathed more freely: what was this to be afraid of?

"Did I not tell you you would be frightened?" Colin Laing said.

"I am not frightened at all," Hamish anwered indignantly.

But as the train began to move more quickly, Hamish's hands, that held firmly by the wooden seat on which he was sitting, tightened and still further tightened their grasp, and his teeth got clenched, while there was an anxious look in his eyes. At length, as the train swung into a good pace, his fear got the better of him, and he called out, —

"Colin — Colin — she's run away!"

And then Colin Laing laughed aloud, and began to assume great airs, and told Hamish that he was no better than a lad kept for herding the sheep who had never been away from his own home. This familiar air reassured Hamish; and then the train stopping at Abbey Wood proved to him that the engine was still under control.

"Oh yes, Hamish," continued his travelled cousin, "you will open your eyes when you see London; and you will tell all the people when you go back that you have never seen so great a place; but what is London to the cities and the towns and the palaces that I have seen? Did you ever hear of Valparaiso, Hamish? Oh yes, you will live a long time before you will get to Valparaiso! And Rio: why, I

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have known mere boys that have been to Rio. And you can sail a yacht very well, Hamish; and I do not grumble that you would be the master of the yacht — though I know the banks and the channels a little better than you; and it was quite right of you to be the master of the yacht; but you have not seen what I have seen. And I have been where there are mountains and mountains of gold ——"

"Do you take me for a fool, Colin?" said Hamish, with a contemptuous smile.

"Not quite that," said the other; "but am I not to believe my own eyes?"

"And if there were the great mountains of gold," said Hamish, "why did you not fill your pockets with the gold; and would not that be better than selling whiskey in Greenock?"

"Yes; and that shows what an ignorant man you are, Hamish," said the other, with disdain. "For do you not know that the gold is mixed with quartz, and you have got to take the quartz out? But I dare say now you do not know what quartz is: for it is a very ignorant man you are, although you can sail a yacht. But I do not grumble at all. You are master of your own yacht, just as I am the master of my own shop. But if you were coming into my shop, Hamish, I would say to you, 'Hamish, you are the master here, and I am not the master; and you can take a glass of anything that you like.' That is what people who have travelled all over the world, and seen princes and great cities and palaces, call *politeness*. But how could you know any thing about *politeness?* You have lived only on the west coast of Mull, and they do not even know how to speak good Gaelic there."

"That is a lie, Colin," said Hamish, with decision. "We have better Gaelic there than any other Gaelic that is spoken."

"Were you ever in Lochaber, Hamish?"

"No, I was never in Lochaber."

"Then do not pretend to give an opinion about the Gaelic — especially to a man who has travelled all over the world, though perhaps he cannot sail a yacht as well as you, Hamish."

The two cousins soon became friends, again, however. And now, as they were approaching London, a strange thing became visible. The blue sky became more and more obscured. The whole world seemed to be enveloped in a clear brown haze of smoke.

"Ay, ay," said Hamish, "that is a strange thing."

"What is a strange thing, Hamish?"

"I was reading about it in a book many a time — the great fire that was burning in London for years and years and years: and have they not quite got it out yet, Colin?"

"I do not know what you are talking about, Hamish," said the other, who had not much book-learning, "but I will tell you this, that you may prepare yourself now to open your eyes. Oh yes, London will make you open your eyes wide, though it is nothing to one who has been to Rio, and Shanghai, and Rotterdam, and other places like that."

Now these references to foreign parts only stung Hamish's pride; and when they did arrive at London Bridge he was determined to show no surprise whatever. He stepped into the four-wheeled cab that Colin Laing chartered just as if four-wheeled cabs were as common as sea-gulls on the shores of Loch-na-Keal. And though his eyes were bewildered and his ears dinned with the wonderful sights and sounds of this great roaring city — that seemed to have the population of all the world pouring through its streets — he would say nothing at all. At last the cab stopped; the two men were opposite the Piccadilly Theatre.

Then Hamish got out and left his cousin with the cab. He ascended the wide steps; he entered the great vestibule; and he had a letter in his hand. The old man had not trembled so much since he was a schoolboy.

"What do you want, my man?" some one said, coming out of the box-office by chance.

Hamish showed the letter.

"I wass to hef an answer, sir, if you please, sir, and I will be opliged," said Hamish, who had been enjoined to be very courteous.

"Take it round to the stage entrance," said the man carelessly.

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir," said Hamish; but he did not understand; and he stood.

The man looked at him; called for some one; a young lad came; and to him was given the letter.

"You may wait here, then," said he to Hamish; "but I think rehearsal is over, and Miss White has most likely gone home."

The man went into the box-office again; Hamish was left alone there in the great empty vestibule. The Piccadilly Theatre had seldom seen within its walls a more picturesque figure than this old Highlandman, who stood there with his sailor's cap

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in his hand, and with a keen excitement in the proud and fine face. There was a watchfulness in the grey eyes like the watchfulness of an eagle. If he twisted his cap rather nervously, and if his heart beat quick, it was not from fear.

Now when the letter was brought to Miss White, she was standing in one of the wings, laughing and chatting with the stage-manager. The laugh went from her face. She grew quite pale.

"Oh, Mr. Cartwright," said she, "do you think I could go down to Erith and be back before six in the evening?"

"Oh yes; why not?" said he carelessly.

But she scarcely heard him. She was still staring at that sheet of paper, with its piteous cry of the sick man. Only to see her once more — to shake hands in token of forgiveness — to say good-by for the last time: what woman with the heart of a woman could resist this despairing prayer?

"Where is the man who brought this letter?" said she.

"In front, miss," said the young lad, "by the box-office."

Very quickly she made her way along the gloomy and empty corridors, and there in the twilit hall she found the gray-haired old sailor, with his cap held humbly in his hands.

"Oh, Hamish," said she, "is Sir Keith so very ill?"

"Iss it ill, mem?" said Hamish; and quick tears sprang to the old man's eyes. "He iss more ill than you can think of, mem; it iss another man that he iss now. Ay, ay, who would know him to be Sir Keith Macleod?"

"He wants me to go and see him — and I suppose I have no time to go home first ——"

"Here is the list of the trains, mem," said Hamish eagerly, producing a certain card. "And it iss me and Colin Laing, that'ss my cousin, mem; and we hef a cab outside; and will you go to the station? Oh, you will not know Sir Keith, mem; there iss no one at all would know my master now."

"Come along, then, Hamish," said she quickly. "Oh, but he cannot be so ill as that. And the long sea-voyage will pull him round, don't you think?"

"Ay, ay, mem," said Hamish; but he was paying little heed. He called up the cab; and Miss White stepped inside; and he and Colin Laing got on the box.

"Tell him to go quickly," she said to Hamish, "for I must have something instead of luncheon if we have a minute at the station."

And Miss White, as the cab rolled away, felt pleased with herself. It was a brave act.

"It is the least I can do for the sake of my bonnie Glenogie," she was saying to herself, quite cheerfully. "And if Mr. Lemuel were to hear of it? Well, he must know that I mean to be mistress of my own conduct. And so the poor Glenogie is really ill. I can do no harm in parting good friends with him. Some men would have made a fuss."

At the station they had ten minutes to wait; and Miss White was able to get the slight refreshment she desired. And although Hamish would fain have kept out of her way — for it was not becoming in a rude sailor to be seen speaking to so fine a lady — she would not allow that.

"And where are you going, Hamish, when you leave the Thames?" she asked, smoothing the fingers of the glove she had just put on again.

"I do not know that, mem," said he.

"I hope Sir Keith won't go to Torquay or any of those languid places. You will go to the Mediterranean, I suppose?"

"Maybe that will be the place, mem," said Hamish.

"Or the Isle of Wight, perhaps," said she carelessly.

"Ay, ay, mem — the Isle of Wight; that will be a ferry good place, now. There wass a man I wass seeing once in Tobermory, and he wass telling me about the castle that the queen herself will hef on that island. And Mr. Ross, the queen's piper, he will be living there too."

But of course they had to part company when the train came up; and Hamish and Colin Laing got into a third-class carriage together. The cousin from Greenock had been hanging rather in the background; but he had kept his ears open.

"Now, Hamish," said he, in the tongue in which they could both speak freely enough, "I will tell you something; and do not think I am an ignorant man; for I know what is going on. Oh, yes. And it is a great danger you are running into."

"What do you mean, Colin?" said Hamish; but he would look out of the window.

"When a gentleman goes away in a yacht, does he take an old woman like Christina with him? Oh no; I think not. It is not a customary thing. And the ladies' cabin; the ladies' cabin is kept very smart, Hamish. And I think I know who is to have the ladies' cabin."

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"Then you are very clever, Colin," said Hamish contemptuously. "But it is too clever you are. You think it strange that the young English lady should take that cabin. I will tell you this — that it is not the first time nor the second time that the young English lady has gone for a voyage in the 'Umpire,' and in that very cabin too. And I will tell you this, Colin; that it is this very year she had that cabin; and was in Loch Tua, and Loch-na-Keal, and Loch Scridain, and Calgary Bay. And as for Christina — oh, it is much you know about fine ladies in Greenock! I tell you that an English lady cannot go anywhere without some one to attend to her."

"Hamish, do not try to make a fool of me," said Laing angrily. "Do you think a lady would go travelling without any luggage? And she does not know where the 'Umpire' is going!"

"Do you know?"

"No."

"Very well, then. It is Sir Keith Macleod who is the master when he is on board the 'Umpire,' and where he wants to go, the others have to go."

"Oh, do you think that? And do you speak like that to a man who can pay eighty-five pounds a year of rent?"

"No, I do not forget that it is a kindness to me that you are doing, Colin, and to Sir Keith Macleod too; and he will not forget it. But as for this young lady or that young lady, what has that to do with it? You know what the bell of Scoon said: '*That which concerns you not, meddle not with.*'"

"I shall be glad when I am back in Greenock," said Colin Laing moodily.

But was not this a fine, fair scene that Miss Gertrude White saw around her when they came in sight of the river and Erith pier? — the flashes of blue on the water, the white-sailed yachts, the russet-sailed barges, and the sunlight shining all along the thin line of the Essex shore. The moment she set foot on the pier she recognized the "Umpire" lying out there, the great white mainsail and jib idly flapping in the summer breeze: but there was no one on deck. And she was not afraid at all; for had he not written in so kindly a fashion to her; and was she not doing much for his sake, too?

"Will the shock be great?" she was thinking to herself. "I hope my bonnie Glenogie is not so ill as that; for he always looked like a man. And it is so much better that we should part good friends."

She turned to Hamish.

"There is no one on the deck of the yacht, Hamish," said she.

"No, mem," said he, "the men will be at the end of the pier, mem, in the boat, if you please, mem."

"Then you took it for granted I should come back with you?" said she, with a pleasant smile.

"I wass thinking you would come to see Sir Keith, mem," said Hamish gravely. His manner was very respectful to the fine English lady; but there was not much of friendliness in his look.

She followed Hamish down the rude wooden steps at the end of the pier; and there they found the dingey awaiting them, with two men in her. Hamish was very careful of Miss White's dress as she got into the stern of the boat; then he and Colin Laing got into the bow; and the men half paddled and half floated her along to the "Umpire" — the tide having begun to ebb.

And it was with much ceremony, too, that Hamish assisted Miss White to get on board by the little gangway; and for a second or two she stood on deck and looked around her, while the men were securing the dingey. The idlers lounging on Erith pier must have considered that this was an additional feature of interest in the summer picture — the figure of this pretty young lady standing there on the white decks and looking around her with a pleased curiosity. It was some little time since she had been on board the "Umpire."

Then Hamish turned to her, and said, in the same respectful way, —

"Will you go below, mem, now? It iss in the saloon that you will find Sir Keith, and if Christina iss in the way, you will tell her to go away, mem."

The small gloved hand was laid on the top of the companion, and Miss White carefully went down the wooden steps. And it was with a gentleness equal to her own that Hamish shut the little doors after her.

But no sooner had she quite disappeared than the old man's manner swiftly changed. He caught hold of the companion hatch; jammed it across with a noise that was heard throughout the whole vessel; and then he sprang to the helm, with the keen gray eyes afire with a wild excitement.

"—— her, we have her now!" he said, between his teeth; and he called aloud: "Hold the jib to weather there! Off with the moorings, John Cameron! —— her, we have her now! — and it is not yet that she has put a shame on Macleod of Dare!"

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From Fraser's Magazine.

AMONG THE BURMESE.

IV.

OF the many complex problems involved in the Eastern question, one of the most important is that of the government under an equitable code of laws of various races of men living side by side in the same country, holding different and perhaps hostile forms of religious belief, opposite moral and social theories, widely differing political traditions; and a consideration of the way in which this problem presents itself in a province of the Indian Empire cannot be without interest even apart from that which attaches to the particular territory which serves for an example. And there is perhaps none of the Indian provinces in which this subject is more remarkably illustrated than in that of British Burmah, a country open from end to end to immigrations by sea, while it seems to have formed a sort of *cul de sac* into which nation after nation, taking advantage of its system of great rivers, has wandered from the north by land, and formed settlements which to this day remain in great part perfectly distinct from one another. In no other province is there a more curious medley of foreign peoples congregated in the chief towns, while probably in none is the rural population composed of so many separate nationalities. The importance of each component part, moreover, is increased by the fact that the sum of all the races represented forms but a thin population, for with an area equal to that of Great Britain, British Burmah has a total population less than that of London alone. It is not intended here to propound any theory as to the best mode of dealing with such a state of things, or even to indicate the method followed by the English government; my object is only to bring home to the English reader one of the most obvious characteristics of the internal life of one of the least known of our Indian provinces, by briefly noticing the principal nationalities by which it is inhabited. It is well known that the population of every great town in the East consists of a vast mixture of races and creeds; and it is not so much to the motley gatherings of the Burmese seaports that I propose to draw attention, as to the numerous distinct peoples and tribes quietly settled in the interior of the country, sharing the same districts and living under identical laws, yet never interfering with one another, but each living a life almost as separate as the various tribes of fish or of birds.

A glance at the statistics of population annually published in the provincial administration reports, or even at the register of any school or jail or hospital in the country, would indicate the mixture of races as one of the marked characteristics of the province. For example, in some recent returns of the government high school at Rangoon, in a table which classifies the pupils according to race, no less than nine nationalities appear, and of these nine headings, more than one includes several distinct tribes. Naturally, in the central school of the province a large proportion of the attendance is supplied by foreigners temporarily resident at the capital; but it will be found that a similar mixture is represented in every large institution in the country, and we must go back to very early dates to account for the presence far inland, in long settled communities, of the important races which share the land with the Burmese.

To trace the steps by which this distribution of the country has come about, it would be necessary to wade through the sparse records of a history which, where it is trustworthy, is but a list of horrors, and in which it is almost a hopeless task to separate truth from falsehood. The stories of the cruel and barbarous wars of which Burmah has been the theatre in long-past years, and by which one petty kingdom supplanted another, only to give place in its turn to a stronger invader, have little interest in themselves, yet it is essential to study them if we would approach an explanation of the existence within this small area of races which to the present hour retain their individuality, each differing from the other in *physique*, in costume, in language, in social customs, and in national character.

Meantime, in attempting to present a sketch of popular life in a country so little known and visited, it is at least proper to point out what has been the ultimate result, down to the present day, of past wars and migrations, as shown in the present composition of the population. Burmese, Arakanese, Karens (in many tribes), Talines, Shans, Toungthoos, Khyins, and a succession of wild hill tribes — these constitute the chief components of the rural population; while not less familiar to every resident of Burmah is the presence of Chinese, Madrasees, Bengalis, Moguls, Parsees, Armenians, Jews, English, Germans, French, and Americans. This latter list being composed mainly of the representatives of well-known peoples, may be very briefly dismissed; but the more ob-

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scure peoples of the interior, whose origin is for the most part altogether unknown, and whose very presence is shrouded in mystery, will justify somewhat fuller treatment.

Of the population of the great towns the Chinese form a very large and important section, and in such towns as Rangoon and Moulmein, Chinamen sit with Europeans on municipal committees, and Chinese mercantile firms rank side by side with those of the English and Germans. Closely akin to the Burmese in race and religion, the Chinese immigrant usually marries a Burmese wife, and this element of the population has thus more of permanency than the rest. Massed in compact bodies in various quarters of a large town, the Chinese, orderly and industrious as they are for the most part, are also a source of some anxiety to the police. The community being divided into a number of social companies or guilds, each with its secret club, the faction fights of the Chinese are like a serious version of the student fights of a German university; while an inveterate passion for dice and for every form of gambling brings the Chinaman into constant conflict with the English law. Every kind of trade and mannfacture is followed by this plodding and hardworking people, the favorite being carpentry and house-building. The building trade is almost a Chinese monopoly, and whole streets are lined with the shops of Chinese carpenters, furniture-dealers, tailors, and shoemakers. Finally, nowhere is the national industry better exemplified than in the English schools, where the most promising scholar in a class is very commonly a Chinese boy whose patient perseverance is in strong contrast to the indolence of so many of his Burmese schoolfellows.

But though the most permanently linked with the Burmese population, the Chinese element is only one among many of no less importance. From a late official report we learn that, in a total provincial population of less than three millions, nearly one hundred thousand are Mahommedans, of whom a great part are foreigners, thirty-one thousand more are entered as Hindus, while a remarkable feature of the return is that of a total of thirty-two thousand Christians in the province, upwards of twenty-five thousand are natives. An analysis of this latter figure would show that the great majority are converts not from Budhism, but from the rude religious cult of the Karen tribes, a subject to which I shall recur hereafter. The Mahommedans, Parsees, Jews, and Armenians are for the most part merchants, traders, and petty shopkeepers, while the Hindus are absorbed by every variety of employment. The Madrassee money-lenders of Rangoon have a thriving trade, and, though living in miserable hovels, are among the richest inhabitants of the whole province; while here, as in India, the clerical work of nearly every public or mercantile office is largely done by Hindus from Madras or Bengal, educated in English schools.

In this last-named circumstance may be perceived an unfortunate result of the contrast in character between the thrifty and pushing native of India and the indolent and prodigal Burman, which is a source of anxious consideration to the local authorities. With every desire to give to the natives of the province as large a share as possible in the conduct of public affairs, the English government finds itself compelled in numberless cases by its own requirements, and in its own interest, to take prior advantage of the services of the better-educated and more business-like natives of India, who, in every sphere of life, perseveringly push themselves to the front. In the revenue and judicial departments the Burmese are already largely and successfully employed, but in nearly every other branch of administration Hindus and other foreigners are constantly employed in offices where natives of the province would be preferred if they had the necessary qualifications. The lessening of this evil is one of the chief tasks set to the local Education Department.

One inevitable consequence of such a gathering of nationalities as I have described is the presence of a large number of half-breeds, the children of mixed marriages, an element in every Indian population of which the importance has in late years attracted a good deal of attention. The educational statistics of British Burmah show a total half-breed population of about four thousand, and it is satisfactory to know that adequate provision is here made for the education of the children of this useful class. Proud of their European descent, adopting almost universally European costume and habits of life, the Eurasians, notwithstanding many physical and social disadvantages, constitute a valuable link between the English and their native fellow-subjects, and furnish the government with a class of excellent public servants in every department.

Such are some of the principal ingredients which, with Burmese and Euro-

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peans, go to make up the community of a large Burmese town; and closely as all are associated together in the business of every-day life, each element of the crowd preserves its own separate identity, so much so that even the outward aspect of the town itself corresponds to the patch-work composition of its population. Thus, in one quarter the houses are built after a Chinese fashion, the brickwork painted and inlaid with devices in pottery, the doors labelled with Chinese inscriptions and hung with Chinese lanterns, in another they are the copy of the houses of Bengal and upper India, and a third is occupied by the ruder and more irregular timber dwellings of the Burmese. So, too, with religious buildings. Not only is every great Christian denomination represented by its own church, but an equally conspicuous place is taken in a Burmese street by the Mahommedan mosque, the Chinese joss-house, the Hindu temple, and the Burmese pagoda.

And if we stand at the street-corner and watch the passers-by, the variety of feature, complexion, and costume is in accordance with that of the surrounding buildings. The Mogul, with his almost European complexion, dressed in spotless white; the Parsee, hardly less fair, remarkable in his tall, backward-sloping paper hat; the Jew with embroidered and brass-buttoned waistcoat and flowing linen sleeves; the Chinaman, with pigtail bound round his temples and body and legs encased in loose garments of indigo blue, pass and repass each other; the Burmese policeman, the shaven Budhist monk, the English sailor, swarthy, ill-clad "coolies" of Madras, and effeminate-looking Baboos from Bengal, add to the incongruous stream; while conspicuous in the throng, neat and clean and fair of face, the Burmese women are the only representatives of their sex.

But if the seaport town presents a strange mixture of discordant elements, intimately associated yet never amalgamating, the whole surface of the country is hardly less variously peopled. If a map were to be drawn with Burmah as it is at the present day, so prepared as to show accurately by the coloring the position and proportions of the various peoples, the waves and patches of color would so blend with and intersect each other as to represent a piece of variegated tapestry. The Arakanese in the north, with a strong tinge of the neighboring district of Bengal, would shade off gradually into the Burmese proper of Pegu. The latter again, to the southward, would melt into the Talines, and so to the Malay populations, and in the north-east would merge, through Karen and Shan, to Siamese. But these would be only the body-colors forming the groundwork of the map, and upon them, in scattered and irregular patches, would appear rival clans of mountaineers, villages of Karens in many varieties of tribe, settlements of Shans, isolated monasteries and homesteads of Toungthoos and Talines, outcast colonies of silkworm-breeders (an abomination to the Budhists by whom they live surrounded), and families of Khyins separated like lepers from their fellow-men. Nor would the map of one year be necessarily accurate in the next, for it is a peculiarity of some at least of the tribes enumerated, that they migrate by whole villages from place to place.

Looking to the legacy which has thus been left to the country by the immigrant peoples by whom it has been successively overrun, we are led to turn for a moment to the fragmentary records which represent its early history. When we read of the kingdoms of Arakan, Ava, and Pegu, of Prome, Toungoo, and Thatone, each with its petty dynasty, and consider the limited area affected by them, we are reminded most of the kings of the Amorites and Hittites, of Moabites and Jebusites, and are disposed to hold them of little real account. Yet even if their history were a blank, the relics of their former greatness which still survive would forbid us to leave them out of the account in dealing with the present. For to this day the ruins of fortress and palace, of pleasure-grounds and pagoda, attest the reality of the power of more than one of the miniature kingdoms which in this obscure corner of the world have risen, flourished, and decayed, unheard of beyond the narrow circuit within which they were a terror to mankind. Thus, for example, in a remote part of the district of Akyab, hardly known outside the limits of the district, lie hidden and forgotten the solid remains of the ancient capital of Arakan, a most striking historical relic. This interesting monument has within late years been in great part demolished to suit the requirements of a small English civil station, and it is to be regretted that no law for the preservation of ancient monuments was in force to save it from its fate. Yet the place is still well worth a visit. A more impregnable natural site could hardly be found than that chosen for his palace by the Arakanese king. The only approach to the spot is by winding tidal creeks, flanked by precipitous

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wooded banks, and high on a plateau in the midst of these natural bastions and moats are still to be seen the remains of the enormously massive walls of rough stone which guarded the palace, square within square, and even of the royal gardens and bathing-place; while close by are still more perfect relics of religious devotion in a cluster of ruined pagodas, their foundations honeycombed by dark subterranean galleries lined with thousands of images, and now haunted by innumerable bats.

In the same way the province contains many other places once centres of political or religious life — such as Thatone in the Tenasserim division — which still invite the labor of the discoverer. The interest which would attach to researches in such spots as these would belong to the domain of the historian of religion and of language, and would lie rather in the social than the political vicissitudes of the tribes or nations concerned; but from any point of view it is probable that sufficient matter of genuine interest would repay a careful investigation such as has often been made in less interesting localities, and for the prosecution of which the permanent occupation of the country by the English should afford the best possible opportunity.

Turning now to the present, and commencing our survey of the country from the north, we find on the frontier of Arakan (the most northerly of the three administrative divisions of the province) an extensive mountainous region known as the Arakan Hill Tracts, occupied by various wild tribes in the rudest stages of civilization. The way in which this border district has been ruled is highly creditable to the Indian government. A judicious system of administration by one or two civil officers, aided only by native police, has put an end to much of the lawlessness which formerly prevailed, and has inspired the simple hill-tribes with a respect for the English character which is well illustrated by the following extract from a late official report: —

> Forbidden to adjust their differences by the ancient method of violence and retaliation, the various clans settled within the border have free recourse to the Court of the Superintendent. . . . The law administered is simple, and in civil matters local customs are as far as possible adhered to. Taxation is very light, and to avoid suspicion the population has never been numbered. Having a climate more varied and temperate than that of the plains, this district only requires cultivation to make it prosperous and wealthy.

And the report adds that there are already signs of a considerable immigration of cultivators from Chittagong.

Immediately to the south of these highlands the population is Arakanese proper. United until the end of the last century under a separate and independent government, the Arakanese are a race distinct in many points from their conquerors the Burmese; and, though of the same Mongolian stock, have much in common also with their Aryan neighbors in Bengal. Somewhat darker in complexion than the Burmese, their dress is a sort of engrafting of the Burmese costume on that of Bengal, and their language, although a variety of Burmese, is hardly intelligible to a native of Pegu or Tenasserim. In character, too, as in geographical position, they seem to stand midway between the acute, servile Bengali and the more masculine but less quick-witted natives of Pegu. Large numbers of the people, especially in the northern district, are Mahommedans by religion, and, as a consequence of this, we find in Arakan something of that seclusion of women of which the absence is so conspicuous in Burmah proper. The visitor to Arakan is at once struck by the contrast here presented to the rest of the province, for, whereas to the south of this division women appear in public as much as men, the streets of the chief Arakanese town are almost like an Indian bazaar in this respect, and the women who do show themselves constantly have their heads covered, as in Bengal, in conspicuous contrast to their sisters of Pegu. It is probably due to the same causes that female education, though little enough advanced throughout the country, is most backward in the districts of Arakan. Yet, notwithstanding the considerable Mussulman element, the population of Arakan is mainly Budhist, and backward though this division of the province is intellectually, it has submitted to government inspection one hundred and ninety Budhist monasteries, representing upwards of four thousand pupils.

As a people, too, the Arakanese have now become practically an integral part of the Burmese nation, although still bearing strongly marked traces of their former independent position.

Passing southwards from Arakan to Pegu, the rich central province traversed by the Irrawady, we find the mass of the population Burmese, of whose character, appearance, customs, and religion I have already written at length. But among them, throughout the largest and most

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populous districts, are scattered in villages of their own various other tribes and colonies, of which the most important are those of the Karens; and to this curious people, who constitute the principal non-Burmese element of the province, attention must here be invited.

The phenomenon which the Karen tribes present is very remarkable: while a wild independence is maintained by such of them as still occupy undisturbed their ancient homes in the mountains of the north-east frontier, those which are settled in the plains afford an instance of a conquered people who, though they have accepted their enforced position of inferiority, have neither amalgamated in any way with their conquerors nor been driven by them from the country. Vanquished, or at least thrust aside, centuries ago by the Burmese, they have held and still hold their own in separate villages and settlements, intermixed throughout the country with the Burmese, yet never drawing nearer to them, but remaining as from the first a people wholly apart, scarcely ever intermarrying with the families of their conquerors, unconverted to their religion, unaffected by their social customs, rarely even learning their language. But what is still more surprising is that this same people, who for centuries have kept an almost impenetrable reserve in presence of the civilization and religion of the Burmese, have in late years welcomed with open arms the missionaries of Christianity. So conspicuous, indeed, has been the effect of this latter revolution, that I can hardly better illustrate the manner in which the Karen tribes are distributed among the Burmese than by referring to the statistics of the Christian schools founded for their children by the American Baptist missionaries.

It will be well, however, in the first place to notice some of the distinguishing characteristics of the race, and in doing so it must be premised that a wide difference of character distinguishes the Karen tribes, which in great force occupy the mountains on the Tenasserim frontier, between the Sittang and Salween rivers, from those whose villages are dotted over the settled districts of the plains. Hardy in constitution, living in a bracing climate, with a naturally fortified territory of their own, the Gaikos, Bghais, and others have all the characteristics of mountaineers, exhibiting a bearing in accordance with their independent position, and withal a lawless character which is in a strange contrast to the meek and submissive nature of their kinsmen in the plains.

In the yearly statistics of the Burmese province, the only entries under the head of "native chiefs" are those of three independent chiefs of the tribe of Red Karens, who hold a rude sway over a mountainous territory bordering on the Shan states. The authority of these chiefs descends by law of primogeniture from father to son; and as regards "religion or caste," they are recorded as "heathen," that is, professing no recognized creed. Compared with the equally wild territory of the Arakan hills, this more independent region is a source of more trouble to the English authorities. Speaking of western Karennee (that is, the Red Karen country), the last report says:

> This little principality, consisting as it does of a number of petty chieftainships without any real ruler, is in itself sufficiently contemptible, but its internal condition chances to be of some moment to this province from the number of criminals who find their way thither across the frontier. These men, after committing dacoitees and other offences within British jurisdiction, escape to their own country, where they find a secure asylum, for, the authority of the Karennee chiefs being merely nominal, there is no one of whom their extradition can, as matters at present stand, be effectually demanded.

In the mountain Karens, therefore, we meet, as we should expect, with the characteristics of a rude, independent race, untrammelled by law or the restraints of civilization. Descending, however, to the plains, we find the same race of people constituting a very important section of the community, but exhibiting under altered circumstances a totally different character. Instead of the loose, irregular government of nominally independent native chiefs, they live under a settled English administration, and instead of being the principal occupiers of the soil, they find in that position their hereditary foes, the Burmese, in whose presence they have a perpetual reminder of former defeats and of their own social inferiority. Under the shelter of a strong ruling power they are safe from interference on the part of their neighbors; but while they are able to appreciate the exceptional blessings which English rule has thus conferred upon them, the peaceful enjoyment of their social rights seems to have had absolutely no effect in bringing them into closer relations with their fellow-subjects or in breaking down the barriers between the two races. Sturdy in *physique*, heavy in countenance, slovenly if not uncleanly in person, speaking a language of their

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own subdivided into various dialects, they live like caravans of gypsies throughout the country, their houses of the rudest construction, their dress coarse in material and rude in fashion, though often tastefully woven and embroidered. Cultivators of rice for the most part, they give no trouble to the district officers; patient and yielding in disposition, they shrink above all things from publicity; and if it is found difficult to induce the Burmese to compete with foreigners for public and lucrative employment, it seems an impossibility to bring forward the stolid, imperturbable Karen. The singular gentleness and timidity of this people is seen in visiting a Karen school, where the most advanced youths surpass even Burmese girls in their unaffected shyness in presence of the examiner.

As I have already hinted, the division of the Karens into highlanders and lowlanders by no means exhausts the differences which separate tribe from tribe, but the notice of this main division is sufficient to indicate the general position held by the Karen people in the provincial population, as well as to illustrate the striking phenomenon presented by their religious conversion. The highlanders with their rude culture and lawless mode of life, and the lowlanders with their timid exclusiveness, have alike shown themselves to be open in a marvellous way to the peaceful influences of the schoolmaster and the missionary.

There is probably no Christian mission in the world which has met with a more complete success than that of the American Baptists to the Karens of Burmah. Their reception and progress have been almost like those of an invader entering unopposed into a land flowing with milk and honey. The missionary to the Buddhist inhabitants of the same country finds himself at once met by a powerful enemy in an ancient and firmly rooted religion, strong in the large admixture of genuine truth which it contains. But it has been otherwise with the Karens: not only was no such obstacle in existence, but the advent of foreign teachers of a new religion was apparently foreshadowed and anticipated by the popular traditions. Nor has their success been any mere flash in the pan, the fruit of sudden enthusiasm. Considering the means at its command, the mission has made steady and satisfactory advances, and has done more than would have been possible to any secular agency to improve the social status of this interesting people, by whom the missionaries are regarded as their best friends, and who devote year by year to the cause of the mission a solid share of their labor and their possessions.

At the headquarters of each of the most important districts, such as Rangoon, Moulmein, Toungoo, Henzadah, and Bassein, a central boarding-school for boys and girls has long been established for Karens only, and in connection with each central institution a series of elementary schools, presided over by native catechists, are attached to what are called the several local "churches" in the rural districts. Thus we read that "in connection with the Henzadah Karen mission are fifty out-stations where are little congregations of Christians." In the neighboring district of Bassein a similar scattering of churches corresponds with two central schools numbering together one hundred and seventy-five pupils; in Toungoo a large school in two departments, for the two principal Karen tribes, numbers two hundred and eighty-two pupils; and in Rangoon a similar organization exists on a still larger scale.

And while the American Baptists have been thus conspicuous in this virgin field of missionary enterprise, the same faith has been propagated among the same people under different forms by missions numerically weaker but in no way less zealous attached to the Roman Catholic communion.

It must be admitted that hitherto the civilizing influence thus widely exerted has not succeeded in drawing the Karens out of the social obscurity in which by nature and the course of their history they have long been hidden; but it is undeniable that it has immensely improved their social condition, has organized and increased their industry, purified their character, and added to their wealth. And if the intellectual out-turn of the Karen mission schools has hitherto been insignificant, the prospects of the race in this respect have, it is hoped, been in late years improved by the educational policy of the local government.

In the early days of the mission the zeal of its founders led them to devote immense labor to the translation of the Christian Scriptures into the Karen dialects, and finding that no written character was in existence, they even invented one for the purpose, modelled on the Burmese, and printed in it thousands of Bibles, tracts, and school text-books.

One consequence, however, of this zeal has of course been to perpetuate the

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unnecessary barriers which separate the Karens from the Burmese, and to increase instead of destroying the complete isolation of the people. This evil, which is now fully recognized by the missionaries themselves, is being gradually remedied by the policy of the government education department with which the Karen schools have been brought into harmony. By this policy the Burmese language is made a prominent subject of study in the Karen schools, special inducements to its acquirement are offered, and while the publication of books in Burmese is actively prosecuted, that of books in the Karen dialects is not encouraged.

The Karen schools now form a distinctive feature of the provincial educational system, and the best of them compare not unfavorably with those established for the Burmese population; and though the Karen village schools, from want of adequate teaching power and supervision, have so far shown little result in comparison with the old foundations of the Budhist monasteries, there seems to be good prospect for their future.

In the Karen school at Toungoo, attended by the youth of the wildest tribes, it is reported, amongst other things, that "arithmetic is thoroughly well known;" and in connection with the same school the inspector touches upon one of the most noticeable peculiarities of the Karen people to which I can bear personal testimony, namely, their keen appreciation of English music. When the regimental band plays in the public gardens of Rangoon, while the Burmese pass by unattracted, a group of Karens may often be seen taking up a retired position to enjoy the music; and the reality of this appreciation is proved in the most remarkable way in the Karen schools. All attempts to teach English music to Burmese boys end in failure. Their voices are harsh and unmusical, and their ear adapted only to the music of their own monotonous instruments; but the Karens on the contrary are endowed both with an accurate ear and with melodious voices, English music seems to come to them as naturally as to the people of Lancashire, and the part singing in a Karen mission school is worth hearing, not merely as a curiosity but as a genuine musical treat.

In the preceding pages I have purposely dwelt at length on the characteristics of the Karen race as holding the second place, after the Burmese, in the provincial population. With the moral defects of every Oriental people, and without many of the winning characteristics of the Burmese — with no sense of humor, no taste for games and sports, no appreciation of any form of art — they appeal in some ways still more powerfully to English sympathy, and cannot fail to excite the interest of those with whom they come in contact, while their condition must always be an important consideration of the government of the day.

But as we pass through the province we are met also from time to time by the representatives of other strange peoples, less numerous than the Karens but not less individual or less worthy of notice. The inspecting officer, of whatever department of the administration, as he passes from village to village and from one zayat to another, is still accustomed in the maritime districts of Tenasserim to encounter a people speaking a language akin neither to Burmese, Chinese, nor to any Indian language, a people now scanty and insignificant, but proud of their ancient descent and of the traditional power of their ancestors. These are the Talines, once the ruling power on the Burmese seaboard, the leaders of the civilization of the day, and regarded by competent authorities as probably the aborgines of the country, who on the inroad of the Burmese from the north were pushed southwards and established themselves in a strong and independent position on the coast. Long isolated from their ancient enemies the Burmese, the Talines, though now yielding to the absorbing and levelling influences of modern life and civilization, still speak their own language, in which too they preserve their own version of the common religion, a version more ancient than that of the Burmese. Hence it is that in the late educational schemes of the English government the Taline monasteries have held an exceptional position. While elsewhere throughout the country the Budhist monastic schools have yielded with remarkable readiness to the influence of the English educational agencies, in these isolated but still important centres of indigenous education the government has met with the least ready response in its efforts to engraft an improved system on the indigenous foundation. So that we find it recorded in an educational report that the only function for which the Taline monks seem to exist is "that of occupying the exceptionally luxurious monasteries the Talines found."

The picture which they thus present is one of peaceful and picturesque decay, and interesting chiefly from the records they preserve of an historic past. It may

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be added that in the Taline religious houses, the repository of MSS. probably the most ancient in the country, it is possible that a careful philological research would be rewarded by valuable discoveries.

In some ways more closely allied to the Burmese, the small scattered communities of Toungthoos, who are found not only in the province under notice but in the neighboring countries, have also their own separate traditions of former greatness, of an ancient capital, Thatone, and of original immigration from the north. Conspicuous among the gaily-dressed Burmese in a costume of sombre dark blue or black, with their own isolated settlements, their own religious foundations, and their own dialect, these, too, constitute an instructive link with the past as well as an interesting element in the present population. In some Toungthoo monasteries the Burmese language is the medium of instruction, and the religious records are preserved in the same language. Peaceably settled in the midst of Burmese and Karens, this scattered people attracts little public attention, and is no doubt destined at no remote date to be lost sight of altogether. But for the time being their identity is as marked and their position — to the skilful reader of national characteristics — as eloquent of the past, as that of other tribes more numerous and more conspicuous.

A few words of notice must be given also to the Khyins, another distinct people, who in their social position and even in their personal peculiarities bear striking records of long-past ages. Forced centuries ago into the mountains on the advance of the Burmese down the valley of the Irrawady, the Khyins preserve their own nationality, and are found settled here and there in the province, especially near the frontiers of Arakan and Pegu; and it is a strange but not uncommon sight even in the most civilized towns of Pegu to see a group of Khyins, their women rendered conspicuous by the ghastly custom of blackening the whole surface of their faces with tattooing, a hideous practice which is, according to one report, a standing and hereditary reminder of days when disfigurement was the only sure protection from slavery that a father could afford to his daughter.

The various settlements and villages of Shans, who also add to the number of distinct nationalities occupying Burmese territory, do not seem to call for special notice here, offshoots as they are from a still recognized neighboring people, not, as in the case of the tribes noticed above, the stranded or vanishing relics of an ancient history of which they constitute almost the only trustworthy records.

Enough has, however, been said to show that the task of administration in this remote province has not been altogether a simple one, and that while in the Burmese themselves the government of India has had to deal with a people differing in every important respect from those with whom they have come in contact in India, they have in the internal administration of the province been confronted also by a variety of races and tribes not less firmly established than the Burmese, and each with its own peculiarities of character and custom demanding special consideration.

Sufficient indication has also, perhaps, been given of the interesting and almost untrodden area offered in the province of Burmah for more than one department of antiquarian research. Lastly, such a survey as I have attempted becomes the more interesting when it is remembered that under a strong and settled government all, or at least the majority of these distinctions of race, radical as they are in many cases, are becoming year by year less marked, and seem likely to be eventually obliterated with the absorption of the distinctive dialects which is gradually taking place. The Burmese language, both by the deliberate policy of the English government and the necessities of trade, law, and general intercourse, is becoming the universal vernacular of the province. The Taline language is fast dying out, and the several Karen dialects, to which a new but transitory life has been given by the enthusiasm of Christian missionaries, are yielding to the same influences and may perhaps ultimately disappear. The Arakanese brogue is supplanted in schools by the purer Burmese idiom, while such dialects as those of the Toungthoos and highland clans are still more certainly doomed.

P. HORDERN.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

CASABIANCA'S POLITICS.

"IT'S enough to make one wish one was a downright Jebusite," said Casabianca, thrusting a poker which he had been moodily balancing on his forefinger

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into the cindery back-room fire, and causing a cloud of dust to fly over Mildie, seated opposite, with a Euclid open in her lap, on to which, under cover of the twilight, and Casabianca's late reverie, a few tears had been silently dropping.

"No, you need not set me right, Mildie; I won't be set right by you. I believe if you were dead, and some one made a mistake in history over your coffin, you would jump up and set 'em right. What does the name signify. I know what I mean; those fellows in the French Revolution, who wanted to blow everybody's brains out, and kick things to shivers — and I say that the way in which we are all being treated just now, is enough to make a fellow wish to join 'em. It's an awful shame."

"I don't know, Casa," said Mildie, with a great sob in her voice. "I suppose it will be for your good in the end, and perhaps Emmie will enjoy herself when she gets away from Saville Street, and can improve her French, and visit places one reads about. I would go away with a worse person than Aunt Rivers even," said Mildie savagely, "to see the town where the chevalier Bayard is buried. Oh, Emmie will enjoy herself; and Katharine Moore says we ought not to make a trouble of it."

"Hang Katharine Moore!" exploded Casabianca; "it's beastly ungrateful of her to say any such thing. I should like to know who has brought up their second scuttle of coals all this winter, while Mary Anne has been saying that one scuttle a day was enough for attic lodgers; and whose doing it is that Christabel's flowers ever get watered; and then for them to take and say I'm not to make a trouble of being sent out of the house to wear petticoats and yellow stockings, and never have a hat on my head! It's enough to turn a fellow into a flat Jebusite, as I said before; and all that Miss Alma Rivers may marry a money-grubbing Kirkman, and live in the 'Tower of Babel.' You need not shout at me. I know I'm right about *that* name at least. That is what Mr. Kirkman's new big house is called. Uncle Rivers showed it me in *Punch*, when I went to Eccleston Square with mamma the other morning."

"It was not the name I was trying to stop you from saying," answered Mildie. "I don't care what people call Mr. Kirkman's house; it's nothing to us; but Emmie asked me not to say, or let any one else say, she was going abroad with Aunt Rivers instead of Alma, because Alma was engaged to Mr. Horace Kirkman. It may not be quite settled yet, Emmie thinks, and it ought not to be talked about. If it is such a disgrace to the family, we need not be in a hurry to spread it about."

"Rubbish!" cried Casabianca. "When a fellow has heard a thing with his own ears, where's the use of trying to make him believe he does not know it. I tell you I heard every word Aunt Rivers said to mother. They left me kicking about in a dressing-room with nothing to do for an hour but listen to the talk that went on in the bedroom beyond; Aunt Rivers coughing half the time to work mother up to pity her, and do as she wished. Did I not feel as if I were being regularly sold, tied up in a sack and delivered over, as the bargaining went on. Such a pleasant change for dearest Emmie! The making of dear little Aubrey! Faugh! And then Uncle Rivers comes out, staring as if he expected to see a fellow six feet high, and puts his hand on my head and says they intend to make a Grecian of me. Grecian, indeed! I always thought the Greeks were fools for speaking such a miserable language, and inventing mathematics; but I did not know before that they made quite such guys of themselves as to go about in yellow stockings and petticoats, and without any hats."

"And you really," said Mildie, sighing, "care about that; and you are not at all glad to be going to a place where you can learn as much as you like, and where you might, if you pleased, get to be a great man. Coleridge and Charles Lamb were brought up where you are going."

"Yes, I know all about 'em; Christabel's been reading it to me out of a book. They had to eat lumps of boiled beef fat at dinner called squabs! Sounds jolly, I think!"

"It's a very unfair world, *I* think," said Mildred, while a great tear fell and blistered a page of her Euclid. "Some people get what they don't want and can't make any use of, and other people who are starving for that same thing have to go without."

"Shut up there," cried Casabianca; "I thought sisters were made to be sympathetic with one and all that, but you —— It makes me more disgusted than anything, to see you sitting there crying, because you are never to go to school again, and never need look into a book unless you please. Don't I wish I were standing in your shoes."

"Would you really like to change places with me?" cried Mildie, a wild notion of

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personating Casabianca in petticoats and yellow stockings, and profiting by Uncle Rivers's presentation to Christ Church in his stead, shooting momentarily through her brain.

"There," said Casabianca, "that just proves what I'm always pointing out to you — the folly of you girls supposing, because you can do sums, and remember a date or two, that you have the same sort of sense that *we* have; or that you know anything of a man's life. You think, do you, that you could get on better at a public school than I could, because you're bookish? as if that would help you in a boxing-match. A jolly fix you would find yourself in before a week was out, if I took you at your word."

"I know it's impossible, of course," said Mildie despairingly. "And, Casa, I don't mean to be unsympathizing. I'm sorry enough that you are going away."

"Well you may be," growled Casabianca, resolved not to be mollified too easily. "You'll all feel the miss of me when the Gentle Lamb flies into a temper, and there's no one to stand up to him. All your precious history and mathematics won't help you to manage *him*."

"I know it," said Mildie. "But that's just why it seems so hard that I am to be taken from things I care for, and set to make a muddle of other people's work. Aunt Rivers told mamma that I was old enough now to be as useful in the family as Emmie, and that I ought to begin, as if just saying that could turn me into Emmie."

"But you think a great deal of yourself, don't you?" said Casabianca, aghast at this sudden appearance of self-depreciation in Mildie.

"No, I don't! — I can't help liking arithmetic and remembering dates and things; but, oh! you need not, all of you, think so badly of me because of that; if I could make myself as pretty as Emmie, and get people to like me as they do her; but there," dashing her head down upon her Euclid, and making it a mere puddle of tears, "I know they never will. I know how it will be when you and Emmie are gone. The Gentle Lamb will always be making horrible grimaces on the stairs, while Mrs. Urquhart is passing, and I shall not be able to stop him, and the keys will always be missing at tea-time, and I shall never know where to look for the sal-volatile when mamma has a headache."

"And all because the Rivers are so selfish," grunted Casabianca. "They have everything they can possibly want, and yet they rob us of Emmie. I know what it is like."

"So do I," said Mildie, "and I wish there was a prophet now to go to Aunt Rivers and say, 'Thou art the man!' I should like to do it myself."

"Perhaps she'll be awfully punished by-and-by, then," said Casabianca, a good deal cheered by the suggestion; "so, if I were you, Mildie, I would cheer up a bit. You really ain't so bad when you don't set up to know more than other people; and now I'll tell you something that you never should have known if you had not come down from your high horse. Tom Winter has been mistaking you for Emmie this long time."

"How could he?" asked Mildie, not so overwhelmed by the compliment as might have been expected.

"He is my greatest friend this half, and I told him how jolly Emmie was, and that he might look at her at church if he liked, and the other day I found out that he had been looking at you, and taking you for the pretty one. He says he don't see any reason why he should not. There now."

"I don't care what Tom Winter thinks of me," said Mildie, with dignity; "but if you will like me as Harry likes Emmie, I will do everything I can for you till you go, and always in the holidays, you shall see."

"All right," said Casabianca, edging his chair a little closer to Mildie's. "I never did bully you but for your own good, to keep you from thrusting your learning down everybody's throat; and now as you are reasonable I'll let you into something more. See my purse. You may well stare at what is in it; but Mr. Anstice tipped me tremendously the day he called when everybody was out, and when I walked back to his place with him. He said it was to buy a bat, but I shall get a great deal more out of it than that, I promise you, if only I can make up my mind to change the first 'yellow-boy' I ever had in my life. Don't it look jolly?"

"Mr. Anstice!" exclaimed Mildie. "He called an hour ago with a book for Emmie, and left word that he would not come in, as it was her last day at home. I wondered how he had got to know she was going away. I suppose you told him that and everything — eh, Casabianca?"

"Why not? If Aunt Rivers thinks she can bribe me to keep hers and Miss Alma's secrets she's very much mistaken. Of course I told him everything."

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"How did he look?" inquired Mildie curiously.

"Look!" said Casabianca, "how should he look, but just as usual, though, now I come to think of it, I don't believe he did. He was not so jolly as usual. When he first came in he looked — well, palish, you know, as if he had a bad cold in his head or something. However, he was all right with me, and evidently very glad to have me to talk to, for he invited me to dine with him, and gave me this magnificent tip when I went away."

"Perhaps I had better take the book and his note to Emmie now. She is packing her new box in the spare room, and she is to drink tea this last night in the Land of Beulah. I will find her before she goes up."

It had all come about in what seemed such an amazingly short space of time, so many events and propositions following each other, that Emmie, the person chiefly concerned, had hardly yet taken in all that was involved in them. On the day after Emmie's return home, Dr. Urquhart had been sent for to Eccleston Square in haste, and brought back alarming news of Lady Rivers, who had been seized with an attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs after an agitating conversation with her daughter. Some days of real anxiety followed, and then, as amendment set in, the necessity of Lady Rivers leaving England and spending some months in a warmer climate began to be talked of. Next came the day when Mrs. West was summoned to a conference with Sir Francis Rivers in Eccleston Square, from which she returned pale and agitated, saying that Sir Francis had almost put her sister's life into her hands by assuring her that Lady Rivers would only consent to leave home on condition that her niece Emmie was allowed to accompany her, while Alma remained to complete her London season under her sister's chaperonage. Aubrey's nomination to Christ Church had not, in reality, been offered as a bribe, for Sir Francis had previously been working to obtain it; but success came at the moment when he made his request for the loan of Emmie, and Mr. West chose to feel that it laid an obligation upon the whole family from which they could not escape. When the matter was laid before him he said he would not accept Sir Francis's favors without paying the equivalent prescribed, and, hearing this, Emmie and her mother exchanged glances, and knew in their hearts that the thing was settled and nothing left for either of them to say. An education for one of the boys must not be refused or imperilled by any crossing of Mr. West's mood.

Sir Francis was liberal beyond expectation in all the arrangements that followed, and everybody told Mrs. West and Emmie that this price they were paying for Aubrey's advantage was no sacrifice, but a great piece of good luck. They were too busy to investigate their own impressions on the subject closely, and said very little to each other about the approaching separation even during the last day's packing. They talked as loving people on the eve of a parting do talk, of trifles which concerned the common life, tenderly making believe that absence would not snap the close threads of union. They made over Casabianca's new shirts to the last button, and laid little plans for brightening Harry's evenings and consoling Mildie for the loss of her school lessons. Then, when Emmie was laying her new dress on the top of her box and nothing further remained to be done, Mrs. West spoke a few tender words of counsel and love and sorrow, taking care all the while that the slow tears creeping down her cheeks should not fall on the pretty frills and flounces Emmie's fingers were smoothing out, and they kissed across the box and clung mutely together over this symbol of parting, till Mr. West's evening knock was heard at the door. It brought a pang to Emmie with the thought of how far she would be away when it came on the next evening, and it sent Mrs. West away in haste, to be at her post when her husband came in. He would not say anything to-night about Emmie's approaching departure, but perhaps (so Mrs. West thought) he would grieve over it more than any one else in the house; for did not the worst part of every trouble come upon him, and ought not he to be supremely pitied by her at least?

Emmie sat down on the floor after her mother left her, to wipe away her tears and get herself ready for the Land of Beulah. Tears had been very near her eyes all day, yet it cannot be denied that the grey web of her regrets was crossed by a great many bright threads of hope and expectation. The mere fact of being seated here to-night, with a fire lighted in the spare room expressly for her, and an air of excitement pervading the whole house on her account, caused some pleasant stirrings of emotions. Beyond lay thoughts and hopes, and eager glances into the future, which during the press of late occupations she had kept at bay. She

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now confessed to herself that after the interest of that one fortnight spent at the Riverses' she should have found it difficult to sink back altogether into Saville Street life, and never to know the end and real meaning of some events she had there taken part in. Now she should at all events be in the way of hearing, and might perhaps get to understand the drift of Eccleston Square politics in the end. Could Casabianca's ears have served him rightly? Could Alma have decided *so*, and what influence had her own presumptuous meddling had on her decision?

Here instead of thoughts came visions, and Emmie was back in Eccleston Square, looking down over the balusters on a nodding bird of paradise feather and on the upturned face of a young man following behind. She could read clearly the character revealed in those keen, inquisitive eyes, that large, smiling, self sufficient mouth, those boastful open nostrils and that square chin, and she knew quite well, if Alma did not, the little there was to like in it and the much to shrink from instinctively; and as she mentally gazed the wonder grew. How could Alma choose so? Would there ever be an end of her wondering, even while she kept her memory clear from the picture of another face which she could never bear, even in thought, to put by the side of that one; the idea of their being rivals giving her always a glow of indignation hard to keep within reasonable bounds? But what, after all, was Alma's choice to her, and what possible right had she to be angry about it, or to grieve for the pain it must have brought some one who would perhaps lay a part of the blame to her officiousness?

Just as Emmie's thoughts reached this point, Mildie opened the bedroom door, bringing in a stream of gaslight from the passage, and something in her hand, which Emmie discovered to be a letter when her dreaming eyes recovered their power of seeing, and she had brought herself back to Saville Street again.

"Are you not dressed yet?" cried Mildie. "The tea has gone into the Land of Beulah already, and Dr. Urquhart came in half an hour ago. Here's a letter and a parcel for you, which Mr. Anstice left at the door. I did not think it worth while to bring them up whilst you were busy packing."

"Fetch me a candle then, please," said Emmie, "and I will dress here, without going up-stairs again."

But Emmie did not wait for the candle to open her letter; as soon as Mildie was safely out of the room she coaxed up a blaze from the red embers, tore open the envelope, and read: —

"DEAR MISS WEST, — I called in Saville Street two days ago, in the hope of seeing you, and — shall I confess it? — of hearing from you the truth of a report that had reached me of serious illness in your uncle's house. I thought the illness might account for my not having received an answer to a letter sent there more than a week ago, and I trusted to your kindness to throw all the light on my suspense your superior knowledge could give. Judge of my disappointment at not finding you. In default of his elders, Casabianca entertained me with an exposition of his views on things in general, among which I picked up, not what I wanted to hear certainly, but at all events the end of my suspense. There is simply no more to be said, and I am egotistical once more to you because I think, having gone so far in self-betrayal, it is better to make an end, and to assure you, once for all, that the failure of the enterprise you put me upon in no way detracts from my gratitude to you for holding me worthy of it. Let us both forget that we ever took upon ourselves to judge Mr. Horace Kirkman, junior, and try to believe a certain person's discernment greater than ours. May your cousin be happy in the choice she has made, and may you suffer as little from Mrs. Kirkman's vicarious affection as circumstances will admit of. I should like to have seen you before you left England, but I must not monopolize your time at home, now so short — the more as I am not without hope of seeing something of you during your banishment. The house to which, as I hear from your brother, you are going, belongs to a relative of mine, and it must have been my talk in old times of the charms and advantages of La Roquette that induced Lady Rivers to fix upon it as a winter residence for herself and you. My cousin, Madame de Florimel, lives in a tumble-down old *château* at the foot of the hill on which the *châlet* you will inhabit is perched, and the visit she expects from me once in two years or so is about due now. Perhaps I shall escape there from this region of Kirkmans and east-windy thoughts should they become too oppressive when Easter arrives, and we shall meet at La Roquette and talk London gossip among the anemones and daffodils, which by that time will have overrun all the valleys where you will be quite at home when I see you next. Did you not say, when we were capping

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verses at Christmas and Miss Moore could not understand your not being ready with a line for 'daffodils,' that you did not know Wordsworth well because you had never had him of your own? Here he is in a small enough compass to fit into a chance corner of your travelling-box, and I bring him in case you should find room for him at the last.

"Your sincere friend,

"WYNYARD ANSTICE."

"What does he say, Emmie? What is the letter about?" asked Mildie, who, candle flaming in hand, stood staring down into Emmie's face, as she reached the last line. "Why, I do believe there's a tear on your cheek. Dear Emmie, you will let me read the letter, won't you? I do so want to know the sort of things people write when they are crossed in love and very miserable. Does he threaten to die and come to Alma's wedding breakfast like Alonzo the Brave, with worms creeping out of his eyes? I'm sure I wish he would, and that you and I might be there as bridesmaids, and see the Riverses and Kirkmans properly served out at last. You will let me read some part of the letter at all events, won't you?"

Emmie had it safe back in its envelope by this time.

"Mr. Anstice writes to me about La Roquette, the place in France where we are going," she answered with dignity. "He has French relations, and one of them lives in an old *château* there, close to the house Uncle Rivers has taken for us to live in."

"A *château*," sighed Mildie. "How much happier most people are than ourselves! if I had a relation living in a real old *château*, I should not mind what happened to me — no, not if I were crossed in love fifty times. Dear Emmie, since you won't give me Mr. Anstice's letter to read, let me at least put his book into your box, and finish off the ends of the packing, while you go and enjoy yourself in the Land of Beulah. To-morrow at this time I shall not have even such pleasant occupation as packing; I shall be making tea for the boys in the back parlor, without you, completely miserable.

CHAPTER XV.

HUSH.

To enter Mrs. Urquhart's appartments, from any other part of the house, was to pass from noise and excitement to peace and sunshine, and Emmie felt a hush fall on her spirits the instant she crossed the threshold. Not that she was altogether wrong in supposing that the general agitation had for once just touched the still atmosphere of the Land of Beulah, and brought something new into the faces and manner of the friends who welcomed her there; but it was a soothing something, that flattered her with a sense of importance without saddening her. The fire was coaxed into such clear burning as only skill like Mrs. Urquhart's could coax a London fire. The tea service of dainty china and bright silver sparkled with cleanliness not due certainly to manipulations of Mary Ann's, and the faces round the table reflected the brightness. Dr. Urquhart might, indeed, be a little preoccupied, for once or twice, when Emmie suddenly turned towards him, she found, to her surprise, that he was gazing rather intently on her. Could he be noticing the red rims round her eyes, and did he know what caused them? Emmie looked away into the depths of the fire, and tried to comfort herself with the reflection that the most skilful of physicians, though he might spy out quickly the tokens of tears, could not penetrate to the cause from which the tears sprang. Mrs. Urquhart was luckily less observant than her son. She chatted on through the silence of the two others, about the laudatory notice of Graham's lectures she had just spied out in the *Lancet*, and by-and-by Dr. Urquhart woke up and joined in the conversation after his usual manner, with a good deal of playful banter of his mother, and then a question or remark, which tended to draw the talk away from personal matters, and give Emmie a chance of taking her share.

She did not avail herself of it frequently, such a bewildering clatter of voices seemed to be going on in her mind, all telling her different things about to-morrow, and all, as it seemed to her, trying to drown a persistent small voice, that somewhere in a far corner of her brain would go on saying softly over and over again — "Among the anemones and daffodils in the spring" — "Among the anemones and daffodils in the spring." This was February, and even in England daffodils "take the winds of March." Emmie knew enough of Shakespeare to remember that. A month — six weeks — to wait, and then —— No, she would not make that calculation again; her mother was crying down-stairs over a different scale of reckoning the weeks. How could she be so heartless as to feel as if the arrival of one London acquaintance at La Roquette, would annul the pain

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of separation from every one at home! She determined to put the notion from her, and attend to what Dr. and Mrs. Urquhart were saying. They had travelled to the south of France in their talk now, and were congratulating her on all the new sights and sounds she would experience — nightingales, fireflies, cicalas.

Tea is over, and Mrs. Urquhart looks a shade surprised, when Dr. Urquhart lingers on, leaving a pile of notes unexamined on his writing-table, while he takes botanical dictionaries, volumes of natural history, from his shelves, to show Emmie engravings of flowers and insects she will soon have an opportunity of admiring in their natural state. How delightedly Mildie would have picked up the information that drops from his lips, quite unpremeditatedly, and only because there is such a store within, that it must come out when not suppressed; and how difficult it is to Emmie, to care just then as much about the migratory caterpillar, and the edible green frog, as she knows she ought to care. He perceives the lack of interest at last, and subsides, with a sigh, into the inner room to his writing-table and letters and reading-lamp. There, partially hidden by the curtains that hang from the arch between the rooms, he can still hear the murmur of voices by the hearth. He leans back in his chair every now and then between reading and answering a note, perhaps to cogitate his reply; perhaps to get a peep at the talkers, and think, as he watches the changes on Emmie's face, that his mother has found something to say to her which interests her more than the green frog. When he has come to his last note, he indulges himself in a longer spell of watching. Mrs. Urquhart has laid down her particolored knitting, and has folded one of Emmie's little hands in hers.

"Yes, my dear," she is saying, "a *first* visit from home is an important crisis to a girl. Dear me! nothing else in after life is ever quite like it. It may be — it is likely to be — the beginning of all her real life. Perhaps I'm a silly old woman, who expects every girl she sees to have the same experience as herself; but talking of this journey of yours, somehow sets me upon recollecting the first time I ever left my home. I had led a quieter life than even you, my dear, in a little Scotch manse in the north, where we never saw a fresh face from year's end to year's end, and my first visit was made to cousins who lived in Edinburgh. What a packing up it was! How my mother stitched at my clothes; and what a prayer my good father made over me at family worship the last evening! The whole village was stirred up, and there was quite a little crowd to see me set off by the coach in the morning. Our laird, who made the journey the same day, and had promised to look after me, sneered a little at all the tears and excitement, telling me I should be back in a few weeks, feeling just the same as before I went, and that I should wonder then what all the commotion had been about. He was mistaken, however. I did return home at the end of a six weeks' visit; but Dr. Urquhart, my Dr. Urquhart, not the imitation one you see there, followed me to the manse before the week was out, and well, my dear, the old quiet home-life was over for me after that. Plenty of struggle and trouble came after; but I don't think I ever for one moment of the struggling time wished that I had not travelled to Edinburgh that particular winter. Things of the kind will occur, I suppose, when a girl goes out into the world from a quiet home; there is always a chance that it is her fate she goes to meet, and I can only say that I hope your luck will be as good as mine, if you chance to come across yours before we sit here again, Emmie, my dear."

"Mother! what are you talking about? — hush!"

The two heads, confidentially approaching each other, turned in surprise towards the direction whence the words came, and saw Dr. Urquhart standing in the opening between the rooms, and looking very much shaken out of his ordinary composure. There was an actual flash of anger in his eyes, and his fresh healthy cheeks were a great many shades redder than usual. Mrs. Urquhart gazed at him silently for a minute over her spectacles. She had not been silenced in such a peremptory tone since the date of her Edinburgh journey.

"My dear Graham," she said at last, "why should I be silent? What business is it of yours what I say to Miss West? We thought you were too much occupied with your letters to heed what nonsense we women please to talk to each other."

Dr. Urquhart had now reached the fireplace, and was facing his mother, with the gleam of displeasure still in his grey eyes.

"It is my business," he said, in a low tone. "I cannot hear you suggesting to Miss West the possibility of coming back changed to her old friends, without putting in a word of remonstrance. I wonder at you, mother."

"But why should you care?" cried

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Emmie, turning innocent, wide-open eyes upon him. "Of course it was only nonsense we were talking. I don't want any change. Nothing will happen to me. I shall come back just the same — liking and disliking the same people that I like and dislike now. You will see."

"Shall I? — That is enough," said Dr. Urquhart, turning from his mother to Emmie, with all the anger cleared away from his face, and a strange happy trembling of the lip, and twinkling of the eyes, noticeable there instead.

Mrs. Urquhart cleared her throat very loudly, and began ostentatiously to count the stitches of her knitting.

"It is just folly to pretend to prophecy how you will feel when you come back before you have ever gone away," she said severely, when she had come to the end of a row.

"I was not prophesying, was I?" asked Emmie, a little taken aback at the impression her commonplace remark had evidently made on her two auditors. "I don't think I meant to prophecy anything."

"No, no!" said Dr. Urquhart in a hurried voice, through which a timid joyfulness pierced. "It was, if I may be allowed to say so, more of a promise than a prophecy; it is a question of present feeling, of knowing our own minds."

"Which you young things always fancy you do when you don't," said Mrs. Urquhart, beginning diligently to count again.

Emmie's cheeks burned uncomfortably, as she sat in a silence that followed, wondering what she could have said or done amiss, and when the clock in the back room opportunely broke the stillness, by striking nine, she jumped up much relieved, and pleaded the early start to-morrow morning, and the number of little last things that remained to be done, in excuse for an early leave-taking. She fancied that Mrs. Urquhart's farewell kiss was somewhat less cordial than her welcoming one had been, and that Dr. Urquhart tried to make up for his mother's unwonted coldness by following her to the door, and holding her hand in a long farewell shake, while he promised to look after her mother's health until her return. When once the door of the Land of Beulah was shut behind her, however, she had too many other things to think of to trouble herself further about any strangeness there might have been in the manners of her two friends that night. She would have been extremely surprised, if she had known how nearly the Land of Beulah ceased to be the Land of Beulah, on her account, after she left it.

Dr. Urquhart walked straight to his own end of the room, when he had taken leave of Emmie, and as he stood by his writing-table sealing his notes, and putting them ready for the late post, his mother's ear detected the sound of a softly whistled tune, breaking out again and again, —

My love she's but a lassie yet.

It was a sound she had not heard for years, and which she could not think seemly from the lips of a physician in such growing repute as Dr. Graham Urquhart. Then, with the bundle of notes in his hand, he came and stood again by the fireplace, not speaking, but looking at the red embers with a provokingly happy smile on his face. A true Urquhart smile, made up of confident hopefulness, and a touch of self-complacency as well. Such a smile as had sometimes vexed Mrs. Urquhart's soul when, on a face of which this was a facsimile, it had confronted her in moments of disturbance in her early married life. She hardly knew what to make of herself when she felt the old impatience stirring again, and found a sneer curling her old lips, as she marked the contented curve into which her son's had fallen.

From Temple Bar.

GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

WHAT reader of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (and *who* would venture to acknowledge he has not read it?) does not remember the pleasant little dinner-parties at General Oglethorpe's? The quaint figure, too, of the venerable general in his old-fashioned cocked hat, with his sword by his side, and his walking-staff and book in hand, is familiar to most of us. Let us introduce him to the reader as he introduced himself to Boswell: —

Let me here be allowed [says Boswell] to pay my tribute of most sincere gratitude to the memory of that excellent person, my intimacy with whom was the more valuable to me, because my first acquaintance with him was unexpected and unsolicited. Soon after the publication of my "Account of Corsica," he did me the honor to call on me, and approaching me with a frank and courteous air, said, "*My name, sir, is Oglethorpe, and I wish to be acquainted with you.*" I was not a little flattered to be thus addressed by an eminent man, of whom I had read in Pope, from my early years,

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Or driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Will fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

I was fortunate enough to be found worthy of his good opinion, insomuch that I not only was invited to make one in the many respectable companies whom he entertained at his table, but had a cover at his hospitable board every day when I happened to be disengaged; and in his society I never failed to enjoy learned and animated conversation seasoned with genuine sentiments of virtue and religion.

General Oglethorpe was a remarkable man, and it is to be regretted that he did not accede to Johnson's offer to write his life. "He (Johnson) urged General Oglethorpe to give the world his life. He said, 'I know no man whose life would be more interesting. If I were furnished with materials, I should be very glad to write it.'" Boswell adds in a note: —

The general seemed unwilling to enter upon it at this time; but upon a subsequent occasion he communicated to me a number of particulars, which I have committed to writing; but I was not sufficiently diligent in obtaining more from him, not apprehending that his friends were so soon to lose him; for, notwithstanding his great age, he was very healthy and vigorous, and was at last carried off by a violent fever, which is often fatal at any period of life.*

Judging from his singular ability in recording the conversation of Johnson and his friends, we may lament the loss of Boswell's memoranda concerning the general. We are not aware that they have ever been given to the public in any shape, nor whether they are still in existence. We must remember that Oglethorpe was not only commemorated by Pope, but that Thomson also paid a tribute to his high character in his "Liberty" (part v. 645), where, speaking of colonies, he says: —

Bound by social freedom, firm they rise;
Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.

Probably few of our readers are acquainted with many incidents in General Oglethorpe's life. They picture him to their mind's eye as the friend of Dr. Johnson, and the pleasant, garrulous old man of an almost fabulous age, who could talk of serving under Prince Eugene (Sir Roger de Coverley's "Prince Eugenio"), and who could mention his adventures in snipe-shooting in Conduit Fields — where Conduit Street, Bond Street, now stands. On the latter point it may be of interest to remark that Pennant says: "The late Carew Mildmay, Esq.,* used to say that he remembered killing a woodcock on the site of Conduit Street, at that time an open country. He and General Oglethorpe were great intimates, and nearly of the same age, and often produced proofs to each other of the length of their recollections." We have mentioned this anecdote in passing, as we shall have to refer to it in estimating the true age of our general. Conduit Street was built in 1718, and it is not such a wonderful fact that persons living into the concluding quarter of the last century should remember, as Mildmay and Oglethorpe could, portions of the metropolis, which in their early youth were fields, now become fashionable and thickly populated streets. There are probably not a few persons now living who can remember the "Five Fields," as they were called, at the present day the fashionable Belgravia; and even Tothill Fields; when snipe could be found there.

We shall throw together, then, a few notes on General James Edward Oglethorpe, and intersperse them with such Oglethorpiana as may be gathered from Boswell's amusing pages. The obituary of June 30, 1785, records the name of General James Edward Oglethorpe at his seat, Cranham Hall, Essex. "The papers," says the correspondent of Sylvanus Urban, "mention his age as one hundred and two, but it appears by the books of Christ Church, Oxford,† that he was entered there in 1714 as being then sixteen, which would make his age only eighty-seven. However (he would never tell his age) he possessed all his faculties to within three or four days of his death." Another correspondent observes: "He was always unwilling to tell his age; perhaps he was not certain about it." A third, however, dedicates the following lines to his memory: —

One hundred two, Methusalem in age,
A vigorous soldier, and a virtuous sage!
He founded Georgia, gave it laws and trade,
He saw it flourish, and he saw it fade.

Now, if the entry in the college books could be verified, we are afraid that Mr. Thoms would triumphantly point to it as

* It is worthy of remark that this was Boswell's own end. Malone, in the advertisement to the third edition of his work, says: "Unfortunately, in the midst of his labors, he was seized with a fever, of which, to the great regret of all his friends, he died on the 19th of May, 1795." Such is Malone's account.

* Mr. Carew Hervey Mildmay died at the great age of 96 in 1780.

† This is a mistake. The college was Corpus Christi, as will be seen.

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conclusively demolishing the general's supposed centenarianism; but, then, how are we to reconcile it with Pennant's assertion that Mr. Carew Mildmay and Oglethorpe were "nearly the same age"? When Mr. Mildmay died in 1780 at the age of ninety-six (the age stated in all the baronetages we have seen) Oglethorpe was then only eighty-two, and there would appear a great discrepancy in their years. The general would have been comparatively a boy to Mildmay, and they could hardly have "often produced proofs to each other of the length of their recollections." If, however, we were to assume that they were contemporaries in age, as Oglethorpe died five years after Mildmay, it would bring him up to one hundred and one at his death, or nearly the age which some reported him. We are enabled, however, to set the matter at rest. Through the courtesy of that most civil of college servants, Mr. Moses Holliday, "bailiff" of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, we inspected the buttery books of that college. In those days there were only scholars and gentleman-commoners at Corpus. Amongst the latter the name of Oglethorpe occurs as in residence in 1714, and once or twice in 1715, when he ceased to reside. The volume for 1713 is either lost or mislaid, and we could not verify the Christian name, which was usually put down at entrance. However, the deficiency was kindly supplied by the keeper of the archives of the university, the reverend the warden of Wadham, who has sent us an extract from the register of matriculations of the university: "*Term. Trin.* [1714] *Julii* 8. *C.C.C. Jacobus Oglethorpe* 16 *Theoph. f. Sti Jacobi Lond. Equ. fil.*" The date "1714" is not actually written in the register; but the date "1713" is written above the first entry of the preceding Hilary term. Here, then, we have the proof that James, son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, of St James's, London, was matriculated as of Corpus College, on the eighth of July, 1714, his age being then sixteen. He must have been born, then, in 1698; and at the date of his death, in 1785, would have been only eighty-seven.

The family of Oglethorpe was one of considerable antiquity, and originally seated at Oglethorpe in Yorkshire. We are informed that one of them was reeve of the county at the time of the Conquest. The ancient seat at Oglethorpe continued in the family till the civil wars, when it was lost for their loyalty.

The general's great-grandfather, William Oglethorpe, was born in 1588, and married Susannah, daughter of Sir William Sutton, and sister to Lord Lexington. He had a son and a daughter. The son, Sutton Oglethorpe, was born in 1612, and had two sons — (1) Sutton, who was stud-master to Charles II.; and (2) Theophilus. The second son, Theophilus, or, as he afterwards was, Sir Theophilus, was the general's father, and was born in 1650. He was lieutenant-colonel in the Duke of York's troop of Horse Guards, and from 1673 to 1679 one of the commissioners for executing the office of master of the horse. He appears to have purchased Westbrook Place, near Godalming, and to have obtained considerable Parliamentary influence in the now disfranchised borough of Haslemere, for which place he sat, as did his three sons after him. He seems to have sat previously for Morpeth in 1685. He is mentioned as first equerry to King James II., and a major-general in that monarch's army. Sir Theophilus married Eleanora Wall, of a considerable family in Ireland, by whom he had seven children. He died in 1702, and was buried in St. James's Church, Westminster, where is a monument to him and his son Lewis. The issue of his marriage consisted of three sons and four daughters. The eldest son, Lewis, was equerry to Queen Anne, and aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. He was killed at the battle of Schellenburg in 1704, at the age of twenty-two. Like his father, he sat for the borough of Haslemere. The second son, Theophilus, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Ormond. He also sat for the family borough, and is mentioned as having died without issue before 1738. He seems to have been elected for Haslemere in 1708, and in 1710 is styled Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe. The third son, James Edward, was our general, whom we find first sitting for Haslemere in 1722. The daughters seem all to have married foreigners, and two of them were in the court of King James's queen at St. Germains. The correspondent of Sylvanus Urban says that the five eldest children were born in St. James's Palace, and adds that the story is well known, and was once much spread by the Whigs, who believed in the foolish tale of the warming-pan, that one of these children was the person introduced.

The Oglethorpes were always staunch Jacobites, and the general's father, Sir Theophilus, refused to serve under the Prince of Orange, who, after vainly en-

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deavoring to gain him over, gave his regiment to the Lord Churchill's (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) brother. The known principles of the family, and their attachment to the Stuarts, brought suspicion (most unjustly, we feel assured) on our general himself in the "forty-five." It was probably to Mary Oglethorpe, the general's third sister, that Lady Cowper, with true Whig instinct, alludes in her diary, under the date of December 16, 1714: "Mrs. Clayton dined here. She told me that the Duchess of Bolton made great interest for Mrs. M. Oglethorpe to be a maid of honor (if a woman can be so that has had several children). The princess is mightily obliged to her Grace for the recommendation, for the Oglethorpes have always been spies to France, and this very woman took a journey thither the day after the queen was buried: and to be sure she had always been a spy upon the Whigs, her mother having turned her out of doors upon pretence of her being a Protestant and a Whig. So she harbored herself with those who were really so; particularly, she was always at my Lady Mohun's, where all the libertine Whigs were frequently, and she certainly did a world of harm that way." O fie! my Lady Cowper, we do not believe a word of your insinuation; and pray, were not your own family, the Claverings, notorious for their staunch Jacobite predilections? But how different do things appear to the eyes of the wife of a Whig lord chancellor!

As James Oglethorpe's name ceases to appear in the buttery-books of Corpus College in the year 1715, we find that in that year he received a captain-lieutenant's (we presume lieutenant and captain's) commission in the first troop of the Queen's Grenadiers. He was shortly afterwards, upon the recommendation of the Duke of Marlborough, appointed aide-de-camp and secretary to Prince Eugene, and accompanied him in the expedition against the Turks, and was present at the siege of Belgrade. Of this fact we are assured from a conversation at a dinner-party at the general's in 1772, when Dr. Johnson said, "'Pray, general, give us an account of the siege of Belgrade.' Upon which the general, pouring a little wine upon the table, described everything with a wet finger. 'Here we were, here were the Turks,' etc., etc. Johnson listened with the closest attention."* As this campaign took place in 1716, it is not impossible that he was, according to some accounts, aide-de-camp to the great Duke of Argyll,* in the suppression of the rebellion of 1715. But another statement in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is improbable, as the date will show that it was at a time when Oglethorpe had not even matriculated at Oxford, and was only fifteen: "The late general is known to have been aide-de-camp to the Earl of Peterborough in 1713, with whom Dr. Berkeley, his lordship's chaplain, was fellow-traveller in going express to the ambassador in Italy."

Belgrade having surrendered in 1717, and peace concluded in the following year, Oglethorpe would appear to have returned home. In 1722 he entered Parliament for the family borough of Haslemere. He seems to have been an active member of the House. About the year 1727 attention was called to the horrible state of our gaols. An acquaintance of the philanthropic Dr. Bray had made a casual visit to Whitechapel Prison, and his representation of the miserable state of the prisoners had such an effect on the doctor that he immediately applied himself to solicit benefactions for their relief, and the result was contributions sufficient to provide comforts for the inmates of that prison and the Borough Compter. About the same time Oglethorpe, upon visiting a friend in the Fleet, found him loaded with irons. This fact, coupled with Dr. Bray's discovery, led him to bring the matter before Parliament, when a committee was appointed, of which he was the chairman. The inquiry elicited the most shocking details, but it is satisfactory to know that it was attended with most beneficial results. The biographer of the worthy Dr. Bray (the founder of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel) informs us that "the inquiry into the state of the gaols brought about an interview between the doctor and Mr. (afterwards General) Oglethorpe." Bray was now in precarious health, and he was anxious that his philanthropic designs should be entrusted to a small body of trustees,† and Oglethorpe willingly undertook to be of the number, and engaged several others of rank and distinction to act with him. There can be little doubt that the friendship that thus sprung up between these

* Boswell.

* Afterwards Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, of whom Pope speaks: —

"Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And share alike the senate and the field."

† These are still called "Dr. Bray's Associates."

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two benevolent men, though destined to be shortly terminated by the death of Bray, much influenced Oglethorpe's subsequent career. Bray died in February, 1730, but it would seem that a scheme had been formed for establishing a colony in America, to which might be draughted off the surplus poor of the kingdom, with advantage to themselves and benefit to the country. Probably Oglethorpe had discussed the matter with his friend, but an opportunity now arose which would appear to have favored the design. The Abbé Raynal,* in his account of the foundation of Georgia, tells us: —

> One of those instances of benevolence which liberty, the source of every patriotic virtue, renders more frequent in England than in any other country, served to determine the views of government with regard to this place. A rich and humane citizen, at his death, left the whole of his estate to set at liberty such insolvent debtors as were detained in prison by their creditors. Prudential reasons of policy concurred in the performance of this will dictated by humanity; and the government gave orders that such unhappy prisoners as were released should be transplanted into that desert country that was now intended to be peopled; it was named *Georgia* in honor of the reigning sovereign. This instance of respect, the more pleasing as it was not the effect of flattery, and the execution of a design of so much real advantage to the state, were entirely the work of the nation. The Parliament added £9,843 15*s.* to the estate left by the will of the citizen, and a voluntary subscription † produced a much more considerable sum. General Oglethorpe, a man who had distinguished himself in the House of Commons by his taste for great designs, by his zeal for his country, and his passion for glory, was fixed upon to direct these public finances, and to carry into execution so excellent a project. Desirous of maintaining the reputation he had acquired, he chose to conduct himself the first colonists that were to be sent to Georgia; where he arrived in January, 1733, and fixed his people on a spot at ten miles' distance from the sea, in an agreeable and fertile plain on the banks of the Savannah. This rising settlement was called *Savannah* from the name of the river; and, inconsiderable as it was in its infant state, was, however, to become the capital of a flourishing colony. It consisted at first of no more than one hundred persons, but before the end of the year was increased to six hundred and eighteen, one hundred and twenty-seven of whom had emigrated at their own expense.

* History of the British Settlements in America, p. 142. Ed. Edinburgh, 1779.

† To this subscription Oglethorpe contributed very largely.

It will not be necessary in our brief notice of Oglethorpe to discuss the causes which eventually contributed to the want of success which attended this enterprise. The colony, even in its infancy, brought with it the seeds of its decay. Oglethorpe, however, during the ten years in which he was connected with it, amidst great disadvantages and apparently want of support from the home government, displayed qualities of much personal bravery and endurance. In 1734 he returned to England, bringing with him several Indian chiefs. The periodical literature of the day, as might be expected, is filled with the visit of Tomo Chiqui and his companions. They were duly presented to the king at Kensington, dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury (Potter) at Lambeth, and did the usual round of London sightseeing. We are told that

> nothing was wanting to contribute to their diversion and amusement, and to give them a just idea of English politeness and respect. In return, they expressed themselves heartily attached to the British nation. Prince William* presented the young Micho, John Towanohowi, with a gold watch, with an admonition to call upon Jesus Christ every morning when he looked on it, which he promised. They appeared particularly delighted with seeing his Highness perform his exercise of riding the managed horse, the Horse Guards pass in review, and the agreeable appearance of the barges, etc., on the Thames on Lord Mayor's day.†

Oglethorpe appears now to have been at the zenith of popularity, and much interest was concentrated upon Georgia. In 1735 he returned to Georgia, having induced the brothers John and Charles Wesley to accompany him. Charles returned to England with despatches from Oglethorpe early in 1737, but John remained till the close of that year, when he left the colony under circumstances which do not seem to reflect much credit on him, but which are no doubt familiar to the readers of his biography by Coke and Moore. The Wesleys had sent an invitation to their friend George Whitefield to follow them to Georgia, and after some delay he set forth; but it is remarkable that he had sailed from the Downs only a few hours before the vessel which brought back John Wesley cast anchor there, the two ships, in fact, passing in sight of each other. Whitefield remained in the colony only till the close

* Afterwards of Culloden fame.

† *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1734.

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of 1738. Oglethorpe's reputation for philanthropy received a singular illustration from a somewhat eccentric personage, Mr. Robert North, of Scarborough, in 1735. Mr. North proposed to give prizes to those who should write in the *Gentleman's Magazine* the four best poems entitled "The Christian Hero." The prize was "to the person who shall make the best, a gold medal (intrinsic value about ten pounds), which shall have the head of the Right Hon. the Lady Elizabeth Hastings on one side, and that of James Oglethorpe, Esq., on the other, with this motto, 'England may challenge the world, 1736.'" Subsequently, in the magazine for February 1736, Mr. North begs pardon of the Lady Elizabeth for the uneasiness he had caused her by proposing to engrave her portrait on his prize-medal, but "hopes that Mr. Oglethorpe will be prevailed upon to consent that the medal shall bear his effigies."

As we have before observed, it would hardly interest our readers to enter into the details of the causes which contributed to the failure of the original plantation of Georgia; amongst them might be specified the heterogeneous nature of the population, and, added to this, the constant jealousy of the Spanish. While the more curious student might find scattered up and down the pages of contemporaneous literature a few passages discovering the interest felt in the project and the zeal and activity of Oglethorpe in the promotion of the welfare of the infant colony, to the general reader the story presents but little to excite attention. In 1741 the colony had dwindled down to about a sixth part of the original number. Oglethorpe finally returned home in September 1743, and in June 1744 his lieutenant-colonel was brought to a court-martial and broke for groundless charges against his chief. It does not, however, appear, that Oglethorpe had resolved not to return to his command, but an event which now took place seems to have determined the point. In the marriages for September 1744 we read, "The Hon. James Oglethorpe, Esq., general and commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in South Carolina and Georgia, and brigadier-general upon the British establishment, to Elizabeth, the only surviving heir of the late Sir Nathan Wright, of Cranham Hall, in Essex, Bart." From the following lines we must share the disappointment that awaited the colonists on this occasion: * —

* *London Magazine*, October, 1744.

In answer to a paragraph in a Letter from Charles Town, South Carolina, *lately published in the Papers, which hoped the speedy Return of General* Oglethorpe *to that Part of the World.*

By a LADY.

You wish in vain, it cannot be,
Tho' his appearance would be victory;
He who so many conquer'd had
Is now, himself, a captive made.

The fairest of *Diana's* train,
For whom so many sigh'd in vain,
Has bound him in her silken chain,
From whence he'll ne'er get loose again.

The son of *Jove* and *Venus* knew,
Who bravely fought could nobly woo,
And howsoe'er he dar'd in fight,
He'd force him yield to lovely WRIGHT.

But the brave general had other panegyrists besides the poetess, for in the November number of the *London Magazine* for 1744 is a really able article in his behalf, entitled "A Parallel between the late Earl of Peterborough and General Oglethorpe." One passage in this paper we must quote: —

> What pleasure must every friend to virtue and merit feel at the triumphs he has had over his unworthy accusers, and the consideration that has been paid him since his return! I believe the justice of his actions and the equity of his demands were infinitely agreeable to his Royal Master, and that he will still continue in the consideration that so many great and eminent qualities deserve, and forever engage the love and respect of his country, and the veneration of posterity.

Whatever may have been the attempts to throw discredit upon his military career, it is clear he had not lost the confidence of the king, and in the rising of "the forty-five" he was appointed to a command. On his return to London, in 1746, without ever having actively engaged "the rebels," he was accused of neglect of duty and the non-juring proclivities of his family were insinuated, but he was acquitted of the charges, and honorably gazetted on the 21st of October in that year. With this event his military career closed.

Oglethorpe had sat continually from 1722 for Haslemere, with which borough his family had been closely connected since 1698. He appears to have been an active member, and ever ready in philanthropic projects. We have already seen the zeal he displayed in prison reform, a zeal in which he and Dr. Bray showed themselves no unworthy forerunners of the far-famed John Howard. In 1750, he took a great in-

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terest in establishing the herring fishery, and was one of the council. In 1754, however, he lost his election for the seat which had been filled by his father, brothers, and himself for upwards of half a century.* Whether he had now parted with the family house at Westbrook Place we have not investigated; but probably on marrying the heiress of Cranham he had so done, and thus lessened his influence at Haslemere. The writer of the notice of the general's death in the *Gentleman's Magazine* describes Westbrook Place as "a beautiful situation in a beautiful country. The gardens beautiful. The general planted a vineyard, now much decayed."

Upon his retirement from Parliament, Oglethorpe devoted himself to various schemes of public and private charity. His name will be found on the committees of most of the benevolent institutions of the day, and we can well imagine the activity he took in every good work, by finding his co-operation so earnestly sought after. Nor was his benevolence confined to public institutions. He could discern and foster merit in private stations. Boswell, in describing the success of Johnson's poem of "London" (published in 1738), adds: —

> One of the warmest patrons of this poem on its first appearance was General Oglethorpe, whose strong "benevolence of soul" was unabated during the course of a very long life; though it is painful to think that he had but too much reason to become cold and callous, and discontented with the world, from the neglect which he experienced of his public and private worth by those in whose power it was to gratify so gallant a veteran with marks of distinction. This extraordinary person was as remarkable for his learning and taste, as for his other eminent qualities; and no man was more prompt, active, and generous in encouraging merit. I have heard Johnson gratefully acknowledge, in his presence, the kind and effectual support which he gave to his "London," though unacquainted with its author.

And we can imagine some kind act from the following, in a letter dated Feb. 7, 1774: "Mr. Oglethorpe was with me this morning; you know his errand. He was not unwelcome."

The glimpse that Boswell's pages afford us of the general's social life is very interesting. He seems to have surrounded himself with the most of the literary men of the day, and "a cover at his hospitable board" was an honor much appreciated by Master Boswell. He tells us: —

> Monday, April 10, 1775, I dined with him (Johnson) at General Oglethorpe's with Mr. Langton, and the Irish Dr. Campbell, whom the general had obligingly given me leave to bring with me. This learned gentleman was thus gratified with a very high intellectual feast, by not only being in company with Dr. Johnson, but with General Oglethorpe, who had been so long a celebrated name both at home and abroad.

A dinner on the same day, three years previously (1772), affords us a curious anecdote or two. Boswell started the question of the morality of duelling; after discussing which, —

> The general told us that when he was a very young man, I think only fifteen,* serving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was sitting in a company at table with a prince of Würtemberg. The prince took up a glass of wine, and, by a fillip, made some of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him instantly might have fixed a quarrelsome character on the young soldier: to have taken no notice of it might have been considered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping his eye upon the prince, and smiling all the time, as if he took what his Highness had done in jest, said, "*Mon prince*" — I forget the French words he used, the purport, however, was, "That's a good joke; but we do it much better in England," and threw a whole glass of wine in the prince's face. An old general, who sat by, said, "*Il a bien fait, mon prince, vous l'avez commencé;*" and thus all ended in good humor.

We fancy that we have read somewhere of the "first gentleman in Europe" having committed a similar act of blackguardism, when the officer, whom he insulted, threw a glass into his neighbor's face, saying, "Pass it on." At this same dinner-party, the subject of ghosts being introduced —

> Johnson repeated what he had told me of a friend of his, an honest man, and a man of sense, having asserted to him that he had seen an apparition. Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother, the Reverend Mr. Goldsmith, that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us that Prendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that after it was over and Prendergast was still

* At this election Mr. Philip Carteret Webb was chosen, and we are told "it is well known and remembered by the humorous ballad of 'The Cow of Haslemere,' attributed to Dr. King, of Oxford, and printed that year in folio." — Nichols's "Bowyer," p. 297.

* We have seen that this cannot be true, as he was at Oxford when sixteen.

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alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him where was his prophecy now. Prendergast gravely answered, "I shall die notwithstanding what you see." Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocket-book the following solemn entry: "Dreamt — or ——* Sir John Freind meets me" (here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned). Prendergast had been connected with Sir John Freind, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel.

Right pleasant, Master Boswell, must have been General Oglethorpe's dinners, and lovable the giver; and would that we could know more of his personal history! We cannot, however, *quite* assent to Joseph Warton's assertion that "he was at once a great hero and a great legislator." He was, doubtless, a brave, honorable man, a thorough "fine old English gentleman," earnestly discharging his duty, to the best of his ability, in the senate and in the field. His supposed Jacobite tendencies excited the animosity of the Whigs, to his exclusion from those professional honors to which he was otherwise justly entitled; and the same reason probably elevated him in the eyes of such admirers as Dr. Johnson. To us, however, he appears in the light of an eminently philanthropic man and good Christian, who adorned the lax and sceptical age in which he lived by an example of genuine piety in faith and practice; and who will ever recall to our minds the ideal of the "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche.*"

A passage in our narrative may be corrected from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1787, in an obituary notice of the general's widow, at the age of 77. It would seem from her will that she was wealthy, and that Westbrook Place was still in her possession. The writer says: "To her magnanimity and prudence, on an occasion of much difficulty, it was owing that the evening of their lives was tranquil and pleasant, after a stormy noon."

* Boswell suggests the blank might be filled up, "*was told by an apparition.*"

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

[To the Editor of the Spectator.]

Sir, — The small town of Amélie-les-Bains, in the eastern Pyrenees, close to the Spanish frontier, under the shadow of Mont Canigon, and hanging over the gorges of the River Tech, and its tributary, the Mondony, has been this week *en fête*, and middle-class French and Spaniards, and peasants of both countries, have flocked in for their annual jollification. The usual gambling-stalls, where you invest your sou and run your chance for a packet of sweatmeats or whatever else you have a mind to, offered temptations as irresistible as ever; the *bains* and *boissons* refreshed the guests as far as hot-sulphur waters can refresh, and the time passed gaily with music and dancing *à la Catalan*. But chief among the attractions, and that which is looked forward to as the great event of the feast, is the bull-fight. For days the terrace on which the *thermes Romains* are placed was in preparation for the occasion; barriers were put up, surmounted by benches, and the place turned into a small amphitheatre. Some American friends of ours offered us room at a window in their hotel which overlooked the scene, but we said with great self-abnegation, "No! bull-fights are bloody and brutal, and as the only English here, we will uphold our testimony against them." "Not at all," said they. "No horses are used, and neither the matadores nor the bulls are ever hurt; we have seen them in Barcelona, and a more harmless exhibition could not be witnessed." "Is it possible?" and with some slight misgiving at what promised to be rather a slow affair, we accepted our places. Many things in travelling come to modify one's prievously conceived ideas, but was it possible that our notions of a Spanish bull-fight were all wrong?

The preparations being complete, the ground was cleared, the matadores, two in number, with one or two non-professional volunteers, put themselves in readiness, and the first bull rushed into the arena. He was small, and appeared frightened out of his senses by the spectacle that met him, the clamor of the people, and the din of the music, and seemed more solicitous for his own safety than anxious for the blood of his antagonists.

Some appearance of wrath was, however, excited in him by the matadores, who did their utmost with red blanket and goads to irritate him, and he was induced to "run" them once or twice, but in a manner so inefficient that it could have resulted in nothing, even if the men had kept their ground. At length, when nothing more could be got out of the animal, he was let out, and another was

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driven in, with a similar result, the spectators doing their best to aid the matadores in their endeavors to excite the poor panic-stricken beast, until he, too, was allowed to escape. Three or four more followed, all insignificant and without fight; nevertheless, the matadores, who need not have moved an inch for any of them, did what they could to keep up the delusion of danger by running away and jumping up the barriers. In the case of another beast who showed no better "form," a big fellow from among the spectators jumped into the arena, and after one or two unsuccessful attempts, succeeded in taking the bull by the horns. Then ensued a somewhat novel wrestling-match, man against bull. The man, despite the frantic struggles of the bull, kept his hold, and the bull, in his endeavors to get loose, finally tumbled over on his side, amidst the vociferous applause of the spectators. On regaining his feet, the animal, finding his exit unopposed, rushed out of the place, as if conscious of his humiliation. This incident was not uninteresting, but it was hardly in accordance with anticipation, and was more enjoyed by the spectators than by the matadores. To show that they also were capable of such a feat, the next bull was secured by one of them, who had a good dance with him, another matadore the while clinging to the animal's tail. Emboldened by these exploits, others among the spectators descended to try their hands, and to win applause apparently so easily obtained, but the matadores, seeing that the credit and dignity of their sport were at stake, refused to allow the interference, and so irritated did they become, that for some minutes there was every probability of a hand-to-hand fight. The public, however, besought their patience, and with the aid of the police, who promptly appeared as in France they always do, succeeded in pacifying them, and the entertainment proceeded. The best sport of the legitimate sort was shown by a cow that was wild with mingled rage and fear, and as her horns were long and sharp and well forward on her head, and as she was remarkably nimble on her feet, she was rather formidable. One of the volunteer matadores, whilst attempting to elude one of her fiery dashes, fell, and might have been hurt if she had had any persistence, but the animal was so distracted that she missed her opportunity. Even the courage of this cow, however, seemed to depend more on the fear shown by her antagonists, who fled to the barricades at every assault, than from any disposition of her own.

Among the remaining beasts was a calf, who looked on the whole proceedings as a lark, and enjoyed a frisk round the arena without once dreaming of trying to stick anybody, and the cow, his mother, who, having been separated from her offspring, was expected to show some exasperation, could not overcome her abject terror, and fled in all directions. Having run through the herd, the best were put through a second time, but with the exception of the wild cow, who pawed the ground, and alone showed any proper feeling, there was nothing to be done with them; and the fight, after a duration of two hours and a half, came to an end, the people dispersing with much satisfaction. The "course" was described as better than that of last year, and whether ironically or not, I do not know, as "*magnifique.*" For my own part, it appeared ridiculous, and that such preparations should be made and pilgrimages performed for the sake of such a farce, passes my comprehension. But at any rate, here was a bull-fight without any approach to cruelty, and in which there was nothing that could blunt or degrade the most humane susceptibilities. What proportion of Spanish bull-fights are conducted like this one and those which at Barcelona take place every Sunday, I do not know; but I fancy that those exhibitions of wholesale slaughter of bulls and horses and of imminent danger to men which have colored our idea of the Spanish national character, are not very common, and are somewhat exaggerated. — I am sir, etc., FRED. BURGESS.

Hôtel Pereire, Amélie-les-Bains, October 18th.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT. — The electric light has already been put to various uses, but the most novel is that contemplated by the Rev. Canon Bagot, rector of Athy, and a well-known agriculturist. The canon announced his intention of doing his harvesting this year by the aid of the electric light, but we have not heard whether his experiment has been successfully accomplished.

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HYMN BY ST. COLUMBA.

I.

SWEET is to me in *Uchd Alŭinn*,*
On a peaked crag to be,
That I might often behold
The face of the boundless sea.

II.

To look on the heaving waves,
While in their Father's ear
Music forever they chant,
Hymning the world's career.

III.

The level and star-bright strand
No sorrow it were to see,
And to hear the wondrous birds,
Sailing on happily.

IV.

The thunder of crowding waves
To hear on the rocky shore.
And down by the church to hear
The sounding surges roar.

V.

To see the swift-flying flocks
Over the watery plain,
And, greatest of wonders all,
The monsters of the main.

VI.

To see the ebb and the flood
In power upon the sea,
And *Cul-ri-Erin*† there, I say,
My secret name would be.

VII.

And grief would come to my heart,
While gazing to her shore,
And all the many ills I've done
I weeping would deplore.

VIII.

The Godhead then would I bless,
Him who doth all things keep,
Heaven with its orders bright untold,
And earth and shore and deep.

IX.

I would search in all the books
That good to my soul would bring,
Now to beloved Heaven I'd kneel,
And now a psalm I'd sing.

X.

Heaven's high one, the holy Chief,
My thoughts would now employ,
Anon, to work without constraint
Would be to me a joy.

XI.

Dulse from the rocks I would pluck,
At times I'd fishing go,
At times I would feed the poor,
Now in the cell bend low.

XII.

Best counsel in the sight of God
To me there hath been given,
From error he shall keep me free,
My king, the Lord of Heaven!

Macmillan's Magazine.

* *Lovely Breast* — The rocky heights on the south-west of Iona are called *Uchdachan* at this day.
† *Back turned to Ireland* — Erin no more!

LEITH HILL.

["Hereabouts is a thing remarkable, though but little taken notice of, — I mean that goodly prospect from the top of Leith Hill. . . . The like, I think, is not to be found in any part of England, or perhaps *Europe* besides; and the reason why it is not more observed is partly its lying quite out of any road, and partly its rising so gently, and making so little show till one is got to the very top of it." — *Camden's Britannia.*]

YES, — thirty years ago
Last Easter Day, two striplings topped thy height
Leaping and singing, turned, in hushed delight
Gazed on the marvellous landscape spread below.

Twenty-four years ago,
Three sauntering friends slowly strolled up: there sat
Long summer hours of jest and tale and chat, —
The shimmering view in sunshine all aglow!

A dozen years ago,
Again I climbed thy side: this time, alack!
With wife, and eldest-born apickaback, —
How the young rascal made me sweat and blow!

I, a few weeks ago
Toilsomely scale thy steep one autumn day,
And land and sky look misty, sad, and grey, —
Or is the mist in me? I am changed so!

Old friends of long ago,
Buffeted, scattered, world-worn and way-sore;
Or, won that hill where Moses stood of yore, —
A goodlier prospect than this world can show!

But the great view below,
These counties stretching to the far-off sea,
With chessboard field, toy farm, and pigmy tree,
Are what old Camden saw, three hundred years ago.

Spectator. M.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE eighteenth century, so near to us and yet so far from us, possesses this peculiar charm, that its proximity in point of time enables us to realize to ourselves habits of life, and modes of thought, almost as remote from our own as those of the Elizabethan age. What it requires the powerful imagination of the poet or the novelist to do for us in respect of the sixteenth century, that every man can do for himself in respect of the eighteenth. We can live as familiarly with the men of a hundred years ago as if we had known them ourselves; and yet we are sure that if by any miracle we could be thrown back among them for a day, their talk, their ideas, their very dress, would seem as strange to us as if they belonged to another world. Johnson at the Mitre Tavern, Cowper at the Olney tea-table, Fox shooting partridges at Holkham, Pitt and Bentham playing chess at Bowood, Dr. Taylor and his sleek black horses, might almost be our own contemporaries. Thirty years ago the old tavern life of London still survived. Dinner hours in the country were still sufficiently early to admit of chess and cards being introduced in the evening. A few years earlier Lord Althorpe was still shooting partridges with pointers and setters over the ground trodden by Charles Fox. And numerous Doctor Taylors still survived among the clergy, though they had exchanged their bobwigs and coaches for the less clerical costume of cross-barred stiff ties and one-horse gigs. In the pictures we have hastily recalled, there is nothing strange or unfamiliar. Yet make these figures speak, let them once begin to talk of politics, or literature, or religion, or pleasure, or "society," and we find ourselves in a different world. When personal government by the sovereign was a recognized principle in politics; when the authority of Dr. Johnson was universally accepted in literature; when the Church of England was so supremely popular that the clergy could afford to take their ease and live pretty much like laymen; when the "quality" still frequented Vauxhall and Ranelagh; when ladies of title gave convivial suppers, and were exposed to the same kind of attentions from their inebriated guests as Marlow pays to Miss Hardcastle — it is difficult to believe that in many other respects life was pretty much the same as at the commencement of the present reign. The immense remoteness of such scenes and such ideas from our own experience was combined with the nearness of the two periods to each other in point of time; so much so that opinions and practice as unfamiliar to ourselves as those of a Strafford or a Rochester, were a matter of course with men whom we seem to know as well as our grandfathers — forms a contrast which is perhaps without a parallel.

Till recent years the eighteenth century had a bad name among us. The Lake school had raised a prejudice against its literature. Reformers of every shade heaped abuse upon its politics. Moralists condemned its vices. The High Churchman of 1833 blotted it from his calendar. It was generally voted an unspiritual, "unideal," and materialistic age; when men had lost their hold on great principles, when faith had given way to sense, and theology to evidences. It was an age of coarse enjoyments, of beef and pudding, and port, and punch, and beer. Mr. Thackeray has remarked how fat people were in the eighteenth century. And it is quite true that in any family portrait-gallery one may trace a marked difference between the faces of the eighteenth and the faces of the seventeenth century. But it was forgotten that the eighteenth century, if not an age of great thoughts, was pre-eminently an age of great deeds. In the eighteenth century constitutional government was established, and the British empire was created. Political eloquence then reached its highest pitch; and there breathes through the language of British statesmen, in their intercourse with foreign states, that "calm pride," as Mr. Matthew Arnold has so well observed, which is peculiar to an age of aristocracy.

Mr. Thackeray, we think, was the first English man of letters who recognized the rich materials which the eighteenth century afforded for literary treatment. And in "The Virginians" and "Esmond," in the

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"Humorists" and "The Four Georges," he has shown what good use he could make of them. Since then, George Eliot has given us pictures of provincial and rural life, which though they lie quite at the end of the last century, and partly in the beginning of the present one, are no doubt faithful representations of our country towns and villages any time during the reign of George the Third. Mr. Froude, in his "Short Essays on Great Subjects," has two or three very striking papers on the condition of England during the same period, in which he claims for it the superiority over ourselves in many respects in which we have been accustomed to look down upon it from an infinite height of self-complacency. Still more lately Mr. Lecky and others have given us works of great learning and ability on the same subject; so that public interest in the eighteenth century is now thoroughly awakened, and we begin to see, with more clearness than before, what were its leading characteristics, and to appreciate the wheat among the tares, of which last, no doubt, it yielded an abundant crop.

In looking back upon the eighteenth century, one of the first things which strike us is the air of repose which breathes over it. It reminds one of the land of the lotus-eaters, "in which it seemed always afternoon." And this, too, in spite of an occasional rebellion, or a serious riot, which would startle us out of our propriety at the present day. But the eighteenth century took things very easily. George the Second was rather frightened in 1745; a few Londoners left the city; and a few people in the country, Lord Eldon's mother among the number, got out of the direct line of the armies. But, on the whole, the irruption of the Highlanders seems to have been regarded with great indifference. And it is wonderful how shortly all record of it was forgotten. There are probably fewer local traditions of Prince Charles's advance into England than of any event in history of equal magnitude and interest. The fact is, nobody cared. It was an age in which nobody cared very much. And when the Highlanders retreated the wave closed over them, and left hardly a trace behind. The British public, again reminding us of the lotus-eaters, were in no mind to be startled out of their pleasant doze. They had had enough of action and of motion; they had gone through two revolutions, a religious and a civil one. There had been burning, and fighting, and exile, and confiscation, on and off, for two centuries. They had grown weary of these troubles, and of the principles by which they had been caused. They would fight no more for an idea; of that they were quite certain. And though, when a Spaniard or a Frenchman became troublesome, John Bull flared up for a moment to chastise him, he soon sank back again into his accustomed indolence, basking in the sunshine of domestic peace and prosperity, and venerating the institutions of the country as they enabled him to do so. It is the life of "Old Leisure," that inimitable portrait drawn by one of the greatest literary artists which the fair sex has produced in this country, which greets us everywhere in that happy time — *πρὶν ἐλθεῖν υἱὰς Ἀχαίων* — before the French Revolution had made all the world eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and had brought death and democracy into the societies of Europe.

In spite of the one great question which must still have kept the minds of politicians unsettled during the first half of the eighteenth century, the repose of which we speak extended itself to the world of politics. Till we look more closely into the matter, we are puzzled to know what the Houses of Parliament could have found to talk about during the reign of the first two Georges. What, however, really gave life and meaning to the Parliamentary opposition of those days, was that old antagonism between land and trade which was the growth of the Revolution, and of which the ridiculous side is shown us in Addison's "Freeholder," and the more reasonable one in Shelburne's "Autobiography." The complaint was that by leaning exclusively on the trading class, the government had created an artificial interest, through which they were enabled to override the natural interests of the country, and to defy the majority of the nation. Enough of feudalism still survived to make it generally believed that the landowners under

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the sovereign were the natural leaders of the people. And it is the fierce struggle for existence of this ancient principle, with the new political ideas then beginning to assert themselves, which is the key to much of the Parliamentary history of the period. The country gentlemen, then the really independent party, had a second grievance also. They held that the new Parliamentary system was not constitutional. Lord Shelburne, who, for the age in which he lived, was what we should now call an advanced Liberal, constantly speaks of this system as a sham. The monarchy was only a convenient cloak for the real supremacy of a faction, and the dictatorship of a single minister. This, the country gentlemen contended, was not what they meant when they accepted the new dynasty. *Non hæc in fœdera veni*, said the Tory party. They were all staunchly monarchical, and they were now palmed off with a counterfeit. It would be foreign to the purpose of the present article to discuss the reasonableness or unreasonableness of these complaints. We are trying only to realize as closely as possible the Parliamentary life of the period, and what it was that gave reality and meaning to that Tory opposition, so much talked of and so little understood, which was led by Wyndham and inspired by Bolingbroke. We know better since the publication of Lord Shelburne's life what Sir William talked about to the Somersetshire squires when he assembled them round his table at Orchard Wyndham, or drank a glass of punch with them at the neighboring bowling-green. "During the first twenty years of the reign of George II. there were three parties: first, the old Whigs, who entirely composed the administration; secondly, the discontented Whigs, who, one after another, quarrelled with Sir Robert Walpole and the main body; thirdly, the Tories, to whose character and principles sufficient justice has not been done, owing to the never-ceasing outcry of ministers in confounding them with the Jacobites; but, in fact, they were the landed interest of England, who desired to see an honorable, dignified government, conducted with order and due economy and due subordination, in opposition to the Whigs, who courted the mob in the first instance, and in the next the commercial interest."

These, then, were the real principles of opposition. The Whigs had exalted the trading interest at the expense of the land, and, by setting up a sham monarchy instead of a real one, had violated the spirit of the constitution. But, on the whole, it was an age of repose. Ministers had to undergo an annual baiting on the Germanizing policy of the court and on the increase of the national debt, the bugbear which afflicted our ancestors with a perpetual panic. But the outside political world was stirred hardly by a single ripple. Of legal or constitutional changes no serious sound was ever heard. When Walpole was asked by the Dissenters when the time would arrive for removing their disabilities, he answered, "Never." Now and then there was a murmur of triennial Parliaments, and a whisper of Parliamentary reform. But the aversion of the people to any further changes was too deeply rooted to permit of either question being seriously entertained, and established institutions slumbered on in absolute security. In spite of the parvenu trade, the peerage and the gentry were still the real governing powers in the country, and their supremacy was cheerfully accepted as one of the eternal laws of nature. Mr. Lecky, in a very fine passage, sums up the advantages and disadvantages of aristocratic government, deciding in its favor by several lengths — if I may use such an expression. By the aristocracy, however, he seems to mean principally the nobility; and he is clearly of opinion that the oligarchical arrangements of the eighteenth century, against which the country party protested so long and so loudly, were a decided benefit to the nation. He thinks that, as far as they still exist, they are so still. But this is a political speculation upon which I am precluded from entering.

If we turn to the Church, we find her still regarded by ninety-nine hundredths of the people as our great bulwark against Popery; and her external repose during this long period of time was even still more unruffled than the repose of the political world. It must not, however, be supposed

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that the apparent torpor of the eighteenth century was inconsistent with practical religion. Clarissa Harlowe, as Mr. Froude points out, found daily service in the London churches as easily as she could now; and Cowper found the same at Huntingdon in 1765. This was not the case in rural parishes, it is true; but George Eliot testifies to the truly religious spirit of the English farmers and peasantry seventy and eighty years ago: and what they were then we may reasonably conclude them to have been seventy and eighty years before. They had that kind of religiousness which springs from absolute belief in the doctrines of religion — and when it is said that the eighteenth century was not an age of faith, the statement can only be received with considerable reservation, and in reference to a sphere of thought far removed above the level even of the middle classes. Controversial theologians admitted that no doctrine could be authorized by faith which was not accepted by reason. But the great mass of the people knew nothing of such theories.

"To the masses of the English people," says Mr. Froude, "to the parishioners who gathered on Sunday into the churches, whose ideas were confined to the round of their common occupations, who never left their own neighborhood, never saw a newspaper or read a book but the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress," the main facts of the gospel history were as indisputably true as the elementary laws of the universe. That Christ had risen from the dead was as true as that the sun had risen that morning. That they would themselves rise was as certain as that they would die, and as positively would one day be called to judgment for the good or ill they had done in life."

And as was their religious, so was their moral repose. No troublesome doubts, no distracting newspapers, found their way into those peaceful villages, where parson and squire, farmer and laborer, made up a little community by themselves, self-contained, self-governed, satisfied with themselves and with each other, and knowing nothing and caring nothing for the great world outside. The natural and "underived" authority of the gentry and clergy was as unquestioned as the law which they administered, or the doctrines which they preached. One generation succeeded to another, but life continued just the same. The old man saw in his age the things which he had seen in his youth. That longing for confirmed tranquillity which Wordsworth speaks of as one of the strongest instincts of our nature, might then be satisfied. At the present day we never know how soon any of our old landmarks, be they customs, institutions, beliefs, or even the mere features of nature, may be ruthlessly demolished. We scarcely dare allow our affections to go out from us to twine themselves round any external object, for fear it should be suddenly torn up. To be afraid to love anything, for fear we should be obliged to mourn for it, is one form of human unhappiness for which heavy compensation of some kind is due to us at the hands of progress. The eighteenth century had little progress; but then it had little worry, and no doubt. The most ardent Ritualist nowadays, says the essayist already quoted, feels that the ground is hollow under him. The most ardent Conservative knows that institutions are everywhere on their trial, that authority is everywhere disputed, that subordination is everywhere derided. But to the men of the eighteenth century none of these disquieting elements presented themselves. Everything around them spoke of permanence, stability, and security; institutions were regarded as facts about which it was ridiculous to argue. It was not supposed possible that we could do without the Church and the monarchy. There was a reality and solidity about men's convictions in those days which must have been a great source of moral and intellectual comfort. Happy they who lived in the pre-scientific age! Happy Old Leisure, sauntering by his garden wall, and picking the leaves off the apricots! Happy old vicar, smoking his pipe in peace, unvexed of Darwins and Colensos, scratching the head of his faithful old brown setter, with his old single-barrelled flint-and-steel in the corner by his side!

A good many words and phrases which were once held in high honor in the country have been turned into ridicule by the choicer religious spirits of our own time. Among these "the sober piety" of our ancestors has come in for its full share of laughter, and has been associated in people's minds with square, high-backed pews, fiddles and bassoons in the gallery, nasal responses pronounced by the clerk alone, and a good deal of sleeping during the sermon. Yet it is doubtful if more solid fruits were not borne by this uninteresting tree than are produced either by the fervor of Ritualism or the inspirations of "Humanity." Whether it is a fact or not that English work, for instance, has fallen off since the eighteenth century in thoroughness and honesty I do not undertake to

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say; but the affirmative has been widely maintained, without, as far as I know, provoking any serious contradiction, and has been acknowledged with regret by some of the warmest friends and admirers of the working classes. The evil, however, if it really exists, is not confined to them. Small traders of every description are charged with selling and constructing articles which are not what they represent them to be; and that old English pride in a good piece of honest work which was once so general is said to be growing rarer and rarer. If so, I cannot imagine anything more calculated to make us doubtful of the superior religious earnestness of the present day. At all events, without proceeding any further with this comparison, I shall certainly claim for the eighteenth century its own fair share of earnestness both in religion and the duties of daily life.

And there is no doubt that in some other qualities which the general consent of mankind has till quite recent times esteemed highly beneficial to society, the eighteenth century was more largely endowed than its successor — I mean respect for law and constituted authority as such, and that kind of rational self-knowledge which recognizes the facts of human nature, and not only sees nothing degrading in subordination, but accepts it as the one essential condition of all permanent political communities. This, too, is earnestness of its kind — a determination not to be turned away from facing realities by any flattering or sentimental theories which rest on no visible foundation. I hope I shall not be so far misunderstood as to be supposed to deny that there is any other kind of earnestness. There is the earnestness of inquiry and curiosity — the earnestness which seeks the law within the law. But there is also the earnestness which comes of a simple desire to perform our allotted duties under the system of things which we find to be in existence, and asks for no higher satisfaction than the consciousness of having been successful. I cannot help thinking that of this kind of earnestness there was rather more in the last century than there is in the present. The motto of Englishmen then was, *Spartam nactus es, hanc orna.* And it was, I think, the mixture of this simple sense of duty with the coarser moral fibre of the period which produced such men as Clive and Hastings and many of our great Indian and colonial administrators, with whom their duty to their country was an all-sufficient motive of action and ample warrant for the means they might adopt in the discharge of it.

The coarseness of private manners was only one form of the general license which was the inevitable product of the Revolution. It was not till late in the eighteenth century that society began to recover from the moral shock occasioned by the rupture of old ties, the rejection of old sanctions, and the extinction of an old faith which followed that event. The ideal, romantic, or imaginative element — call it what you will — had been crushed out of Church and State with the expulsion of the Stuarts and the remodelling of our religious institutions on a rational basis. The inevitable result was an influx among the upper classes of both political and religious indifference, which, where it did not end in absolute scepticism, was wholly ineffectual against the temptations of the world and the flesh. The influence, in a word, of the English Revolution upon English morals was the influence of all revolutions upon all morals in all ages of the world. Political infidelity is their first fruit, and social license their second. The effect in England was visible of course long before the final act of that great drama. But with that period we are not concerned. A change began to show itself after the middle of the century. We hear no more of such doings as went on with Queen Caroline's maids of honor; of such letters as may be found in the correspondence of Lady Suffolk. Political corruption began to wane, and, after one fresh outburst under Fox and Newcastle at the beginning of George the Third's reign, subsided forever. Literature became purer, and "Tom Jones," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Peregrine Pickle" gradually became impossibilities. Mr. Lecky has noticed, in a very interesting passage, the concurrent influence of Wesley and Lord Chatham in this purification of the atmosphere. To these names may be added those of Johnson and Cowper. Chatham in politics, Wesley in religion, and Johnson and Cowper in literature, were working for the same end. Chatham infused a wholly new tone into the language of public men. Wesley recalled society to some small consideration for its eternal welfare; and Johnson showed how a man of infinite humor, robust common sense, and of a strong animal nature, could be at the same time "the great moralist," the enthusiastic High Churchman, and the conscientious Christian. The influence of Cowper is to be traced rather in our literature than in our manners; and it must be confessed

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that down even to the French Revolution, manners, in spite of Wesley and in spite of Johnson, retained much of their original laxity. That awful crash sobered them in a moment. The English aristocracy began to be afraid of opinion; and Charles Fox dated the downfall of good-fellowship, and of really good conversation, which to be good must be fearless, from the same epoch. So late, however, as 1787, we find plenty of evidence that "society" had not lost its spirits. In March 1787 Sir Gilbert Elliot writes to his wife as follows: "From the Opera I went to Mrs. Crewe's (to supper), where there was a large party and pleasant people among them — for example, Tom Pelham, Mundy, Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Palmerston, etc., etc.; besides all which were three young men so drunk as to puzzle the whole assembly. They were Orlando Bridgeman, Charles Greville, and a Mr. Gifford, who is lately come to a good estate of about 5,000*l.* a year, the whole of which he is in the act of spending in one or two years at most — and this without a grain of sense, without any fun to himself or entertainment to others. He never uttered a word, though as drunk as the other two, who were both riotous, and began at last to talk so plain that Lady Francis and Lady Palmerston fled from their side-table to ours, and Mrs. Sheridan would have followed them, but did not make her escape till her arms were black and blue, and her apron torn off."

And again, two months afterwards: "I was last night at the masquerade at Vauxhall with the Palmerstons, the Culverdens, Miss Burney, Windham, Pelham, etc. I went in despair, as I always do on such services; but it answered vastly well, and I was more amused than usual at such places. The buildings and decorations were really fine and well-designed. No heat nor much cold; a great many people, but no crowd on account of the ground. A good supper, and a blackguardish company, with a dash of good company, and no riot while we stayed, which was past three o'clock; but the Vauxhall *squeak* was just heard, and people were becoming very *tender* and very quarrelsome."

And in fact the extent to which society in those days lived out of doors and in public must have been a constant temptation to intrigue. Its masquerades, its Vauxhall Gardens, its Mrs. Cornely's, afforded every facility for assignations and adventures of every kind; and, if we may credit the *Gentleman's Magazine*, were sometimes made use of for the perpetration of criminal outrages. The miscellaneous character of the company, moreover, was anything but favorable to innocence; nuns from Drury Lane, and milkmaids from St. James's Square, mixing together with perfect freedom and equality. A further illustration of the laxity of tone at all events, which still prevailed in good society, may be seen in a letter written by Miss North to a female friend, and published in the Auckland memoirs, in which she regales her with the latest piece of scandal in a style as piquant as it is surprising.

One of the greatest social nuisances of the eighteenth century were the men-servants. We all know the figure they make in the plays of that period; the impudent blackguards whom any gentleman at the present day would kick down-stairs before they had been five minutes in his company. These are doubtless exaggerations; but the fact was, that in the fashionable world at that time, a servant was under little more obligation to be civil to his master, than a cabman is now to be civil to his fare. He lived by society, more than by any individual member of it. His real wages were the vails which were paid him by his master's friends; and a place was then good or bad, not according to the character of the employer, the amount of work which he required, or the money remuneration which he paid, but according to the number and quality of his company. This system naturally led to servants being kept in great numbers. In "The Constant Couple" we find a widow lady and her daughter, of good position, but not particularly rich, with four footmen in the house. They formed a society of their own, with their own rights and privileges, and could be as troublesome on occasion as the 'prentices of London were a century before. They had the right of free admission to the upper gallery of the theatre. And when their riotous behavior made it necessary to expel them, in the year 1737, it was not done till five-and-twenty persons had been seriously injured. As they lived principally on board wages, they had their own clubs and taverns, as indeed they have now, where they swore, drank, and gambled like their betters. Of the grievous burden which the system of vails entailed upon the poorer class of visitors, when money was worth nearly double what it is now, innumerable anecdotes remain. Of these the most amusing is of Steele and Bishop Hoadly visiting the Duke of Marlborough, when, on taking their departure through lines of rich liveries, Steele found he had not got money enough for the

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whole number, and made the servants a speech instead, complimenting them on their critical powers, and inviting them all gratis to Drury Lane Theatre to whatever play they might choose to bespeak. The worst of it was, that guests were expected to fee all the servants in the house, from the highest to the lowest; and Mr. Roberts has preserved a table of vails kept by one of the Burrell family, in which the gardeners, under-gardeners, undercook, errand-boy, and nurse figure with the chief domestics. The nuisance, however, was very tenacious of life, and is not dead yet. In fact, among one class of country servants, namely gamekeepers, it is hardly, if at all, abated.

Before quitting London for the country, as the Londoners themselves always did in the month of May, I may glance briefly at the literature of the age of which London was the centre. We all know Macaulay's picture of the degraded condition of literature between the disappearance of the patron and the formation of a reading public, a period of time which may be said to extend from about 1720 to 1780. De Quincey while denying that men of letters were worse off pecuniarily during this period than either before or since, declares that it was then that literature, "from being the noblest of professions, became a trade." He attributes the change to "expanding politics, expanding partisanship, and expanding journalism, which called into the field of literature an inferior class of laborers." This remark seems much too sweeping; and a better account is to be found in De Quincey's own remarks on the influence of novels upon literature. Politics and journalism have no doubt a tendency to debase literature, because, by using it as an instrument, they are compelled to recognize mediocrity. When political writing becomes one of the necessaries of society, like medicine or law, we must take what we can get; the very best, if possible; if not, what is possible. But then, on the other hand, in political writing there is always scope for the very highest literary ability. In this country alone, take Swift, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Burke, and Junius, and consider what standards of political and periodical writing they have established, and we shall hardly say that the influence upon literature of "an expanding partisanship and expanding politics" has been wholly bad. With novels the reverse is the case. Journalism, if injurious to the dignity of literature, is favorable to the cultivation of style. Of fiction, on the other hand, if worthier to be called a fine art, the tendency is rather to neglect form. And, what is more, the popularity of fiction causes it to be chosen as a medium for the exposition of theories, which cannot fail to suffer in a literary sense from the atmosphere with which they are surrounded, though a larger number of readers may at the moment be secured for them. In the political and the religious novel of the present day, we see the system in operation. Yet who can doubt that the political principles recommended to us in "Coningsby" and "Sybil" could have been far more effectively presented in another shape? It was a necessary part of the author's purpose to secure for these theories as wide a circulation as possible; and he very wisely, therefore, sacrificed literary effect to the attainment of a higher object. But that it *was* a sacrifice I shall always continue to think. To mix love, and pleasure, and racing, and hunting with a fine political dissertation, is like putting sugar into dry sherry. More people will like it. But the wine is ruined.

Now in the eighteenth century this system was unknown; Essay kept herself to herself. And nobody can regret that we did not have the "Thoughts on the French Revolution," or the "Letter to a Noble Lord," in the form of a three-volume novel. The humor, the wit, and the singular dramatic power displayed in Lord Beaconsfield's novels, make it difficult to wish that they had been anything but what they are; but, as a general principle, controversy and fiction are not well suited to each other. The comparative effect upon literature of novels and newspapers would make an excellent subject for a special essay; but I cannot carry the subject any further at present, except to add that as the expansion of fiction has been more mischievous to style than the expansion of journalism, literary style in consequence is one of the accomplishments in which the last century was superior to the present one. Lord Macaulay, I suppose, is our great master of style; but then in Lord Macaulay's style the influence of journalism is conspicuous. It is the style of Dr. Johnson taken down from its pedestal and adapted to every-day life — to the time and the comprehension of cursory and hurried readers. In the face of such a master, it would be wrong indeed to say that style is not studied at the present day. Macaulay, in fact, has founded a school. He has done for prose what Pope did in the last century for verse; and what he himself says

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of Pope's imitators, might be applied verbatim to his own. Nor is Lord Macaulay, of course, the only English writer of the nineteenth century who has cultivated style as Johnson and as Burke cultivated it: what is meant is, that it is no longer universally regarded as an integral part of literature which no man can neglect who aspires to literary fame. It is considered sufficient at the present day that an author should say what he has to say in an easy and perspicuous manner, without giving himself any trouble to choose the most felicitous expressions, to place each word where it will have the most weight, or to observe the order of thought in the construction of his sentences. Now, if the eighteenth-century men did not always do this, they at least acknowledged the obligation; and the whole prose literature of the century bears the impress of this recognition. You can hardly take up a book or an essay written by a man of any note during this period, without seeing that its composition has been carefully attended to. This was that "elegance" of which in eighteenth-century criticism we hear so much, but which nowadays has fallen into such utter disrepute, that to call a man an elegant writer is almost equivalent to laughing at him.

Nor can I help thinking, I confess, in spite of Macaulay and De Quincey, that literature, if not literary men, was held in higher esteem in the last century than it is in the present one. Has there been any one in this century who has occupied the same position in English society as first Pope, and afterwards Dr. Johnson, occupied in the society of that? It was not merely Pope the poet, or Johnson the moralist, to whom the honor was paid; it was paid to each as the acknowledged chief and representative of English literature. Whether what some people call mere literature, and others pure literature, is considered worthy of any such homage at the present day, is at least a very doubtful point.

The condition into which the English universities were allowed to sink in the eighteenth century was not without its good side, and might be traceable in part to that respect for literature as an end in itself, and not as a means to something else, which university reformers are now endeavoring to revive. The theory still was that the university was an institution for original study and research; that young men went up to it for literary purposes alone and not for social ones; and, consequently, that they were to be left comparatively unfettered in their course of reading Johnson, indeed, says that in his time they seldom read any books but such as were prescribed by their tutors; but still the understanding was that all alike came to read, and that compulsion in the shape of a test examination was consequently unnecessary. The tradition lingered at Oxford till the end of the century; and on the proposed introduction of the new system in the year 1800 it was objected to it, I believe, that it would destroy the independence and the leisure essential to a literary community, and that the yoke of education would prove as fatal to the spirit of learning as, according to the good old joke, marriage is to love. The answer to this was, that you could not kill that which was already dead; that the spirit of learning no longer breathed within its ancient haunts; and that as the university had no longer any claims to live at leisure, she must condescend to make herself useful. Whether Oxford and Cambridge in the eighteenth century really deserved these taunts may possibly be open to doubt. Gibbon's experience of Magdalen, and Lord Eldon's account of his own examination for his degree, have always been received as conclusive evidence on the subject; but Gibbon was a gentleman-commoner, and down to within a very recent date gentlemen-commoners had almost the same license as he had. Lord Eldon speaks only of the examination, and says nothing of the studies of the place. We see from Johnson that in 1730 lectures were pretty regularly given, that attendance on them was required; and that some pupils, at all events, took copious notes of what they heard, since Johnson himself used to go to Taylor at Christ Church to copy his notes of Mr. Bateman's lectures. From what we afterwards hear of Taylor, he does not seem to have been a man of exceptional intellectual activity; and we cannot therefore suppose that his industry was an exceptional case. The college exercises which seem to have been handed about the university, kept up the spirit of emulation to a certain extent; and, on the whole, we should be disposed to think that there was a good deal of exaggeration in the accounts which have come down to us of college life in those days. The university no doubt, like many other things in the eighteenth century, was in a process of transition. She had ceased in great measure to be a metropolis of learning; she had not yet begun to be a metropolis of education. In this stage of her existence she presented, like the old borough

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system, one of those practical anomalies which it is impossible to justify to the public either by the principles which they represent or the fruits which they occasionally produce. The university reformers of the present day seem disposed to allow that the educational machinery grafted on to the university at the beginning of the present century has not been without some of the bad effects which were then predicted from it; and political reformers may be found who say as much of the first Reform Bill. But in the case of all such anomalies as the two in question, the world at large is so much more sure of the evil than it is of the good, that when once called in question they are almost surely doomed. The principle seems up in the clouds, among the *τά μετέωρα πράγματα*, while the grievance is under our very noses. The results of the old system are not appreciated till they are missed, or it is thought that they will be just as attainable under the new one. At all events, there is no stopping people from interfering with any institution which has not something solid to show for itself. Principles are not sufficient.

The social life of the last century in the two universities must have been extremely remote from the experience of any living men. The coffee-house system seems then to have flourished in the university as much as it did in London. And it appears from Mr. Wordsworth's account that the residents had far greater liberty in such matters than they have now. Undergraduates appear to have spent their evenings at coffee-houses, and to have sneaked into college at one o'clock in the morning without rebuke. Johnson, it may be remembered, talks of drinking with a friend at an alehouse near Pembroke Gate; and Paley, we are told, at Cambridge always went after dinner to the coffee-house in Trumpington Street, and finished with supper at "Dockerell's."

But perhaps the most interesting and curious of all the features of old Oxford life was the Jacobitism which still lingered there within the memory of men who were alive twenty years ago. One such, at all events, used to be pointed out to us when the present writer was at Oxford, in the person of the president of Magdalen, the venerable Dr. Routh, who died in 1859 in the hundredth year of his age. He, we were always told, had seen Dr. Johnson coming in and out of University College, and in the Magdalen common room had drunk to the king over the water. As Charles Edward did not die till 1788, and as we know that so late as 1770 the French government had designs on foot for restoring him to the English throne, it is perfectly possible that the old habit may have survived down to the time when Routh became a fellow. Scott tells us that Sir Arthur Wardour continued to pray for the restoration of the Stuarts after the family was extinct; and, if so, English Jacobites may easily have continued to drink to it only ten years after it had been contemplated as an actual possibility. Still, to have gazed upon a man who had actually passed his glass over the water-bottle in honor of his exiled king always seems to me, when I look back upon it, more like a dream than a reality. At all events, the fact, if it be one, is only one more illustration of the remark with which I set out, namely, that one great attraction of the eighteenth century is its combined nearness to and remoteness from our own epoch. Mr. Lecky seems to think that Jacobitism disappeared from Oxford at a comparatively early period of the eighteenth century; but the custom of drinking "the king's health," at all events, flourished in full vigor down to as late a date as when that king was Charles the Third. An old Oxford friend has frequently assured me that his own great-uncle remembered the fellows of Balliol going down on their knees in the snow to drink the king's health, and putting a young nobleman under the pump who refused to join in the toast.

Passing from Oxford and Cambridge to provincial towns in general, we find a kind of life in the eighteenth century which is now almost wholly disappeared. In country towns in those days a better class of society resided; there was more leisure and consequently more society than there is now. In the winter-time, the county families often took houses for the season in some adjoining town, where they could enjoy society without going a dozen miles across country through roads covered with snow or ploughed into ruts knee-deep. Theatres, baths, assemblies, and entertainments of every kind then gave life and light to many an old country town which is now almost like a catacomb. Then, too, when so many of the country gentlemen never left home all their lives, they dealt exclusively with country tradespeople, and thus created a market for goods of a superior description, which it is difficult to obtain now anywhere but in London. Then in all the principal county towns there were shops which in all essential accommodation could compete with

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the best in the metropolis. The proprietor attended in person, attired with scrupulous neatness, and waited behind the counter himself on his more valued customers. The streets were thronged with carriages, the inn-yards were full, and an air of substantial prosperity pervaded the whole place, which, in too many instances, railways have partially destroyed. By its patronage of local trade, the local aristocracy kept up its influence; and though every town, which was large enough to have two parties, was divided into Whig and Tory, a Radical would have been regarded everywhere with horror as a species of parricide. The mob, generally speaking, were Tories and Churchmen to the back-bone, and the predominant feeling almost everywhere was the one so charmingly satirized in "Janet's Repentance." Into the life of our large manufacturing towns some interesting glimpses are afforded us in the life of Crompton, the inventor of the mule. "The better class of the inhabitants for that time, and for the half-century following, had thus so much leisure time to dispose of, that habits of social intercourse were established, and a consequent courtesy of manners acquired, which, unfortunately, has not been in every case maintained. The theatre was a fashionable and well-frequented place of amusement, and dancing assemblies were frequent and well-attended. The education afforded at the grammar-school was of a high order; indeed the fact that Ainsworth, the grammarian, to whom every English scholar owes a debt of gratitude, was himself educated and afterwards taught a school in Bolton, is sufficient evidence that polite literature was estimated at its proper value, and produced its legitimate fruit."

Thus both the minor aristocracy, who lived exclusively in the country, and the inhabitants of towns had in those days a life of their own more varied and sociable than anything which exists at present in the English provinces. The provincial stage was then an institution of importance. Provincial watering-places were ten times as numerous as they are at present; and shortly after the middle of the century sea-bathing was added to the list of amusements in which the country gentleman could participate. It was some time, however, before bathing-machines were constructed; and when they were, people did not always understand the use of them. My readers may remember the misadventure of Matthew Bramble at Scarborough. The passion for sea-bathing, however, steadily increased, and, north, east, south, and west, little fishing-towns or small seaports became transformed into fashionable watering-places much to the disgust of the old inhabitants, who found the new-comers superior to themselves in station, and as these formed an exclusive society of their own, admission to which became an object of ambition to the local magnates, these were gradually withdrawn from their former associates, and the old social circle was destroyed. Before this time, high and low had been accustomed to meet together at the bar, the fives court, and the belfry, and to join in the amusements of cock-fighting and badger-baiting. "But when they strangers comed," said an old woman of ninety to Mr. Roberts,* "then the town was a-spoiled."

The country gentleman at home in the eighteenth century had quite as full a round of amusements as he has now. The bowling-green was then an institution in every county town of any magnitude, where both sexes met in the summer-time, to dine, dance, and play at bowls. There seems to have been also a great deal of morning visiting as well among the gentlemen as the ladies. Lord Shelburne tells us that, in his time, in Wiltshire — that is about the beginning of George the Third's reign — when families called on each other, the gentlemen were shown into one room and the ladies into another. Wine and beer were immediately placed before the men, "who, when they had done, sent to tell the women." "Several of the best gentlemen, and members for the county," he says, "drunk nothing but beer." On this subject Mr. Roberts has collected some curious particulars. Towards the close of the last century, ale or "strong beer," as it is still called in the western counties, a liquor quite different from London ale, was brought up in decanters marked with an oat, and drunk out of long glasses, after dinner, as wine is now. At some hunt dinners it was the fashion to drink thirteen toasts in strong beer, after which each man drank what he liked. There was a particularly strong beer called Dorset beer — "a foolish drink," as one gentleman calls it, in 1725, who had taken rather too much of it overnight, and felt stupid in consequence all the next day. It may have been this beer of which Edmund Smith drank to such excess that he died from the effects of it, in 1710.

Country life then seems on the whole to

* Social History of Southern England.

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have been more sociable than it is now, though manners were much more coarse. But there was one taste which sprang up in the eighteenth century against which no such charge can be brought; that is the taste for landscape-gardening introduced by Kent and Bridgman, and patronized by Pope and Addison. This taste, however, did not spread beyond the higher aristocracy; and among the country gentlemen of modest fortunes ornamental gardening seems to have been very little practised. At the present day, when we come across one of these "ghostly halls of grey renown," now turned into farmhouses, which are so common in many parts of England, it is rare to find any traces of a flower-garden still remaining. We see the old fish-ponds, or the hollows where the fish-ponds were. We see large kitchen-gardens and orchards, and enclosures which were once deer-parks, but few or no traces of extensive pleasure-grounds.

What kind of life went on within these old halls when the men returned from hunting and shooting cannot be understood by taking any one account of country life which has been left to us by any single author. Sir Roger de Coverley, Squire Western, Squire Allworthy, Sir Charles Grandison, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldeston, Sir Everard Waverley, the fox-hunters of Cowper and Thomson, no doubt possess elements of truth. That a country dinner-party, and the long evening which followed it, was sometimes such as Thomson has described in his "Autumn," may readily be believed; and, making large allowance for poetical exaggeration, we might accept the picture as a representative one of rural manners in general in the year 1750. The dinner is of the well-known kind — sirloins, pasties, puddings; the drink is ale, and the talk is of the day's sport. After dinner comes an interval of punch and strong beer, followed by whist or backgammon, during which some men smoke their pipes, while others have a romp with the young ladies. These frivolous diversions over, the business of the evening begins;

> The dry divan
> Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
> For serious drinking,

till all succumb to its effects but one man, and he the parson of the parish. In all this of course there is vast exaggeration; but no doubt Thomson may have seen something not very unlike it among the Warwickshire and Worcestershire squires when visiting his noble patrons. And if for romping we read dancing, and deduct a certain amount of inebriety, we have a picture before us which is probably not far from the truth. It is remarkable that in this well-known scene, exaggerated as it may be, we have direct evidence in refutation of another social theory on the subject of the eighteenth century, which Mr. Lecky has adopted with perhaps too little consideration. Here we find the vicar dining with the squire on perfectly equal terms, and seeing all his flock under the table. This is not the position of an humble and despised dependant, who leaves table with the cheese, and marries his patron's mistress. Mr. Lecky would say, perhaps, that he was speaking only of one class of the clergy, namely, domestic chaplains and the poorer class of curates. But he does not describe them as exceptions. The fact is, there were the same distinctions between the clergy in the eighteenth century as there are in the nineteenth. There were the sons of poor parents sent to college perhaps because they showed some turn for reading, but without either the interest or the ability to help them to a fellowship or a living, and who scrambled through life as best they could on very humble means, subject to all the mortifications of genteel poverty, and to all the indignities which an age less delicate than our own was sure to heap upon it. But there were also, as there are now, the younger sons of the gentry, who succeeded to the family livings, the holders of college livings and chancellors' livings, all of whom mingled on equal terms with the country society, and took part in both its business and its pleasures. The town clergy, it is allowed, were men of learning and refinement, and generally respected by all parties; so that, after all, the unfavorable picture drawn of the whole body will apply only to a small class.

Whether we take the clergyman of real life, such as Johnson's friend, Dr. Taylor; the clergyman of satire, such as Thomson's "doctor of tremendous paunch," and Cowper's "plump convivial parson;" or the clergyman of fiction, such as Mr. Irwin and Mr. Gilfil, we see equally that the country rector or vicar of the eighteenth century was, *mutatis mutandis*, much what he was in the earlier part of the nineteenth. And the same social distinction which existed then between the two classes of the clergy does even now exist, in a less marked but not a less real form. Mr. Trollope knows this, and has described it too in "The Claverings" with perfect truth. The difference between Mr. Saul and Mr. Clavering is but the reflection of

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a real social difference, of which a perfect illustration may be found in the "Life of Jones of Nayland." Mr. Froude's picture of the country vicar in the first quarter of the present century may be appealed to in confirmation of these remarks, since he was substantially the same man as his father and grandfather. "He farmed his own glebe. He was a magistrate, and attended quarter sessions and petty sessions; and in remote districts, where there were no resident gentry of consequence, was the most effective guardian of the public peace. He affected neither austerity nor singularity. He rode, shot, hunted, and ate like other people; occasionally, when there was no one else to take the work upon him, he kept the hounds. In dress and habit he was simply a superior small country gentleman, very far from immaculate; but, taken altogether, a wholesome and solid member of practical English life."

It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that the country clergy of the eighteenth century were socially inferior to the country clergy of the nineteenth. The reverse is nearer to the truth. They were eminently "unclerical" in their habits. Sometimes they were sensual and slothful. The few among them who had any taste for reading were scholars rather than divines, and preferred Euripides to Chrysostom. But they held their own in society, and were just as much gentlemen as they are now; while I confess I am disposed to think, with Mr. Froude, that they had more influence with their parishioners than the present race of clergymen, zealous and ascetic as they may be.

If finally we turn to the farmers and the peasantry of the middle of the last century, we shall have no difficulty in pronouncing its social condition superior to our own. The farmers lived in a homelier and more frugal manner, but they lived in comfort, and were strangers to social discontent. Game was not then preserved as it is now; and Gilbert White thought him a very unreasonable sportsman who killed twenty brace of partridges in a day. Shooting, probably, was seldom or never let over the tenant's head. His landlord was generally resident, and the farm descended in the same families for generations. Witness the old song: —

> The farm which I hold on your honor's estate
> Is the same which my grandfather tilled.

There was no grumbling at the game-laws in those days, for nobody was injured by them. There was no demand for tenant right, for the farmers were contented with their own position, and it never occurred to them to ask for any share of the proprietorship. Nor was there any dissatisfaction with the tenure of land in general, as the possession of it was more generally diffused, and it was less coveted than it is now, either as a commercial investment or an *ἄγαλμα πλοῦτου*. Towards the close of the century, however, a change began. The nabob came into existence. The duke and the marquis were not to be outshone by him; and the process of buying out the smaller gentry began in earnest. Society in general became more ostentatious, and the change, according to Cowper, found its way into farmhouses. But the change was very gradual. And thirty years ago, the old type of farmer still survived in sufficient numbers for middle-aged men to have formed a pretty accurate conception of what he was a hundred years ago.

On the condition of the peasantry it is unnecessary to dilate at much length. The enclosure of the wastes and commons did not begin on any large scale till the last quarter of the century. And we have only to compare the rate of wages with the price of provisions in the reign of George the Second, to see that the ordinary day-laborer was better off than he was at any time between the close of the American War and the great rise in wages which has taken place within the last few years. In his habits he was honest, industrious, and temperate. He had elbow-room in his native village, a roomy cottage, a good garden, and the common for his pigs and geese. The village public-house was comparatively unknown. The church was well attended; and as group after group of men approached the church-porch on Sunday they would be seen to stoop down to untie the strings of their knee-breeches that they might kneel down properly in church. As the century drew to a close, however, the circumstances of the peasant changed. And if we look at Crabbe's account of him we shall see the approach of those conditions which in another generation caused him to become a byword.

Such was the eighteenth century as I love to depict it to myself: a century not overburdened with delicacy or scrupulousness of any kind; but bluff, hale, and hearty, a century of great moral and mental tranquillity, of some coarseness and animalism, and of unruffled religious belief among the great masses of the people; a century in which the landmarks were not removed, and abuses were allowed to

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spread in picturesque luxuriance over all our most venerable institutions; a century, nevertheless, of great men and great deeds, in which England rose to a predominant place among the nations of the world, and fitted herself to perform the great part which Providence had in store for her as the savior of the liberties of Europe.

T. E. KEBBEL.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LOTTIE'S SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

LOTTIE made her way down the slopes alone, with feelings which had greatly changed from those of a little while ago. How happy she had been! The hour that had passed thus under the falling leaves had been like paradise; but the portals of exit from paradise are perhaps never so sweet as those of entrance. Her coming away was with a sense of humiliation and shame. As she wound her way down her favorite by-road winding among the shrubs and trees, she could not help feeling that she was making her escape, as if from some guilty meeting, some clandestine rendezvous. In all her life Lottie had never known this sensation before. She had been shy, and had shrunk from the gaze of people who had stared at her in admiration of her beauty or of her singing, but in her shyness there had always been the pride of innocence; and never before had she been afraid to meet any eye, or felt it necessary to steal away, to keep out of sight as if she were guilty. She had not done anything wrong, but yet she had all the feeling of having done something wrong — the desire to escape, the horror of detection. To some the secret meeting, the romance and mystery, would have been only an additional happiness, but Lottie, proud and frank and open-hearted, could not bear the very thought of doing anything of which she was ashamed. The sensation hurt and humiliated her. All had been very different *before* —— To meet her lover unawares, yet not without intention, with a delightful element of chance in each encounter, to look out secretly for him, yet wonder innocently to find him, to let her steps be drawn here or there by a sense of his presence, with a fond pretence of avoiding him, a sweet certainty of meeting him — all these risks and hazards of emotion had been natural. But Lottie felt with a sudden jar of her nerves and mind that this ought not to continue so. She had felt a little wondering disappointment on the previous night when he had asked her to meet him again, without any suggestion that he should go to her, or make the new bond between them known. Even then there had been a faint jar, a sigh of unfulfilled expectation. But now their hurried parting, her own flight, the little panic lest they should be seen, and discovery follow, made Lottie's heart sick. How well she could imagine how this ought to have been! They ought not to have fled from each other or been afraid of any man's eye. It would not have mattered whether the signor or any one suspected. Blushing and shy, yet with full faith in the sympathy of all who saw her, Lottie would have walked down the Dean's Walk with her betrothed: she would have avoided no one. She would have been shamefaced but not ashamed. What a difference between the two! all the difference that there is between the soft blush of happiness and the miserable burning of guilt. And this was what ought to have been. Half Lottie's misery — as half the misery of all imaginative, inexperienced women — arose from the pain and disappointment of feeling that those she loved did not come up to the ideal standard she had set up in her soul. She was disappointed, not so much because of the false position in which she herself was placed (for this, except instinctively, she had but little realized), but because Rollo was not doing, not yet, all that it seemed right for him to do. She would have forced and beaten (had she been able) Law into the fulfilment of his duty, she would even have made him generous to herself, not for the sake of herself, but that he should be a model of brotherhood, an example of all a true man ought to be; and if this was so in the case of her brother, how much more with her lover? If to be harsh as a tyrant or indifferent as a sultan was the highest ideal of a man's conduct, how much happier many a poor creature would be! It seems a paradox to say so, but it is true enough; for the worst of all, in a woman's mind, is to feel that the wrong done to her is worse wrong to him, an infringement of the glory of the being whom she would fain see perfect. This, however, is a mystery beyond the comprehension of the crowd. Lottie was used to being disappointed with Law — was she fated to another disappointment more cruel and bitter? She did not ask

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herself the question, she would not have thought it even, much less said it for all the world; but secretly there was a wonder, a pang, a faint sense of failure in her heart.

It is not without an effort, however, that the heart will permanently admit any such disappointment. As Lottie went her way thus drooping, ashamed, and discouraged, thinking of everything that had been done and that ought to have been done, there drifted vaguely across her mind a kind of picture of Rollo's meeting with her father, and what it would be. She had no sooner thought of that than a glow of alarm came over her face, and insensibly of consolation to her mind. Rollo and her father! What would the captain say to him? He would put on his grand air in which even Lottie had no faith; he would exhibit himself in all his vain greatness, in all his self-importance, jaunty and fine to his future son-in-law. He would give Lottie herself a word of commendation in passing, and he would spread himself forth before the stranger as if it was he whom Rollo wanted and cared for. Lottie's steps quickened out of the languid pace into which they had fallen, and her very forehead grew crimson as she realized that meeting. Thank heaven, it had not taken place yet! Rollo had been too wise, too kind, too delicate to humble his love by hurrying into the presence of the captain, into the house where the captain's new wife reigned supreme. The new wife — she too would have a share in it, she would be called into counsel, she would give her advice in everything, and claim a right to interfere. Oh, Lottie thought, how foolish she had been! How much wiser was Rollo, no doubt casting about in his mind how it was best to be done, and pondering over it carefully to spare her pain! She felt herself enveloped in one blush from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet; but how sweet was that shame! It was she who was foolish, not he who had failed. Her cheeks burned with a penitential flush, but he was faultless. There was nothing in him to disappoint, but only the most delicate kindness, the tenderest care of her. How could she have thought otherwise? It was not possible that Rollo should like secret meetings, should fear discovery. In the first days of their acquaintance he had shown no reluctance to come to the humble little lodge. But now — his finer feeling shrank from it now — he wanted to take his love away from that desecrated place, not to shame her by prying into its ignoble mysteries. He was wiser, better, kinder than any one. And she was ashamed of *herself*, not any longer of anything else, ashamed of her poor, mean, unworthy interpretation of him; and as happy in her new, changed consciousness of guilt, and penitence and self-disgust — as happy as if, after her downfall into earth, she had now safely got back into heaven.

By this time she had got out of the wooded slopes, and over the stile, and into the steep thoroughfare at the foot of the Abbey walls, the pavement of St. Michael's Hill. Lottie did not feel that there was any harm in walking through the street alone, as Rollo thought there was. She wanted no attendant. A little bodyguard, invisible, but with a radiance going out from them which shone about her, attended upon her way. Love and innocence and happiness, no longer with drooping heads but brave and sweet, a band invisible, guaranteeing their charge against all ills. As she went along the street with this shining retinue, there was nothing in all the world that could have harmed her; and nobody wanted to harm the girl — of whom, but that she was proud, no soul in St. Michael's had an unkind word to say. Everybody knew the domestic trouble that had come upon her, and all the town was sorry for Lottie — all the more that there was perhaps a human satisfaction in being sorry for one whose fault was that she was proud. She met Captain Temple as she entered the Abbey gate. Many thoughts about her had been in the kind old man's heart all the morning, and it was partly to look for her after vain walks about the Abbey precincts that he was turning his steps towards the town. He came up to her eagerly, taking her hand between his. He thought she must have been wandering out disconsolate, no matter where, to get away from the house which was no longer a fit home for one like her. He was so disturbed and anxious about her, that the shadow which was in his mind seemed to darken over Lottie, and cast a reflection of gloom upon her face. "You have been out early, my dear? Why did you not send for me to go with you? After matins I am always at your service," he said.

But there was none of the gloom which Captain Temple imagined in Lottie's face. She looked up at him out of the soft mist of her own musings with a smile. "I went out before matins," she said; "I have been out a long time. I had — something to do."

"My poor child! I fear you have been wandering, keeping out of the way," said

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the old captain Then another thought seized him. Had she begun already to serve the new wife and do the errands? "My dear," he said, "what have you been doing? you must not be too good — you must not forget yourself too much. Your duty to your father is one thing, but you must not let yourself be made use of now — you must recollect your own position, my dear."

"My position?" she looked up at him bewildered; for she was thinking only of Rollo, while he thought only of her father's wife.

"Yes, Lottie, my dear child, you have thought only of your duty hitherto, but you must not yield to every encroachment. You must not allow them to think that you give up everything."

"Ah," said Lottie, lifting to him eyes which seemed to swim in a haze of light; "to give up everything would be so —— I don't know what you mean," she added hastily, in a half-terrified tone. As for Captain Temple, he was quite bewildered, and did not know what to think.

"Need I explain, my dear, what I mean? There can be but one thing that all your friends are thinking of. This new relation, this new connection. I could not sleep all night for thinking of you in the house with that woman. My poor child! and my wife too. You were the last thing we talked of at night, the first in the morning —— "

"Ah," said Lottie again, coming back to reality with a long-drawn breath. "I was not thinking of her; but I understand you now."

Lottie had, however, some difficulty in thinking of *her* even now; for one moment, being thus recalled to the idea, her countenance changed, but then came back to its original expression. Her eyes were dewy and sweet — a suspicion of tears in them like the morning dew on flowers with the sunshine reflected in it, the long eyelashes moist, but the blue beneath as clear as a summer sky; and the corners of her mouth would run into curves of smiling unawares; her face was not the face of one upon whom the woes of the world were lying heavy, but of one to whom some new happiness had come. She was not thinking of what he was saying but of something in her own mind. The kind old captain could not tell what to think; he was alarmed, though he could not tell why.

"Then it is not so bad," he said, "as you feared?"

"What is not so bad? Things at home? Oh, Captain Temple! But I try not to think about it," Lottie said hastily, with a quiver in her lip. She looked at him wistfully, with a sudden longing. "I wish — I wish — but it is better not to say any thing."

"You may trust to me, my dear; whatever is in your heart I will never betray you; you may trust to me."

Lottie's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him, but she shook her head. They were not bitter tears, only a little bitter-sweet of happiness that wanted expression, but which she dared not reveal. If she could but have told him! If Rollo, failing her father, would but come and speak to this kind and true friend! But she shook her head. She was no longer free to say and do whatever pleased her out of her own heart. She must think of him, and while he did not speak what could she say? She put out her hand to her old friend again with a little sudden artifice unlike Lottie. "I have been out all the morning," she said; "I must make haste and get back now."

"I am very glad you are not unhappy," said the old captain, looking at her regretfully. He was not quite sincere. To tell the truth, it gave him a shock to find that Lottie was not unhappy; how could she put up with such a companion, with such a fate? He went in to his wife who had been watching furtively at the window while this conversation was going on, to talk it all over. Mrs. Temple was almost glad to find something below perfection in the girl about whom secretly she thought as much as her husband talked. "We have been thinking too much about it," she said; "if she can find the stepmother congenial it will be better for her."

"Congenial! you are talking folly. How could she be congenial?" cried Captain Temple, with great heat, but he did not know what to make of it. He was disappointed in Lottie. When he had met her the day before she had been quivering with pain and shame, revolted and outraged as it was right and natural she should be. And now it seemed to have passed altogether from her mind. He could not make it out. He was disappointed; he went on talking of this wonder all day long and shaking his white head.

As for Lottie, when she went home, she passed through the house, light and silent as a ghost, to her own little room where, abstracted from everything else, she could live in the new little world of her own which had come out of the mists into such sudden and beautiful life. It was very

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unlike Lottie, but what more does the young soul want when the *vita nuova* has just begun, but such a possibility of self-abstraction and freedom to pursue its dreams? Rapt in these she gave up her occupation, her charge, without a sigh. When she was called to table, she came quite gently, and took no notice of anything that passed there, having enough in her own mind to keep her busy. Law was as much astonished as Captain Temple. He had thought that Lottie would not endure it for a day, but, thanks to that happy preoccupation, Lottie sailed serenely through these troubled waters for more than a week, during which she spent a considerable portion of her time on the slopes, though the weather grew colder and colder every day, and the rest in her own room, in which she sat fireless, doing her accustomed needlework, her darnings and mendings mechanically, while Polly remodelled the drawing-room, covering it with crocheted antimacassars, and all the cheap and coarse devices of vulgar upholstery. While this was going on, she too was content to have Lottie out of the way. Polly pervaded the house with high-pitched voice and noisy step; and she filled it with savory odors, giving the two men hot suppers, instead of poor Lottie's cold beef which they had often found monotonous. The captain now came in for this meal which in former times he had rarely favored; he spent the evenings chiefly at home, having not yet dropped out of the fervor of the honeymoon; and on the whole even Law was not sure that there was not something to be said for the new administration of the house. There was no cold beef — that was an improvement patent to the meanest capacity. As for Polly, nothing had yet occurred to mar her glory and happiness. She wore her blue silk every day, she walked gloriously about the streets in her orange-blossoms, pointed out by everybody as one of the ladies of the Abbey. She went to the afternoon service and sat in her privileged seat, and looked down with dignified sweetness upon "the girls" who were as she once was. She felt herself as a goddess sitting there in the elevated place to which she had a right, and it seemed to her that to be a chevalier's wife was as grand as to be a princess. But Polly did not soil her lips with so vulgar a word as wife. She called herself a chevalier's lady, and her opinion of her class was great. "Chevalier means the same thing as knight, and instead of being simple missis, I am sure we should all be my lady," Polly said, "if we had our rights." Even her husband laughed, but this did not change her opinion. It was ungrateful of the other chevaliers' ladies that they took no notice of this new champion of their order. But for the moment Polly, in the elation of her success, did not mind this, and was content to wait for the recognition which sooner or later she felt would be sure to come.

This elation kept her from interfering with Lottie, whose self-absorbed life in her own room, and her exits and entrances, Mrs. Despard tolerated and seemed to accept as natural; she had so many things to occupy and to please her, that she could afford to let her stepdaughter alone. And thus Lottie pursued for a little way that life out of nature to which she had been driven. She lived in those moments on the slopes, and in the hours she spent at the signor's piano, singing; and then brooded over these intervals of life in the silence. Her lessons had increased to three in the week, and these hours of so-called study were each like a drama of intense and curious interest. Rollo was always there, a fact which he explained to the signor by his professional interest in the new singer, and which to Lottie required no explanation; and there too was her humble lover, young Purcell, who as she grew familiar with the sight of him, and showed no displeasure at his appearance, ventured daily more and more, sometimes daring to turn the leaves of the music, and even to speak to her. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who sat by, watching them all with lively but not extravagant interest, was the only one in the little party who was not more or less excited. As for Lottie, this lesson was the centre of all her life. If music be the food of love, love was the very inspiration of music to her; the two reacted upon each other, raising her to such a height of primitive heroic passion as nobody near her divined — as nobody, indeed, except perhaps the signor, with his Italian susceptibility, was capable of divining. He saw indeed with dissatisfaction, with an interest which was almost angry, that it was not art that moved her, and that the secret of the astonishing progress she made was not in his instructions. What was it? The signor was angry, for he felt no certainty that this wonderful progress was real. Something made her sing like an angel. What was it? not art. The natural qualities of her voice were not to be gainsaid; but the musician felt that the training under which she seemed to be advancing visibly was all fictitious, and that it was

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something else that inspired her. But Rollo had no such enlightenment. He remarked with all the technicality of an amateur how her high notes gained in clearness, and her low notes in melody, at every new effort. It was wonderful; but then the signor was a wonderful teacher, a wonderful accompanyist, and what so natural as that a creature of genius like this should grow under his teaching like a flower? Though it was to him she sang, and though her love for him was her inspiration, Rollo was as unaware of this as old Pickering in the hall, who listened and shook his head, and decided in his heart that a woman with a voice like that was a deal too grand for Mr. John. "She's more like Jenny Lind than anything," old Pick said; and in this Mr. Ridsdale agreed, as he sat and listened and thought over the means which should be employed to secure her success. As for young Purcell he stood entranced and turned over the leaves of the music. Should he ever dare to speak to her again, to offer her his love as he had once ventured to do — she who seemed born to enthral the whole world? But then, the young fellow thought, who was there but he who had an 'ome to offer Lottie? He was the nobler of the two between whom she stood, the two men who loved her; all his thought was, that she being unhappy, poor, her father's house made wretched to her, he had an 'ome to offer her; whereas Rollo thought of nothing but of the success she must achieve in which he would have his share. In order to achieve that success Rollo had no mind to lend her even his name; but the idea that it was a thing certain, comforted him much in the consciousness of his own imprudent engagement, and gave a kind of sanction to his love. To marry a woman with such a faculty for earning money could not be called entirely imprudent. These were the calculations, generous, and the reverse, which were made about her. Only Lottie herself made no calculations, but sang out of the fulness of her heart, and the delicate passion that possessed her; and the signor stood and watched, dissatisfied, sympathetic, the only one that understood at all, though he but poorly, the high emotion and spring-tide of life which produced that flood of song.

In this highly-strained, unnatural way, life went on amid this little group of people, few of whom were conscious of any volcano under their feet. It went on day by day, and they neither perceived the gathering rapidity of movement in the events, nor any other sign that to-day should not be as yesterday. Shortly after the explanation had taken place between Rollo and Lottie, Augusta Huntington, now Mrs. Daventry, arrived upon her first visit home. She was the dean's only child, and naturally every honor was done to her. All the country round, every one that was of sufficient importance to meet the dean's daughter, came to dinner. The dean himself took the matter in hand to see that no one was overlooked. They would all like, he thought, to see Augusta, the princess royal of the reigning house; and Augusta was graciously pleased to like it too. One of these entertainments ended in a great musical party, to which all who had known Miss Huntington, all the singers in the madrigals and choruses of which she had been so fond, were asked. When Lottie's invitation came, there was a great thrill and commotion in Captain Despard's lodge. Lottie did not even suspect the feelings which had been roused on the subject when she took out her white muslin dress, now alas, no longer so fresh as at first, and inspected it anxiously. It would do still with judicious ironing, but what should she do for ornaments, now that roses were no longer to be had? This troubled Lottie's mind greatly though it may be thought a frivolous question, until a few hours before the time, when two different presents came for her, of flowers: one being a large and elaborate bouquet, the other a bunch of late roses, delicate, lovely, half-opened buds, which could only have come out of some conservatory. One of these was from Rollo, and who could doubt which it was? Who but he would have remembered her sole decoration, and found for her in winter those ornaments of June? What did she care who sent the other? she decked herself with her roses, in a glow of grateful tenderness, as proud as she was happy, to find herself thus provided by his delicate care and forethought. It did not even occur to Lottie to notice the dark looks that were thrown at her as she came down-stairs all white and shining, and was wrapped by Law (always ostentatiously attentive to his sister in Polly's presence) in the borrowed glory of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's great Indian shawl.

The party was large and crowded, and Lottie, all alone in it, was frightened and confused at first; but they were all very kind to her, she thought. Lady Caroline said, "How do you do, Miss Despard," with something like a smile, and looked as if she might have given Lottie her hand, had not the girl been afraid; and Augusta, when she found her out, came forward

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with a welcome which was almost effusive. "I hear you have improved so much," she said, taking in at one glance all the particulars of Lottie's appearance, with a wondering question within herself where the roses came from, though she perceived at once that it was the same white muslin frock. And when Lottie sang, which the signor managed she should do with great effect towards the close of the evening, Augusta rushed to her with great eyes of astonishment. "Where did you get all that voice," she cried; "you did not have that voice when I went away." "I flatter myself it was I that found Miss Despard out," said Rollo, suffering himself to look at her, which hitherto he had only done when there was a shield of crowding groups between him and his cousin. Before this he had managed to make the evening sweet to Lottie by many a whispered word. But when he looked at her now, unawares, under Augusta's very eyes, with that fond look of proprietorship which is so unmistakable by the experienced, and to which Lottie responded shyly by a smile and blush, and conscious tremor of happiness, neither of them knew what a fatal moment it was. Augusta, looking on, suddenly woke up to the meaning of it, the meaning of Rollo's long stay at the Deanery, and various other wonders. She gave the pair but one look, and then she turned away. But Lottie did not see that anything strange had happened. She was so happy that even when Rollo too left her, alarmed, her heart was touched and consoled by the kindly looks of the people whom she knew in the crowd, the ladies who had heard her sing before at the Deanery, and who were gracious to her, and Mr. Ashford who kept by her side and watched over her "like a father," Lottie said to herself, with affectionate gratitude, such as might have become that impossible relationship. The minor canon did not leave her for the rest of the evening, and he it was who saw her home, waiting till the door was opened, and pressing kindly her trembling cold hand; for, she could not tell how, the end of the evening was depressing and discouraging, and the pleasure went all out of it when Rollo whispered to her in passing, "Take care for heaven's sake or Augusta will find us out!" Why should it matter so much to him that Augusta should find it out? Was she not more to him than Augusta? Lottie shrank within herself and trembled with a nervous chill. She was half grateful to, half angry with, even Mr. Ashford. Why should he be so much more kind to her, so much more careful of her than the man who had promised her his love and perpetual care?

But even now when she stole in, shivering with the cold of disappointment and discouragement, through the dark house to her room, Lottie did not know all that this evening had wrought. And she scarcely noticed the gloom on Polly's face, nor the strain of angry monologue which her father's wife gave vent to, next morning. Polly wondered what was the good of being a married lady, when a young unmarried girl that was nobody, was took such notice of, and her betters left at 'ome? Did people know no manners? Gentlefolks! they called themselves gentlefolks, and behaved like that? If that was politeness Polly thanked heaven it was not the kind as she had been taught. But the outburst came when Lottie, taking no notice, scarcely even hearing what was said, showed herself with her music in her hands going out to her lesson. Polly came out of her husband's room and planted herself defiantly in Lottie's way. "Where are you going again," she said, "miss? where are you going again? Is this to be always the way of it? Do you mean never to stay at home nor do anything to help nor make yourself agreeable? I declare it is enough to put a saint in a passion. But I won't put up with it, I can tell you. I did not come here to be treated like this, like the dirt under your feet."

Lottie was almost too much taken by surprise to speak. It was the first absolute shock of collision. "I am going for my lesson," she said.

"Your lesson!" cried Polly. "Oh my patience, oh my poor 'usband! that is the way his money goes — lessons for you and lessons for Law, and I don't know what! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you two. You ought to be making your living both of you, if you were honest, instead of living on your father as wants all he's got for himself. But you sha'n't go to any lesson if I can help it," she cried. "You'll stay at home and try and be of a little use, or you'll march off this very day, and find some one else to put up with you and your lessons. It sha'n't be me. I won't stand by and see my 'usband wronged. You'll ruin him between you, that's what you'll do; go back, miss, and put down them books this moment. I won't have it, I tell you. I'll not see my 'usband eaten up by the likes of you."

Polly's diction suffered from her passion, and so did her appearance. Her face grew scarlet, her eyes flashed with

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fury. She put out her hand to push Lottie back, who shrank from her with a cry of dismay.

"Let me pass, please," said Lottie piteously. She could not quarrel with this woman, she could not even enter so much into conflict with her as to brush past her, and thus escape. She shrank with pain and horror from the excited creature in her way.

"It's you that will have to go back," said Polly, "not me. I'm the mistress of this house you'll please to recollect, Miss Lottie. Your father's been a deal too good, he's let you do just what you pleased, but that's not my style. I begins as I mean to end. You sha'n't stay here, I tell you, whatever you may think, if you want to trample upon me, and eat up every penny he has. Go and take off your things this moment, and see if you can't be a little use in the house."

Lottie was struck dumb and could not tell what to say. She had not been cared for much in her life, but she had never been restrained, and the sensation was new to her. She did not know how to reply. "I do not wish to be in your way," she cried. "I shall not stay long nor trouble you long, but please do not interfere with me while I am here. I must go."

"And I say you sha'n't go!" said Polly, raising her voice after the manner of her kind, and stamping her foot on the floor. "If you disobey me, I won't have you here not another day. I'll turn you out if it was twelve o'clock at night. I'll show you that I am mistress in my own house. Do you think I'm going to be outfaced by you, and treated like the dirt below your feet? Go and take off your things this moment, and try if you can't settle to a bit of work. Out of this house you sha'n't go, not a single step."

"I say, stand out of the way," said Law; he had come out of the dining-room with his hands in his pockets, having just finished his dinner. Law was not easily moved, but he had now made up his mind that he was on Lottie's side. "Don't give yourself airs to her. She is not of your sort," he said. "The governor may let you do many things, but not bully her. Look here, Polly, you'd better stand out of her way."

"And who are you, you lazy useless lout, that dares to call me Polly?" she cried. "Polly indeed! your father's wife, and far better than you. I'll make him put you to the door, too, you idle low fellow, spending your time with a pack of silly, dressing, useless girls ——"

"I say, stop that," cried Law, growing red, and seizing her suddenly by the arm; he stood upon no ceremony with Polly, though she was his father's wife, but he gave an uneasy, alarmed glance at Lottie. "There's some one waiting for you outside," he cried. "Lottie, go."

She did not wait for any more. Trembling and horrified she ran past and got out breathless, hastily closing the door behind her. The door had been open and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy outside, drawing her skirts round her physically and metaphorically so as to avoid all pollution, yet listening to everything she could hear, was walking up and down the pavement. "Me poor child!" the good Irishwoman said, half sorry, half delighted to hear the first of the scandal. "Already! has it come to this? Me heart is sore for ye, Lottie me dear!"

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE CHARACTER OF THE HUMORIST.

CHARLES LAMB.

THOSE English critics who at the beginning of the present century introduced from Germany, together with some other subtleties of thought transplanted hither not without advantage, the distinction between the *fancy* and the *imagination*, made much also of the cognate distinction between *wit* and *humor*, between that unreal and transitory mirth, which is as the crackling of thorns under the pot, and the laughter which blends with tears and with the sublimities of the imagination even, and which, in its most exquisite motives, is one with pity, — the laughter of the comedies of Shakespeare, hardly less expressive than his moods of seriousness or solemnity, of that deeply stirred soul of sympathy in him, as flowing from which both tears and laughter are alike genuine and contagious.

This distinction between wit and humor, Coleridge and other kindred critics applied, with much effect, in their studies of some of our older English writers. And as the distinction between imagination and fancy, made popular by Wordsworth, found its best justification in certain essential differences of stuff in Wordsworth's own writings, so this other critical distinction, between wit and humor, finds a sort of visible analogue and interpretation in the character and writings of Charles Lamb; one who lived more consistently than

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most writers among subtle literary theories, and whose remains are still full of curious interest for the student of literature as a fine art.

The author of the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," coming to the humorists of the nineteenth, would have found, as is true pre-eminently of himself, the springs of pity in them deepened by the deeper subjectivity, the intenser and closer living with itself, which is characteristic of the temper of the later generation; and therewith, the mirth also, from the amalgam of which with pity humor proceeds, has become, in Charles Dickens, for instance, freer and more boisterous.

To this more high-pitched feeling, since predominant in our literature, the writings of Charles Lamb, whose life occupies the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, are a transition; and such union of grave, of terrible even, with gay, we may note in the circumstances of his life, as reflected thence into his work. We catch the aroma of a singular, homely sweetness about his first years, spent on Thames' side, among the red bricks and terraced gardens, with their rich historical memories of old-fashioned legal London. Just above the poorer class, deprived as he says, of the "sweet food of academic institution," he is fortunate enough to be reared in the classical languages at an ancient school where he becomes the companion of Coleridge, as at a later period his enthusiastic disciple. So far, the years go by with less than the usual share of boyish difficulties; protected, one fancies, seeing what he was afterwards, by some attraction of temper in the quaint child, small and delicate, with a certain Jewish expression in his clear, brown complexion, with eyes not precisely of the same color, and a slow walk adding to the staidness of his figure; and whose infirmity of speech, increased by agitation, is partly engaging.

And the cheerfulness of all this, of the mere aspect of Lamb's quiet subsequent life also, might make the more superficial reader think of him as in himself something slight, and of his mirth as cheaply bought. Yet we know beneath this blithe surface there was something of the fateful domestic horror, of the beautiful heroism and devotedness also, of old Greek tragedy. His sister Mary, two years his senior, in a sudden paroxysm of madness, caused the death of her mother, and was brought to trial for what an overstrained justice might have construed as the greatest of crimes. She was released on the brother's pledging himself to watch over her; and to this sister, from the age of twenty-one, Charles Lamb devoted himself, "seeking thenceforth," says his excellent biographer, "no connection which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her." The "feverish, romantic tie of love," he cast away for the "charities of home." Only, from time to time, the madness returned, affecting him too, once; and we see them voluntarily yielding to restraint. In estimating the humor of "Elia," we must no more forget the strong undercurrent of this great misfortune and pity, than one could forget it in his actual story. So he becomes the best critic, almost the discoverer, of Webster, a dramatist of genius so sombre, so heavily colored, so *macabre*. "Rosamund Grey," written in his twenty-third year, a story with something bitter and exaggerated, an almost insane fixedness of gloom perceptible in it, strikes clearly this note in his work.

For himself, and from his own point of view, the exercise of his gift, of his literary art, came to gild or sweeten a life of monotonous labor, and seemed, as far as regarded others, no very important thing; availing to give them a little pleasure, and inform them a little, chiefly in a retrospective manner; but in no way concerned with the turning of the tides of the great world. And yet this very modesty, this unambitious way of conceiving his work, has impressed upon it a certain exceptional enduringness. For of the remarkable English writers contemporary with Lamb, many were greatly preocupied with ideas of practice, — religious, moral, political, — ideas which have since, in some sense or other, entered permanently into the general consciousness; and, these having no longer any stimulus for a generation provided with a different stock of ideas, the writings of those who spent so much of themselves in their propagation have lost, with posterity, something of what they gained in immediate influence. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, even — sharing so largely in the unrest of their own age, and made personally more interesting thereby, yet, of their actual work, surrender more to the mere course of time than some of those who may have seemed to exercise themselves hardly at all in great matters, to have been little serious, or a little indifferent regarding them.

Of this number of the disinterested servants of literature, smaller in England than in France, Charles Lamb is one. In

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the making of prose he realizes the principle of art for its own sake, as completely as Keats in the making of verse. And, working thus ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy. Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woeful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it. What sudden, unexpected touches of pathos in him! — bearing witness how the sorrow of humanity, the *Welt-Schmerz*, the constant aching of its wounds, is ever present with him; but what a gift also for the enjoyment of life in its subtleties, of enjoyment actually refined by the need of some thoughtful economies and making the most of things! Little arts of happiness he is ready to teach to others. The quaint remarks of children which another would scarcely have heard, he preserves, — little flies in the priceless amber of his Attic wit, — and has his "Praise of Chimney-sweepers," (as William Blake has written, with so much natural pathos, "The Chimney-sweeper's Song,") valuing carefully their white teeth, and fine enjoyment of white sheets in stolen sleep at Arundel Castle, as he tells the story, anticipating something of the mood of our deep humorists of the last generation. His simple mother-pity for those who suffer by accident, or unkindness of nature, blindness, for instance, or fateful disease of mind, like his sister's, has something primitive in its bigness; and on behalf of ill-used animals he is early in composing a "Pity's Gift."

And if, in deeper or more superficial senses, the dead *do* care at all for their name and fame, then how must the souls of Shakespeare and Webster have been stirred, after so long converse with things that stopped their ears above and below the soil, at his exquisite appreciations of them; the souls of Titian and of Hogarth also; for, what has not been observed so generally as the excellence of his literary criticism, Charles Lamb is a fine critic of painting also. It was as loyal, self-forgetful work for others, for Shakespeare's self first, and then for Shakespeare's readers, that this too was done; he has the true scholar's way of forgetting himself in his subject. For though "defrauded," as we saw, in his young years, "of the sweet food of academic institution," he is yet essentially a scholar, and all his work mainly retrospective, as I said; his own sorrows, affections, perceptions, being alone real to him of the present. "I cannot make these present times," he says once, "present to me."

Above all, he becomes not merely an expositor, permanently valuable, but for Englishmen almost the discoverer of the old English drama. "The book is such as I am glad there should be," he modestly says of the "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare;" to which, however, he adds in a series of notes the very quintessence of criticism, the choicest aromas and savors of Elizabethan poetry being sorted and stored here with a sort of delicate intellectual epicureanism, which has had the effect of winning for these, then almost-forgotten poets, one generation after another of enthusiastic students. Could he but have known how fresh a source of culture he was evoking there for other generations, all through those years, in which, a little wistfully, he would harp on the limitation of his time by business, and sigh for a better fortune in regard of literary opportunities!

To feel strongly the charm of an old poet or moralist, the literary charm of Burton, for instance, or Quarles, or Lady Newcastle, and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others, — he seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministration, that of which for them he is really the creator, — that is the way of his criticism, cast off in a stray letter often or passing note, or lightest essay or conversation; it is in such a letter, for instance, that we come upon a singularly penetrative estimate of the genius and writings of Defoe.

Tracking, with an attention always alert, the whole process of their production to its starting-point in the deep places of the mind, he seems to realize the but half-conscious intuitions of Hogarth or Shakespeare, and develops the great ruling unities which have swayed their actual work; or "puts up," and takes, the one morsel of good stuff in an old, forgotten writer. There comes even to be an aroma of old English in what he says even casually; noticeable echoes, in chance turn and phrase, of the great masters of style, the old masters. Godwin, seeing in quotation a passage from "John Woodvil," takes it for a choice fragment of an old dramatist, and goes to Lamb to assist

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him in finding the author. His power of delicate imitation in prose and verse goes the length of a fine mimicry even, as in those last essays of Elia on "Popular Fallacies" with their gentle reproduction or caricature of Sir Thomas Browne, showing the more completely his mastery, by disinterested study, of those elements in the man which are the real source of style in that great, solemn master of old English, who, ready to say what he has to say with a fearless homeliness, yet continually overawes one with touches of such strange utterance from things afar. For it is with the delicacies of fine literature especially, its gradations of expression, its fine judgment, its pure sense of words, of vocabulary, — things, alas! dying out in the English literature of the present, together with the appreciation of them in our literature of the past, — that his literary mission is chiefly concerned. And yet, delicate, refining, daintily epicurean, though he may seem when he writes of giants such as Hogarth or Shakespeare, though often but in a stray note, you catch the sense of awe with which those great names in past literature and art brooded over his intelligence, his undiminished impressibility by the great effects in them. Reading, commenting on Shakespeare, he is like a man who walks alone under a grand stormy sky, and among unwonted tricks of light, when powerful spirits might seem to be abroad upon the air; and the grim humor of Hogarth, as he analyzes it, rises into a kind of spectral grotesque; while he too knows the secret of fine, significant touches like theirs.

There are traits, customs, characteristics of houses and dress, surviving morsels of old life, like those of which we get such delicate impressions in Hogarth, concerning which we well understand, how, common, uninteresting, or worthless even, in themselves, they have come to please us now as things picturesque, when thus set in relief against the modes of our different age. Customs, stiff to us, stiff dresses, stiff furniture, — types of cast-off fashions, left by accident, and which no one ever meant to preserve, we contemplate with more than good-nature, as having in them the veritable accent of a time, not altogether to be replaced by its more solemn and self-conscious deposits; like those tricks of individuality which we find quite tolerable in persons, because they convey to us the secrets of lifelike expression, and with regard to which we are all to some extent humorists. But it is part of the privilege of the genuine humorist to anticipate this pensive mood with regard to the ways and things of his own day; to look upon the tricks in manner of the life about him with that same refined, purged sort of viston, which will come naturally to those of a later generation, in observing whatever chance may have saved of its mere external habit. Seeing things always by the light of some more entire understanding than is possible for ordinary minds of the whole mechanism of humanity, and the manner, the outward mode or fashion, always in strict connection with the spiritual condition which determines it, a humorist like Charles Lamb anticipates the enchantment of distance; and the characteristics of places, ranks, habits of life, are transfigured for him, even now and in advance of time, by poetic light; justifying what some might condemn as mere sentimentality, in the effort to hand on unbroken the tradition of such fashion or accent. "The praise of beggars," "the cries of London," the traits of actors just "old," the spots in "town" where the country, its fresh green and fresh water, still lingered on, one after another, amidst the bustle; the quaint, dimmed, just played-out farces he had relished so much, coming partly through them to understand the earlier English theatre as a thing once really alive; those fountains and sun-dials of old gardens, of which he entertains such dainty discourse, — he feels the poetry of these things, as the poetry of things old indeed, but surviving as an actual part of the life of the present, and as something quite different from the poetry of things flatly gone from us and frankly antique, coming back to us, if at all, as entire strangers, like Scott's old Scotch-border figures, their oaths and armor. Such gift of appreciation depends, as I said, on the habitual apprehension of men's life as a whole; its organic wholeness, as extending even to the least things; of its outward manner in connection with its inward temper; and it involves a fine perception of the congruities, the musical accordance of humanity with its environment of custom, society, intercourse of persons; as if all that, with its meetings, partings, ceremonies, gesture, tones of speech, were some delicate instrument on which an expert performer is playing.

These are some of the characteristics of Elia, one essentially an essayist, and of the true family of Montaigne, "never judging," as he says, "system-wise of things, but fastening on particulars;" saying all things as it were on chance occasion only, and as a pastime, yet succeeding

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thus, "glimpse-wise," in catching and recording more frequently than others "the gayest, happiest attitude of things;" a casual writer for dreamy readers, yet always giving the reader so much more than he seemed to propose. There is something of the follower of George Fox about him, and the Quaker's belief in the inward light coming to one passive, to the mere wayfarer, who will be sure at all events to lose no light which falls by the way; glimpses, suggestions, delightful half-apprehensions, profound thoughts of old philosophers, hints of the innermost reason in things, the full knowledge of which is held in reserve; all the varied stuff, that is, of which genuine essays are made.

And with him, as with Montaigne, the desire of self-portraiture is, below all more superficial tendencies, the real motive in writing at all, — a desire closely connected with that intimacy, that modern subjectivity, which may be called the *Montaignesque* element in literature. What he designs is to give you himself, to acquaint you with his likeness; but must do this, if at all, indirectly, being indeed always more or less reserved for himself and his friends; friendship counting for so much in his life, that he is jealous of anything that might jar or disturb it, even to a sort of insincerity, of which he has a quaint "praise;" this lover of stage plays significantly welcoming a little touch of the artificiality of play to sweeten intercourse.

And, in effect, a very delicate and expressive portrait of him does put itself together for the duly meditative reader; and in indirect touches of his own work, scraps of faded old letters, what others remembered of his talk, the man's likeness emerges; what he laughed and wept at, his sudden elevations and longings after absent friends; his fine casuistries of affection and devices to jog sometimes, as he says, the lazy happiness of perfect love; his solemn moments of higher discourse with the young, as they came across him on occasion, and went along a little way with him; the sudden, surprised apprehension of beauties in old literature, revealing anew the deep soul of poetry in things; and still the pure spirit of fun, having its way again, — laughter, that most short-lived of all things (some of Shakespeare's even having fallen dim), wearing well with him. Much of all this comes out through his letters, which may be regarded as a part of his essays. He is an old-fashioned letter-writer, the essence of the old fashion of letter-writing lying, as with true essay-writing, in the dexterous availing oneself of accident and circumstance, in the prosecution of deeper lines of observation; although, just as in the record of his conversation, one loses something, in losing the actual tones of the stammerer, still graceful in his halting (as he halted also in composition, composing slowly and in fits, "like a Flemish painter," as he tells us), so "it is to be regretted," says the editor of his letters, "that in the printed letters the reader will lose the curious varieties of writing with which the originals abound, and which are scrupulously adapted to the subject."

Also, he was a true "collector," delighting in the personal finding of a thing, in the color an old book or print gets for one by the little accidents which attest previous ownership. Wither's "Emblems," "that old book and quaint," long-desired, when he finds it at last, he does not value less because a child had colored the plates with its paints. A lover of household warmth everywhere, of the tempered atmosphere which our various habitations get by men living within them, he "sticks to his favorite books as he did to his friends," and loved the "town," with a jealous eye for all its characteristics, "old houses" coming to have souls for him. The yearning for mere warmth against him, in another, makes him content with pure brotherliness, "the most kindly and natural species of love," as he says, all through life, in place of the *passion* of love; Jack and Jill sitting thus side by side, till one sat alone in the faint sun at last, in a way, the anticipation of which sounds sometimes as a too poignant note in the sweetly-linked music of their intercourse, and sets us speculating, as we read, as to precisely what amount of melancholy really accompanied for him the approach of old age, so steadily foreseen, and makes us note with pleasure his successive wakings up to cheerful realities, out of too curious musings over what is gone, and what remains, of life. In his subtle capacity for enjoying the more refined points of earth, of human relationship, he could throw the gleam of poetry or humor on what seemed common or threadbare; has a care for the sighs, and weary, humdrum preoccupations of very weak people, down to their little pathetic "gentilities," even; while, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakespeare.

And that care, through all his enthusiasm of discovery, for the accustomed in literature, connected thus with his close clinging to home and the earth, was con-

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gruous also with that love for the accustomed in religion, which we may notice in him. He is one of the last votaries of that old-world religion, based on the sentiments of hope and awe, which may be described as the religion of men of letters, (as Sir Thomas Browne has his "*Religio Medici*") religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century, Addison, Gray, and Johnson, by Jane Austen and Thackeray, later. In its essence, a high way of feeling induced by the constant presence of great things in literature, extended in its turn to those matters greater still, it lives, in the main retrospectively, in a system of received sentiments and beliefs; received, like those great things in literature and art, in the first instance, on the authority of a long tradition, in the course of which they have linked themselves in a thousand complex ways to the conditions of human life, and no more questioned now than the feeling one keeps by one of the greatness of Shakespeare. For Charles Lamb, such form of religion becomes the solemn background on which the nearer and more exciting objects of his immediate experience relieve themselves, borrowing from it an expression of calm; its necessary atmosphere being indeed a profound quiet, that quiet which has in it a kind of sacramental efficacy, working, we might say, on the principle of the *opus operatum*, almost without any co-operation of one's own, towards the assertion of the higher self; so physically sweet, moreover, to one of Lamb's delicately attuned temperament; such natures seeming to long for it sometimes, as for no merely negative thing, with a sort of mystical sensuality.

The writings of Charles Lamb are an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Below his quiet, his quaintness, his humor, and what may seem the slightness, the merely occasional or accidental character of his work, there lies, as I said at starting, as in his life, a true tragic element. The gloom, reflected at its darkest, in those hard shadows of "Rosamund Grey," is always there, though restrained always in expression, and not always realized either for himself or his readers; and it gives to those lighter matters on the surface of life and literature, among which he for the most part moved, a wonderful play of expression, as if at any moment these light words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper heart of things. In his writing, as in his life, that quiet is not the low flying of one from the first drowsy by choice, and needing the prick of some strong passion or worldly ambition, to stimulate him into all the energy of which he is capable; but rather the reaction of nature, after an escape from fate, dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy; following which, the mere sense of relief becomes a kind of passion, as with one who, having just escaped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in the mere sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of days.

He felt the genius of places; and I sometimes think he resembles the places he knew and liked best, and where his lot fell; London, sixty-five years ago, with Covent Garden and the old theatres, and the Temple Gardens still unspoiled, with Thames gliding down, and beyond to north and south the fields at Enfield or Hampton, to which, "with their living trees," the thoughts wander "from the hard wood of the desk;" fields fresher, and coming nearer to town then, but in one of which the present writer remembers, on a brooding early summer's day, to have heard the cuckoo for the first time. Here, the surface of things is certainly humdrum, the streets dingy, the green places, where the child goes a-maying, tame enough. But nowhere are things more apt to respond to the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly, mounting a little way till the sun touches their dun into gold; those quaint pastorals gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city, visible from those distant fields also, with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm, in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples. WALTER H. PATER.

ROBERT E. COOPER, JR., A FRENCH SKETCH OF AN ENGLISH BUSINESS MAN,

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE BY C. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER I.

ROBERT E. COOPER was a small man, compactly built, with a pleasant face and English features. His auburn hair was kept carefully brushed, and was always divided by a faultless white line. He had light eyes with a frank, honest look in them, a soft and well-trimmed beard, beautiful teeth, and handsome feet and hands.

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He was always well dressed in the last fashion, but his clothes were never showy, and were always in good taste. He rose betimes every morning of his life, and went to bed at the same regular hour, unless chance took him to a ball or a *soirée*, when he changed his habits for the occasion.

"I never leave early," he remarked to one of his friends. "It is one of my principles that the man who accepts an invitation contracts an obligation, and must sacrifice his own pleasure to the pleasure of others. At home I go to bed at eleven o'clock."

So he struggled bravely with his need of sleep, and refrained from bidding his host good-night till only three or four people remained in the room.

His voice was sonorous, he spoke gravely, and laughed little. When he did it was not because he was amused, but because he considered that it was proper he should laugh. Then he would give a loud "Ha! ha!" and relapse at once into his usual seriousness.

He was only called "Cooper" by his intimate friends. The foreign population of Yokohama is almost entirely composed of young men, and the prefix "Mr." is generally unknown there among equals. He alone was commonly addressed by it.

If any one accosted him with the least familiarity he always drew back and looked at him severely. The abbreviation of his name to Robert, Bobby, or Bob, inspired him with horror, and even his intimates could not so address him unreproved.

"It has ever been one of my principles," he said to a man who had so far forgotten himself as to call him Bob, "to give every man the name which belongs to him. My name is Cooper — Robert E. Cooper."

He was generally liked by the residents of Yokohama, and as every one in the place had a *soubriquet* of some kind, he was nicknamed *Mr.* Robert Cooper, with a strong emphasis on the first word. He was twenty-eight years old, and agent for an important English house. No books were ever kept more faultlessly than his. His handwriting was plain and bold, and he wrote as he spoke, with great care and solemnity.

Mr. Cooper had been early appointed to the honorable post of president of the Chamber of Commerce in Yokohama, and he fulfilled all his official duties with the utmost punctuality and precision. At public meetings — of which there were a good many at Yokohama between 1860 and 1870, some to establish a new club, some to get up the spring races, some to get signatures to petitions from the foreign residents at Yokohama to the authorities native and consular at Yeddo, it was always Mr. Cooper who was called to the chair. He enforced the strictest order and the closest observance of parliamentary rules. He spoke well, and spoke often; and had a certain set of high-sounding expressions well known to all his audience, to which they listened with a concealed smile. Mr. Robert E. Cooper never had any suspicion of the popular opinion of his eloquence, and as he never laughed himself either at persons or at things, the idea that he could possibly be laughed at never entered his mind.

He went to church every Sunday of his life; returned all his visits within forty-eight hours after he received them; answered every letter by return of post; never owed a cent to any man; and gave largely to the poor — more liberally indeed than his means would well allow, sometimes by public subscription, but oftenest in private charity.

Mr. Robert Cooper had been for eight years agent for the English firm which had sent him to Yokohama, when in consequence of a speculation not shared in by the branch house in Japan, the English house suddenly stopped payment, and it became necessary to wind up the affairs of the establishment at Yokohama.

The news of this misfortune falling on persons to whom he had been long attached, and for whom he always professed the greatest respect, was a severe blow to Mr. Robert E. Cooper. He bore it bravely, however, without complaint or any outward show of feeling, but he at once sent in his resignation as president of the Chamber of Commerce; a resignation which was unanimously rejected by the members of that association.

Soon after he went into business on his own account, under the name of Robert E. Cooper, Jr. Nobody in Yokohama had been before aware that there existed such a person as Robert E. Cooper, Sr. They now, however, learned that he was the father of Mr. Cooper, and that he was a respectable merchant in a small way in London. It was in connection with his father that Mr. Robert E. Cooper, Jr., set up in business; and for several years his prudence and his industry were crowned with brilliant success.

He passed in Yokohama for a man who was very well off, though not a milionaire, and he had just announced in the Chamber of Commerce that he "should be obliged to relinquish the honor of representing

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the commercial interests of the foreign population of Japan — his intention being to wind up his affairs and to return shortly to England," when suddenly there arrived at Yokohama the news of a terrible commercial crisis in London by which a number of important and most respectable houses had been obliged to suspend. Amongst these merchants who had been forced into bankruptcy was Robert E. Cooper, senior.

Mr. Robert E. Cooper, on the day when this news reached Yokohama, appeared at his usual hour in the club reading-room, but his face was very white, and he looked several years older. He took up the *China Express* and sat for an hour motionless behind its pages, his eyes fixed on the despatch which contained the names of the London houses wrecked in the great catastrophe. Then he rose; breathed hard, put on his gloves with the methodical, reflective air he wore when he was doing anything, however trivial, and walked out of the club with measured tread, saluting those he passed in his usual style, a lowering of his eyelids, accompanied by a scarcely perceptible movement of his head.

The next day several leading members of the commercial community at Yokohama called at his counting-room, to testify by this attention that they did not consider him in any way to blame for the misfortune which his father's house had just sustained. They found him at his desk, behind his ledger. He did not breathe a word about what had taken place, and no one had courage to open the subject with him.

At this time there was living in Yokohama a young Englishman of good family who had come out to Japan three years before bringing good introductions, among them one to Mr. Cooper. That gentleman had received him cordially, and the young man entertained a grateful and respectful attachment for him. Erasmus Benson (this was his name) was much liked among the foreign residents; he was a gay, pleasant companion, reliable in business, and agreeable in society. He too came on that day to make Cooper a visit, and his principal object was to speak of private affairs.

"Mr. Cooper," he began, shaking his friend's hand, "a great misfortune has befallen me. Yesterday's mail brought me the news of the sudden death of my father. I set out to-morrow to return to my mother in London, and I am come to say good-bye. Can I be of any use to you in England?"

Mr. Cooper rose, grasped Erasmus Benson by the hand, and shook it cordially. Then, without speaking, he re-seated himself. Benson looked at him and saw that his lip quivered.

"You too, Mr. Cooper," he went on, "have had bad news by this unlucky mail, and I am very sorry."

Cooper once more rose, and again grasped the hand of Benson. He made desperate efforts to preserve his calmness. He passed his finger inside his cravat as if to give himself more air, coughed as though something rose up in his throat, and said in a choked voice, —

"Most true. A most unlucky steamer."

"Send me word what I can do for you," answered Benson, seeing his friend was really unable to continue the interview, "and permit me to bid you farewell now, in case I should not see you again before I go."

But next morning at six o'clock, when the "Europa" was just ready for sea, Benson, on arriving at the wharf, found Cooper waiting for him quietly. He was dressed with his usual care, but his face was very sad. He went on board with Benson, helped him to instal himself in his state-room, and remained with him until the anchors were about to be weighed. Just as he was leaving the ship he said, —

"My father may be in need of kindness and consolation. If you are able to leave your mother for a few hours, I would ask you to go and see him. Tell him to be of good cheer — and say you left me — well. *Au revoir*, Mr. Benson."

He went quickly over the ship's side, but remained standing on the wharf, waving farewell, as long as he could distinguish Benson on the deck of the vessel.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the following month it became known in Yokohama that Mr. Robert Cooper, through no fault of his own, had become insolvent, and had made arrangement with his creditors. He sold the pretty house he owned upon the *Bund*, which is the quay and also the chief street of Yokohama. He parted with his furniture, which he had imported from England, and on whose comfort and durability he had prided himself; he sold even his saddle-horse, though the youngest foreign clerk in Yokohama thinks himself entitled to possess that luxury. He then rented a small villa in the suburb of the foreign quarter, where rents were never high, and thither he retired with one old *kotzkoi*, or Japanese domestic, who appeared to be

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entirely devoted to him, and who had been in his service a dozen years.

He had also taken a situation as bookkeeper in the large American house of James Webster & Co. After a while it came to be known among his friends that he hardly spent a quarter of his salary, but paid over to his creditors every cent that he could possibly save.

He himself never breathed a word to any man about his own affairs. He continued to get himself up with scrupulous care and neatness, but his clothes were beginning to show wear, and he got no new ones. He went to the club as he had always done, and he was present at all public meetings, but he made no speeches, and took no active part in the discussion of affairs. He had requested Mr. Webster to state privately that for the future he renounced the honor of taking the chair at public meetings, being troubled by a slight affection of the throat which obliged him to be careful.

All the foreign residents of Yokohama, though there were among them a number of rough, rude, careless, unreflecting men, appreciated, with the tact of accomplished diplomatists, the motives which induced him to withdraw from public life, and felt increased respect for their former president.

Some of his most intimate acquaintances, seeing how much he suffered from wounded pride, tried to make him talk with them about his own affairs, that they might end by offering him assistance, but Mr. Cooper always evaded the subject and turned the conversation. James Webster one day said to him in that off-hand tone peculiar to Americans, —

"Mr. Cooper, you must be quite aware you would do yourself no harm with me by accepting an advance upon your salary. Your engagement with this house is for three years, and it is all the same to me whether I pay you down your three years salary at once, or year by year. The money will come out of my pocket sooner or later. You might as well have it now."

Mr. Cooper answered, —

"Thank you, Mr. Webster. But it does not seem to me the right thing to accept such a favor at your hands. I am the highest of your *employés*, and it is my duty to set the young men a good example."

So saying Mr. Cooper went back to his desk. But Webster, watching him by stealth, saw his face contract with a nervous spasm. He coughed, bit his lips, tried to swallow something in his tbroat, but did not speak another word.

Webster rubbed his hands and whistled "Yankee Doodle." A little time afterwards he went to the office door. Cooper followed him with a wistful look in his sad face, shook his head once or twice, sighed, blew his nose, and went back to his desk without saying anything.

He became an old and broken man from the day misfortune fell upon him. He still walked with a firm step, but he stooped as he had never done before. His auburn hair was streaked with grey and grew thin over his temples. Before the year was out, all those who knew him saw his health was giving way.

Webster was not much surprised, therefore, at finding one morning that the place of his bookkeeper was vacant, and at receiving a little note, written formally in the third person, informing him that Mr. Cooper was prevented by slight indisposition from appearing in the counting-room that morning, and begged Mr. Webster to excuse him.

Webster set out at once for the little house inhabited by Cooper. He found him sitting in the veranda, fully dressed, holding in his hand a handsomely bound volume of some English classic. He rose, but with difficulty, and in answer to the American's anxious inquiries about his health, replied that he was a little weak, and that the doctor had ordered him not to go out that day. Still there was little the matter with him. Beside him on the table stood a large vial of medicine, and punctually as the clock struck ten he took two spoonfuls of its contents, gravely remarking as he did so, —

"I have never been able to understand the sense of the custom physicians have of employing a spoonful as a measure. There are tea-spoons and table-spoons of such different capacity."

The next few days passed, but Cooper was still absent from his desk. Webster went regularly to see him every evening and spent about an hour with him. The sick man talked of the prospects, of the silk-crop, of the tea-market, of the quantity of opium imported from India, of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, and Samuel Johnson. Of himself he never said more than a few words. The physician, whom Webster took pains to see, gave no encouragement as to his recovery.

"I greatly fear," he said, "that our poor friend is dying of a broken heart."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Webster almost angrily. "Why should his heart break? He has lost his fortune, and he still owes some thousands of dollars; but

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surely he must have too much courage to let a trifle like that take such a hold upon him. Why, I had lost two fortunes before I came out to Yokohama, and I did not give way on that account."

"You are different," answered the doctor. "It would go harder with Cooper than with most men. He has changed completely in the past year. He has had an excellent constitution, but he has lost all his strength; he is an old man now. He does not suffer from any definite ailment, but he is wasting away. I know him better than any of my patients, for even when he was perfectly well he made a principle of consulting me every spring, when I ordered him some harmless medicines. I have watched him carefully for some months past, and I fear there is hardly a hope of his recovery."

Next day when Webster paid his usual visit he found the patient in his bed. The kind-hearted American sat down beside him, and after having talked of a variety of subjects, said abruptly, —

"Cooper, my old friend, have you any thing on your mind concerning money matters?"

"Nothing, whatever," answered the sick man. "My creditors have given me more time to pay my debts than I hope I shall find necessary. I expect to be able to settle all I owe at the expiration of my contract with you."

"Come, Cooper! Won't you have the money right away?"

"No, thank you, my dear Mr. Webster. You are very kind. I am greatly obliged to you. Is not the mail from Shanghai due to-day? — Thank you sincerely, Mr. Webster."

Webster saw clearly that Cooper did not wish to accept what he had offered, and did not know how to make him look at it in a right way.

"Very well — as you please," he said in a half-sulky tone, "but recollect to call on me if you should want anything."

Cooper merely bowed his head.

"Yes," said Webster, going back to the question he had asked him; "the steamer from Shanghai with the European mail is expected in to-day."

She arrived during the afternoon, and brought a letter from Erasmus Benson to Cooper, saying that in about two weeks after he received it, he might look for him in Japan. The two weeks passed away quickly. By this time Cooper rarely left his room. He sat propped up in bed, his thin, transparent, shrivelled hands lying motionless on the coverlet.

CHAPTER III.

It was a beautiful evening in September. The air was mild and the windows of the sick-room were thrown open. The leaves could be heard rustling on the old trees that surrounded the small house that Cooper lived in, and from the distance came the voices of the Japanese boatmen, passing under the steep cliff in which the villa stood. In the next house a girl was singing, accompanying herself on the *koto*, a species of Japanese harp. The sounds all blended into a sweet and peaceful lullaby. A lassitude that was quite free from pain stole over Cooper, and he closed his eyes. Suddenly he heard along the road a horse approaching rapidly. It stopped, and a moment after the Japanese domestic entered to inquire if his master would see Mr. Benson.

"If he will have the kindness to come in," said Mr. Cooper.

"I am very sorry not to find you well," said Benson, approaching the bed. "How are you to-day, Mr. Cooper?"

"I am a little weak," answered the sick man. "But how are you, yourself? Let me look at you."

He examined his young friend attentively, and then remarked with a pleased smile, —

"You look just as you ought to do. I am satisfied."

Benson had seen Webster before coming to visit Cooper, and was resolved to help him in spite of himself.

"Mr. Cooper," he said, in the tone of a man who will not be interrupted till he has said all he has to say, "excuse me for speaking about your affairs without your permission. I am now a rich man. I can do what I please with the fortune my father has just left me. My object in returning to Yokohama is to make investments. Mr. Cooper, I know you have some creditors; permit me to become the only one. Let me buy up your obligations. Do me this favor, Mr. Cooper — Cooper, treat me as a friend. I offer you nothing but what one man of honor may accept from another. This will be simply an advance which you will soon repay. I can make it without the smallest inconvenience — Mr. Cooper, do not refuse me!"

Cooper did not move. Erasmus saw by the moonlight the large tears dropping from his eyelids.

"Mr. Cooper," he said, "tell me how much you owe."

"Erasmus Benson," said Cooper, in a muffled voice, "you are ——" He paused

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as if seeking an adequate expression. "You are a good man, Erasmus Benson!"

"Mr. Cooper, how much do you owe?"

"Seven thousand five hundred and fifty dollars, with interest at six per cent. from the first of April of this year."

"Then permit me to advance you that sum at six per cent."

"What security can I offer you?"

"Give me half your salary with James Webster & Co. He wants to make a new agreement with you. In consideration of the value of your services he offers you a salary of five thousand dollars. You see you will repay me in three years' time."

"That does not include the interest."

"You can give me a note for the interest if you like, although it seems to me unnecessary."

"I can perfectly well save three thousand dollars a year. I will pay it to you quarterly."

"Just as you think best, my dear Mr. Cooper."

The sick man remained silent for some minutes, absorbed in his own thoughts, and then he repeated, —

"Erasmus Benson, you are a good man!"

The next day found Benson seated at a table copying half a dozen times a letter addressed by Cooper to his creditors; duplicates of the original one which Cooper had drawn up for him.

Cooper had risen from his bed and was seated in a large armchair. When the letters were written and Cooper had read and signed them, Benson went into the town, and remained absent till midday. He then returned, bringing six bills of exchange on the Oriental Bank of London, to the amount of seventy-seven hundred and eighty-six dollars; the exact sum Cooper owed with interest calculated up to October 1, the probable date of the arrival of these letters in England.

Cooper signed the bills after Benson had indorsed them, and then asked to see the note in which he pledged himself to pay Benson the sum of seventy-seven hundred and eighty-six dollars with six per cent. interest in twelve equal payments at intervals of three months.

"Webster will bring it you this evening, before dinner," said Benson."

Cooper professed himself satisfied by this assurance, and in a voice which grew weaker and weaker, began to talk about "old England," and of their mutual friends.

He did not again allude to business, but from time to time he took up the letters lying near him on the table, and after reading their addresses, let them drop from his hand.

Webster arrived about six o'clock. When he had greeted Cooper, he drew from his pocket a large sheet of blue paper which was evidently of importance from the red tape which tied it, and said, —

"Here is the important document. Sign it at once, my friend, and then put all this business out of your mind. When this is done you will have nothing to think about but getting well."

So saying, he handed the document to Cooper with a pen. Cooper took the paper, but quietly motioned the pen away.

"Move my chair nearer to the light," he said feebly. "I cannot see."

Webster and Benson looked at each other. Then they endeavored to satisfy the sick man's fancy.

"It has always been one of my principles," continued Cooper gravely, "never to sign any paper without having first made myself master of its contents."

He held the paper so as to catch the light, and began to read it over. It had been drawn up according to custom by a lawyer, and contained certain expressions and sonorous phrases only to be met with in the language of the law. The watchers saw by the movement of Cooper's lips that he was reading each word to himself without uttering a sound.

A profound silence reigned in the room for some minutes, then Cooper said, —

"It is all right. A pen, if you please, Mr. Webster."

They gave him one. He took it in his left hand, and passing it awkwardly into his right, made a great effort and signed in large letters with a trembling hand, ROBERT E. COOPER, JR.

His hand dropped by his side. The pen slid from his fingers, and fell upon the floor. He let himself sink back in his chair, and gave a feeble sigh. A smile of indescribable content spread over his features, and he murmured: "It is all right now — all settled. You will not forget my letters for the post? I cannot go out today. I am a little tired — I should like to rest."

Then came a deep silence which neither Benson nor Webster dared to break. It was a solemn silence in presence of the dead.

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From The Contemporary Review.

ORIGINALITY OF THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

NO man can study the signs of the times without being impressed with the conviction that there is a radical difference between the religious scepticism of the nineteenth and the religious scepticism of the eighteenth century. It is not the difference between better or worse, between more or less, between higher or lower; it is the difference of an opposite standpoint. The scepticism of the eighteenth century proceeded from the belief that the contents of revelation were antagonistic to the dictates of nature; the scepticism of the nineteenth century proceeds from the belief that the contents of revelation are simply the embodiment of human ideas. Nothing can be more remarkable than the effect which this transformation has produced upon the science of apologetics. It has been required not only to adopt a new line of defence, but to resort to that very mode of warfare which it had deprecated in its enemy. The English deists of last century set revelation in antagonism to nature, and it became the office of the science of apologetics to establish the harmony between them. The German philosophy of our age has made revelation the poetic form of natural reason, and it has become the office of apologetic science to discover a fundamental difference between the natural and the revealed. The task of the former period was to find a meeting-place betwixt nature and the supernatural; the task of the present day is to find an idea in the snpernatural to which the natural mind of man did not attain. The book wanted for the England of the eighteenth century was pre-eminently a Butler's "Analogy," a treatise to establish the points of agreement in the divine and human records. The book wanted by the England of our age has not yet appeared, but when it does appear it will be a treatise whose central aim and object will be the opposite of Butler's "Analogy"—the establishment of the proposition that the divine record is not merely the latest flower of human thought, not merely the last effort of human speculation, but something which was in advance of the humanity of its own time, and something which is still in advance of the humanity of every age.

Is there an original element then in that which we call the Christian revelation? Is there to be found in it something which could not have originated in the times which gave it birth, something which did not originate in any previous state of culture? Does it contain any representation which goes beyond the thought of its own period, or any aspiration which transcends the yearnings of a pre-Christian world? That is the all-important question to the apologist of the nineteenth century, for on the answer to that depends the answer to the question whether Christianity be a history or a myth, whether the record of the New Testament Scriptures be a record of historical occurrences or merely the poetic garniture which has clothed the aspirations slumbering in the heart of heathendom. The former is the view of Christian supernaturalism; the latter is the distinct averment of that form of scepticism which distinguishes the nineteenth century, and which receives the name of the mythical theory. The mythical theory has not mistaken the nature of that problem with which it has to contend; it has fully recognized that in order to prove the mythical character of Christianity it must prove the existence of Christianity previous to the historical Christ. It has encountered two enemies on the threshold, and it has devoted all its energies to their discomfiture. It first attacked the origin of the Gospels in the criticism of Frederic Baur of Tübingen, and endeavored to account for their production by the conflict of Judaic and Christian tendencies. But it found another adversary lurking behind the Gospels; the written narrative contained the statement of outward events. To account for the origin of the Gospels was not enough; the mythical theory must explain the origin of the Gospel history. This, also, it has attempted to do, and in the historical researches of David Strauss it has striven to find for the events of the New Testament a place and an origin in the mythical expectations of the Old. But even if we conceded that Baur and Strauss have accomplished their object, it seems to have escaped the mythical theory that a third enemy still remains. There is not only a Gospel and a Gospel history to be accounted for; behind both there is a Gospel portraiture, and a portraiture without which neither the outward acts nor the written record could ever have found a place in human thought. Could we satisfactorily explain on purely human principles the origin of the evangelic manuscripts, could we satisfactorily account on purely natural grounds for the successful propagation of the facts which these narratives record, we should still be confronted by a more formidable antagonist than all in the existence of the character of Christ.

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We do not here contend that this existence was actually lived, we do not assume that the character attributed to the founder of Christianity was in veritable form seen amongst men; to do so would be to beg the whole question. We take our stand upon an undoubted fact, a fact admitted by all schools of thought, orthodox and heterodox, supernatural and mythical — that there is before our eyes the delineation of a moral character which professes to embody the essence of the Christian life. We have here a portraiture, whether it be an ideal portraiture or the description of an actual life is not here the question: the sole question is, to what does this portraiture amount? Is it reducible to the natural yearnings of heathendom? is it the flower of human speculation? is it the latest fruit of the pagan tree? If so it becomes only another argument for the mythical theory. But if, on the other hand, it should be found to be an original portraiture, if on examination it should be seen to transcend alike the Jewish and the heathen yearning, if it should be recognized to contain an element for which there was no preparation in the pre-Christian world, its existence must furnish a strong presumption against the very basis of that theory. Such is the question we intend to consider. We assume nothing, we use no materials which the mythicist himself would not admit to be legitimate. We do not take for granted that the founder of Christianity ever existed, we do not take for granted that the records of his existence are either authentic or genuine. We simply recognize the fact that there is a narrative before us, and that in this narrative there is delineated the portrait of a life. We address ourselves solely and entirely to the examination of that portrait. We consider not whence it came, we inquire not who painted it, we only ask whether it was painted in old colors or in new; and according to our answer of that question we seek to estimate the force of the mythical theory.

There is one preliminary remark which should not be omitted in a study of this subject; we mean the unity of the Christian portraiture. Of the four evangelical narratives which depict it, the first three, or synoptic Gospels, present a considerable difference from the fourth; there is a difference of standpoint, a difference of style, and for the most part a difference in the local scene of their enactment. But beneath these points of variation there is a more essential bond of agreement: the four Gospels portray one Christ. It is not too much to say that if we confine our attention to the mental features of the portrait we shall find the closest parallel between the Christ of the Synoptics and the Christ of John — a parallel which is all the more striking from the difference of their outward surroundings. The words are generally dissimilar, but it is the same being who speaks them; the acts are frequently different, but it is the same character that performs them. If in the Synoptics he blesses the poor in spirit, he washes in the fourth Gospel the disciples' feet. If in the Synoptics he blesses the hungering and thirsting after righteousness, he satisfies in the fourth Gospel the spiritual thirst of the woman of Samaria. If in the Synoptics he blesses the pure in heart, he reveals himself in the fourth Gospel to the guileless Nathanael. In both he speaks to the multitude in parable, though in the former it is the parable of word, in the latter the parable of deed. In both he manifests the consciousness of theocratic power, that authoritative speech which is more remarkable from the absence of any physical display. In both he looks forward to death as that which is to crown his mission and consummate his plan. The Christ of the Synoptics is seen for the most part in the works and in the walks of practical life, ministering to temporal necessities and teaching the duties of every day; the Christ of the fourth Gospel is chiefly beheld on the mountain-tops of contemplation, communicating to his more initiated disciples the deeper mysteries of the kingdom. But while undoubtedly this is the general characteristic of the two representations, the unity of portraiture appears in this, that the distinctive expression of each breaks forth occasionally in the other. The fourth Gospel is generally contemplative, yet there is nothing in the Synoptics more practical than the miracle of Cana in Galilee. The Synoptics are pre-eminently practical, yet there is nothing in the fourth Gospel more mystical than the passage in which Christ declares the reciprocal knowledge of the Father and the Son, or the verses in which he pronounces the blessing on Peter, or the expressions with which he calls to himself the laboring and heavy-laden. The existence of such unity amidst diversity is alone sufficient to establish the fact that before the minds of the disciples there stood one common image, the portraiture of one character, the delineation of the same moral features, the exhibition of the same Christ.

We pass now to consider the witness of

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this portraiture to itself, and this will be best seen by considering its relation to the contemporary world around it. At the time when Christianity came upon the scene the world was mentally divided into two sections — the Jew and the Gentile. In the mouth of an Israelite the names denoted no more than a difference of nationality, but we now see that they involved a difference of intellectual standpoint. Let us first briefly observe the relation which the character of Christ presents to the nature of Judaism. The mental characteristic of Judaism was in its one-sidedness. Of all systems that ever existed it was perhaps the least capable of eclecticism. As long as it remained an independent existence it was unable to contemplate more than one side of an idea. Its earnestness was the earnestness of fanaticism, its reverence for truth was the reverence for a possession which it believed to be exclusively its own. Yet it was from this intellectually narrow soil that there emanated the most many-sided conception which has ever proceeded from any age of history. From the heart of a people whose notion of absolute truth was the idea of a truth absolutely committed to one nation, there came forth a life or the conception of a life whose distinguishing feature was its cosmopolitanism, and whose leading characteristic was its capacity for assimilation. If we open the New Testament narrative without any dogmatic bias, if we approach it merely as spectators and in the absence of all individual interests, we shall find that even on such a purely human view we are brought at once into contact with what may be called a human anomaly. We are confronted by a portraiture whose distinction it is to combine in highest form all other distinctions, whose separation from the rest of humanity is its ability to unite those elements whose division has been the ground of separation. The life of Christ, as recorded in the Evangelists, is a life which reaches its unity by assimilation of contrary elements. We have the statement of a supernatural birth and of a continued supernatural sustenance side by side with the natural growth and development of a human soul. We have the practical workshop of Nazareth in almost immediate conjunction with the mystical solitudes of the wilderness. We have the logical acuteness which can detect the subtleties of Pharisaic sophistry in strict combination with that intuitional child-life which sees the kingdom of God. We have that rare capacity of moral sympathy which can at once turn aside from rejoicing with the joyful to find an equal power in sorrowing with the sad. We have that vast outlook which can contemplate the end of all things, immediately succeeded by that minute particularity which can dictate the precepts for the hour. We have the life which at one moment seems at home amid the crowd, and which the next appears to have reached its ideal in solitude. His all-absorbing desire is the spiritual elevation of humanity, yet he surpasses all philanthropists in his provision for the daily temporal wants of men. He is boundlessly tolerant; he forbids not the good work of those who are working from an inferior motive to that of his personal service. Yet he displays something which in such minds is rarely to be found — a tolerance even for intolerance; he will not suffer the fire from heaven to descend upon the village of Samaria which, through the force of religious bigotry, has closed its gates against him. He is pervaded with the love of purity, yet he claims a special power of extending forgiveness to the impure, and exemplifies that power in a series of instances whose consistency is never broken. The conception, in short, which the delineation of Christ's character introduced into the world is that idea which Paul has felicitously expressed in the words "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." It is the conception of a spirituality which, just because it is the highest type of life, comprehends within itself all the lower forms of existence; which because it is sacred includes also the secular, and because it is high stretches down to the minute and lowly. This, we say, is the thought which the delineation of Christ's portraiture has presented to the world, and which has long since become the world's possession. Yet we must not forget that this thought was not always commonplace; least of all must we forget that it was foreign to the nation which produced it. It was of all other thoughts that most remote from the Jewish mind; and when the Jewish mind beheld it, it beheld it with aversion and loathing. Even the recorders of the evangelical narrative give indications that they are depicting a portrait the full beauty of whose expression they do not as yet see. No one will suspect Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Stuart Mill of an undue predilection for dogmatic Christianity, yet both Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Stuart Mill have recorded in the strongest terms their conviction that the portrait of the master was above its Jewish delineators. Strauss himself seems

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latterly to have had this truth forced upon him. In his later "Life of Jesus," intended for the German people, he appears to have found that the character of the founder himself was precisely that element which could not be resolved into the legendary expectations of the Jewish nation, and therefore he is forced to seek for that character a source outside of Judaism. He says that the nature of Christ contains two elements, the one Judaic and the other Gentile; the former derived from birth and education, the latter the product of natural disposition; the former holding him to the institutions of the past, the latter impelling him onward into sympathy with the claims of the future. In this statement there is already conceded one-half of the argument against the mythical theory. If the natural instincts of Judaism are unable to explain the existence of Christ's portraiture, the natural instincts of Judaism must have been unable to create that portraiture. In admitting the originality of Christ's character with reference to the Jewish nation, Strauss has virtually admitted that the Jewish nation of itself could neither have imagined nor constructed the central figure of the Christian history. He has virtually arrived at the conclusion that if these fishermen of Galilee were the originators of this sublime conception, they must have originated it, not by reason of their Judaism, but in spite of their Judaism; not because they were fishermen of Galilee, but because they had transcended the limits of all Palestine; not because they were imbued with the legendary spirit of their nation, but because they had caught a breath of that Gentile atmosphere which was everywhere diffused around them.

Turn we, then, to this other side of the question. Judaism, in the judgment of the mythical theory itself, has been pronounced inadequate to account for the creation of the Christian portraiture, and the mythical theory has fallen back on the support of the Gentile element. But is the Gentile element more adequate than the Jewish? Does the portrait of Christ, as we now behold it, present any real analogy to the aspirations of heathendom? The heroes of all nations, as embodied in their works of fiction, will be found to be simply the expression of the national idea. Is the portrait of Christ the expression of the heathen ideal? That is the question to which the subject narrows itself. The first point of inquiry is, What are the ideals of heathendom? As they appear chronologically on the page of history, they may, we think, be reduced to four — physical strength, intellectual power, æsthetic culture, and regal majesty. Let us glance at each of these.

The earliest historical ideal of heathendom is the worship of physical strength; it finds its peculiar sphere in the Asiatic continent. Mr. Buckle, in his "History of European Civilization," has mentally divided the human race into two great sections: in the one, man has power over nature; in the other, nature has power over man; the former is the characteristic of Europe, the latter of Asia. We believe the distinction to be at once historical and philosophical. As we survey the great systems of Asiatic worship, we are impressed beyond all other things with the conviction that we are in the presence of a life where the aspect of nature is more reverenced than the movements of mind, where the individual sinks into insignificance in the contemplation of an outward universe, whose vast extent and changeless duration contrast so painfully with the frailty of his human years. We believe it was this conviction which originated the Brahminical trinity. Men looked upon the process of vegetation as a continuous circle of birth, growth, and decay in order to be born again, and they gave to each step of the process the names of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. To the philosophic minds of India, these names doubtless came to have a more spiritual significance, but to the mass of the people their original application remained. Nor, if we consult the sacred books of the Hindus, are we less impressed with the Asiatic reverence for the elements of physical strength. Perhaps in nothing does this ideal more prominently appear than in the tendency to indulge in numerical calculations. As we read the "Vedas" we are absolutely appalled by the vastness of the dimensions and the enormous length of the duration assigned to natural objects. We hear in one place the earth described as a plain, whose diameter is one hundred and seventy million miles; we read in another of mountains sixty miles high; we are told in a third of a period of duration extending to four thousand millions of millions of years. Such calculations defy the power of fancy itself, and the imagination grows giddy in the very act of contemplating them. Yet the straining after these vast numerical proportions had its root, not in poetic imagination, but in a very prosaic conviction of the nothingness of human life. Man beheld nature in its

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most powerful and gigantic aspects, and therefore to him the physically powerful and the permanently changeless became the ideal of perfection. The outward universe appeared invulnerable by time, and it was therefore an object of reverence; the individual life was transitory and fading, and it was therefore an object of contempt. Hence, in the Asiatic view, it became the religious duty of the individual to yield up his petty being to the abiding life of nature, to desire no life but its life, no immortality but that which it enjoyed. It was this belief, implicitly contained in Brahminism, which ultimately broke forth with such startling power in the creed of Gautama Buddha. That creed, apparently the inculcation of a spiritual sacrifice, was in reality a homage paid to the powers of nature. The individual was enjoined to offer up his individuality; but why? Not because unselfishness in itself was noble, but because individuality in itself was worthless. Man's highest life was the loss of his personality, for in the loss of that personality he became a part of the great universe from which he had emerged and from which it had been his misery ever to have separated. He was unhappy because he had striven to live in independent personality; he must continue to be unhappy as long as he continued to desire such personality: if he would find rest, if he would attain to freedom from care and sorrow, he must obtain freedom from the sense of individual existence, and give back the elements of his being into union with the elements of nature. Such is the religious ideal of Buddhism, such for the most part is the religious ideal of the Asiatic mind. If in the worship of the Parsee its full force was broken,— if then, for the first time, men began to discover that nature was not altogether beautiful, and that she enclosed a night amid the sunshine, it was still from nature alone that they expected deliverance from the night, and their highest hope of unclouded happiness rested in the contemplation of the strength of material power.

The second ideal of heathendom is that of intellectual power, and it finds its fitting representative in the Platonic mind. In one sense Platonism is the revolt from, in another sense it is the ally of, the Asiatic ideal. It is the revolt from it because here, for the first time, we find the emergence of Mr. Buckle's European type of intellect; nature has lost its dominion over man, and man has begun to claim his dominion over nature. Yet from another point of view, Platonism is the ally of its adversary, for here, as in the Asiatic cultus, the interests of individual life are again lost and overshadowed. The ideal of Platonism is that of an intellectual aristocracy, for whose sake alone, and by whose laws alone, the world exists. The republic of Plato bears a strong analogy to the political Utopia of Mr. Carlyle, with one prominent point of contrast. The Greek philosopher and the seer of Chelsea both start with the removal of artificial inequalities, yet both are strongly convinced that, even were men made equal, they could not remain so. With each, democracy is the starting-point; with each, continued democracy is an impossibility. In the view of both there is a principle of natural selection, by which the intellectual come to the surface, and, by the sheer force of intellect, rule as kings over the masses; but here Plato and Carlyle part asunder. Carlyle would never dream of deifying intellectual force, or any other force, apart from its power of practical work; he values it not for what it is, but for what it can do; his intellectual man dominates the masses because through his intellect he is able to reach the masses. With Plato it is all the reverse. His intellectual man comes to the surface, not that he may carry down into the depths a breath of the upper atmosphere, but in order that he may remain upon the surface, and keep the depths forever beneath him. The Platonist looked with contempt upon the interests of individual men, in so far as they were individual. For the common passions which actuated mankind he had no sympathy; for the common emotions which animated mankind he had no room. In his Utopia the intellect was everything; it was at once the object of contemplation and the faculty by which it was contemplated. The duty of man was meditation; the object of man's meditation was himself. But if he would meditate aright, he must dwell upon that which was universal in the human race. He must disregard the individual peculiarities of the mass; he must withdraw himself from the petty interests of the hour; he must grasp the highest type of humanity, and keep his thoughts on that which was independent of all times and of all places. The masses of mankind struggled for the wants of material nature; the Platonist must despise material nature, and must welcome any material wants which forced the mind inward upon itself. The masses of mankind had family ties and affections; the Platonist must abstract himself from all

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such limitations, and view himself as the member of a wider brotherhood. The masses of mankind were prone to the love of individual beings, but the individual form was fleeting and perishing; the Platonist must fix his affections upon that which would not pass away — not on the individual being, but on those qualities of the individual being which he shared in common with the race of humanity, and possessed as the realization of a universal type of excellence. Platonic love was not the love of virtuous men, but the love of their virtues; not the affection for noble hearts, but the admiration for that which made them noble. The soul beheld nothing but its own shadow, saw nothing but abstractions, pondered nothing but qualities, and lived for nothing but the emancipation from individual desires.

Meantime, in the heart of the masses themselves there had been growing up an ideal of a very different kind — an ideal which, for the sake of brevity, we may call æsthetic culture. Strictly speaking, the name is too wide for that which it designates, and covers a larger area than it is meant to enclose. We here use it, however, in its most limited sense, to indicate the perception of the beautiful in the forms of outward nature and the forms of the sensuous imagination. At the very moment when nature, in its individual material aspects, was being discarded by the Platonic mind as a hindrance to mental development, it was being embraced by the popular mind of Greece as a source of elevation and power. The vision of the beautiful was to the masses what the contemplation of the abstract was to the philosophers — a perception of that which revealed God, and a meditation on that which was immutable and eternal. They found in the forms of nature the revelation of celestial harmonies, and were kindled into a love of poetry which became to them the synonym for a religion. Nor let it be thought that in this love of the beautiful in nature the popular mind of Greece was altogether untrue to its European culture. If it was opposed to Platonism in refusing to depreciate matter, it was equally opposed to the Asiatic servitude which bowed down before matter. When men come to recognize the beauty of nature, they have ceased to fear nature; for the recognition of beauty is the sense of love, and love is incompatible with fear. The Brahmin had beheld in the universe only a gigantic strength before which he quailed; the Greek saw in it an insinuating charm which invited him to approach and tempted him to commune. His worship was absolutely untouched by terror; it was more like the worship of the poet than the adoration of the humble saint. Indeed, Hegel has advanced the strange theory that the Greek adoration of nature proceeded from a sense of human superiority. Man, he says, had arrived at the conviction that the life of nature was foreign to his life, and that his life was nobler than that of nature. Accordingly he sought to clothe nature in his own attire, to invest her with those qualities of mind and soul which he found existing within himself, to crown her with that glory which constituted the essence of his own being. Those beauties which he worshipped in the outer universe were precisely the beauties which he felt within him; he invested the inanimate with the semblance of the life which he himself lived and breathed, in order that he might lift the world of nature into a seeming equality with the world of spirit. If this view of Hegel be true, we have here, even in the most concrete form of European thought, the presence of the distinctive European element; man in the life of the mass, as well as man in the life of the philosopher, had arrived at the conviction of his superiority to nature, and claimed his legitimate place in the universe of being.

If this Hegelian explanation have any foundation in fact, it will help to explain the transition from the popular ideal of Greece into the seemingly opposite ideal of Rome. The first impression awakened by that transition is indeed a sense of contrast. If Greece idealized the soft, the refined, the beautiful, Rome worshipped the strong, the stern, the fearful; that which she sought beyond all other things was to realize in actual life the power of humanity. Yet, according to the foregoing explanation, this stern Roman ideal had already been growing up in the very heart of the effeminate Grecian mythology; man had there been preparing for a kingdom. Rome was the establishment of that kingdom, or, at least, it was the attempt to establish it. It was the effort to raise an empire which should never be moved, and in whose eternity and immutability men might recognize the object of their religion. In this one particular there was a strange analogy between the otherwise contrasted types of the Roman and the Jew. Both looked for the establishment of a sacred empire upon the basis of physical power, though the motive of the Jew was religious, the motive of the Roman worldly. Both contemplated the extension of that

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empire to the ends of the habitable world, and in a certain sense both were successful in their aim, though the Roman realized it literally, the Jew only metaphorically and in a way he did not desire. Both wrought out their design through the medium of outward conquest, though with the Roman the conquest was an end, with the Jew only the road to something higher. Thus united amidst their difference, the Roman and the Jew have never been altogether separate through the whole course of history. In the outward legalism of mediæval worship, in the struggles of the papacy after temporal dominion, above all in that vast conception of a holy Roman empire which has never ceased to dominate the Teutonic mind, we see the influence of a partly pre-Christian culture, and recognize in one united aim the theocratic aspirations of the Roman and the Jew.

We have now briefly examined the four ideals of paganism — the efforts to find perfection in physical strength, intellectual power, æsthetic culture, and regal majesty. The next question which arises is this, does any one of these ideals, or do all of them united, suffice to explain that Christian conception which is the essence of the gospel narrative? If the character of Christ, as there delineated, can be referred to any of them singly or accounted for by a combination of them all, we shall then be forced to admit that there is nothing in that character above the power of human creation. But if, on the other hand, the gospel conception of Christ refuses to coalesce with these ideals, if it shows on many points not only an important difference from them but a positive antagonism to them, if the longer we compare them we are the more impressed with the belief that they belong to separate orders of thought, we shall be driven to the conclusion that nothing in heathendom with which we are acquainted was adequate to create the Christian portraiture. Now, we think it will be evident even to the most superficial reflection that the conception of Christ, as delineated by the Evangelists, so far from being a sublimation of the ideals of heathendom, is a direct and positive reversal of them. Let us begin with that which we found to be characteristic of the Asiatic mind — the reverence for physical strength. Nothing can be more clear on the very surface of the Gospel narrative than that the standard of heroism there contemplated is precisely of the opposite nature. The individuality of the Brahmin had sunk into nothingness before his admiration of that active power which he beheld in the world of nature; the individuality of the Christian rose into moral significance in the presence of a contrary thought — the belief that the highest strength was that passive power which could sustain physical weakness. The object which the Christian idealized was not so much a life that could *do* great things as a life that could *bear* great things, not so much a power to work as a power to suffer, not so much a strength that shone forth in outward majesty as a strength that manifested itself in supporting outward meanness. This is indeed the distinctive and characteristic element in the Christian ideal; it permeates the whole narrative like an atmosphere. The eye, in the fourth Gospel, is summoned to rest upon one who voluntarily and deliberately exchanges a divine for a human form, refuses to grasp the empire of Godhead in order that he may wear the garb of a servant, divests himself of an element of life which is natural to him, in order that he may incorporate an element of death which is foreign to his nature, empties his omniscience into a human knowledge, his infinitude into a finite form, his eternity into a temporal duration, his power of universal dominion into a power of absolute service. The narrative is constructed in such a way that in proportion as the human limitations cluster around the life of the Master, the reader is made more and more conscious of the Master's essential majesty, sees his strength just where he is physically most weak, and beholds his spiritual triumph precisely on that field where he is physically vanquished — the death of the cross. It has been said that the theological development of the fourth Gospel is in advance of the first three, and in a systematic sense we believe this to be true; they approach the figure of the Master from different sides of the landscape, yet in the view of both the figure of the Master is the same. If John emphasizes the divine, and the Synoptists give more prominence to the human Christ, we must remember that the ideal of the human contained in the Synoptists is precisely identical with John's ideal of the divine; in both it is the portraiture of a life whose strength is its power of service. The key-note of Matthew, Mark, and Luke is the majesty of a human nature which has lost all thought of its own majesty: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The most perfect form of humanity which this world has ever seen was that which wore the

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garb of human servitude; such from beginning to end is the thought of the Synoptists. Theirs is the worship of a strength which is strong by becoming weak, the reverence of a life which is individually great by losing its own individuality and living in the lives of others. They find heroism precisely in those qualities whose opposites had been the worship of the Asiatic intellect. They assign a kingdom to poverty of spirit, an increase of knowledge to the increase of sorrow, an earthly empire to the power of gentleness, a perfect satisfaction to the hungering and thirsting of the soul. They see a higher triumph in the peace-maker than in the war-maker, a superior strength in the power of forgiveness to that which dwells in the capacity for vengeance. They find the most promising subjects of the new kingdom precisely in those whom the Asiatic intellect would have passed over — in the laboring, the heavy-laden, the consciously weak, and poor, and needy. We need not say that an ideal such as this was the antagonist and the subversion of the worship of physical power. So far from being created by that worship, it could only begin to exist in its decay and death. It grew out of another order of thought, it was the product of a contrary element, and the element which produced it was foreign, not only to the mind of Judea, but to the entire genius of the Asiatic intellect.

If we pass now to the Platonic ideal, we shall find ourselves equally unable to discover in the natural growth of heathendom an explanation of the Christian portraiture. The Platonist, as we have seen, aspired to the consciousness of intellectual power; it was the sense of this intellectual superiority which constituted his sense of empire over the common herd of men. It is not too much to say that in this aspect also the ideal which floated before the mind of the Christian was a complete reversal of heathen aspirations. The founder of Christianity is also contemplated as recognizing degrees of mental superiority, and as assigning to such degrees of superiority a proportionate place in his kingdom. But the mental superiority desired by the Christian founder is not that of intellectual self-consciousness, but something which as nearly as possible is the antithesis of such a feeling. The condition of membership in Christ's kingdom is the death of self-consciousness, intellectual or moral. He demands as a preliminary requisite the possession of a child-life. He insists upon the simplicity, the spontaneousness, the absence of self-analysis, the unconsciousness of all power, and the ignorance of all merit, which are the essential attributes of the spirit of childhood. He declares that the revelation which he came to communicate appeals, not to those faculties which are developed in the few, but precisely to that part of our nature which potentially exists in all men: "I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." He affirms that while there must be degrees of superiority, the heights to which a man rises will be proportionate to his unconsciousness of his own elevation; and he illustrates the thought by acting the very striking parable of placing a little child in the midst of the disciples. He makes the highest of moral qualities not self-reliance, but that which is its contrary — faith, the trusting in another. They who would follow him have to leave their all. A man's all is not necessarily his property; or, to speak more correctly, his property is not necessarily his outward possessions; it is whatever he believes to be the source of his peculiar strength. To become a follower of the Master was therefore to relinquish whatever a man had grasped as the strong point of his nature. It was to subside from self-reliance into absolute dependence, from conscious strength into conscious weakness, from the walk by sight into the walk by faith. It was to forget those points of intellectual superiority which may have separated him from his brethren, and to lay hold of those points of human insufficiency which by one common sense of need linked his individual life to the lives of all mankind; the ideal of Christianity was the death of the ideal of Platonism.

Nor can the conception of Christ's character be referred with any greater plausibility to the third standard of heathen perfection. That standard was, as we have seen, the attempt to reach æsthetic culture by the contemplation of natural and physical beauty. It is a notorious fact that to the mind of the first Christians those beauties which form the prerogative of the poet and the artist were rather objects of aversion than of contemplation. It is quite certain that they believed this special form of æsthetic culture to be at variance with their religion, and it is equally certain that they were wrong in so believing. Yet the very fact that the first Christians should have conceived such an impression indicates that the religion of Christ must have introduced them to an-

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other phase of æsthetic culture. The truth is that Christianity had brought into the world a new estimate of the beautiful by the introduction of a new law of association. It had succeeded in uniting the thought of symmetry with that which hitherto had been unsymmetrical, in attaching the idea of harmony to that which hitherto had been unharmonious. When Paul said that he gloried in the cross, he expressed more than the common faith of Christendom; he indicated the common assent of Christendom to a new association of the beautiful — an association which to the heathen mind appeared the wildest of paradoxes — the union of glory and pain. Christ was himself the personification of the new æsthetic ideal. He unites in one act the hitherto opposite elements of glory and of shame. He looks forward to the hour of deepest human frailty as the hour in which the Son of Man should be glorified. He declares on the road to Emmaus that the disharmony was an essential part of the beauty, that Christ must needs have suffered that he might enter into his glory. He stands under the shadow of the cross, and bequeaths to the world his peace; he confronts the spectacle of death, and speaks of the fulness of his joy. Nay, this æsthetic connection between the cross and the crown, between the Calvary and the Olivet of human life, is carried out to a still further length by the minds of his disciples. As if to find the longest possible bridge between the extremes of human thought, they actually rise to the conception of Christ as the high priest in heaven. They are not afraid to enter within the veil, they are not afraid to introduce within the veil the thought of sacrifice and the memory of human pain; heaven and earth never met so closely together as in that association of sacrificial sorrow with spiritual joy. The apologetic importance of this association it is hardly possible to overrate; it is, if we mistake not, that which above all other things stamps the character of Christ with its impress of originality. The founder of Buddhism has been thought to come nearer to him than any other ideal of antiquity; but it is just here that the founder of Buddhism is further behind him than all. Buddha longed for death, and taught his followers to long for death; but why? Because the sufferings of life were too strong for him. The notion of a world redeemed through a cross, and perfected through suffering, was at the last possible remove either from his teaching or his thought. Buddha considered the goal of human blessedness to be the emancipation from desire — desire was the source of temptation, and temptation was the source of pain. With what a startling power of contrast does the Christian ideal burst upon our view! "Then was Jesus led up by the Spirit to be tempted in the wilderness." The more deeply we analyze the meaning of these words, the more are we impressed with the radical difference of their standpoint from that of the Buddhist religion. Here is a being who is supposed to have actually reached the blessedness of divine communion. The heavens have opened to his vision, and the voice of heaven has sounded in his ear, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Yet this Nirvana of rest, which to Buddha would have been the goal, is to Christ only the beginning. He is led up from the paradise into the wilderness, into the world of desires and temptations, simply in order that he may experience these desires and encounter these temptations; and as if to make the contrast more marked, he is "led up by the Spirit." The struggle with worldly influences, so far from being, as Buddha held, a barrier to the religious life, is declared to be itself the highest manifestation of that life, the evidence of its existence, and the proof of its power. From the manger to the cross, from the wilderness to the garden, we are confronted by one pervading thought — the possible glory of human suffering, and the potential gain that resides in human loss; and we are constrained as we survey the picture, whatever be our estimate of its dogmatic value, to assign to it the merit of genuine originality.

The last ideal of heathendom, and that in which heathendom agreed with Judaism, was the reverence for regal majesty, the desire of a kingdom. Now, let us observe that, in the abstract, Christ was at one with this desire. Lord Amberley, in his "Analysis of Religious Belief," has found in Christ's abstinence from earthly greatness a parallel to the saying of Confucius, that there are three desirable objects, and that the possession of empire is not one of them. Lord Amberley has altogether missed the beauty and the freshness of the Christian paradox. The Chinese philosopher meant to state that a man might be perfectly happy though his lot were obscure and his influence insignificant; Christ would certainly have conceded the platitude, but he would not have thought it worthy to be the subject of a special revelation. The leading thought in the mind of the Master is not the ab-

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stract undesirableness of empire, but the contrary. Empire in its deepest sense is the influence of mind over mind, and Christ professes expressly to establish such an influence. He adopts a principle of natural selection, by which the saints shall judge the world; in other words, by which the best shall rule. He declares his mission to be the establishment of a kingdom, the introduction of a new government into the affairs of men, the domination of worldly views by spiritual forces now despised and disregarded. To this extent he is at one with the Roman and at one with the Jew; he believes men, as isolated individuals, to be incapable of action, and he longs to see them united as the servants of a theocratic power, whose will shall be their law, and whose law shall be their will. But at this point the master parts company with the Roman and the Jew, and strikes off into a path which had been hitherto untrodden. He agreed with them in their desire of a kingdom; he differed from them radically in their mode of realizing it. The Roman and the Jew sought to dominate men from without; they strove after an empire which should be won by physical weapons and maintained by physical power. Christ objected to this imperialism, not, as Lord Amberley thinks, because it was a source of human greatness, but because it was not a source of human greatness, — because, in the strictest sense of the word, it was not a kingdom at all. He felt, and felt truly, that any empire which, like the Jewish and the Roman, claimed to be theocratic, could only be made permanent by ruling from within, that nothing could be called a sacred sovereignty which did not directly influence the mind. He felt that the ultimate seat of regal authority lay in the heart of a people, that the heart could only be won by love, and that love could only be manifested by sacrifice. It was from this thought, or train of thought, that there emerged the great Christian paradox, "He that is least shall be greatest." To be a king in the most absolute sense was to be ruler over the heart; but to be ruler over the heart, it was first necessary that the sovereign should be a subject. He who would win the love of others must first be dominated by the love of others; captivity must precede captivation. Inspired by this deep principle of morality, the master conceived the grand design of establishing a kingdom that could never be moved — a kingdom not based upon the physical power which was perishable, nor even on the intellectual Platonic power which could only exist through the ignorance of the many, but on a power whose foundation was the nature of humanity itself — the capacity for love. He proposed to conquer the heart of the world, and to conquer it by the exhibition of his own heart. The founders of previous kingdoms had sought to rule by placing in the foreground the display of their personal superiority; the founder of Christianity resolved to subjugate mankind by the sacrifice of himself. The kings of former time had fought their way to empire by shedding the blood of their enemies; the aspirant to this new kingdom determined to secure dominion by shedding his own.

An aim so strange, a plan so paradoxical, would alone have been sufficient to mark out Christianity from all foregoing forms of faith, but to this there must be added another element which heightens the strangeness and completes the contrast. It is now a historical fact that the founder of Christianity has succeeded in his aim; whatever be mythical in the Gospel, there is no mythology here. There is at this hour in the world the nucleus of such a kingdom as Christ desired to found. We mean not the kingdom of the Roman hierarchy, or the kingdom of the Anglican Church, or the kingdom of the Presbyterian worship, but that which at once underlies and overlaps them all — the loyalty of a multitude of souls to Him who is their ideal of perfection. For let it be remembered that Christianity is not primarily, nor even chiefly, a collection of moral precepts intended for the guidance of human life. If that were all, it would be easy to find occasional parallels between the maxims of Jesus and the maxims of Buddha, or Confucius, or Lao-Tze. But Christianity is what Buddhism and Confucianism and Taoism are not — the membership in a kingdom, and the loyalty to a king. It contemplates in the first instance, not the special sayings of its founder, nor yet the sum of his united teaching; it contemplates the founder himself, and fixes its eye upon him alone. Christianity includes all the precepts of morality, but all the precepts of morality united are not the essence of the Christian faith, and simply for this reason, that the Christian religion *is* a faith. It is the subjection of the heart to an ideal whom it adores, the captivation of the eye by a portrait in which it revels, the conquest of the will by a law which it loves; Christianity in its deepest nature is an æsthetic belief, the vision of a beautiful life, and the conviction that this beauty has become

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by its union with humanity the atonement for human deformity. There is within this world an actually existing kingdom of Christ, the hearts of whose subjects are ever bowing down before him; and amidst all the changes in the systems of human government, amidst all the transmutations in the aspects of theological thought, this great ideal has found no diminution in his power and reign. The question is, does the ideal represent a reality? and the answer to that question depends on the answer to another. Has the ideal of Christendom *sprung* from a reality, has it grown out of the natural instincts of the human mind, or does it involve something which the human mind has displayed no ability to create? That is the question which in these pages we have been endeavoring to answer, and we seem to have arrived at the only possible answer. If we find Judea reaping where she has not sown, and gathering where she has not strewed; if we see her the birthplace of an idea which surpassed her power of origination, and when originated surpassed her power of comprehension; if in her contact with the Gentile nations we fail to discover any germs from which that idea could have naturally sprung; if we find it in essence and in portraiture directly at variance with all heathen aspirations, reversing the world's ideal of physical strength, transforming its estimate of mental power, casting into the shade its conception of æsthetic culture, and placing on a contrary basis its hope of a theocratic kingdom; if we find it introducing a new standard of heroism which caused every valley to be exalted, and every mountain to be made low; and if, above all, we perceive that when that standard of heroism rose upon the world, it rose upon a foreign soil which received it as an alien and an adversary, are we not driven to ask if even on the lowest computation we have not reached the evidence of a new life in humanity, the outpouring of a fresh vitality, and the manifestation of a higher power?

GEORGE MATHESON.

From The Nineteenth Century.

CHRYSANTHEMA GATHERED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

PERHAPS scholars have heard and read quite enough about the "Greek Anthology." It has become historical, as all collected poems do, a storehouse not unlocked unless to group or edit the contents; this record of the manifold life of a thousand years has been made into a book, and has lost some of its vitality in the making. There is plenty of question about the different anthologies, and some little about the separate authors and their poems. But, on the other hand, poetry-lovers, and specially lovers of songs, hardly know how many of their favorites are there in original form. English people who love Herrick and Ben Jonson do not all know that Meleager was in love with daffodils, and wrote about the wreath he made of them very much as Herrick would have done; that Agathias as good as wrote "Drink to me only with thine eyes" (the first verse of it at least, and the second is to be found unfathered in the fifth book of the "Anthology"* too); and that, to speak in reverse order of time, Mrs. Browning and Shakespeare and Spenser can all be quoted in it. There are epigrams with the stamp of each upon the face of them.

These lovers of songs — they may not care for history, and are very likely quite ignorant of Herrick's life and Jonson's — will not want to hear much about the song-writers themselves; and there is not much to tell. "Herrick" and "Jonson" are to them respectively the names of a good many and a few well-known and well-loved verses, and so should Callimachus, for instance, and Agathias, and of course Meleager be; and that would be a great deal better fame for these poets than that students only should know about them as represented by certain numbers in the great drift-heap of the "Anthology." Plato and Simonides have their better fame elsewhere, and are not in such risk of being laid by. This, then, is what I want to give — some readable little English poems written to all intents and purposes a great while ago in Greek. An accurate recognition of each poet as an individual cannot perhaps be made out of the original language, scarcely even there; but just as Keats by his temperament met Homer half-way in Chapman, lovers of the Elizabethan poets and of modern poetry, as well as Greek scholars or better, can meet these very men with their sweethearts and their garlands "in their habit as they lived" so many hundred years gone by.

Now, for us to do this with ease and pleasure, we must meet them under some guise familiar to us and not dull. This brings us to the question of metres. With

* The references throughout are to the "*Anthologia Palatina*" (instruxit Fred. Dübner, Paris, 1864).

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our ears accustomed to such a great number of lyric forms, we must have variety above all else. For different subjects we want different keys and different time as in music. We have a strong instance of this in Tennyson's work. For the monotone of sorrow he takes one grave metre, but in "Maud," where the movement is as complex as life's, he varies the metres to correspond with it as best may be. The translator who would use one metre for these Greek epigrams, would have written "Maud" in couplets. Hexameters and pentameters and occasional iambics are the metres of the "Anthology," but they are not familiar to us and never will be, unless combined with rhyme (and always the more rhyme the better), when they present as good a means as can be found for faithful and rhythmical translations; and heroic couplets which to us take the place of the longer lines to the Greek ear are generally dull. There is no denying that. Take up any book of unbroken couplets, and it will certainly prove less inviting than it could possibly have done in any other form, blank verse included. It is true that in English literature heroic couplets do best clothe the epigram; but then we must bear this in mind — what is nearest to our sympathies in the work of these so-called "epigrammatic" poets is not, as we now speak, epigrammatic at all. Many of the verses are rhetorical exercises, jokes and so forth; but even of these (as Mr. Symonds has shown in his "Greek Poets") most, though they have the point of an epigram, have not its sting. Meleager's "wreath of songs" was a collection of lyrics, most of them short and nearly all memorable, but their incisiveness is very different from the precision we look for in an epigram; they are not forced or witty, many of them just idylls. In our English with its wide vocabulary, and if he had been writing for print and not for graving, it is not perhaps impertinent to suppose that he and his fellows, if not his predecessors, would have chosen the sonnet form. For the sonnet with its beautiful order, its strict rules, any one of which broken is an offence to the cultivated ear, and with the manifold changes of tone, the simplicity and the neatness which it admits, is really our best equivalent for the eight or ten hexameters and pentameters in which most of our favorite Greek epigrams are contained. As it is, a translator cannot render these into sonnets without a little undue expansiveness; but where the epigram is of fourteen lines or even twelve, he may fairly cast it into a sonnet, as I shall hope to show in one or two examples by-and-by.

To rondels and other "moulds," so to speak, for English verse, we are not accustomed. I am afraid, if I were to try these, I should not be simple enough for a translator. The charm of a rondel is its artificial grace, delighting the eye and ear. The charm of a translation in verse is that the verse should neither load the sense nor tangle it. So I have not inserted any rondels, the most delicate webs of love-song possible.

We need not hesitate over the story of the "Anthology" as it has come down to us; Mr. Symonds has made it all interesting already, and what matters to us is that we have the poems in their original form. Being fugitive pieces, they will speak for themselves. We don't want to say, "Now all this was a man's diathesis, and here is his heartbeat," but "Here is this man's heartbeat: judge his diathesis."

The first collection that was made of Greek epigrams was Meleager's, just before the Christian era, and his way of collecting them is quite the most charming of all. He gathers the songs into a wreath, as he calls it, giving to each poet a symbolic flower; and though he gives all sorts of flowers, for health, and rest, and pleasuring, he gives no poppy to any one, which we must take to mean that they are none of them dull. This is how he introduces them: I have put the preface into blank verse, to preserve the quantities for any one who cares to read it, not because among so many names strange to us we can hope to see all the pretty touches of the poem.

For whom the fruitage of this strain, my muse,
And who among the bards hath made this wreath?
Meleager wove it, and his weaving gives
For keepsake to most noble Diocles.
Here many lilies are of Anyte,
And white lilies of Mœro, many an one,
And Sappho's flowers — so few but roses all —
And daffodils of Melanippides
Heavy with ringing hymns — and thy young branch,
Vine of Simonides, and twisted in
Nossis, thine iris flower that breathes of myrrh,
And in its tablets are Love's stores of wax.
Herewith, Rhianus' scented marjoram,
And the sweet crocus of Erinna too
Clear as the girl's own skin — and hyacinth,
Alcæus' hyacinth that speaks to bards —
And a dark spray of Samius' laurel-tree,
Fresh ivy-clusters of Leonidas,
And foliage of Mnesalcus' needled pine.
And from the plane-tree song of Pamphilus
He cut a branch, and with the walnut boughs

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Of Pancrates he twined it, and white leaves
Of Tymnes' poplar. Nicias' green mint
And sandwort of Euphemus from the shore;
And Damagetus' purple violet,
And the sweet myrtle of Callimachus
Full of sharp honey — with Euphorion's flower.
The lychnis and, therewith, his cyclamen,
The Muses call after the sons of Zeus.

This is Dioscorides'. We must find one epigram of his, at all events: —

And Hegesippus' maddening grape-cluster
He set therein, and Persus' scented flag
And a sweet apple from Diotimus' tree —
Pomegranate flowers of Menecrates,
And the myrrh branches of Nicænetus,
Phaennus' flax plant — Simmias' tall wild pear.
And a few leaves he pulled of Parthenis
Her delicate meadow-parsley, and — gleanings fair
Of the honey-dropping muses — golden ears
From the wheat-harvest of Bacchylides.
And old Anacreon — that sweet strain of his,
An unsown flowerage of his nectar songs:
And the rough white-thorn of Archilochus
He gathered from the pasture — as it were.
Only a few drops from a sea of bloom —
Young shoots of Alexander's olive-grown
And Polycleitus' dark blue corn-flower. There
He set Polystratus the amaracus,
The poets' flower, and from Antipater
A young Phœnician cypress: and therewith
Eared Syrian spikenard which he gathered him
Out of his singing they call Hermes' gift.

That is Hermodorus. There is only one epigram of his in the "Anthology," a beautiful one upon a statue of Athene: —

And Poseidippus too, and Hædulus —
Flowers of the field — and wind-flowers springing glad
In airs Sicilian,

(that is a periphrasis for asclepias perhaps, for these flowers are for the poets of country life) —

and the golden bough
Of sacred Plato, shining in its worth.
And he threw in Aratus learned in stars,
Cutting the first spires of his heaven-high pine,
Chæræmon's lofty lotus, mixing it
With flox of Phædimus and chamomile —
The crinkled oxeye — of Antagoras,
And fresh green thyme of Theodoridas —
The wine-cup's charm — and Phanieus' bean-flowers too,
With many shoots fresh sprung of other bards,
Adding thereto white early violets
Of his own muse. But to my friends I give
Thanks. And this gracious coronal of song
Be for all such as love these holy things.

There it is with its *envoi*. Nothing about order except the order of taste, as if he were really plaiting a garland — just the praise of a book of pleasant verses. Now, to make any portion of the "Anthology" come to us anything like what Meleager's collection was, we want to make a wreath of songs too — to get a taste of a great many writers at their best. Only we must plait our flowers with this difference — that Meleager's own early violets take the place of a great many of the poets' flowers whom he quoted.

Mr. Wright's little book "The Golden Treasury of Greek Poetry," published in 1867 in the Clarendon Press Series, gives a taste of a great many very good, nay, perhaps best, things, all through Greek literature, and his specimens from the "Anthology" are as good as the rest. The book is handy and available; and he has tied up the epigrams in groups which give some sort of order, and allow a sufficient variety. It were pity to do again what he has done so well, especially as by choosing his selection nearly all references and Greek letters can be avoided; so I shall take it for basis, and try and be clear and simple in my renderings and as interesting as I can. I shall want to add some few epigrams, nearly all of them Meleager's, and shall do so from time to time at the end of that group of Mr. Wright's to which they severally appertain.

We need not trouble ourselves about all the very classical epitaphs which form his first group. They have not the personal interest of those which come later in the fourth section, being for the most part rhetorical exercises — models of brevity and fulness in the Greek, but thankless in English verse, and indeed in print altogether. The longest of them, for instance, which has its *locus classicus* in Demosthenes' "*De Coronâ*" has been done scores of times and never yet made thrilling. It is no doubt rather out of compliment and custom that Mr. Wright has included it. Scholars look for it everywhere, and I hope they will not be disappointed to forego their favorite here; it is quite too involved for translation, and has in itself none of the special charm of the Greek epigram — terseness with limpidity.

Here are his first two, epitaphs of Simonides, who lived a good five hundred years before Christ, "On them that fell with Leonidas: " —

For their dear country these her quenchless glory
Won, for themselves the dusky shroud of death.
By that same death they live, whose echoing story
Rings from the halls Hades inhabiteth.

And: —

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Stranger! tell Lacedæmon — here we lie!
Hers was the word and ours the will to die.

And here is a fine traditionary epitaph for Achilles: —

This mound, the Achæans reared, — Achilles' tomb —
For terror to the Trojans yet to be,
Leans shoreward that his mighty spirit whom
Sea Thetis bore may hear its dirge of the sea.

I should like to add this noble and characteristic one of Dioscorides. (I promised one of his for the sake of Meleager's wreath). But I am afraid I must give a reference here to the "Palatine Anthology" (viii. 434).

The mother sent eight sons against the foe —
Eight sons beneath one pillar buried she,
Nor wept for grief, nor spake aught else but — "Oh,
These children, Sparta, did I bear for thee!

And now, commencing Mr. Wright's second section, we come straight upon Meleager's "Spring Song," which might be — I had almost written must be — Spenser's work in Greek, and which is one of the loveliest as it is one of the longest pieces in the "Anthology." As there is evidently the Alexandrian touch about it, and the work is almost of the Christian era, I shall expand it a little more, in English, than I should venture to do were it the work of an earlier period: —

Now wintry winds are banished from the sky,
Gay laughs the blushing face of flowery spring:
Now lays the land her duskier raiment by
And dons her grass-green vest, for signal why
Young plants may choose themselves apparelling.

Now, drinking tender dews of generous morn,
The meadows break into their summer smile,
The rose unfolds her leaves: and glad, the while,
In far-off hills the shepherd winds his horn,
And his white brede the goatherd's heart beguile.

Now sail the sailors over billowing seas
While careless zephyr fills the canvas fair,
And singing crowds with dances debonnair
Praise Dionysus for the grapes' increase —
The berried ivy twisted in their hair.

Forth from the rotting hide now bees are come —
Deft craftsmen working well and warily —
And in the hive they settle, while they ply
Fresh-flowing waxen store, with busy hum,
And small pierced cells for their sweet industry.

Now shrilleth clear each several bird his note.
The halcyon charms the wave that knows no gale,
About our eves the swallow tells her tale,
Along the river banks the swan, afloat,
And down the woodland glades the nightingale.

Now tendrils curl and earth bursts forth anew —
Now shepherd's pipe and fleecy flocks are gay —
Now sailors sail, and Bacchus gets his due —
Now wild birds chirp and bees their toil pursue —
Sing, poet, thou — and sing thy best for May.

"Ainsi," says Sainte-Beuve, "le printemps de Méléagre n'était pas un idéal dans lequel, comme dans presque tous nos avril et nos mai, l'imagination, éveillée par le renouveau, assemble divers traits épars, les arrange plus ou moins, et les achève . . . l'heureux poète n'a fait que copier la nature."

Next we go back more than two hundred years to Leonidas. He is terser, but loves the spring quite as well (I must try and be terser too): —

'Tis time to sail — the swallow's note is heard,
Who chattering down the soft west wind is come,
The fields are all aflower, the waves are dumb
Which erst the winnowing blast of winter stirred.

Loose cable, friend, and bid your anchor rise,
Crowd all your canvas at Priapus' hest,
Who tells you from your harbors — "Now 'twere best,
Sailor, to sail upon your merchandise."

The last of this group is Agathias' vintage song. He lived a good seven hundred years after Leonidas, and is a pagan only by imitation; but he did delicious work, with a certain lilt about it that makes translation irresistible, and here he is at his very best — for his "Laurel-leaves," a series of love-songs, are lost long ago: —

Tread we thine infinite treasure, Iacchus, the vintage sweet!
Weave we the Bacchic measure with paces of wildering feet.
Down flows the vast clear stream, and the ivy-wood bowls, as they float
O'er the surging nectar, seem each like a fairy boat.
Close we stand as we drink and pledge in the glowing wine —
No warm naiad, I think, need kiss in your cup or mine!

See, o'er the wine-press bending, the maiden Roseflower beams —
Splendor of loveliness sending that dazzles the flood with its gleams.

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Captive the hearts of us all! straightway no man that is here
But is bound to Bacchus in thrall — to Paphia in bondage dear.
Cruel — for while at our feet he revels in bountiful rain,
Longing most fleet — most sweet — is all she gives for our pain.

That is all, I am sorry to say, that Mr. Wright has quoted in his idyllic section. As I am going to cut out a few from his fifth part, I shall here insert a lovely one of Meleager's to a locust — not half well known enough (vii. 195): —

Charmer of longing — counsellor of sleep!
— The cornfields' chorister
Whose wings to music whirr —
Come, mimic lute, my soul in songs to steep,
Brush tiny foot and wing
In tender musicking:
Come! out of sleepless care my heart uplift,
Locust, and set love free
With your shrill minstrelsy.
And, in the morning, I will give for gift
A fresh green leek to you
And kissing drops of dew.

I will not apologize for the metre; no Englishman could write anything but a lyric to a locust.

The third part brings us to the love-songs, of which I cannot spare any, and I must add one or two. Meleager is at the head of the poets here, of course, but I cannot bring myself to give his sweethearts their proper names, Heliodora and Zenophile, and I prefer putting a simple English equivalent or none at all to selecting other names, which must always be a matter of the translator's individual taste, and so rather an impertinence, although no less a name than Shelley's * sanctions it.

White flowers the violet now, Narcissus flowers
And drinks the dewy showers:
The lily plants arow
On hillsides grow.
But Spring's best crown, her flower of flowers, is here,
My lady-love, my dear:
Most winsome bud that blows
And sweetest rose.
Proud fields, in vain ye laugh with blooms bedight!
For lo, my lady's light
Is better than the breath
Of all your wreath.

I shall be accused of *recherche* here; but it is a case where it is much better to be fanciful than to be bald, and whoever cares to substitute "Zenophile" for "my lady-love" will see how it puts the little poem out, though it has no effect upon the metre.

The next is Elizabethan too, if I may classify my poets so, but full of epithets almost impossible in English: —

I cry you Love — at earliest break of day
But now, even now, his wings the wanderer spread
And passed away,
Leaving his empty bed.
Ho! ye that meet the boy — for such is he,
Full of sweet tears and wit; a fickle sprite
Laughing and free,
With wings and quiver bright!
Yet know I not on whom to father Love —
For earth denies the wanton child his name,
And air above,
And the broad sea the same.
With each and all he lives at feud. Beware
Lest, while I speak, he cast
A dainty snare
Over your hearts at last.
But see! his hiding-place, his very self,
Close to my hand, behold, the archer lies,
A laughing elf
Within my lady's eyes.

The next is of the same period, and by Philodemus, who came also from Gadara, which we know of as the city of swine, but which was a city of poets then.

Gadara first received me — that famous city my mother,

says Meleager in one of his epitaphs for himself, which we cannot find room for in full. In this song of Philodemus is a note of warning which we do not get in Meleager: —

Not yet the season of bare stems for flowers,
Nor yet wine-hued the grape cluster, which now
Puts forth its maiden charms — but these the hours
When little Loves prepare them each his bow,
Lusidice, and smoke from embers lours —
Poor lovers I and thou!
Ere the dart speed a hasty flight be ours,
For soon the world will be ablaze, I trow.

Meleager would not have confused the picture so; but what is real and valuable in that song is the sigh in it. Rufinus has the same sigh, but his touch is more pathetic still; he does not compliment his lady as Ben Jonson did when he "sent her a late rosy wreath:" —

Oh! royal rose — of many a flower and sweet,
Mine hands have woven you a garland meet,
And, having woven, lay it at your feet.

Here lilies, here the rosebud, and here too
The windflower with her petals drenched in dew,
And daffodillies cool, and violets blue.

* Though his "kissing Helena" owes the name doubtless to the "Faustus" of Marlowe: —
"Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies."

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Let this fair garland put your pride to death!
To you that bloom to-day, each blossom saith
"Your beauty, like my beauty, withereth."

Meleager's glad song comes in again, with no sadness in its tone: —

Now will I weave white violets, daffodils
With myrtle spray,
And lily bells that trembling laughter fills,
And the sweet crocus gay.
With these blue hyacinth, and the lover's rose
That she may wear —
My sun-maiden — each scented flower that blows
Upon her scented hair.

I think we must give Agathias the palm among these. His vintage song, which I quoted already, would be fit pendant for the fresco of the grape-treading in the Campo Santo at Pisa; but here he is quite as fine when he would turn his back upon the wine-cup. He is Ben Jonson. We have all heard some of this poem before: —

No wine for me! — Nay, and it be your will,
Kiss first the goblet — I will drink my fill:
How may I, when thy lips have touched it, dare
Be sober still, and that sweet draught forswear?
For the cup steers the kiss from thee to me,
And tells me all the bliss it won of thee.

I venture to transpose the order of the next two songs, to give Meleager's toast to Heliodora close upon this one (Herrick, after Jonson). —

Fill to the sun-maiden! and then
Upon the draught her name
Yet once again, "The sun-maiden,"
And be the toast the same.
Ah! yet once more: and give to me
That garland drenched in myrrh:
Her wreath of yesterday shall be
Memorial of her.

In the "Palatine Anthology" there is a parenthesis with which the song ends, too pretty for me to refrain from giving it, as Mr. Wright has done: —

(And lo! the rose, the lover's love,
— Because it sees her lying
Another's burning heart above —
The very rose is crying!)

Fortunately the next three are short, for I shall have some longer ones to add: —

Farewell, Phaësphorus — dawn's herald ray,
But soon return as Hesperus, I pray,
And, darkling, bring back her you take away.

Here is a traditionary one; the fancy is as old and as young as love, and Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter" is perhaps the amber in which it lives best. Both these epigrams are his we will say, for he has "Sweet Hesper Phosphor" in his "In Memoriam:" —

It's oh! to be a wild wind — when my lady's in the sun —
She'd just unbind her neckerchief, and take me breathing in.
It's oh! to be a red rose — just a faintly blushing one —
So she'd pull me with her hand and to her snowy breast I'd win.

The last is Plato's divine one to Aster. Mr. Farrar has done it into an hexameter and pentameter neatly, if not poetically, and I give my rendering with diffidence: —

Thou gazest on the stars — a star to me
That art — but oh! that I the heavens might be
And with a thousand eyes still gaze on thee!

I must add to these love-songs two or three in a different strain. Here is a very bright one of Rufinus (v. 15): —

Ah! where is now Praxiteles? and where the hands of Heraclite
That wrought of old such images, as made the marble breathe delight?
Who now shall forge the ambrosial hair, the burning glance of Milité,
Or teach the carven stone how fair the splendors of her bosom be?
Brave sculptors! would that it were mine to bid you at a lover's nod
For such a beauty raise a shrine, as for the statue of a god!

And of Meleager (v. 57): —

Love, if swimming in thy light ofttimes burnt the soul shall be,
Swiftly will she take her flight: cruel, she is winged like thee!

Here is a very characteristic one (v. 182):

Say to Lycænis, Dorcas, what you're bid.
Your love's proved false: false love can't long be hid.
Tell her so, Dorcas — see! and then again
A second and a third time, Dorcas, plain.
Run, don't delay, but fly! stay — Dorcas — stay!
Don't hurry, Dorcas, till I've said my say.
Add to the former words . . . (that's foolish!) no.
Say nothing then, but this — yes, all. Now go.
Be sure and tell her all. But why send you,
Dorcas — when here I am and coming too?

This is the perfection of fancy — it is one of a series which I wish I could include (v. 152): —

Fly for me, gnat, my swiftest messenger,
And touch my lady's ear,
Whispering this:
"He waits thee, waking, but thou sleepest yet.

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Ah! thoughtless, to forget
Thy votaries!"
Fly to her, singing gnat, oh fly to her!
Yet softly call her, softly, lest he hear
And wake, who sleeps too near,
And all my gains
Be jealous blows. But an thou fetch her me,
A lion's skin to thee,
Gnat, for thy pains,
And a club will I give, in hand to bear.

Could anything be more delicate than that — the notion of dressing a gnat in the attributes of Herakles after his feat of bringing the love to the lover? That at least has not come down to us along the centuries in every poet's song. It is unique, a little orchid in the Greek garden of flowers. But the next has a truer note of feeling (v. 174): —

Now sleeps my lady, like a gentle flower —
O that I were as sleep without his wing,
Across her eyelids there!
So not even he that on Zeus' eyes hath power
Should share with me the sweet companioning
That I should get of her.

This, of regret (xii. 32): —

Ah now remember! yes, now remember
How this good word in the good days I said:
"Beauty is sweetest — beauty is fleetest,
Not the swiftest bird in air
Is a swifter passenger."
Lo! now to earth your beauty flowers are shed!

That is a chrysanthemum indeed — a golden flower, fit winter gathering in the Greek garden. And this of passion (v. 215): —

I pray thee, Love, for sake of my poor song
To put to sleep this sleepless love of mine!
Yea — for they will not learn — those arrows thine
To smite another, but they do me wrong
Winging their flight forever at only me.
What though thou slay me? I shall leave this line
Written, whereof the sound shall echo long:
"Here lies, whose murder was of Love's cruelty."

But of all that the prince of love-poets did there is nothing that equals this. I have not been quite literal here. Scholars will know why I need handle it delicately, and it tells its own tale of longing (xii. 125).

Love brought by night a vision to my bed,
One that still wore the vesture of a child
But eighteen years of age — who sweetly smiled
Till of the lovely form false hopes were bred
And keen embraces wild.
Ah! for the lost desire that haunts me yet,
Till mine eyes fail in sleep that finds no more
That fleeting ghost! Oh lovelorn heart, give o'er —
Cease thy vain dreams of beauty's warmth — forget
The face thou longest for!

All through the "Anthology" there is nothing rings truer than that. Again I have begun and ended with Meleager, but this section was his special sphere, his share in the epitaphs being, though noble, comparatively small.

The first of these — the epitaphs of friendship and love — is Plato's for Aster, finely done by Shelley, of which I write the mere English: —

As morning star to man thy light was shed —
As evening star thou shinest for the dead!

And then follows one of the only two Mr. Wright gives of Meleager's: —

Tears, lady, though thou lie beneath the earth,
The little Love has left for Death, I shed
Tears, bitter tears, o'er thy lamented head,
Poor tribute of my heart and my heart's dearth.
Heavily, heavily, — my dear — my dead! —
In vain to Acheron I mourn thy worth;
Ah! where's the stem that gave my longing birth?
Now Death hath torn — hath torn it from its bed.
Yea, dust hath stained my floweret at her best;
I pray thee, mother earth, that tenderly
Thou gather her whom all we weep to thee —
And fold her gently, mother, to thy breast.

That is what he wrote for his sun-maiden, as I called her in the toast. The next is by Erinna, who lived more than five hundred years before Meleager, and who died when she was only nineteen, leaving work that promised, the ancients thought, to equal Homer's, but this one which Mr. Wright gives is only doubtfully hers.

Pillars and sirens mine, and mournful urn
That holdest all death's little ashes here,
Bid "hail" to them that greet my sepulchre,
Strangers or citizens, ere they return.
And say, "Her father called this buried maid
Baucis by name — her race was Tenian."
That they may know my story while they scan
These signs Erinna's hand — my friend's — portrayed.

There is a fine epitaph for Erinna herself, which will not be out of place here (vii. 13): —

Maiden Erinna, like a minstrel bee,
Culling her flowers fresh with the Muses' breath,
Death snatched to bridal: ah! a prophet she,
Singing so surely, "Thou art jealous, Death."

But to Callimachus must be given the palm in this section. He was chief libra-

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rian at Alexandria, and lived shortly before the first Punic War. Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν, he said, "A big book is a big evil," and of all his eight hundred volumes only six hymns and less than a century of epigrams remain. These have been, many of them, quite beautifully translated, but I think this will be welcome under a new guise: —

Their prattling Crethis full of blameless laughter
Oft seek the Samian maidens, many an one:
All her sweet gossip at the loom is done.
She sleeps, below, the sleep that follows after,
Which never a maiden of them all can shun.

The next one is so evidently by Mrs. Browning, that I may be allowed some of her loose rhymes.

Dead! my firstborn? no! to a better country departed,
Living in happy islands, that know no maid so light-hearted.
There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian pasture —
Soft the flowers around thee — away from every disaster.
Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor sickness makes sorry;
Thou nor hungerest more nor thirsteth, and robbed of its glory
Seems to thee now this life of ours, for thou dwellest securely —
Innocent, there where the rays of Olympus enhallow thee purely!

This is Meleager's best, so earnest that I have changed the person in order to retain the "intimate" tone. Herrick, our Meleager, did this one too.

Bridal none but death for bridegroom, dear,
Falls to thee to lay thy girlhood by.
Oh! last eve upon our threshold, clear
Rang the lotus-flutes, and merrily
Echoed back the beaten chamber door.
But this morning breaks no music glad —
Lamentation loud the flutes outpour,
And the bridal god wails hushed and sad.
Yea, the torch, that lit thee to my bed,
Lights thee that last way among the dead.

The next of Leonidas I need not give; it is very matter-of-fact and not very interesting as a record of daily life. The charm of an epitaph of this description is that it shows how similar was life all those years ago to what it is now. As soon as that epitaph is given as an English verse this charm is to a great extent gone. The next of Callimachus I cannot spare.

Now would to God swift ships had ne'er been made!
Then, Sopolis, we had not mourned thy shade —
Dear son of Diocleides seaward sent!
Now somewhere in deep seas thy corse is tost
Hither and thither — and for whom we lost
We find thy name and empty monument.

We pass on to this quaint one by Paulus Silentiarius, one of the latest writers, which Cowper translated strikingly but quite inadmissibly — for he puts all the lines into the mouth of the corpse, whereas the point of the epigram lies in the interruptions of the traveller.

"My name was" — Well! it helps thee not,
"my land" — 'Tis nought to me!
"My race was brave" — Vile had it been, what matter would it be?
"My life and death had fair renown" — If shame, what could it do?
"Here now I lie" — What's that to me? and what am I to you?

On the next page this anonymous one is fine: —

Now have I found the harbor! Hope, and thou good Hap, farewell!
We meet no more; mock those on earth that after me shall dwell.

And this of Plato for Dion, the tyrant of Syracuse: —

Weeping the lot of the Ilian women — for Hecuba weeping —
This was the weft of the Fates spun on the day they were born.
Ah! but from thee, my Dion, thy sacrifice gratefully keeping,
Wide was the hope that the gods, quenching thine honors, have torn.
Thou, while thy citizens praise thee, in the glades of thy land liest sleeping,
Dion, desire of whose love wilders my senses forlorn.

Mr. Johnson's pretty and simple verses for this one of Callimachus deter one from trying it again, but the epitaph (upon Heracleitus) is in itself immortal and will shine through many renderings. It is no mere exercise of verse making, but rings with as true and as restrained a note of sorrow as "Lycidas" or "Thyrsis."

One tells me, friend, that we are parted now.
And I recall how often I and thou,
In closest converse, sank the sun to sleep,
And, so remembering, weep.
Halicarnassian host! somewhere thou must
Long, long ago be dust,
Yet live thy nightingales — thine own — for them
Death, that takes all, hath never requiem!

This of Simmias is a little earlier (about 300 B.C.). The rendering "Wind, gentle evergreen," with which we are all familiar, does not seem to me to give at all the tone or the lilt of the verse.

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Tenderly, ivy, on Sophocles' grave — right tenderly — twine
Garlanding over the mound network of delicate green.
Everywhere flourish the flower of the rose, and the clustering vine
Pour out its branches around, wet with their glistening sheen.
All for the sake of the wisdom and grace it was his to combine,
Priest of the gay and profound: sweetest of singers terrene.

We need not linger over the epitaph for Anacreon after that on Sophocles, and I am anxious to make this of Leonidas into a sonnet.

Shepherds that on this mountain ridge abide,
Tending your goats and fleecy flocks alway,
A little favor, but most grateful, pay
Cleitagoras, nor be the boon denied!
For sake of mother earth, and by the bride
Of Hades under earth, let sheep, I pray,
Bleat near me, and the shepherd softly play
From the scarred rock across the pasture wide.

Ah! but, in early spring cull meadowsweet,
Neighbor, and weave a garland for my tomb;
And with ewe's milk be the stone edge bedewed
When the lambs play about their mothers' feet.
So shall you honor well the shades, from whom
Are thanks — and from the dead is gratitude.

I must interpolate one of Meleager's on a hare, which I am afraid Mr. Wright does not think grave enough for the "Golden Treasury" (vii. 207): —

I was a fleet-foot, long-eared hare,
Snatched early from maternal care
On delicate spring flowers to fare.

In gentle Fanny's arms I lay,
Nor ever wished myself away,
Nor fretted for my mother aye.

Full many a dainty she supplied.
I lived on clover at her side,
And then, of too much clover, died.

Close to her couch she laid me dead:
In dreamland to be visited
By spectre tombs beside her bed.

Cowper should have done that instead of the other. The last in the fourth section is this very graceful one which bears no master's name.

Kind earth, take old Amyntychus to thee
— Mindful of all his labors — tenderly.
For thee he set the olive's sturdy roots,
Many an one, and gave thee vineyard shoots
For beauty, and made thy valleys thick with corn.
And of his hand were water runnels born
To feed thee serviceable herbs, beside
Thine apple-bearing orchards fair and wide.
Wherefore on his grey head, kind earth, lie light,
And make with flowers his spring-tide pastures bright.

Nearly all the epigrams in Mr. Wright's fifth section are from the "Anthology of Planudes," a monk of the fourteenth century who "Bowdlerized" the old collections and added others. Two or three only are from the "Palatine Anthology." This first is by Diotimus, almost a contemporary of Callimachus. It is a noble classic speech for a statue.

Here am I, very Artemis, but thou,
Seeing Zeus' true daughter here in bronze revealed,
Gaze on my maiden boldness, and allow
"For her were the whole earth mean hunting-field."

Next is a piece of description by Plato: —

Then came we to a shadowy grove: and lo!
Cythera's son like apples in their glow;
And he had laid his arrowy quiver by,
And his bent bow,
Hanging them from the leafy trees and high.
And there he lay among the roses sleeping
And, sleeping, smiled, while browny bees were keeping
Court to his waxen lips for honey's flow
Above where he did lie.

The little one of Parmenio is not interesting in English, but this of Agathias is beautiful (perhaps we ought to call it Mrs. Browning's). It is for a waxen Faun.

"All of its own accord, little faun, does thy flute go on ringing?
Why, with ears to the reed, listenest the livelong day?"
Smiling, he holds his peace: an answer maybe had come winging,
Only he pays no heed, rapt in oblivion away.
Nay, not the wax withholds him; his whole soul, charmed with the singing,
Gives back silence for meed, silent rewarding the lay.

This fine description of Niobe and her children is the only one of Meleager's which Mr. Wright gives in this group: —

Daughter of Tantalus! hearken my words — a message to mourn —
Hear from my lips the pitiful tale of thy woe!
Loosen thine hair, poor mother, that bared'st for deity's scorn
Many a boy for Phœbus to mark with his bow,
Now not a son is left thee. Fresh horror! for what do I see?
Out and alas! a slaughter that spares not the maid.

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One in the arms of her mother, and one as she clings to her knee,
One on the ground, and one at the breast unafraid;
One faces death with a shudder erect; one bends on the dart;
Last, there is one that looks on the daylight alone.
Niobe, she that erewhile loved boasting, with fear at her heart
Stands yet quick — a breathing mother of stone.

But this is the loveliest of the group, full of the care and passion of real grief: —

Pericles, Archias' son! To thee they place
— For witness of thy prowess in the chase —
My column, on whose stone the sculptor sets
Thy horse, thy dog, thy spears, thy hunting-nets
Mounted on stakes, and eke the stakes alone —
Ah God! ah God! — for all are only stone!
At twenty years thou sleep'st death's sleep profound,
And undisturbed by beasts that prowl around.

I shall not do the next one of Leonidas about a drunken Anacreon. Here are two pretty ones of Meleager instead about a cup and a picture (v. 171): —

Bright laughs the cup — for "I have kissed," it saith,
"Thy lady's laughing mouth." Too happy cup!
Oh! that, her lips to my lips, at a breath
My lady's kiss would drink my spirit up!

And (v. 149): —

Ah! who hath shown my lady unto me,
Her very self, as if she spake?
Who brought to me one of the Graces three
For friendship's sake?
Full surely brings he me a joyful thing,
And for his grace the grace of thanks I bring.

But I must not give Meleager the lion's share again in this group — that is almost the last of his I shall be able to put in. These two of Plato's with which Mr. Wright finishes the section are admirably contrasted in tone, and both quite perfect. This is for a ring: —

See! five oxen graven on a jasper gem!
To the life! and feeding one and all of them.
Stay — will they not run away — the beasties? No, the fold
Of this golden circlet our little herd shall hold.

It is as fanciful as a nursery rhyme. The other is as joyous and stately as Milton.

Silent! shaggy scaur that Dryads keep.
Silent! rills adown the crags that run.
Silent! mingled bleating of the sheep —
Pan himself the piping has begun.
To his tuneful lip the reed sets he,
Lo! the dance awakens at his call.
Let your young feet trip it merrily,
Waternymphs and woodnymphs one and all!

Mr. Wright's last section contains what I might call the epigrams of thought. The first is Palladas' — (I had almost written Shakespeare's). He was a late writer.

All life's a stage and farce. Or learn to play,
Careless, or bear your sorrows as you may.

And the next two are his also.

Naked to earth was I brought — naked to earth I descend.
Why should I labor for nought, seeing how naked the end?

And: —

Breathing the thin breath through our nostrils, we
Live, and a little space the sunlight see —
Even all that live — each being an instrument
To which the generous air its life has lent.
If with the hand one quench our draught of breath,
He sends the stark soul shuddering down to death.
We that are nothing on our pride are fed,
Seeing, but for a little air, we are as dead.

The next beautiful one — quite Tennysonian — is attributed to Æsopus in the "Palatine Anthology," though Mr. Wright gives it no master.

"Is there no help from life save only death?
Life that such myriad sorrows harboreth
I dare not break, I cannot bear," — one saith.

"Sweet are stars, sun, and moon, and sea, and earth,
For service and for beauty these had birth,
But all the rest of life is little worth —

"Yea, all the rest is pain and grief," saith he,
"For if it hap some good thing come to me
An evil end befalls it speedily."

This of Agathias is most charming in its *naïveté*. Certainly he is the latest of the epigrammatists. But this complaint of girls for secluded life might have been written very few years ago.

Not such your burden, happy youths, as ours —
Poor women children nurtured daintily —
For ye have comrades, when ill fortune lours,
To hearten you with talk and company;
And ye have games for solace, and may roam
Along the streets and see the painters' shows.
But woe betide us if we stir from home —
And there our thoughts are dull enough, God knows!

The next, by Agathias too, is true nowadays and always.

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At this smooth marble table let us sit
And while away the time with dice a bit!
Don't crow, sir, if you win — and then, should I,
Grumble and growl, "It's all that beastly die;"
For in such trifles is man's temper plain,
And the dice test our power to self-restrain.

This one by Poseidippus, some seven hundred years earlier, has been well done by Sir John Beaumont together with its answer, attributed to Metrodorus. I am tempted to do it again though, as it just fits a sonnet.

Show me some path of life! The market-place
Breeds only quarrel and hard bargainings,
Staying at home incessant worry brings,
Of working in the fields one tires apace,
Who goes to sea a constant dread must face,
And, if one travel, fears for precious things
Torment — if one has none, the lacking stings —
So, rich or poor, hard is the traveller's case.

Married, what care! single, what loneliness!
Children bring sorrow — blank the childless life;
Foolish is youth, and old age listless quite.
Here lies the only choice, I must confess —
Not to be born into this world of strife,
Or straight to die, having but just seen the light.

For this next — Ptolemy's, who lived about two centuries and a half on in the Christian era — I shall borrow a turn of rhyme from Robert Browning.

I know that I am mortal and the creature of a day.
But when I see the stars, like sand in orbits turn alway,
As that divinest sight I heed, I spurn the earth and say,
"Now am I even as Zeus, and feed on his ambrosia."

This is more familiar. The author is unknown, but the text is as old as Solomon.

Drink and be merry! for what is the future and what is the morrow?
No man answereth thee. Labor not thou, neither run;
Feast as thou may'st, and do good and distribute: but let not life borrow
Any false worth, for "to be," "not to be" — lo! 'tis all one!
Yea, what is life? an thou take it, thy thrall. 'Tis the turn of the scale.
But, an thou lose it, another's is all — but thee nought can avail.

The last but one is a poem of Marcus Argentarius, also late, full of a beautiful hedonism.

The golden stars are quiring in the west,
And in their measure will I dance my best,
But in no dance of man.
High on my head a crown of flowers I raise
And strike my sounding lyre in Phœbus' praise,
For this is life's best plan,
And the whole firmament were wrong
Had it no crown, no song.

This crown, this song,* this "order" of life was what made Greek humanity divine. There is no more concise expression of the intimacy between daily life and ritual than that little verse contains in the heart of it. It is the most Greek but, perhaps Mr. Wright thought, not the most philosophic strain to end with, and he brings us to a full stop with Philodemus' resolutions.

I loved — and you. I played — who hath not been
Steeped in such play? If I was mad, I ween
'Twas for a god and for no earthly queen.

HEnce with it all! Then dark my youthful head,
Where now scant locks of whitening hair, instead,
Reminders of a grave old age, are shed.

I gathered roses while the roses blew.
Playtime is past, my play is ended too.
Awake, my heart! and worthier aims pursue.

There is a note of Herrick again in that. We found one of Philodemus' love-songs in the third group, and noticed its sigh of sadness, "Poor lovers I and thou." We saw that he too came from Gadara and was a contemporary of Meleager. It is strange to catch the selfsame notes ringing from the midst of that Syrian culture, which we hear echo our own longings of to-day in the poets of the golden age of Elizabeth.

WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

* The allusion in the poem is to the constellations of Orpheus and Ariadne — lute and crown.

From The Academy.

A CHINESE IN PHILADELPHIA.*

A CHINESE visitor to the Philadelphia Exhibition has written a book with notes of his journey and a description of the exhibition. He was sent by Mr. Hart, inspector general of Chinese customs, and the book, which is in four volumes, has been printed at the Customs Press at Shanghai, by order of Mr. Hart. The author also visited Japan on his way to America, and

* *Hwan yeu ti chieu sin lu.* (New Account of Travels round the Globe.)

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spent a few days in England and France on his return to China. The work is a full statement of his thoughts and experiences, and contains a mass of information new to his countrymen. He has not the scholarly and elevated tastes of Kwo Sung-tau, the ambassador to England, or the poetic spirit of Pin Chun, the first in time of the Chinese envoys to Europe. But his mind is open to impressions, and he has an eye for machinery and the products of Western civilization. He is a sincere admirer of the railway and the telegraph. He appreciates the cleanliness of Western habits of living. He enjoys the luxuries of hotel life, and the comfort of a carriage and pair. He was active with his pen, and has drawn a long succession of accurate pictures of foreign objects and foreign life. The book betokens great industry on the part of the author, and his possession of an aptitude for close observation. His spirit toward foreign nations is friendly and unprejudiced. Li Kwei had, before this eight months' journey round the world, been employed in the Ningpo custom-house as a despatch-writer for more than ten years. Here he had become acquainted with foreigners, his superiors in office, and was thus better prepared to understand without prejudice what he saw as a traveller. Besides, he has not forgotten for a moment that the object of his mission was that he might write a book on the exhibition and on the incidents of his travels for the information of his conntrymen. Without sacrificing his independence he writes as a custom-house *employé*, under foreign control. When Li Hung-chang was asked to contribute a preface he consented. He writes in the tone that might be expected from the most able and influential of the living viceroys of China. He alludes to the intelligence and inventive genius of Western nations. He regards railways and the telegraph, iron-plated ships of war and improved rifles, as means to an end. That end is the increased wealth and power of Western countries. He sees the Western men, not only trying each to surpass the other in these advantages, but applying themselves with pertinacious zeal to the expansion of their commerce. He adds that all this is caused by the spirit of the modern age. To describe Western civilization is to confer a real benefit on China: the more so as China has now sent her high officials as ambassadors to the West, and is educating some of her select youth in foreign countries. China and Western kingdoms are become almost one family. "The five continents and lands where strange languages are used are as familiar to us as our own family door." It is well for the State and people of China to have a careful record of what is to be seen and heard in the West by a scholar from among themselves. While the viceroy talks in this way he has shown neither courage nor energy in stemming the tide of opposition to railways and telegraphs in China. But his feelings are military. He wishes ardently that China may be strong, and should public opinion become a little liberalized by the circulation of such books as this, he will still be able to assist after a few years in starting his countrymen on a new career. If he will dismiss his fear of indignant censors and the loss of court favor, the country will follow his lead more willingly than that of any other man. Li Kwei defends international exhibitions. He says he at first thought the Philadelphia Exhibition a great waste of money. By saying this he intentionally places himself at the standpoint of a multitude of his countrymen. But he now knows that it has tended to promote friendly intercourse among nations. Such exhibitions stimulate to invention, extend the knowledge of the productions of the earth, and aid in their equable distribution. So far from being wasteful they are highly beneficial to a country. He tells his readers that he is convinced that the Centenary Exhibition was of very high utility to each of the thirty-seven kingdoms which took part in it. The wide view he has been able to take of foreign ways and inventions has made the author progressive. For example, he strongly advocates female education. When he mentions that women desire to enter Parliament and discuss public affairs, he perhaps feels satirical, but he does not say a word in disparagement of women's claims to education, and their intellectual equality with men. He adopts the principle that female ability is equal to that of the male sex, and urges on his countrymen a return to the education of women, which, he says, has been neglected since the Cheu dynasty. On this subject he writes with the feeling of one who sympathizes with the female sex, and believes in its great capability of progress through education. There are in America three or four millions of female teachers and scholars, and this, he says, is why the country daily grows in prosperity. The nation knows how to use its native talent. Parents in those countries value daughters as much as sons. But, he adds, in China it is different. Daughters are despised by some and drowned by others.

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He traces this to the fact that female instruction has fallen out of use. He then appeals to the classics for evidence that girls ought to be educated, and this, he says, would prove the true cure for the evil practice of female infanticide. But, he adds, matters are carried too far, when, as occurred in the fifth month of the year in which he wrote, he saw in the newspapers a statement that a woman had said publicly that in the impending election for president of the United States it was a crying injustice that women could not be nominated for that high post. He records with great pleasure the favorable opinions he heard from foreigners of various countries with regard to the taste and elegance observable in Chinese manufactures. While Japan was struggling at Philadelphia to imitate and rival Western ingenuity on the basis of Western ideas, he rejoices that China was able, without imitating foreign nations, to obtain from impartial judges willing recognition of her fair claims to superiority in many points over all other nations in matters of ingenuity and taste, and the combination of utility with elegance of form. It was agreed that China held the first place at the Centenary Exhibition in silk, tea, silk fabrics, carved ornaments, and in vases of the King-t'ai period. A lower place was assigned to lacquer ware, bronzes and silver, and bamboo ornaments of Chinese make. He details for the information of his countrymen the objections made in America and elsewhere to the imperfect preparation for the market of Chinese silk and tea. He strongly urges on his countrymen to adopt better methods. The favorable judgment pronounced on the productions of Japan and China exhibited at Philadelphia has been repeated at Paris. Observers admire the obvious utility, elegance, and ingenuity of the objects sent by Chinese and Japanese exhibitors. It must, then, be admitted that these races have no mean gifts in the region of art. They have the power to conceive and to execute original and beautiful objects of utility. We must pardon the Chinese who a thousand years ago taught their arts to Japan if they feel some pride in the position that is now cheerfully assigned to them by Western connoisseurs. If they cannot fight so well as Western nations, or originate such magnificent inventions as the railway and telegraph, they have a field of excellence where they need not fear competition. The lacquer ware and bronzes of Japan must be regarded as indirectly the productions of Chinese skill. The Japanese and Chinese arts form together the Chinese school. The author describes several of the charitable institutions of America. To an appreciative account of the large asylum for orphans at Philadelphia he appends what a countryman of his own had done for young criminals. He was magistrate at *Yü yau*, near Ningpo. He was accustomed to take young thieves and have them taught a trade instead of punishing them. While they were learning he went himself, when he had leisure, and exhorted them to change their habit of stealing and lead a good life. They were, when the handicraft was learned, discharged on the surety of their relatives or their neighbors, or the tradesmen who had instructed them. The consequence was that in that district thefts were soon entirely unknown, and the town and neighborhood became noted for the honesty of the inhabitants. The author tells this story to show from the side of Chinese experience that the proper way to deal with young thieves is to have them taught some craft by which they may earn an honest living. After describing the Philadelphia Mint he discusses the advantage of a mint in China. He shows the inconvenience in the present use of silver by weight as a standard of value in commerce. He urges the arguments used by foreigners in favor of silver coinage. He describes the school at Hartford, where one hundred and forty Chinese youths and boys are under instruction. In the house occupied by them is a chamber set apart for the worship of Confucius, with a tablet having the sage's title inscribed on it. There is also a small apartment for making prostrations to the emperor, whose tablet is also placed there. Each youth costs the government about 120*l.* a year. They went in a body to Philadelphia to see the exhibition, and while there were introduced to the president, who took kindly notice of them all. The education of these youths will extend over ten or fifteen years. After this time they will be available for the consulates which China will by that time have established for Chinese legations, for the customs' service in China, and for interpreting on behalf of mandarins at the open ports. He pays special attention to gun-foundries and arsenals. In these, China officials feel profound interest, being convinced that power lies in artillery. They mistake the cause for the effect, and seem to believe that the Western nations prosper because they have efficient weapons of war. For some years to come travellers from China will therefore continue to describe the lat-

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est military and naval inventions in order to gratify the interest felt in them by Chinese viceroys. The author has made an enormous mistake in stating the sum expended in the construction of the Suez Canal. He says that it cost three hundred million pounds sterling. This is at least thirty times the actual outlay.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE OLD BED OF THE OXUS.

THE announcement that the Amou-Darya has returned to its old bed is calculated to puzzle those newspaper readers who have hitherto taken but a languid interest in central Asian affairs. Most rivers have but one bed. The Oxus, however, or "Amou-Darya," as that famous stream is called by the Turcomans and the Russians, has two — one of which disembogues at a point on the southern shore of the Aral Lake, from ninety to a hundred miles due north of Khiva; while the other in former times emptied itself by the Balkan Creek into Krasnovodsk Bay, one of the inlets on the south-eastern coast of the Caspian Sea. The Oxus was turned out of its old bed leading to the Caspian into the new one leading to the Aral Lake by means of a dam erected, within three or four days' march of Khiva, if not at a prehistoric period, at a period of which history has preserved no record. The date, however, of this notable diversion must be fixed at some time after the expulsion of the Tartars from Russia; since the operation is known to have been due to fear of the Russian power and its threatened extension in an easterly direction. In one of Mr. Robert Michell's invaluable translations from the Russian, for the use of the India Office, an interesting account is given of the first reception by the Russians, one hundred and sixty-five years ago, of information as to the double bed of the Amou-Darya, concerning which they seem up to that time to have known nothing. The inhabitants of Astrakhan, Russian as well as Tartar, had long been in the habit of crossing over from Astrakhan to the north-eastern extremity of the Caspian immediately opposite, and of trading there with the Turcomans, when in the year 1713 an eminent Turcoman, Hodja-Nefes by name, accompanied a party of Russian merchants on their return voyage to Astrakhan. There Hodja-Nefes waited upon Prince Michael Simonof. a Persian settled in Russia, whom he informed that he had "matter of great State importance to disclose to the Russian emperor." Prince Simonof sent Nefes to St. Petersburg with a letter to Prince Alexander Bekovitch Cherkasski. Prince Bekovitch, who was an officer in the Imperial Guard and much in favor with the czar, presented Nefes and another Turcoman to Peter the Great, when the secret which Nefes wished to communicate proved to be that "in the country bordering the River Amou gold sand was procured, and that the river, which formerly flowed into the Caspian, and which, from apprehension of the Russians, had been diverted by the Usbegs (Khivans) into the Aral, might, by destroying the dam, be made again to run in its old channel — a work in which the Russians would be assisted by the Turcomans." Hodja Nefes' statements were to some extent confirmed by one Ashur-Bek, Khivan envoy at the Russian court, who asserted positively both that the Oxus at its sources brought down gold, and that the stream had been diverted from its old channel by the Khivans, who, he added, would not interfere with the work of turning its waters into their ancient bed should the Russians determine to perform it.

Peter proposed, in the first place, to construct at the place of the "Red Waters" (Krasnovodsk), where the Oxus had formerly entered the Caspian, a fort capable of accommodating one thousand men; and Ashur-Bek was himself of opinion that Krasnovodsk was the point on which the fort should stand. Soon afterwards this complaisant ambassador left St. Petersburg on his way home. Peter charged him with a mission, or at least gave him credentials of some kind. But he was not the man to place trust in a servant who had shown himself willing to betray his master; and Ashur-Bek, on arriving at Astrakhan, found that he would not be allowed to proceed any further. In vain he addressed letters to the commandant of Astrakhan wishing "good health to the White Czar," and to the commandant himself long life and every comfort. He was kept a prisoner at Astrakhan for upwards of two years. Peter did not care much about reaching Khiva or Khiva and Bokhara alone. But he looked upon these countries as lying on the road to richer lands; and he saw that if the largest river of central Asia could really be turned into the Caspian, India, or the confines of India, might be reached by water. If the news given by the Russian newspapers as to the destruction of the dam near Khiva be true, then

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direct water communication may ere long be established by way of the Volga, the Caspian, and the Oxus, between St. Petersburg and Afghan Turkestan, between the Ladoga Lake and the slopes of the Hindoo Koosh. Before taking any decisive steps, before even building a fort at Krasnovodsk, Peter resolved to send a reconnoitring expedition along what the Turcomans declared to be the old bed of the river as far as the point where, according to their statements, the dam had been constructed. Prince Alexander Bekovitch Cherkasski, who had presented the Turcoman Hodja-Nefes to the czar, was appointed to the command of the expedition; and early in 1714 Prince Bekovitch was despatched to Khiva, or at least in the direction of the Khivan capital, as if for the purpose of congratulating a new khan who had just ascended the throne.

After an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Caspian, which was full of ice at the time, Prince Bekovitch made a second endeavor with good effect, and, reaching the camping-grounds on the east coast of the Caspian, summoned the chiefs of the Turcoman tribes, and questioned them about the discharge of the River Oxus into the Caspian Sea, and as to the possibility of diverting the stream into its old channel. The Turcomans declared that the course of the Oxus had indeed been turned; and that if a canal of about thirteen miles were dug to a gully known to them, and which was said to be the old bed of the river, the water would once more flow into the Caspian at the "Red Waters," otherwise Krasnovodsk Bay. To obtain confirmation of this statement, Bekovitch sent two Astrakhan nobles, together with Hodja-Nefes, the Turcoman, who knew the country, to the place where the dam was said to turn the waters. They were instructed, after reaching the dam, to return by the old bed of the river to Krasnovodsk Bay, where the former mouth of the Oxus was supposed to be; and to that point of rendezvous Prince Bekovitch sailed with the whole of his force from the spot where he had encountered the Turcoman chiefs on the east coast of the Caspian. From this place — Tiub-Karagan by name — to Khiva there was a road, and along this Hodja-Nefes led the two Russians from Astrakhan. After a fortnight's journey on camels they came to Karagatch, a Khivan boundary settlement, through which lay the great caravan road from Astrakhan to Khiva; and here within two versts (one mile and a third) of the Oxus was an embankment of earth three feet high by seven feet wide extending nearly eleven miles and washed along the whole line by the Oxus, which was at that time flooded — just as it is said to have been the other day when, without the assistance of engineers and by its own natural force, it burst through its ancient dam.

Leaving the great Khiva road on their right, the explorers proceeded across the steppe, and after travelling about sixteen miles came in sight of the gully which the Turcomans assured them was the old bed of the river. They marched three days along this gully to the Ata-Ibrahim settlement, noticing the traces of former settlements and towns on both sides. They also found traces of canals leading from various parts of the gully to former fields and dwelling-places, which confirmed them in the opinion that the river had actually flowed there in bygone days. Hodja-Nefes assured the two Russians from Astrakhan that the gully which they had followed from Ata-Ibrahim continued all the way to the Caspian Sea; but he absolutely refused to conduct them any further, fearing, he said, an attack from Khivan or other robbers. With this information the party joined Prince Bekovitch at the "Red Waters." But the exploration, though fully satisfactory so far as it went, had been by no means complete; and the prince despatched another Russian of Astrakhan with a party of Turcomans to examine the gully from the Caspian as far as Ata-Ibrahim. The Turcomans did not conduct the Russians so far as that place. But they went a considerable distance towards it, and far enough to convince the Russian and Prince Bekovitch, who received the Russian's report, that the gully on the Caspian side and the gully on the Ata-Ibrahim side joined so as to form one continuous channel. Prince Bekovitch considered that the ancient bed of the Oxus had now been discovered, and felt sure that the river had formerly emptied itself, by Balkan Creek, into Krasnovodsk Bay. He reported the result of his exploration to the czar, and forwarded to him maps drawn up by himself of the east coast of the Caspian.

Peter, on receiving the prince's report and maps, ordered that the latter should be verified, and commissioned a naval officer to undertake the work. Prince Bekovitch Cherkasski was at the same time summoned to Libau, in the Baltic provinces, where Peter formally commissioned him to take the command of a military expedition, which was to proceed

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along the ancient bed of the Oxus to Khiva. The expeditionary force was to consist of six thousand men — infantry and cavalry — of whom one thousand were to guard the fort which it had been resolved to build at the former mouth of the Oxus, in Krasnovodsk Bay. A second fort was to be constructed at Karagatch, either close to the embankment or at any other point suitable for the diversion of the stream into its old channel; and a detachment was to march from Krasnovodsk along the old bed of the Oxus up to the actual river, where it was to leave a force in the newly-raised fort, and then march to Khiva along the river bank, "carefully studying the current of the Oxus, and the dams, so as to form a judgment as to the practicability of damming the course of the stream then flowing into the Aral Lake, and the amount of labor that would be required for performing the work." Khiva was to be reached by two separate columns, of which the principal one, five thousand strong, was to march from Gurief, on the north coast of the Caspian, close to the mouth of the Ural River, as far as Karagatch, where it was to halt and construct the fort already spoken of; while the second and lesser column, one thousand strong, marching from Krasnovodsk along the old bed of the river, was to man the fort, and afterwards follow the chief column to Khiva. The expedition as a whole was to call itself the escort of a caravan, and some thirty merchants, with their attendants, were really to accompany it. Five thousand troops formed rather a large escort for a caravan consisting of thirty merchants and one hundred and sixty-five attendants; but the leader of the force professed to have none but commercial and diplomatic objects in view.

As so often happens with combined expeditions, one portion of the expeditionary force never reached its destination. The Krasnovodsk column does not seem to have started, so difficult was it found to procure the requisite number of camels. Thus the project of reconnoitring the old bed of the Oxus along its entire length from Krasnovodsk to Karagatch, at four days' march from Khiva, was not carried out. After some very rapid marching, executed under trying circumstances, during two months of the hottest period of the year, Prince Bekovitch arrived at Karagatch, and would no doubt, in accordance with his instructions, have built a fort near the Oxus embankment had he not suddenly been attacked by the Khivans; and, although the Khivan forces were on this occasion easily repulsed, Bekovitch's expedition is known to have ended in the destruction of the entire force. Meanwhile nothing had been done towards diverting the course of the Oxus; and, although Peter gave signs of an intention to send out a second expedition, no further attempt was made towards turning the river or even towards exploring the ancient channel along its entire length from Krasnovodsk Bay to Karagatch, until the expedition of Perofski in 1837. This expedition, which, though not attended with such disastrous results, was in one sense far less successful than that of Prince Bekovitch (since it was stopped by the snow and by the loss of nearly the whole of the camels before it had marched a quarter of the distance to Khiva), had originally been announced as a scientific expedition undertaken "for the purpose of exploring the shores of the Aral Lake and the ancient bed of the Oxus." But Perofski did not go near the ancient bed of the Oxus; and, though during General Kaufmann's time expeditions for visiting the ancient bed of the Oxus and determining the practicability of restoring the river to its former course have frequently been reported, these have usually been regarded as expeditions directed against the Turcomans; and it is tolerably certain that more than one of these so-called scientific expeditions has approached Merv. It sometimes happens, however, that the victims of deception end by deceiving themselves; and if the news now published by the Russian newspapers as to the destruction of the Oxus embankment and the return of the river to its old bed be true, it must be concluded that the detachments alleged on so many occasions to have been sent out with the view of determining the question of the old bed of the river were really despatched with that view. They may have wished at the same time to operate against the Tekke Turcomans. But the seizure and annexation of Merv would be as nothing compared with the conquest or creation of a new waterway from the Caspian to Khiva and the various countries washed by the upper Oxus in the region to the north of Afghanistan and of Cashmere. It does not of course follow, even if the river had been brought back to its old course, from Karagatch all the way to Krasnovodsk Bay, that the stream would be navigable from the Caspian upwards. Apart, however, from the question of navigation, the conversion of the Oxus into its ancient channel would bring water into a steppe of

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sand and enable the Russians to march from Krasnovodsk to Khiva by a route not more than three hundred and sixty miles in length, across a desert which they have hitherto, for want of water, been unable to traverse in any large force.

From The Academy.

HANS HENDRIK.*

THE annals of literature, although abounding with the productions of countless authors representing all ages and nearly all nations, have hitherto been unable to record the existence of a work emanating from the brain, and transmitted by the pen, of an Eskimo. That deficiency has now been supplied. The work before us is the plain, unvarnished history of the life and adventures of one of those wandering nomads — who pass their lives in months of ceaseless sunshine and months of endless darkness — as chronicled by himself.

Those who have interested themselves in the work of polar exploration, and have read the various narratives of the more recent Arctic expedition, published by the commanders on their return, cannot fail to be acquainted with the name of Hans Hendrik.

We first hear of him in 1853, when he was but a lad some seventeen years of age, accompanying Dr. Kane, the eminent American Arctic explorer, in the capacity of hunter and dog-driver to the expedition. Readers of Dr. Kane's admirable description of this voyage will be able, in a manner, to realize the hardships and sufferings endured by our hero during two terribly severe winters. On this occasion he was the sole companion of Moreton when he reported his great discovery of an "open Polar Sea," now proved to have no existence.

The author's account of how he first accepted employment with the Americans, and his parting from home, is thus laconically described: —

I heard that they were looking for a native companion, and that his parents should have payment during his absence. Nobody being willing, I, Hans Hendrik, finally took a liking to join them, and I said I would go. The ship's master tried to get one assistant more, but did not succeed.

I went to inform my mother of my intention and she gainsaid me, and begged me not to join them; but I replied, "If no mischief happen me I shall return, and I shall earn money for thee; but certainly I pity my dear younger brothers who have not grown food-winners as yet, especially the youngest, Nathaniel." At last we started, and when we left my countrymen and relatives, to be sure it was very disheartening. Still, I thought, if I do not perish I shall return. How strange! This was not to be fulfilled.

Hans, it must be remembered, though a dweller within the Arctic circle, had always lived in the southern part of it, and had therefore never experienced any long period of darkness. His terror and astonishment at the excessive darkness and long-continued absence of the sun in their first winter quarters in latitude 79° is related in the following graphic manner: —

Then it really grew winter and dreadfully cold, and the sky speedily darkened. Never had I seen the dark season like this; to be sure it was awful; I thought we should have no daylight any more. I was seized with fright, and fell a-weeping; I never in my life saw such darkness at noon-time. As the darkness continued for three months, I really believed we should have no daylight more. However, finally it dawned, and brightness having set in, I used to go shooting hares.

That our hero was a keen and successful sportsman is fully exemplified, not only by his own words — and he certainly regards his hunting excursions as the most important duties connected with an Arctic expedition — but also by the statements of the different commanders with whom he served, who testify to his skill and energy, and aver that the lives of many of his scurvy-stricken comrades were undoubtedly saved by his promptitude in procuring game.

Instead of returning to the southward with Dr. Kane, Hans elected to remain and take his chance with a more northerly tribe, called by Sir John Ross the Arctic Highlanders, with whom he lived for several years. He thus describes his attachment to them: —

At length I wholly attached myself to them, and followed them when they removed to the south. I got the man of highest standing among them as my foster father, and when I had dwelled several winters with them, I began to think of taking a wife, although an unchristened one. First, I went a-wooing to a girl of good morals, but I gave her up, as her father said: "Take my sister." The latter was a widow and ill-reputed. Afterwards I got a sweetheart whom I resolved never to part with, but to keep as my wife in the country of the Christians. Since then she has been baptized and partaken of the Lord's Supper.

* *Memoirs of Hans Hendrik, the Arctic Traveller.* Written by Himself. Translated from the Eskimo Language by Dr. Henry Rink. (Trübner.)

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We next read of the author being engaged in 1860, in the same capacity as before, by Dr. Hayes, who had served as a subordinate in Dr. Kane's expedition, and who found our hero living with his newly adopted friends at Cape York. On this occasion he was permitted to take his wife and child with him.

This expedition wintered some little distance to the southward of the position where Dr. Kane had established his winter quarters. He does not appear to have been a great favorite with the men, partly because he was supposed to have caused the desertion, and consequent death, of another Eskimo, of whom he was jealous; and partly because he was suspected of having been the immediate cause, through a want of attention, of the death of Mr. Sontag, the astronomer, who was frozen while away on a sledging journey with Hans. His account of the latter adventure is interesting and pathetically related; but we are bound to admit that, by his own showing, he does not appear to have made strenuous exertions to save his comrade's life. It is, however, but charitable to suppose that it is simply his inability as a writer, or perhaps his modesty as a man, that makes him appear indifferent to his companion's sufferings. His conduct on this occasion affords a striking contrast to the noble devotion of two young officers belonging to Sir George Nares' expedition, who were placed in almost identical circumstances, but who succeeded in bringing their poor frozen comrade alive to his ship. In spite of his apparent apathy on this occasion, he seems to possess a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness: the death of his mother-in-law, he tells us, was a "hard blow" to him; while his description of those among whom he had elected to live is such as to make us wish that many in our own more civilized country could be alluded to in the same terms; for he says that "they are never false, but always loving towards each other."

When Captain Hall sailed on his memorable voyage in 1871 Hans was again induced to try his fortunes with the Americans, more especially as his old shipmate Moreton was on board the "Polaris." The account that he gives us as to how he shipped and the amount of wages he was to receive is most amusing, and is certainly very different from the compact we should have expected to be made between a simple and ignorant man and a shrewd Yankee dealer: —

The boat having landed, the assistant trader said, "The merchant wants thee to join them." A little while after the ship's mate, Mister Tarsta, said, "What pay dost thou want per month?" I answered, "Ten dollars." He said, "It is too little, is it not?" I said "Twenty-five." He again, "It is too little." At last, as I did not demand any more, he asked, "Will fifty be sufficient?" I replied, "Yes, that will do." He added, "Art thou willing to perform sailor's work on board, or not?" I agreed so to do, with the exception of going aloft. When I had spoken thus, he was satisfied, and said that we were to start the next day.

After the death of Captain Hall, which event is alluded to by the author in feeling terms, Hans seems to have been subjected to a good deal of chaff and practical joking at the hands of the crew, which the poor fellow, not understanding or appreciating the white man's notions of fun, took in sober earnest, as the following lines testify: —

Once when the sun had reappeared, I heard that I was to be punished in man-of-war fashion. The sailors informed me, "To-morrow, at nine, thou wilt be tied and brought down to the smithy. Mister Tarsta will come to fetch thee after nine o'clock. Take breakfast without fear; if thou art afraid thou wilt be treated ill." When I heard this, I pitied my wife and little children. The next morning when we rose, towards breakfast time, my wife, our daughter, and I fell a-weeping. Our little son asked, "Why do ye cry?" From pity we were unable to give an answer. However, they brought us our breakfast, and, though without appetite, we had just begun eating when we heard a knocking at the door. It was opened, and Mister Tarsta, with a smiling look, made his appearance, and accosted us: "*Godmorgen*, are ye eating?" whereupon, still smiling, he petted our children and left us, and a heavy stone was removed from my heart. I also thanked God, who had shown mercy to a poor little creature.

His horror that corporal punishment should be inflicted on board white men's ships is expressed in a long conversation with Joe, the other Eskimo serving on board the "Polaris," at page fifty-seven. He concludes his conversation by saying that he will never again take service under the Americans, but should the English wish to engage him he would go! We cannot help thinking that Master Hans inserted this little paragraph after he had returned from our recent Arctic expedition, as he was totally unacquainted with the English or their customs before he was engaged by Sir George Nares to serve on board the "Discovery."

Those who are acquainted with the history of this expedition will remember how

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on a dark October night, with a fierce gale howling around them, nineteen human beings were separated from their ship, and drifted down on an ice floe, during six long dark months, exposed to all the severities of an Arctic winter, through Baffin's Bay to Davis' Straits, a distance, almost incredible to relate, of fifteen hundred miles! The only shelter that they had was that which their own resources could afford. Our author was one of this party, whose salvation, indeed, was mainly owing to his energy and skill as a hunter. It was he who, when hope was almost extinguished, succeeded in shooting some seals and a bear, and was thus instrumental in keeping his companions alive. In the official account, published by the United States government, of the cruise of the "Polaris," our author is spoken of in the following high terms: "The valuable services of Joe and Hans, as interpreters and hunters, often maintained the very lives of the ship's company." On being rescued from their floating prison by an English sealer, Hans was taken to America, in which country he remained for some months, until an opportunity offered of sending him back to Greenland. His astonishment at everything he saw in the United States is amusingly expressed in several pages. Sometimes his surprise was so great as to cause him to moralize, and to exclaim to his companion, Joe, "How wonderful that all these people subsist from the trifle that the soil produces; behold the numberless houses, the charming shores yonder, and this calm sea, how inviting!"

When Sir George Nares sailed in command of our last Arctic expedition he expressly called in at the little Danish settlement of Pröven, on the west coast of Greenland, in order to secure the services of Hans, as hunter and interpreter to one of his ships. In this he was successful, and although he was informed that his wife and family could not accompany him, as in previous expeditions, he was easily induced to try his fortunes once more in the far north. His services during that expedition are thus alluded to by Captain Nares in his official account: "All speak in the highest terms of Hans the Eskimo, who was untiring in his exertions with the dog sledge and in procuring game." The same fits of despondency seem to have attacked him during the winter on board the "Discovery" as he was subject to in the American expeditions. He always seemed to be under the impression that he was regarded with disfavor by a portion of the crew, and that they had resolved to flog him, if not to kill him. It appears to be the fashion among the Eskimo when feeling depressed to run away from their comrades, and seek relief either in solitude or death. The author describes at page thirty-eight the disappearance of a young Eskimo, whose desertion and consequent death was attributed by several of the members of Dr. Hayes' expedition to the ill-treatment he received from Hans himself; and at page ninety he gives an account of his own desertion from the "Discovery" because he thought that some of the crew had conspired against him to flog him. This so preyed upon his mind that he resolved to run away, although he naively remarks, "Our captain likes me; perhaps he will send people in search of me"! After he had gone a short distance from the ship he very wisely halted, knowing, as he said, that he would be searched for. He was soon found and brought on board, but not, however, before he had caused a great deal of anxiety to all on board, who were apprehensive for his safety, exposed as he was for some hours to a temperature many degrees below zero.

Hans, undoubtedly, regarded himself as one of the most important members in each and all of the expeditions with which he was connected. According to his own account, he was invariably consulted as to the route to be adopted, and on other matters, as the following lines will show: "When we were going, our captain said, 'Now show us the road; go ahead of us, and we will follow.'" Again: "The captain used to question me, 'Which way are we to go?' I answered, 'Look here, this will be better.' It was lucky the commander treated me as a comrade"! Speaking of Captain Nares, he says: "The captain of our other ship was beyond all praise; one might think he neither slept nor ate. Sitting in his look-out in the mast, he sometimes took his meat there. On account of his extraordinary skill in ice-navigation, he was our leader." A vein of simplicity pervades the whole book, though strongly marked by egotism, but this is hardly to be wondered at, more especially when we are told that the work was almost entirely written from memory; the few notes that the author possessed being in all probability those taken during the time he was serving with the last English expedition. In making even those few notes the author was doubtless prompted by observing so many men belonging to the crew of the "Discovery" keeping regular written journals. Hans is now, we

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are told, established as boatswain and laborer at one of the Greenland settlements. For an Eskimo, he must be regarded by his neighbors as a wealthy man, for the interest of the money he received as pay in his four expeditions would certainly yield a very comfortable competence to a resident in Greenland. Let us hope he will live long to enjoy the comforts of a life at home, and we may surely add to the name which he has already earned for himself as a mighty hunter a new reputation as an author.

The credit for the appearance of this little book is entirely due to Dr. Rink, who has so admirably translated and edited it. He is perhaps the only man in the world who could have undertaken the task and executed it so well. A master of the Eskimo language, and perfectly familiar, from a long residence in Greenland, with the manners and customs of the natives, besides possessing a personal knowledge of the author, he was peculiarly fitted for the work which he has so successfully concluded; and which will, we predict, take its place amid the many volumes of Arctic adventure which are now before the public, and be read with equal interest.

Dr. Rink, in an introduction, gives a slight sketch of the early life of the author, and briefly summarizes the narratives of the four expeditions in which Hans Hendrik served, and which had for their object the attainment of a high northern latitude. ALBERT H. MARKHAM.

From The Spectator.

THE VARIOUS CAUSES OF SCEPTICISM.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his remarkable article in the *Contemporary Review* on "The Sixteenth Century Arraigned Before the Nineteenth," and Mr. Baldwin Brown, in his not less remarkable address to the Congregational Union at Liverpool on Tuesday on the explanation of the great sceptical movements of the day, strike the same note. They hold that the truest explanation of the shortcomings of scepticism in our generation is the fault of the orthodoxy of the previous generation. It was the practical paganism of the Catholic world, say both, which gave rise to the Reformation; and it was the onesidedness of the various Reformers which gave rise to the intellectual revolts of the later heresiarchs. Thus, Mr. Baldwin Brown holds that it was Calvinism which caused Unitarianism. "Take the Unitarian heresy in modern times. He held that the high Calvinistic theology, coming perilously near, as it did, to the presentation of an interior discord in the triune nature, which was harmonized by the atonement, almost inevitably developed a community which could see only the unity, and felt itself called to bear witness to the vital aspect of that truth to the world." And no doubt not only is there very great truth in the general doctrine that the degeneracy of a great faith almost inevitably leads to the sincere proclamation of some half-true but energetic doctrine which is the natural protest against the spurious form in which that faith has been held, — just as idolatrous tendencies in Christianity directly promoted the spread of Mahommedanism, — but those who know the history of Calvinism and Unitarianism know how much there is to be said for Mr. Baldwin Brown's special illustration of it. At the same time, we cannot believe that explicit reaction against a degenerate and implicitly heterodox faith, is the sufficient explanation of all such forms of error. Else what are we to say to the widespread atheism, — or to the still more dangerous, because colder and more indifferent, secularism, — of the present day? Is that to be explained as a legitimate reaction against the hollowness of any previous form of religious faith? It can hardly be true that *all* falsehood is half-truth, and is the proper cure for some deficiency in the previous profession of the truth. It may well be indeed that while the people of Europe were slowly learning to believe in a righteous and loving God, it was impossible for them to be taught to believe in physical law; and it may also be that now when the people of Europe are being taught the meaning and uses of physical law, it is not very easy for them to retain at the highest point, — the point of truth, — their belief in a righteous and loving God. Nobody can say that in dealing with "such creatures as we are, in such a world as the present," it is easy to give us a firm grasp of any great class of truths whatever, without loosening our grasp on some other class of truths, perhaps nobler and more vital, though it may be also, for that very reason, a class of truths less difficult to recover. Still, this is a very different thing from saying that every form of explicit error is due to reaction against some still more serious implicit error in the faith of our fathers. Voltaire may have been raised up as a wholesome scourge of selfish superstitions, and yet it does not follow that every one who follows

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Voltaire has been driven into the rank of his followers by disgust for such superstitions. So far as we can see, the theory that the spiritual and moral law of action and reaction will account for all dominant errors, is an exaggeration of the function of a valuable, though limited principle. Doubtless, asceticism and monasticism lead to reactions in which the fibre of human character is dangerously relaxed; doubtless, mysticism encourages the growth of rationalism, and rationalism in its turn some kind of regression to idealism and mysticism. Still, these complementary phases of faith are not sufficient, or nearly sufficient, to account for all we see; nor could they be so, unless man were indeed alone in the world, and the Hegelianism which explains all his convictions as partly the growth of, and partly the recoil against, previous convictions, were true. What it leaves out of account is the free, reciprocal action — not necessarily determined by any considerations of this sort, — of God on man, and if we may say so without irreverence, since this is clearly the teaching of Christ, — of man on God. Luther never forgot this most important of all the explanations of the growth or decay of the religious life. "We say to our Lord God," he said, "that if he will have his Church, he must keep it, for we cannot keep it; and if we could, we should be the proudest asses under heaven." And Luther implied, of course, that it might please God to humble the Church, to make it feel his presence less at one time, as well as more at another; to give it, for his good purposes, times of aridity, conventionality, and artificiality, as well as times of rich and flowing faith. And if it be true, as Christ teaches, that man may take the initiative with God, as well as God with man, — that times of trust are times of grace, that knocking leads to opening, — that when man throws himself on God, God pours a new tide of spiritual life into man, then, surely, one of the explanations of a want of faith in the invisible is a previous want of appeal to the invisible, — a self-occupation in thoughts and things which turn us away from the invisible, a life of absorption in the superficial phenomena of existence, a generation of outward interests and outward service. This is an explanation almost opposite to that of the law of action and reaction. That law would suggest that to an age of too much outwardness and coldness, an age of pietism or mysticism would inevitably succeed. Yet such is by no means the universal experience of men. On the contrary, the age in which it was said that "the word of the Lord was precious in those days, — there was no open vision," immediately preceded the age in which the Jews demanded a king, because their faith in that succession of divine judges by which they had been distinguished from the neighboring peoples, had in great measure disappeared. The times distinguished by the apparent silence of heaven frequently lead to periods which are relatively periods of secularism in human history, not to periods of true and deep religious life. And the recent access of atheism seems to be even more due to an apparent dryness of the spiritual life of man (which may be quite as much due to the will of heaven as to the will of man) than to any reaction from former superstitions. As Luther would have said, God has not thought fit to keep his Church as he once kept it. God may have willed that, for a time, it would be better for man to try to the full, what he could and what he could not do, without conscious trust in himself. He may have willed, — as he certainly appears to have willed during many generations even of the life of the people who were specially trained to reveal his mind to the world, — to withhold that stream of spiritual inspiration which is perhaps the only thing corresponding, in the religious life, to what the physicists call "verification" in the world of positive phenomena. We hear on all sides the complaint of the agnostics that it is not their fault if they do not believe in God, — that they will believe at once, if his existence can be verified to them, — that, as Professor Huxley puts it, "no drowning sailor ever clutched a hen-coop more tenaciously" than they would clutch a belief in God which could be verified. If they do not exactly cry aloud, they yet seem to cry under their breath, with the prophet, "Oh, that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence!" in other words, that if only something physical might "verify" the divine presence for them, they would be only too happy to accept it. And yet in almost the same breath they declare, — and declare most reasonably, — that nothing physical could prove it, that happen what might, they could only interpret any physical event as a new aspect of nature, that nature is so large and so elastic, that no room is left in it for any thing physical to rank as supernatural. Well, it is obvious that such a state of mind as this is one which could be changed by the direct touch of

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the divine spirit, and by that only, — by an event of the soul, not an event of the body, — by the power which convinces the conscience, not by any power which only enlarges the experience of the senses.

But it does not follow that because no such event happens, — because the only verification of which the case admits, does not take place, — the agnostic has either, on the one hand, the least right to suppose himself entitled to assume the negative view to be true; or on the other hand, may fairly be regarded by those who do recognize as final evidence the influence of God over their soul, as morally inferior to themselves. Neither of these conclusions is true. The agnostic is not right, for his negative experience, however frequently repeated, cannot outweigh a single clear experience of a positive kind. But none the less, he must not, on account of this negative experience, be treated as morally inferior to one who has verified the existence of a divine will over him and in him; for if it has been, as doubtless it has, for the advantage of mankind that hundreds of generations should have felt the need of high social and moral laws, before ever social and moral laws were established and obeyed, and that hundreds of generations more felt the need of a clear recognition of constant physical laws, before physical laws were discovered and turned to account, why should it not also be for the advantage of man that certain classes, even in the modern times of larger knowledge and higher aims, should be taught to feel acutely the need of a divine light for the true interpretation even of those physical principles of order, which they are so strenuous in asserting and enforcing in their apparent divorce from any spiritual principle? We may say roughly, — a very great thinker indeed did say, — that during the Middle Ages thinking men were chiefly occupied in sounding their own minds, to see how much light the careful exploring of those minds might shed on the external order of things; and that a knowledge of the insufficiency of the study of mind to explain the laws of matter, was the first step to that true study of the laws of matter which followed. And we believe that the eminent agnostics of the present day may be said to be discharging the similar function, of exaggerating indefinitely the influence of material laws in things moral and spiritual, in order eventually to show their well-marked limits; that they are trying (and failing) to prove that material laws are the true keys to the knowledge of mental and moral life, just as the Middle Ages tried and failed to show that moral and spiritual laws were the true keys to the knowledge of material life. And it would be just as foolish to suppose the modern physicists inferior to those who do not fall into their error, only because they are not equally fascinated by their truths as it would have been to denounce the schoolmen as morally inferior to the first heralds of the new science, only for trying to deduce principles of astronomy out of the *a-priori* and abstract conceptions of the human mind. The truth is, that in every great stage of human progress there is, and must be, an undue appreciation of the step just made. In some sense, it may be said that Providence is the real cause of that undue appreciation. It is, of course, the divine guidance which determines the main lines of direction and intensity for human thought; and if the Creator withdraws himself at times from the vision of men, or of some men, it is no doubt for the benefit of all men that he does so. To speak of those who do not themselves see God as "living without God in the world," is itself atheism. You might as well suppose that before the atmosphere was recognized as having weight and substance, men who did not know the difference between it and a vacuum, lived without the air they breathed. God is not less behind the consciousness of men who have no glimpse of him through their consciousness, then he is within the heart of those who worship him; and the only real rejection of God is the resistance to his word, whether it be felt as his word, or only as a mysterious claim on the human will which it is impossible adequately to define. We hold that, in a sense, God is himself, in all probability, no unfrequent cause of the blindness of men to his presence. He retires behind the veil of sense, when he wishes us to explore the boundaries of sense, and to become fully aware of a life beyond. The physicists in every school are doing this great work for us now. They are explaining, defining, mapping all the currents of physical influence, and from time to time crying out, like Professor Huxley, for "the hen-coop" of which, like shipwrecked sailors, they see no sign; like Professor Tyndall, for the elevating idealism which is conspicuous by its absence in all their investigations; like Professor Clifford, for something to replace the theism of Kingsley and Martineau. To suppose that the men who are doing this great work, — who are mapping for us the quicksands and sunken rocks of physical scepticism, — are necessarily

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deserted by God, because they do not see him, is to be more truly atheists than any physicist. There is a scepticism which is of God's making, in order that we may see how many of the highest springs of human life are founded in trust, — how everything else fails, even in the highest minds, to produce order, peace, and calm. The physicists of to-day are suffering for us, as well as for themselves. It is their failure to find light, which will show where the light is not, and also where it is. As Mr. Mallock well says, in the best paper he has yet written — that in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Faith and Verification," — the pitiful cries of modern physicists, as they raise their hands to what they deem a spiritual vacuum, are about the best auguries we could have that it is not in physical science that man can ever find his salvation.

From The Sunday Magazine.

LICHENS.

LICHENS run through the whole chromatic scale, and show what striking effects nature can produce by an harmonious combination of a few simple lines and hues. Most of them are of a quiet grey tint, but some display the most vivid colors. One species covers trees and rocks with bright yellow, powdery patches; another sprinkles them with a kind of green rust, especially in the neighborhood of large towns. Almost every old wall, castle, and rocky seashore is emblazoned with the brilliant deep yellow rosettes of the common wall parmelia. Olive-green and pale primrose-yellow lichens diversify the surface of moorland boulders and dykes. And what is very remarkable, the higher we ascend the mountain-side, the farther north we penetrate, the brighter becomes the coloring and the more graceful and luxuriant the form of lichens; presenting in this respect a parallel to many flowering plants, such as the birch, whose stem is whiter, and whose leaves are more shining and fragrant in Norway than in this country. One of the loveliest species is the "geographical lichen" (*Lecidea geographica*), which is the most arctic, antarctic, and alpine plant in the world, occupying the extreme outpost of vegetation in altitude and latitude; and its yellow-green crust becomes brighter, smoother, and more continuous, and its characteristic black dots and lines, like towns, and rivers, and boundaries on a map, become deeper and glossier the nearer we approach the limit of perpetual snow. It is a fit companion of those exquisite alpine flowers that bloom their fairest in the same desolate circumstances, and exhibit a grace and beauty far surpassing those of their favored sisters of the plain. The little cup lichen that holds up its tiny goblets in myriads to catch the dewdrops upon the turfy top of every old wall and bank, assumes in one of its kindred forms that grows at a great height upon the mountains, a larger size, a more elegant shape, and a more tender color. Nothing of the kind can be lovelier than this mountain species, with its soft sulphur-colored cups decked round the edge with waxen heads of the most brilliant scarlet, creeping over the bleak alpine turf, and forming, with the gay flowers of the purple saxifrage and the moss campion, a tiny garden in the wilderness. On the wildest islands of the Antarctic Ocean, where nothing else but lichens grow, some of the finest species abound, whose large polished black shields contrast beautifully with their yellow shrubby stems; and on the tundras, or vast plains that border the polar ocean, the eye is delighted beyond measure with the delicate and intricate branching and the snowy purity of the larger lichens, which form almost the only vegetation. One lichen in New Zealand imitates the finest lace-work; another found on our grey northern moors resembles miniature coral; and on the highest and most exposed ridges of the Scottish mountains one leafy species occurs whose under side is of the most splendid orange color, while its upper surface, constantly wetted by the clouds and mists, is of the most vivid green, varied by the chocolate color of its large, flat, shield-like fructification. Thus, where we should expect the vegetation to partake of the sombre nature of the locality, and to be dwarfed, ill-shapen, and discolored by the unfavorable circumstances, we find the most perfect and luxuriant forms; and just as the lichens in our sheltered woods and valleys flourish best in wild wintry weather, so do their congeners in the exposed altitudes and latitudes of the world, where there is a perpetual winter and storms continually prevail, exhibit their brightest coloring and their most graceful shapes; reading to us thus the most needful lesson of one of the sweet uses of adversity, viz., to perfect that which concerneth us — to complete the ideal which a too easy and pleasant life often fails to realize.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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A FRAGMENT.

PEACEFUL our valley, fair and green,
And beautiful her cottages,
Each in its nook, its sheltered hold,
Or underneath its tuft of trees.

Many and beautiful they are;
But there is *one* that I love best,
A lowly shed in truth it is,
A brother of the rest.

Yet when I sit on rock or hill
Down-looking on the valley fair,
That cottage with its clustering trees
Summons my heart; it settles there.

Others there are whose small domain
Of fertile fields and hedgerows green
Might more seduce a wanderer's mind
To wish that there his home had been.

Such wish be his! I blame him not;
My fancies they perchance are wild,
I love that house because it is
The very mountains' child.

Fields hath it of its own — green fields,
But they are craggy, steep and bare,
Their fence is of the mountain stone,
And moss and lichen flourish there.

And when the storm comes from the north
It lingers near that pastoral spot,
And, piping through the mossy walls,
It seems delighted with its lot.

And let it take its own delight,
And let it range the pastures bare,
Until it reach that nest of trees,—
It may not enter there!

A green unfading grove it is,
Skirted with many a lesser tree —
Hazel and holly, beech and oak,
A bright and flourishing company!

Precious the shelter of those trees!
They screen the cottage that I love,
The sunshine pierces to the roof,
And the tall pine-trees tower above.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

AT NIGHTFALL.

COMING along by the meadows,
Just after the sun went down,
Watching the gathering shadows
Creep over the hillsides brown;

Coming along in the gloaming,
With never a star in the sky,
My thoughts went a-roaming, a-roaming
Through days that are long gone by;

Days when desire said, "To-morrow,
To-morrow, heart, we'll be gay!"
Days ere the heart heard the sorrow
Which echoes through yesterday.

Life was a goblet burnished,
That with love for wine was filled;
The cup is bruised and tarnished,
And the precious wine is spilled.

But to the traveller weary,
Just coming in sight of home,
What does it matter how dreary
The way whereby he has come?

Coming along by the meadows,
And watching the fading day,
Duskier than night's dusky shadows
Fell shadows of yesterday.

In the northern sunset's glimmer,
The Great Bear opened his eyes;
Low in the east a shimmer
Showed where the full moon would rise.

Lights in a window were gleaming,
And some one stood at a gate,
Said, "Why do you stand there dreaming?
And why are you home so late?"

Yesterday's shadow and sorrow
That moment all vanished away!
Here were to-day and to-morrow —
What matter for yesterday?

Good Words.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is balsam, comfort, peace,
The loss of self in Deity;
The harmony of human souls
With heaven's eternal melody!

Prayer is freedom, loss of all
That binds the soul to this poor clod;
So that no words, nor forms, nor thoughts
Stand darkening between her and God!

Mysterious, and yet so bright,
It bears the soul to heaven away;
'Tis like a slumbering at the source,
And yet a waking into day.

NICOLAUS LENAN.

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From The Quarterly Review.

JOHN DRYDEN.*

THE life of Dryden has yet to be written; but we are at last in the possession of ample materials for the task. The editors of his works have labored with patient research and honest enthusiasm, under no ordinary difficulties; but these difficulties have been crowned with no ordinary success, and Mr. Christie closes a long line of able and industrious students who have cheerfully submitted to much drudgery, and who consequently deserve well of the republic of letters. Ninety-eight years ago Johnson pronounced that the life of Dryden was likely to remain a blank, that nothing could be known beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition have supplied. We are now enabled to pronounce with confidence that we know as much of Dryden, of his domestic life, of his personal habits, of his peculiarities, of his character, of his relations with his contemporaries, as we know of any of those accomplished men who lounged away their evenings at Button's, or listened to Swift reading "Gulliver's Travels" on Pope's lawn at Twickenham. Indeed we shrewdly suspect that were it possible for Congreve and Addison to converse with a well-informed student of Dryden in the present day, he could communicate many interesting details about their patron which would be altogether new to them; he could explain many inconsistencies in the great poet's character and conduct, which probably excited a good deal of unsatisfactory speculation at Wills' and at the Grecian, and he could show with excusable complacency how careful study will sometimes enable mankind to have a truer insight not into the works only, but into the personal character of a great man nearly two centuries after his death, than was apparently attained by any of those with whom he lived in daily and familiar intercourse.

And here begins our quarrel with the biographers. We are compelled to confess that though they have been eminently successful in bringing fresh material to light, they have failed in the biographer's principal duty. They have not fused their materials into a consistent whole; they have neither arranged nor interpreted; they have contented themselves with heaping up masses of facts which are simply not chaotic because they are chronological. We shall not, we trust, be guilty of any disrespect to the memory of Malone, whose memoir has always been the great storehouse for the facts of the poet's life, or of any insensibility to the merits of Messrs. Mitford, Bell, Hooper and others, whose discoveries Mr. Christie has at once summed up and supplemented, if we say that the biography of Dryden has been very imperfectly executed, that hitherto we have been furnished rather with the materials of a good biography than with the biography itself. Sir Walter Scott's memoir prefixed to the collected edition of the works is still the best we have, but, like all Scott's miscellaneous writings for the booksellers, its graphic vigor is marred too evidently by haste and off-hand judgments, always sensible, but not always accurate. With so many students of Dryden in the field it ought long ago to have been superseded, but we are bound to say that Mr. Christie's introduction, which represents the last contribution to the biography of Dryden, cannot be pronounced in anyway to have superseded it. As a repository of facts lucidly arranged in chronological order it deserves praise. He has availed himself to the full of the labors of his predecessors; he has added some fresh discoveries of his own, and he has evidently spared no trouble to inform himself from collateral sources of the minutest particulars of the poet's life. His text of the poems is the best we have. For the rest, his work sinks to the level of a school-book. The literary execution is of a decidedly third-rate order;* the style is

* 1. *The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden.* Now first collected by Edmond Malone. London, 1800.

2. *Life and Works of John Dryden.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. 18 vols. 1821.

3. *The Poetical Works of John Dryden.* Annotated Aldine edition. 5 vols. 8vo. 1857.

4. *The Poetical Works of John Dryden.* Edited, with a Memoir, revised text, and notes, by W. D. Christie, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London. 1870.

* By dint of neglecting pronouns, Mr. Christie has

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cramped and jejune, the reflections vapid and commonplace, and when he attempts to comment on the more perplexed passages of his author's not very consistent career, his want of insight and his inability to interpret evidence become lamentably apparent. We should in truth be very sorry to think that it is destined to remain the standard biography of one who was himself a model of facile, various, and masculine composition, the best prose-writer beyond all question among our poets, the best poet beyond all question among our prose-writers.

To Dryden himself we are bound by triple ties of traditional association, of personal interest, and of national gratitude. No other name in the annals of literary biography has represented so completely the English character and the English intellect in the fulness of their strength and in the extremity of their weakness. Sophocles was not more essentially an Athenian, Juvenal and Lucan were not more essentially Romans, than Dryden is essentially an Englishman. Nearly two centuries have passed since his coffin was reverently laid by the hands of his contemporaries in the grave of the father of our poetry: and through all the shifting vicissitudes of opinion and criticism which have perplexed two hundred years of restless literary energy, no one has ever yet grudged his ashes the proud distinction thus claimed for them. His services had indeed been manifold and splendid. He had determined the bent of a great literature at a great crisis. He had banished forever the unpruned luxuriance, the essentially uncritical spirit which had marked the literature of Elizabeth and James, and he had vindicated the substitution of a style, which should proceed on critical principles, which should aim at terseness, sententiousness, and epigram, should learn to restrain itself, should master the mysteries of selection and suppression. He had rescued our poetry from the thraldom of a school which was laboring, with all the resources of immense learning, practised skill, and fine genius, to corrupt taste and pollute style with the vices of Marini and Gongora. He had brought home to us the masterpieces of the Roman classics, and he had taught us how to understand them. He had given us the true canons of classical translation. He had shown us how our language could adapt itself with precision to the various needs of didactic prose, of lyric poetry, of argumentative exposition, of easy narrative, of sonorous declamation. He had exhibited for the first time in all their fulness the power, ductility, and compass of the heroic couplet; and he had demonstrated the possibility of reasoning closely and vigorously in verse, without the elliptical obscurity of Fulke Greville on the one hand, or the painful condensation of Davies on the other. He had rescued English satire from the semi-barbarous diction which had deformed it while passing successively through the hands of Gascoign, Donne, Hall, Marston, Wither, Cleveland, Marvel; and he had raised it to the level of that superb satirical literature which Quinctilian claimed as the peculiar and exclusive growth of Roman genius. He had reconstructed and popularized the poetry of romance. He taught us to think naturally and express forcibly. "Perhaps," observes Johnson, "no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models." What was said of Rome adorned by Augustus may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden, "*Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*, he found it brick and he left it marble." His influence on our literature in almost all its branches has indeed been prodigious. He is one of those figures which are constantly before us; and, if his writings in their entirety are not as familiar to us as they were to our forefathers, they are to be traced in ever-recurring allusion and quotation: they have insensibly leavened much of our verse, more of our prose, and almost all our earlier criticism. With the exception of Shakespeare's, there is probably no name so familiar to the student of our literature. His genius has been consecrated by the praises of men who now share his own literary immortality; his writings have been discussed in works

managed, within the short compass of seventy-seven pages, to repeat the name of Dryden upwards of *six hundred and thirty times!!*

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which have themselves taken a place among English classics. It would in truth be difficult to name a single writer of distinction between the latter half of the seventeenth century and the commencement of the present, who has not in some form recorded his obligations to him. Wycherly addressed him in a copy of verses, which embody probably the only sincere compliment he ever paid to a fellow-creature. Congreve's prose panegyric glows with a warmth of affectionate eulogy, to which that cold and haughty temper was ordinarily a stranger. Garth, in his admirable preface to Ovid's "Metamorphoses," speaks of him as one of the greatest poets who ever trod on earth, and has defined with a happy precision his various and versatile powers. Addison and Pope forgot their mutual jealousies to unite in loyal homage to the genius of their common master; * and Gray in those noble verses in which he ranks him second only to Shakespeare and Milton, was true to the traditions of a long line of illustrious disciples. Churchill, who might with care perhaps have rivalled him as a satirist, dedicates to his memory a fine apostrophe, which seems to kindle with the genius it celebrates. Johnson has discussed his merits in a model of chastened and lucid criticism, and Goldsmith has laid a graceful tribute at his shrine. Nor were Burke and Gibbon silent. Charles Fox not only pronounced him to be the greatest name in our literature, but has lavished praises almost grotesque in their excess of idolatrous enthusiasm. If Wordsworth with his habitual bigotry, and Landor with his habitual intemperance, could descend to diatribes derogatory only to themselves, Byron and Scott, accepting the legacy which the dying poet had a hundred years before so touchingly bequeathed to Congreve, "shaded the laurels which had descended to them"—and vindicated with jealous fondness the fame of their great predecessor.

In the remarkable reaction which set in against the artificial poetry of the eighteenth century at the beginning of the present, Hallam and Macaulay, with all the energy of their various and dissimilar eloquence, claimed an exemption for the great founder of the school then tottering to its fall. They commented, it is true, in severe terms on the weakness of the man who could prostitute his majestic powers to pander to the tastes of a debauched and profligate court, but they did ample justice to the splendid genius which had produced the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," "Absalom and Achitophel," "Don Sebastian," the translation of Virgil, "Alexander's Feast," and the "Fables." And here we cannot but think it due to the memory of Dryden to protest against the unmeasured abuse with which his private character has been assailed. He has been alluded to in terms which would require some qualification if applied to Oates or Rochester. Burnet, smarting from the severe castigation he had received in "The Hind and Panther," described him as a monster of immodesty and impurity. Macaulay paints him in the blackest colors; meanness, scurrility, a depraved and polluted imagination, an abject spirit, a shameful career of mendicancy and adulation, are laid to his account. He has been called a backbiter, a liar, a hypocrite; and charges of a still more abominable kind have been advanced and repeated against him. Some of these charges have been grossly exaggerated; for some of them there is absolutely no foundation. Those who knew him well, for instance, have distinctly asserted that his private life was singularly pure, and yet Mr. Christie continues to accuse him, on the paltry evidence of an obscure libeller, of the grossest libertinism. Now, unless we are much mistaken, Dryden was in private life a very respectable, a very amiable, a very lovable, and a very generous man. He was always going out of his way to do a kindness to his fellow-laborers in literature. He welcomed Wycherly with open arms, though he knew that Wycherly's success must be, to some extent, based on his own depression. Dennis, Shere, Moyle, Motteaux, and Walsh, were constantly assisted by him. By his patronage Addison, then

* There is no good authority for the story circulated by Tonson about Addison and Steele joining in a conspiracy to detract from Dryden's reputation. Where Addison alludes to Dryden it is always in the highest terms.

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a diffident lad at Oxford, and Congreve, a timid aspirant for popular favor, came into prominence. When Southerne was smarting under the failure of his comedy, Dryden was near to cheer and condole with him. He helped Prior, and he was but ill rewarded. He did what he could for young Oldham; and when the poor fellow buried in his premature grave abilities which might have done honor to his country, he dedicated a magnificent elegy to his memory. Lee and Garth were among his disciples; and, if he was at first blind or unjust to Otway's fine genius, he afterwards made ample amends. He gave Nell Gwynne a helping hand at the time when she sorely needed it. His letters to Mrs. Thomas still testify not only his willingness to oblige, but the kindliness and courtesy with which he proffered his services. He was, we are told, beloved by his tenants in Northamptonshire for his liberality as a landlord. The few private letters which have been preserved to us amply prove the warmth and purity of his domestic affections. His relations with his wife are said to have been unhappy, but his devotion to his children is touching in the extreme. He was always thinking of them; he is always alluding to them. He sent two of them to the universities when he could but ill afford it; and he seems to have exercised an anxious vigilance over their studies. "If," he writes, referring to his son Charles, who had been ill, "it please God that I must die of overstudy, I cannot spend my life better than in preserving his." In an age of shameless profligacy, his private life was without a stain; for in the charges brought against him by his literary assailants we can detect nothing but those vague and extravagant calumnies which carry their own refutation. We are not prepared either to defend or to extenuate the grave offences against morality and decorum which sully his writings; we are not prepared to defend the wild inconsistency of his conduct and his opinions, but we contend that a poet must be read in the light of the age which nurtured him. Dryden was the noble scapegoat of an ignoble and dissolute generation. He fell on evil days and profligate patrons, with the hard alternative of popularity or starvation.

JOHN DRYDEN, the eldest son of Erasmus Dryden and Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, was born at Aldwinckle, a village near Oundle in Northamptonshire on the ninth of August, 1631. There is a local tradition that he first saw the light in the parsonage-house of Aldwinckle All-Saints, then the residence of his maternal grandfather. The truth of this tradition has been questioned by the biographers, who, on the authority of Malone, have asserted that Mr. Pickering did not become rector till 1647, and that consequently there are no reasonable grounds for supposing that Dryden was born there in 1631. But Mr. Christie, ascertaining that Pickering became rector in 1597, not in 1647, has corroborated the truth of the old tradition, and justified the claims of the little room which is still shown to the reverence of the literary pilgrim. His family, though not noble, was eminently respectable; and though two of his sisters married small tradesmen, and one of his brothers became a tobacconist in London, he could still remind the Lady Elizabeth Howard that on his mother's side he could number titled relations who had enjoyed the friendship of James I., and sat in judgment on his successor. Poets have seldom been distinguished for adhering to the political and religious traditions which they have inherited, and Dryden is no exception to the rule. His father and his mother were not only Puritans themselves, but belonged to families who had made themselves conspicuous for their opposition to the crown and for the zealous consistency with which they had upheld the principles of their sect. His grandfather had been imprisoned for refusing loan-money to Charles I. His uncle, Sir John Dryden, was accused of having turned the chancel of his church at Canons-Ashby into a barn, and Mr. Christie thinks it not improbable that his father was a committee-man of the Commonwealth times. Of his early youth little is known. He had, he tells, read Polybius in English when he was ten years old, "and even then had some dark notions of the prudence with which he conducted his design, — an early instance of his characteristic preference for solid and philosophic literature as distinguished from romantic and imaginative. If an inscription erected by his cousin in Tichmarsh Church is to be believed, he received the rudiments of his education in that village. From Tichmarsh he proceeded to Westminster School, probably about 1642. We have no means of judging why this school was selected; but the choice was a wise one, and young Dryden arrived at a fortunate moment. Three years before, the languid and inefficient Osbolston had been ejected by Laud from the head-mastership; and the school, now in the vigorous hands of Busby, was about

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to enter on a career which has no parallel in the history of education. During his tenure of office — to employ the phraseology he loved to affect — Westminster sent up to the universities more lads destined afterwards to distinguish themselves in every department of politics, theology, science, and literature, than any other English school could boast of doing in two centuries. Busby was indeed eminently qualified for his responsible post. He was one of those men whom nature had endowed with versatile powers which circumstances had made it impossible for him to display actively, but which expressed themselves in ready and delighted sympathy whenever he recognized their presence in others. At Oxford he had been distinguished not only by his classical and theological attainments, but by his abilities as an orator, as a conversationalist, and as an amateur actor. The skill with which he had sustained a leading character in Cartwright's comedy of "The Royal Slave," on the occasion of Charles I.'s visit to Oxford, was long remembered in the common room at Christ Church. For upwards of half a century he ruled Westminster with a severity which has been pleasantly ridiculed by Pope, and feelingly described by more than one of his illustrious pupils. But he could reflect with pride, at the end of a long and laborious life, that he had nursed the young genius of Dryden, Lee, Prior, Saunders, Rowe, King, and Duke; that he had moulded the youth of Locke and South; had imbued with literary tastes which never left them the practical abilities of Montagu and Stepney; had laid the foundations of Atterbury's elegant scholarship, and of that learning which made Edmund Smith the marvel of his contemporaries; had taught Friende "to speak as Terence spoke," and Alsop to repeat the refined wit of Horace;* that eight of his pupils had been raised to the bench, that no less than sixteen had been bishops. His influence on Dryden was undoubtedly considerable. He saw and encouraged in every way his peculiar bent. Despairing, probably, of ever making him an exact scholar, he taught him to approach Virgil and Horace, not so much from the grammatical as from the literary side. He taught him to relish the austere beauties of the Roman satirists, and with admirable tact set him to turn Persius and others into English verse, instead of submitting him to the usual drudgery of Latin composition. Dryden never forgot his obligations to Busby. Thirty years afterwards, when the young Westminster boy had become the first poet and the first critic of his age, he addressed his master, then a very old man, in some of the most beautiful verses he ever wrote. With exquisite propriety he dedicated to him his translation of the satire in which Persius records his reverence and gratitude to Cornutus: —

Yet never could be worthily express'd
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robe resign'd the charge,
And left me unconfin'd to live at large.
Just at that age when manhood set me free,
I then deposed myself and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I repos'd my head,
And by my better Socrates was bred.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand.

And what he has embalmed so eloquently in verse he has repeated with simpler sincerity, but with equal emphasis in prose. They now lie within a few feet of each other in the great abbey. Men of genius have had, as a rule, little enough to thank their pedagogues for; and at the present time, when masters and pupils are farther than ever from realizing the old notion of the sacred ties which should connect them, we are tempted to dwell fondly on this touching and creditable incident in a great man's career.

From Westminster young Dryden proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was entered May 18th, 1650; he matriculated in the following July, and on the second of October, the same year, he was elected a scholar on the Westminster foundation. Of his life at Cambridge comparatively little is known. He probably carried up to Trinity enough Latin to enable him to read with facility the Roman classics, and enough Greek to enable him to follow a Greek text in a Latin version. We very much question whether his attainments in Greek ever went beyond this, and he has given us ample opportunities of judging. Making all allowances for haste and the exigencies of a theory of translation, which aimed at transferring the spirit rather than the letter, it is obvious that his Greek scholarship was essentially inexact, uncritical, dishonest. In his renderings from Homer and Theocritus, he universally follows the Latin translation; his knowledge of Polybius and Plutarch is plainly at second hand; of Aristophanes and the tragedians he ap-

* "Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke."
Pope.

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pears to have known little. To Thucydides, to Plato, and to the orators he has rarely even alluded. Indeed we very much question whether he could have read ten consecutive lines of Homer or Euripides without assistance. His college life did not glide away in unbroken tranquillity. An entry may still be read in the conclusion-book at Trinity, which charges him with disobedience to the vice-master and with contumacy in taking the punishment inflicted on him. It would seem also from an allusion in a satire of Shadwell's that he got into some scrape for insulting a young nobleman, which nearly ended in expulsion; but the details are too obscure to warrant any definite conclusion. That he studied hard, however, in his own way is likely enough. He had, at all events, the credit of having read through the Greek and Roman authors. He taught himself Italian and French, and laid the foundation of those wide and varied, though perhaps superficial, attainments which he found so useful in after life. To Trinity he gratefully acknowledged the chief part of his education, though, like his predecessors, Marvel and Cowley, he probably owed little or nothing to anybody but himself. The university, agitated by the civil commotions which had shaken England to its centre, was not at that time conspicuous either for its scholarship or for its efforts in general literature. The age of Milton, Marvel, Cowley, and May, had just passed; the age of Thomas Stanley, Bentley, Barnes, and Middleton had not arrived. What activity there was, was principally in a philosophical and scientific direction. Dryden's tutor, Templar, had engaged himself in a controversy with Hobbes. John Nichols, of Jesus, was writing on precious stones. Ray was laying the foundation of English natural history. Isaac Barrow was deep in botany and astronomy. Cudworth was busy with his great work. Henry More was unravelling the mysteries of Plotinus and the Cabbala. Hill, the master of Trinity, was indifferent to everything but politics. The only man who had any pretension to elegant scholarship was Duport, then Margaret professor of divinity, and shortly afterwards professor of Greek. He was an excellent Latinist, as his epigrams still remain to testify, and he was one of the few English scholars who had acquired fluency and even some skill in Greek verse composition. His versions of the Book of Proverbs, of Ecclesiastes, of the Song of Solomon, and of the Psalms, are unquestionably the best Greek verses which had hitherto appeared in England. To find anything as good, we must go forward nearly a century and a half to Dr. Cooke's version of Gray's "Elegy." It does not seem that Dryden had any acquaintance with him, though he was very likely in residence when Duport was made vice-master of Trinity in 1655. Dryden had, however, taken his degree in the preceding year, and probably preferred rambling at will through the well-stocked shelves of the college library to attending a course of lectures on Theophrastus. His studies were interrupted by the death of his father, and by an attachment he had formed to his cousin Honor Dryden, a young lady of considerable personal attractions and a fair fortune. She turned, it seems, a deaf ear to the flowing periods of her passionate lover, and left him "to bee burnt and martyred in those flames of adoration" which a letter she addressed to him had, he assures her, kindled in him. Whether he returned again to Cambridge, after burying his father, is doubtful. From 1655 to 1657, nothing is known of his movements except what mere conjecture has suggested. In spite of the assertions of Mr. Christie and the old gentleman who assures us that the head of the young poet was too roving to stay there, we are inclined to believe with Malone that, for some time, at least, subsequent to his father's death, he renewed his residence at Trinity. However that may be, it is pretty certain that he had settled in London about the middle of 1657.

He found Cromwell in the zenith of his power, and his cousin Sir Gilbert Pickering high in the protector's favor. He sought at once his cousin's patronage, and appears to have been for a while his private secretary; but his principal aim was directed to literature. His prospects were certainly not encouraging, and it would indeed have required more penetration than falls to the lot even of far-sighted judges to discern the future author of "Absalom and Achitophel" in the stout, florid youth, clad in grey Norwich drugget, who now offered himself as a candidate for poetic fame. He was in his twenty-seventh year. At an age when Aristophanes, Lucan, Persius, Milton, Tasso, Shelley, and Keats had achieved immortality, he had given no signs of poetic ability; he had proved, on the contrary, that he was ignorant of the very rudiments of his art; that he had still to acquire what all other poets instinctively possess. A few lines to his cousin Honor, which would have scarcely found a place in the

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columns of a provincial newspaper, an execrable elegy on Lord Hastings' death, and a commendatory poem on his friend Hoddesden's "Epigrams," immeasurably inferior to what Pope and Kirke White produced at twelve, conclusively showed that he had no ear for verse, no command of poetic diction, no sense of poetic taste. We have now to watch the process by which these crude and meagre powers gradually assumed, by dint of careful practice, a maturity, a richness, and a ductility which are the pride and wonder of our literature. We are fortunately enabled to trace with accuracy not only the successive stages but the successive steps by which the genius of Dryden underwent this wondrous transformation — and the history of letters presents few more interesting and instructive studies.

When he entered London, he must have found the character of our prose and of our poetry singularly undefined. Both were in a state of transition, and passing rapidly into new forms; but as yet the nature of the transition was obscure, the forms undetermined. There were, in fact, four influences at work. In Herrick and Wither vibrated still the lyric note of Ben Jonson and Fletcher, and in the tragedies of Shirley the large utterance of the old drama was faltering out its last unheeded accents. Cowley and his subordinates were upholding the principles of the metaphysical school, and their influence was, on the whole, predominant in most of the narrative, religious, and lyrical poetry of the time. In Milton, Cartwright, and Owen, it seemed for a moment probable that the Puritans would vindicate for themselves an ascetic and independent literature of their own, which might, under favorable political circumstances, assert the supremacy over all. But the course of intellectual activity is determined by causes which lie outside itself. Partly in obedience to a great European movement, partly owing to the critical and reflective spirit which never fails to follow an age of great creative energy, and partly, no doubt, owing to our increased acquaintance with French masterpieces, an adherence to Elizabethan models was intolerable, to metaphysical subtleties repulsive, to the stern genius of Puritanism impossible. "Paradise Lost" had still to be written, but it was entirely out of tune with the age, as two contemporary testimonies grotesquely illustrate. The "Pilgrim's Progress" was yet to come forth for the delight of millions, but it was not till the present century that it was considered anything but a vulgar romance, appealing only to vulgar readers. In the fourth influence was the principle of life, for it was in entire accordance with the spirit of the age, and it was the influence wielded by Waller, Denham, and Davenant. The terseness, finish, and dainty grace of the first banished forever the "wood-notes wild" of the early singers, and did much to purify language and thought from the extravagance of the metaphysical school, though that school was supported by the powerful genius of Cowley. The studied sweetness, moreover, of Waller's heroics, and the equable common sense of his sentiments, were also instrumental in establishing the tenets of the new school. Denham labored also to substitute reflection for imagination, criticism for feeling, and fitted the heroic couplet for its fresh duties. Davenant followed in his foststeps, added body and solidity to the limper harmony of Waller, aimed at brevity and pointed diction, wrote confessedly on critical principles, recast the drama, and encouraged his coadjutors to recast it. Cowley, at that time the most eminent poet in England, clung with inexplicable pertinacity to the extravagancies of the former age, except in his better moments. Those better moments sufficed, however, to furnish the heroic couplet with models of massive dignity, and to show how it was possible for the English lyric to unite the finished grace of Horace with the rapture and glory of Pindar. Such were the men who initiated the literature which it was the task of the youth now entering on his career to define and establish, of Pope to carry to ultimate perfection, and of Darwin to reduce to an absurdity.

In 1658 Cromwell died, and at the beginning of the following year Dryden published a copy of verses to deplore the event. "The Heroic Stanzas on the Death of the Lord Protector" inaugurate his poetical career. They are not only strikingly superior to his former productions, but they evince a native vigor, an active imagination, and a degree of imitative skill which promised well with time and practice. They showed also that he had elected to cast in his lot with the new school; that the genius of the metaphysical sect to which he had already sacrificed was to yield to the genius of self-restraint and good sense. They are modelled closely on Davenant's "Gondibert," repeating his peculiarities of turn and cadence with a fidelity which is not servile, because it is sustained with such admirable powers of felicitous and original imagery. The fol-

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lowing year, so full of political turmoil, he probably spent in close application to composition, and to studying with minuteness the works of his masters. His three next poems, the "*Astræa Redux*," the "Panegyric on the Coronation," and the "Epistle to the Lord Chancellor," were written to welcome back Charles II. and to flatter his minister. They are evidently the fruit of much labor, and are full of that uneasy elaboration which naturally characterizes the efforts of a young poet on his probation. The versification and tone of thought are those of Davenant, Waller, and Denham happily blended. From the first he has caught a certain solidity of rhythm, and a happy trick of epigrammatic expression; from the second, a tone of equable smoothness, and the art of perverting imagery into compliment; from the third, a habit of commentative reflection and scientific allusion. Though he had abandoned the affectation and extravagance of the metaphysical poets, he was not entirely free from their shackles, and was careful to enrich and enliven his diction with their varied and wide-ranging imagery. Hence the restless straining after illustration, selected indiscriminately from natural science, from mathematics, from mythology and history, which confronts us in these early works.

About this time he had formed the acquaintance of Sir Robert Howard, a fashionable playwright of some distinction; and he honored his friend with a complimentary poem, which probably forms the link between the "Stanzas on Cromwell" and the three poems to which we have just alluded. In 1662 appeared the "Epistle to Dr. Charlton," the first of his works which, according to Hallam, possesses any considerable merit. Considerable merit it undoubtedly does not possess, but it marks a decided advance in literary skill.

Dryden had now commenced his career in earnest. He had quitted his cousin, quarrelled with his Puritan relations, who probably regarded his facile politics with abhorrence, and attached himself to Herringman, a bookseller on the new exchange. Though the property he had inherited from his father must have preserved him from actual want, he was accused of being Herringman's hack. His admission into the Royal Society, however, — which numbered among its members Boyle, Wallis, Wilkins, Barrow, Wren, Waller, Denham, Cowley, and the Duke of Buckingham, — and his intimacy with Sir Robert Howard, place it beyond all doubt that he must have been in a respectable position. He was, perhaps, indebted to Howard for some useful introductions, and, if his enemies are to be believed, for more substantial assistance also. A correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745 furnishes us with a glimpse of the young poet in his lighter hours: "I remember plain John Dryden before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have ate tarts with him and Madame Reeve at the Mulberry Gardens, where our author advanced to a sword and a Chadreux wig." Mr. Christie is very severe with this tart-earting and Madame Reeve, but we really see no reason for concluding either that Dryden was a libertine, or that the lady was notoriously for many years his mistress. The only definite authority for such a statement is a passage in "The Rehearsal" which is surely too general in its language to warrant any certain conclusion. Whatever may have been the nature of his connection with her, it was probably discontinued on his marriage with the Lady Elizabeth Howard.* This lady, the sister of his friend Sir Robert Howard, was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and the marriage, as the register still testifies, was solemnized at St. Swithin's Church, London, December 1st, 1663. It has been confidently asserted that Dryden married her under derogatory circumstances, and that, previous to her marriage with him, she had been the mistress of the Earl of Chesterfield. Now of this there is no proof at all. The two brutal libels in which charges are brought against her good name, accuse her husband of being a drunken profligate, and are full of that reckless malignity which it would be grotesque to attempt to seriously refute. Scott long ago pointed out the utter worthlessness of their testimony. Since Scott wrote, a letter, it is true, addressed by her to Chesterfield, has been brought to light, and this letter, according to Mitford and Mr. Christie, strongly corroborates the former evidence. We cannot see it. She was the social equal of the earl, who was acquainted both with her father and her brothers. She promises to meet him at a place of public resort. She asks him not to believe what the world says of her; but it is surely hard to wrest these words into a criminal signification. There is nothing in the letter incompatible either with an

* Mr. Christie dates this tart-eating with Madame Reeve after Dryden's marriage, *hinc illæ lacrymæ*. Sir Walter Scott more liberally dates it before. In either case the witness must have been a child.

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innocent flirtation or a legitimate and honorable attachment. That Chesterfield was a libertine, scarcely affects the question. To conclude that the eldest daughter of one of the first families in England should, with the connivance of her father, submit to be the mistress of a young rake, is preposterous. Mr. Christie supports his authorities with an *a-priori* argument that if her character had been unsullied she would never have married Dryden. He forgets that Dryden was himself of good birth, that he had her brother to plead for him, that he had all the facilities afforded by a long visit at her father's country house, that he was not in those days the "poet-squab," but that he was "distinguished by the emulous favor of the fair sex." One of his libellers has even gone so far as to say that "blushing virgins had died for him." That the marriage was not a happy one is only too probable, though the unhappiness arose, it is obvious, from causes quite unconnected with infidelity, either on the part of the husband or the wife. Whatever incompatibility might have existed on the score of temper or tastes, the Lady Elizabeth appears to have been a kind and affectionate mother, and may, if we can draw any conclusions from the scanty correspondence which is preserved to us, claim the honorable distinction of having faithfully fulfilled her domestic duties.

About this time Dryden began his connection with the theatres, and this connection was, with some interruptions, continued till within five years of his death — his first play, "The Wild Gallant," being acted in 1663, his last — "Love Triumphant" — in 1694. Since the closing of the theatres by the Puritans in 1642, the drama, which was for upwards of a century the glory and the pride of the English people, supported by the patronage of three liberal and enlightened sovereigns, had maintained a precarious and fugitive existence. The Burbages and Condells, who had once shaken the Globe and the Blackfriars with the plaudits of delighted crowds, had been constrained to act for the amusement of a few desperate enthusiasts in a private room at Holland House, or in a miserable barn at the Cock Pit and the Red Bull, dreading the penance of imprisonment and the imposition of enormous fines. Davenant had indeed, by an ingenious compromise, succeeded in evading the prohibition of the government. He had in 1657 obtained leave to present at the back part of Rutland House an entertainment — so he called it — of declamation and music, after the manner of the ancients; and the "Siege of Rhodes" and the "History of Sir Francis Drake" still testify the existence of this bastard drama. Four years afterwards Charles II. was on the throne, with all the literary predilections of his ancestors, and, though the cautious policy of Clarendon only suffered two theatres to be licensed, both managers and playwrights lost no time in indemnifying themselves for their long privations. The King's Theatre was in the hands of Thomas Killigrew, an accomplished and licentious wit, whose sallies were long remembered at Whitehall. The Duke's Theatre was under the direction of Davenant, who, in 1660, had been raised to the laureateship. The position of a professional writer who had to live by his pen was once more pretty much what it had been when poor Greene jeered at Shakespeare for tagging his verses; and when Shakespeare himself made his fortune out of the Blackfriars Theatre. Dryden must have felt that he had little to fear from his immediate predecessors. Of the giant race who, to borrow a sentence from Lamb spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common, Shirley only remained. But Shirley had collapsed, worn out and penniless, into a suburban pedagogue; Ford had died in 1639; Massinger in 1640; and in such plays as Cockain's "Obstinate Lady," Quarle's "Virgin Widow," Chamberlayne's "Love's Victory," Killigrew's "Parson's Wedding" — which may be cited as typical of this period — the drama had degenerated into mere fluent rhetoric, or been vulgarized into a series of operatic effects at once futile and nauseous. Of Davenant's earlier plays it is scarcely necessary to speak; the dreariness of those which he produced under the most favorable conditions will probably deter the general reader from venturing to recur to those which he produced under circumstances the most unfavorable.

Into a minute account of Dryden's labors for the stage it is neither profitable nor requisite to enter. Johnson has lamented the necessity of following the progress of his theatrical fame, but sensibly remarks at the same time that the composition and fate of eight-and-twenty dramas include too much of a poetical life to be omitted. They include unhappily the best years of that life; they prevented, as their author pathetically complains, the composition of works better suited to his genius — but for them Lucretius might have found his equal and Lucan his supe-

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rior. He had bound himself, however, to the profession of a man of letters, and he applied himself with resolution to the production of marketable material. He accurately informed himself of what his patrons wanted, and he managed with unscrupulous dexterity to provide them with it. He followed models for which he has been at no pains to conceal his contempt, and he gratified as a playwright the vitiated taste which as a critic he did his best to correct and purify. Those who live to please must, as he well knew, please to live. The fine genius of the Shakespearean comedy, the conscientious, elaborate, and lofty art of Jonson, were beyond his reach and beyond the taste of his audience; but the bustle, the machinery, the disguises, the complicated intrigue of the Spanish stage, spiced with piquant wit, with obscenity alternately latent and rampant, were irresistibly attractive to a profligate court and to a sordid and licentious mob. With all this Dryden immediately hastened to provide them. His first play, "The Wild Gallant," was a failure. "As poor a thing," writes honest Pepys, "as ever I saw in my life." Comedy, as he soon found, was not his forte, and though he lived to produce five others by dint of wholesale plagiarism from Molière, Voiture, Corneille, and Plautus, and by laboriously interpolating filth which may challenge comparison with "Philotus," or Fletcher's "Custom of the Country"—two of them were hissed off the stage, one was indifferently received, and the other two are inferior in comic effect to the worst of Wycherly's. He had, in truth, few of the qualities essential to a comic dramatist. "I know," he says himself in the "Defence of the Essay on Dramatic Poesy," "I am not so fitted by nature to write comedy. I want that gaiety of humor which is required to it. My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. So that those who decry my comedies do me no injury except it be in point of profit; reputation in them is the last thing to which I shall pretend." He had indeed no humor; he had no grace; he had no eye for those subtler improprieties of character and conduct which are the soul of comedy; what wit he had was coarse and serious; he had no power of inventing ludicrous incidents, he could not manage the light artillery of colloquial raillery. "The Wild Gallant" was succeeded by "The Rival Ladies," and it is a relief to return to his efforts in serious drama. This play was written about the end of 1663, but, warned by his former failure, he exchanged in the quasi-comic parts plain prose for blank verse, and he wrote the tragic portions in highly elaborate rhyming couplets. In the "Dedication to the Earl of Orrery," he defended with arguments which he afterwards expanded in his "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," the practice of composing tragedies in rhyme. "The Rival Ladies" was well received, and he hastened to assist his friend, Sir Robert Howard, in "The Indian Queen," which was produced the following year at the King's Theatre with all that splendor of costume and scenery common to the theatre of the Restoration. His powers were now rapidly maturing, and "The Indian Emperor," his next production, is conspicuous for sonorous eloquence, for copious and splendid diction, and for that happy union of strength and sweetness which was ever afterwards to characterize the heroic couplet in his hands.

The year of the plague closed the theatres, and the following year, not less calamitous to the Londoner, scarcely made the metropolis a desirable residence. Dryden spent the greater part of this long period at Charlton in Wiltshire, the seat of his father-in-law. He employed his retirement in producing two of the longest and perhaps the most carefully elaborated of all his writings, the "*Annus Mirabilis*," and the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy." In the "*Annus Mirabilis*," he returned to the heroic quatrain of Davenant. A minute and somewhat tedious account of the four days' battle with the Dutch fleet; an apostrophe to the Royal Society; a description of the fire of London, executed with great animation; the king's services at that crisis and a prophecy of what the future city would be — form the subject-matter of the poem. Both in its merits and in its defects, it bears a close resemblance to the "Pharsalia" of Lucan. It is enriched with some fine touches of natural description and, if the moonlight night at sea, and the simile of the bees were borrowed from Virgil, the picture of the dying hare, of the herded beasts lying on the dewy grass, and of the moon "blunting its crescent on the edge of day," show that Dryden had the eye of a poet as he wandered over the park at Charlton. The work is disfigured with many "metaphysical" extravagances, but the king's prayer, as well as the concluding stanzas, must rank among the most majestic passages in English poetry. Preceded by a "Dedication to the Metropolis," executed with a labored dignity of diction and sentiment, in which he seldom

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afterwards indulged, it appeared in 1667. If the poem commemorated the events of a year memorable in history — the year in which it saw the light was not less memorable in literature, for it witnessed the publication of "Paradise Lost;" and while it mourned the death of Denham, of Cowley, and of Jeremy Taylor, it welcomed into the world the two greatest humorists of the eighteenth century, Jonathan Swift and John Arbuthnot.

The "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," which is cast in the form of a dialogue under names representing respectively Lord Buckhurst, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir Robert Howard and the author himself, is not only an admirable discourse, but it forms an era in the history of literary criticism. The treatises of Wilson, Gascoign, Sidney, Webbe, Puttenham, Campion, and Daniel; the occasional excursions of Ascham in his "Schoolmaster," and of Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries;" and the incidental remarks of Cowley, Denham, and Davenant — may be said to sum up all that had hitherto appeared in England on this important province of literature. But none of these works will bear any comparison with Dryden's. His characters of Shakespeare, of Ben Jonson, and Fletcher, are models of happy and discriminating criticism; his observations are at once judicious and original, and his defence of rhyme in tragedy is a masterpiece of ingenious reasoning. Dryden was in 1668 again busy with his literary engagements in London. The "*Annus Mirabilis*" had placed him at the head of contemporary poets; the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" had placed him at the head of contemporary prose-writers. He at once betook himself to the drama, and such was his industry, that within the year he produced three plays, in one of which, a re-cast of Shakespeare's "Tempest," he had the assistance of Davenant. About this time he contracted with the King's Theatre to supply them, in consideration of an annual salary, with three plays a year, and though he failed to satisfy the terms of the agreement, the company, with a liberality not very common with people of their profession, allowed him his stipulated share of the profits. In 1666 the office of historiographer royal had been vacated by the death of James Howel, who is still remembered as the pleasing author of the "Familiar Letters," and in 1668, the death of Davenant threw the laureateship open. To both these offices Dryden succeeded. He was now in comfortable circumstances, but he was soon brought into collision with opponents who embittered his life, and on whom he was destined to confer a scandalous immortality.

Among the young noblemen who relieved the playful vagaries of prosecuting vagrant amours in the guise of quacks on Tower Hill, and of haranguing mobs naked from the balcony of public-houses in Bow Street, with dancing attendance on the theatres, were George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Thomas Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. The duke either had, or pretended to have, a contempt for the rhymed heroic tragedies which, introduced by the Earl of Orrery from the French stage and popularized by Davenant and Dryden, were now in exclusive possession of the English boards. These heroic plays Buckingham had already resolved to ridicule in a farce in which Davenant was to be the principal character. As Davenant had died, he resolved to substitute Dryden. His Grace's literary abilities were, however, scarcely equal to the task, as the specimens which he afterwards gave of his powers of composition in his "Reflections on Absalom and Achitophel" abundantly testify. He therefore sought the assistance of Samuel Butler, Thomas Sprat, and Martin Clifford. Butler, a consummate master of caustic humor, had just ludicrously parodied Dryden's heroic plays in a dialogue between two cats, and was smarting under the double sting of neglect and envy. Sprat, though in training for a bishopric which he afterwards obtained, was a man whose wit was equal to his convivial excesses, and these excesses were proverbial among his friends, and long remembered by the good people about Chertsey. Clifford, a clever man and a respectable scholar, found the headmastership of the Charter-House not incompatible with habits which he had probably contracted during his lieutenancy in the Earl of Orrery's regiment, and was notorious for his licentious tastes and his powers of scurrilous buffoonery. Between them they produced "The Rehearsal." In this amusing farce — which furnished Sheridan with the idea and with many of the points of his "Critic" — the central figure is Bayes, a silly and conceited dramatist; and Bayes is Dryden. With all the license of the Athenian stage, Dryden's personal peculiarities, his florid complexion, his dress, his snuff-taking, the tone of his voice, his gestures, his favorite oaths — "Gad's my life," "I'fackins," "Gadsooks," — were faithfully caught and copied. Buckingham, bringing all his unrivalled skill as a mimic into play, spent

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incredible pains in training Lacy for the part. Dryden's plots were pulled to pieces, the scenes on which he had prided himself were mercilessly mangled, and he had the mortification of hearing that the very theatre which a few nights before had been ringing with the sonorous couplets of his "Siege of Grenada," was now hoarse with laughing at parodies of his favorite passages, as happy as those with which Aristophanes maddened Agathon and convulsed the theatre of Dionysus. Dryden made no immediate reply. He calmly admitted that the satire had a great many good strokes, and has more than once alluded to the character of Bayes with easy indifference.

His equanimity however seems to have been really disturbed by the success of Elkanah Settle's "Empress of Morocco," about a year and a half afterwards. This miserable man, who is now known only by the stinging lines in the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," had been taken up by the Earl of Rochester. The earl had possibly been annoyed at Dryden's intimacy with Sheffield, he may have been guided merely by that malignant caprice which sometimes envenoms the easy good-nature of a rake. But whatever were his motives, he resolved to do his utmost to oppose the laureate, with whom he had up to this moment been on good terms. By his efforts "The Empress of Morocco" was acted at Whitehall, the lords at court and the maids-of-honor supporting the principal characters. It was splendidly printed, adorned with cuts, and inscribed to the Earl of Norwich in a dedication in which Dryden was studiously insulted. London was loud in its praises, and Dryden, knowing the nature of theatrical fame, trembled for his popularity. Crowne and Shadwell, both leading playwrights, and both at that time his friends, lent him their assistance in a pamphlet which exposed Settle's pretensions in a strain of coarse and brutal abuse. The laureate felt that he was on his mettle, and applied himself with more scrupulous care to his dramatic productions. In "The State of Innocence," which has been to some extent justly censured as a travesty of "Paradise Lost," and in "Aurenzebe," his splendid powers of versification and rhetoric were carried to a height which he never afterwards exceeded. In truth, these two plays, amid much bombast, contain some of his finest writing, and possess throughout an ease, a copiousness and uniform magnificence of diction only occasionally reached before — the result perhaps of a careful study of the principal English poets, to which he had, as he informed Sir George Mackenzie, about this time applied himself. With "Aurenzebe" died the rhymed heroic plays. They had been introduced by Davenant and the Earl of Orrery to gratify the taste of Charles II., who had admired them on the French stage, and they had held almost exclusive possession of the English theatres for fifteen years. The genius of Dryden had failed to naturalize them, and after 1676 we cannot call to mind a single rhymed tragedy which has travelled further than the pages of honest Baker.

He had now become a convert to the verse which had been wielded with such success by his Elizabethan predecessors, and in "All for Love," his next play, he enrolled himself among the disciples of Shakespeare. "All for Love" has been singled out by an eminent French critic for special praise. Dryden tells us that it was the only play he wrote to please himself, the rest were given to the people. The plot, which is the story of Antony and Cleopatra, had been already handled by two masters, but to compare Dryden's play with Shakespeare would be as absurd as to compare the "Electra" of Euripides with the "Electra" of Sophocles. It need not, however, fear a comparison with Fletcher's "False One," though it would be difficult to find a single scene in it equal to that superb scene in Fletcher's play which elicited such rapturous eulogy from Hazlitt. The altercation between Ventidius and Antony, though modelled too closely perhaps on that between Brutus and Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," is a noble piece of declamation; the scene between Cleopatra and Octavia is finer than anything the stage had seen since Massinger, and the character of Octavia is indeed sometimes not unworthy even of him who drew Volumnia.

Dryden was now in the zenith of his theatrical fame. His last three plays had been deservedly popular, but he began with his habitual carelessness to relax in his efforts. Settle was crushed; Rochester was busy. About this time appeared, circulated in manuscript, the "Essay on Satire." The nominal author was Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Dryden's friend and patron. The poem contained some coarse and bitter attacks on Sir Car Scrope, on Rochester, on Sedley, and on the two favorite mistresses of the king. It was confidently believed at the time that the real author was Dryden; it was supposed afterwards that the real author was Mulgrave,

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but that the work had been revised by Dryden. Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Christie can see no trace of Dryden's hand, and anxiously attempt to relieve him from complicity in a work which reflects so seriously on his honesty. We wish we could agree with them. It seems to us that Dryden's touch is as unmistakably stamped on this essay as the hand of Shakespeare is evident amid the interpolated rubbish of "Timon" and "Pericles." Dryden's mannerisms of expression, cadence, rhythm are so marked that it is never possible for a critical ear to mistake them. They have often been cleverly imitated, they have never been exactly reproduced. His additions and corrections are in truth as glaringly apparent amid the nerveless heroics of Mulgrave as they were afterwards amid the graceless monotony of Tate's. It has been alleged that Pope revised the text as it now stands; but Pope, according to the same authority, revised the text of Mulgrave's "Essay on Poetry," and the hand is not the hand of Pope. It is not perhaps too much to say that Pope, with his style formed and his principles of versification fixed, would have been as incompetent as Mulgrave to catch with such subtle fidelity the characteristics of the elder poet. We very much fear therefore that the drubbing which Dryden got in Rose Alley was not undeserved; and if Rochester took up the quarrel in behalf of the Duchess of Portsmouth, we can only regret that he had not the courage to administer the cudgel himself. One of his letters, however, makes it probable that he was influenced by the less generous motive of revenging the libel on himself. The Rose Alley ambuscade, which might have cost the satirist his life, appears to have been generally regarded as humiliating only to the sufferer, and long continued to furnish matter for facetious allusions to party scribblers and coffee-house wits.

Dryden had now arrived at that period in his career when the obscurer vicissitudes incident to a writer for the stage were to be exchanged for the more striking experiences incident to one who figures on the troubled stage of party politics. He was now to achieve his proudest triumphs. He was to enter on that immortal series of satirical and didactic poems, compared with which his former efforts sink into insignificance. But he was at the same time to drink deep of the cup of humiliation and misery; he was to sully a fine genius in the pursuit of sordid and ignoble ends, and he was to present to the world once more in all its deplorable proportions the old contrast between moral weakness and intellectual strength. The nation was at this moment in a high state of ferment and misery. From a jarring chaos of Cavaliers, Puritans, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, county parties, of colliding interests, of maddened commons, of a corrupted and corrupting ministry, of a shameful and selfish cabinet, of a disaffected Church, of sects of every shade and denomination, of plots and counterplots, of a royal house openly opposed but secretly in harmony — two great parties were gradually disentangling themselves. The king was childless, and the question of the succession was anxiously debated. In the event of the king's death the crown would revert to the Duke of York; but the Duke of York was a Papist, and of all the many prejudices of the English people the prejudice against Papacy was the strongest. The country party insisted on the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, and their leader was the Earl of Shaftesbury. The other party, strongest among the aristocracy, wished, with an eye to their own interests, to please the king, and were headed by the Marquis of Halifax, the Duke of Ormond, and the Earl of Rochester. The object of the exclusionists was to inflame the populace against the Papists. For this reason the infamous fictions of Oates and his associates had been accepted and promulgated, and the complications which succeeded the fall of Danby took their rise. Shaftesbury, who had mortally offended the Duke of York, was president of the Privy Council of Thirty, and virtually directed the House of Commons. The measure on which he had set his heart, and on which his complicated schemes depended, was the Exclusion Bill. To the passing of this he accordingly directed all his energies. He was dismissed from his presidency in 1679, and he went over at once to the opposition. He put himself at the head of the stormy democracy of the city; he encouraged the rumors current about Popish plots. He inflamed the House of Lords by his speeches and the Commons by his emissaries. By his exertions the Exclusion Bill triumphantly passed the Commons, and all but passed the Lords. There, however, the splendid eloquence of Halifax succeeded in defeating it. Monmouth was now the popular idol and the puppet of Shaftesbury. The Oxford Parliament, assembled in 1681, endorsed Shaftesbury's views, and insisted on the complete exclusion of the Duke of York. This assembly the king abruptly dismissed, and Shaftes-

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bury was committed to the Tower. The voice of Parliament was hushed, and a savage literary warfare began. The king, the Duke of York, and the ministry were fiercely assailed. The prose libels of Hunt and Ferguson vied with the sermons of Hickeringhill and the rhymes of Settle and Shadwell in aspersing the character of the duke and in upholding the cause of Monmouth and Shaftesbury. The stage was loud with the fury of party spirit, but the stage, patronized by the king, had ever since the Restoration been true to him. It had upheld monarchy; it had insisted on the divine right of kings, and had zealously set itself to abolish all traces of republicanism. It refused, however, to support the Duke of York, and in "The Spanish Friar," Dryden employed all his dramatic ability to cover the Papists with ridicule. In the person of Dominic were embodied all those characteristics which, two years before, young Oldham had pronounced in a strain of vigorous invective, not unworthy of Dryden himself, to mark the Popish priest. Meanness, gluttony, and avarice, set off and darkened by vices still more odious and criminal, are careful concessions to popular sentiment; though, as Scott well observes, a sense of artistic propriety led the satirist to endow his hero with the wit and talent necessary to save him from being utterly contemptible. "The Spanish Friar," thus interesting from the political side, is still more interesting from the fact that it is beyond all question the most skilfully executed of all Dryden's plays. Indeed, we are acquainted with no play either in ancient or modern times which, without dramatic genius in the highest sense of the term, is elaborated with such a nice regard to dramatic propriety. By minutely artificial strokes and with a studied art very unusual with Dryden, the tragic part helps out the comic, and the comic relieves naturally and appropriately the tragic. In this work tragi-comedy, from an artistic point of view, has achieved perhaps its highest success.

In November 1681 appeared "Absalom and Achitophel." It became instantly popular, and its sale was for those days enormous. There were two editions within two months, and seven others followed at no long interval. By a good fortune, rare indeed in the annals of literature, the verdict of those whom it delighted with all the charm of living interest has been corroborated by the verdict of those who can only appreciate it from the literary side. No poem in our language is so interpenetrated with contemporary allusion, with contemporary portraiture, with contemporary point, yet no poem in our language has been more enjoyed by succeeding generations of readers. Scores of intelligent men who know by heart the characters of Zimri and Achitophel are content to remain in ignorance of the political career of Buckingham and Shaftesbury. The speech in which Achitophel incites his faltering disciple has been rapturously declaimed by hundreds who have been blind to its historical fidelity and to its subtle personalities. The energy of genius has transformed a party pamphlet in verse into a work which men of all ages and of all opinions have agreed to recognize as a masterpiece. The plan of the poem can scarcely be pronounced to be original. The idea of casting a satire in the epic mould, which is a striking feature in it, was derived perhaps from the Fourth Satire of Juvenal — though Dryden is serious where Juvenal is mock-heroic. Horace and Lucan undoubtedly supplied him with models for the elaborate portraits which enrich his narrative, and the ingenious device of disguising living persons under the veil of Scriptural names was by no means new to his readers. A prose tract, for instance, published at Dublin in 1680, entitled "Absalom's Conspiracy, or the Tragedy of Treason," anticipated in embryo the very scheme, and a small piece, "Achitophel, or the Picture of a Wicked Politician," completed the resemblance. "Absalom and Achitophel" produced, naturally enough, innumerable replies from the Whig party, all of which have deservedly sunk into oblivion. We are certainly not inclined to enter into the comparative merits of "Towser the Second," "Azaria and Hushai," and "Absalom Senior," or to determine the relative proportion of dulness between Henry Care, Samuel Pordage, and Elkanah Settle.

In the following March, Shaftesbury, who had meanwhile been brought to trial on a charge of high treason, was acquitted by the grand jury, and the Whigs were mad with joy. Bonfires blazed from one end of London to the other; the bells clanged from the steeples; a medal was struck to commemorate the event. The Tories, baffled and angry, were at their wit's end to know what to do. In this emergency, the king appealed to his laureate to bring into play once more those weapons of invective and ridicule which he had already wielded with such signal success. A less fertile genius would have found it difficult to repeat himself in another form, or to add any particulars to a

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portrait which he had just delineated with such care, but Dryden was equal to the task. In "The Medal," he hurled at Shaftesbury and his party a philippic which, for rancorous abuse, for lofty and uncompromising scorn, for coarse, scathing, ruthless denunciation, couched in diction which now swells to the declamatory grandeur of Juvenal and now sinks to the homely vulgarity of Swift, has no parallel in literature. The former attack, indeed, was mercy to this new outburst. To find anything approaching to it in severity and skill we must go back to Claudian's savage onslaught on the Achitophel of the fourth century, or forward to Akenside's diatribe against Pulteney. No sooner had "The Medal" appeared, than the poets of the Whig party set themselves with reckless temerity to answer it. Shadwell and Settle led the van. Shadwell, who shortly before had been on good terms with Dryden, and was now about to make himself a laughing-stock forever, was a playwright of some distinction. He belonged to a good family in Norfolkshire, had been educated at Cambridge, and after studying at the Middle Temple had passed some time in foreign travel. On his return to England he had enrolled himself among the wits. His conversation, though noted even in those days for its coarseness, was so brilliant, that Rochester, no mean judge of such an accomplishment, used to say that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humor than any other poet. His habits were dissolute and sensual, and what time he could spare from entertaining tavern companions, he divided between muddling himself with opium and writing for the stage. He is known to us chiefly from the ludicrous caricature of Dryden, but under that burly and unwieldy exterior — "that tun of man" — there lurked a rich vein of comic humor, keen powers of observation, and sound taste. His "Virtuoso" has elicited praise from a quarter where praise is rare, from the caustic Langbaine. His "Epsom Wells" and his "Squire of Alsatia" may still be read with delight, as singularly lively pictures of Caroline life. Settle's character was beneath contempt, and his works are of a piece with his character; the first was a compound of amiable imbecility and grotesque presumption, the second are a compound of sordid scurrility and soaring nonsense. Of the innumerable replies to "The Medal" Dryden took no notice, but in a piece called "The Medal of John Bayes," Shadwell had exceeded the limits of literary controversy, and had descended to some gross libels on his private character. This it could scarcely be expected he would forgive, and he proceeded to revenge himself. In 1678 there died one Richard Flecknoe, who had been the butt of Marvel's satire, and who, though he had written one exquisite copy of verses and a clever volume of prose sketches, seems to have been regarded as a sort of typical dullard. His character was estimated, perhaps, from his failures as a dramatist. Of the five plays he had written, he could only get one to be acted, and that was damned. This man is depicted by Dryden as the king of the realms of nonsense, conscious of his approaching demise and anxious for the election of his successor. In a strain of ludicrous panegyric, he discusses the grounds of his son Shadwell's claims to the vacant throne. He reflects with pride on the exact similarity, as well in genius as in tastes and features, which exists between himself and his hopeful boy. Shadwell's coronation is then described with more humor than is common with Dryden, though the conclusion of the poem evinces a sudden change from banter to ferocity, and betrays the bitterness of the feelings which had prompted it. This admirable satire — to which Pope was indebted for the plot of the "Dunciad" — is certainly to be numbered among Dryden's most successful efforts. The raillery, though not elegant, is light, and tolerably free from that offensive coarseness which mars so many of his satirical compositions. Though he lived to learn from young Lockier that it was not the first mock-heroic poem written in heroics, he could assert, without fear of contradiction, that the plot of it was original, and a happier plot never suggested itself to a satirist.

The first part of "Absalom and Achitophel" had been so popular that the publisher was anxious to add a second. Dryden was, however, weary or indifferent, and the work was intrusted to Nahum Tate. Sir Thomas Browne has remarked, that Thersites will live as long as Agamemmon; and Bentley observed of himself that, as he despaired of achieving immortality by dint of original effort, he thought his best course would be to climb on the shoulders of his betters. Tate illustrates in a very lively manner the disagreeable truism of the one and the ingenious expedient of the other. Nature had endowed that respectable and gentlemanly man with powers scarcely equal to Pomfret's, and immeasurably inferior to Black-

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more's. Accident introduced him to Dryden; party spirit finally conducted him to the laureateship, and the laureateship enabled him to inflict on succeeding generations of his countrymen that detestable version of the Psalms which is still appended to our Book of Common Prayer. His other writings repose in the limbo which envelopes those of his friends Brady and Duke, and those of his successor Eusden. The second part of "Absalom and Achitophel" was carefully revised and corrected by Dryden. Indeed his hand is everywhere traceable, and his additions, we suspect, amounted to more than the memorable two hundred and fifty lines which were confessedly inserted by him. In these lines he took the opportunity of revenging himself on the meaner actors in the great drama of 1682. After disposing of Ferguson, Forbes, Johnson, Pordage and others, with that cursory indifference so stinging in its contemptuous brevity — of which the great Florentine satirist was such a master — he proceeds to engage once more with Settle and Shadwell. The verses on the first unite in an equal degree poignant wit with boisterous humor, and are in every way worthy of his great powers. But in dealing with Shadwell he seems to us to descend to the level of the object he despises. The portrait of Og has been much admired, but it is, in our opinion, spoilt by its excessive and offensive coarseness; it is as gross in the execution as it is in the design. Bluff and vulgar, it savors too much of that kind of vituperation, for which Virgil rebukes Dante for lending an attentive ear, —

Che voler ciò udire è basso.

In the "*Religio Laici*," which appeared in this same year, he struck a new chord, and produced what Scott justly describes as one of the most admirable poems in our language. From politics to religion was at that time an easy transition, and it would in truth be difficult to determine which raged with most controversial violence. The Romanists, the Protestants and the Dissenters were all powerfully represented, and were all powerfully opposed. The Romanists charged the Dissenters with bigotry and intolerance, and the Dissenters retorted by charging the Romanists with plotting against the government and with corrupting civil order. Both were, unhappily, right. The Established Church, standing between them, despised the one party and feared the other. Dryden, anxious doubtless to please his patrons, was probably interested chiefly on the political bearing of the question, and the "*Religio Laici*" was written, he tells us, with a view of moderating party zeal. If it has none of that lightness of touch, and none of that felicitous grace which throws such a charm over the "Epistles" of Horace, on which it was, he says, modelled, it may, short though it be, challenge comparison with any didactic writing in verse since Lucretius vindicated the tenets of Epicurus. He has little of the fervid enthusiasm, little of the still, sweet music of humanity which vibrates through so much of the "*De Rerum Naturâ*," but he has all the Roman's powers of reasoning vigorously and perspicuously in verse, of enlivening logic with illustrative imagery, of producing fine rhetorical effects.

Dryden had now to toil hard for emolument, and to write his poetry under the same compulsion which had produced his plays. His salary as laureate was in arrears, and in the shifting currents of political controversy, he had lost some of the most useful of his patrons. His income from the theatres was considerably diminished. The expenses of a handsome house in Gerrard Street, then one of the most fashionable quarters of London, and those incident to the education of three sons, two of whom were destined for the universities, must have increased his pecuniary embarrassments. His health was impaired, and a visit into the country was, his physicians informed him, not only desirable but necessary. His means, however, were at such a low ebb, that without a remittance it was impossible for him to leave town. He was even in danger of being arrested for debt. He applied himself in this emergency to Hyde, Earl of Rochester, then first commissioner of the treasury, reminding him of the important services he had already done the government, and begging for some small remunerative employment. He requested that some of his salary might be remitted — it was now about 1,200*l.* in arrears — and he observed with just indignation that it was enough for one age to have neglected Cowley and starved Butler. As the result of this application he obtained the following May the miserable pittance of 75*l.*, to which was added the office of collector of customs in London. He had now to discover, like Johnson, that the booksellers, though hard taskmakers, are the only patrons on whom genius can rely, and he submitted to the drudgery of hack-work with some querulousness and much energy. As early as 1673 he had entertained the

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design of composing a great national epic, with either King Arthur or the Black Prince for its hero. This was now abandoned, and he betook himself to the humbler but more remunerative occupation of writing prefaces, of executing miscellaneous translations, of providing young dramatists with prologues, and of co-operating with Lee in producing pieces for the theatres. In 1680 he had taken part in some versions from Ovid's "Epistles." The work had been tolerably successful, and the publisher, Tonson, with whom he had allied himself since 1679, proposed to bring out a volume of "Miscellanies." To this Dryden contributed some versions of parts of Virgil, Horace, and Theocritus, which we do not hesitate to say are the very worst things he ever did. For the majesty and elaborate diction of the first he has substituted a sort of slipshod vulgarity; the curious felicity of the second has vanished in flat, slovenly diffuseness; and the limpid simplicity of the third is disguised in a style which would have disgraced Pordage. The truth was, he sorely needed rest; he was weary, in miserable health, and had saddled himself with a translation of Maimbourgh's "History of the League." In 1685 appeared another volume of "Miscellanies," which contained, among other things, some versions from Lucretius. Dryden was now himself again. He had been for a visit into the country, and had recovered from what he describes as a kind of hectic fever. He had been pleased with the success of his Maimbourgh, and a gossiping letter which he wrote about this time to Tonson, thanking him for two melons, gives us an interesting glimpse of him in domestic life. This second volume of "Miscellanies" was probably published on his return to London. The versions from Lucretius, and the paraphrase of the twenty-ninth ode of the third book of Horace, are the gems of the collection, and in them his genius once more kindles with all its old fire. The superb invocation which the great Roman poet addresses to the tutelary goddess of his race is rendered with a power and majesty which need fear no comparison with the imperial splendor of the original, and the version from the third book is almost equally happy. He might perhaps have left the conclusion of the fourth book where he found it, for though he humorously assures us in his preface that he was not yet so secure from the passion of love as to dispense with his author's antidote against it, he probably knew well enough that he was providing most of his readers rather with a philtre than a prophylactic. The brilliance and care with which these pieces were executed were due, no doubt, not only to his real sympathy with a poet who in some respects resembled himself, but to the necessity for asserting his superiority over Creech, who had just before clothed Lucretius in an English dress. Fox, it is well known, preferred Dryden's rendering of the celebrated Horatian ode, lib. iii. 29, to the original. There is, in reality, little or no comparison between them. Assuredly no two poets could be less like each other than Horace and Dryden, and in none of his works is Horace more Horatian, in none of his works is Dryden more Drydenian.

In February 1684 Charles II. died, and Dryden dedicated to the memory of a patron who had given him little but fair words, and a few broad pieces, a Pindaric ode, entitled the "*Threnodia Augustalis*." This, says Johnson, with a courteous euphemism, is not amongst his happiest productions. It is, in truth, among his very worst. To say that it does not contain fine lines and passages would be to deny that it was written by its author, but it would be difficult to name another of his poems which contains fewer beauties, more prolixity, less merit. In celebrating the demise of one sovereign he took care to commemorate the accession of the new. He did not forget that the Hesperus of the setting becomes the Lucifer of the dawn; and in regretting a Numa he dried his tears in an anachronistic vision of an Ancus. "Albion and Albinovanus," which had been written to celebrate Charles's triumph over the popular party, was now furbished up to celebrate the accession of James, to hail the millennium of justice and generosity. The character of the new monarch was, however, a compound of meanness and ingratitude, and his conduct to the laureate indicates both. He renewed the patent of the offices enjoyed by the poet, who had served him so well, but he struck off a hundred a year from his salary, and would probably have pushed his contemptible economy still further. This, however, Dryden took care to prevent. On January 19, 1686, John Evelyn entered in his diary: "Dryden, the famous playwright, and his two sons, and Mrs. Nelly (miss to the late king), are said to go to mass. Such proselytes are no great loss to the Church." With regard to Mrs. Nelly, Evelyn had been misinformed; she still lived to adorn the Protestant Church, and to have her funeral sermon preached

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by the venerable Tennison. With regard to Dryden, his information was correct. The poet-laureate had indeed publicly embraced the tenets which his royal master was laboring to uphold, and his salary was at once raised to its full amount.

The sincerity of his conversion under these circumstances to a creed, which had hitherto been the butt of his keenest sarcasms, has been very naturally called into question. Johnson, with a liberality of feeling rare with him on such points, and Scott, with considerable argumentative skill and at great length, have labored to persuade themselves that it was sincere. Macaulay and Mr. Christie arrive at the opposite conclusion. Hallam is of opinion that no candid mind could doubt the sincerity of one who could argue so powerfully and subtly in favor of the religion he had embraced as Dryden does in "The Hind and Panther." It seems to us that the truth probably lies — where truth usually does lie — midway between the two extremes, between the favorable conclusion of Hallam on the one hand and the unfavorable conclusion of Macaulay on the other. Dryden was in all probability induced to take the step by motives of personal interest. He was probably able to satisfy himself of his honesty when he had taken it, not only by dint of that intellectual plasticity natural to one familiar with every weapon of argument and sophistry, and possessed of a genius singularly fertile in logical resources, but by the ready sympathy of a poet in contact for the first time with a religion which appeals so forcibly to the senses. He had arrived at that period in life when to men of his temper the blessing of a fixed belief is inexpressibly soothing. He was beginning to experience the pain and weariness of a career, the boundaries of which he could now plainly descry. His health was failing. His literary ambition was realized; he could scarcely hope to stand higher than he was. Scott discerns in the "*Religio Laici*" the commencement of that genuine dissatisfaction with the Protestant Church which finally led him to embrace Roman Catholicism. We cannot see it. It seems to us that the poem was written merely for a political purpose, as he himself assures us. What religious opinions he had, so far as we can gather from his writings, up to this time, probably differed little from those of a busy man of letters who never seriously reflected on such matters, but who amused himself, as occasion offered, with facile acquiescence in conventional dogmas, with the listless speculations of languid scepticism, or with laughing at both. Most creeds he had indeed treated with indiscriminate contempt, and neither the Protestant nor the Catholic Church had escaped the shafts of his sarcastic wit. Macaulay argues that if his conversion had been sincere, he would not have continued to pander to the profligacy of the age, but would have regarded his former transgressions with horror. Such a view appears to us to be based on a radical misconception of Dryden's character. Unless we are much mistaken, he was — so far as the moral elements of his character were concerned — as purely emotional as Shelley or Edgar Poe; but the peculiarity is hidden by the masculine enegy of his powers of verbal expression. It is difficult to associate the idea of such weakness with one who is the personification in so marked a degree of intellectual strength. As a writer, he has the thews and grasp of a giant; in massive and majestic eloquence he has not been excelled in a literature which has produced "Nestor's Speech" and "Satan's Address to the Sun." But the moment we look at the man we are confronted with a mass of inconsistencies and contradictions. Like his own Zimri, he had been everything by starts and nothing long. He began with republican principles; he was soon an uncompromising Tory. In 1658 he was panegyrizing Cromwell and his partisans; in 1660 he was hailing Charles II. as the saviour of an erring nation. In 1673 he was doing everything in his power to inflame the prosecution of the Dutch war; ten years later he was cursing Shaftesbury for his share in it. He exhausted compliment in his allusions to Charles II., and was simultaneously assisting Mulgrave in libelling him. In 1687 he had attached himself to James II.; in 1690 he was speaking respectfully of the Revolution. The truth is that he probably cared little either for religion or politics, either for Charles or James, either for Ormond or Hyde. He was a poet, with all the sensitive susceptibilities of his race; he was a man of letters, whose proper sphere was the library; but with the temperament of the one and with the accomplishments of the other, he combined the coarser instincts of a mere worldling. Not naturally a man of high spirit or lofty aims, the age he lived in did little to supply them. He soon ascertained the marketable value of his endowments, and he carried them, with unscrupulous alacrity, to the highest bidder. Thus while motives of self-interest determined the direction of his energy,

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the native genius thus brought into play soon created genuine enthusiasm, and he at last became what he at first affected to be. He addressed himself to religious controversy as he had addressed himself to politics. When he took the step which has laid him open to so much suspicion, he took it under that pressure on the part of circumstances which had never failed to dictate his actions; but having taken it, he soon persuaded himself that he was sincere. We may therefore accept that magnificent poem in which he fights the battle of his adopted creed as the genuine voice of genuine conviction, not merely as the hollow rhetoric and conscious sophistry of an interested apostate.

His pen was not suffered to remain idle, and he was at once employed to defend both in prose and verse the religion he had adopted. From an entry of Tonson's at Stationers' Hall, Dryden had, it seems, intended to translate Varilla's "History of Revolutions in Matters of Religion," but for some reason, which it is now useless to guess, the work was abandoned, and he proceeded to engage in a controversy which added little to his reputation. Soon after his accession, James ordered some papers to be published which had, it was alleged, been discovered in the strong box of Charles II. They consisted of two documents in the handwriting of the deceased king, asserting that the only true Church was the Church of Rome. To these James added the copy of a paper written by his first wife, Anne Hyde, stating the motives which had induced her to become a convert to the Catholic religion. No sooner had these manuscripts appeared, than their authenticity was called into question by the Protestant divines. Stillingfleet, then dean of St. Paul's and one of the most accomplished theologians in England, produced a pamphlet, in which he boldly contended that the papers were forgeries. Dryden was selected to reply. He was, however, no match for an adversary who at twenty-four had written the "*Irenicum*," and whose whole life had been a long training in theological polemics. Dryden confined himself to the defence of the paper attributed to Anne Hyde, and his vindication betrays a coarse license of vituperation, a shallowness and ignorance, which Stillingfleet, in a second pamphlet, contented himself with exposing in a few stinging sentences. The laureate had the good sense to quit a field on which he could scarcely hope to retrieve himself, and to betake himself to a weapon in which he was not likely to find his match. He went down into Northamptonshire, and there, amid the rural beauties of Rushton, produced a poem which, in point of plot, is grotesque in the extreme, but which, in point of execution, must rank among the masterpieces of English literature. "The Hind and Panther" was written with the immediate object of obviating the objections of those who disputed James's right to dispense with the Test Acts. The Hind — milk-white and immortal — represents the Church of Rome; the Panther — the fairest creature of the spotted kind — represents the Church of England. Surrounded with Socinian foxes, Independent bears, Anabaptist boars, and other animals typifying the innumerable sects into which the Protestant community was subdivided, these fair creatures confer on their common danger, discuss the points on which they differ, comment on current topics, smile, wag their tails, and interchange hospitalities. On this monstrous groundwork Dryden has raised the most splendid superstructure of his genius. "In none of his works," says Macaulay with happy discrimination, "can be found passages more pathetic and magnificent, greater ductility and energy of language, or a more pleasing and various music." There was one circumstance connected with the composition of this work which must have been inexpressibly mortifying to the author, and which still deforms, with an ugly inconsistency, the conduct of its argument. The original policy of James had been to attempt an alliance between the Catholic and the Protestant Church, for the purpose of uniting them against the Dissenters. Dryden had therefore, in the course of his poem, treated the Protestant Church with respect and forbearance and the Dissenters with contempt. But the king, finding that such an alliance was impossible, suddenly veered round and adopted a conciliatory tone with the Dissenters, without acquainting his apologist, who was away from London, with the circumstance. The poem was on the point of going to press, and Dryden saw with chagrin the mistake he had made. He proceeded at once to do all in his power to rectify it. He softened down his praises of the Protestant Church and his sneers at the Dissenters. He introduced two episodes, "The Fable of the Swallows" and "The Fable of the Doves," in which the clergy of the Church of England are bitterly assailed. Both in the conclusion of the poem and in the preface, he exhorts the Dissenters to make common cause with

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the Catholics against their common enemy, the Established Church. Thus altered to meet the new emergency, "The Hind and Panther" made its appearance in April, 1687. It was at once violently assailed, and the poet had to bear the brunt of the odium which the sullen tyranny of his royal master was now beginning to excite on all sides. Whigs and Tories united to attack the apologist of their common enemy. The plot, the argument, the style of the work, were caricatured. The inconsistencies of its author's political career were scoffingly enumerated. One opponent raked up the "Elegy on Cromwell," with comments from the "*Astræa Redux*" and the "*Threnodia Augustalis;*" another reprinted the "*Religio Laici.*" Two or three of the more unscrupulous among them charged him with gross profligacy in private life, and descended to personalities about his domestic troubles, his red face, and his short stature. Most of these productions have sunk below the soundings of antiquarianism: one, however, may still be read with interest, even by those familiar with the refined parodies of Canning and the brothers Smith. This was "The Hind and Panther" transversed to the story of "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse," written by two young adventurers, one of whom was destined to become the most distinguished financier of the eighteenth century, the other one of the most graceful of our minor poets — Charles Montague and Mathew Prior. The old poet had, it seems, treated both Prior and Montague with great kindness; and he is said to have felt their ingratitude very keenly. He must have recognized the wit of their exquisite satire, and was perhaps not insensible to the justice of their attack. A translation of the "Life of St. Xavier," and a poem on the birth of the young prince, June 10th, 1688, hurriedly but vigorously executed, concluded his services for James II. Six months afterwards William III. was on the throne.

Dryden's position was now lamentable in the extreme. He was not only in declining years and in miserable health, but he was deprived of all those government offices which he had labored so hard to secure, and on which he relied for permanent income. He was deprived of the laureateship and the historiographership, and he had the mortification of seeing them conferred on his old enemy Shadwell. His place in the customs was taken from him. He had pledged himself too deeply to the religious and political principles which were the abhorrence of the new dynasty and its supporters to dream of recanting. He had nothing but his pen to look to. An ordinary man would have sunk under the weight of such an accumulation of misfortunes. Dryden grappled with them with all the spirit of youth renewed. Never was the divine energy of genius, the proud loyalty to an artistic ideal more jealously preserved in spite of sordid temptation to hurried and slovenly work, or more nobly illustrated than in the ten years still allotted to him. He might engage to provide Tonson with ten thousand verses for a wretched pittance of three hundred guineas; but he took care to make those verses worthy of immortality. He might engage to translate the whole of Virgil for a sum little more than his friend Southerne cleared by two plays; but he strained every nerve to make it worthy of the name it bore, "and refused to be hurried." It seems to us, indeed, that in this last decade of his life his work was more conscientiously executed, in spite of his pecuniary exigencies, than had been common with him before. In 1689 he betook himself once more to the stage, and in less than a year produced the tragedy "Don Sebastian," which has long been regarded as his masterpiece, and a comedy "Amphitryon," which holds a respectable place even in an age which witnessed the comedies of Wycherly and Congreve. "Don Sebastian" was, he tells us, labored with great diligence, and of that diligence it bears evident traces. The subordinate characters are more carefully discriminated than was usual with him. Dorax and Sebastian are noble sketches, and Almeyda is not unworthy of her lover. In depicting the hero friendless, desolate, and ruined, the old poet was not improbably thinking of himself, and when Sebastian cries, —

> Let Fortune empty all her quiver on me,
> I have a soul that like an ample shield
> Can take in all, and verge enough far more.
> Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's,

there speaks in trumpet-tones the indomitable energy which made Dryden's last dark years the most glorious epoch in his artistic life. If we except Otway's two tragedies, "Don Sebastian" is beyond comparison the finest tragedy the English stage had seen since its great master had passed away. The celebrated scene in the fourth act between Dorax and Sebastian is one of the gems of the English drama. "Had it been the only one Dryden ever wrote," says Scott, "it would have been sufficient to insure his immortality."

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He could scarcely expect to get a hearing from the new monarch, but both these plays were anxiously dedicated to men who would be likely to have weight with him, Philip, Earl of Leicester, and Sir William Leveson-Gower. "King Arthur" and "Cleomenes" need not detain us, and with "Love Triumphant" the veteran dramatist took leave of the stage forever. In the conspicuous failure of his last play he probably read the advent of a new age, and with that graceful magnanimity which is such a pleasing trait in his character, he resigned the sceptre which he had swayed so long to his friends Southerne and Congreve. He was now busy with his translation of Juvenal and Persius. Of the former he translated the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires, intrusting the rest to his sons Charles and Erasmus, to his former coadjutor Tate, and to Creech. The whole of Persius was executed by himself. To this work, brought out in folio in 1693, he prefixed a "Discourse on Satire," dedicated in an exquisitely courtly strain to the Earl of Dorset. It is somewhat ungracefully garnished with what Scott calls the sort of learning in fashion among the French; but it is still valuable for its occasional remarks on points of criticism; for its eloquent declamation against the abuse of satire; for its admirable delineation of the Latin satirists; for its interesting autobiographical particulars; and, above all, for the ease, variety, and vigor of the style. The versions themselves have all the air of original compositions. In accordance with those principles of translation laid down by Chapman, Cowley, and Denham, and already illustrated by himself in his versions from Lucretius and Ovid, he has aimed not so much at reproducing the literal meaning as at transfusing the spirit of his authors. He is not therefore to be tried by any canons of exact scholarship. He has indeed spoken contemptuously of the servile fidelity of Barton Holiday. He approaches Juvenal pretty much as Horace approached Archilochus and Alcæus. He confesses himself a disciple, but he spoke not so much what his master dictated as what his master suggested. He writes, he says, as Juvenal may be supposed to have written had Juvenal written in English; and he has not scrupled to boast that he has taught Persius to speak with a purity and precision to which he was in his own language a stranger. In this bold experiment he has on the whole succeeded. He has produced translations which may be read with delight by those who cannot read the original, and if in the versions from Juvenal he who can read the original will miss the incisive terseness, the piercing wit, the keen and polished rhetoric of the Roman, he must impartially confess that in the sixth satire the Englishman has almost made the palm ambiguous. He must admit that the noble verses at the conclusion of the tenth, which are one of the proudest gems in the coronet of Roman literature, have by the genius of Dryden been set as a precious gem in the coronet of our own. With regard to his Persius, scholars will, we suspect, continue to prefer the fascinating perplexities and the harsh enigmatical phrase of the poet Casaubon loved, to the flowing diction of his English interpreter. It must, however, be allowed that if Dryden has diluted he has not enervated, and that in two memorable passages — the conclusion of the second satire and the lines to Cornutus in the fifth — he has gone far to make good his promise. To a third and fourth volume of "Miscellanies," which appeared in 1693 and 1694, he also contributed; but with the exception of the fine "Epistle to Kneller," which, like his "Eleanora," written a year before, evinces rare powers of varied and mellow versifying, none of these contributions added anything to his high reputation. About this time he made the acquaintance of Congreve, who had been introduced to him by Southerne, and who had just written his first comedy, "The Old Bachelor." This play, revised and adapted by Dryden's experienced hand, had been received with marked approbation; but a second play, "The Double Dealer," a far superior performance, had been a comparative failure. Upon this, Dryden addressed to his young friend that eloquent "Epistle," in which he hails with rapture a disciple who had already outstepped his master, and contrasts his own desolate sunset with the glorious dawn — so runs this exquisite flattery — of one whom every grace and every muse adorned. He now commenced his translation of Virgil. It occupied him three years, and though the labor was great, it was lightened during its continuance by the hospitality of the Earl of Exeter, Sir William Bowyer, and of his cousin John Dryden; and, at its termination, by the contributions of his friend Dr. Knightly, Chetwood, and Addison. Chetwood furnished him with the "Life of Virgil" and with the "Preface to the Pastorals;" and Addison, then a young man at Oxford, supplied him with the arguments of the several books and with an "Essay on the Geor-

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gics." Into his bickerings and pecuniary difficulties with Tonson we cannot enter. They may be read at length in his correspondence, and have been enlarged upon with unprofitable minuteness by Malone and Mr. Christie. The work, originally suggested it is said by Motteaux, was impatiently expected by the public, who had all along evinced an universal interest in its progress. It appeared in July 1697, and from that day to this it has maintained a high place among English classics. Marred by haste, marred by miserable inequalities, marred by reckless carelessness, it is still a noble achievement. It is a work instinct with genius; but it is instinct not with the placid genius of Virgil, but with the impetuous energy of Dryden. The tender grace, the stately majesty, the subtle verbal mechanism of the most exquisite artist of antiquity will be sought in vain in its coarse and facile diction, in the persistent homeliness of its tone, in the rushing and somewhat turbid torrent of its narrative. It is indeed one of those works which will never cease to offend the taste and never fail to captivate the attention. The critic will continue to censure, but the world will continue to be delighted; and Dryden, we suspect, cared little about the suffrage of the former if he could secure the support of the latter. He was, as usual, careful to adorn it with dedications. The "Pastorals" were inscribed to Lord Clifford, the "Georgics" to the Earl of Chesterfield, the "Æneid" to the Marquis of Normanby. The latter dedication is a long discourse on epic poesy, and is one of the most pleasing of his critical essays. To "Virgil" he added a postscript, which it is impossible to read unmoved, though we may temper our pity with the reflection that if the veteran poet had so much to complain of, he had much still left to soothe and encourage him. Indeed, we are by no means sure that the undertone of discontent and querulousness which runs through most of his latter writings is not to be referred rather to the nervous irritability of his temperament than to any insensibility either on the part of the public or on the part of his personal friends. He complains bitterly of his poverty, and poor he undoubtedly was, yet he never could have wanted the necessities of life. He had, on the contrary, we suspect, a full share of its luxuries. He had constant engagements with Tonson; and Tonson, though mean, was honest and punctual in his payments. He had been paid for each one of the "Miscellanies;" he had been paid for "Juvenal;" he had received five hundred pounds for his "Eleanora." The Earl of Dorset had presented him with a large sum; he had a small property of his own, and the Lady Elizabeth was not dowerless. He had cleared at least thirteen hundred pounds by his "Virgil." He complains of ill-health, but what alleviations two of the most eminent surgeons of the day could afford him, he enjoyed in the unfee'd attention of Hobbes and Guibbons. He complains of the malice of his enemies, and yet he might have solaced himself by remembering his friends, for he could number among them some of the most illustrious, the most hospitable, and the most charming of his contemporaries. In that brilliant society which had sate round the Duke of Ormond he had held a conspicuous place,* and he had numbered among his intimate associates the elegant and sprightly Sedley, the brilliant Dorset, the refined and accomplished Sheffield. The country-seats of many of the nobility were open to him, and of their hospitality he frequently availed himself. At the house of his cousin, John Dryden, he was always welcome; and he could gossip with his old love Honor, who, it is said, repented of her early cruelty. At Cotterstock he could be happy in the society of his beautiful relative Mrs. Stewart, who seems to have taken an affectionate interest in his studies, and to have consulted with an anxious solicitude his tastes and his comforts. At the pleasant farm of his friend Jones of Ramsden, he could indulge in his favorite amusement of angling; and when the ill-health under which he latterly labored made it necessary for him to abandon the fishing-rod, he could still complacently discuss D'Urfey's bad angling, and his own superior powers while the Fates were kind. His manners, we are told, were not genteel; but the genial kindliness of his disposition seems to have made him welcome in every circle, and a man whose large sympathies embraced almost every branch of human learning then cultivated was not likely to be a dull companion.

But there was another scene with which Dryden will always be associated, and where we love to picture him. His short, stout figure, his florid, careworn face, his sleepy eyes, his "down look," his snuffy waistcoat, and his long, gray hair were for many years familiar to the frequenters of Wills' Coffee-House, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. There his supremacy had never been shaken. There, whatever

* See Carte's "Life of the Duke of Ormond," vol. ii., p. 554.

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had been the vicissitudes of his public and whatever may have been the annoyances of his private life, he could forget them amid loyal and devoted companions. Round his armchair, placed near the fire in winter and out on the balcony in summer, hung delighted listeners, — gay young Templars, eager to hear the reminiscences of one who could recall roistering nights with Etherege and Sedley, and Attic evenings with Waller and Cowley and Davenant; who could remember the wit-combats between Charles and Killigrew, and the sallies of Nell Gwynne when she was still mixing strong waters for the gentlemen; students from Oxford and Cambridge, who had quitted their books to catch a glimpse of the rival of Juvenal; clever lads, ambitious for a pinch from his snuff-box, which was, we are told, equal to a degree in the Academy of Wit; pleasant humorists, "honest Mr. Swan" the punster, Tom D'Urfey, Browne, and old Sir Roger L'Estrange; men distinguished for their skill in art and science, whom his fame had attracted thither, Ratcliffe, Knneller, and poor Closterman. There were those who had like himself achieved high literary distinction, but who were nevertheless proud to acknowledge him their teacher, Wycherly, Southerne, Congreve, and Vanbrugh; Thomas Creech, whose edition of Lucretius had placed him in the front rank of English scholars; William Walsh, "the best critic in the nation;" George Stepney, "whose juvenile poems had made gray authors blush;" young Colley Cibber, flushed with the success of his first comedy; and Samuel Garth, whose admirable mock-heroic poem is still remembered. There too were occasionally to be seen those younger men who were to carry on the work he was so soon to lay down, and who were to connect two great ages of English literature. Pope, indeed, was a child of twelve when his young eyes rested for the first and last time on his master; Addison was in his twenty-sixth year; Prior in his thirty-fourth; Hughes in his twenty-first; Rowe, residing on a comfortable patrimony in the Temple, was twenty-four; St. John, nineteen; Arbuthnot, then deep in his examination of Dr. Woodward's account of the deluge, thirty; Atterbury was thirty-five.

Dryden's labors were not destined to end with the translation of Virgil. He had still nearly three years of toil before him. They were years harassed by a painful disease, by malevolent opponents, and by pecuniary difficulties, but they were years rich in the production of the mellowest and most pleasing of his writings. Neither age nor sickness could damp his spirits or dim his genius. His energy was the energy of a youth renewed. He meditated a translation of the Iliad. He wrote a life of Lucian. He revised his Virgil, and he was engaged on less important works beside. He contracted with Tonson to supply him with ten thousand verses, and he added upwards of two thousand more. These verses form a volume which has for nearly two centuries been the delight of his countrymen, and on that volume the admirers of Dryden will always dwell with peculiar satisfaction. It was published, under the title of "Fables Ancient and Modern," in March 1700. Never were his great powers seen to better advantage, never were his most characteristic defects more happily in abeyance. What Chaucer had told in the ruder speech of the fourteenth century he undertook to tell again in a language which had been enriched and purified by three hundred years of literary activity, and of which he was himself the greatest living master. How he has told the story of "Palamon and Arcite," of "The Cock and the Fox," of "The Wife of Bath," and of "The Flower and the Leaf," is known to thousands who would probably have turned a deaf ear to the older poet. To the versions from Chaucer he added from the "Decamerone" the stories of "Sigismund and Guiscard," of "Theodore and Honoria," and of "Cymon and Iphigenia." So completely has he assimilated both the tone and style of Chaucer and Boccaccio to his own potent genius and majestic diction, that these works may be almost regarded not only as original compositions, but as compositions peculiarly Drydenian. We would willingly linger over the other pieces comprised in this delightful collection; over the prose preface so easy, so graceful, so rich with the mature harvest of a long life of study and reflection; over the exquisite beauty of the verses to the Duchess of Ormond; over that lyrical masterpiece which Scott, Byron, and Macaulay have pronounced to be the noblest ode in our language, which Voltaire preferred to the whole of Pindar, and which even now stands unrivalled for varied, rapid, masculine melody; over that epistle which the old poet labored with such care and which he pronounced to be one of the best of his later compositions; over the venerable portrait for which sate the saintly Ken, and which furnished Goldsmith with a model for his happiest delineation. But time and space fail, we must hurry to the end: —

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Sciolzo il collo fumante et levo il morso,
Però che spatio assai con esso ho corso.

"By the mercy of God," he wrote in February 1700, "I am come within twenty years of fourscore and eight a cripple in my limbs, but I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul." On the 13th of the following May he was lying in the Abbey among his illustrious predecessors, of whom he had never, during the course of his long life written or spoken one disloyal word. He died, it appears, somewhat suddenly. Enfeebled by a complication of diseases, he was attacked by erysipelas and gangrene, to which May 1st, 1700, he succumbed in spite of the anxious efforts of his medical attendants. A painful operation might have saved his life; he chose rather to resign it. "He received the notice of his approaching dissolution," writes one of those who stood round his death-bed, "with sweet submission and entire resignation to the Divine will, and he took so tender and obliging a farewell of his friends as none but himself could have expressed." His body lay in state for several days in the College of Physicians, and on May 13 was honored with a public funeral more imposing and magnificent than any which had been conceded to an English poet before. He was laid by the bones of Chaucer and Spenser, and Jonson and Cowley, not far from his old friend Davenant, and his old schoolmaster Busby in

the temple where the dead
Are honored by the nations.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

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

CHAPTER XI.

JANET.

ONCE away, Gibbie had no thought of returning. *Up Daurside* was the sole propulsive force whose existence he recognized. But when he lifted his head from drinking at the stream, which was one of some size, and, greatly refreshed, looked up its channel, a longing seized him to know whence came the water of life which had thus restored him to bliss — how a burn first appears upon the earth. He thought it must come from the foot of a great conical mountain which seemed but a little way off. He would follow it up and see. So away he went, yielding at once, as was his wont, to the first desire that came. He had not trotted far along the bank, however, before, at a sharp turn it took, he saw that its course was a much longer one than he had imagined, for it turned from the mountain, and led up among the roots of other hills; while here in front of him, direct from the mountains, as it seemed, came down a smaller stream, and tumbled noisily into this. The larger burn would lead him too far from the Daur; he would follow the smaller one. He found a wide shallow place, crossed the larger, and went up the side of the smaller.

Doubly free after his imprisonment of the morning, Gibbie sped joyously along. Already nature, her largeness, her openness, her loveliness, her changefulness, her oneness in change, had begun to heal the child's heart, and comfort him in his disappointment with his kind. The stream he was now ascending ran along the claw of the mountain, which claw was covered with almost a forest of pine, protecting little colonies of less hardy timber. Its heavy green was varied with the pale delicate fringes of the fresh foliage of the larches, filling the air with aromatic breath. In the midst of their soft tufts, each tuft buttoned with a brown spot, hung the rich brown knobs and tassels of last year's cones. But the trees were all on the opposite side of the stream, and appeared to be on the other side of a wall. Where Gibbie was, the mountain-root was chiefly of rock, interspersed with heather.

A little way up the stream, he came to a bridge over it, closed at the farther end by iron gates between pillars, each surmounted by a wolf's head in stone. Over the gate on each side leaned a rowan-tree, with trunk and branches aged and gnarled amidst their fresh foliage. He crossed the burn to look through the gate, and pressed his face between the bars to get a better sight of a tame rabbit that had got out of its hutch. It sat, like a Druid white with age, in the midst of a gravel drive, much overgrown with moss, that led through a young larch wood, with here and there an ancient tree, lonely amidst the youth of its companions. Suddenly from the wood a large spaniel came bounding upon the rabbit. Gibbie gave a shriek, and the rabbit made one white flash into the wood, with the dog after him. He turned away sad at heart.

"Ilka cratur 'at can," he said to himself, "ates ilka cratur 'at canna!"

It was his first generalization, but not

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many years passed before he supplemented it with a conclusion:

"But the man 'at wad be a man, he maunna."

Resuming his journey of investigation, he trotted along the bank of the burn, farther and farther up, until he could trot no more, but must go clambering over great stones, or sinking to the knees in bog, patches of it red with iron, from which he would turn away with a shudder. Sometimes he walked in the water, along the bed of the burn itself; sometimes he had to scramble up its steep side, to pass one of the many little cataracts of its descent. Here and there a small silver birch, or a mountain ash, or a stunted fir-tree, looking like a wizard child, hung over the stream. Its banks were mainly of rock and heather, but now and then a small patch of cultivation intervened. Gibbie had no thought that he was gradually leaving the abodes of men behind him; he knew no reason why in ascending things should change, and be no longer as in plainer ways. For what he knew, there might be farm after farm, up and up forever, to the gates of heaven. But it would no longer have troubled him greatly to leave all houses behind him for a season. A great purple foxglove could do much now — just at this phase of his story, to make him forget — not the human face divine, but the loss of it. A lark aloft in the blue, from whose heart, as from a fountain whose roots were lost in the air its natural source, issued, not a stream, but an ever-spreading lake of song, was now more to him than the memory of any human voice he had ever heard, except his father's and Sambo's. But he was not yet quite out and away from the dwellings of his kind.

I may as well now make the attempt to give some idea of Gibbie's appearance, as he showed after so long wandering. Of dress he had hardly enough left to carry the name. Shoes, of course, he had none. Of the shape of trousers there remained nothing, except the division before and behind in the short petticoat to which they were reduced; and those rudimentary divisions were lost in the multitude of rents of equal apparent significance. He had never, so far as he knew, had a shirt upon his body; and his sole other garment was a jacket, so much too large for him, that to retain the use of his hands he had folded back the sleeves quite to his elbows. Thus reversed they became pockets, the only ones he had, and in them he stowed whatever provisions were given him of which he could not make immediate use — porridge and sowens and mashed potatoes included: they served him, in fact, like the first of the stomachs of those animals which have more than one — concerning which animals, by the way, I should much like to know what they were in "Pythagoras' time." His head had plentiful protection in its own natural crop — had never either had or required any other. That would have been of the gold order, had not a great part of its color been sunburnt, rained, and frozen out of it. All ways it pointed, as if surcharged with electric fluid, crowning him with a wildness which was in amusing contrast with the placidity of his countenance. Perhaps the resulting queerness in the expression of the little vagrant, a look as if he had been hunted till his body and soul were nearly ruffled asunder, and had already parted company in aim and interest, might have been the first thing to strike a careless observer. But if the heart was not a careless one, the eye would look again, and discover a stronger stillness than mere placidity — a sort of live peace abiding in that weather-beaten little face under its wild crown of human herbage. The features of it were well-shaped, and not smaller than proportioned to the small whole of his person. His eyes — partly, perhaps, because there was so little flesh upon his bones — were large, and in repose had much of a soft animal expression: there was not in them the look of *You and I know*. Frequently, too, when occasion roused the needful instinct, they had a sharp expression of outlook and readiness, which, without a trace of fierceness or greed, was yet equally animal. Only all the time there was present something else, beyond characterization: behind them something seemed to lie asleep. His hands and feet were small and childishly dainty, his whole body well-shaped and well put together — of which the style of his dress rather quashed the evidence.

Such was Gibbie to the eye, as he rose from Daurside to the last cultivated ground on the borders of the burn, and the highest dwelling on the mountain. It was the abode of a cottar, and was a dependency of the farm he had just left. The cottar was an old man of seventy; his wife was nearly sixty. They had reared stalwart sons and shapely daughters, now at service here and there in the valleys below — all ready to see God in nature, and recognize him in providence. They belonged to a class now, I fear, extinct, but once, if my love prejudice not my judgment too far,

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the glory and strength of Scotland: their little acres are now swallowed up in the larger farms.

It was a very humble dwelling, built of turf upon a foundation of stones, and roofed with turf and straw — warm, and nearly impervious to the searching airs of the mountain-side. One little window of a foot and a half square looked out on the universe. At one end stood a stack of peat, half as big at the cottage itself. All around it were huge rocks, some of them peaks whose masses went down to the very central fires, others only fragments that had rolled from above. Here and there a thin crop was growing in patches amongst them, the red gray stone lifting its baldness in spots numberless through the soft waving green. A few of the commonest flowers grew about the door, but there was no garden. The doorstep was live rock, and a huge projecting rock behind formed the back and a portion of one of the end walls. This latter rock had been the attraction to the site, because of a hollow in it, which now served as a dairy. For up there with them lived the last cow of the valley — the cow that breathed the loftiest air on all Daurside — a good cow, and gifted in feeding well upon little. Facing the broad south, and leaning against the hill, as against the bosom of God, sheltering it from the north and east, the cottage looked so high-humble, so still, so confident, that it drew Gibbie with the spell of heart-likeness. He knocked at the old, weather-beaten, shrunk and rent, but well-patched door. A voice, alive with the soft vibrations of thought and feeling, answered,

"Come yer wa's in, whae'er ye be."

Gibbie pulled the string that came through a hole in the door, so lifted the latch, and entered.

A woman sat on a creepie, her face turned over her shoulder to see who came. It was a gray face, with good simple features and clear gray eyes. The plentiful hair that grew low on her forehead, was half gray, mostly covered by a white cap with frills. A clean wrapper and apron, both of blue print, over a blue winsey petticoat, blue stockings, and strong shoes completed her dress. A book lay on her lap: always when she had finished her morning's work, and made her house tidy, she sat down to have her comfort, as she called it. The moment she saw Gibbie she rose. Had he been the angel Gabriel, come to tell her she was wanted at the throne, her attention could not have been more immediate or thorough. She was rather a little woman, and carried herself straight and light.

"Eh, ye puir ootcast!" she said, in the pitying voice of a mother, "hoo cam ye here sic a hicht? Cratur, ye hae left the warl' ahin' ye. What wad ye hae here? *I* hae naething."

Receiving no answer but one of the child's bewitching smiles, she stood for a moment regarding him, not in mere silence, but with a look of dumbness. She was a mother. One who is mother only to her own children is not a mother; she is only a woman who has borne children. But here was one of God's mothers.

Loneliness and silence, and constant homely familiarity with the vast simplicities of nature, assist much in the development of the deeper and more wonderful faculties of perception. The perceptions themselves may take this or that shape according to the education — may even embody themselves fantastically, yet be no less perceptions. Now the very moment before Gibbie entered, she had been reading the words of the Lord: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;" and with her heart full of them she lifted her eyes and saw Gibbie. For one moment, with the quick flashing response of the childlike imagination of the Celt, she fancied she saw the Lord himself. Another woman might have made a more serious mistake, and seen there *only* a child. Often had Janet pondered, as she sat alone on the great mountain, while Robert was with the sheep, or she lay awake by his side at night, with the wind howling about the cottage, whether the Lord might not sometimes take a lonely walk to look after such solitary sheep of his flock as they, and let them know he had not lost sight of them, for all the ups and downs of the hills. There stood the child, and whether he was the Lord or not, he was evidently hungry. Ah! who could tell but the Lord was actually hungry in every one of his hungering little ones!

In the mean time — only it was but thought-time, not clock-time—Gibbie stood motionless in the middle of the floor, smiling his innocent smile, asking for nothing, hinting at nothing, but resting his wild calm eyes, with a sense of safety and mother-presence, upon the gray thoughtful face of the gazing woman. Her awe deepened; it seemed to descend upon her and fold her in as with a mantle. Involuntarily she bowed her head, and stepping to him took him by the hand, and led him to the stool she had left. There she made him sit,

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while she brought forward her table, white with scrubbing, took from a hole in the wall, and set upon it a platter of oatcakes, carried a wooden bowl to her dairy in the rock through a whitewashed door, and bringing it back filled, half with cream half with milk, set that also on the table. Then she placed a chair before it, and said, —

"Sit ye doon, an' tak. Gin ye war the Lord himsel', my bonny man, an' ye may be for oucht I ken, for ye luik puir an' despised eneuch, I cud gie nae better, for it's a' I hae to offer ye — 'cep it micht be an egg," she added, correcting herself, and turned and went out.

Presently she came back with a look of success, carrying two eggs, which, having raked out a quantity, she buried in the hot ashes of the peats, and left in front of the hearth to roast, while Gibbie went on eating the thick oatcake, sweet and substantial, and drinking such milk as the wildest imagination of town-boy could never suggest. It was indeed angels' food — food such as would have pleased the Lord himself after a hard day with axe and saw and plane, so good and simple and strong was it. Janet resumed her seat on the low three-legged stool, and took her knitting that he might feel neither that he was watched as he ate, nor that she was waiting for him to finish. Every other moment she gave a glance at the stranger she had taken in; but never a word he spoke, and the sense of mystery grew upon her.

Presently came a great bounce and scramble; the latch jumped up, the door flew open, and after a moment's pause, in came a sheep dog — a splendid thoroughbred collie, carrying in his mouth a tiny, long-legged lamb, which he dropped half dead in the woman's lap. It was a late lamb, born of a mother which had been sold from the hill, but had found her way back from a great distance, in order that her coming young one might have the privilege of being yeaned on the same spot where she had herself awaked to existence. Another moment, and her *mba-a* was heard approaching the door. She trotted in, and going up to Janet, stood contemplating the consequences of her maternal ambition. Her udder was full, but the lamb was too weak to suck. Janet rose, and going to the side of the room, opened the door of what might have seemed an old press, but was a bed. Folding back the counterpane, she laid the lamb in the bed, and covered it over. Then she got a caup, a wooden dish like a large saucer, and into it milked the ewe. Next she carried the caup to the bed; but what means she there used to enable the lamb to drink, the boy could not see, though his busy eyes and loving heart would gladly have taken in all.

In the mean time the collie, having done his duty by the lamb, and perhaps forgotten it, sat on his tail, and stared with his two brave trusting eyes at the little beggar that sat in the master's chair, and ate of the fat of the land. Oscar was a gentleman, and had never gone to school, therefore neither fancied nor had been taught that rags make an essential distinction, and ought to be barked at. Gibbie was a stranger, and therefore as a stranger Oscar gave him welcome — now and then stooping to lick the little brown feet that had wandered so far.

Like all wild creatures, Gibbie ate fast, and had finished everything set before him ere the woman had done feeding the lamb. Without a notion of the rudeness of it, his heart full of gentle gratitude, he rose and left the cottage. When Janet turned from her shepherding, there sat Oscar looking up at the empty chair.

"What's come o' the laddie?" she said to the dog, who answered with a low whine, half-regretful, half-interrogative. It may be he was only asking, like Esau, if there was no residuum of blessing for him also; but perhaps he too was puzzled what to conclude about the boy. Janet hastened to the door, but already Gibbie's nimble feet, refreshed to the point of every toe with the food he had just swallowed, had borne him far up the hill, behind the cottage, so that she could not get a glimpse of him. Thoughtfully she returned, and thoughtfully removed the remnants of the meal. She would then have resumed her Bible, but her hospitality had rendered it necessary that she should put on her girdle — not a cincture of leather upon her body, but a disc of iron on the fire, to bake thereon cakes ere her husband's return. It was a simple enough process, for the oatmeal wanted nothing but water and fire; but her joints had not yet got rid of the winter's rheumatism, and the labor of the baking was the hardest part of the sacrifice of her hospitality. To many it is easy to give what they have, but the offering of weariness and pain is never easy. They are indeed a true salt to salt sacrifices withal. That it was the last of her meal till her youngest boy should bring her a bag on his back from the mill the next Saturday, made no point in her trouble.

When at last she had done, and put the things away, and swept up the hearth, she

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milked the ewe, sent her out to nibble, took her Bible, and sat down once more to read. The lamb lay at her feet, with his little head projecting from the folds of her new flannel petticoat; and every time her eye fell from the book upon the lamb, she felt as if somehow the lamb was the boy that had eaten of her bread and drunk of her milk. After she had read a while, there came a change, and the lamb seemed the Lord himself, both lamb and shepherd, who had come to claim her hospitality. Then, divinely invaded with the dread lest in the fancy she should forget the reality, she kneeled down, and prayed to the friend of Martha and Mary and Lazarus, to come as he had said, and sup with her indeed.

Not for years and years had Janet been to church; she had long been unable to walk so far; and having no book but the best, and no help to understand it but the highest, her faith was simple, strong, real, all-pervading. Day by day she pored over the great gospel — I mean just the good news according to Matthew and Mark and Luke and John — until she had grown to be one of the noble ladies of the kingdom of heaven — one of those who inherit the earth, and are ripening to see God. For the Master, and his mind in hers, was her teacher. She had little or no theology save what He taught her, or rather what he *is*. And of any other than that, the less the better; for no theology, except the *Theou logos*, is worth the learning, no other being true. To know *him* is to know God. And he only who obeys him, does or can know him; he who obeys him cannot fail to know him. To Janet, Jesus Christ was no object of so-called theological speculation, but a living man, who somehow or other heard her when she called to him, and sent her the help she needed.

CHAPTER XII.

GLASHGAR.

Up and up the hill went Gibbie. The path ceased altogether; but when *up* is the word in one's mind — and *up* had grown almost a fixed idea with Gibbie — he can seldom be in doubt whether he is going right, even where there is no track. Indeed in all more arduous ways, men leave no track behind them, no finger-post — there is alway but the steepness. He climbed and climbed. The mountain grew steeper and barer as he went, and he became absorbed in his climbing. All at once he discovered that he had lost the stream, where or when he could not tell. All below and around him was red granite rock, scattered over with the chips and splinters detached by air and wind, water and stream, light and heat and cold. Glashgar was only about three thousand feet in height, but it was the steepest of its group — a huge rock that, even in the midst of masses, suggested solidity.

Not once while he ascended had the idea come to him that by and by he should be able to climb no farther. For aught he knew there were oatcakes and milk and sheep and collie dogs ever higher and higher still. Not until he actually stood upon the peak did he know that there was the earthly *hitherto* — the final obstacle of unobstancy, the everywhere which, from excess of perviousness, was to human foot impervious. The sun was about two hours towards the west, when Gibbie, his little legs almost as active as ever, surmounted the final slope. Running up like a child that would scale heaven, he stood on the bare round, the head of the mountain, and saw, with an invading shock of amazement, and at first of disappointment, that there was no going higher: in every direction the slope was downward. He had never been on the top of anything before. He had always been in the hollows of things. Now the whole world lay beneath him. It was cold; in some of the shadows lay snow — weary exile from both the sky and the sea and the ways of them — captive in the fetters of the cold — prisoner to the mountain top; but Gibbie felt no cold. In a glow with the climb, which at the last had been hard, his lungs filled with the heavenly air, and his soul with the feeling that he was above everything that was, uplifted on the very crown of the earth, he stood in his rags, a fluttering scarecrow, the conqueror of height, the discoverer of immensity, the monarch of space. Nobody knew of such marvel but him! Gibbie had never even heard the word *poetry*, but none the less was he the very stuff out of which poems grow, and now all the latent poetry in him was set a swaying and heaving — an ocean inarticulate because unobstructed — a might that could make no music, no thunder of waves, because it had no shore, no rocks of thought against which to break in speech. He sat down on the topmost point; and slowly, in the silence and the loneliness, from the unknown fountains of the eternal consciousness, the heart of the child filled. Above him towered infinitude, immensity, potent on his mind through shape to his eye in a soaring dome of blue — the one visible symbol informed and insouled of the eternal,

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to reveal itself thereby. In it, centre and life, lorded the great sun, beginning to cast shadows to the south and east from the endless heaps of the world, that lifted themselves in all directions. Down their sides ran the streams, down busily, hasting away through every valley to the Daur, which bore them back to the ocean-heart — through woods and meadows, park and waste, rocks and willowy marsh. Behind the valleys rose mountains; and behind the mountains, other mountains, more and more, each swathed in its own mystery; and beyond all hung the curtain-depth of the sky-gulf. Gibbie sat and gazed, and dreamed and gazed. The mighty city that had been to him the universe, was dropped and lost, like a thing that was now nobody's, in far indistinguishable distance; and he who had lost it had climbed upon the throne of the world. The air was still; when a breath awoke, it but touched his cheek like the down of a feather, and the stillness was there again. The stillness grew great, and slowly descended upon him. It deepened and deepened. Surely it would deepen to a voice! — it was about to speak! It was as if a great single thought was the substance of the silence, and was all over and around him, and closer to him than his clothes, than his body, than his hands. I am describing the indescribable, and compelled to make it too definite for belief. In colder speech, an experience had come to the child; a link in the chain of his development glided over the windlass of his uplifting; a change passed upon him. In after years, when Gibbie had the idea of God, when he had learned to think about him, to desire his presence, to believe that a will of love enveloped his will, as the brooding hen spreads her wings over her eggs — as often as the thought of God came to him, it came in the shape of the silence on the top of Glashgar.

As he sat, with his eyes on the peak he had just chosen from the rest as the loftiest of all within his sight, he saw a cloud begin to grow upon it. The cloud grew, and gathered, and descended, covering its sides as it went, until the whole was hidden. Then swiftly, as he gazed, the cloud opened as it were a round window in the heart of it, and through that he saw the peak again. The next moment a flash of blue lightning darted across the opening, and whether Gibbie really saw what follows, he never could be sure, but always after, as often as the vision returned, in the flash he saw a rock rolling down the peak. The clouds swept together, and the window closed. The next thing which in after years he remembered was, that the earth, mountains, meadows, and streams, had vanished; everything was gone from his sight, except a few yards around him of the rock upon which he sat, and the cloud that hid world and heaven. Then again burst forth the lightning. He saw no flash, but an intense cloud-illumination, accompanied by the deafening crack, and followed by the appalling roar and roll of the thunder. Nor was it noise alone that surrounded him, for, as if he were in the heart and nest of the storm, the very wind-waves that made the thunder rushed in driven bellowing over him, and had nearly swept him away. He clung to the rock with hands and feet. The cloud writhed and wrought and billowed and eddied with all the shapes of the wind, and seemed itself to be the furnace-womb in which the thunder was created. Was this then the voice into which the silence had been all the time deepening? had the presence thus taken form and declared itself? Gibbie had yet to learn that there is a deeper voice still into which such a silence may grow — and the silence not be broken. He was not dismayed. He had no conscience of wrong, and scarcely knew fear. It was an awful delight that filled his spirit. Mount Sinai was not to him a terror. To him there was no wrath in the thunder any more than in the greeting of the dog that found him in his kennel. To him there was no being in the sky so righteous as to be more displeased than pitiful over the wrongness of the children whom he had not yet got taught their childhood. Gibbie sat calm, awe-full, but, I imagine, with a clear forehead and smile-haunted mouth, while the storm roared and beat and flashed and ran about him. It was the very fountain of tempest. From the bare crest of the mountain the water poured down its sides, as if its springs were in the rock itself, and not in the bosom of the cloud above. The tumult at last seized Gibbie like an intoxication; he jumped to his feet, and danced and flung his arms about, as if he himself were the storm. But the uproar did not last long. Almost suddenly it was gone, as if, like a bird that had been flapping the ground in agony, it had at last recovered itself, and taken to its great wings and flown. The sun shone out clear, and in all the blue abyss not a cloud was to be seen, except far away to leeward, where one was spread like a banner in the lonely air, fleeting away, the ensign of the charging storm

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— bearing for its device a segment of the many-colored bow.

And now that its fierceness was over, the jubilation in the softer voices of the storm became audible. As the soul gives thanks for the sufferings that are overpast, offering the love and faith and hope which the pain has stung into fresh life, so from the sides of the mountain ascended the noise of the waters the cloud had left behind. The sun had kept on his journey; the storm had been no disaster to him; and now he was a long way down the west, and Twilight, in her gray cloak, would soon be tracking him from the east, like sorrow dogging delight. Gibbie, wet and cold, began to think of the cottage where he had been so kindly received, of the friendly face of its mistress, and her care of the lamb. It was not that he wanted to eat. He did not even imagine more eating, for never in his life had he eaten twice of the same charity in the same day. What he wanted was to find some dry hole in the mountain, and sleep as near the cottage as he could. So he rose and set out. But he lost his way; came upon one precipice after another, down which only a creeping thing could have gone; was repeatedly turned aside by torrents and swampy places; and when the twilight came, was still wandering upon the mountain. At length he found, as he thought, the burn along whose bank he had ascended in the morning, and followed it towards the valley, looking out for the friendly cottage. But the first indication of abode he saw, was the wall of the grounds of the house through whose gate he had looked in the morning. He was then a long way from the cottage, and not far from the farm; and the best thing he could do was to find again the barn where he had slept so well the night before. This was not very difficult even in the dusky night. He skirted the wall, came to his first guide, found and crossed the valley-stream, and descended it until he thought he recognized the slope of clover down which he had run in the morning. He ran up the brae, and there were the solemn cones of the corn-ricks between him and the sky! A minute more and he had crept through the cat-hole, and was feeling about in the dark barn. Happily the heap of straw was not yet removed. Gibbie shot into it like a mole, and burrowed to the very centre, there coiled himself up, and imagined himself lying in the heart of the rock on which he sat during the storm and listening to the thunder winds over his head. The fancy enticed the sleep which before was ready enough to come, and he was soon far stiller than Ariel in the cloven pine of Sycorax.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CEILING.

HE might have slept longer the next morning, for there was no threshing to wake him, in spite of the cocks in the yard that made it their business to rouse sleepers to their work, had it not been for another kind of cock inside him, which bore the same relation to food that the others bore to light. He peeped first, then crept out. All was still except the voices of those same prophet cocks, crying in the wilderness of the yet sunless world; a moo now and then from the byres; and the occasional stamp of a great hoof in the stable. Gibbie clambered up into the loft, and turning the cheeses about until he came upon the one he had gnawed before, again attacked it, and enlarged considerably the hole he had already made in it. Rather dangerous food it was, perhaps, eaten in that unmitigated way, for it was made of skimmed milk, and was very dry and hard; but Gibbie was a powerful little animal, all bones and sinews, small hard muscle, and faultless digestion. The next idea naturally rising was the burn; he tumbled down over the straw heap to the floor of the barn, and made for the cat-hole. But the moment he put his head out, he saw the legs of a man: the farmer was walking through his ricks, speculating on the money they held. He drew back, and looked round to see where best he could betake himself should he come in. He spied thereupon a ladder leaning against the end-wall of the barn, opposite the loft and the stables, and near it in the wall a wooden shutter, like the door of a little cupboard. He got up the ladder, and opening the shutter, which was fastened only with a button, found a hole in the wall, through which popping his head too carelessly, he knocked from a shelf some piece of pottery, which fell with a great crash on a paved floor. Looking after it, Gibbie beheld below him a rich prospect of yellow-white pools ranged in order on shelves. They reminded him of milk, but were of a different color. As he gazed, a door opened hastily, with sharp clicking latch, and a woman entered, ejaculating, "Care what set that cat!" Gibbie drew back, lest in her search for the cat she might find the culprit. She looked all round, muttering such truncated imprecations as befitted the mouth of a Scotch-

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woman; but as none of her milk was touched, her wrath gradually abated; she picked up the fragments, and withdrew.

Thereupon Gibbie ventured to reconnoitre a little farther, and popping in his head again, saw that the dairy was open to the roof, but the door was in a partition which did not run so high. The place from which the woman entered was ceiled, and the ceiling rested on the partition between it and the dairy; so that, from a shelf level with the hole, he could easily enough get on the top of the ceiling. This, urged by the instinct of the homeless to understand their surroundings, he presently effected, by creeping like a cat along the top shelf.

The ceiling was that of the kitchen, and was merely of boards, which, being old and shrunken, had here and there a considerably crack between two, and Gibbie, peeping through one after another of these cracks, soon saw several things he did not understand. Of such was a barrel-churn, which he took for a barrel-organ, and welcomed as a sign of civilization. The woman was sweeping the room towards the hearth, where the peat fire was already burning, with a great pot hanging over it, covered with a wooden lid. When the water in it was hot, she poured it into a large wooden dish, in which she began to wash other dishes, thus giving the observant Gibbie his first notion of housekeeping. Then she scoured the deal table, dusted the bench and the chairs, arranged the dishes on shelves and rack, except a few which she placed on the table, put more water on the fire, and disappeared in the dairy. Thence presently she returned, carrying a great jar, which, to Gibbie's astonishment, having lifted a lid in the top of the churn, she emptied into it; he was not, therefore, any farther astonished, when she began to turn the handle vigorously, that no music issued. As to what else might be expected, Gibbie had not even a mistaken idea. But the butter *came* quickly that morning, and then he did have another astonishment, for he saw a great mass of something half-solid tumbled out where he had seen a liquid poured in — nor that alone for the liquid came out again too! But when at length he saw the mass, after being well washed, moulded into certain shapes, he recognized it as butter, such as he had seen in the shops, and had now and then tasted on the *piece* given him by some more than usually generous housekeeper. Surely he had wandered into a region of plenty! Only now, when he saw the woman busy and careful, the idea of things in the country being a sort of common property began to fade from his mind, and the perception to wake that they were as the things in the shops, which must not be touched without first paying money for them over a counter.

The butter-making brought to a successful close, the woman proceeded to make porridge for the men's breakfast, and with hungry eyes Gibbie watched that process next. The water in the great pot boiling like a wild volcano, she took handful after handful of meal from a great wooden dish (called a *bossie*) and threw it into the pot, stirring as she threw, until the mess was presently so thick that she could no more move the *spurtle* in it; and scarcely had she emptied it into another great wooden bowl (called a *bicker*) when Gibbie heard the heavy tramp of the men crossing the yard to consume it.

For the last few minutes, Gibbie's nostrils — alas! not Gibbie — had been regaled with the delicious odor of the boiling meal; and now his eyes had their turn — but still, alas, not Gibbie! Prostrate on the ceiling he lay and watched the splendid spoonfuls tumble out of sight into the capacious throats of four men: all took their spoonfuls from the same dish, but each dipped his spoonful into his private *caup* of milk, ere he carried it to his mouth. A little apart sat a boy, whom the woman seemed to favor, having provided him with a plateful of porridge by himself, but the fact was, four were as many as could *bicker* comfortably, or with any chance of fair play. The boy's countenance greatly attracted Gibbie. It was a long, solemn face, but the eyes were bright-blue and sparkling; and when he smiled, which was not very often, it was a good and meaningful smile.

When the meal was over, and he saw the little that was left, with all the drops of milk from the *caups*, tumbled into a common receptacle, to be kept, he thought, for the next meal, poor Gibbie felt very empty and forsaken. He crawled away sad at heart, with nothing before him except a drink of water at the burn. He might have gone to the door of the house, in the hope of a bit of cakes, but, now that he had seen something of the doings in the house and of the people who lived in it — as soon, that is, as he had looked embodied ownership in the face — he began to be aware of its claims, and the cheese he had eaten to lie heavy upon his spiritual stomach: he had done that which he would not have done before leaving the city. Carefully he crept across the ceiling, his

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head hanging, like a dog scolded of his master, carefully along the shelf of the dairy, and through the opening in the wall, quickly down the ladder, and through the cat-hole in the barn door. There was no one in the corn-yard now, and he wandered about among the ricks looking, with little hope, for something to eat. Turning a corner he came upon a henhouse — and there was a crowd of hens and half-grown chickens about the very dish into which he had seen the remnants of the breakfast thrown, all pecking billfuls out of it. As I may have said before, he always felt at liberty to share with the animals, partly, I suppose, because he saw they had no scrupulosity or ceremony amongst themselves; so he dipped his hand into their dish: why should not the bird of the air now and then peck with the more respectable of the barn-door, if only to learn his inferiority? Greatly refreshed, he got up from among the hens, scrambled over the dry-stone-wall, and trotted away to the burn.

CHAPTER XIV.

HORNIE.

It was now time he should resume his journey up Daurside, and he set out to follow the burn that he might regain the river. It led him into a fine meadow, where a number of cattle were feeding. The meadow was not fenced — little more than marked off, indeed, upon one side, from a field of growing corn, by a low wall of earth, covered with moss and grass and flowers. The cattle were therefore herded by a boy, whom Gibbie recognized even in the distance as him by whose countenance he had been so much attracted when, like an old deity on a cloud, he lay spying through the crack in the ceiling. The boy was reading a book, from which every now and then he lifted his eyes to glance around him, and see whether any of the cows or heifers or stirks were wandering beyond their pasture of rye-grass and clover. Having them all before him, therefore no occasion to look behind, he did not see Gibbie approaching. But as soon as he seemed thoroughly occupied, a certain black cow, with short sharp horns and a wicked look, which had been gradually, as was her wont, edging nearer and nearer to the corn, turned suddenly and ran for it, jumped the dyke, and plunging into a mad revelry of greed, tore and devoured with all the haste not merely of one insecure, but of one that knew she was stealing. Now Gibbie had been observant enough during his travels to learn that this was against the law and custom of the country — that it was not permitted to a cow to go into a field where there were no others — and like a shot he was after the black marauder. The same instant the herd-boy too, lifting his eyes from his book, saw her, and springing to his feet, caught up his great stick, and ran also: he had more than reason to run, for he understood only too well the dangerous temper of the cow, and saw that Gibbie was a mere child, and unarmed — an object most provocative of attack to Hornie — so named, indeed, because of her readiness to use the weapons with which Nature had provided her. She was in fact a malicious cow, and but that she was a splendid milker, would have been long ago fatted up and sent to the butcher. The boy as he ran full speed to the rescue, kept shouting to warn Gibbie from his purpose, but Gibbie was too intent to understand the sounds he uttered, and supposed them addressed to the cow. With the fearless service that belonged to his very being, he ran straight at Hornie, and, having nothing to strike her with, flung himself against her with a great shove towards the dyke. Hornie, absorbed in her delicious robbery, neither heard nor saw before she felt him, and, startled by the sudden attack, turned tail. It was but for a moment. In turning, she caught sight of her ruler, sceptre in hand, at some little distance, and turned again, either to have another mouthful, or in the mere instinct to escape him. Then she caught sight of the insignificant object that had scared her, and in contemptuous indignation lowered her head between her fore-feet, and was just making a rush at Gibbie, when the herd came up, and with a storm of fiercest blows, delivered with the full might of his arm, drove her in absolute rout back into the meadow. Drawing himself up in the unconscious majesty of success, Donal Grant looked down upon Gibbie, but with eyes of admiration.

"Haith, cratur!" he said, "ye're mair o' a man nor ye'll luik this saven year! What garred ye rin upo' the deevil's verra horns that gait?"

Gibbie stood smiling.

"Gien't hadna been for my club we wad baith be ower the mune, gain this time. What ca' they ye, man?"

Still Gibbie only smiled.

"Whaur come ye frae? — Wha's yer fowk? — Whaur div ye bide? — Haena ye a tongue i' yer heid, ye rascal?"

Gibbie burst out laughing, and his eyes

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sparkled and shone: he was delighted with the herd-boy, and it was so long since he had heard human speech addressed to himself!

"The cratur's feel (*foolish*)!" concluded Donal to himself pityingly. "Puir thing! puir thing!" he added aloud, and laid his hand on Gibbie's head.

It was the first *touch* of kindness Gibbie had received since he was the dog's guest: had he been acquainted with the bastard emotion of self-pity, he would have wept; as he was unaware of hardship in his lot, discontent in his heart, or discord in his feeling, his emotion was one of unmingled delight, and embodied itself in a perfect smile.

"Come, cratur, an' I'll gie ye a piece: ye'll aiblins un'erstan' that!" said Donal, as he turned to leave the corn for the grass, where Hornie was eating with the rest like the most innocent of hum'le (*hornless*) animals. Gibbie obeyed, and followed, as, with slow step and downbent face, Donal led the way. For he had tucked his club under his arm, and already his greedy eyes were fixed on the book he had carried all the time, nor did he take them from it until, followed in full and patient content by Gibbie, he had almost reached the middle of the field, some distance from Hornie and her companions, when, stopping abruptly short, he began without lifting his head to cast glances on this side and that.

"I houp nane o' them's swallowed my nepkin!" he said musingly. "I'm no sure whaur I was sittin'. I hae my place i' the beuk, but I doobt I hae tint my place i' the gerse."

Long before he had ended, for he spoke with utter deliberation, Gibbie was yards away, flitting hither and thither like a butterfly. A minute more and Donal saw him pounce upon his bundle, which he brought to him in triumph.

"Fegs! ye're no the gowk I took ye for," said Donal meditatively.

Whether Gibbie took the remark for a compliment, or merely was gratified that Donal was pleased, the result was a merry laugh.

The bundle had in it a piece of hard cheese, such as Gibbie had already made acquaintance with, and a few *quarters of cakes*. One of these Donal broke in two, gave Gibbie the half, replaced the other, and sat down again to his book — this time with his back against the *fell-dyke* dividing the grass from the corn. Gibbie seated himself, like a Turk, with his bare legs crossed under him, a few yards off, where, in silence and absolute content, he ate his *piece*, and gravely regarded him. His human soul had of late been starved, even more than his body — and that from no fastidiousness; and it was paradise again to be in such company. Never since his father's death had he looked on a face that drew him as Donal's. It was fair of complexion by nature, but the sun had burned it brown, and it was covered with freckles. Its forehead was high, with a mass of foxy hair over it, and under it two keen hazel eyes, in which the green predominated over the brown. Its nose was long and solemn, over a well-made mouth, which rarely smiled, but not unfrequently trembled with emotion — over his book. For age, Donal was getting towards fifteen, and was strongly built, and well grown. A general look of honesty, and an attractive expression of reposeful friendliness pervaded his whole appearance. Conscientious in regard to his work, he was yet in danger of forgetting his duty for minutes together over his book. The chief evil that came of it was an occasional inroad on the corn, and many were Donal's self-reproaches ere he fell asleep when that had taken place during the day. He knew his master would threaten him with dismissal if he came upon him reading in the field, but he knew also his master was well aware that he did read, and that it was possible to read and yet herd well. It was easy enough in this same meadow: on one side ran the Lorrie; on another was a stone wall; and on the third a ditch; only the cornfield lay virtually unprotected, and there he had to be himself the boundary. And now he sat leaning against the dyke, as if he held so a position of special defence; but he knew well enough that the dullest calf could outflank him, and invade, for a few moments at the least, the forbidden pleasure-ground. He had gained an ally however, whose faculty and faithfulness he little knew yet. For Gibbie had begun to comprehend the situation. He could not comprehend why or how any one should be absorbed in a book, for all he knew of books was from his one morning of dame-schooling; but he could comprehend that, if one's attention *were* so occupied, it must be a great *vex* to be interrupted continually by the ever-waking desires of his charge after dainties. Therefore, as Donal watched his book, Gibbie for Donal's sake watched the herd, and, as he did so, gently possessed himself of Donal's club. Nor had many minutes passed before Donal, raising his head to look, saw the curst cow again in the green corn, and Gibbie manfully encountering

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her with the club, hitting her hard upon head and horns, and deftly avoiding every rush she made at him.

"Gie her't upo' the nose," Donal shouted in terror, as he ran full speed to his aid, abusing Hornie in terms of fiercest vituperation.

But he needed not have been so apprehensive. Gibbie heard and obeyed, and the next moment Hornie had turned tail, and was fleeing back to the safety of the lawful meadow.

"Hech, cratur! but ye maun be come o' fechtin' fowk!" said Donal, regarding him with fresh admiration.

Gibbie laughed; but he had been sorely put to it, and the big drops were coursing fast down his sweet face. Donal took the club from him, and rushing at Hornie, belabored her well, and drove her quite to the other side of the field. He then returned and resumed his book, while Gibbie again sat down near by, and watched both Donal and his charge — the keeper of both herd and cattle. Surely Gibbie had at last found his vocation on Daurside, with both man and beast for his special care!

By and by Donal raised his head once more, but this time it was to regard Gibbie and not the *nowt*. It had gradually sunk into him that the appearance and character of the *cratur* were peculiar. He had regarded him as a little tramp, whose people were not far off, and who would soon get tired of herding and rejoin his companions; but while he read, a strange feeling of the presence of the boy had, in spite of the witchery of his book, been growing upon him. He seemed to feel his eyes without seeing them; and when Gibbie rose to look how the cattle were distributed, he became vaguely uneasy lest the boy should be going away. For already he had begun to feel him a humble kind of guardian angel. He had already that day, through him, enjoyed a longer spell of his book, than any day since he had been herd at the Mains of Glashruach. And now the desire had come to regard him more closely.

For a minute or two he sat and gazed at him. Gibbie gazed at him in return, and in his eyes the herd-boy looked the very type of power and gentleness. How he admired even his suit of small-ribbed, greenish-colored corduroy, the ribs much rubbed and obliterated! Then his jacket had round brass buttons! his trousers had patches instead of holes at the knees! their short legs revealed warm woollen stockings! and his shoes had their soles full of great broad-headed iron tacks! while on his head he had a small round blue bonnet with a red tuft! The little outcast, on the other hand, with his loving face and pure clear eyes, bidding fair to be naked altogether before long, woke in Donal a divine pity, a tenderness like that nestling at the heart of womanhood. The neglected creature could surely have no mother to shield him from frost and wind and rain. But a strange thing was, that out of this pitiful tenderness seemed to grow, like its blossom, another unlike feeling — namely, that he was in the presence of a being of some order superior to his own, one to whom he would have to listen if he spoke, who knew more than he would tell. But then Donal was a Celt, and might be a poet, and the sweet stillness of the child's atmosphere made things bud in his imagination.

My reader must think how vastly, in all his poverty, Donal was Gibbie's superior in the social scale. He earned his own food and shelter, and nearly four pounds a year besides; lived as well as he could wish, dressed warm, was able for his work, and imagined it no hardship. Then he had a father and mother whom he went to see every Saturday, and of whom he was as proud as son could be — a father who was the priest of the family, and fed sheep; a mother who was the prophetess, and kept the house ever an open refuge for her children. Poor Gibbie earned nothing — never had earned more than a penny at a time in his life, and had never dreamed of having a claim to such penny. Nobody seemed to care for him, give him anything, do anything for him. Yet there he sat before Donal's eyes, full of service, of smiles, of contentment.

Donal took up his book, but laid it down again and gazed at Gibbie. Several times he tried to return to his reading, but as often resumed his contemplation of the boy. At length it struck him as something more than shyness would account for, that he had not yet heard a word from the lips of the child, even when running after the cows. He must watch him more closely.

By this it was his dinner time. Again he untied his handkerchief, and gave Gibbie what he judged a fair share for his bulk — namely, about a third of the whole. Philosopher as he was, however, he could not help sighing a little when he got to the end of his diminished portion. But he was better than comforted when Gibbie offered him all that yet remained to him; and the smile with which he refused it made Gib-

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bie as happy as a prince would like to be. What a day it had been for Gibbie! A whole human being, and some five and twenty four-legged creatures besides to take care of!

After their dinner, Donal gravitated to his book, and Gibbie resumed the executive. Some time had passed when Donal, glancing up, saw Gibbie lying flat on his chest, staring at something in the grass. He slid himself quietly nearer, and discovered it was a daisy — one by itself alone: there were not many in the field. Like a mother leaning over her child, he was gazing at it. The daisy was not a cold white one, neither was it a red one; it was just a perfect daisy: it looked as if some gentle hand had taken it, while it slept and its starpoints were all folded together, and dipped them — just a tiny touchy dip, in a molten ruby, so that, when it opened again, there was its crown of silver pointed with rubies all about its golden sun-heart.

"He's been readin' Burns!" said Donal. He forgot that the daisies were before Burns, and that he himself had loved them before ever he heard of him. Now, he had not heard of Chaucer who made love to the daisies four hundred years before Burns. — God only knows what gospellers they have been on his middle-earth. All its days his daisies have been coming and going, and they are not old yet, nor have worn out yet their lovely garments, though they patch and darn just as little as they toil and spin.

"Can ye read, cratur?" asked Donal.

Gibbie shook his head.

"Canna ye speyk, man?"

Again Gibbie shook his head.

"Can ye hear?"

Gibbie burst out laughing. He knew that he heard better than other people.

"Hearken till this than," said Donal. He took his book from the grass, and read, in a chant, or rather in a lilt, the Danish ballad of Chyld Dyring, as translated by Sir Walter Scott. Gibbie's eyes grew wider and wider as he listened; their pupils dilated, and his lips parted: it seemed as if his soul were looking out of door and windows at once — but a puzzled soul that understood nothing of what it saw. Yet plainly, either the sounds, or the thought-matter vaguely operative beyond the line where intelligence begins, or, it may be, the sparkle of individual word or phrase islanded in a chaos of rhythmic motion, wrought somehow upon him, for his attention was fixed as by a spell. When Donal ceased, he remained open-mouthed and motionless for a time; then, drawing himself slidingly over the grass to Donal's feet, he raised his head and peeped above his knees at the book. A moment only he gazed, and drew back with a hungry sigh: he had seen nothing in the book like what Donal had been drawing from it — as if one should look into the well of which he had just drank, and see there nothing but dry pebbles and sand! The wind blew gentle, the sun shone bright, all nature closed softly round the two, and the soul whose children they were was nearer than the one to the other, nearer than sun or wind or daisy or Chyld Dyring. To his amazement Donal saw the tears gathering in Gibbie's eyes. He was as one who gazes into the abyss of God's will — sees only the abyss, cannot see the will, and weeps. The child in whom neither cold nor hunger nor nakedness nor loneliness could move a throb of self-pity, was moved to tears that a loveliness, strange and unintelligible to him, had passed away, and he had no power to call it back.

"Wad ye like to hear't again?" asked Donal, more than half understanding him instinctively.

Gibbie's face answered with a flash, and Donal read the poem again, and Gibbie's delight returned greater than before, for now something like a dawn began to appear among the cloudy words. Donal read it a third time, and closed the book, for it was almost the hour for driving the cattle home. He had never yet seen, and perhaps never again did see such a look of thankful devotion on human countenance as met his lifted eyes.

How much Gibbie even then understood of the lovely eerie old ballad, it is impossible for me to say. Had he a glimmer of the return of the buried mother? Did he think of his own? I doubt if he had ever thought that he had a mother; but he may have associated the tale with his father, and the boots he was always making for him. Certainly it was the beginning of much. But the waking up of a human soul to know itself in the mirror of its thoughts and feelings, its loves and delights, oppresses me with so heavy a sense of marvel and inexplicable mystery, that when I imagine myself such as Gibbie then was, I cannot imagine myself coming awake. I can hardly believe that, from being such as Gibbie was the hour before he heard the ballad, I should *ever* have come awake. Yet here I am, capable of pleasure unspeakable from that and many another ballad, old and new! some-

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how, at one time or another, or at many times in one, I have at last come awake! When, by slow filmy unveilings, life grew clearer to Gibbie, and he not only knew, but knew that he knew, his thoughts always went back to that day in the meadow with Donal Grant as the beginning of his knowledge of beautiful things in the world of man. Then first he saw nature reflected, Narcissus-like, in the mirror of her humanity, her highest self. But when or how the change in him began, the turn of the balance, the first push towards life of the evermore invisible germ — of that he remained, much as he wondered, often as he searched his consciousness, as ignorant to the last as I am now. Sometimes he was inclined to think the glory of the new experience must have struck him dazed, and that was why he could not recall what went on in him at the time.

Donal rose and went driving the cattle home, and Gibbie lay where he had again thrown himself upon the grass. When he lifted his head, Donal and the cows had vanished.

Donal looked all round as he left the meadow, and seeing the boy nowhere, concluded he had gone to his people. The impression he had made upon him faded a little during the evening. For when he reached home and had watered them, he had to tie up every animal in its stall, and make it comfortable for the night; next, eat his own supper; then learn a proposition of Euclid, and go to bed.

CHAPTER XV.

DONAL GRANT.

HUNGERING minds come of peasant people as often as of any, and have appeared in Scotland as often, I fancy, as in any nation; not every Scotsman, therefore, who may not himself have known one like Donal, will refuse to believe in such a herd-laddie. Besides, there are still those in Scotland, as well as in other nations, to whom the simple and noble, not the commonplace and selfish, is the true type of humanity. Of such as Donal, whether English or Scotch, is the class coming up to preserve the honor and truth of our Britain, to be the oil of the lamp of her life, when those who place her glory in knowledge or in riches, shall have passed from her history as the smoke from her chimneys.

Cheap as education then was in Scotland, the parents of Donal Grant had never dreamed of sending a son to college. It was difficult for them to save even the few quarterly shillings that paid the fees of the parish schoolmaster: for Donal, indeed, they would have failed even in this, but for the help his brothers and sisters afforded. After he left school, however, and got a place as herd, he fared better than any of the rest, for at the Mains he found a friend and helper in Fergus Duff, his master's second son, who was then at home from college, which he had now attended two winters. Partly that he was delicate in health, partly that he was something of a fine gentleman, he took no share with his father and elder brother in the work of the farm, although he was at the Mains from the beginning of April to the end of October. He was a human kind of soul notwithstanding, and would have been much more of a man if he had thought less of being a gentleman. He had taken a liking to Donal, and having found in him a strong desire after every kind of knowledge of which he himself had any share, had sought to enliven the tedium of an existence rendered not a little flabby from want of sufficient work, by imparting to him of the treasures he had gathered. They were not great, and he could never have carried him far, for he was himself only a respectable student, not a little lacking in perseverance, and given to dreaming dreams of which he was himself the hero. Happily, however, Donal was of another sort, and from the first needed but to have the outermost shell of a thing broken for him, and that Fergus could do: by-and-by Donal would break a shell for himself.

But perhaps the best thing Fergus did for him was the lending him books. Donal had an altogether unappeasable hunger after every form of literature with which he had as yet made acquaintance, and this hunger Fergus fed with the books of the house, and many besides of such as he purchased or borrowed for his own reading — these last chiefly poetry. But Fergus Duff, while he revelled in the writings of certain of the poets of the age, was incapable of finding poetry for himself in the things around him: Donal Grant, on the other hand, while he seized on the poems Fergus lent him, with an avidity even greater than his, received from the nature around him influences similar to those which exhaled from the words of the poet. In some sense, then, Donal was original; that is, he received at first hand what Fergus required to have "put on"

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him, to quote Celia, in *As you like it*, "as pigeons feed their young." Therefore, fiercely as it would have harrowed the pride of Fergus to be informed of the fact, he was in the kingdom of art only as one who ate of what fell from the table, while his father's herd-boy was one of the family. This was as far from Donal's thought, however, as from that of Fergus; the condescension, therefore, of the latter did not impair the gratitude for which the former had such large reason; and Donal looked up to Fergus as to one of the lords of the world.

To find himself now in the reversed relation of superior and teacher to the little outcast, whose whole worldly having might be summed in the statement that he was not absolutely naked, woke in Donal an altogether new and strange feeling; yet gratitude to his master had but turned itself round, and become tenderness to his pupil.

After Donal left him in the field, and while he was ministering, first to his beasts and then to himself, Gibbie lay on the grass, as happy as child could well be. A loving hand laid on his feet or legs would have found them like ice; but where was the matter so long as he never thought of them? He could have supped a huge bicker of sowens, and eaten a dozen potatoes; but of what mighty consequence is hunger, so long as it neither absorbs the thought, nor causes faintness? The sun, however, was going down behind a great mountain, and its huge shadow, made of darkness, and haunted with cold, came sliding across the river, and over valley and field, nothing staying its silent wave, until it covered Gibbie with the blanket of the dark, under which he could not long forgot that he was in a body to which cold is unfriendly. At the first breath of the night-wind that came after the shadow, he shivered, and starting to his feet, began to trot, increasing his speed until he was scudding up and down the field like a wild thing of the night, whose time was at hand, waiting until the world should lie open to him. Suddenly he perceived that the daisies, which all day long had been full-facing the sun, like true souls confessing to the father of them, had folded their petals together to points, and held them like spear-heads tipped with threatening crimson, against the onset of the night and her shadows, while within its white cone each folded-in the golden heart of its life, until the great father should return, and, shaking the wicked out of the folds of the night, render the world once more safe with another glorious day. Gibbie gazed and wondered; and while he gazed — slowly, glidingly, back to his mind came the ghost-mother of the ballad, and in every daisy he saw her folding her neglected orphans to her bosom, while the darkness and the misery rolled by defeated. He wished he knew a ghost that would put her arms round him. He must have had a mother once, he supposed, but he could not remember her, and of course she must have forgotten him. He did not know that about him were folded the everlasting arms of the great, the one Ghost, which is the Death of death — the life and soul of all things and all thoughts. The Presence, indeed, was with him and he felt it, but he knew it only as the wind and shadow, the sky and closed daisies: in all these things and the rest it took shape that it might come near him. Yea, the Presence was in his very soul, else he could never have rejoiced in friend, or desired ghost to mother him: still he knew not the Presence. But it was drawing nearer and nearer to his knowledge — even in sun and air and night and cloud, in beast and flower and herd-boy, until at last it would reveal itself to him, in him, as Life Himself. Then the man would know that in which the child had rejoiced. The stars came out, to Gibbie the heavenly herd, feeding at night, and gathering gold in the blue pastures. He saw them looking up from the grass where he had thrown himself to gaze more closely at the daisies; and the sleep that pressed down his eyelids seemed to descend from the spaces between the stars. But it was too cold that night to sleep in the fields, when he knew where to find warmth. Like a fox into his hole, the child would creep into the corner where God had stored sleep for him: back he went to the barn, gently trotting, and wormed himself through the cat-hole.

The straw was gone! But he remembered the hay. And happily, for he was tired, there stood the ladder against the loft. Up he went, nor turned aside to the cheese; but sleep was common property still. He groped his way forward through the dark loft, until he found the hay, when at once he burrowed into it like a sandfish into the wet sand. All night the white horse, a glory vanished in the dark, would be close to him, behind the thin partition of boards. He could hear his every breath as he slept, and to the music of it, audible sign of companionship, he fell fast asleep, and slept until the waking horses woke him.

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CHAPTER XVI.

APPRENTICESHIP.

He scrambled out on the top of the hay, and looked down on the beautiful creature below him, dawning radiant again with the morning, as it issued undimmed from the black bosom of the night. He was not, perhaps, just so well groomed as white steed might be; it was not a stable where they kept a blue-bag for their gray horses; but to Gibbie's eyes he was so pure, that he began, for the first time in his life, to doubt whether he was himself quite as clean as he ought to be. He did not know, but he would make an experiment for information when he got down to the burn. Meantime was there nothing he could do for the splendid creature? From above, leaning over, he filled his rack with hay; but he had eaten so much grass the night before, that he would not look at it, and Gibbie was disappointed. What should he do next? The thing he would like best would be to look through the ceiling again, and watch the woman at her work. Then, too, he would again smell the boiling porridge, and the burning of the little sprinkles of meal that fell into the fire. He dragged, therefore, the ladder to the opposite end of the barn, and gradually, with no little effort, raised it against the wall. Carefully he crept through the hole, and softly round the shelf, the dangerous part of the pass, and so on to the ceiling, whence he peeped once more down into the kitchen. His precautions had been so far unnecessary, for as yet it lay unvisited, as witnessed by its disorder. Suddenly came to Gibbie the thought that here was a chance for him — here a path back to the world. Rendered daring by the eagerness of his hope, he got again upon the shelf, and with every precaution lest he should even touch a milk-pan, descended by the lower shelves to the floor. There finding the door only latched, he entered the kitchen, and proceeded to do everything he had seen the woman do, as nearly in her style as he could. He swept the floor, and dusted the seats, the window-sill, the table, with an apron he found left on a chair, then arranged everything tidily, roused the rested fire, and had just concluded that the only way to get the great pot full of water upon it, would be to hang first the pot on the chain, and then fill it with the water, when his sharp ears caught sounds and then heard approaching feet. He darted into the dairy, and in a few seconds, for he was getting used to the thing now, had clambered upon the ceiling, and was lying flat across the joists, with his eyes to the most commanding crack he had discovered: he was anxious to know how his service would be received. When Jean Mavor — she was the farmer's half-sister — opened the door, she stopped short and stared: the kitchen was not as she had left it the night before! She concluded she must be mistaken, for who could have touched it? and entered. Then it became plain beyond dispute that the floor had been swept, the table wiped, the place *redd up*, and the fire roused.

"Hoot! I maun hae been walkin' i' my sleep!" said Jean to herself aloud. "Or maybe that guid laddie Donal Grant's been wullin' to gie me a helpin' han' for's mither's sake, honest wuman! The laddie's guid eneuch for onything! — ay, gien 'twar to mak' a minister o'!"

Eagerly, greedily, Gibbie now watched her every motion, and, bent upon learning, nothing escaped him: he would do much better next morning! — At length the men came in to breakfast, and he thought to enjoy the sight; but, alas! it wrought so with his hunger as to make him feel sick, and he crept away to the barn. He would gladly have lain down in the hay for a while, but that would require the ladder, and he did not now feel able to move it. On the floor of the barn he was not safe, and he got out of it into the cornyard, where he sought the hen-house. But there was no food there yet, and he must not linger near; for, if he were discovered, they would drive him away, and he would lose Donal Grant. He had not seen him at breakfast, for indeed he seldom, during the summer, had a meal except supper in the house. Gibbie, therefore, as he could not eat, ran to the burn and drank — but had no heart that morning for his projected inquiry into the state of his person. He must go to Donal. The sight of him would help him to bear his hunger.

The first indication Donal had of his proximity was the rush of Hornie past him in flight out of the corn. Gibbie was pursuing her with stones for lack of a stick. Thoroughly ashamed of himself, Donal threw his book from him, and ran to meet Gibbie.

"Ye maunna fling stanes, cratur," he said. "Haith! it's no for me to fin' fau't, though," he added, "sittin' readin' buiks like a gowk 'at I am, an' lattin' the beasts rin wull amo' the corn, 'at's weel peyed to haud them oot o' 't! I'm clean affrontit wi' mysel', cratur."

Gibbie's response was to set off at full speed for the place where Donal had been

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sitting. He was back in a moment with the book, which he pressed into Donal's hand, while from the other he withdrew his club. This he brandished aloft once or twice, then starting at a steady trot, speedily circled the herd, and returned to his adopted master — only to start again, however, and attack Hornie, whom he drove from the corn-side of the meadow right over to the other: she was already afraid of him. After watching him for a time, Donal came to the conclusion that he could not do more than *the cratur* if he had as many eyes as Argus, and gave not even one of them to his book. He therefore left all to Gibbie, and did not once look up for a whole hour. Everything went just as it should; and not once, all that day, did Hornie again get a mouthful of the braird. It was rather a heavy morning for Gibbie, though, who had eaten nothing, and every time he came near Donal, saw the handkerchief bulging in the grass, which a little girl had brought and left for him. But he was a rare one both at waiting and at going without.

At last, however, Donal either grew hungry of himself, or was moved by certain understood relations between the sun and the necessities of his mortal frame; for he laid down his book, called out to Gibbie, "Cratur, its denner-time," and took his bundle. Gibbie drew near with sparkling eyes. There was no selfishness in his hunger, for, at the worst pass he had ever reached, he would have shared what he had with another, but he looked so eager, that Donal, who himself knew nothing of want, perceived that he was ravenous, and made haste to undo the knots of the handkerchief, which Mistress Jean appeared that day to have tied with more than ordinary vigor, ere she entrusted the bundle to the foreman's daughter. When the last knot yielded, he gazed with astonishment at the amount and variety of provision disclosed.

"Losh!" he exclaimed, "the mistress maun hae kenned there was two o' 's."

He little thought that what she had given him beyond the usual supply was an acknowledgment of services rendered by those same hands into which he now delivered a share, on the ground of other service altogether. It is not always, even when there is no mistake as to the person who has deserved it, that the reward reaches the doer so directly.

Before the day was over, Donal gave his helper more and other pay for his service. Choosing a fit time, when the cattle were well together and in good position, Hornie away at the stone dyke, he took from his pocket a somewhat wasted volume of ballads — *ballants*, he called them — and said,

"Sit ye doon, cratur. Never min' the nowt. I'm gaein' to read till ye."

Gibbie dropped on his crossed legs like a lark to the ground, and sat motionless. Donal, after deliberate search, began to read, and Gibbie to listen; and it would be hard to determine which found the more pleasure in his part. For Donal had seldom had a listener — and never one so utterly absorbed.

When the hour came for the cattle to go home, Gibbie again remained behind, waiting until all should be still at the farm. He lay on the dyke, brooding over what he had heard, and wondering how it was that Donal got all those strange beautiful words and sounds and stories out of the book.

CHAPTER XVII.

SECRET SERVICE.

I MUST not linger over degrees and phases. Every morning, Gibbie got into the kitchen in good time; and not only did more and more of the work, but did it more and more to the satisfaction of Jean, until, short of the actual making of the porridge, he did everything antecedent to the men's breakfast. When Jean came in, she had but to take the lid from the pot, put in the salt, assume the spurtle, and, grasping the first handful of the meal, which stood ready waiting in the bossie on the stone cheek of the fire, throw it in, thus commencing the simple cookery of the best of all dishes to a true-hearted and healthy Scotsman. Without further question she attributed all the aid she received to the goodness, "enough for anything," of Donal Grant, and continued to make acknowledgment of the same in both sort and quantity of victuals, whence, as has been shown, the real laborer received his due reward.

Until he had thoroughly mastered his work, Gibbie persisted in regarding matters economic "from his loophole in the *ceiling;*" and having at length learned the art of making butter, soon arrived at some degree of perfection in it. But when at last one morning he not only churned, but washed and made it up entirely to Jean's satisfaction, she did begin to wonder how a mere boy could both have such perseverance, and be so clever at woman's work. For now she entered the kitchen every morning without a question of finding the fire burning, the water boiling, the

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place clean and tidy, the supper dishes well washed and disposed on shelf and rack: her own part was merely to see that proper cloths were handy to so thorough a user of them. She took no one into her confidence on the matter: it was enough, she judged, that she and Donal understood each other.

And now if Gibbie had contented himself with rendering this house-service in return for the shelter of the barn and its hay, he might have enjoyed both longer; but from the position of his night-quarters, he came gradually to understand the work of the stable also; and before long, the men, who were quite ignorant of anything similar taking place in the house, began to observe, more to their wonder than satisfaction, that one or other of their horses was generally groomed before his man came to him; that often there was hay in their racks which they had not given them; and that the master's white horse every morning showed signs of having had some attention paid him that could not be accounted for. The result was much talk and speculation, suspicion and offence; for all were jealous of their rights, their duty, and their dignity, in relation to their horses: no man was at liberty to do a thing to or for any but his own pair. Even the brightening of the harness-brass, in which Gibbie sometimes indulged, was an offence; for did it not imply a reproach? Many were the useless traps laid for the offender, many the futile attempts to surprise him: as Gibbie never did anything except for half an hour or so while the men were sound asleep or at breakfast, he escaped discovery.

But he could not hold continued intercourse with the splendor of the white horse, and neglect carrying out the experiment on which he had resolved with regard to the effect of water upon his own skin; and having found the result a little surprising, he soon got into the habit of daily and thorough ablution. But many animals that never wash are yet cleaner than some that do; and, what with the scantiness of his clothing, his constant exposure to the atmosphere, and his generally lying in a fresh lair, Gibbie had always been comparatively clean. Besides, being nice in his mind, he was naturally nice in his body.

The new personal regard thus roused by the presence of Snowball, had its development greatly assisted by the scrupulosity with which most things in the kitchen, and chief of all in this respect, the churn, were kept. It required much effort to come up to the nicety considered by Jean indispensable in the churn; and the croucher on the ceiling, when he saw the long nose advance to prosecute inquiry into its condition, mentally trembled lest the next movement should condemn his endeavor as a failure. With his clothes he could do nothing, alas! but he bathed every night in the Lorrie as soon as Donal had gone home with the cattle. Once he got into a deep hole, but managed to get out again, and so learned that he could swim.

All day he was with Donal, and took from him by much the greater part of his labor: Donal had never had such time for reading. In return he gave him his dinner, and Gibbie could do very well upon one meal a day. He paid him also in poetry. It never came into his head, seeing he never spoke, to teach him to read. He soon gave up attempting to learn anything from him as to his place or people or history, for to all questions in that direction Gibbie only looked grave and shook his head. As often, on the other hand, as he tried to learn where he spent the night, he received for answer only one of his merriest laughs.

Nor was larger time for reading the sole benefit Gibbie conferred upon Donal. Such was the avidity and growing intelligence with which the little naked town-savage listened to what Donal read to him, that his presence was just so much added to Donal's own live soul of thought and feeling. From listening to his own lips through Gibbie's ears, he not only understood many things better, but, perceiving what things must puzzle Gibbie, came sometimes, rather to his astonisment, to see that in fact he did not understand them himself. Thus the bond between the boy and the child grew closer — far closer, indeed, than Donal imagined; for, although still, now and then, he had a return of the fancy that Gibbie might be a creature of some speechless race other than human, of whom he was never to know whence he came or whither he went — a messenger, perhaps, come to unveil to him the depths of his own spirit, and make up for the human teaching denied him, this was only in his more poetic moods, and his ordinary mental position towards him was one of kind condescension.

It was not all fine weather up there among the mountains in the beginning of summer. In the first week of June even, there was sleet and snow in the wind — the tears of the vanquished winter, blown, as he fled, across the sea, from Norway or Iceland. Then would Donal's heart be sore for Gibbie, when he saw his poor rags

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blown about like streamers in the wind, and the white spots melting on his bare skin. His own condition would then to many have appeared pitiful enough, but such an idea Donal would have laughed to scorn, and justly. Then most, perhaps then only, does the truly generous nature feel poverty, when he sees another in need and can do little or nothing to help him. Donal had neither greatcoat, plaid, nor umbrella, wherewith to shield Gibbie's looped and windowed raggedness. Once, in great pity, he pulled off his jacket, and threw it on Gibbie's shoulders. But the shout of laughter that burst from the boy, as he flung the jacket from him, and rushed away into the middle of the feeding herd, a shout that came from no cave of rudeness, but from the very depth of delight, stirred by the loving kindness of the act, startled Donal out of his pity into brief anger, and he rushed after him in indignation, with full purpose to teach him proper behavior by a box on each ear. But Gibbie dived under the belly of a favorite cow, and peering out sideways from under her neck and between her forelegs, his arms grasping each a leg, while the cow went on twisting her long tongue round the grass and plucking it undisturbed, showed such an innocent countenance of holy merriment, that the pride of Donal's hurt benevolence melted away, and his laughter emulated Gibbie's. That sort of day was in truth drearier for Donal than for Gibbie, for the books he had were not his own, and he dared not expose them to the rain; some of them indeed came from Glashruach — *the Muckle Hoose*, they generally called it! When he left him, it was to wander disconsolately about the field; while Gibbie, sheltered under a whole cow, defied the chill and the sleet, and had no books of which to miss the use. He could not, it is true, shield his legs from the insidious attacks of such sneaking blasts as will always find out the undefended spots; but his great heart was so well-to-do in the inside of him, that, unlike Touchstone, his spirits not being weary, he cared not for his legs. The worst storm in the world could not have made that heart quail. For, think! there had just been the strong, the well-dressed, the learned, the wise, the altogether mighty and considerable Donal, the cowherd, actually desiring him, wee Sir Gibbie Galbraith, the cinder of the city-furnace, the naked, and generally the hungry little tramp, to wear his jacket to cover him from the storm! The idea was one of eternal triumph; and Gibbie, exulting in the unheard-of devotion and condescension of the thing, kept on laughing like a blessed cherub under the cow's belly. Nor was there in his delight the smallest admixture of pride that *he* should have drawn forth such kindness; it was simple glorying in the beauteous fact. As to the cold and the sleet, so far as he knew they never hurt anybody. They were not altogether pleasant creatures, but they could not help themselves, and would soon give over their teasing. By to-morrow they would have wandered away into other fields, and left the sun free to come back to Donal and the cattle, when Gibbie, at present shielded like any lord by the friendliest of cows, would come in for a share of the light and the warmth. Gibbie was so confident with the animals, that they were already even more friendly with him than with Donal — all except Hornie, who, being of a low spirit, therefore incapable of obedience, was friendliest with the one who gave her the hardest blows.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

We add a strange bitterness to the last parting, inasmuch as upon so many of the subjects relating to it we doom ourselves to a sort of anticipated loneliness. Few of us have the courage to speak quietly and freely of our own prospects of mortality with those nearest and dearest to us. Tenderness and custom combine to seal our lips; and there grows up a habit of reserve which we scarcely wish to break through. Yet the veil of habitual silence which we throw over death, as concerning ourselves, adds to that sense of mystery and chillness which it were surely wiser as far as may be to dispel than to increase. Each of us must die alone; but we need not encounter the fear of death alone.

How far is it true to say that the fear of death is a natural and universal instinct? or rather to what extent does the instinctive fear of it prevail among ourselves? The very reserve of which I have spoken makes it impossible to answer with any confidence. If such reserve may be taken as an indication of shrinking from a painful subject, this shrinking would appear to be much less strong among the poor than the rich. Their outspokenness with respect to their own approaching death, or that of parents or children whom they may be nursing with the utmost tenderness, is very startling to unaccustomed ears, and might almost suggest indifference, had we

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not ample reason to know that it is compatible not only with tender affection but with deep and lasting sorrow for the very loss of which by anticipation they spoke so unhesitatingly. No doubt all habits of reserve imply more or less of the power of self-control, which is so largely dependent upon education; but there would seem to be also a real difference of feeling between rich and poor about death. Perhaps their habitual plainness of speech about it may contribute towards lessening the fear of it among them. But there is an obvious and deeply pathetic explanation of their calmness in the prospect of it for themselves or for those dearest to them. The hardness and bareness of life lessens its hold upon them; sometimes even makes them feel it not an inheritance to be coveted for their children. The dull resignation with which they often say the little ones are "better off" when they die, tells a grievous story of the struggle for mere existence; while the simplicity of their faith in the unseen is equally striking in its cheerful beauty. Both habits of mind tend to diminish the fear of death itself, as well as the unwillingness to speak of it which belongs to more complicated states of feeling and more luxurious habits of life.

It is of course impossible fully to distinguish between the fear of death, and the fear of that which may come after death; and this is not the place for fully considering the grounds of the latter fear. But our feeling about the great change is assuredly composed of many elements, and the nature of our expectation of another life is by no means the only thing which makes death more or less welcome. We do not probably at all fully realize how wide is the range of possible feeling about this life, making our anticipations of its ending as many-tinted almost as those with which we contemplate the hereafter. We tacitly agree in common conversation to avoid the subject as it concerns ourselves and our interlocutors, and in speaking of others we make it a point of good manners to refer to it as matter of regret; while religious books and sermons always assume that the king of terrors can be encountered with calmness only by the aid of that faith which they preach. But is it really the case that apart from the terrors of religion and the courtesies of feeling, the end of life would always be unwelcome in its approach to ourselves and to others? Is there inherent in all of us a universal craving to prolong the term of this sublunary existence, and to prevent the loosening of any of its ties?

We may be pretty sure that there is some foundation in reason for any strongly prevalent manipulation of feeling. It is easy to see how this particular practice has grown up; but it does seem to have passed the limit of sincerity, and therefore of wholesomeness. Even if we may not speak freely, it must be well to think truly in a matter of such deep and frequent concern; and it can surely be no true part of religion to deepen the natural opposition of feeling to the lot which is appointed to all.

One of the great distinctions which the voluntary assumption of mourning tends to obliterate is that between timely and untimely deaths. There is no doubt a sense in which to the eye of faith no death can be untimely, but this is as distinctly a matter of faith as the blessedness of pain. Faith may discern a rightness in the cutting short of the young life, as in all forms of suffering and affliction; but though faith may be able to surmount all obstacles, neither faith nor reason can profit by our ignoring the natural inequalities of the ground. Some deaths are not in any true sense afflictions; and to say so need imply no disrespect, nay it may convey the very highest testimony, to the departed. We speak of survivors as mourners, till we forget that there are survivors who, in place of mourning, may for very love be filled with a solemn joy in the completed course to which added length of days could scarcely have added either beauty or dignity. When we allow ourselves to think of the reality rather than of the mere conventional description of the event, it seems wonderful that we should have only one word with which to speak of the completion and of the destruction of a human lifetime; only one word for the event which closes the long day's toil, and for that which crashes like a thunderbolt into the opening blossom of family life; for that which makes and that which ends widowhood; for the final fulfilment or reversal of all our temporal hopes; for bereavement and for reunion. It is true that in one sense it is "one event" which befalls in all these cases, but the feelings belonging to it have as wide a range of color as the sunset clouds. Need we wrap them all in the same thick veil of gloomy language and ceremonial?

At any rate, the feelings with which we contemplate the termination of our own earthly life must vary indefinitely in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times; and it would be a matter of deep interest to compare our respec-

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tive experience if we could bring ourselves to do so.

It is sometimes said that no one can tell what his own feeling about death would be, until he has been brought face to face with it. This is no doubt true; but it is also true that the feelings with which we regard it from a distance vary as much as those with which we should meet its near approach, and that the former are more important to our welfare than the latter. To be "through fear of death all their lifetime subject to bondage," is a heavy burden, and I believe not an uncommon one. Generalizing from the scanty materials gleaned by one ordinary observer, I believe that the purely instinctive fear is strongest in people of a very high degree of vitality; it is the shadow cast by intense love of life, and seems to depend in a great measure upon a certain kind of physical vigor. This may be one explanation of the strange and beautiful way in which the fear of death so often disappears as the event itself approaches; the weakened frame does not shrink from the final touch of that decay which has already insensibly loosened its hold upon life. Professional observers speak of cases in which the fear of dying is active to the last, as being extremely rare; it should probably be considered as a physical indication of vitality. For the same reason, perhaps, the fear of death is often comparatively slight in early youth, before the constitution has reached its full vigor, and before the habit of living has been very firmly established. At the same time, the very energy and buoyancy of a perfectly vigorous physical organization help to dispel or to neutralize painful impressions, so that although the idea of death may be more naturally abhorrent to the strong than to the weak, they may be less habitually oppressed by the thoughts of it.

There also seems to be a deep, though obscure, connection between the wish and the power to live. Physicians and nurses have strange stories to tell of cases in which a strong motive for living has seemed sufficient to recall patients from the very grasp of death. Sometimes the mere assurance, given with a confident manner but a doubting heart, that recovery is possible, seems to give strength to rally and may turn the scale in favor of life. For this reason, amongst others, medical men are generally extremely unwilling to tell patients that there is no hope. There are cases on record in which such an announcement, though voluntarily elicited and met with perfect apparent calmness, has seemed to sap the strength in a moment and cause a sudden and rapid sinking. It is perhaps some physical instinct of self-preservation, rather than any want of courage, which makes some sick people so carefully shun all opportunities for any such communication. The curious physical results of mental expectation make it often most inexpedient for the sick to know all that is known to others about their state; and perhaps only those who have lived long in sick-rooms can fully appreciate the blessing to the watchers of having to do with a patient who neither anxiously questions nor fears to hear or to speak the plain truth, making it clear that to him the question of life or death is not one of overmastering importance. To be able, while the bodily life is trembling in the balance, to look beyond it in undisturbed serenity, is not only to be in the condition most favorable to health and happiness, it is to radiate strength and courage to all around. And some such influence, though in a more diffused and less perceptible form, is exercised during health by those who do not shrink from the prospect of death.

Perfect serenity in regard to death is not to be attained by any effort of the will, nor by any mere process of reasoning; it is rather the result of a happy combination of bodily and mental conditions. The chief of these conditions, the assured hope of a future beyond the grave in comparison of which the brightest earthly visions fade like a candle before the dawn, is not given to all; and in these days especially, it is for many overshadowed, if not altogether blotted out, by doubts and questionings which can no longer be hidden from the multitude. Even to those who most earnestly cling to the hope of immortality, it would seem that our troublous inheritance of sympathy must cast many a distressing side-light upon prospects in which of old the faithful were able to take undisturbed delight. However this may be, the mere prospect of prolonged existence beyond the grave, apart from other reasons for joyful confidence, must be taken rather as enlarging the scope of our hopes and of our fears than as necessarily altering the balance between them. Habitual hopefulness may color the prospect beyond the grave with the same glowing tints which it throws over this world, so that in some cases the same cause which makes life delightful makes death not unwelcome. Such a state of mind, though rare, is not unknown. But perhaps a perfect balance of feeling is more readily to be found at a lower level of expectation.

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It may be one of the natural compensations for a comparatively low degree of vitality that, in thinking of death, the idea of rest predominates over that of loss, so that there is no alloy of pain in the reflection that none of the troubles of this life can be more than passing clouds; that for each one of us "the Shadow sits and waits;" that the burden of life, however heavy, must drop off at last; and that none can say how near to any one may be the final relief from all its evils. Weariness of mere existence is a heavy, and probably a very common, secret burden; one which makes the thought of annihilation more attractive to some of us than any celestial visions. Those who suffer from it would not welcome the brightest prospects of heaven, unless they could hope first for a "long and dreamless sleep" in which to wash off the travel stains of the past.

This is a feeling which is probably most common in youth or old age, when the ties to life are fewer than they are in its prime, and when the past or the future may well look almost intolerably long to the wearied imagination. It may be that in the miserable experience of some sufferers this deep weariness of life may not exclude the fear of death; but so terrible a combination can scarcely be either common or lasting. Probably the normal state of things is that in which some degree of fear, or at least of reluctance, exists as a pure instinct; rising and falling with physical causes, ready to give force to the terrors of conscience and the cravings of affection, but held in check by various considerations and controlled by the will, if not utterly subdued by trustful hope. In people of active, energetic temperament, with keen susceptibility to sensuous impressions, one may sometimes observe that no amount either of religious hope for another life, or of painful experience of this, will overcome the constitutional shrinking from the anticipated rending asunder of body and soul. They carry the same feeling through sympathy into their thoughts of the death of others, which appears to be almost physically shocking to them, however obviously acceptable to the person chiefly concerned. Such a state of feeling is to those who do not share it as unaccountable as it is evident. Looking at death calmly, as one of the very few circumstances of quite universal experience, any vehement disinclination to it would seem to be inappropriate as well as futile. But disinclination to some of its accidental circumstances is but too easily intelligible. This is probably another reason why the shrinking from it often seems to increase as youth is left behind. The very young cannot know how terrible a thing sickness is; those who have watched many death-beds can scarcely forget the awful possibilities of physical suffering. And yet it seems probable that many of the worst appearances are more or less delusive. A very moderate experience of sick-rooms suffices to show that actual suffering bears no exact proportion to its outward manifestations. Be this as it may, physical suffering is clearly no necessary accompaniment of death, and the dread of pain which makes us shrink from the prospect of mortal illness is quite a different thing from the real instinctive dread of death: it should indeed, and often does, act powerfully in reconciling us to the prospect of death.

In like manner the unwillingness to be taken away from life in its fulness, to be cut off from the enjoyment of bright prospects, and debarred from the satisfaction of that ever-deepening curiosity with which every active mind must behold the mysterious drama going on around us — this unwillingness is quite a distinct feeling from the shrinking of the flesh and spirit from dissolution. It is a feeling which should in reason belong in its full force only to those who look upon death as the end of all things, and for whom, therefore, it should at least have no terrors. Is it some mysteriously intense appetite, or an inveterate confusion of thought, which hinders most people from perceiving that *not to exist* cannot possibly be in the slightest degree painful or even unpleasant? If, on the other hand, we regard death merely as a transition from one state of existence to another (and of an existence possibly of infinite duration), we open the door to all extremes of glorious or fearful expectation, and the event itself shrinks into insignificance. From this point of view, as well as from the last, though for such different reasons, the important question is not when we die, but how we live. Religion and philosophy on different grounds combine to impress upon us the continuity and mutual dependence of successive "dispensations" or "developments." We cannot conceive of, much less really believe in, any state of existence in which we can have any interest wholly disconnected from our interest in this life. The laws which regulate the world we know must be in some degree the laws of any world in which we can conceive of ourselves as existing and retaining our

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identity, and it is hard to understand how any rational being can find a fancied safety in the mere delay of an inevitable crisis. Of course the theological origin of such a fancy is familiar enough; but the result is, I think, as unworthy of its own religious basis as it is of our human dignity. To suppose that we can have any reasonable ground of confidence for this life either in or apart from an Almighty Being whom we cannot trust with our destiny in the next, is certainly not more foolish than it is faithless. Our hopes for this world and for the next must rest upon one foundation, — our faith must be equally prepared for trials in respect of both. Either death leads to nothing at all, and to fear it is unmeaning; or it is a mere parenthesis, and to fear it is unworthy of those who believe in a righteous order.

Still, while life is sweet, we must needs shrink more or less from what at least looks like its untimely termination. If it were not for the conventional association of sorrow with death already referred to, few, perhaps, would be selfish enough to wish to detain the aged from their rest, and to themselves the prospect is rarely unwelcome; but for the young in their springtime, or the middle-aged in their vigor, death necessarily involves a loss which is not the less real and need not be the less keenly felt because it may be regarded as overbalanced by the gain. Let our anticipations of life beyond the grave be as bright as they will, there can be no use in denying the preciousness of those which lie on this side of it; and the most ardently hopeful must still feel that, *if the choice lay with themselves*, it would be wisest not to hurry over the preliminary phase. But the truth is brought home to us again and again, that we have not light enough to choose by. In the dimness we can faintly discern that life has other kinds of completeness besides length of days.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May —
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

As the years go on, there gathers a special radiance of eternal youth around some of the figures from whom all our hopes in this world have been most sharply severed. There are lives so rounded and crowned by their completed deeds of love, that death seems to have appeared in the fulness of their prime only to consecrate them forever; others stand apart from human ties in a solitude which makes time seem of little consequence, and the grave a not unfamiliar country. In all these cases we may even now see a fitness in what, according to mere reckoning of time, would be called unseasonable. And if we can catch glimpses of these things from without, there are no doubt many inward dramas which refuse to square themselves with the external framework of human life. We do not know to what unfathomable necessities the times and seasons of life and death may correspond, and as little do we know, in looking at each other's lives, what may be unfolding or what may be concluded, as seen from within. That which seems to others a cutting short of activity, may be to ourselves the laying down of arms no longer needed; our eyes may see the haven, where our friends can see only the storm; or if we cannot *see* a fitness in the time of our death, is that a strange thing in such a life as this? C. E. S.

From The Spectator.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

A FINE writer in the *Cornhill* points out that the somewhat artificial avoidance in society of the subject of the feelings with which individuals contemplate death, has the effect probably rather of increasing the intensity of that occasionally deep fear of it, of which now and then we meet with remarkable instances. The poor, says this writer, have no such delicacy in speaking of the event of death, even in the presence of those who are about to die. They talk of it with the same straightforward plainness of speech with which they talk of the course of bodily disease, and whether or not it be a consequence of this plainness of speech, or only a consequence of something else in the lot of the poor which also causes this plainness of speech, at all events there seems to be much less evidence of any agonizing fear of death among the poor than among the rich. And we are inclined to believe that the absence of reserve on the subject does at least in some degree diminish the awe of death; for it is certain that all the reserves of what is called "polished society" do more or less increase the mental excitement with which the subject-matter of

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these reserves is treated; and doubtless all increase of excitement on any subject of which the mind entertains a secret awe, adds to the intensity of that awe. We do not mean, of course, that either openness or reserve will alter very much the feeling with which, when death arrives, the dying meet it. But as "C. E. S." very justly observes, in the *Cornhill*, the feelings with which we regard death when it is at a distance, concern the general happiness of life more deeply than the feelings with which we meet it when it comes, — which are often very different. If by anticipating the inevitable event with the same simplicity and plainness with which we anticipate the other necessary eras of life, we can diminish the artificial panic with which death is sometimes regarded while it is distant, there is good reason to believe that the feelings with which it will be met on its immediate approach, — whenever, at least, that approach is due to natural causes, and not to violence, — will take care of themselves. As in Dr. Johnson's case so in hundreds of others, the man who has fought against the horror of death till he has suffered far more than a hundred times its actual terror during his lifetime, will pass through it with the utmost serenity and peace when at last it really comes. Hence it does not in the least follow that what is needed to correct the excess of panic with which death is contemplated, must be something adequate to sustain the soul when it actually comes, for those who have most to sustain them in the final crisis, constantly suffer most in the premature contemplation of that crisis; while those, again, who have no morbid fear of death till it is close at hand, may be the least able to face it when it comes. The writer in the *Cornhill* accounts for the very numerous cases in which people who feel the greatest horror of death, beforehand, meet it most tranquilly in the end, by assuming that this morbid horror of it is due to a certain excess of vitality, — a quickness of blood, — which is necessarily so far reduced when death is really at hand, that with it goes also the nervous horror which was itself fed by that vitality. We doubt the explanation. Some who have this very keen dread of disembodiment, do not seem to have any of that overflow of spirits or of life which the theory assumes; while very many indeed who have that overflow of spirits, and life, and health in the largest possible measure, seem quite destitute of the morbid fear which is supposed to spring out of it. As far as the present writer's experience has gone, this morbid feeling is very apt to belong to people of weak health, though of a tenacious kind of constitution, of strong social affections, and of active imaginations, who are constantly reminded of the feebleness of their apparent hold on life, and yet cannot conceive of living at all without the manifold domestic incidents and homelike detail in which, to them, life has hitherto consisted. Such persons regard death, while it is only suggested to them by their imaginations, with the sort of terror with which a man at sea regards the chance of sinking into the dark, cold waters, — as a dreadful rending asunder of vivid ties, tearing him violently from all the warmth and fulness of life, to plunge him into what Shelley so finely calls

> The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world.

But when death really comes close, — if it comes by a gradual and natural approach, — they find out their mistake; though the outer scene withdraws itself, there is no consciousness of a violent dragging or snatching at that which constitutes their own feeling of themselves. Often they feel an unwonted tranquillity, an unusual calm, which is not unconsciousness, stealing over them; a feeling of coming *to* themselves instead of being torn away into a new and desolate region; and even where this consciousness of strange serenity, often described by the dying, is not expressed, there is often a complete cessation of restlessness, an appearance of grateful satisfaction in all that is done for them, and a feeble self-possession, which seem to bystanders to imply some such state of feeling. As Father Newman so finely expresses it, in that noble delineation of death in his "Dream of Gerontius," which seems to have had its origin in hints given to the great imagination of the writer in the last whispers of the dying: —

> I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed,
> A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
> An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
> Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
> And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
> I hear no more the busy beat of time,
> No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse,
> Nor does one moment differ from the next.
> I had a dream; yes, some one softly said,
> "He's gone!" and then a sigh went round the room,
> And then I surely heard a priestly voice
> Cry, "Subvenite!" and they knelt in prayer.

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I seem to hear him still, but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul,
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something, too, of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.
Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still, for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.
So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe where I have dwelt
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it;
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet. . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expansive world?

Certainly the evidence — so far as observation can give us evidence — of the experience of the dying, is evidence that dying itself, as distinguished from the pain or disease which leads to it, is not only not painful, but a withdrawal from bodily pain, often accompanied by a singular increase of moral self-possession. And as regards the painlessness of the natural process of dying, — it is clearly to be expected. All suffering, even faintness, which is often the worst sort of suffering, is the struggle of the principle of life against some physical disease or failure which endangers life; and so long as life is strong, the struggle may be terrible. But when life ebbs, the power to suffer physically must ebb with it. Indeed, nothing seems to be a more singular testimony to the instinctive character of the belief in immortality, than the impression so often shared by those who profess to believe in annihilation, that even a natural and gradual death must in itself involve extreme suffering. If dying means the dwindling of life, it must mean also the dwindling of the power to suffer, which is one of the most characteristic of the measures of life. But even the disbeliever in immortality really thinks of some being, some person as suffering in the wrench which a separation between him and his body implies. Yet nothing can be more illogical than for such a one to imagine that there is anything to wrench away. And even the spiritualist, who does believe in the separate existence of the person from his body, has no right to suppose that there is anything necessarily painful in the dissolution of the partnership, any more than there was in the first formation of it. As the coming of life is gradual and unconscious, — as almost all the great eras of bodily growth and decline approach by gradual and unconscious steps, — so analogy would be apparently in favor of the last great change being gradual and unconscious too; and what analogy suggests, observation appears to confirm. Even in the case of violent deaths, it may be fairly said that the pain suffered is not due to death, but to the vitality of full health, since the suffering from acts of violence which are the most nearly fatal, is usually less than the suffering from those which, though dangerous, do not appear to undermine equally the vital stength. It is not the man who suffers in being disembodied; it is the body which suffers before the man can be disembodied; and the suffering grows less, not greater, as the life in the body dwindles.

But after all, and even without relation to religious fears legitimate or the reverse, — the fear of death, is, we suppose due more to the strangeness, and newness, and solitariness of the experience, than to the expectation of physical pain. Men who can hardly conceive themselves at all, except as they are clothed in the domestic incidents of life, anticipate a kind of necessary dreariness in being withdrawn from all these incidents, — and shiver as they think of the fading away of the familiar faces, and the solitude of the soul. The mere conception of even a temporary imprisonment in self, — of what Father Newman describes as a feeding of the soul on itself, — is more alarming to them than any amount of physical pain, when combined with the ordinary aids of sympathy and tenderness. But even these persons should remember that so far as the expe-

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rience of the dying can be gathered, this loneliness seems to be least felt when it begins. Loneliness, after all, is a relative term. Keble very justly said that no one ever really lives anything like his whole life within another's reach.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die;
And not the tend'rest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh?

There may be and is more loneliness in feeling how little of each other we really know, when we are closest to each other, than in calmly realizing what oneself really is without the sting of this silent reproach. Solitude is often less solitary than society, — where solitude is calm and clear, while society only brings home to one one's own isolation. At all events, the evidence of a hundred death-beds, of the utmost diversity as regards theological belief, entirely goes to prove, that among sincere and high-minded men and women, death appears to be rather a process of coming to oneself, of entering into a certain (at least temporary) calm and self-possession, than one of pain, of alarm, or even of surprise.

From The Saturday Review.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING peace congresses and that diffusion of wealth which gives so many people a concern in general tranquillity, we seem to be rapidly reverting to that condition of society when there were openings everywhere for soldiers of fortune. They may, indeed, have to go further from home than formerly to find engagements; but then in these days of steam the journey from England to Asia Minor is far more easy than the journey used to be from Paris to Florence, when Italy was the paradise of the armed adventurer. For the Middle Ages were, beyond a doubt, the golden ages of the profession. Not to speak of crusading princes who picked up crowns in the Orient, the wealthiest nations were in those days the least disposed to fight in defence of their possessions. The fairest plains of Italy were partitioned among an infinite number of petty republics and principalities, whose citizens throve by trade and commerce. With little territorial elbow-room, and rivalling each other in a keen competition for business, they were perpetually quarrelling among themselves. Their accumulations were naturally the objects of covetousness to neighboring nobles who had their strongholds and rock-girt fastnesses in situations where the surroundings were as picturesque as they were barren. These robber potentates acted on the old principle of *sic vos non vobis*, and raised their revenues, when they could find them, by the right of the strongest. So the well-to-do citizens, in order to guard themselves against loss, hired warriors from the North to do the hard fighting. When Italians met Italians in the field the list of casualties was often marvellously small; but it became a different business altogether when German or French mercenaries mingled in the fray. Thus one band of foreigners came to be pitted against another, and a dashing leader might make sure of wealth, with the chances of winning a commanding position. Nerve and muscle were his stock in trade, and with audacity and skill in military tactics he was likely to rise to a most lucrative renown. His fame was bruited abroad beyond the Alps, and recruits from all poverty-stricken countries flocked eagerly to his standard. He became virtually master of the State or the tyrant that paid him, for he changed sides as he pleased, and a quarrel with him was to be avoided at any price. Sometimes he settled down in the state of his adoption, and lived and died in the dignified and lucrative position of commander-in-chief of its forces. Now and then, if his ambition was not to be satisfied even on these liberal terms, he gathered one of those hosts of *condottieri* that made peace and war on their own account, levying contributions everywhere by the mere menace of their presence. This irregular warfare more than supported itself, and the chiefs carried their chests of treasure about with them. Their encampments showed the most luxurious magnificence of the age, with their silken pavilions and splendid camp furniture, and their endless round of feasting and debauchery. They fared no less cheaply than sumptuously, for the food and wines were lightly come by; and, though they kept their horses in wind and their arms in order by the chivalrous exercises in which they delighted, the discipline can scarcely have been of the strictest. But audacity and impunity bred recklessness; and the discipline, such as it was, was good in comparison with that of any enemies they were likely to encounter.

The conditions of military adventure

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changed with the consolidation of kingdoms and the greater centralization of military power. The stuff that went to make the rank and file of armies found employment at home under native monarchs or feudal leaders. Yet still there were many excellent opportunities for the penniless cadets of fighting families. A prince who was jealous of intrigues at home, or more or less suspicious of his nobles, was glad to surround himself with guards who understood little of the language of his subjects, and who depended absolutely on himself. The French kings set an example in this respet. Many a poor Scotch gentleman, if he did not make his fortunes by marriage like Quentin Durward, found himself in clover in the Scottish Guard. If he had to submit to some restrictions on his personal liberty, he surrounded himself with all that in his esteem made life worth having, and was really more to be envied than the head of the family at home. In place of making shift for his living in a gloomy fortalice that was occasionally gutted or burned over his head, he had snug quarters in one of the royal palaces, with horses and attendants, and a comfortable mess. He had pay that came to him sooner or later, although it was very apt to run into arrear; and he had occasional *douceurs* for deeds of special service, with the chance of loot in time of war or domestic trouble. We suspect that these magnificently appointed guardsmen, though their nominal rank might be only that of full private, were more to be envied than the soldiers of fortune who took service in regular armies a few generations later. The immortal Dugald Dalgetty, after spending the best part of his life in promiscuous foreign service, had only risen to the rank of *Rittmeister*. It is true that he changed his allegiance repeatedly, and a rolling stone gathers little moss. But then he shifted from side to side because he never had an opportunity of feathering his nest. The pay was no great thing at best, and, small as it was, it seldom could be counted upon. Their High Mightinesses the States of Holland, as he tells us, were the solitary exception that proved the rule. He admits that they were altogether unexceptionable as paymasters, and a man might grow sleek and fat in the Dutch service. But their good qualities as men of business had a shadowy side, and they set their faces against any license in the way of military indiscretions. If the citizens or their wives or daughters had cause of complaint, the provost marshal promptly interfered. In the imperial armies, on the other hand, where the military coffers were always empty or nearly so, the soldiers were encouraged to take care of themselves. Still, though the burghers and peasants had to put up with their excesses, the means of existence must have been rather precarious. Under the immortal Gustavus, the Lion of the North, matters were still worse; for he insisted upon the strictest order and discipline, while the pay was painfully moderate; and the only chances for a cavalier of honor lay in the pickings he might scramble for during sack or storm. To be sure, such chances were by no means rare in those days; but we should imagine that towards the end of the Thirty Years' War the miserable people must have been so closely shorn that there was very little left to be stripped from them. There was incident enough in the life, no doubt, for those who liked excitement; and that was the best that could be said for it. There was abundance of hard fighting; there was a great deal of sharp starvation to be undergone in the course of the obstinately prolonged sieges; there were epidemics of strange and malignant kinds perpetually decimating the troops in their campaigns; and, when a man dropped wounded, there were heavy odds against his receiving any decent attendance. The adventurers who went abroad in quest of gain had to content themselves with a moderate share of glory; most of them left their bones on forgotten battle-fields; and the few who came back, like Dugald Dalgetty, might think themselves lucky if they were as fortunate as he was in bringing a horse and weapons along with them. Since then warlike speculations of this kind have gone very much out of fashion. It is true that the petty German princes sold their subjects by herds like sheep for the wars of the last century; but, although armies might be partially recruited by contract from abroad, they were almost entirely officered from home. There was little hope of rising for strangers in the regular forces of great military powers. Such intruders were looked upon, to say the least of it, rather coldly than otherwise; and even in corps like the Austrian cavalry, which have been a good deal affected by our countrymen, Englishmen have rarely risen beyond the rank of major.

There have been some exceptions, no doubt. There have always been semi-barbarous States that offered a sort of market to Western intelligence, dash, and education. While we were making ourselves masters of India piecemeal, and chiefly by

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dint of hard fighting, Frenchmen and Germans found occasional employment in drilling the levies that were opposing our advance. Now and then some refugee or waif of society rose slowly to distinction and office among the Turks, coming out as a full-blown pasha with license to make the most of his pashalic. But these instances of success were comparatively rare, and there were various disagreeables which could scarcely be avoided in such a career. To recommend yourself to the favor of a Mahometan power it is, or was, advisable, as a rule, to begin by turning renegade, and Christian gentlemen, however nominal their Christianity may be, have mostly a prejudice against conversion under such circumstances. However loosely religion may sit upon a man, the idea of renouncing it for gain is generally repugnant to the feelings. Moreover, as the military virtues are common enough among Mussulmans, it was only unusual energy or genius that could make sure of distancing native competition. With the sultans and maharajahs of Hindustan the state of the matter was somewhat different. Devoted as they might be to the gods of their mythology, they did not insist upon foreigners professing a belief in the divinity of Brahma or the incarnations of Vishnu; and, indeed, the jealous exclusiveness of the Brahminical and soldier castes would never have tolerated the profane intrusion of an infidel. But, though it was something to keep one's creed and one's honor, yet the life of the most honored adventurer was always hanging by a thread, and his prosperity was staked on the caprices of a despot. A court intrigue or a mishap in the field might plunge him irremediably into the deepest disgrace, and the man whom the prince had delighted to honor might be cast into a dungeon on the shortest notice and subjected to every refinement of torment. Confiscation was the invariable penalty of disgrace, and if he had amassed money by presents or plunder, he had all the better reason for living in mortal apprehension. For his wealth was a standing provocation to have done with him; and if he carried it safely out of the country of his adoption, he might well take credit for unprecedented ingenuity and good luck. But now a more rosily-colored era appears to be dawning on the world, when kingdoms and principalities and posts of advantage may be seen to be literally going a-begging. If we may judge by the events of the last few months, the great empire of the Ottomans is in active course of dissolution. Its numerous nationalities, with their infinite subdivisions, are all in a ferment, and many of them are already looking towards the Franks. One province has already been absolutely clipped off; the throne must some day be filled by election, and the only thing that is certain is that, thanks to the jealousies of the great powers, no scion of any reigning house will be eligible. If the empire goes on falling to pieces, there will be other bodies of electors looking out for a head to direct and a strong hand to control them, with no restrictions on their right of choice imposed by Europe in congress. Should war once break out in central Asia, the prospect of free-fighting there opens up brilliant possibilities. All preconceived combinations may be upset in the general confusion and turmoil; and the present vassals of Russia or her probable allies may possibly turn to her open enemies. The Chinese, who have been too much ignored of late, may very conceivably cut into the game, and may gladly welcome Europeans from the west to lead their "ever-victorious" armies on the Kuldja frontier. So that soldiers who grumble at slack promotion, and are conscious of possessing certain indispensable gifts, may look for chances of dazzling brilliancy. It is true that they must carry their lives in their hands, and make up their minds to face hazards and hardships. But, after all, there are many men who would as soon play fast and loose with their lives as with their fortunes; and even the fate of the most unfortunate speculators may seem preferable to that of the shareholders in a broken bank.

From The Athenæum.

FRANCES ANN KEMBLE.*

THIS record of a girlhood has the merit of "ringing true." It is compiled from letters and journals written at the time; the phases of character gradually developing are revealed along with all the faults, mistakes, contradictions, and aspirations of the days as they passed by, and there is no attempt to extenuate immaturity or reconcile inconsistencies. Although it is an autobiography, and Mrs. Kemble in her girlhood is her own heroine, the book does not convey the impression of egotism — the proportion of things is preserved. The scenes, personages, and characters

* *Records of a Girlhood.* By Frances Ann Kemble. 3 vols. (Bentley & Son.)

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that made up the daily life and surroundings of her childhood and youth are all vividly reproduced as they were or appeared to her, but her personal importance to any one except herself is skilfully kept at its due level. The reader hears and sees with the ears and eyes of Frances Ann Kemble, and shares the life and experiences of a little human being who, more than most children, must have been a source of perplexity and dismay to her parents. With all the faults of a passionate, proud, imperious disposition, are mingled such genuine nobleness and truthfulness, and such a strong and ever-abiding instinct of duty, that the reader becomes her partisan; but to those about her "pretty Fanny's way" must have been tormenting usually, and highly exasperating sometimes. She was endowed with the most perilous organization that could be bestowed on a woman. Mrs. Kemble has more than once given to the world portions of her history, and they have been more or less histories of the shipwreck of the hopes and aspirations with which her life began. The present "record" furnishes the explanation. And if enemies and detractors can ever be turned into friends and well-wishers this record of a girlhood ought to go far towards allaying a disposition to pass harsh judgment on anybody, for it shows how little people outside know of the inner life of those nearest to them, not to speak of those whom they only see and hear of at a distance. Her own words are significant: —

> With a highly susceptible and excitable nervous temperament and ill-regulated imagination, I have suffered from every conceivable form of terror; and though, for some inexplicable reason, I have always had the reputation of being fearless, have really, all my life, been extremely deficient in courage. Very impetuous, and liable to be carried away by any strong emotion, my entire want of self-control and prudence, I suppose, conveyed the impression that I was equally without fear; but the truth is that, as a wise friend once said to me, I have always been "as rash and as cowardly as a child;" and none of my sex had a better right to apply to herself Shakespeare's line, —
>
> A woman naturally born to fears.

The "Records of a Girlhood" in no respect goes back over any portions of her story already told by Mrs. Kemble, — the book takes up entirely fresh ground, — and the curtain drops upon the ominous words, "I was married in Philadelphia on the 7th of June, 1834, to Mr. Pierce Butler, of that city."

The interest of the personal narrative is increased by the incidental notices of persons of social, literary, and political distinction, and by sketches of London society as it was in the stormy days when reform and revolution were making men's hearts fail with forebodings. The various personages are described with an ease and a force which bring them clearly before the reader. It is obvious that the writer's powers have never been developed to their full possibilities, — at least, they have never borne adequate fruit. In this sense the present book is melancholy; otherwise, it is bright and many-colored. It is provoking, however, that, when most of the persons noted are dead or passed away, Mrs. Kemble should speak of them as letters of the alphabet. Convicts are numbered: she might have given names.

Frances Ann Kemble was born on the 27th of November, 1809, in Newman Street. She was the third child of Charles Kemble, the brother of John Kemble, and of Mrs. Siddons. Of her mother Mrs. Kemble speaks in touching and affectionate terms. Her father was Captain Decamp, a French officer, who had married the daughter of a Swiss farmer in the neighborhood of Berne. Captain Decamp, a highly accomplished man, was unfortunately induced to settle in London with the promise of much patronage and protection from influential friends. He came with the first rush of the French emigrants, and found London inundated with objects of sympathy, and himself lost in the crowd. He gave lessons on the flute and in drawing, but his health failed and his family increased, and, if it had not been for the little Maria Theresa (named after the empress), they must have starved. She became an actress in a then famous troupe of children, who acted Berquin's and Madame de Genlis's plays, and her grace, beauty, and talent made her a favorite. Here is a glimpse of a royal and domestic interior into which she was introduced: —

> The little French fairy was eagerly seized upon by admiring fine ladies and gentlemen, and snatched up into their society, where she was fondled and petted and played with; passing whole days in Mrs. Fitzherbert's drawing-room, and many a half-hour on the knees of her royal and disloyal husband, the prince regent, one of whose favorite jokes was to place my mother under a huge glass bell, made to cover some large group of precious Dresden china, where her tiny figure and flashing face produced even a more beautiful effect than the costly work of art whose crystal

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covering was made her momentary cage. I have often heard my mother refer to this season of her childhood's favoritism with the fine folk of that day, one of her most vivid impressions of which was the extraordinary beauty of person and royal charm of manner and deportment of the Prince of Wales, and — his enormous appetite; enormous, perhaps, after all, only by comparison with her own, which he compassionately used to pity, saying frequently, when she declined the delicacies that he pressed upon her, "Why, you poor child! Heaven has not blessed you with an appetite." . . . After six years spent in a bitter struggle with disease and difficulties of every kind, my grandfather, still a young man, died of consumption, leaving a widow and five little children, of whom the eldest, my mother, not yet in her teens, became from that time the bread-winner and sole support.

She grew up to be a noble woman, and made her mark in her profession. She was married early and very happily to Charles Kemble, and their household seems from these "Records" to have been a model of somewhat stately regularity; for the *ci-devant* French fairy proved an admirable housewife, the qualities of generations of Swiss ancestors blooming afresh in her. For none of her children had the stage attraction; indeed, they all had a repugnance to it as a profession, and although Frances Ann inherited the Kemble genius, yet its development was hindered by the intense aversion which no success nor excitement ever mitigated. Here is her own account of how she came to be an actress: —

It was in the autumn of 1829, my father being then absent on a professional tour in Ireland, that my mother, coming in from walking one day, threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. She had been evidently much depressed for some time past, and I was alarmed at her distress, of which I begged her to tell me the cause. "Oh, it has come at last," she answered; "our property is to be sold. I have seen that fine building all covered with placards and bills of sale; the theatre must be closed, and I know not how many hundred poor people will be turned adrift without employment!" I believe the theatre employed regularly seven hundred persons in all its different departments, without reckoning the great number of what were called supernumeraries, who were hired by the night at Christmas, Easter, and on all occasions of any specially showy spectacle. . . . I comforted my mother with expressions of pity and affection, and, as soon as I left her, wrote a most urgent entreaty to my father that he would allow me to act for myself, and seek employment as a governess, so as to relieve him at once at least of the burden of my maintenance. I brought this letter to my mother, and begged her permission to send it, to which she consented; but, as I afterwards learnt, she wrote by the same post to my father, requesting him not to give a positive answer to my letter until his return to town. The next day she asked me whether I seriously thought I had any real talent for the stage. My school-day triumphs in Racine's "Andromaque" were far enough behind me, and I could only answer, with as much perplexity as good faith, that I had not the slightest idea whether I had or not. She begged me to learn some part and say it to her, that she might form some opinion of my power, and I chose Shakespeare's Portia, then, as now, my ideal of a perfect woman. . . . Having learnt it by heart, I recited Portia to my mother, whose only comment was, "There is hardly passion enough in this part to test any tragic power. I wish you would study Juliet for me." Study to me then, as unfortunately long afterwards, simply meant to learn by heart, which I did again, and repeated my lesson to my mother, who again heard me without any observation whatever. Meantime my father returned to town and my letter remained unanswered, and I was wondering in my mind what reply I should receive to my urgent entreaty, when one morning my mother told me she wished me to recite Juliet to my father; and so in the evening I stood up before them both, and with indescribable trepidation repeated my first lesson in tragedy. They neither of them said anything beyond, "Very well, — very nice, my dear," with many kisses and caresses, from which I escaped to sit down on the stairs half-way between the drawing-room and my bedroom, and get rid of the repressed nervous fear I had struggled with while reciting, in floods of tears. A few days after this my father told me he wished to take me to the theatre with him to try whether my voice was of sufficient strength to fill the building; so thither I went. That strange-looking place, the stage, with its racks of pasteboard and canvas — streets, forests, banqueting-halls, and dungeons — drawn apart on either side, was empty and silent; not a soul was stirring in the indistinct recesses of its mysterious depths, which seemed to stretch indefinitely behind me. In front, the great amphitheatre equally empty and silent, wrapped in its grey holland covers, would have been absolutely dark but for a long, sharp, thin shaft of light that darted here and there from some height and distance far above me, and alighted in a sudden, vivid spot of brightness on the stage. Set down in the midst of twilight space, as it were, with only my father's voice coming to me from where he stood hardly distinguishable in the gloom, in those poetical utterances of pathetic passion I was seized with the spirit of the thing; my voice resounded through the great vault above and before me, and, completely carried away by the inspiration of the wonderful play, I acted Juliet as I do not believe I ever acted it again, for I had no visible Romeo, and no audience

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to thwart my imagination; at least, I had no consciousness of any, though in truth I had one. In the back of one of the private boxes, commanding the stage but perfectly invisible to me, sat an old and warmly attached friend of my father's, Major D——. . . . Not till after the event had justified my kind old friend's prophecy did I know that he had witnessed that morning's performance, and, joining my father at the end of it, had said, "Bring her out at once; it will be a great success." And so three weeks from that time I was brought out, and it was a "great success." Three weeks was not much time for preparation of any sort for such an experiment, but I had no more, to become acquainted with my fellow actors and actresses, not one of whom I had ever spoken with or seen — off the stage — before; to learn all the technical *business*, as it is called, of the stage.

The dress selected, for her mother, strong in her experience and good sense, set aside all suggestions of historical and artistic innovation, was a dress of plain white satin with a long train, short sleeves and low body, a girdle of fine paste brilliants, and a small coronet of the same to hold up her hair, dressed as she usually wore it — "perfectly simple," as she says, "it was unlike anything Juliet ever wore as possible."

All being in due preparation for my coming out, my rehearsals were the only interruption to my usual habits of occupation, which I pursued very steadily in spite of my impending trial. On the day of my first appearance I had no rehearsal, for fear of over-fatigue, and spent my morning as usual, in practising the piano, walking in the inclosure of St. James's Park opposite our house, and reading in Blunt's "Scripture Characters" (a book in which I was then deeply interested) the chapters relating to St. Peter and Jacob. I do not know whether the nervous tension which I must have been enduring strengthened the impression made upon me by what I read, but I remember being quite absorbed by it, which I think was curious, because certainly such subjects of meditation were hardly allied to the painful undertaking so immediately pressing upon me. But I believe I felt imperatively the necessity of moderating my own strong nervous emotion and excitement by the fulfilment of my accustomed duties and pursuits, and, above all, by withdrawing my mind into higher and serener regions of thought as a respite and relief from the pressure of my alternate apprehensions of failure and hopes of success. I do not mean that it was at all a matter of deliberate calculation or reflection, but rather an instinct of self-preservation, which actuated me; a powerful instinct which has struggled and partially prevailed throughout my whole life against the irregular and passionate vehemence of my temperament, and which, in spite of a constant tendency to violent excitement of mind and feeling, has made me a person of unusually systematic pursuits and monotonous habits, and been a frequent subject of astonishment, not unmixed with ridicule, to my friends, who have not known as well as myself what wholesomeness there was in the method of my madness. . . . My mother, who had left the stage for upwards of twenty years, determined to return to it on the night of my first appearance, that I might have the comfort and support of her being with me in my trial. We drove to the theatre very early, indeed while the late autumn sunlight yet lingered in the sky; it shone into the carriage upon me, and as I screened my eyes from it, my mother said, "Heaven smiles on you, my child." My poor mother went to her dressing-room to get herself ready, and did not return to me for fear of increasing my agitation by her own. My dear aunt Dall and my maid and the theatre dresser performed my toilet for me, and at length I was placed in a chair, with my satin train carefully laid over the back of it, and there I sat, ready for execution, with the palms of my hands pressed convulsively together, and the tears I in vain endeavored to repress welling up into my eyes and brimming slowly over, down my rouged cheeks, upon which my aunt, with a smile full of pity, renewed the color as often as these heavy drops made unsightly streaks in it. Once and again my father came to the door, and I heard his anxious "How is she?" to which my aunt answered, sending him away with words of comforting cheer. At last, "Miss Kemble called for the stage, ma'am!" accompanied with a brisk tap at the door, started me upright on my feet, and I was led round to the side scene opposite to the one from which I saw my mother advance on the stage; and while the uproar of her reception filled me with terror, dear old Mrs. Davenport, my nurse, and dear Mr. Keely, her Peter, and half the *dramatis personæ* of the play (but not my father, who had retreated, quite unable to endure the scene) stood round me as I lay, all but insensible, in my aunt's arms. "Courage, courage, dear child! poor thing!" reiterated Mrs. Davenport. "Never mind 'em, Miss Kemble!" urged Keely, in that irresistibly comical, nervous, lachrymose voice of his, which I have never since heard without a thrill of anything but comical association; "never mind 'em! don't think of 'em, any more than if they were so many rows of cabbages!" "Nurse!" called my mother, and on waddled Mrs. Davenport, and, turning back, called in her turn, "Juliet!" My aunt gave me an impulse forward, and I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been

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audible; in the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and, for aught I knew, I was Juliet; the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play. After this, I did not return into myself till all was over, and amid a tumultuous storm of applause, congratulation, tears, embraces, and a general joyous explosion of unutterable relief at the fortunate termination of my attempt, we went home. And so my life was determined, and I devoted myself to an avocation which I never liked or honored, and about the very nature of which I have never been able to come to any decided opinion. It is in vain that the undoubted specific gifts of great actors and actresses suggest that all gifts are given for rightful exercise, and not suppression; in vain that Shakespeare's plays urge their imperative claim to the most perfect illustration they can receive from histrionic interpretation: a *business* which is incessant excitement and factitious emotion seems to me unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman. . . . Nevertheless, [she adds] I sat down to supper with my poor rejoicing parents well content, God knows.

Her delight was enhanced by a lovely little watch, all encrusted with gold and jewels, which her father laid beside her plate, the first she had ever possessed, and which she christened "Romeo." After this her life settled into its new shape. Her salary was fixed at thirty guineas a week, and she records how she went in person to the treasury the next Saturday, and carried the first money she had earned triumphantly to her mother.

There had been some difficulty in arranging a Romeo to the new Juliet — her father took the part of Mercutio, though he had been a favorite Romeo; and Mr. Abbot, a respectable, but not at all ideal actor, was appointed her stage lover.

The public, who had long been familiar with my father's rendering of the part of Romeo, gained as much as I lost by his taking that of Mercutio, which has never since been so admirably represented, and I dare affirm will never be given more perfectly. . . . He was one of the best Romeos, and incomparably *the* best Mercutio, that ever trod the English stage. My father was Miss O'Neill's Romeo throughout her whole theatrical career, during which no other Juliet was tolerated by the English public. This amiable and excellent woman was always an attached friend of our family, and one day, when she was about to take leave of me, at the end of a morning visit, I begged her to let my father have the pleasure of seeing her, and ran to his study to tell him whom I had with me. He followed me hastily to the drawing-room, and, stopping at the door, extended his arms towards her, exclaiming, "Ah, Juliet!" Lady Becher ran to him and embraced him with a pretty, affectionate grace, and the scene was pathetical as well as comical, for they were both white-haired, she being considerably upwards of sixty and he of seventy years old; but she still retained the slender elegance of her exquisite figure, and he some traces of his pre-eminent personal beauty.

One of the most notable results of her going on the stage was the renewal of a long-dropped friendship with Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose inexplicable conduct towards two of the daughters of Mrs. Siddons, to both of whom he was engaged, had been followed by suffering, death, and entire estrangement.

It was years after these events that Lawrence, meeting my father accidentally in the street one day, stopped him and spoke with great feeling of his sympathy for us all in my approaching trial, and begged permission to come and see my mother and become acquainted with me, which he accordingly did; and from that time till his death, which occurred but a few months later, he was unwearied in acts of friendly and affectionate kindness to me.

He never missed any of her performances; he wrote her the most beautiful notes of mingled criticism and flattery, and he made a pencil sketch of her, which he gave her mother.

Lawrence did not talk much while he took his sketch of me, and I remember very little that passed between him and my mother but what was purely personal. I recollect he told me that I had a double row of eyelashes, which was an unusual peculiarity. He expressed the most decided preference for satin over every other material for painting, expatiating rapturously on the soft, rich folds and infinitely varied lights and shadows which that texture afforded above all others. He has dressed a great many of his female portraits in white satin. He also once said that he had been haunted at one time with the desire to paint a blush, that most enchanting "incident" in the expression of a woman's face, but, after being driven nearly wild with the ineffectual endeavor, had had to renounce it, never, of course, he said, achieving anything but a *red face*. I remember the dreadful impression made upon me by a story he told my mother of Lady J—— (George the Fourth's Lady J——), who, standing before her drawing-room looking-glass, and unaware that he was in the rooms, apostrophized her own reflection with this reflection: "I swear it would be better to go to hell at once than live to grow old and ugly."

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The unexpected death of Lawrence prevented the commencement of a life-sized portrait of the young actress as Juliet, and Mrs. Kemble candidly owns that such was the charm of his countenance, the distinction of his person, the refined gentleness of his voice and manner, that had the intercourse continued much longer, in spite of the forty years' difference of age and the knowledge of his disastrous relations with her cousins, she must have fallen in love with him herself, and become the third of her family whose life he would have troubled. He had a false, superficial sensibility which not only induced women to fall in love with him, but enabled him to believe he was in love with them. "I think he was a dangerous person, because his experience and genius made him delightfully attractive, and the dexterity of his flattery amounted in itself to a fine art."

From The Saturday Review.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE English public is indebted to the *Times* for a summary of a work in which more is told about a great man than a great man usually allows to be told about him in his lifetime. This work is the production of an ardent admirer of Prince Bismarck, and it is safe to guess that the bulk of the composition is not as amusing and interesting as the extracts which have been judiciously selected from it. But at any rate these extracts are amusing and interesting in the highest degree. They place before us the prince in all his calculated audacity, and they contain a number of his judgments on some of the most eminent of his contemporaries. It has apparently been his lot in life to have principally to deal with two classes of men — cowards and fools; and he delights in thinking that he has bullied the former and gauged the capacity of the latter. When he first entered on his task of re-fashioning Germany, he found Austria in possession not only of a political but of a social supremacy. Not only was Austria the head of the confederation, but it was accepted as a maxim that Austria was socially above all other members of the confederation, that the emperor of Austria was the king of all other German kings, and that they were to treat him as nobles treat a sovereign. His representatives were to do as they pleased, and the representatives of other German states were only to follow the Austrian example if expressly invited to do so. The Prussian court was always stringing itself up to dispute the political supremacy of Austria, but until Prince Bismarck arrived on the scene it never ventured to call the social supremacy of Austria in question. Social habits color political thoughts so profoundly that, as the prince saw, a social must precede a political revolution. Unless, when they met, the representatives of Prussia behaved as if conscious of being on an equality with the representatives of Austria, no one would believe that Prussia was really prepared to challenge Austria in the field of politics. A social Sadowa was indispensable, and the prince fought and won his Sadowa on the great question of tobacco. It had become a recognized usage that the Austrian representative should smoke while engaged in business, but that no one else might smoke in his august presence. On the sittings of the military commission Count Thun alone smoked, and the Prussian Rochow, although longing to light his cigar, did not dare to presume so far. It was expected, as a matter of course, that the Prussian commissioner would show as much deference to the Austrian commissioner as a commissioner from Würtemberg or Darmstadt. Prince Bismarck had the courage, and real courage was required, to break the spell. He had previously called on Count Thun and been desired to wait while the count smoked and went on with his business. Bismarck quietly took a cigar out of the count's box and smoked too. But this was only in private, and the count might think that it was a mere piece of undesigned *gaucherie*. It was very different when, in the sitting of a commission with all the delegates of the minor states present as spectators, Bismarck, on seeing Count Thun smoke, pulled a cigar out of his pocket and asked for a light. There was a moment of awe and expectancy, during which the assemply waited to see what the count would do. He capitulated, and did as he was asked. The social supremacy of Austria vanished in the fumes of a cigar.

The prince has been extremely free in giving his confidential friend the means of knowing and publishing the opinions he has formed as to some of those with whom he carried on his diplomatic struggles. This is especially the case with his French friends or enemies. He seems to have had a very poor opinion of the late emperor of the French, and to have formed the conclusion that there was little strength or wisdom beneath the emperor's silence and reserve. He was, as the prince thinks,

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nothing more than a *Tiefenbacher*, a popular German expression for a hesitating, pretentious, indolent general. The diplomatic ability of M. Thiers did not impress him as much as might have been expected. "He came to me as a negotiator when he had not gumption enough for a horse-dealer." The prince found it easy to worm secrets out of him, and managed to make him tell that Paris had only provisions for a month more. It would be interesting to know what was the occasion to which the prince was referring. It is very difficult to find any interview which could have been in his mind except one of those that took place in the October of 1870. If the secret was then wormed out of M. Thiers, the secret had at least the diplomatic merit of not being true, as the provisions of Paris lasted more than three months after October. When, again, the prince says that M. Thiers was far too sentimental to bargain well, he might have recollected that it was in deference to the passionate appeals of M. Thiers that Belfort was given up to France. M. Thiers may not have had the supreme ability of a judicious horse-dealer, but when he was negotiating with Prince Bismarck he was not in the position of a man who wants to sell or buy a horse. The prince had got the horse of M. Thiers, and all that M. Thiers could do was to buy his own horse back as cheaply as its possessor by violence would permit. Contemporary Frenchmen will, however, not mind much what the prince has chosen to say about M. Thiers or the emperor. Their amusement or indignation will be reserved for the prince's withering remarks about M. Jules Favre. Of course Bismarck thought Jules Favre foolishly and despicably sentimental. But a Frenchman does not mind being thought sentimental by a German. That he feels acutely and shows his feelings openly is to a Frenchman part of his natural superiority. M. Jules Favre would not lose anything of his own respect or of the respect of others if all the world knew that he cried when outbargained by a German horse-dealer. On the contrary, M. Jules Favre has always been proud, and his friends have been proud with him, that he shed bitter, scalding tears when the cession of Metz and Strasburg was broached. He swears he cried, and M. Jules Simon, as a friend and an historian, knows that he cried. But the prince cruelly digs him a blow that will come to him like a fatal stab. He says that M. Jules Favre did, indeed, try to cry, but that he could not manage it. The tears would not flow, and so the scenic effect was spoilt, although M. Jules Favre had prepared for it with the utmost care by painting his face white. There is scarcely anything in history more grimly comic than the scene which is thus suggested. Very possibly the prince only saw what his cynicism allowed him to see. He may have been so tickled with the supposed spectacle of a rival diplomatist having powdered or painted his face to the proper agony tint, and not being able to blubber when the expected moment for blubbering arrived, that he may have been blind to tears that were really shed and to a face of its natural hue. But nothing will diminish the delight of the Conservative journals of France in the story as Prince Bismarck has chosen to tell it.

His own countrymen, however, are judged with the same severity, and stung with the same shafts of ridicule. The main impression which his intercourse with the most eminent of them seems to have left on him is that they were chiefly eminent as bores. Nothing can be more graphic or amusing than his description of the great Humboldt prosing on with a eulogy of some unknown French luminary, while General Gerlach snored on a stool, the queen was lost in the contemplation of her embroidery, and the king occupied himself with turning over a book of engravings. The prince boasts that he possesses in the highest perfection the art of standing bores when anything is to be gained by standing them, and that in his younger days he won the confidence and affection of Metternich by simply entreating him to go on and on when he had once begun to maunder. The habitual prolixity, however, of Prussian ambassadors not only tried but exhausted his patience. He complained to his confidant with much bitterness of the endless piles of perfectly useless correspondence with which Count Von der Goltz and Count Bernstorff used to inundate the Foreign Office. According to Prince Bismarck, the former diplomatist had not an idea in his head, except such as were inspired by his infatuation for the successive queens in whose courts he lived; and yet Von der Goltz sent him reams of paper about nothing, and was only outstripped by Count Bernstorff in the profuseness of a correspondence which the prince thought valueless. He owned that Arnim was intelligent, but his perpetual vacillations irritated a chief who always had clear opinions, and was always sure that his clear opinions were right. The prince himself always went to work in the shortest way. He recounts how the

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Duke of Augustenburg lost a crown during an hour's conversation with him in a billiard-room. Bismarck began by calling the duke "Highness," to give him a foretaste of the glories awaiting him, then intimated that Prussia must have Kiel given her by the possible monarch, and on finding the duke stiffer than was convenient, began to call him "Serenity," to show that his chance was gone, and plainly told him in the end that Prussia could wring the neck of the chicken she had hatched. In short, Prince Bismarck was much abler and much bolder, and, it may be added, much more unscrupulous, than those with whom he had to deal. The work he had to do was as rough as it was great, and probably a less dictatorial man could not have done it. Success has glorified a character which failure would have exposed to much merited reproach.

From Nature.

POTTERY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE extensive collection of pottery at the Paris Exhibition brought together from so many countries, is of high interest from a technical, as well as from an art point of view. All that is now being done in pottery manufacture, all that has lately been achieved in the way of progress, has been here illustrated. An examination, even a rapid one, shows at once how far in advance of other countries England and France are.

Leaving all strictly art questions out of consideration, it is instructive to notice how the technical processes of manufacture impose limits on an artist's scope, and how these scopes have been widened by recent discoveries. It is not intended in this short note to do more than allude to the more important of these, and before doing so it is worth while mentioning that for domestic purposes English earthenware is still unapproached.

The *pâte-sur-pâte* decoration, so largely used in England and in France, is a good illustration of how a process in itself confines the artist's power within certain limits.

The nature of the ornamentation consists in applying by the brush, and modelling with tools, raised decorations of "paste," which is often, for the sake of artistic effect, in high relief. The paste is of much the same composition as the body on which it is applied, and requires a similar temperature to convert it into China, *i.e.*, 1,800° C. The colors which can be used for staining this paste must therefore also be capable of being produced at this heat, and the result is an entirely new range of ceramic colors. It is fortunate for the success of this style of decoration that the colors obtained are harmonious, of a subdued tone. They are quite unlike any that can be produced at a lower heat. Apart from the artist's manipulation, which may vary much in delicacy, the general effect of the production is almost wholly the natural result of the process, and is therefore not due entirely to the artist.

Another and distinct application of raised decoration is very largely represented in the French court. It was first used at Bourg-la-Reine some ten years ago, and is now made in many other localities. It consists of painting in clay on earthenware with pallet and brush in various gradations of relief, somewhat like impasto. The heat for firing is comparatively moderate, and the range of colors that can be employed is very wide.

The difficulties of painting *under glaze* are by degrees being overcome, and one manufacturer has, for the first time, produced gilding *under glaze*. The colored glazes shown are rich and brilliant, and are well worth the particular notice of those who have paid attention to their production.

The organization of the Sèvres manufactory and the fact that it is under the direction of a chemist of repute lead to expectations of discovery resulting from the research here carried out. And as a fact discoveries of no small value have been made of late years. Besides such discoveries as of compounds yielding new colors, there are some which take rank as new processes.

For example, the late François Richard, an artist on the staff of the manufactory, found that a large proportion of the enamel colors can be made which will bear a temperature of 600° C. — a higher temperature than has been hitherto supposed possible. This higher temperature now employed fuses and softens the glaze; the colors painted on it blend with it so that, on cooling, there is produced that softness and brilliancy hitherto characteristic of *pâte-tendre* decoration. This process has been named the *demi-grand feu*. A great benefit arising from this discovery is that many vases damaged in firing, which would formerly have been abandoned, can now be preserved, as the accidents which so often happen in firing can be repaired. Defects in glaze and color can be con-

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cealed, as, during an exposure to this *demi-grand feu*, they are at melting-point, and new glaze, when added, becomes so fused that no line of junction is visible. This process also gets over a difficulty that had long been felt in decorating kaolin, or *pâte-dur* china, with a pleasing result, as the colors were always crude and harsh, being *on* the glaze. When a soft effect was required recourse was had to the less durable and more costly *pâte-tendre* as a body on which to paint.

A new method for decorating porcelain where gold alone is employed has been invented by M. Réjoux. Formerly, when porcelain was decorated with gilding alone, the ornamentation was limited to the production of a pattern by the greater or less relief of the gold, and by its being burnished or left dead. Even the thinnest part of the gilding was opaque. No delicate effects could be produced, and the style was suited rather for an abundant display of barbaric wealth than for refinement of expression.

The new process enables the gilding to be put on so thinly and transparently that the most delicate effects of light and shade can be produced. It is, however, applicable only to vases of *gros bleu* color, that is, to vases colored with oxide of cobalt. Upon this ground the pattern is drawn with a pigment composed of oxide of aluminium. This is then subjected to a firing which fuses the oxides together, and a brown surface results. This surface is found to be more suitable than any other known for the reception of the gold paste, which can be laid on in a thin film, and then, further, by subsequent removal, can be made to give great transparency. This property of the brown surface is not destroyed by being tinted before the gilding, so that it is possible to tint it with different colors which shall show through. A further variation is very frequently obtained by changing the tone of the gold by mixing it with alloys. This admirable effect of transparency has not been produced by any other means, and the first piece made (with many subsequent) is exhibited.

Another of the processes invented at Sèvres is that of enamelling on *pâte-tendre* body. In this the colors are applied in powder in the same way as in enamelling on metal, and are fused at a very low temperature. They have more body and are more decided than are those produced by the older enamelling process. On some of the vases shown at the Exhibition the white ground seen is not that of the creamy *pâte-tendre* body, but the pearl white of the stanniferous enamel.

Other recent improvements which should find a place in a more technical and exhaustive notice have been illustrated at the Exhibition. It may be mentioned that other nations are striving to adapt some of the traditionally recognized styles and their method of manufacture.

We may, in conclusion, refer to a small but important exhibition of porcelain, *allant-au-feu*, useful for laboratory as well as for domestic use. It is a very good white, thin and hard, and will bear high temperatures if the changes are not too sudden.

From The Saturday Review.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JAMESON.*

THIS very graceful sketch of a very graceful writer has an additional element of pathos in the fact that the volume is an epitaph at once on its heroine and its author. Mrs. Macpherson died as it was passing through the press; and it was left to Mrs. Oliphant to bestow the final revision as a tribute of love to both. Mrs. Jameson died eighteen years ago, and the present generation has outgrown her æsthetic views. If her books on "Sacred and Legendary Art" still survive, theirs is a kind of life corresponding somewhat to the *succès d'estime* awarded to inconsiderable works by honored names. It was, however, the mental personality that was always more attractive in Mrs. Jameson's many volumes than her actual judgments upon this or that painter. Though the opinions may be now somewhat faded, the interest of the intellectual character remains. This is brought into fair relief by her niece's biography. If, as we gather from the preface, the publication was stimulated by some depreciatory remarks on Mrs. Jameson in Miss Martineau's autobiography, we feel a certain gratitude to Miss Martineau for that special little burst of malevolence.

Mrs. Jameson's father, Brownell Murphy, an old associate of Robert Emmett and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was happily saved from sharing their fate by the cares of a large family. He had to come to England to make a livelihood as a miniature painter just before the final catastrophe of Irish patriotism. After a fairly successful

* *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson.* By her Niece, Gerardine Macpherson. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.

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career in Newcastle, he migrated to Pall Mall. Anna, the eldest of several daughters, was the despot of the family, but an admired one. Not satisfied with French, Italian, and Spanish, she devoured the Oriental disquisitions of Sir William Jones, and composed an Eastern story, "Faizy," for the delectation of the nursery. Her father was not too well off, and an account of lace-making in Flanders suggested to her a scheme for taking her sisters to Belgium to make Brussels lace and the family fortunes. The design was to follow the Paddington Canal till it should enter the sea and then take ship. Their parents, who were sufficiently Irish to enjoy traces of Bohemianism in their children, listened to the project without vetoing it. But the domestic faint-heartedness of Mrs. Macpherson's mother broke it down on the very evening which had been chosen for the start. At sixteen independence was more practicable than at twelve, and Anna became governess in Lord Winchester's family. There she stayed for four years. For the next six or seven years she appears to have lived at home. In 1821 she undertook the charge of a young lady who was going with her family to Italy. That journey inspired her first attempt at authorship. The journal she kept was subsequently developed into her "Diary of an Ennuyée. The tour lasted a year, and on its conclusion she became a governess in Staffordshire for four years. In the mean time she had fallen in love, or fancied she had, with a Mr. Robert Jameson, a young barrister, a *protégé* of Wordsworth, described by so unfriendly a critic as Mrs. Macpherson as "in all the bloom of life and enthusiasm, of agreeable looks, and manners said to have been most fascinating." An engagement was contracted between them in 1821. They quarrelled and broke it off in the same year; but in 1825 it was revived, very unfortunately for both of them, and they were married in 1825, when the lady was thirty-one years of age. On a Wednesday these two persons, each very agreeable in the eyes of his or her friends, were married, and made their bower in dull lodgings between Gower Street and Tottenham Court Road. On the following Sunday the husband announced his intention to spend the day with some friends of his as yet unknown to his wife, giving her the option to go or stay at home. A shower which they encountered on their way offered her an excuse for turning back. "Very well," said the bridegroom; "you have an umbrella. Go back by all means; but I shall go on." And so he did; and though received, as his astonished hosts afterwards related, with exclamations of bewilderment and consternation, calmly ate his dinner with them, and spent the rest of the evening, until his usual hour, with perfect equanimity and unconcern. Four years of such a life cannot have been very comfortable to either; and when Mr. Jameson, in 1829, accepted a puisne judgeship in Dominica, he left his wife with her family. By this time she had become a popular author. Her "Diary of an Ennuyée" had been published originally by a bookseller named Thomas. This rather remarkable person, who had begun life as a cobbler, and who was afterwards tempted by social ambition and the acquaintance of Mr. Basil Montagu to degenerate into an industrious, but not specially successful, serjeant-at-law, was a friend of Mr. Jameson, and heard Mrs. Jameson read parts of the diary she had kept on her tour in 1821. He offered to print it, and she gave it him on the terms that she was to have a guitar out of the possible profits. Colburn the publisher bought the copyright of Thomas for 50*l.*, and Thomas presented the writer with a ten-guinea guitar. Fifty years ago female authors were not so plentiful as now. Mr. Jameson's banishment to the West Indies thus left his wife an admired member of the circle which regarded Mr. Basil Montagu's house in Bedford Square as something between an hotel and a Parnassus. But, besides Bedford Square, Mr. Brownell Murphy's patrons appreciated Mrs. Jameson's abilities. On her husband's departure she accompanied her father and Sir Gerard Noel and his daughter on a pleasant and luxurious Continental tour. Mrs. Jameson's character was always unimpeached and unimpeachable; otherwise, from her own admiring description, Sir Gerard might have seemed an alarming member of a travelling party: "He had been one of the prince's wild companions in the days of Sheridan and Fox. He had lived a life which would have ruined twenty iron constitutions, and had suffered what might well have broken twenty hearts of common stuff; but his self-complacency was invulnerable, his animal spirits inexhaustible, his activity indefatigable." His good qualities must have been even more dangerous than his bad. "He could play alternately blackguard and gentleman, each in perfection; but the high-born gentleman ever prevailed." Tears he possessed at command, and could curse and weep with equal facil-

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ity. He once said to Mrs. Jameson, "When I wish to enjoy the very high sublime of luxury, I dine alone, order a mutton cutlet, *cuite à point*, with a bottle of Burgundy on one side and Ovid's Epistle of Penelope to Ulysses on the other. And so I read, and eat, and cry to myself." Then he repeated with enthusiasm, —

Hanc tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulysse :
Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni ;

his eyes glistening as he recited the lines.

Mr. Jameson does not seem to have found his judicial income sufficient to enable him to contribute to his wife's support; and she embraced literature as a profession. One of her earlier works was undertaken in conjunction with her father. Mr. Murphy had been commissioned by the Princess Charlotte to paint copies in miniature of Sir Peter Lely's "Windsor Beauties" now at Hampton Court. He finished the series to the satisfaction of his patroness, who, however, noticed one exception. "'Mr. Murphy,' she said, 'I see the set of portraits is not complete.' 'Indeed! I believe your Royal Highness will find that none have been omitted.' 'Nay, Mr. Murphy, the "Windsor Beauties" are not complete. You haven't got my grandmother.'" The princess died, and, strangely enough, Prince Leopold refused to purchase the copies. Mr. Murphy endeavored to pay himself for his labor by engraving the portraits, and publishing them as "The Beauties of the Court of King Charles II.," with illustrative memoirs by his daughter. The enterprise was not renumerative. Mrs. Jameson's next undertaking, "Characteristics of Women," which she would have done more wisely to entitle, in accordance with her friend Fanny Kemble's suggestion, "Characters of Shakespeare's Women," had better fortune. It gave her an introduction to the best literary society of Dresden, whither she went in 1833 after an episode of a few months' residence with her husband, who had resigned his judgeship in Dominica and been appointed attorney general at Toronto. A friend who sought her acquaintance at this time, Robert Noel, a cousin of Lady Byron, having himself a German wife, was doubtless able to introduce her to the leaders of letters in Germany. Like Mr. Ticknor and every other visitor to Dresden in those days, she was enchanted by Tieck's readings of Shakespeare, especially of the humorous and declamatory passages. We dare say she thought Tieck was equally impressed with her Shakespearian interpretations. Unfortunately the British Museum possesses Tieck's presentation copy of her "Characteristics of Women," and his annotations on some of her most eloquent rhapsodies are "*Dies scheint mir ganz missverstanden*," and the like. Mr. Noel introduced her at Weimar to Goethe's family, and she became an intimate friend of Goethe's daughter-in-law, Ottilie von Goethe. For thirty years they corresponded, and often met, now in Weimar, now in Vienna, Dresden, Venice, or Rome.

From Germany she was recalled to England by the news that her father had been seized by paralysis. It is rather hard to understand why the interruption of her tour should have mattered very much. But the ways of literary ladies are past finding out. She writes to her friend Mr. Robert Noel, whom she commonly addresses as "My dear Noel" — "I feel so convinced that I have done right in coming that I cannot repent it." We should have supposed that this was self-evident. She continues, however, "But my reason tells me that I have done no real and effectual good; and can do none. Therefore, I repent it. . . . I could sit down and wring my hands." In any case she utilized her attendance at her father's bedside by collecting for republication, under the title of "Visits and Sketches," a series of essays which had already appeared in various forms. Undoubtedly she thought herself a very hardly-used person. "Outwardly," she writes, "I stand in the world an enviable being; inwardly it is a hard struggle. Of how many women might the history be comprised in these few words, 'She lived, suffered, and was buried!'" Courted by all who cared for lions and lionesses in London, and able to welcome German visitors with little entertainments attended by "Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Austen; Hayward, the famous German scholar; Biggs, R.A., and Eastlake, R.A., two of our best painters," she was surprised by the extraordinary discovery that the Canadian attorney-general thought he had a right to his wife's company. "Mrs. Jameson's independent condition, the warm friends she had on all sides, the high estimation in which she was universally held; and, on the other hand, the fact that her marriage was childless, made her all the less willing to revive an experiment which had already failed more than once." While her husband was appealing to her to comfort his solitude, telling her of the garden he was planting for her, and the pretty cottage he was planning, she was "trying to drown her fears of the future"

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amid German court dinners and balls. Life in Canada could scarcely offer pleasant prospects to a lady who could write, "I accept about one invitation out of three, for I have something better to do than to stand dangling in a court circle talking nothings." Mr. Jameson accused his wife of not writing to him for four or five months. She charged him with writing twice in a year and a half. She refused to rejoin him except in deference to a positive command, and this at last he gave. Accordingly, in September, 1836, she sailed for Canada. In New York she was received with enthusiasm and overwhelmed with presents, including a wampum bag; but she found no husband or husband's friend waiting to attend her to Toronto. After waiting long and wearily, she ventured on a winter journey to Canada. The "Ontario" steamer, which finally landed her at Toronto, had not been expected. "The wharf was utterly deserted; and, as I stepped out of the boat, I sank ankle-deep into mud and ice. Half-blinded by the sleet driven into my face and the tears which filled my eyes, I walked through dreary, miry ways. I heard no voices, I met no familiar face, no look of welcome. And these were the impressions, the feelings with which I entered the house which was to be called my home." "I am," she exclaims subsequently, "a stranger among strangers, and the thermometer is twelve degrees below zero." Her niece says that her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," published in 1838, "will convey to the reader the most forlorn, yet fine, picture of a courageous woman's attempt to render her life livable in the midst of a monotony and want of interest which she felt to be killing." It is astonishing to Mrs. Macpherson that the Canadian politicians should have found "distasteful" her accomplished aunt's attempts to show them that, on the education question for instance, they were "all astray." Even Niagara disappointed her, and made her desire that the falls had been "like Yarrow yet unvisited, unbeheld." At length she found existence so burdensome that Mr. Jameson, who had now been appointed chancellor of the new court of equity, consented to relieve her from her conjugal thraldom so far as he could, and to let her return to England. She writes to Mr. Noel: "I am in a small community of fourth-rate, half-educated, or uneducated, people, where local politics of the meanest kind engross the men, and petty gossip and household cares the women. As I think differently from Mr. Jameson on every subject which can occupy a thinking mind, I keep clear of any expression (at least, unnecessary expression) of my opinions." Mr. Jameson — fond at a distance, but cold at home — cannot have been the most endearing of husbands; but, with all respect for Mrs. Jameson's talents, we must say that there was one vocation for which she was apparently unfitted, and that was the vocation of a wife. As her niece says, she may have had "a happy knack of winning confidence and affection;" but it does not appear that she ever attempted to win either from the poor Toronto chancellor.

After a tour among the Indian settlements, and a sojourn in Boston to hear Dr. Channing talk and "preach like an apostle," Mrs. Jameson returned to London in time to witness the queen's return from her coronation. She fell naturally again into her old London intimacies. Among friends, old and new, this volume mentions Mrs. Austin, whose husband Mrs. Jameson not very exhaustively describes as "a hypochondriac;" Samuel Rogers, "whose critical taste was at once the most exquisite and the least exclusive she had ever known;" Mrs. Browning, then Miss Barrett, of whose odd honeymoon flitting to Pisa she was some years later the companion; Miss Martineau, not yet mesmerized out of her ailments, and "fat and portly and handsome, or less plain than she had ever seen her;" Maria Edgeworth, "full of life and vivacity" at eighty-one; "that excellent Joanna Baillie;" and Mrs. Grote, who on her way to Sydney Smith's parsonage at Combe Florey took Mrs. Jameson through the west-country picture-galleries. Now began her life as an art critic and historian, and very hard she labored in her special career. Her "Companion to the Private Galleries," which appeared in 1841, was followed by other works of the same kind, culminating in her well-known series of volumes on "Sacred and Legendary Art." We suspect that Miss Martineau was right in deprecating this new direction of her friend's pen: "Do have done with your mechanical work as soon as you can, and give us more of your own mind." The mixture of her personal imaginativeness with art criticism did not, we think, produce a very happy or permanent result. But for a score of years she exercised a potent influence over taste in England. Her fame was, we fear, greater than her profit; and she much needed to make money by her pen. Mrs. Macpherson, not unmindful perhaps of her own hard struggle with the wolf at the door, asserts, not without ground, that the

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number of literary women who have been "the support and stay of their families, the one bread-winner upon whom many helpless or disabled relatives depended," is "out of all proportion to that of family benefactors in any other class." If Mrs. Jameson was not a very affectionate wife, she was the most loving of daughters and sisters. The whole family seems more or less to have been dependent upon her not very abundant earnings. In 1851 a pension of 100*l.* on the queen's civil list was bestowed upon her. Mr. Murray and Thackeray accepted the office of trustees for her, the latter characteristically saving her from any sense of shamefacedness at becoming a pensioner by the "wish that he had a couple of trustees and a pension" for himself. Three years later this increase to her precarious income was far more than balanced by the loss through her husband's death of 300*l.* a year which he had agreed to allow her. A second pension of 100*l.* a year was raised for her by sympathizing friends, and thus a very accomplished and deserving woman was set above the absolute necessity of living by authorship. But she enjoyed this pension only four or five years. She died of an attack of bronchitis, according to her physician's account; but her vital energies had already, we are told, been undermined by a blow at her sensitive affections. After her return from Canada, that singular and stony philanthropist, Lady Byron, had contracted with her a close intimacy, which lasted for some eighteen or twenty years. This friendship with a woman whom she herself described as "so different in structure that complete agreement was impossible," and who at first produced on her the impression of "implacability," proved completely absorbing. Mrs. Grote says that Mrs. Jameson "was so engrossed with that lady's family and concerns, that she ceased to maintain several of her old social connections for some years." Suddenly Lady Byron's jealousy was stirred by the communication to Mrs. Jameson, and concealment from herself, of some trivial family secret of the Noels. So bitterly does she seem to have reproached her friend for what was no fault of hers that Mrs. Jameson's pride was outraged, and "she in her turn became the one implacable." She even insisted on repudiating the warm friendship of Major Robert Noel and his wife. Never was there so silly a rupture of the kindly relations of half a lifetime. But the struggle, we are assured, loosened Mrs. Jameson's hold upon the world. She wrote to Major Noel, and her friends believed her, that Lady Byron had "broken her heart."

PARENTAL AFFECTION IN SPARROWS. — I saw a touching little incident showing the affection of sparrows for their young on the Kennington Oval cricket-ground last Thursday afternoon, a description of which you may, perhaps, think it worth while to record.

The afternoon was fine and the ground was surrounded by a dense ring of spectators, when a young pale-colored sparrow, under the guidance of both its parents, was trying to acquire the use of its wings. A slight wind was blowing towards the spectators, and the poor little bird, in its weak attempt to fly, was, to the evident consternation of its parents, carried straight into the laps of the inner ring of spectators, one of whom caught it gently in his hand and held it.

When taken hold of the young bird gave two or three chirps or calls for help, and the old birds flew to within a few feet of the ring of spectators, and, alighting on the grass in front of them all, began to "beg" for the young bird in the most touching and beseeching manner. This they did by lowering their heads and making the peculiar flutter of the wings by which young birds beg for food from the old ones. This singularly touching appeal moved the hearts of many in the crowd, who called out, "Look! look at the old birds!" — "Don't hurt the young bird!" — "Give it back to them," etc. The anxiety and the boldness of the old birds and their humble beseeching for the young was so evident as to come home to the hearts of these somewhat rough spectators.

My own feeling certainly was that I could not have believed that a pair of sparrows could possibly have "begged" with such touching humility and tenderness for the safety of the young bird. Their manner clearly displayed their sense of their own want of power to help the object of their affection, they therefore prayed for mercy in their own way, and with so much feeling, as to excite the full sympathy of the crowd looking on, and to make them, for the time, forget the game of cricket they had come there to see. C. R.

Bristol, August 17.

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LOVE AND LOSS.

I.

DARK SPRING.

Now the mavis and the merle
  Lavish their full hearts in song,
Peach and almond boughs unfurl
  White and purple bloom along
A blue burning air,
And all is very fair.
But ah! the silence and the sorrow!
I may not borrow
Any anodyne for grief
From the joy of flower or leaf,
No healing to allay my pain
From the cool of air and rain;
Every sweet sound grew still,
Every fair color pale,
When his life began to wane;
They may never live again!
A child's voice and visage will
Ever more about me fail.
Ah! the silence and the sorrow!
Now my listless feet will go
Laboring ever as in snow:
Though the year with glowing wine
Fill the living veins of vine;
Though the glossy fig may swell,
And Night hear her Philomel;
Though the sweet lemon blossom breathe,
And fair Sun his falchion wreathe
With crimson roses at his foot,
All is desolate and mute;
Dark to-day, and dark to-morrow,
Ah! the silence and the sorrow!

II.

ONLY A LITTLE CHILD.

A Voice.
Only a little child!
  Stone cold upon a bed!
Is it for him you wail so wild,
As though the very world were dead?
    Arise, arise!
  Threaten not the tranquil skies!

Do not all things die?
  'Tis but a faded flower!
Dear lives exhale perpetually
  With every fleeting hour.
Rachael forever weeps her little ones;
Forever Rizpah mourneth her slain sons.
    Arise, arise!
  Threaten not the tranquil skies!

Only a little child!
  Long generations pass.
Behold them flash a moment wild
  With stormlight, a pale headlong mass
Of foam, into unfathomable gloom!
Worlds and shed leaves have all one doom.
    Arise, arise!
  Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Should earth's tremendous shade
  Spare only you and yours?
Who regardeth empires fade
  Untroubled, who impassive pours
Human joy, a mere spilt water,
Revels red with human slaughter!
    Arise, arise!
  Threaten not the tranquil skies.

Another Voice.
. . . Only a little child!
  He was the world to me.
Pierced to the heart, insane, defiled,
  All holiest hope! foul mockery,
Childhood's innocent mirth and rest.
    There is no God;
  The earth is virtue's funeral sod!

Another Voice.
Only a little child!
  Ah! then, who brought him here?
Who made him loving, fair, and mild,
  And to your soul so dear?
His lowly spirit seemed divine,
Burning in a heavenly shrine.
    Arise, arise!
With pardon for the tranquil skies.

Only a little child!
  Who sleeps upon God's heart!
Jesus blessed our undefiled,
  Whom no power avails to part
From the life of him who died
And liveth, whatsoe'er betide!
    Whose are eyes
Tranquiller than starlit skies?

Only a little child!
  For whom all things are;
Spring and summer, winter wild,
  Sea and earth, and every star,
Time, the void, pleasure and pain,
  Hell and heaven, loss and gain.
Life and death are his, and he
Rests in God's eternity.
    Arise, arise!
Love is holy, true, and wise,
Mirrored in the tranquil skies.

III.

SLEEP.

Airily the leaves are playing
  In blue summer light;
Fugitive soft shadow laying
  Lovingly o'er marble white,
    Where he lies asleep.

Lilies of the valley bending
  Lowly bells amid the green;
Sweet moss-roses meekly lending
  Their soft beauty to the scene
    Of his quiet sleep.

All around him heather glowing
  Purple in the sun;
Sound of bees and bird o'erflowing
  Lull my lost, my little one,
    Lying there asleep.

Harsher sight or sound be banished,
  For my child is gone to rest;
These are telling of my vanished
  In the language of the blest,
    Wake him not from sleep!

Good Words. RODEN NOEL.

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From The Contemporary Review.

WHAT IS GOING ON AT THE VATICAN.

A VOICE FROM ROME.

THE object of the present article is to set forth as clearly and distinctly as lies in the writer's power the attempts which are now being made, or have been already made by the present pontiff, Leo XIII., to reconcile the interests of the Catholic Church with the peace of civil governments.

I.

IN entering on this task prominence must first be given to a fact which has exercised great influence on the events to be afterwards recorded. That fact was the death, at the commencement of the present year, of King Victor Emmanuel. The decease of the monarch occasioned such universal mourning, and provoked such demonstrations of affection and loyalty, on the part of the entire Italian population, that the Vatican itself was startled by the spectacle. The event had not only given fresh vigor to the faith in nationality, it had also to a certain extent revealed the deeper traditions and instincts of the national religion. The great liberal party, imposing silence on the materialists and freethinkers, hung all the churches with tricolor flags, and the foremost actors in the great national revolution thronged all the cathedrals and there paid the tribute of religious rites to the departed sovereign, already invested with an almost legendary halo. The impression created by the monarch's death had sunk deep into the minds of the people, when the death of Pius IX., so long expected and more than once even prematurely announced, at last took place. The contrast between the national mourning exhibited for King Victor Emmanuel and the general indifference shown on the decease of Pius IX. was too clear and unmistakable not to suggest very awkward conclusions. It is scarcely an exaggeration to affirm that the contrast thus presented served as a crucial test to the great body of Italian Catholics. From that day illusions were more rapidly dispelled, and, just as if a mist had cleared away, the political relations between the Vatican and the Italian State stood forth in their real and sharp outlines.

Whatever views might have been previously entertained by the foreign members of the Sacred College, it is quite certain that on entering the Vatican they found a strong current of opinion for which they were totally unprepared. Cardinal Manning may, amongst his own English partisans and admirers, affirm and reaffirm that he never urged upon his brethren of the Sacred College the expediency of holding the conclave beyond the bounds of Italy. Such declarations will not cancel the fact that the representations made by him to his brother cardinals during the conclave could only at the time lead to the inference that, in the attempt to transfer the sittings of the conclave to Malta, or some other place not subject to the Italian crown, he was putting forth a zeal not inferior to that displayed by him in the cause of papal infallibility. No sooner, however, had the majority of the cardinals reached Rome than it became evident that on one most important point their decision might clearly be foreseen. They were quite resolved not to elect a foreigner to the papal throne, and equally determined not to elect an Ultramontane backed notoriously by foreign influence. Of the previous existence of this moderate and Italian party in the Sacred College no doubt had been entertained. But the precise strength of its convictions, the character of its organization, the nature of its leadership, if it possessed a regular and recognized leader, were all points which were involved in great obscurity. Through the mist, however, it was not difficult to discern how strongly and in what direction the current ran, and from what quarter the wind blew. A thousand little facts, each in itself insignificant, but collectively all-important, served to make known the true state of matters. From many a mouth proceeded the remark that the demonstrations of affection and reverence offered, not only by the Italian people, but by all civilized States, to the memory of King Victor Emmanuel, ought to have the effect of at last opening men's eyes. In other quarters it was observed that the

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principles of free government and national unity had evidently struck such deep root that it was quite idle to continue any longer dreaming about a restoration of the pope's temporal power. Italy, it was affirmed, had recorded a second and more impressive plebiscite in favor of the house of Savoy. And then profound regret was expressed at the fact that so important a figure in the annals of the papacy as that of Pius IX. should have passed away without exciting in the minds of the deceased pontiff's fellow-countrymen similar feelings of affection and of grief. When the causes of this contrast were brought to light and freely canvassed, there were found not a few highly honored and influential prelates who deplored the eccentricities and follies of Pius IX., as having been the occasion of so much mischief. The general indifference manifested on Pius IX.'s death found, it was said, its simple and natural explanation in those eccentricities, which had alienated from the Holy See the great mass of the Italian people. At the very moment when the crowd, drawn by curiosity, was thronging St. Peter's for the purpose of beholding the pontiff's corpse, many a sharp censure was to be heard in the halls of the Vatican, where from this or from the other high ecclesiastic the words proceeded, "There must be a change of system, otherwise who can tell how it will all end?" In many well-known clerical houses a frank tribute of admiration was paid to the conduct of the government and to the bearing of the troops, as shown in the admirable order maintained at such a critical moment throughout the whole city. Not that there were wanting furious fanatics who at once took the alarm on hearing such language as the above, and determined to band themselves more closely together to prevent the great danger of a moderate pope.

II.

In the very first meetings of the conclave, I repeat, it was quite evident that the Ultramontane cardinals had no chance of success. Cardinal Joachin Pecci, one of the most learned members of the Sacred College, who was an object of profound aversion to Cardinal Antonelli, and was systematically kept for many years at a distance from Rome, had shortly before been appointed cardinal camarlengo. It is just possible that Pius IX., in conferring on him that office, took it for granted that, in accordance with the usual custom of the Sacred College, the cardinal camarlengo would be virtually excluded from the list of candidates for the tiara. But the first consequence of the nomination was that Cardinal Pecci, during his brief tenure of office as camarlengo, had the opportunity of bringing into prominence his character and opinions. There was formed at once without as well as within the walls of the Vatican a current of opinion favorable to Cardinal Pecci, who was pronounced to be averse to flattery, and to the feminine gossip and jealousies by which Pius IX. was unhappily too much characterized. Cardinal Pecci was considered hostile to the Jesuits, and it was reported to be his intention to make a clean sweep of the manifold abuses and corruptions of the Vatican. Future historical critics will doubtless display much acumen in bringing to light the alleged tangled web of native intrigues or foreign influence resulting in the election of Joachin Pecci to the papal chair. I unhesitatingly affirm, on the contrary, that his election was brought about by the force of public opinion, which it is not too much to say had never previously in the annals of the papacy been exerted so freely and so fully, not in Rome alone, but throughout the whole of Italy. Not an hour passed in which there were not transmitted by telegraph to all parts of the world the most minute details respecting this great event in the history of the Church, so far as they could possibly be known; and on all these details the press lavished its comments. It was utterly impossible for the cardinals themselves to keep aloof from, or remain indifferent to, these manifestations of public opinion. The current in favor of moderate courses was strong and undeniable. As it flowed into the Sacred College it found itself encountered and arrested by several groups of schemers, bent on objects which it would be difficult to regard as compatible either with the welfare of civilized States or the good of the

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Catholic Church. There was wanting, however, for this current of opinions favorable to a moderate policy a clear and definite expression. On the first division a considerable number of votes were given in favor of Cardinal Pecci. Then all doubts and hesitations vanished. Even Cardinal Franchi, who wielded so much influence in the Sacred College, bowed down before the clear expression of public opinion. What followed with such rapidity must be ascribed to the good sense and tact of the cardinals, who perceived that a prolonged opposition would only result either in the defeat of Cardinal Pecci's reactionary opponents, or in the humiliating and perilous spectacle of an open division amongst the rulers of the Catholic Church. The triumph of Cardinal Pecci was hailed everywhere throughout Italy as a national triumph, and this for the special reason that his election had been imposed on his brother cardinals by Italian public opinion. For Cardinal Manning, who, if he had not actually put forward direct pretensions to the vacant chair of St. Peter, certainly did nothing to discourage the efforts made by his devoted partisans and admirers to represent him as the member of the Sacred College best fitted to fill so high an office, — for a cardinal of this stamp it must have been no slight humiliation to find himself compelled to bow down with all apparent reverence before a pope the known enemy of those very Jesuits whom his Eminence of Westminster holds in such honor. It is to be hoped that the severe lesson thus received will have the effect of opening, however late, Cardinal Manning's eyes to the existence of a fact which he has hitherto seemed resolved most obstinately to ignore. The fact is this, that the Roman Curia is essentially Italian. No phenomenon in the administration of the Roman Catholic Church is more remarkable than the skill with which the Italian ecclesiastics constantly residing in Rome, though in most cases far inferior to their foreign brethren in talent, in learning, and in moral character, continue to turn to account the influence in foreign countries of those very brethren for the firmer consolidation of their own power at the papal court. Foreign ecclesiastics have soon an opportunity of learning the extreme limit of gratitude felt in the Vatican. One of these may, after the fashion of Cardinal Manning, create a widespread agitation in favor of such a dogma as the personal infallibility; he may squeeze out, from the hoards of the rich or the hard-won earnings of the poor, millions to be laid as Peter's pence at the feet of the pontiff; he may effect in the interests of Rome the conversion of his Grace the duke of this, and the most noble the marquis of that, and assure his spiritual chief that their conversion only precedes the "going over" of entire towns and counties; he may do all this, and he will have his reward in the possession of a red hat, and the consequent social distinction which his exalted rank in the Church will secure to him in his native country amongst all the members of his own communion. But if he dreams for a single moment that with the acquisition of such honors he has gained the power of influencing at the Vatican the councils of the Church, he will very soon make the unpleasant discovery that he has been reckoning without his host. All the talent and energy which he has been exerting, and successfully exerting, at home, for the interests of his Church, will be found utterly powerless the moment that he seeks to employ them in making the slightest impression on that obstinate, ignorant, yet most practically vulpine element in the Roman Curia which is so thoroughly Italian — nay, more, so thoroughly Roman. This is a characteristic of the Roman Catholic Church which deserves far more attention than it commonly receives; and, paradoxical as the assertion may at the first glance appear, it is not the less true that exactly in proportion to the increased predominance of this exclusively Roman influence in the Curia, the congregations of cardinals, and the foreign *nuntiatores*, there is an increased willingness on the part of the foreign dignitaries of the Roman Catholic communion to prostrate themselves in abject submission before the will of the Vatican. No better example of this intense selfishness of a local caste, if I may so term it, can be found than is furnished by the whole story of the proceed-

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ings respecting the Vatican Council. Cardinal Manning may pride himself on having been made the agent of the Jesuits, and on having tickled and gratified the puerile vanity of Pius IX. Let him calmly cast up the account, and ask himself what addition has thereby accrued to his previous influence with the Roman Curia. Many a humble monk who repairs to the Vatican, as one of the members of a deputation, has within its walls more real and substantial influence, as regards the government of the Church, than this unwearied servant of Rome, who appears to me, at this distance, to be eternally flaunting his scarlet honors, one day in the drawing-room of the noble, and the next at a meeting of the working classes, and who seems consumed by his feverish zeal to effect the conversion of the entire United Kingdom.

III.

THE first speech delivered by the new pontiff was a mistake, occasioned by the desire to let the world know in what account he held certain acts of his predecessor. Pius IX. had by degrees succeeded in surrounding the papal chair with flatterers or fanatics — men whose flatteries and whose fanaticism were equally hurtful to the true interests of the Church. The cardinals who owed their elevation to Gregory XVI. had dwindled down to a very small number, and the majority of those created by Pius IX. were persons who had only been allowed to enter the Sacred College because they held, or at least expressed, the opinion, that in the government of the Church the pope was everything, and the Sacred College a body of small account. Leo XIII., who as cardinal had only too many opportunities of learning in what slight esteem Pius IX. held the Sacred College, determined to open his new papal career by an act not more generous than imprudent. In the very first words which he uttered he restored to the Sacred College its authority. The imprudence of the act soon became apparent. The new pope handed over to the creatures of Pius IX. the government of the Church. He was made aware of the full extent of his error the very moment he began his attempts to reform the papal court.

There is no exaggeration in the statement that amongst all the high functionaries whom he found in the Vatican, not a single one possessed his confidence. The necessity in which he found himself of having persons about him whom he could trust, was the sole reason for his speedily installing in the Vatican his brother, the ex-Jesuit Don Giuseppe Pecci, and several of the able and learned churchmen who for some years had always been nearest his person in his diocese of Perugia. Leo XIII., in the invitation given to his brother to take up his residence with him in the Vatican, virtually gave a *soufflet moral* to the Jesuits. Don Giuseppe, who thirty years before had been compelled to leave the order of Loyola in consequence of his refusal to teach certain philosophical doctrines regarded by the Jesuits as the highest forms of ethical science, and who, from his first connection with the body, had always remained on terms of intimate friendship with Father Curci, was entrusted by his brother, the pope, with the task of treating confidentially several delicate matters. He and Monsignor Raffaele Boccali, private chamberlain of the pope, are the two individuals to whom Leo XIII. accords, beyond all others, his personal confidence. Monsignor Boccali is a person of great intelligence, and though keenly alive to the interests, is singularly free from the prejudices, of his order. He is the constant companion of the pope during his early morning walks in the Vatican garden, is present at the public audiences given by his Holiness, converses with the pope during dinner, and is almost always invited to pass the evening in the pope's company.

The most important of all the appointments which it became the duty of the new pope to make was that of the cardinal secretary of state. It was impossible that Cardinal Simeoni, the successor of Cardinal Antonelli, should continue to fill the post. During his short tenure of office, Cardinal Simeoni had betrayed a deplorable incapacity for business, had acted only as the blind tool of the Ultramontane irreconcilables, and could not, without the loss of all personal consistency and moral influence, attempt to hold language or advocate a policy at variance with the language and policy to which he was publicly committed. Leo XIII. was subjected to a hard trial. With the exception of Cardinal Franchi, he could not find in the Sacred College a churchman at once able and willing to undertake the duties. Those members to whom he first addressed himself, and whom he certainly would have preferred, declined for various reasons to accept so heavy a responsibility. His Holiness was thus prevented from availing himself of the services of Cardinal Mertel, Cardinal di Pietro, and Cardinal de Luca. Cardinal Franchi was not a man after the pope's

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heart. He knew that Franchi was an apt pupil of the Antonelli school — one ever ready to lavish smooth words and delusive promises, and ever striving, in the old Antonelli fashion (not quite the apostolic one), to be all things to all men. The pope had, on one occasion, summed up his estimate of Cardinal Franchi in the words, "*Le cardinal Franchi est franc par mœurs et faux par caractère.*" Nor was Cardinal Franchi at all ignorant of the exact estimate formed respecting him by his Holiness. Such a judgment on the part of the pope, and the perfect knowledge of that judgment on the part of his Eminence, might not suggest the most favorable prospects for the relations between Leo XIII. and his new secretary of state. But the pope well knew that Cardinal Franchi was at least pliable, and that he would create no great difficulties when the pope should enter on his cherished task of pacification — that task over which his mind had for long years been brooding. The long-cherished and supreme ambition of Leo XIII. may be described in a single sentence — it aims at putting and leaving the Church in relations of friendship and peace with all civilized States. Cardinal Franchi accepted — not, however, without considerable hesitation — the office of cardinal secretary of state, transferring to Cardinal Simeoni the very important and influential post which he previously held, that of prefect of the College de Propaganda Fide. Cardinal Franchi — it is due to his memory that the statement be made without any reservation — soon entered into all the views and plans of the pontiff, and initiated, alike with Catholic and non-Catholic States, a policy widely different from that pursued by Pius IX. But not the less did, and do, obstacles to the success of Leo XIII.'s views constantly spring up within the bosom of the Sacred College.

The cardinals, reinvested with their authority, carry on against the pontiff a passive opposition which is a constant cause of serious annoyance to his Holiness. Nor does there seem any other feasible method of extrication from this inconvenience than the nomination of as many new cardinals as will support the party of the pontiff in the Sacred College. At present the pope is greatly dissatisfied with the bearing of several nuncios, especially with that of Monsignor Meglia at Paris, and Monsignor Jacobini at Vienna. But should he remove them from their present posts he would be obliged by the traditions of the Curia to confer on them red hats, and by that act would add to the Sacred College two other members hostile to his views. To select new cardinals from amongst the prelates is attended with inconveniences almost as serious, for Pius IX. has certainly not left in the *prelatura* the means of an easy selection if the ecclesiastic to be chosen is to possess even average intelligence and erudition. Unless the pope shall find the courage to disentangle himself from the old traditions, and select his cardinals outside of the *prelatura*, no reforms, either religious or political, in the condition of the Church will ever be effected.

IV.

THE pastoral letters published at various periods by the pope when Bishop of Perugia attest the cultured tone of his mind, and his constant and unvarying desire to reconcile the interests of the Church with those of civilization. His constant effort is to demonstrate that every form of civil progress can only be facilitated by the more general extension of the Catholic faith. It is curious to see how the same pastoral letters which have furnished to so liberal a thinker and politician as Ruggero Bonghi the means of setting forth Leo XIII.'s enlightened policy have been ransacked, from the first page to the last, by clerical journalists, for the purpose of finding in the same the mere repetition of Pius IX.'s invectives and tirades. But however much the Ultramontane party may exert itself in order to demonstrate that Leo XIII. is following, and will follow in all respects, the policy of his predecessor, a single fact proves that the fears of the party point in a different direction. With the view of rendering the pope alive to the indignation of that party, no scruple has been felt in impressing upon him that the sensible diminution in the amount of the Peter's pence offerings is due to his own liberal attitude. The ability of Pius IX. in extracting money from the pockets of the faithful was truly marvellous. But if the Peter's pence no longer flow into the papal treasury in so full a stream the cause must be sought elsewhere than in the reasons given by the reactionaries. The numerous pilgrimages organized by the Catholic committees in all parts of the civilized world may have had the effect of gratifying the vanity of Pius IX., but they had likewise another effect, that of opening the eyes of not a few pilgrims to the falseness of the alleged hardships suffered by the late pontiff in his durance vile. Whilst in foreign countries bishops were sending off pastoral letters, and thousands

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of parish priests were preaching in their churches to ignorant and fanatical congregations, on the state of wretched poverty to which the supreme head of the Catholic Church was reduced by his persecutors, and whilst priestly agitators were holding up before the eyes of their dupes the very straws taken from the pallet of the august prisoner, the thousands of pilgrims who laid their money at the feet of the pontiff had occasion to observe a very different spectacle. On their arrival in Rome they beheld King Victor Emmanuel driving quietly about, everywhere reverentially greeted by the people, his modest landau almost unnoticed amongst the splendid equipages of the Roman princes. And when they repaired to the Vatican they were suddenly dazzled by the magnificence of the marble halls, thronged by Swiss Guards, Noble Guards, papal *gendarmes*, Palatine Guards, papal chamberlains, prelates, monsignors, and cardinals, in all their full-blown magnificence. Traversing the long array of these gilded satellites of the great central orb, they drew near, awe-struck and bewildered, to the steps of the throne on which the supreme pontiff was seated, amidst the gorgeous splendors of his Byzantine court. If after gazing on the rubicund and jovial countenance of his Holiness, they cast furtive glances round the hall, in the hope of discovering iron gratings across the windows, or perchance, in some corner of the audience hall, the straw mattress, they were doomed to be cruelly disappointed in the search. The tone of their narratives, on returning to their own homes, must, there is some reason to presume, have had a share in fostering the belief which, during the last two or three years before Pius IX.'s decease, was in all Catholic countries every day becoming stronger, that the august prisoner was not so badly treated after all. No truth has been more clearly established in the long annals of political and religious revolutions than this, that a cause can scarcely ever be supported in the long run by mere voluntary offerings. Religious zeal, unless it be very sincere, very fervid, and very constant, will not stand this test. The Catholics, who have for so long a time made such sacrifices to swell the Peter's pence fund, cannot be blamed if they form no exception to this rule ; and if for them, too, the time has come when they are more niggardly in voting the supplies. Some of the largest contributors have put forward excuses sufficiently logical and rational for drawing close their purse-strings. No excuse has been more frequently alleged than the state of matters in the higher clerical circles of Rome, as revealed by the Antonelli-Lambertini lawsuit. The writer is personally acquainted with several wealthy Catholics, who, after having subscribed liberally for several years to the Peter's pence fund, stopped short, and refused to give another farthing, declaring that they saw no reason why they should curtail the comforts, or prevent the indulgence of the lawful and graceful tastes, of their own families, merely to see their gifts made the subject of public bickerings between the illegitimate children and the legal heirs of a cardinal secretary of state. That the enthusiasm has considerably cooled down, is proved by the following fact. Almost immediately after the election of Leo XIII., a deputation of the Lyons Catholics announced to the holy father that the *Défense Catholique* had opened a subscription with the view of presenting to the new pope a golden tiara of the value of a million francs. "I beg you to do nothing of the kind," was the pope's answer. "I have already four tiaras, and they are more than I want. What the Church wants is the pecuniary means for its own support, not tiaras for the pope." The idea of the tiara was given up; that, however, of the subscription for a million of francs was retained. Well, the melancholy result has been, that up to the present moment, the Lyons subscription does not exceed the amount of a very few thousand francs! When the Peter's pence fund was under the absolute control of Cardinal Antonelli everybody was in the dark about both receipts and payments. But money never ceased to come in, and Pius IX. spent it freely. After Cardinal Antonelli's death, one of the first acts of his successor, Cardinal Simeoni, was to institute a special Peter's pence commission, and the sum then in the papal coffers was converted into foreign securities. These do not yield annually more than twelve hundred and fifty thousand francs, while the annual expense of the whole papal administration is seven million francs. As the holy see refused to accept the annual income of three million two hundred thousand francs, settled on the pope by the Italian Parliament when it voted the law of the papal guarantees, the Vatican has constantly to meet a large annual deficit, and this can only be done by unceasing efforts to get new subscriptions. With the view of counteracting the peculation by which so many of the local Catholic committees have been disgraced,

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the pope has instituted very recently a new system of collection, by which it is hoped that the financial interests of the Vatican may be more effectually secured. It is matter of public notoriety that there are many priests who have bought estates and built mansions, solely through dexterous manipulation of the Peter's pence fund, the subscriptions to which are not always divided in the regular and undisguised fashion practised by the founder, Don Margotti of Turin, who, as all the world knows, gets his regular legal percentage. We are unable to affirm whether under the new system introduced by the holy see the zeal of the collectors and agents of the Peter's pence fund will remain the same.

v.

MUCH has been written about the celebrated retractation of the Jesuit Father Curci. Before entering on this subject it may be as well to bring out in full relief a little circumstance which deserves to be made known for the light which it throws on the relations between Cardinal Manning and Father Curci. Curci had formed the acquaintance of the cardinal in Rome, and had been on terms of much intimacy with him. In the summer of 1874, when Father Curci became for the first time the object of suspicion and censure at the Vatican on account of his "*Ragione dell' Opera*," prefixed to his commentary on the four Gospels, he was informed that Archbishop Manning was on the point of visiting Rome. Curci wrote to him requesting that he might be informed of the date of his arrival in Florence, as he had matters of some importance to discuss with him. Father Curci did not cherish the hope of enlisting Monsignor Manning on his side, but he believed it possible that his influence might be usefully exerted in the attempt to reform the factious and corrupt state of the Vatican. Monsignor Manning, on reaching Florence, repaired to the convent of Santa Felicita, where Father Curci was then residing. Father Curci placed in Monsignor Manning's hands the first volume of his commentary, with the special request that he would peruse with more than common attention the "*Ragione dell' Opera.*" When the Jesuit returned Monsignor Manning's visit at the Hôtel de l'Arno, he received from the English ecclesiastic the strongest assurances that he completely shared and approved of the views propounded. Monsignor Manning, in fact, evinced his complete and most cordial concurrence in all the views put forth subsequently by Father Curci in his now celebrated pamphlet "*Il Moderno Dissidio.*" Monsignor Manning left Father Curci with the distinct promise that on reaching Rome he would urge on Pius IX. the acceptance of the truths enounced in the Jesuit's work. He must, however, have been singularly unsuccessful in his mode of recommending to the holy father the cause which he had undertaken to defend, for the effect of his communications to Pius IX. was the creation of a feeling of fierce indignation in the pontiff's mind against the Jesuit, who was henceforth regarded by his Holiness as a traitor to the interests of the papacy. It was not until Leo XIII. gave his mind to a calm and impartial review of the relations between his predecessor and the Jesuit, that Father Curci again received permission to cross the threshold of the Vatican. The true facts of this Curci episode are the following. Father Curci was summoned to Rome by a letter from Cardinal Franchi, in which the cardinal secretary of state informed him that the holy father, desiring to put an end to the violent controversy occasioned by the relations between the Jesuit and the late pontiff, requested the father to repair to Rome in order to have the whole matter thoroughly sifted. Curci at once complied with a request equivalent to a command, and reached Rome on Easter eve. In the interview which he had immediately after his arrival with the cardinal secretary of state, he set forth his opinions with all fulness. Expressing his profound regret at having done anything which might have seemed disrespectful to the person of Pius IX., he expressed his readiness to accept the counsels and commands of the head of the Church. But he strongly insisted on the fact that his work "*Il Moderno Dissidio*" contained nothing at variance with the doctrines of the Church, and explained the reasons why he had refused to subscribe a retractation in the form required by Pius IX. In the retractation exacted by Pius IX. he had been required to recognize as fundamental doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church: —

1st. The speedy re-establishment of the temporal power of the popes.
2nd. The duty of all sincere Catholics to abstain from political elections.
3rd. The impossibility of co-existence for the papacy and the kingdom of Italy.

"These propositions," said Father Curci, "I am resolved not to subscribe, and rather than do so, I am ready to be

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cut to pieces. It is high time to recognize the fact that Italian unity cannot be broken up, for whatever may be the form of government destined to rule the country, the nation will not consent to be again divided into different fractions. Such being the undoubted state of matters, the duty of all Catholics is to come forward and play their part in political life, unless they are content to see morality and religion go to the dogs."

Cardinal Franchi hastened to assure Father Curci that no intention existed of asking him to subscribe any retractation in the form required by Pius IX. And when Father Cruci expressed the wish that the treatment of these delicate matters might, considering the numerous and weighty avocations of the cardinal secretary of state, be confided by his Holiness to some person of known impartiality and with sufficient time at his command, Leo XIII. met the wish of the Jesuit by entrusting to his own brother, Don Giuseppe, the task in question. None the less, however, Father Curci had repeated interviews with Cardinal Franchi, to whom he imparted freely his opinions on the condition of the Church and on its relations with the government of Italy.

In one of these conversations, which turned on the occupation of Rome, Father Curci expressed himself in the following terms: "I, who am in the habit of discerning in the course of all human affairs the hand of Providence, believe the occupation of Rome to have been a truly providential event. The Church stood in need of a great humiliation; it has not even now been sufficiently humbled. The Church should reflect, as in a clear mirror, virtue, truth, and morality. What has actually happened? Thanks to this occupation, we see in the Quirinal a young king who, by the admission of the whole world, is sincere, upright, and desirous to do good. We see a young queen universally beloved and honored for her spotless character. And it is impossible to doubt that these high examples must produce the most beneficial influence on the social life, not of the court alone, but of the whole of Italy. It is impossible to estimate the good effect that may flow from such high examples. But the example thus given by a temporal ought to create emulation in a spiritual court. I believe therefore that Providence has brought things about, in order that the court of the Vatican might receive a motive and an impulse to enter on a rivalry of virtue with the court of the Quirinal."

Father Curci, in another conversation, sought to demonstrate the propriety of Leo XIII. no longer remaining like Pius IX. shut up in the Vatican. "Fanatics," he observed, "need not have recourse to poison in order to get rid of an obnoxious pope, after the fashion practised with Leo XII. It will be quite enough for such fanatics to maintain in full force the absurd fiction of the imprisonment. The valley of the Vatican, as you know, was always regarded as quite lethal during the height of summer, — a fact sufficiently proved by the circumstance that in the beginning of July all who have it in their power to do so leave the place. A small seminary attached to the Vatican has always at that season transferred the pupils to another building in a healthier situation in the city. The popes always spent those unhealthy months in the Quirinal Palace, except when they went, as was so often the case with Pius IX., to Castel Galdolfo. If Pius IX. was able to spend without serious injury the last seven years of his life in the Vatican, this must be ascribed partly to his strong constitution, partly to his being the native of a low and level district, and partly to his having during the previous twenty-four years become acclimatized to the Vatican air. But Leo XIII., born in a mountainous district, accustomed to live for the last thirty-two years in a mountainous district, — his diocese of Perugia, — and possessing a somewhat delicate constitution, cannot long remain with impunity in the Vatican."

To these remarks Father Curci received from the cardinal secretary of state the significant answer, "A pope, we are told, ought to be ready to offer up even his life for the Church."

The blood rushed up to the Jesuit's forehead, and the tones of his voice rose so high that the three other persons present at the interview could hear every accent ringing through the room as he rejoined: "Certainly, for the Church; and if such a sacrifice were made for the true interests of the Church, the pope would be venerated as a martyr; but not for the freaks of Don Margotti and of the *Civiltà Cattolica*. A sacrifice made in obedience to such prompting would still justify our compassion for one thus deceived, but justify still more our perfect right to designate those who thus counselled him as traitors or as fools (*lo compatiremmo come ingannato e qualificheremmo per imbecile o traditore chi glielo avesse consigliato*)."

Don Giuseppe Pecci, in obedience to his brother's command, entered into com-

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munication with Father Curci, with the view of bringing about a solution of the question that so much engrossed the pope's mind. Don Giuseppe Pecci frankly declared to the ex-Jesuit that his brother, being desirous of effecting an amicable settlement of the point at issue, would view with favor such a compromise as, without wounding the self-respect or the conscientious scruples of the father, might enable the pontiff, in a way not disrespectful to the memory of his predecessor, to receive the author of "*Il Moderno Dissidio*" in the Vatican. Thereupon Father Curci drew up in his own handwriting a retractation which, on being submitted to the pope, received from his Holiness certain modifications, these modifications being framed in terms even more favorable to Father Curci than the original document. Matters having reached this stage, Father Curci, who, during his stay in Rome had discussed freely those controverted matters with several of the most distinguished dignitaries of the Church, expressed the desire to live for some time in strict seclusion, and an arrangement was made for his taking up his residence in the convent of Grottaferrata. Cardinal Nina, the official protector of the convent, gave his complete sanction to the arrangement, and the precise cell to be occupied by the ex-Jesuit had been chosen. But the father, when on the point of starting for the convent, was informed that in consequence of the strong pressure put by certain influential persons on the superior of the convent, the last named person found himself under the necessity of refusing the hospitality which he had already consented to grant. The indignation of Leo XIII. on learning these facts was extreme, and an intimation was conveyed directly from the Vatican to the Jesuit fathers of Mondragone, — because it was by them that pressure had been put upon the superior of Grottaferrata, — that if it was not convenient for them to receive the father at the convent, it was quite convenient for his Holiness to receive him in the Vatican. On the same day Father Curci began to occupy the apartment assigned to him in the Vatican, where he remained for a week.

During the eight days of Father Curci's stay in the Vatican the Jesuit had several interviews with Leo XIII., though not without some difficulty, thanks to Ultramontane influence. More than once the position of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminister in the Church formed the subject of their conversation. The talk turned at first on the negotiations which, during the pontificate of Pius IX., had been carried on for the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland. Pius IX., with his marvellous love of gossip, was always pleased to hear Monsignor Manning glorify the revolution effected by him in the position of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, and contrast the days when Cardinal Wiseman was hooted and hissed by the ragged boys of Golden Square, with the happier times in which Cardinal Manning now found himself, on all public occasions encircled with the social respect and honor paid to the official representatives of foreign powers. It was a battledore and shuttlecock game of mutual flattery — Monsignor Manning ascribing all the merit of this happy change to the venerable pontiff, and the venerable pontiff tracing it solely to the apostolic zeal of Monsignor Manning. Amongst the vast plans submitted by Monsignor Manning to Pius IX. were some which naturally engaged the attention of Pius IX.'s successor. One of these plans, the passing *en masse* of large bodies of Ritualistic clergymen from the Church of England to that of Rome, formed the subject of consultation between Leo XIII. and Father Curci. It appears that in an audience granted to him by Pius IX., his Eminence of Westminster drew forth from his pocket a string of names longer than Leporello's famous catalogue of Don Giovanni's fair victims, alleged to be the roll of the Ritualistic clergymen who had secretly pledged themselves to "go over." Many of these Ritualistic clergymen are husbands and fathers, and the chief difficulty lies in these conjugal and paternal relations. Leo XIII. broached this aspect of the question in his conversations with Father Curci, and asked him jokingly what ought to be done. "Why," said the ex-Jesuit, pulling up his collar, as he is in the habit of doing when somewhat at a loss for an answer, "I would wink at the wives and children if the husbands and fathers came over. But," added the wary father, who evidently feared that his Holiness, on the representation of Monsignor Manning, might be betrayed into the commercial operation more idiomatically than elegantly described as that of "buying a pig in a poke," — "I should like first to feel quite sure that your Holiness is really to have such a grand haul."

The pope and the ex-Jesuit parted on the best of terms.

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VI.

THE statement has frequently been made that the Vatican feels great alarm at the multiplication of the various religious sects now going on in Rome, and more especially at the increase of Protestant churches. Pope Leo XIII. has very recently renewed, in the letter addressed by him to Cardinal Nina, the protests, the complaints, and the warnings on the same subject so often heard from the lips of Pius IX. By both popes this state of matters has been denounced as an outrage on the Church. That the Vatican really feels the degree of alarm which it exhibits may perhaps be doubted. Any one possessing a thorough acquaintance with the character of Italy and of the Italians will very soon be led to form the opinion that, of the vast sums expended by philanthropic and religious Englishmen to bring over the natives of foreign countries to sounder views of religious truth, scarcely any are so irrationally and so recklessly misspent as those lavished in Italy. If the word Protestant could be accepted as the synonym of anti-papal, the people of Italy are at the present moment the most Protestant nation in the world. This, however, is a subject the proper treatment of which would require, not the limits of an article, but of a volume. But, while making the assertion, it must at once be added that the revival of a deep and true religious faith in Italy is not likely to be produced by the spectacle of rival sects, each claiming to be the sole legitimate representative of Protestantism, and bickering and wrangling amongst themselves with far greater pertinacity and energy than they ever manifest against those whom it must be presumed they regard as the common foe.

The views put forward in "*Il Moderno Dissidio*" on the present state of religious opinion in Italy constitute an important part of Father Curci's work. Those views had perhaps the greatest share in creating so general an interest in the volume, for it would be idle to deny that on this point especially the influence of the ex-Jesuit's pages has been very remarkable. It is quite true that the spirit of the work was in different quarters differently judged. The present writer, who has had frequent opportunities of discussing with Father Curci the questions handled in his volume, would find himself not a little embarrassed if required to define exactly how far this or that widely diffused interpretation of Father Curci's reasonings was the more correct. There are "irreconcilables" in the papacy who, no matter what the ex-Jesuit may say in behalf of the interests of the Catholic Church and the holy see, do not the less launch their furious invectives at his head, simply because from their point of view every Catholic who is not willing to go all lengths for the restoration of the pope's temporal power is a renegade and a traitor. By such persons popular representation, and, as a consequence, political and administrative elections, are regarded as hurtful to the population, and are therefore by them combated *à outrance*. By other critics Father Curci's work is regarded as a Jesuitical attempt to recover the lost authority and influence of the Church. In their opinion a Catholic Italy, if voting in great numbers at the political elections, might obtain a Parliamentary majority, and by a legislative act give back to the Church that temporal authority of which it has been deprived. A Catholic majority in the nation would thus bring about a result to be vainly looked for either from a foreign invasion or a popular revolution. Whether this really be the recondite purpose of Father Curci matters very little. It is, however, quite certain that his work has been thus interpreted by not a few Catholics, who, led astray by this delusion, sham an adherence to the present order of things in Italy solely from a hope that through the expected Catholic majority the papal cause may be again triumphant.

Nor are there wanting many sincere Catholics who in perfect good faith believe that from the realization of Father Curci's plans would spring the restored authority of the Church, and that an effectual bar would be raised up to the further progress of freethinkers and materialists. These last, indeed, go even farther in their hopes, believing as they do that a reconciliation between the Church and the State would give to the first an almost unbounded power. A Church, they hold, which could count on being always backed by a great military and naval State, would possess quite exceptional powers of expansion; whilst a State which could equally count on the moral influence of a hierarchy established in every corner of the globe might bring to the development of its policy elements of force not owned by any other power. To this it is objected in some quarters that the Church would run the risk of losing its universal character. But the objectors at once receive from the persons who indulge in these utopian visions the reply that their objection would hold good if the state of things thus antic-

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ipated should have a permanent duration, whereas it is quite enough for them that a tacit reconciliation should have a temporary existence. That alone, they affirm, would give additional strength to both Church and State. These hopes may be well or ill founded, but there can be no doubt of their existence.

Such views, however, are not shared by the Conservative party, which is rapidly growing up in the midst of these complications, and which has for its political programme, not submission to the Vatican, but a moderate and conciliatory course in the treatment of ecclesiastical questions. It ought, by this time, to be clear to all impartial politicians, that a system of violent repression against the Roman Catholic Church only hastens the growth of a violent reaction in its favor. And it is fortunate for Italy that she turned a deaf ear to Prince Bismarck when he urged on her statesmen the expediency of making her laws on ecclesiastical matters the mere reflection of his own. Had Italy done so, she might have found herself reduced to the humiliation of following Prince Bismarck in his reopening of negotiations with the Vatican, and perhaps even as far as Canossa.

The demands made by Prince Bismarck showed how limited was his knowledge of the real position of the Catholic clergy in Italy. The Roman Curia is at once astute and powerful. The Italian bishops are now, for the most part, mere creatures of the Jesuits. They are utterly destitute of personal initiative, and are seldom gifted with either talent or learning. The inferior clergy are at once poor and ignorant. Widely different is the character of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy, taken as a body, in England, or France, or Germany. There we see prelates of ability, energy, and erudition, laboring with untiring zeal for the domination of their Church. In what Italian province shall we find the type of the restless and intriguing priest such as he is painted by Emile Zola in his "*Conquête de Plassans*," a type only too familiar in the provincial society both of France and England? The incumbent of a parish in a large Italian town — when his parishioners present a mixture of clericals, liberals, and old noble families — plays the part of a dexterous diplomatist on all political questions. When he can only count on an element of fanaticism, he plays the part of a fanatic. He is a liberal in the Venetian, Lombard, Genoese, and Piedmontese provinces, those in which the pope recognizes as legitimate the sovereignty of Humbert I. In the country districts he commonly reflects the views of the wealthiest among the neighboring landowners. If his squire is an out-and-out clerical, he too is an out-and-out clerical. If his squire is a decided liberal, above all if he is one who often asks his parish priest to dinner, the parish priest has extremely liberal views, and beneath the generous influence of his host's *Chianti* or *Barolo*, will keep the table in a roar by telling good stories as to the way in which the more sceptical and satirical of his parishioners are in the habit of treating the dogmas of Holy Mother Church. It is not uncommon to find the parish priest shy in speaking of politics at all, but it is very uncommon to find him preaching openly from his pulpit against the government. The parish priests, with few exceptions, are extremely ignorant, and this general state of ignorance in the working clergy is a cause of constant and unfeigned anxiety to the present pontiff.

Little progress has been made in the intellectual and moral condition of the Italian parish priest since the day when, thirty-one years ago, Pius IX., shortly after his accession, said to Massimo d'Azeglio: "You may find here and there an honest and intelligent parish priest, but taking them as a body they are mere dirt" (*fango*). It is a melancholy fact which must suggest most painful reflections to all who are really interested in the moral and religious welfare of Italy, that the parish priest generally stands in the scale of information and character below the mounted carabineer or ordinary tax-collector of his district; and no surprise need be felt if this state of matters so deeply engrosses the thoughts of Leo XIII.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BROONIE.

THINGS had gone on in this way for several weeks — if Gibbie had not been such a small creature, I hardly see how they could for so long — when one morning the men came in to breakfast all out of temper together, complaining loudly of the person unknown who would persist in interfering with their work. They were

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the louder that their suspicions fluttered about Fergus, who was rather overbearing with them, and therefore not a favorite. He was in reality not at all a likely person to bend back or defile hands over such labor, and their pitching upon him for the object of their suspicion, showed how much at a loss they were. Their only ground for suspecting him, beyond the fact that there was no other whom by any violence of imagination they could suspect, was, that, whatever else was done or left undone in the stable, Snowball, whom Fergus was fond of, and rode almost every day, was, as already mentioned, sure to have something done for him. Had he been in good odor with them, they would have thought no harm of most of the things they thought he did, especially as they eased their work; but he carried himself high, they said, doing nothing but ride over the farm and pick out every fault he could find — to show how sharp he was, and look as if he could do better than any of them; and they fancied that he carried their evil report to his father, and that this underhand work in the stable must be part of some sly scheme for bringing them into disgrace. And now at last had come the worst thing of all: Gibbie had discovered the corn-bin, and having no notion but that everything in the stable was for the delectation of the horses, had been feeding them largely with oats — a delicacy with which, in the plenty of other provisions, they were very sparingly supplied; and the consequences had begun to show themselves in the increased unruliness of the more wayward amongst them. Gibbie had long given up resorting to the ceiling, and remained in utter ignorance of the storm that was brewing because of him.

The same day brought things nearly to a crisis; for the overfed Snowball, proving too much for Fergus's horsemanship, came rushing home at a fierce gallop without him, having indeed left him in a ditch by the roadside. The remark thereupon made by the men in his hearing, that it was his own fault, led him to ask questions, when he came gradually to know what they attributed to him, and was indignant at the imputation of such an employment of his mornings to one who had his studies to attend to — scarcely a wise line of defence where the truth would have been more credible as well as convincing — namely, that at the time when those works of supererogation could alone be effected, he lay as lost a creature as ever sleep could make of a man.

In the evening, Jean sought a word with Donal, and expressed her surprise that he should be able to do everybody's work about the place, warning him it would be said he did it at the expense of his own. But what could he mean, she said, by wasting the good corn to put devilry into the horses? Donal stared in utter bewilderment. He knew perfectly that to the men suspicion of him was as impossible as of one of themselves. Did he not sleep in the same chamber with them? Could it be allusion to the way he spent his time when out with the cattle that Mistress Jean intended? He was so confused, looked so guilty as well as astray, and answered so far from any point in Jean's mind, that she at last became altogether bewildered also, out of which chaos of common void gradually dawned on her mind the conviction that she had been wasting both thanks and material recognition of service, where she was under no obligation. Her first feeling thereupon was, not unnaturally however unreasonably, one of resentment — as if Donal, in not doing her the kindness her fancy had been attributing to him, had all the time been doing her an injury; but the boy's honest bearing and her own good sense made her, almost at once, dismiss the absurdity.

Then came anew the question, utterly unanswerable now — who could it be that did not only all her morning work, but, with a passion for labor insatiable, part of that of the men also? She knew her nephew better than to imagine for a moment, with the men, it could be he. A good enough lad she judged him, but not good enough for that. He was too fond of his own comfort to dream of helping other people! But now, having betrayed herself to Donal, she wisely went farther, and secured herself by placing full confidence in him. She laid open the whole matter, confessing that she had imagined her ministering angel to be Donal himself: now she had not even a conjecture to throw at random after the person of her secret servant. Donal, being a Celt, and a poet, would have been a brute if he had failed of being a gentleman, and answered that he was ashamed it should be another and not himself who had been her servant and gained her commendation; but he feared, if he had made any such attempt, he would but have fared like the husband in the old ballad who insisted that his wife's work was much easier to do than his own. But as he spoke, he saw a sudden change come over Jean's countenance. Was it fear? or what was it? She gazed with big eyes fixed on his face, heeding neither him nor

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his words, and Donal, struck silent, gazed in return. At length, after a pause of strange import, her soul seemed to return into her deep-set gray eyes, and in a broken voice, low, and solemn, and fraught with mystery, she said,

"Donal, it's the broonie!"

Donal's mouth opened wide at the word, but the tenor of his thought it would have been hard for him to determine. Celtic in kindred and education, he had listened in his time to a multitude of strange tales, both indigenous and exotic, and, Celtic in blood, had been inclined to believe every one of them for which he could find the least *raison d'être*. But at school he had been taught that such stories deserved nothing better than mockery, that to believe them was contrary to religion, and a mark of such weakness as involved blame. Nevertheless, when he heard the word *broonie* issue from a face with such an expression as Jean's then wore, his heart seemed to give a gape in his bosom, and it rushed back upon his memory how he had heard certain old people talk of the brownie that used, when their mothers and grandmothers were young, to haunt the Mains of Glashruach. His mother did not believe such things, but she believed nothing but her New Testament! — and what if there should be something in them? The idea of service rendered by the hand of a being too clumsy, awkward, ugly, to consent to be seen by the more finished race of his fellow-creatures, whom yet he surpassed in strength and endurance and longevity, had at least in it for Donal the attraction of a certain grotesque yet homely poetic element. He remembered too the honor such a type of creature had had in being lapt around forever in the airy folds of L'Allegro. And to think that Mistress Jean, for whom everybody had such a respect, should speak of the creature in such a tone! — it sent a thrill of horrific wonder and delight through the whole frame of the boy: might, could there be such creatures? And thereupon began to open to his imagination vista after vista into the realms of might-be possibility — where dwelt whole clans and kins of creatures, differing from us and our kin, yet occasionally, at the cross-roads of creation, coming into contact with us, and influencing us, not greatly perhaps, yet strangely and notably. Not once did the real brownie occur to him — the small, naked Gibbie, far more marvellous and admirable than any brownie of legendary fable or fact, whether celebrated in rude old Scots ballad for his *taeless* feet, or designated in noble English poem of perfect art, as lubber fiend of hairy length.

Jean Mavor came from a valley far withdrawn in the folds of the Gormgarnet mountains, where in her youth she had heard yet stranger tales than had ever come to Donal's ears, of which some had perhaps kept their hold the more firmly that she had never heard them even alluded to since she left her home. Her brother, a hard-headed highlander, as canny as any lowland Scot, would have laughed to scorn the most passing reference to such an existence; and Fergus, who had had a lowland mother — and nowhere is there less of so-called superstition than in most parts of the lowlands of Scotland — would have joined heartily in his mockery. For the cowherd, however, as I say, the idea had no small attraction, and his stare was the reflection of Mistress Jean's own — for the soul is a live mirror, at once receiving into its centre, and reflecting from its surface.

"Div ye railly think it, mem?" said Donal at last.

"Think what?" retorted Jean sharply, jealous instantly of being compromised, and perhaps not certain that she had spoken aloud.

"Div ye railly think 'at there *is* sic craturs as broonies, Mistress Jean?" said Donal.

"Wha kens what there is an' what there isna?" returned Jean: she was not going to commit herself either way. Even had she imagined herself above believing such things, she would not have dared to say so; for there was a time still near in her memory, though unknown to any now upon the farm except her brother, when the Mains of Glashruach was the talk of Daurside because of certain inexplicable nightly disorders that fell out there: the slang *rows*, or the Scotch *remishes* (a form of the English *romage*), would perhaps come nearest to a designation of them, consisting as they did of confused noises, rumblings, jaculations: and the fact itself was a reason for silence, seeing a word might bring the place again into men's mouths in like fashion, and seriously affect the service of the farm: such a rumor would certainly be made in the market a ground for demanding more wages to fee to the Mains. "Ye haud yer tongue, laddie," she went on; "it's the least ye can efter a' 'at's come an' gane; an' least said's sunest mendit. Gang to yer wark."

But either Mistress Jean's influx of caution came too late, and some one had overheard her suggestion, or the idea was

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already abroad in the mind bucolic and georgic, for that very night it began to be reported upon the nearer farms, that the Mains of Glashruach was haunted by a brownie who did all the work for both men and maids — a circumstance productive of different opinions with regard to the desirableness of a situation there, some asserting they would not fee to it for any amount of wages, and others averring they could desire nothing better than a place where the work was all done for them.

Quick at disappearing as Gibbie was, a very little cunning on the part of Jean might soon have entrapped the brownie; but a considerable touch of fear was now added to her other motives for continuing to spend a couple of hours longer in bed than had formerly been her custom. So that for yet a few days things went on much as usual; Gibbie saw no sign that his presence was suspected, or that his doings were offensive; and life being to him a constant present, he never troubled himself about anything before it was there to answer for itself.

One morning the long thick mane of Snowball was found carefully plaited up in innumerable locks. This was properly elf-work, but no fairies had been heard of on Daurside for many a long year. The brownie, on the other hand, was already in every one's mouth — only a stray one, probably, that had wandered from some old valley away in the mountains, where they were still believed in — but not the less a brownie; and if it was not the brownie who plaited Snowball's mane, who or what was it? A phenomenon must be accounted for, and he who will not accept a theory offered, or even a word applied, is indebted in a full explanation. The rumor spread in long slow ripples, till at last one of them struck the *membrana tympani* of the laird, where he sat at luncheon in the House of Glashruach.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAIRD.

THOMAS GALBRAITH was by birth Thomas Durrant, but had married an heiress by whom he came into possession of Glashruach, and had, according to previous agreement, taken her name. When she died he mourned her loss as well as he could, but was consoled by feeling himself now first master of both position and possession, when the ladder by which he had attained them was removed. It was not that she had ever given him occasion to feel that marriage and not inheritance was the source of his distinction in the land, but that, having a soul as keenly sensitive to small material rights as it was obtuse to great spiritual ones, he never felt the property quite his own until his wife was no longer within sight. Had he been a little more sensitive still, he would have felt that the property was then his daughter's, and his only through her; but this he failed to consider.

Mrs. Galbraith was a gentle sweet woman, who loved her husband, but was capable of loving a greater man better. Had she lived long enough to allow of their opinions confronting in the matter of their child's education, serious differences would probably have arisen between them; as it was, they had never quarrelled except about the name she should bear. The father, having for her sake — so he said to himself — sacrificed his patronymic, was anxious that, in order to her retaining some rudimentary trace of himself in the ears of men, she should be overshadowed with his Christian name, and called Thomasina. But the mother was herein all the mother, and obdurate for her daughter's future; and, as was right between the two, she had her way, and her child a pretty name. Being more sentimental than artistic, however, she did not perceive how imperfectly the sweet Italian *Ginevra* concorded with the strong Scotch *Galbraith*. Her father hated the name, therefore invariably abbreviated it after such fashion as rendered it inoffensive to the most conservative of Scotish ears; and for his own part, at length, never said *Ginny*, without seeing and hearing and meaning *Jenny*. As *Jenny*, indeed, he addressed her in the one or two letters which were all he ever wrote to her; and thus he perpetuated the one matrimonial difference across the grave.

Having no natural bent to literature, but having in his youth studied for and practised at the Scotish bar, he had brought with him into the country a taste for certain kinds of dry reading, judged pre-eminently respectable, and for its indulgence had brought also a not insufficient store of such provender as his soul mildly hungered after, in the shape of books bound mostly in yellow calf — books of law, history, and divinity. What the books of law were, I would not foolhardily add to my many risks of blundering by presuming to recall; the history was mostly Scotish, or connected with Scotish affairs; the theology was entirely of the New England type of corrupted Calvinism, with which in Scot-

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land they saddle the memory of great-souled, hard-hearted Calvin himself. Thoroughly respectable and a little devout, Mr. Galbraith was a good deal more of a Scotchman than a Christian; growth was a doctrine unembodied in his creed; he turned from everything new, no matter how harmonious with the old, in freezing disapprobation; he recognized no element in God or nature which could not be reasoned about after the forms of the Scotch philosophy. He would not have said an Episcopalian could not be saved, for at the bar he had known more than one good lawyer of the episcopal party; but to say a Roman catholic would not necessarily be damned, would to his judgment have revealed at once the impending fate of the rash asserter. In religion he regarded everything not only as settled but as understood; and seemed aware of no call in relation to truth, but to bark at any one who showed the least anxiety to discover it. What truth he held himself, he held as a sack holds corn — not even as a worm holds earth.

To his servants and tenants he was *just* — never condescending to talk over a thing with any of the former but the gamekeeper, and never making any allowance to the latter for misfortune. In general expression he looked displeased, but meant to look dignified. No one had ever seen him wrathful; nor did he care enough for his fellow-mortals ever to be greatly vexed — at least he never manifested vexation otherwise than by a silence that showed more of contempt than suffering.

In person, he was very tall and very thin, with a head much too small for his height; a narrow forehead, above which the brown hair looked like a wig; pale-blue, ill-set eyes, that seemed too large for their sockets, consequently tumbled about a little, and were never at once brought to focus; a large, but soft-looking nose; a loose-lipped mouth, and very little chin. He always looked as if consciously trying to keep himself together. He wore his shirt-collar unusally high, yet out of it far shot his long neck, notwithstanding the smallness of which, his words always seemed to come from a throat much too big for them. He had greatly the look of a hen, proud of her maternal experiences, and silent from conceit of what she could say if she would. So much better would he have done as an underling than as a ruler — as a journeyman even, than a master, that to know him was almost to disbelieve in the good of what is generally called education. His learning seemed to have taken the wrong fermentation, and turned to folly instead of wisdom. But he did not do much harm, for he had a great respect for his respectability. Perhaps if he had been a craftsman, he might even have done more harm — making rickety wheelbarrows, asthmatic pumps, ill-fitting window-frames, or boots with a lurking divorce in each welt. He had no turn for farming, and therefore let all his land, yet liked to interfere, and as much as possible kept a personal jurisdiction.

There was one thing, however, which, if it did not throw the laird into a passion — nothing, as I have said, did that — brought him nearer to the outer verge of displeasure than any other, and that was, anything whatever to which he could affix the name of superstition. The indignation of better men than the laird with even a confessedly harmless superstition, is sometimes very amusing; and it was a point of Mr. Galbraith's poverty-stricken religion to denounce all superstitions, however diverse in character, with equal severity. To believe in the second sight, for instance, or in any form of life as having the slightest relation to this world, except that of men, that of animals, and that of vegetables, was with him wicked, antagonistic to the church of Scotland, and inconsistent with her perfect doctrine. The very word *ghost* would bring upon his face an expression he meant for withering scorn, and indeed it withered his face, rendering it yet more unpleasant to behold. Coming to the benighted country, then, with all the gathered wisdom of Edinburgh in his gallinaceous cranium, and what he counted a vast experience of worldly affairs besides, he brought with him also the firm resolve to be the death of superstition, at least upon his own property. He was not only unaware but incapable of becoming aware, that he professed to believe a number of things, any one of which was infinitely more hostile to the truth of the universe, than all the fancies and fables of a countryside, handed down from grandmother to grandchild. When, therefore, within a year of his settling at Glashruach, there arose a loud talk of the Mains, his best farm, as haunted by presences making all kinds of tumultuous noises, and even throwing utensils bodily about, he was nearer the borders of a rage, although he kept, as became a gentleman, a calm exterior, than ever he had been in his life. For were not ignorant clodhoppers asserting as facts what he knew never could take place! At once he set himself, with

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all his experience as a lawyer to aid him, to discover the buffooning authors of the mischief: where there were deeds there were doers, and where there were doers they were discoverable. But his endeavors unintermitted for the space of three weeks, after which the disturbances ceased, proved so utterly without result, that he could never bear the smallest allusion to the hateful business. For he had not only been unhorsed, but by his dearest hobby.

He was seated with a game pie in front of him, over the top of which Ginevra was visible. The girl never sat nearer her father at meals than the whole length of the table, where she occupied her mother's place. She was a solemn-looking child, of eight or nine, dressed in a brown merino frock of the plainest description. Her hair, which was nearly of the same color as her frock, was done up in two triple plaits, which hung down her back, and were tied at the tips with black ribbon. To the first glance she did not look a very interesting or attractive child; but looked at twice, she was sure to draw the eyes a third time. She was undeniably like her father, and that was much against her at first sight; but it required only a little acquaintance with her face to remove the prejudice; for in its composed, almost resigned expression, every feature of her father's seemed comparatively finished, and settled into harmony with the rest; its chaos was subdued, and not a little of the original underlying design brought out. The nose was firm, the mouth modelled, the chin larger, the eyes a little smaller, and full of life and feeling. The longer it was regarded by any seeing eye, the child's countenance showed fuller of promise, or at least of hope. Gradually the look would appear in it of a latent sensitive anxiety — then would dawn a glimmer of longing question; and then it would, all at once, slip back into the original ordinary look, which, without seeming attractive, had yet attracted. Her father was never harsh to her, yet she looked rather frightened at him; but then he was cold, very cold, and most children would rather be struck and kissed alternately than neither. And the bond cannot be very close between father and child, when the father has forsaken his childhood. The bond between any two is the one in the other; it is the father in the child, and the child in the father, that reach to each other eternal hands. It troubled Ginevra greatly that when she asked herself whether she loved her father better than anybody else, as she believed she ought, she became immediately doubtful whether she loved him at all.

She was eating porridge and milk: with spoon arrested in mid-passage, she stopped suddenly, and said: —

"Papa, what's a broonie?"

"I have told you, Jenny, that you are never to talk broad Scotch in my presence," returned her father. "I would lay severer commands upon you, were it not that I fear tempting you to disobey me, but I will have no vulgarity in the dining-room."

His words came out slowly, and sounded as if each was a bullet wrapped round with cotton wool to make it fit the barrel. Ginevra looked perplexed for a moment.

"Should I say *brownie*, papa?" she asked.

"How can I tell you what you should call a creature that has no existence?" rejoined her father.

"If it be a creature, papa, it must have a name!" retorted the little logician, with great solemnity.

Mr. Galbraith was not pleased, for although the logic was good, it was against him.

"What foolish person has been insinuating such contemptible superstition into your silly head?" he asked. "Tell me, child," he continued, "that I may put a stop to it at once."

He was rising to ring the bell, that he might give the orders consequent on the information he expected: he would have asked Mammon to dinner in black clothes and a white tie, but on Superstition in the loveliest garb would have loosed all the dogs of Glashruach, to hunt her from the property. Her next words, however, arrested him, and just as she ended, the butler came in with fresh toast.

"They say," said Ginevra, anxious to avoid the forbidden Scotch, therefore stumbling sadly in her utterance, "there's a broonie — brownie — at the Mains, who dis a' — does all the work."

"What is the meaning of this, Joseph?" said Mr. Galbraith, turning from her to the butler, with the air of rebuke, which was almost habitual to him, a good deal heightened.

"The meanin' o' what, sir?" returned Joseph, nowise abashed, for to him his master was not the greatest man in the world, or even in the highlands. "He's no a Galbraith," he used to say, when more than commonly provoked with him.

"I ask you, Joseph," answered the laird, "what this — this outbreak of superstition imports? You must be aware that nothing

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in the world could annoy me more than that Miss Galbraith should learn folly in her father's house. That staid servants, such as I had supposed mine to be, should use their tongues as if their heads had no more in them than so many bells hung in a steeple, is to me a mortifying reflection."

"Tongues as weel's clappers was made to wag, sir; and wag they wull, sir, sae lang's the tow (*string*) hings oot at baith lugs," answered Joseph. The forms of speech he employed were not unfrequently obscure to his master, and in that obscurity lay more of Joseph's impunity than he knew. "Forby (*besides*), sir," he went on, "gien tongues didna wag, what w'y wad you, 'at has to set a' thing richt, come to ken what was wrang?"

"That is not a bad remark, Joseph," replied the laird, with woolly condescension. "Pray acquaint me with the whole matter."

"I hae naething till acquant yer honor wi' sir, but the ting-a-ling o' tongues," replied Joseph; "an' ye'll hae till arreenge't like, till yer ain setisfaction."

Therewith he proceeded to report what he had heard reported, which was in the main the truth, considerably exaggerated — that the work of the house was done over night by invisible hands — and the work of the stables too; but that in the latter, cantrips were played as well; that some of the men talked of leaving the place; and that Mr. Duff's own horse, Snowball, was nearly out of his mind with fear.

The laird clenched his teeth, and for a whole minute said nothing. Here were either his old enemies again, or some who had heard the old story, and in their turn were beating the drum of consternation in the ears of superstition.

"It is one of the men themselves," he said at last, with outward frigidity. "Or some ill-designed neighbor," he added. "But I shall soon be at the bottom of it. Go to the Mains at once, Joseph, and ask young Fergus Duff to be so good as step over, as soon as he conveniently can."

Fergus was pleased enough to be sent for by the laird, and soon told him all he knew from his aunt and the men, confessing that he had himself been too lazy of a morning to take any steps towards personal acquaintance with the facts, but adding that, as Mr. Galbraith took an interest in the matter, he would be only too happy to carry out any suggestion he might think proper to make on the subject.

"Fergus," returned the laird, "do you imagine things inanimate can of themselves change their relations in space? In other words, are the utensils in your kitchen endowed with powers of locomotion? Can they take to themselves wings and fly? Or to use a figure more to the point, are they provided with the members necessary to the washing of their own — *persons*, shall I say? Answer me those points, Fergus."

"Certainly not, sir," answered Fergus solemnly, for the laird's face was solemn, and his speech was very solemn.

"Then, Fergus, let me assure you, that to discover by what agency these apparent wonders are effected, you have merely to watch. If you fail, I will myself come to your assistance. Depend upon it, the thing when explained will prove simplicity itself."

Fergus at once undertook to watch, but went home not quite so comfortable as he had gone; for he did not altogether, notwithstanding his unbelief in the so-called supernatural, relish the approaching situation. Belief and unbelief are not always quite plainly distinguishable from each other, and Fear is not always certain which of them is his mother. He was not the less resolved, however, to carry out what he had undertaken — that was, to sit up all night, if necessary, in order to have an interview with the extravagant and erring — spirit, surely, whether embodied or not, that dared thus wrong "domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood," by doing people's work for them unbidden. Not even to himself did he confess that he felt frightened, for he was a youth of nearly eighteen; but he could not quite hide from himself the fact that he anticipated no pleasure in the duty which lay before him.

CHAPTER XX.

THE AMBUSH.

FOR more reasons than one, Fergus judged it prudent to tell not even auntie Jean of his intention; but, waiting until the house was quiet, stole softly from his room and repaired to the kitchen — at the other end of the long straggling house, where he sat down, and taking his book, an annual of the beginning of the century, began to read the story of *Kathed and Eurelia*.* Having finished it, he read another. He read and read, but no brownie

* I should be greatly obliged to any of my readers who would tell me where to find this fragment.

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came. His candle burned into the socket. He lighted another, and read again. Still no brownie appeared, and, hard and straight as was the wooden chair on which he sat, he began to doze. Presently he started wide awake, fancying he heard a noise; but nothing was there. He raised his book once more, and read until he had finished the stories in it: for the verse he had no inclination that night. As soon as they were all consumed, he began to feel very *eerie:* his courage had been sheltering itself behind his thoughts, which the tales he had been reading had kept turned away from the object of dread. Still deeper and deeper grew the night around him, until the bare, soulless waste of it came at last, when a brave man might welcome any ghost for the life it would bring. And ever as it came, the tide of fear flowed more rapidly, until at last it rose over his heart, and threatened to stifle him. The direst foe of courage is the fear itself, not the object of it; and the man who can overcome his own terror is a hero and more. In this Fergus had not yet deserved to be successful. That kind of victory comes only of faith. Still, he did not fly the field; he was no coward. At the same time, prizing courage, scorning fear, and indeed disbelieving in every nocturnal object of terror except robbers, he came at last to such an all but abandonment of dread, that he dared not look over his shoulder, lest he should see the brownie standing at his back: he would rather be seized from behind and strangled in his hairy grasp, than turn and die of the seeing. The night was dark — no moon and many clouds. Not a sound came from the close. The cattle, the horses, the pigs, the cocks and hens, the very cats and rats seemed asleep. There was not a rustle in the thatch, a creak in the couples. It was well, for the slightest noise would have brought his heart into his mouth, and he would have been in great danger of scaring the household, and forever disgracing himself, with a shriek. Yet he longed to hear something stir. Oh! for the stamp of a horse from the stable or the low of a cow from the byre! But they were all under the brownie's spell, and he was coming — toeless feet, and thumbed but fingerless hands! as if he was made with stockings and *hum'le mittens!* Was it the want of toes that made him able to come and go so quietly? — Another hour crept by; when lo, a mighty sun-trumpet blew in the throat of the black cock! Fergus sprang to his feet with the start it gave him — but the next moment gladness rushed up in his heart: the morning was on its way! and, foe to superstition as he was, and much as he had mocked at Donal for what he counted some of his tendencies in that direction, he began instantly to comfort himself with the old belief that all things of the darkness flee from the crowing of the cock. The same moment his courage began to return, and the next he was laughing at his terrors, more foolish than when he felt them, seeing he was the same man of fear as before, and the same circumstances would wrap him in the same garment of dire apprehension. In his folly he imagined himself quite ready to watch the next night without even repugnance — for it was the morning, not the night, that came first!

When the gray of the dawn appeared, he said to himself he would lie down on the bench a while, he was so tired of sitting; he would not sleep. He lay down, and in a moment was asleep. The light grew and grew, and the brownie came — a different brownie indeed from the one he had pictured — with the daintiest-shaped hands and feet coming out of the midst of rags, and with no hair except roughly parted curls over the face of the cherub — for the combing of Snowball's mane and tail had taught Gibbie to use the same comb upon his own thatch. But as soon as he opened the door of the dairy, he was warned by the loud breathing of the sleeper, and looking about, espied him on the bench behind the table, and swiftly retreated. The same instant Fergus woke, stretched himself, saw it was broad daylight, and, with his brain muddled by fatigue and sleep combined, crawled shivering to bed. Then in came the brownie again; and when Jean Mavor entered, there was her work done as usual.

Fergus was hours late for breakfast, and when he went into the common room, found his aunt alone there.

"Weel, auntie," he said, "I think I fleggit yer broonie!"

"Did ye that, man? Ay! — An' syne ye set tee, an' did the wark yersel', to save yer auntie Jean's auld banes?"

"Na, na! I was ower tiret for that. Sae wad ye hae been yersel', gien ye had sitten up a' nicht."

"Wha did it than?"

"Ow, jist yersel', I'm thinkin', auntie."

"Never a finger o' mine was laid till't, Fergus. Gien ye fleggit ae broonie, anither cam; for there's the wark dene, the same's ever!"

"Damn the cratur!" cried Fergus.

"Whisht, whisht, laddie! he's maybe

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hearin' ye this meenute. An' gien he binna, there's ane 'at is, an' likesna sweirin'."

"I beg yer pardon, auntie, but it's jist provokin'!" returned Fergus, and therewith recounted the tale of his night's watch, omitting mention only of his feelings throughout the vigil.

As soon as he had had his breakfast, he went to carry his report to Glashruach.

The laird was vexed, and told him he must sleep well before night, and watch to better purpose.

The next night, Fergus's terror returned in full force; but he watched thoroughly notwithstanding, and when his aunt entered, she found him there, and her kitchen in a mess. He had caught no brownie, it was true, but neither had a stroke of her work been done. The floor was unswept; not a dish had been washed; it was churning-day, but the cream stood in the jar in the dairy, not the butter in the pan on the kitchen-dresser. Jean could not quite see the good or the gain of it. She had begun to feel like a lady, she said to herself, and now she must tuck up her sleeves and set to work as before. It was a come-down in the world, and she did not like it. She conned her nephew little thanks, and not being in the habit of dissembling, let him feel the same. He crept to bed rather mortified. When he woke from a long sleep, he found no meal waiting him, and had to content himself with cakes * and milk before setting out for the "Muckle Hoose."

"You must add cunning to courage, my young friend," said Mr. Galbraith; and the result of their conference was that Fergus went home resolved on yet another attempt.

He felt much inclined to associate Donal with him in his watch this time, but was too desirous of proving his courage both to himself and to the world, to yield to the suggestion of his fear. He went to bed with a book immediately after the noonday meal, and rose in time for supper.

There was a large wooden press in the kitchen standing out from the wall; this with the next wall made a little recess, in which there was just room for a chair; and in that recess Fergus seated himself, in the easiest chair he could get into it. He then opened wide the door of the press, and it covered him entirely.

This night would have been the dreariest of all for him, the laird having insisted that he should watch in the dark, had he not speedily fallen fast asleep, and slept all night — so well that he woke at the first noise Gibbie made.

It was broad clear morning, but his heart beat so loud and fast with apprehension and curiosity mingled, that for a few moments Fergus dared not stir, but sat listening breathless to the movement beside him, none the less appalling that it was so quiet. Recovering himself a little he cautiously moved the door of the press, and peeped out.

He saw nothing so frightful as he had, in spite of himself, anticipated, but was not therefore, perhaps, the less astonished. The dread brownie of his idea shrunk to a tiny ragged urchin, with a wonderful head of hair, azure eyes, and deft hands, noiselessly bustling about on bare feet. He watched him at his leisure, watched him keenly, assured that any moment he could spring upon him.

As he watched, his wonder sank, and he grew disappointed at the collapsing of the lubber fiend into a poor half-naked child, upon whom both his courage and his fear had been wasted. As he continued to watch, an evil cloud of anger at the presumption of the unknown minimus began to gather in his mental atmosphere, and was probably the cause of some movement by which his chair gave a loud creak. Without even looking round, Gibbie darted into the dairy, and shut the door. Instantly Fergus was after him, but only in time to see the vanishing of his last heel through the hole in the wall, and that way Fergus was much too large to follow him. He rushed from the house, and across the corner of the yard to the barn-door. Gibbie, who did not believe he had been seen, stood laughing on the floor, when suddenly he heard the key entering the lock. He bolted through the cat-hole — but again just one moment too late, leaving behind him on Fergus's retina the light from the soles of two bare feet. The key of the door to the rick-yard was inside, and Fergus was after him in a moment, but the ricks came close to the barn-door, and the next he saw of him was the fluttering of his rags in the wind, and the flashing of his white skin in the sun, as he fled across the clover field; and before Fergus was over the wall, Gibbie was a good way

* It amuses a Scotchman to find that the word *cakes* as in "*The Land of Cakes*," is taken, not only by foreigners, but by some English people — as how, indeed, should it be otherwise? — to mean compositions of flour, more or less enriched, and generally appreciable; whereas, in fact, it stands for the dryest, simplest preparation in the world. The genuine cakes is — (My grammar follows usage: cakes *is*; broth *are*.) — literally nothing but oatmeal, made into a dough with cold water and dried over the fire — sometimes then in front of it as well.

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ahead towards the Lorrie. Gibbie was a better runner for his size than Fergus, and in better training too; but, alas! Fergus's legs were nearly twice as long as Gibbie's. The little one reached the Lorrie first, and dashing across it, ran up the side of the Glashburn, with a vague idea of Glashgar in his head. Fergus behind him was growing more and more angry as he gained upon him but felt his breath failing him. Just at the bridge to the iron gate to Glashruach, he caught him at last, and sunk on the parapet exhausted. The smile with which Gibbie, too much out of breath to laugh, confessed himself vanquished, would have disarmed one harder-hearted than Fergus, had he not lost his temper in the dread of losing his labor; and the answer Gibbie received to his smile was a box on the ear that bewildered him. He looked pitifully in his captor's face, the smile not yet faded from his, only to receive a box on the other ear, which, though a contrary and similar both at once, was not a cure, and the water gathered in his eyes. Fergus, a little eased in his temper by the infliction, and in his breath by the wall of the bridge, began to ply him with questions; but no answer following, his wrath rose again, and again he boxed both his ears — without better result.

Then came the question what he was to do with the redoubted brownie, now that he had him. He was ashamed to show himself as the captor of such a miserable culprit, but the little rascal deserved punishment, and the laird would require him at his hands. He turned upon his prisoner and told him he was an impudent rascal. Gibbie had recovered again, and was able once more to smile a little. He had been guilty of burglary, said Fergus; and Gibbie smiled. He could be sent to prison for it, said Fergus; and Gibbie smiled — but this time a very grave smile. Fergus took him by the collar, which amounted to nearly a third part of the jacket, and shook him till he had half torn that third from the other two; then opened the gate, and, holding him by the back of the neck, walked him up the drive, every now and then giving him a fierce shake that jarred his teeth. Thus, over the old gravel, mossy and damp and grassy, and cool to his little bare feet, between rowan and birk and pine and larch, like a malefactor, and looking every inch the outcast he was, did Sir Gilbert Galbraith approach the house of his ancestors for the first time. Individually, wee Gibbie was anything but a prodigal; it had never been possible to him to be one; but none the less was he the type and result and representative of his prodigal race, in him now once more looking upon the house they had lost by their vices and weaknesses, and in him now beginning to reap the benefits of punishment. But of vice and loss, of house and fathers and punishment, Gibbie had no smallest cognition. His history was about him and in him, yet of it all he suspected nothing. It would have made little difference to him if he had known it all; he would none the less have accepted everything that came, just as part of the story in which he found himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PUNISHMENT.

THE house he was approaching had a little the look of a prison. Of the more ancient portion the windows were very small, and every corner had a turret with a conical cap-roof. That part was all rough-cast, therefore gray, as if with age. The more modern part was built of all kinds of hard stone, roughly cloven or blasted from the mountain and its boulders. Granite red and grey, blue whinstone, yellow ironstone, were all mingled anyhow, fitness of size and shape alone regarded in their conjunctions; but the result as to color was rather pleasing than otherwise, and Gibbie regarded it with some admiration. Nor, although he had received from Fergus such convincing proof that he was regarded as a culprit, had he any dread of evil awaiting him. The highest embodiment of the law with which he had acquaintance was the police, and from not one of them in all the city had he ever had a harsh word; his conscience was as void of offence as ever it had been, and the law consequently, notwithstanding the threats of Fergus, had for him no terrors.

The laird was an early riser, and therefore regarded the mere getting up early as a virtue, altogether irrespective of how the time, thus redeemed, as he called it, was spent. This morning, as it turned out, it would have been better spent in sleep. He was talking to his gamekeeper, a heavy-browed man, by the coach-house door, when Fergus appeared, holding the dwindled brownie by the huge collar of his tatters. A more innocent-looking malefactor sure never appeared before awful Justice! Only he was in rags, and there are others besides dogs whose judgments go by appearance. Mr. Galbraith was one of them, and smiled a grim, an ugly smile.

"So this is your vaunted brownie, Mr.

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Duff!" he said, and stood looking down upon Gibbie, as if in his small person he saw superstition at the point of death, mocked thither by the arrows of his contemptuous wit.

"It's all the brownie I could lay hands on, sir," answered Fergus. "I took him in the act."

"Boy," said the laird, rolling his eyes, more unsteady than usual with indignation, in the direction of Gibbie, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Gibbie had no say — and nothing to say that his questioner could either have understood or believed: the truth from his lips would but have presented him a lying hypocrite to the wisdom of his judge. As it was, he smiled, looking up fearless in the face of the magistrate, so awful in his own esteem.

"What is your name?" asked the laird, speaking yet more sternly.

Gibbie still smiled and was silent, looking straight in his questioner's eyes. He dreaded nothing from the laird. Fergus had beaten him, but Fergus he classed with the bigger boys who had occasionally treated him roughly; this was a man, and men, except they were foreign sailors, or drunk, were never unkind. He had no idea of his silence causing annoyance. Everybody in the city had known he could not answer; and now when Fergus and the laird persisted in questioning him, he thought they were making kindly game of him, and smiled the more. Nor was there much about Mr. Galbraith to rouse a suspicion of the contrary; for he made a great virtue of keeping his temper when most he caused other people to lose theirs.

"I see the young vagabond is as impertinent as he is vicious," he said at last, finding that to no interrogation could he draw forth any other response than a smile. "Here, Angus," — and he turned to the gamekeeper — "take him into the coach-house, and teach him a little behavior. A touch or two of the whip will find his tongue for him."

Angus seized the little gentleman by the neck, as if he had been a polecat, and at arm's length walked him unresistingly into the coach-house. There, with one vigorous tug, he tore the jacket from his back, and his only other garment, dependent thereupon by some device known only to Gibbie, fell from him, and he stood in helpless nakedness, smiling still: he had never done anything shameful, therefore had no acquaintance with shame. But when the scowling keeper, to whom poverty was first cousin to poaching, and who hated tramps as he hated vermin, approached him with a heavy cart whip in his hand, he cast his eyes down at his white sides, very white between his brown arms and brown legs, and then lifted them in a mute appeal, which somehow looked as if it were for somebody else, against what he could no longer fail to perceive the man's intent. But he had no notion of what the thing threatened amounted to. He had had few hard blows in his time, and had never felt a whip.

"Ye deil's glaur!" cried the fellow, clenching the cruel teeth of one who loved not his brother, "I s' lat ye ken what comes o' brakin' into honest hooses, an takin' what's no yer ain!"

A vision of the gnawed cheese, which he had never touched since the idea of its being property awoke in him, rose before Gibbie's mental eyes, and inwardly he bowed to the punishment. But the look he had fixed on Angus was not without effect, for the man was a father, though a severe one, and was not all a brute: he turned and changed the cart whip for a gig one with a broken shaft, which lay near. It was well for himself that he did so, for the other would probably have killed Gibbie. When the blow fell the child shivered all over, his face turned white, and without uttering even a moan, he doubled up and dropped senseless. A swollen cincture, like a red snake, had risen all round his waist, and from one spot in it the blood was oozing. It looked as if the lash had cut him in two.

The blow had stung his heart and it had ceased to beat. But the gamekeeper understood vagrants! the young blackguard was only shamming!

"Up wi' ye, ye deevil! or I s' gar ye," he said from between his teeth, lifting the whip for a second blow.

Just as the stroke fell, marking him from the nape all down the spine, so that he now bore upon his back in red the sign the ass carries in black, a piercing shriek assailed Angus's ears, and his arm, which had mechanically raised itself for a third blow, hung arrested.

The same moment, in at the coach-house door shot Ginevra, as white as Gibbie. She darted to where he lay, and there stood over him, arms rigid and hands clenched hard, shivering as he had shivered, and sending from her body shriek after shriek, as if her very soul were the breath of which her cries were fashioned. It was as if the woman's heart in her felt its roots torn from their home in the bosom of God, and quivering

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in agony, and confronted by the stare of an eternal impossibility, shrieked against Satan.

"Gang awa, missy," cried Angus, who had respect to this child, though he had not yet learned to respect childhood; "he's a coorse cratur, an' maun hae's whups."

But Ginevra was deaf to his evil charming. She stopped her cries, however, to help Gibbie up, and took one of his hands to raise him. But his arm hung limp and motionless; she let it go; it dropped like a stick, and again she began to shriek. Angus laid his hand on her shoulder. She turned on him, and opening her mouth wide, screamed at him like a wild animal, with all the hatred of mingled love and fear; then threw herself on the boy, and covered his body with her own. Angus, stooping to remove her, saw Gibbie's face, and became uncomfortable.

"He's deid! he's deid! Ye've kilt him, Angus! Ye're an ill man!" she cried fiercely. "I hate ye. I'll tell on ye. I'll tell my papa."

"Hoot! whisht, missie!" said Angus. "It was by yer papa's ain orders I gae him the whup, an' he weel deserved it forby. An' gien ye dinna gang awa, an' be a guid yoong leddy, I'll gie 'im mair yet."

"I'll tell God," shrieked Ginevra, with fresh energy of defensive love and wrath.

Again he sought to remove her, but she clung so, with both legs and arms, to the insensible Gibbie, that he could but lift both together, and had to leave her alone.

"Gien ye daur to touch 'im again, Angus, I'll bite ye — *bite ye* — BITE YE," she screamed, in a passage wildly crescendo.

The laird and Fergus had walked away together, perhaps neither of them quite comfortable at the orders given, but the one too self-sufficient to recall them, and the other too submissive to interfere. They heard the cries, nevertheless, and had they known them for Ginevra's, would have rushed to the spot; but fierce emotion had so utterly changed her voice — and indeed she had never in her life cried out before — that they took them for Gibbie's, and supposed the whip had had the desired effect and loosed his tongue. As to the rest of the household, which would by this time have been all gathered in the coach-house, the laird had taken his stand where he could intercept them: he would not have the execution of the decrees of justice interfered with.

But Ginevra's shrieks brought Gibbie to himself. Faintly he opened his eyes, and stared, stupid with growing pain, at the tear-blurred face beside him. In the confusion of his thoughts he fancied the pain he felt was Ginevra's, not his, and sought to comfort her, stroking her cheek with feeble hand, and putting up his mouth to kiss her. But Angus, scandalized at the proceeding, and restored to energy by seeing the boy was alive, caught her up suddenly and carried her off — struggling, writhing, and scratching like a cat. Indeed she bit his arm, and that severely, but the man never even told his wife. Little Missie was a queen, and little Gibbie was vermin, but he was ashamed to let the mother of his children know that the former had bitten him for the sake of the latter.

The moment she thus disappeared, Gibbie began to apprehend that she was suffering for him, not he for her. His whole body bore testimony to frightful abuse This was some horrible place inhabited by men such as those that killed Sambo! He must fly. But would they hurt the little girl? He thought not — she was at home. He started to spring to his feet, but fell back almost powerless; then tried more cautiously and got up wearily, for the pain and the terrible shock seemed to have taken the strength out of every limb. Once on his feet, he could scarcely stoop to pick up his remnant of trowsers without again falling, and the effort made him groan with distress. He was in the act of trying in vain to stand on one foot, so as to get the other into the garment, when he fancied he heard the step of his executioner, returning doubtless to resume his torture. He dropped the rag, and darted out of the door, forgetting aches and stiffness and agony. All naked as he was, he fled like the wind, unseen, or at least unrecognized, of any eye. Fergus did catch a glimpse of something white that flashed across a vista through the neighboring wood, but he took it for a white peacock, of which there were two or three about the place. The two men were disgusted with the little wretch when they found that he had actually fled into the open day without his clothes. Poor Gibbie! it was such a small difference! It needed as little change to make a savage as an angel of him. All depended on the eyes that saw him.

He ran he knew not whither, feeling nothing but the desire first to get into some covert, and then to run farther. His first rush was for the shrubbery, his next across the little park to the wood beyond. He did not feel the wind of his running on his bare skin. He did not feel the hunger that had made him so unable to bear the lash. On and on he ran, fancying ever he

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heard the cruel Angus behind him. If a dry twig snapped, he thought it was the crack of the whip; and a small wind that rose suddenly in the top of a pine, seemed the hiss with which it was about to descend upon him. He ran and ran, but still there seemed nothing between him and his persecutors. He felt no safety. At length he came where a high wall joining some water, formed a boundary. The water was a brook from the mountain, here widened and deepened into a still pool. He had been once out of his depth before: he threw himself in, and swam straight across: ever after that, swimming seemed to him as natural as walking.

Then first awoke a faint sense of safety; for on the other side he was knee deep in heather. He was on the wild hill, with miles on miles of cover! Here the unman could not catch him. It must be the same that Donal pointed out to him one day at a distance; he had a gun, and Donal said he had once shot a poacher and killed him. He did not know what a poacher was: perhaps he was one himself, and the man would shoot him. They could see him quite well from the other side! he must cross the knoll first, and then he might lie down and rest. He would get right into the heather, and lie with it all round and over him till the night came. Where he would go then, he did not know. But it was all one; he could go anywhere. Donal must mind his cows, and the men must mind the horses, and Mistress Jean must mind her kitchen, but Sir Gibbie could go where he pleased. He would go up Daurside; but he would not go just at once; that man might be on the lookout for him, and he wouldn't like to be shot. People who were shot lay still, and were put into holes in the earth, and covered up, and he would not like that.

Thus he communed with himself as he went over the knoll. On the other side he chose a tall patch of heather, and crept under. How nice and warm and kind the heather felt, though it did hurt the weals dreadfully sometimes. If he only had something to cover just them! There seemed to be one down his back as well as round his waist!

And now Sir Gibbie, though not much poorer than he had been, really possessed nothing separable, except his hair and his nails — nothing therefore that he could call *his*, as distinguished from *him*. His sole other possession was a negative quantity — his hunger, namely, for he had not even a meal in his body: he had eaten nothing since the preceding noon. I am wrong — he had one possession besides, though hardly a separable one — a ballad about a fair lady and her page, which Donal had taught him. That he now began to repeat to himself, but was disappointed to find it a good deal withered. He was not nearly reduced to extremity yet though — this little heir of the world: in his body he had splendid health, in his heart a great courage, and in his soul an ever throbbing love. It was his love to the very image of man, that made the horror of the treatment he had received. Angus was and was not a man! After all, Gibbie was still one to be regarded with holy envy.

Poor Ginny was sent to bed for interfering with her father's orders; and what with rage and horror and pity, an inexplicable feeling of hopelessness took possession of her, while her affection for her father was greatly, perhaps for this world irretrievably injured by that morning's experience; a something remained that never passed from her, and that something, as often as it stirred, rose between him and her.

Fergus told his aunt what had taken place, and made much game of her brownie. But the more Jean thought about the affair the less she liked it. It was she upon whom it all came! What did it matter who or what her brownie was? And what had they whipped the creature for? What harm had he done? If indeed he was a little ragged urchin, the thing was only the more inexplicable! He had taken nothing! She had never missed so much as a barley scon! The cream had always brought her the right quantity of butter! Not even a bannock, so far as she knew, was ever gone from the press, or an egg from the bossie where they lay heaped! There was more in it than she could understand! Her nephew's mighty feat, so far from explaining anything, had only sealed up the mystery! She could not help cherishing a shadowy hope that, when things had grown quiet, he would again reveal his presence by his work, if not by his visible person. It was mortifying to think that he had gone as he came, and she never set eyes upon him. But Fergus's account of his disappearance had also, in her judgment, a decided element of the marvellous in it. She was strongly inclined to believe that the brownie had cast a glamor over him and the laird and Angus, all three, and had been making game of them for his own amusement. Indeed Daurside generally refused the explanation of the brownie presented for its acceptance, and the laird scored noth-

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ing against the arch-enemy Superstition.

Donal Grant, missing his "cratur" that day for the first time, heard enough when he came home to satisfy him that he had been acting the brownie in the house and the stable as well as in the field, incredible as it might well appear that such a child should have had even mere strength for what he did. Then first also, after he had thus lost him, he began to understand his worth, and to see how much he owed him. While he had imagined himself kind to the urchin, the urchin had been laying him under endless obligation. For he left him with ever so much more in his brains than when he came. This book and that, through his aid, he had read thoroughly; a score or so of propositions had been added to his stock in Euclid; he had even made one or two somethings more like ballads than any former attempts. His first feeling about the child revived as he pondered — namely that he was not of this world. But even then Donal did not know the best Gibbie had done for him. He did not know of what far deeper and better things he had, through his gentleness, his trust, his loving service, his absolute unselfishness, sown the seeds in his mind. On the other hand, Donal had in return done more for Gibbie than he knew, though what he had done for him, namely, shared his dinners with him, had been less of a gift than he thought, and Donal had rather been sharing in Gibbie's dinner than Gibbie in Donal's.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE.

I NEVER understood till I travelled with French people why French hotels should be so bad; but the reason is to be found in the amiability, *laisser faire* — call by what name we will — that characteristic which so eminently distinguishes our neighbors on the other side of La Manche. We English perpetually travel, growl and grumble at discomforts as we go, till, by force of persistent fault-finding, we gradually bring about a reformation in hotels and travelling accommodation generally; whereas the French, partly from a dislike to making themselves disagreeable, and partly from the feeling that they are not likely to go over the same ground again, leave things as they find them, to the great disadvantage of those who follow. The French, indeed, travel so little for mere pleasure, that whenever they do so they think it useless to make a fuss about what seems to them part and parcel of the journey. Thus it happens that whenever you go off the beaten tracks in France you find the hotels as bad as they can well be; and your French fellow-traveller takes the dirt, noise, and discomfort generally, much as a matter of course. I am sorry that I can say little for the hotels we found throughout our four days' drive in the most romantic scenery of the Doubs; for the people are so amiable, obliging, and more, than moderate in their charges, that one feels inclined to forgive anything. Truth must be told, however, and so, for once and for all, I will only add that the tourist must here be prepared for the worst in the matter of accommodation, whilst too much praise cannot be accorded to the general desire to please and absolute incapacity of these good people to impose on strangers. It must also be explained that as the mere tourist is a rare phenomenon in these remote parts, the hotels are not arranged in order to meet his wants, but those of the *commis voyageur* or commercial traveller, who is the chief and best customer of innkeepers all over the country. You meet no one else at the *table d'hôte* but the *commis voyageurs*, and it must not be supposed that they are in any way objectionable company. They quietly sit out the various courses, then retire to the billiard room, and they are particularly polite to ladies. Throughout this journey we were on the borders of Switzerland, the thinnest possible partition dividing the land of cleanliness, order, and first-rate accommodation from that of discomfort; yet so rigid is the line of demarcation that no sooner do you put foot on Swiss ground than you find the difference. Quite naturally English travellers keep on the other side of the border, and only a stray one now and then crosses over from the land of cleanliness to the land of dirt.

Our little *calèche* and horse left much to desire, but the good qualities of our driver made up for everything. He was a fine old man, with a face worthy of a Roman emperor, and having driven all over the country for thirty years, knew it well, and found friends everywhere. Although wearing a blue cotton blouse, he was in the best sense of the word a gentleman, and if we were somewhat astonished to find him seated opposite to us at our *table d'hôte* breakfast, we soon saw that he well deserved the respect showed him: quiet, polite, dignified, he was the last per-

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son in the world to abuse his privileges, never dreaming of familiarity. The extreme politeness shown towards the working-classes here by all in a superior social station doubtless accounts for the good manners we find among them. My fellow-traveller, the widow of a French officer, never dreamed of accosting our good Eugène without the preliminary monsieur, and did not feel at all aggrieved at having him for her *vis-à-vis* at dinner. Eugène, like the greater part of his fellow-countrymen, is proud and economical, and in order not to become dependent upon his children or charity in his old age, had already with his savings bought a house and garden. It is impossible to give any idea of the thrift and laboriousness of the better order of working-classes here.

Soon after quitting Montbéliard we began to ascend, and for the rest of the day were climbing, gradually exchanging the region of cornfield and vineyard for that of the pine. From Montbéliard to St. Hippolyte is a superb drive of about five hours, amid wild gorges, grandiose rocks that have here taken every imaginable form — rampart, citadel, fortress, tower, all trellised and tasselled with the brightest green, and mountain valleys, here called *combes*, delicious little emerald islands shut in by towering heights on every side. The mingled wildness and beauty of the scenery reach their culminating point at St. Hippolyte, a pretty little town with a picturesque church superbly situated at the foot of three mountain gorges and the confluence of the Doubs with the Dessoubre, the latter river here turning off in the direction of Fuans. Here we halt for breakfast, and in two hours' time are again ascending, looking down from a tremendous height at the town so incomparably situated in the very heart of these solitary passes and ravines. The road is a wonderful achievement, curling as it does around what below appear unapproachable precipices, and from the beginning of our journey to the end we never ceased to admire it. This famous road was constructed, with many others, in Louis Philippe's time, and must have done great things for the progress of the country. Excepting an isolated little châlet here and there, and an occasional diligence or band of *cantonniers*, all is solitary; and the solitariness and grandeur increase as we leave the region of rocks and ravines to enter that of the pine, still getting higher and higher. From St. Hippolyte to our next halting-place, Maîche, the road only quits one pine forest to enter another, our way now being perfectly deserted, no herdsman's hut in sight, no sound of bird or animal, nothing to break the silence. Some of these trees are of great height, their sombre foliage at this season of the year being relieved by an abundance of light-brown cones, which give them the appearance of gigantic Christmas trees hung with golden gifts. Glorious as is the scenery we had lately passed — hoary rocks clothed with richest green, verdant slopes, valleys, and mountain-sides all glowing in the sunshine — the majestic gloom and isolation of these pine forests appeal more to the imagination and fill the mind with deeper delight. Next to the sea, the pine forest, to my thinking, is the sublimest of nature's handiwork. Nothing can lessen, nothing can enlarge, such grandeur. Sea and pine forest are the same, alike in thunder-cloud or under a serene sky, summer and winter; lightning and rainbow can hardly add by a hairbreadth to the profundity of the impression they produce.

Maîche might conveniently be made a summer resort, and I can fancy nothing more healthy and pleasanter than such a sojourn amid these fragrant pines. The hotel, too, from what we saw of it, pleased us greatly, and the landlady, like most of the people we have to do with in these parts, is all kindness, obligingness, and good-nature. In large cities and cosmopolitan hotels a traveller is No. 1, 2, or 3, as the case may be, and nothing more. Here host and hostess interest themselves in all their visitors and regard them as human beings. The charges, moreover, are so trifling that in undertaking a journey of this kind, hotel expenses need hardly count at all. The real cost is the carriage.

From Maîche to Le Russey — our halting-place for the night — is a distance of three hours only, during which we are still in the pine-woods. Le Russey possesses no attractions except a quaint and highly artistic monument to the memory of one of her children, a certain Jesuit missionary, whose imposing statue, cross in hand, is conspicuously placed above the public fountain. We cannot have too many of these local monuments, unfortunately rarer in England than in France. They lend character to provincial towns and keep up a spirit of patriotism and emulation among the people. This little town of Le Russey should, if possible, be halted at for an hour or two only; the hotels are dirty and uncomfortable, and we fared worse there than I ever remember to have fared

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in France, which is saying a good deal. Next morning we were off at eight o'clock to Morteau, our road, now for the most part level, leading us through very different scenery from that of the day before, monotonous open country, mostly pasturage, with lines of pine and fir against the horizon, in many places mere rocky wastes, hardly affording scant herbage for the cattle. Much of this scenery reminded me of the Fell district and north Wales. But by degrees we entered a far more interesting region. We were now close to Switzerland, and the landscape already wore a Swiss look.

There is nothing prettier in a quiet way than this border-land of France and Switzerland, which we reach after a long stretch of rather dreary country. Grace without severity, beauty without sombreness, characterize these pastoral hills and dales, alive with the tinkling of cattle bells and pleasantly diversified with villages scattered here and there, a church spire rising above the broad-roofed Swiss-like wooden houses. On every side are wide stretches of undulating green pasture, in some places shut in by pine-clad ridges, in others by smiling green hills, clusters of white-washed houses being perched terrace-wise alongside. We have seen little that can be called farming in our way, but here we find patches of wheat and rye still too green to cut, also bits of beet-root, maize, hemp, and potatoes; the chief produce of these parts is, of course, that of the dairy, the "*beurre de montagne*" being famous in these parts. Throughout our journey we have never lost sight of the service-berry tree, the road from Maîche to Morteau is indeed planted with them, and nothing can be handsomer than the clusters of bright red, coral-like berries we have on every side. The hedges show also the crimson-tasselled fruit of the barberry, no less ornamental than the service-berry tree. It is evident the greatest possible care is taken with these wayside plantations, and in a few years' time the road will present the appearance of a boulevard. At La Chenalotte, a hamlet halfway between Le Russey and Morteau, enterprising pedestrians may alight and take a two hours' walk by a mountain path to the falls of the river Doubs, from which river the department takes its name; but as the roads are very bad on account of the late heavy rains, we prefer to drive on to the little hamlet called Les Pargots, beyond Morteau, and thence reach the falls by means of a boat, traversing the lake of Les Brenets and the basins of Le Doubs. The little Swiss village of Les Brenets is coquettishly perched on a green hill commanding the lake, and we are now indeed on Swiss ground, being within a few miles of Chaux de Fonds, and only a short railway journey from Neufchatel and Pontarlier.

We trust ourselves to the care of an experienced boatwoman, and are soon in a fairy-like scene — a vast sheet of limpid water surrounded by verdant ridges, amid which peep châlets here and there, velvety pastures sloping down to the water's edge; all is tenderness, loveliness, and grace. As we glide from the lake to the basins, the scenery takes a severer character, and there is sublimity in these gigantic walls of rock rising sheer from the silvery sheets of water, each successive one seeming to us more beautiful and romantic than the last. Perfect solitude reigns here, for so precipitous and steep are these fortress-like rocks that there is no "coigne of vantage" even for the mountain goat, not the tiniest path from summit to base, no single break in the shelving masses, some of which take the weirdest forms. Seen, as we first saw them, with a brilliant blue sky overhead, no shadow on the gold green verdure, these exquisite little lakes, twin pearls on a string, afford the daintiest, most delightful spectacle; but a leaden sky and a driving wind turn this scene of enchantment into gloom and monotony, as we find on our way back.

The serene beauty of the lake and the imposing aspect of these rock-shut basins give an ascending scale of beauty, and the climax is reached when, having glided in and out from the first to the last, we alight, climb a mountain path, and below, far below, at our feet, amid a deafening roar, are the majestic falls of the Doubs.

These things are indescribable; but to come from the sublime to the ridiculous, I must advise future travellers not to follow our example — in respect of a woman boatman. The good woman who acted as guide to the falls could not hold her tongue for a single moment, and her loud inharmonious tittle-tattle put us in ill-humor for the rest of the day. When you make a long journey to see such a phenomenon as this, you should see it alone, or at least in perfect quiet. We had come opportunely for the falls, however, the enormous quantity of rain that had fallen within the last few weeks having greatly augmented their volume. It was as if no river, but a sea, were here leaping from its prison-house, rejoiced to clear its rocks, and have its own wild way. The profound impression

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created by such a scene as this, to my thinking, lies chiefly in the striking contrasts we have before us: a vast eddy of snow-white foam, the very personification of impetuous movement, also of sparkling whiteness, with a background of pitchy black rock, still, immovable, changeless as the heavens above.

As we stood thus peering down at the silvery whirlpool and its sombre environment, we were bedewed with a light mist, spray sent upwards by the falling waters. Our female Cerberus gabbled on, and so to get rid of her we descended. There is a restaurant on the French, also on the Swiss side of the basin we had just crossed, and we chose the latter, not with particular success. Very little we got either to eat or drink, and a very long while we had to wait for it, but at last we had dined, and again embarked to cross the basins and lake. In the mean time the weather had entirely changed, and instead of a glowing blue sky and bright sun, we had lowering clouds and high winds, making our boatwoman's task difficult in the extreme. However, still gabbling on, she contrived to clear one little promontory after another, and when once out of the closely confined basins into the more open lake all was as easy as possible.

We found the Hôtel Gimbard at Morteau a vast improvement upon that of Le Russey, and woke up refreshed next morning, after having well supped and well slept, to find, alas! thunder, lightning, and torrents of rain the order of the day. Our programme was to turn off at Morteau in the direction of Fuans and the picturesque banks of the Dessoubre, reaching St. Hippolyte at night, but with great reluctance we had to give up this *détour*. From Morteau to St. Hippolyte is a day's journey only to be made by starting at eight in the morning, and there are not even decent wayside inns. So we patiently waited till the storm was over; and as by that time it was past midday, there was nothing to do but drive leisurely back to Mâiche. More fortunate travellers than ourselves in the matter of weather, however, are particularly recommended the other route. Mâiche is a good specimen of the large flourishing village or *bourg* found in these parts, and a greater contrast with those of Brittany cannot be conceived. There you find no upper or middle class element, no progress, little communication with the outer world, some of the towns even, St. Pol de Léon for instance, being literally asleep. Here all is life, bustle, and animation, and though we are now amid a Catholic community, order and comparative cleanliness prevail. Some of the cottage gardens are quite charming, and handsome modern houses in large numbers denote the existence of rich *bourgeois* families, as is also the case in the villages near Montbéliard. The commune of Mâiche has large revenues, especially in forest lands, and we can thus account for the really magnificent *curé* and *presbytère*, the residence of the curé, also the imposing Hôtel de Ville, and new costly decorations of the church. There is evidently money for everything, and the curé of Mâiche must be a happy person, contrasting his position formally with that of his fellow-curés in the Protestant villages around Montbéliard. The down-hill drive from our airy eminence amid these pine forests was even more striking than our ascent had been two days before, and we naturally got over the ground in less than half the time. It is really a pity such delightful scenery should not be made more accessible to travellers by really first-rate inns. There are several at Mâiche, also at St. Hippolyte and Pont de Roïde, but they are made for the *commis voyageur*, not the tourist. Yet there is a friendliness, a *bonhomie*, and a disinterestedness about these hotel-keepers, which would soon disappear were the department of Le Doubs turned into a little Switzerland. At the *table d'hôte* dinners the master of the house always presides and looks after his guests; waiters there are none; sometimes the plates are changed by the landlady, who also superintends the kitchen, sometimes by the landlord, sometimes by a guest, and shortcomings are made up for by general geniality and good-nature; every one knows every one, and the dinner is a meeting of old friends.

All this will soon be changed with the new line of railway leading from Besançon by way of Morteau into Switzerland, and future travellers will be able to see this beautiful country with very little fatigue. As yet Franche-Comté is a *terra incognita*, and the sight of an English tourist is of rarest occurrence. When we leave Pont de Roïde we once more enter the regions of Protestantism, every village possessing its Protestant and Catholic church. The drive to Blamont is charming, a veritable bit of Devonshire, with green lanes, dells and glades, curling streams, and smooth green meadows. Blamont itself is most romantically situated, crowning a verdant mountain-side, its twin spires (Protestant and Catholic) rising conspicuously above the scattered villages, far above these the

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mountain range of Lomont. We have all this time, be it remembered, been, geographically speaking, in the Jura, though departmentally in the Doubs, the succession of rock and mountain we have passed through forming part of the Jura range, which vanishes in the green slopes of Blamont. Both the Doubs and the Jura form part of the ancient province of Franche-Comté.

The next village, Glay, is hardly less picturesque; all the neighborhood indeed would afford charming excursions for the pedestrian. The rest of our drive lay through an open, fairly cultivated plain, with little manufacturing colonies thickly scattered among the rural population, in many cases the tall black chimneys spoiling the pastoralness of the scene.

It was with extreme regret I took farewell of the friendly little Protestant town of Montbéliard a few days later. I had entered it, a few weeks before, a stranger; I quitted it amid the good wishes, handclasps, and regretful farewells of a dozen kind friends. Two hours' railway journey through a beautiful country brought me to Besançon, where, as at Montbéliard, I received the warmest welcome, and felt at home at once. The hotels at Besançon have the reputation of being the worst throughout all France, but my kind friends would not permit me to try them. Instead, therefore, of becoming number two or four, as the case might be, in an enormous bustling hotel, I found myself amid all kinds of comforts, domesticities, and distractions, with delightful cicerones in my host and hostess, and charming little companions in their two children. This is, indeed, the poetry of travel; to travel from place to place provided with letters introductory which open hearts and doors at every stage, and make every halt the inauguration of a new friendship. I wish I could subjoin a pencil sketch illustrative of "How I Travelled through Franche-Comté," for my explorations of these picturesque regions were a succession of picnics; host and hostess, their English guest, Swiss nursemaid, and two little fair-haired boys, cosily packed in an open carriage; on the seat beside the driver stands a huge basket, suggestive of creature comforts, the neck of a wine-bottle and the spout of a teapot conspicuous above the other contents!

This is, indeed, the way I saw the beautiful valley of the Doubs, and not only the country round about Besançon, but the borderland of Switzerland and Savoy. The weather — we are in the first days of September — is perfect; the children, aged respectively sixteen months and three years and odd, are the best little travellers in the world, always going to sleep when convenient to their elders, and at other times quietly enjoying the shifting landscape; in fact, there is nothing to mar our enjoyment of regions as lovely as any it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

In consequence of the bad character of the Besançon hotels, even French tourists seldom break their journey here; but on the opening of the new railway line into Switzerland by way of Besançon, Ornans, and Morteau, new and better hotels are sure to spring up. At present, wherever we go we never by any chance meet the ubiquitous English traveller with his "Murray;" and my friends here say that, during a several years' residence in Besançon, they have never yet seen such an apparition. Yet Franche-Comté, at present a *terra incognita* of tourists, abounds in all kinds of beauty; the sublime, the gracious, and the pastoral, rock, vast panorama, mountain and valley, all are here, and all as yet free from the track of the English and American tourists as the garden of Eden before Eve's trespass.

Besides these quieter beauties are some rare natural phenomena, such as the Glaciers de la Grâce Dieu, near Baume les Dames, and the famous Osselle Grottoes, both of which may be reached by railway. We preferred however, the open carriage, the basket, and the tea-pot, and accordingly set off for the latter one superb morning in the highest spirits, which nothing occurred to mar. Quitting the splendid mountain environment of Besançon, we drove for three hours amid the lovely valley of the Doubs, delighted at every bend of the road with some new feature in the landscape; then choosing a sheltered slope, we unpack our basket, and lunch *al fresco*, in the merriest spirits and with the heartiest appetites. Never surely did the renowned Besançon *pâtés* taste better, never did the wine of its warm hillsides possess a pleasanter flavor. The children sported over the turf like little Loves, the air was sweet with the perfume of new-made hay, the birds sang overhead, and beyond our immediate pavilion of greenery lay the curling blue river and smiling hills. Leaving the children to sleep under the trees, and the horse to feed at a neighboring mill — there is no kind of wayside inn here, so that we have to beg a little hay from the miller as a favor — we follow a lad provided with matches and candles to the entrance of the famous grottoes. Outside the sugarloaf

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hill, so marvellously channelled and cased with stalactitic formation, has nothing remarkable. It is a mere green hill, and nothing more. Inside, however, as strange a spectacle meets our eyes as it is possible to conceive. To see these caves in detail you must spend an hour and a half in the bowels of the earth; but we were contented with half that time, for the underground promenade is a very chilly one, and in some places we were ankle-deep in water. Each being provided with a lighted candle, we followed our youthful guide, who was accompanied by a dog, as familiar as himself with the windings of these sombre subterraneous palaces, for palaces indeed they might be called. Sometimes these stalactite roofs are lofty, sometimes we have to bend our heads in order to pass from one vaulted chamber to another. Here we have a superb column supporting an arch, here a pillar in course of formation — everywhere the strangest, most fantastic architecture — architecture, moreover, that is the work of ages, one petrifying drop after another doing its apportioned work — column, arch, and roof being formed by a process so slow that the lifetime of a human being hardly counts in the calculation. There is something sublime in the steady persistence of nature, the undeviating march to a goal; and as we gaze upon the embryo stages of the petrifaction, stalagmite patiently lifting itself upward, stalactite as patiently bending down to the remote but inevitable union, we might almost fancy them sentient agents in the marvellous transformation. The stamens of a passion-flower do not more eagerly — as it seems — curl upwards to embrace the pistil, the beautiful pistillate flower of the *Vallisneria spiralis* does not more determinately seek its mate, than these crystal pendants covet union with their fellows below. Such perpetual bridals are accomplished after countless cycles of time, whilst meanwhile, in the sunlit world outside, the faces of whole continents are being changed, and entire civilizations are formed and overthrown.

The feeble light projected by our four candles in these gloomy yet majestic chambers was not so feeble as to obscure the insignificant names of hundreds of individuals scrawled here and there. Schopenhauer explains the foolish propensity of travellers thus to perpetuate their memories, as it seems to them. John Smith and Tom Brown, who scribble their names, whether inside the Kentucky caves or on the top of the Pyramids, imagine most likely that so long as these remain their illustrious names will not be forgotten; and can only remember alike cave and Pyramids by means of such personal associations: they indeed are nothing, but the *ego*, the little self of John Smith and Tom Brown something. The bones of the cave bear and other gigantic animals have been found here, but at present the only tenants of these antique vaults are the bats, forming huge black clusters in the roof. There is something eerie in their cries, but they are more alarmed than alarming, the lights disturbing them not a little.

Pleasant after even thus short a venture into the region of perpetual night was the return to sunshine, green trees, the children — and the teapot! After calling it into requisition, we set off homewards, reaching Besançon just as the moon made its appearance, a large silver disc above the purple hills. And the next day, good luck still following us, we had a drive and picnic in the opposite direction, this time with a less ambitious programme. In fact, we were merely accepting a neighbor's invitation to a friendly dinner out of doors a few miles from Besançon. This picnic is a fair sample of Franc-Comtois hospitality, not only friends being invited, but their guests, babies, servants — "all that was in their house" — the various parties being collected in a waggonette. It was Sunday, and though I am here still in a strictly Protestant atmosphere, host and guests being Protestants, it was pleasant to find none of the Puritanism characterizing some sections of the Reformed Church in France. The Protestant pastor, indeed, to whose eloquent discourse I had listened that morning, was of the party; and it is quite a matter of course here to spend Sunday afternoons thus sociably and healthfully. The meeting place was a rustic spot much resorted to by Bisontins (as residents of Besançon are called) on holidays, and easily reached from the little station of Roche, on the railway line to Belfort. A winding path through a wood leads to the so-called Acier springs, which since the Roman epoch have continued to supply Besançon with the delicious water we find here in such abundance. We have just such bits of wood, waterfall, and mountain in north Wales, but seldom in September such unbroken sunshine to make a picnic exactly what it should be. It was warm enough for July, and young and old could disport themselves on the turf in perfect security. As the afternoon wore on, numerous pleasure parties, mostly belonging to the

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working-classes, found their way to the same pleasant spot, all amply provided with baskets of wine and provisions. Some went farther in search of some little glade they could have to themselves, others took possession of nooks and corners in the open space where we had just before dined so merrily. It was amusing to see how little attention these good people paid to us or any other outsiders. Two or three of the women, fearing to tear their Sunday gowns in the wood, coolly took them off, hanging them on the trees near, and as coolly remade their toilette when their woodland rambles were over. The train to Roche certainly brought in a goodly contingent of picnic parties that afternoon, and when about four o'clock we prepared to return home the place was beginning to wear a very animated appearance. The moon had risen ere we reached our destination, and seen in the tender summer twilight the valley of the Doubs looked even more beautiful than in the glowing sunshine of midday. There is no monotony in these vine-clad hills, rugged mountain-sides wooded from peak to base, close-shut valleys, and bright blue winding rivers; whether seen under the dropping shadows of a shifting sky, or the glow of sunset, their quiet beauties delight the eye of every spectator and commend themselves to the artist. Perhaps no department of France is richer in rivers than this, and every landscape has its bit of river or canal.

To get an idea of the commanding position of Besançon, we must climb one of the lofty green heights, that of Notre Dame des Buis for instance, an hour's drive from the town. Having reached a sharp eminence, crowned by a chapel and covered with boxwood, we obtain a splendid view of the natural and artificial defences which make Besançon, strategically speaking, one of the strongest positions in France. Cæsar in his "Commentaries" speaks almost with enthusiasm of the admirable position of Vesontio, the capital of the Sequani, and when he became master of it, the defeat of Vercingetorix became a mere matter of time. But what would the great general have said, could he have seen his citadel thus dwarfed into insignificance by Vauban's magnificent fortifications, and what would be Vauban's amazement could he behold the stupendous works of modern strategists?

Beyond these proudly cresting heights, every peak bristling with its defiant fort, stretches a vast panorama; the mountain chain of the Jura, the Vosges, the snow-capped Swiss Alps, the plains of Burgundy, all these lie under our eyes, clearly defined in the transparent atmosphere of this summer afternoon. Campanulas, white and blue, with abundance of a lovely tinted deep-orange potentilla and carmine dianthus, were growing at our feet, with numerous other wild flowers. The pretty pink mallow cultivated in gardens grows everywhere, but the service-tree and barberry have almost disappeared. This is indeed a paradise to botanists, but their travels should be made earlier in the year. The walks and drives in the neighborhood of Besançon are countless, but that to the little valley of the World's End, "Le Bout du Monde," must on no account be omitted. Again we follow the limpid waters of the winding Doubs: here, on one side, we have hanging vineyards and orchards; on the other, lines of poplar; above these, dimpled green hills and craggy peaks are reflected in the still transparent water. We reach the pretty village of Beurre, after a succession of landscapes, "*l'un plus joli que l'autre*," as our French neighbors say, and then come suddenly upon a tiny valley shut in by lofty rocks, aptly called the world's end of these parts, since here the most adventuresome pedestrian must retrace his steps. No possibility of scaling these mountain walls, from which a cascade falls so musically, no outlet from these impregnable walls into the pastoral country on the other side. We must go back by the way we have come, first having penetrated to the heart of the valley by a winding path, and watched the silvery water tumble down from the grey rocks that seem to touch the blue sky overhead.

The great charm of these landscapes is the abundance of water to be found everywhere, and no less delightful is the sight of springs, fountains, and pumps in every village. Besançon is noted for its handsome fountains, some of which are real works of art; but the tiniest hamlet in the neighborhood, and indeed throughout the department of the Doubs, is as well supplied as the city itself. We know what an aristocratic luxury good water is in many an English village, and how too often the poor have no pure drinking water within reach at all; here they have close at hand enough and to spare of the purest and best, and not only their share of that, but of the good things of the earth, a bit of vegetable and fruit garden, a vineyard, and generally speaking a little house of their own. Here as a rule everybody possesses something, and the working watchmakers

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have most of them their suburban garden to which they resort on Sundays and holidays. Besançon is very rich in suburban retreats, and nothing can be more enticing than the cottages and villas nestled so cosily along the vine-clad hills that surround it on every side. It is above all rich in public walks and promenades; one of these, the Promenade Chamart — a corruption of Champs de Mars — possessing some of the finest plane-trees in Europe, a gigantic fragment of forest on the verge of the city of wonderful beauty and stateliness. These veteran trees vary in height from thirty to thirty-five yards. The Promenade Micaud, so called after its originator, winds along the river-side, and affords a lovely view at every turn. Then there are so-called "squares" in the heart of the town, where military bands play twice a week, and nursemaids and their charges spend the afternoon. Perhaps no city of its size in all France — Besançon numbers only sixty thousand inhabitants — is better off in this respect, whilst it is so encircled by vine-clad hills and mountains that the country peeps in everywhere. Considered from all points of view it is a very attractive place to live in, and possesses all the resources of the capital on a small scale: an excellent theatre, literary and artistic societies, free art schools and academy of arts and sciences, museums, picture-galleries, one of the first public libraries in France, of which a word more later on. First of all something must be said of the city itself, which is especially interesting to the archæologist and historian, and is very little frequented by English tourists. Alternately Roman, Burgundian, Arlesian, Anglo-French, and Spanish, Besançon has seen extraordinary vicissitudes; in the twelfth century it was constituted a free city, or commune, and was not incorporated into the French kingdom till the reign of Louis XIV. Traces of these various occupations remain, and as we enter in at one gate and pass out of another, we have each successive chapter suggested to us in the noble Porte Noire or Roman triumphal arch; the ancient cathedral, forming a Roman basilica; the superb semi-Italian, semi-Spanish Palais Granville; the Hôtel de Ville, with its handsome sixteenth-century façade; the Renaissance council chamber; the magnificently carved oak hall of the Palais de Justice; all these stamp the city with the seal of different epochs, and lend majesty to the modern handsome town into which the Besançon of former times has been transformed. The so-called *Porte Taillée*, a Roman gate hewn out of the solid rock, and surmounted by a tower, is an imposing entry to the city, the triumphal arch before mentioned leading to the cathedral only. Here most picturesquely stand the columns and other fragments of the Roman theatre excavated by the learned librarian, M. Castan, a few years back. The archbishop allows no one to see the treasures contained in the archiepiscopal palace, among which is a fine Paul Veronese; but the cathedral is fortunately open, and there the art-lover may rejoice in one of the most beautiful Fra Bartolomeos in the world, unfortunately hung too high to be well seen. Externally the cathedral offers little interest, but the interior is very gorgeous, a dazzling display of gold ornaments, old stained glass pictures, mosaics, and ecclesiastical riches of all kinds.

The other churches of Besançon are not interesting, architecturally speaking, though picturesque, especially St. Pierre, with its clock-tower conspicuously seen from every part of the town. The Archæological Museum is declared by authorities to be the best arranged in France, and contains some wonderfully beautiful things, notably the Celtic collection found at Alaise, and Gallo-Roman objects of great interest and beauty discovered in various parts of Franche-Comté. Such collections must be studied in detail to be thoroughly appreciated, and commend themselves to archæologists only. I mention the importance and value of the Besançon museum as another illustration of the principle of decentralization carried on in France, each city being enriched and embellished as far as possible, and made a centre, artistic, scientific, and literary. The museum contains, amongst other things, a curious collection of old watches, the speciality of Besançon, of which more will be said hereafter. But what was my astonishment and delight as I sauntered by the little cases under the windows containing coins, medals, and antiquities of various kinds, to come suddenly upon a label bearing this inscription?

LA MONTRE DE VERGNIAUD.

There it lay, the little gold watch of the great Girondin orator, choicest, most precious relic of the Revolution, historic memento unrivalled for its interest and romantic associations! Vergniaud's watch! The very words take one's breath away, yet there it was close under my eyes. All those of my readers who are well acquainted with the history of the Revolution in

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detail will remember the last banquet of the Girondins, that memorable meeting together of the martyrs of liberty, each one condemned to die next morning for his political creed. The Girondins (of whom Vergniaud was undoubtedly the greatest) ruthlessly swept away, the last barrier removed between principle and passion, and the revolutionary tide was free to work destruction at its will. After the banquet, which was held with much state and ceremony in a hall of the Conciergerie,* now shown to travellers, the twenty-seven Girondins discoursed in Platonic fashion upon the topics nearest their hearts, namely, the future of the republican idea and the immortality of the soul. The solemn symposium brought to an end, each occupied himself differently, some in making their last testaments, others in deep thought, one in calm sleep; and it was during this interval that Vergniaud, with a pin, scratched inside the case of his elegant little gold watch the name of *Adèle*, and having done this, he handed it to a trustworthy gaoler to be delivered next day. A few hours later his head had fallen on the guillotine, but his last bequest was duly delivered to the Adèle for whom he designed it, a little girl of thirteen, who was to have become his wife. She became in due time a happy wife and mother, and bequeathed Vergniaud's historic watch to a friend, who generously bestowed it upon the Besançon museum. Charles Nodier in his "*Dernier Banquet des Girondins*," gives an eloquent history of this watch, which most likely he saw or handled as a youth. Vergniaud is undoubtedly one of the most striking and imposing figures in the Revolution, and everything concerning him is of deepest interest. His lofty soul, no more than any other of that epoch, could foresee how the French republic would be established peaceably and firmly after torrents of blood and crimes and terrors unspeakable.

The picture-galleries, arranged in five handsome rooms adjoining, contain these two *chefs-d'œuvre* amid a fairly representative collection of classic and modern art. The fine Albert Dürer, an altarpiece on wood, the Moro portraits, the Bronzino, a "Descent from the Cross," are veritable gems; and beside these are portraits of the two Granvilles by Titian and Gaetano, and two fine portraits, called "A Mathematician" and "Galileo," attributed to Velasquez.

* So enormous was the influx of visitors during the Exhibition that by an order of the *préfet de la police* no one is now permitted to use the Conciergerie. It became impracticable.

Under the same roof is the free art school for both sexes, which is one of the most flourishing institutions of the town, and dates from the year 1774. In the second year of instruction drawing is taught from the live model. Besançon also boasts of a free music school, and, what is of particular interest to strangers, a technical school for the training of working watchmakers, male and female. Watchmaking, as has already been mentioned, is the speciality of the town, and originated as far back as 1793. The National Convention is to be thanked for this great source of wealth, the first *horlogerie* here being founded by the refugee watchmakers of Chaux de Fonds and Locle, who had been proscribed for their adhesion to republican ideas. By a decree of the Convention these exiles were accorded succor and shelter at Besançon, after which the Committee of National Safety declared the *horlogeries* of Le Doubs national institutions. Upwards of five hundred thousand watches are made annually, and it has been computed that out of every hundred watches that go to the French market, eighty-six come from Besançon. These little watches are very durable and elegant, and are sold at prices that would surprise Sir John Bennett and other eminent watchmakers in London. Besançon also possesses an Academy of Arts, Science and Belles-Lettres, free to both sexes, and a poor scholar, therefore, who has been lucky enough to get a nomination to the Lycée, may here obtain his *bachelier ès lettres* or *ès sciences* without one farthing of cost. Again, I may remark that, as far as I know, no English town of sixty thousand inhabitants, more or less, offers such advantages in the way of higher instruction to those who cannot afford to pay for it; but perhaps my English critics will reply that English towns might have such free institutions if they chose. The session of the Besançon academy begins in October and lasts till the summer, during which are daily delivered, by first-rate professors, courses of lectures scientific, artistic, and literary. I should be only too glad to discover that at Hastings or Ipswich, for instance, towns I know pretty well — I could attend gratuitously or otherwise courses of lectures with demonstrations on chemistry, geology, palæontology, or any other subject by accredited professors. The fact of the case is, as any one who lives in France knows, that we have nothing like the free academies, art schools, and music academies found there so largely, and

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which mostly date from the great Revolution, when the highest instruction was not considered too good for the people. The superior taste, technical skill, and general intelligence of French workmen to our own are due to these causes, and also to the opening of museums, public libraries, etc., on Sundays.

Delightful hours may be spent in the library of Besançon, which is one of the richest and most ancient in France, but space will only permit a word or two concerning its various treasures. Like the memorable library of Weimar, it is a museum as well, and contains a most interesting collection of coins, medals, statues, busts, engravings, etc., relating to the history of Franche-Comté; and, like most other large French provincial libraries, it is under the management of a man of great learning and distinction. M. Castan, the present librarian, is the author of several valuable works relating to his native province, and to him Besançon is indebted for the excavations which have filled its museums with archæological treasures. Bibliographers may here feast their eyes on stores of most precious illuminated MSS. and rare books, some of which are of the greatest rarity; but ordinary tourists will be better pleased with the statues and portraits that adorn its corridor. Here we find celebrated Franc-Comtois of all times, soldiers, savants, poets, *littérateurs*, the familiar features of Victor Hugo among the rest. Franche-Comté is particularly rich in great names, and Besançon alone boasts of a noble list, Victor Hugo, Charles Nodier, Fourier, Proudhon, Charles Weiss, Francis Wey, the sculptors Clésinger and Petit — these *inter alios* of our own epoch. The house in which the author of "*Notre Dame de Paris*" was born, so far back as 1802, is in the street leading to the cathedral, but has long since been reconstructed.

The interest and beauty of Besançon might be dwelt upon at much greater length did space permit; but to realize these the traveller should follow my example and settle down for a fortnight, "excursionizing" from time to time, and seeing the town itself leisurely. Nothing worth seeing can be seen in a hurry, and I would gladly have devoted another fortnight to the antiquities and beautiful environs of this delightful old town. It is eminently Catholic, but although in a tremendous minority here, the Protestants hold their own, and even make head against the enemy, as at Arbois, a little town in the Jura, where a Protestant church has lately been established. There are four pastors at Besançon, who divide the work between them: it is mainly owing to their efforts that a handsome building with gardens in the suburbs has lately been purchased and turned into a Protestant hospital and asylum for the sick and aged. Up till this time they had been received in the municipal hospital under the management of the nuns, who of course did all in their power to worry them into Catholicism. We know what happens when a hospital is under the charge of nuns, and it can easily be understood that many of these poor people preferred to embrace a crucifix than profess the truth when half-dead of exhaustion. Some would go through a mock conversion, others would endure a martyrdom till the last; but the position alike of weak or obstinate was unbearable. Now there is a home not only for the indigent Protestant sick and aged, but for those who can afford to pay a small sum for being well looked after, and it is delightful to witness the homelike ease and comfort of everything. The poor people welcomed their pastor, who accompanied me on my visit, not only as a priest but as a friend, and it was easy to see how they enjoyed a little talk with *madame*, and the prattle of the children, who were delighted to accompany their parents. The large, shady gardens overlooking the town are much resorted to in fine weather, and everywhere we found cheerful faces. It is hardly necessary to say that this admirable work needs money. The Catholic clergy of course regard any step in advance on the part of the Protestants with abhorrence, and do a little bit of persecution whenever opportunity offers. As perhaps may not be known to all my readers, the parish burial-ground in France is opened by the law to all sects and denominations indiscriminately. Protestant, Jew, Mahometan, or Brahmin may here find a resting-place in spite of M. le Curé. Such is the law, and an admirable law it is, but the law means one thing to a Catholic and another to a Protestant. There is no Protestant burial-ground in Besançon or the neighboring villages, so that every one is buried in the town and parish cemetery; but as mayors of small county towns and villages often happen not to know the law, the curé tries to circumvent his enemy at the last. Accordingly, when the time of burial comes, a Protestant pastor may be kept waiting for hours in consequence of this wilful obstinacy, supposing that the mayor is under clerical influence. Useless to argue, "*La loi est*

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avec nous;" curé and mayor persist, and at the last moment the unfortunate pastor has to telegraph to the *préfet*, who, whether clerical or not, knows the law and is obliged to follow it, and consequently send an authorization which ends the matter. This is very blind on the part of the clericals, for it naturally turns the Protestants into martyrs. It happened in a little village not far from Besançon that after a scene of this kind all the village population turned into the cemetery, and by the time the préfet's order came, the Protestant pastor had a large audience for his discourse over the grave. "*C'est si consolant chez les Protestants l'enterrement des morts*," people were heard to say, and let us hope the curé and the mayor were punished for their folly by a few conversions to Protestantism among their flock.

Leaving this ungracious subject, let the reader follow me to Ornans and the long valley of the Loue. This is the excursion *par excellence* to be made from Besançon, and may be made in two ways; either on foot, occupying three or four days, decidedly the most advantageous for those who can do it, or by carriage in a single day, starting very early in the morning, and telegraphing for relays at Ornans the previous afternoon. This is how we man aged it, starting at five, and reaching home soon after eight at night. The children accompanied us, and I must say better fellow-travellers I never had than these mites of sixteen months and three-and-a-half years. When tired of looking at the cows, oxen, goats, horses, and poultry we passed on the road, they would amuse themselves for an hour by quietly munching a roll; and when that occupation at last came to an end, they would go to sleep, waking up just as happy as before. As a hint to mammas, I will add that the younger was getting his teeth, and in the house was fretful and ill at ease. No sooner was his hat on and the magic word *voiture* pronounced in his hearing, than every cloud vanished from his sweet little face, and all the miseries of teething were forgotten. Ornans is not only extremely picturesque in itself, but interesting as the birthplace and family residence of the famous painter Courbet; it is also a starting-place for the valley of the Loue, and the source of this beautiful little river, the last only to be seen in fine dry weather on account of the steepness and slipperiness of the road. The climate of Franche-Comté is unfortunately very like our own, being excessively changeable, rainy, blowy, sunny, all in a breath. To-day's unclouded sunshine is no guarantee of fine weather to-morrow; although, as a rule, September is the finest month of the year here, it has been all along variable this year with alternations of rain and chilliness. This is the great drawback of travel in these parts, and fine days have to be waited for and seized upon whenever they come. The hotels are very much like caravanserais in Algeria; bells, fireplaces, and other necessities of civilized life are unknown; the bedrooms — generally reached by an outside staircase — afford such accommodation as we should not think luxurious for a stable-boy in England, and often adjoin a noisy upper *salle-à-manger*, where eating, drinking, and talking are going on all day long. The food is always good, the wine sour as vinegar, and the people obliging in the extreme. At Mouthier we sat down to an excellent dinner at one end of the dining-room; at the other was a long table where a number of peasant farmers, carters, graziers, etc. — it was fair-day — were dining equally well. Our driver was among them, and all were as quiet and well-behaved as possible, but given to spit on the floor, as "is their nature to." The charges are very low.

Ornans we reach after a drive of three hours amid hills luxuriantly draped with vines and craggy peaks clothed with verdure, here and there wide stretches of velvety green pasture with cattle feeding, and haymakers turning over the autumn hay. Everywhere we find haymakers at work, and picturesque figures they are.

Ornans is lovely, and no wonder that Courbet was so fond of it. Nestled in a deep valley of green rocks and vineyards, and built on the banks of the transparent Loue, its quaint spire rising from the midst, it commends itself alike to artist, naturalist, and angler. These old-world houses, reflected in the river, are marvellously *malerisch* — paintable, as our German friends say; and the scene, as we saw it after a heavy rain, glowed in the brightest, the warmest light.

Courbet's house is situated, not on the river, but by the roadside on the outskirts of the town, fronting the river and the bright green terraced hills above. It is a low one storied house, embosomed in greenery, very rural, pretty, and artistic. In the dining-room we were shown a small statue of the painter by his own hand, giving one rather the idea of a country squire or sporting-farmer than a great artist; and the house — which is not shown to strangers — is full of interesting reminiscences of its owner. In the kitchen is a splendid

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Renaissance chimney-piece in sculptured marble, fit for the dining-hall of a Rothschild. This Courbet found in some old château near, and transferred it to his cottage. On the walls of the studio are two frescoes he painted in his happier days, before he helped to overthrow the Vendôme Column, and thus forfeited the good feeling of his fellow-townsmen. Ornans is clerical to the backbone, and — will it be believed? — after the unfortunate affair of the Vendôme Column, an exquisite statue with which Courbet had decorated the public fountain was thrown down, of course at clerical instigation. Morteau — it must be supposed — being more enlightened, rescued the dishonored statue, and it now adorns the public fountain of that village. It is indeed impossible to give any idea of the vindictive spirit with which poor Courbet was treated by his native village; and seeing how much he loved it, it must have galled him deeply. We were allowed to wander at will over the house and straggling gardens, having friends in the present occupants, but the house still belongs to the Courbet family, and is not otherwise to be seen.

Ornans possesses a fine old church, also a curious old Spanish house, relic of the Spanish occupation of Franche-Comté, and long walks without number. Everywhere we see artificial terraces for the vines as on the Rhine, not a ledge of mountain-side being wasted. On account of its splendid scenery, it is a favorite resort of French artists, and at least one name among them will ever be associated with it. As we leave it and enter on the Mouthier road the aspect changes, and we find ourselves in the winding, close-shut valley of the Loue, narrow, turbulent little stream, of deep-blue green, winding over a rocky bed, amid hanging vineyards and towering cliffs of every conceivable form. This valley of the Loue is deservedly reckoned among the finest pieces of scenery in the department of the Doubs.

Mouthiers is perched on a hillside amid mountains of grandiose outline, and is hardly less *malerisch*, though not nearly so enticing as Ornans. In fact, it is a trifle dirty when visited in detail, though charming when viewed from the mountain road above.

After having stopped at Mouthiers to dine and rest, we now climb this, and hardly know which to admire most, the deep, far-off winding valley at our feet, amid which the imprisoned river curls with a noise as of thunder, making miniature cascades at every step; or the towering silvery grey rocks overhead, of most majestic height and form, rising sheer from wild ravine to blue sky. The road zigzags wonderfully around the mountain-sides, a stupendous piece of engineering which cost its originator his life. The engineer to whom travellers are indebted for this road from Mouthier to Pontarlier, while occupied in taking measurements, lost his footing and fell into the awful chasm below. Franche-Comté is rich in zigzagging mountain roads of daring construction, and none are more wonderful than this. All this time, as we crawl at a snail's pace between rock and ravine, purest, most silvery-white masses towering to the sky, densest, deepest green fastnesses that make us giddy to behold, we hear the sea-like roar of the little river as it pours down impetuously from its mountain home. The heavy rains of the previous night, however, prevent us from following it to its source, a delightful excursion in dry weather, but impracticable after a rainfall. The day too is waning, so we leave this to more fortunate travellers, and turn our horse's head towards Mouthier. When, after coffee and a little chat with friends, we leave Ornans, a splendid glow of sunset lights up Courbet's favorite abiding-place, clothing the hills and woods he gazed on so often with ripest gold. The glories of the sunset lingered long, and as the last crimson cloud faded, the full pearly moon rose in the clear heavens, amid myriads of stars.

A few days after this delightful excursion, I quitted Besançon, as I had done Montbéliard, amid the heartiest leave-takings; and the last recollection I have of the ancient town is of two little fair-haired boys whose faces were lifted to mine for a farewell kiss in the railway station.

M. B.-E.

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MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PRISONER.

THE sudden noise overhead and the hurried trampling of the men on deck were startling enough; but surely there was nothing to alarm her in the calm and serious

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face of this man who stood before her. He did not advance to her. He regarded her with a sad tenderness, as if he were looking at one far away. When the beloved dead come back to us in the wonder-halls of sleep, there is no wild joy of meeting: there is something strange. And when they disappear again, there is no surprise; only the dull aching returns to the heart.

"Gertrude," said he, "you are as safe here as ever you were in your mother's arms. No one will harm you."

"What is it? What do you mean?" said she quickly.

She was somewhat bewildered. She had not expected to meet him thus suddenly face to face. And then she became aware that the companion-way by which she had descended into the saloon had grown dark: that was the meaning of the harsh noise.

"I want to go ashore, Keith," said she hurriedly. "Put me on shore. I will speak to you there."

"You cannot go ashore," said he calmly.

"I don't know what you mean," said she; and her heart began to beat hurriedly. "I tell you I want to go ashore, Keith. I will speak to you there."

"You cannot go ashore, Gertrude," he repeated. "We have already left Erith. . . . Gerty, Gerty," he continued, for she was struck dumb with a sudden terror, "don't you understand now? I have stolen you away from yourself. There was but the one thing left: the one way of saving you. And you will forgive me, Gerty, when you understand it all ——"

She was gradually recovering from her terror. She did understand it now. And he was not ill at all?

"Oh, you coward! — you coward! — you coward!" she exclaimed, with a blaze of fury in her eyes. "And I was to confer a kindness on you — a last kindness! But you dare not do this thing! — I tell you, you dare not do it! I demand to be put on shore at once! Do you hear me?"

She turned wildly round, as if to seek for some way of escape. The door in the ladies' cabin stood open; the daylight was streaming down into that cheerful little place; there were some flowers on the dressing-table. But the way by which she had descended was barred over and dark.

She faced him again, and her eyes were full of fierce indignation and anger; she drew herself up to her full height; she overwhelmed him with taunts and reproaches and scorn. That was a splendid piece of acting, seeing that it had never been rehearsed. He stood unmoved before all this theatrical rage.

"Oh, yes, you were proud of your name," she was saying, with bitter emphasis; "and I thought you belonged to a race of gentlemen, to whom lying was unknown. And you were no longer murderous and revengeful; but you can take your revenge on a woman, for all that! And you ask me to come and see you, because you are ill! And you have laid a trap, like a coward!"

"And if I am what you say, Gerty," said he, quite gently, "it is the love of you that has made me that. Oh, you do not know!"

She saw nothing of the lines that pain had written on this man's face; she recognized nothing of the very majesty of grief in the hopeless eyes. He was only her jailer, her enemy.

"Of course — of course," said she. "It is the woman — it is always the woman who is at fault! That is a manly thing, to put the blame on the woman! And it is a manly thing to take your revenge on a woman! I thought when a man had a rival, that it was his rival whom he sought out. But you — you kept out of the way ——"

He strode forward, and caught her by the wrist. There was a look in his face that for a second terrified her into silence.

"Gerty," said he, "I warn you! Do not mention that man to me — now or at any time; or it will be bad for him and for you!"

She twisted her hand from his grasp.

"How dare you come near me!" she cried.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with an instant return to his former grave gentleness of manner. "I wish to let you know how you are situated, if you will let me, Gerty. I don't wish to justify what I have done, for you would not hear me — just yet. But this I must tell you, that I don't wish to force myself on your society. You will do as you please. There is your cabin; you have occupied it before. If you would like to have this saloon, you can have that too: I mean I shall not come into it unless it pleases you. And there is a bell in your cabin; and if you ring it, Christina will answer."

She heard him out patiently; her reply was a scornful — perhaps nervous — laugh.

"Why, this is mere folly!" she exclaimed. "It is simple madness. I begin to believe that you are really ill, after all; and it is your mind that is affected. Surely you don't know what you are doing?"

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"You are angry, Gerty," said he.

But the first blaze of her wrath and indignation had passed away; and now fear was coming uppermost.

"Surely, Keith, you cannot be dreaming of such a mad thing! Oh, it is impossible! It is a joke: it was to frighten me: it was to punish me, perhaps. Well, I have deserved it; but now — now you have succeeded; and you will let me go ashore, further down the river."

Her tone had altered. She had been watching his face.

"Oh no, Gerty, oh no," he said. "Do you not understand yet? You were everything in the world to me — you were life itself. Without you I had nothing, and the world might just as well come to an end for me. And when I thought you were going away from me, what could I do? I could not reach you by letters, and letters; and how could I know what the people around you were saying to you? Ah, you do not know what I have suffered, Gerty; and always I was saying to myself that if I could get you away from these people, you would remember the time that you gave me the red rose, and all those beautiful days would come back again, and I would take your hand again, and I would forget altogether about the terrible nights when I saw you beside me and heard you laugh just as in the old times. And I knew there was only the one way left. How could I but try that? I knew you would be angry, but I hoped your anger would go away. And now you are angry, Gerty, and my speaking to you is not of much use — as yet; but I can wait until I see you yourself again, as you used to be, in the garden — don't you remember, Gerty?"

Her face was proud, cold, implacable.

"Do I understand you aright — that you have shut me up in this yacht and mean to take me away?"

"Gerty, I have saved you from yourself!"

"Will you be so kind as to tell me where we are going?"

"Why not away back to the Highlands, Gerty?" said he eagerly. "And then some day when your heart relents, and you forgive me, you will put your hand in mine, and we will walk up the road to Castle Dare. Do you not think they will be glad to see us that day, Gerty?"

She maintained her proud attitude, but she was trembling from head to foot.

"Do you mean to say that until I consent to be your wife I am not to be allowed to leave this yacht?"

"You will consent, Gerty!"

"Not if I were to be shut up here for a thousand years!" she exclaimed, with another burst of passion. Oh, you will pay for this dearly! I thought it was madness — mere folly; but if it is true, you will rue this day! Do you think we are savages here? — do you think we have no law?"

"I do not care for any law," said he simply. "I can only think of the one thing in the world. If I have not your love, Gerty, what else can I care about?"

"My love!" she exclaimed. "And this is the way to earn it, truly! My love! If you were to keep me shut up for a thousand years, you would never have it! You can have my hatred, if you like, and plenty of it, too!"

"You are angry, Gerty!" was all he said.

"Oh, you do not know with whom you have to deal!" she continued, with the same bitter emphasis. "You terrified me with stories of butchery — the butchery of innocent women and children; and no doubt you thought the stories were fine; and now you too would show you are one of the race by taking revenge on a woman. But if she is only a woman, you have not conquered her yet! Oh, you will find out before long that we have law in this country, and that it is not to be outraged with impunity. You think you can do as you like; because you are a Highland master, and you have a lot of slaves round you!"

"I am going on deck now, Gerty," said he, in the same sad and gentle way. "You are tiring yourself. Shall I send Christina to you?"

For an instant she looked bewildered, as if she had not till now comprehended what was going on; and she said, quite wildly, —

"Oh, no, no, no, Keith; you don't mean what you say! You cannot mean it! You are only frightening me! You will put me ashore, and not a word shall pass my lips. We cannot be far down the river, Keith. There are many places where you could put me ashore; and I could get back to London by rail. They won't know I have ever seen you. Keith, you will put me ashore now!"

"And if I were to put you ashore now, you would go away, Gerty, and I should never see you again — never, and never. And what would that be for you and for me, Gerty? But now you are here, no one can poison your mind; you will be angry for a time; but the brighter days are

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coming — oh yes, I know that: if I was not sure of that, what would become of me? It is a good thing to have hope; to look forward to the glad days: that stills the pain at the heart. And now we two are together at last, Gerty! — and if you are angry, the anger will pass away; and we will go forward together to the glad days."

She was listening in a sort of vague and stunned amazement. Both her anger and her fear were slowly yielding to the bewilderment of the fact that she was really setting out on a voyage, the end of which neither she nor any one living could know.

"Ah, Gerty," said he, regarding her with a strange wistfulness in the sad eyes, "you do not know what it is to me to see you again. I have seen you many a time — in dreams; but you were always far away; and I could not take your hand. And I said to myself that you were not cruel; that you did not wish any one to suffer pain; and I knew if I could only see you again, and take you away from these people, then your heart would be gentle, and you would think of the time when you gave me the red rose, and we went out in the garden, and all the air round us was so full of gladness that we did not speak at all. Oh yes; and I said to myself that your true friends were in the north; and what would the men at Dubh Artach not do for you, and Captain Macallum too, when they knew you were coming to live at Dare; and I was thinking that would be a grand day when you came to live among us; and there would be dancing, and a good glass of whiskey for every one, and some playing on the pipes that day! And sometimes I did not know whether there would be more of laughing or of crying when Janet came to meet you. But I will not trouble you any more now, Gerty; for you are tired, I think; and I will send Christina to you. And you will soon think that I was not cruel to you when I took you away and saved you from yourself."

She did not answer; she seemed in a sort of trance. But she was aroused by the entrance of Christina, who came in directly after Macleod left. Miss White stared at this tall, thin-featured, white-haired woman, as if uncertain how to address her; when she spoke it was in a friendly and persuasive way.

"You have not forgotten me, then, Christina?"

"No, mem," said the grave Highland woman. She had beautiful, clear, blue-gray eyes, but there was no pity in them.

"I suppose you have no part in this mad freak?"

The old woman seemed puzzled. She said, with a sort of serious politeness, —

"I do not know, mem. I have not the good English as Hamish."

"But surely you know this," said Miss Gertrude White, with more animation, "that I am here against my will? You understand that, surely? That I am being carried away against my will from my own home and my friends? You know it very well; but perhaps your master has not told you of the risk you run? Do you know what that is? Do you think there are no laws in this country?"

"Sir Keith he is the master of the boat," said Christina. "Iss there anything now that I can do for you, mem?"

"Yes," said Miss White boldly. "There is. You can help me to get ashore. And you will save your master from being looked on as a madman. And you will save yourselves from being hanged."

"I wass to ask you," said the old Highland woman, "when you would be for having the dinner. And Hamish, he wass saying that you will hef the dinner what time you are thinking of; and will you hef the dinner all by yourself?"

"I tell you this, woman," said Miss White, with quick anger, "that I will neither eat nor drink so long as I am on board this yacht! What is the use of this nonsense? I wish to be put on shore. I am getting tired of this folly. I tell you I want to go ashore; and I am going ashore; and it will be the worse for any one who tries to stop me!"

"I do not think you can go ashore, mem," Christina said, somewhat deliberately picking out her English phrases, "for the gig is up at the davits now; and the dingey — you wass not thinking of going ashore by yourself in the dingey? And last night, mem, at a town, we had many things brought on board; and if you would tell me what you will hef for the dinner, there is no one more willing than me. And I hope you will hef very good comfort on board the yacht."

"I can't get it into your head that you are talking nonsense!" said Miss White angrily. "I tell you I will not go anywhere in this yacht! And what is the use of talking to me about dinner? I tell you I will neither eat nor drink while I am on board this yacht."

"I think that would be a ferry foolish thing, mem," Christina said, humbly enough; but all the same the scornful

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fashion in which this young lady had addressed her had stirred a little of the Highland woman's blood; and she added — still with great apparent humility — "But if you will not eat, they say that iss a ferry good thing for the pride; and there iss not much pride left if one hass nothing to eat, mem."

"I presume that is to be my prison?" said Miss White haughtily, turning to the smart little stateroom beyond the companion.

"That iss your cabin, mem, if you please, mem," said Christina, who had been instructed in English politeness by her husband.

"Well, now, can you understand this? Go to Sir Keith Macleod, and tell him that I have shut myself up in that cabin; and that I will speak not a word to any one; and I will neither eat nor drink, until I am taken on shore. And so, if he wishes to have a murder on his hands, very well! Do you understand that?"

"I will say that to Sir Keith," Christina answered submissively.

Miss White walked into the cabin, and locked herself in. It was an apartment with which she was familiar; but where had they got the white heather? And there were books; but she paid little heed. They would discover they had not broken her spirit yet.

On either side the skylight overhead was open an inch; and it was nearer to the tiller than the skylight of the saloon. In the absolute stillness of this summer day she heard two men talking. Generally, they spoke in the Gaelic, which was of course unintelligible to her; but sometimes they wandered into English — especially if the name of some English town cropped up — and thus she got hints as to the whereabouts of the "Umpire."

"Oh yes, it is a fine big town that town of Gravesend, to be sure, Hamish," said the one voice, "and I have no doubt, now, that it will be sending a gentleman to the Houses of Parliament in London, just as Greenock will do. But there is no one you will send from Mull. They do not know much about Mull in the Houses of Parliament!"

"And they know plenty about ferry much worse places," said Hamish proudly. "And wass you saying there will be anything so beautiful about Greenock ass you will find at Tobbermorry?"

"Tobermory!" said the other. "There are some trees at Tobermory — oh yes; and the Mish-nish, and the shops ——"

"Yess, and the water-fahl — do not forget the water-fahl, Colin; and there iss better whiskey in Tobbermorry ass you will get in all Greenock, where they will be for mixing it with prandy and other drinks like that; and at Tobbermorry you will hef a professor come ahl the way from Edinburgh and from Oban to gif a lecture on the Gaelic; but do you think he would gif a lecture in a town like Greenock? Oh no; he would not do that!"

"Very well, Hamish; but it is glad I am that we are going back the way we came."

"And me too, Colin."

"And I will not be sorry when I am in Greenock once more."

"But you will come with us first of all to Castle Dare, Colin," was the reply. "And I know that Lady Macleod herself will be for shaking hands with you, and thanking you that you wass tek the care of the yacht."

"I think I will stop at Greenock, Hamish. You know you can take her well on from Greenock. And will you go round the Mull, Hamish, or through the Crinan, do you think now?"

"Oh, I am not afrait to tek her round the Moil; but there iss the English lady on board; and it will be smoother for her to go through the Crinan. And it iss ferry glad I will be, Colin, to see Ardalanish Point again; for I would rather be going through the Doruis Mohr twenty times ass getting petween the panks of this tamned river."

Here they relapsed into their native tongue, and she listened no longer; but at all events she had learned that they were going away to the north. And as her nerves had been somewhat shaken, she began to ask herself what further thing this madman might not do. The old stories he had told her came back with a marvellous distinctness. Would he plunge her into a dungeon, and mock her with an empty cup when she was dying of thirst? Would he chain her to a rock at low water and watch the tide slowly rise? He professed great gentleness and love for her; but if the savage nature had broken out at last? Her fear grew apace. He had shown himself regardless of everything on earth: where would he stop, if she continued to repel him? And then the thought of her situation — alone; shut up in this small room; about to venture forth on the open sea with this ignorant crew — so overcame her that she hastily snatched at the bell on the dressing-table, and rang it violently. Almost instantly there was a tapping at the door.

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"I ask your pardon, mem," she heard Christina say.

She sprang to the door, and opened it, and caught the arm of the old woman.

"Christina, Christina," she said almost wildly, you won't let them take me away! My father will give you hundreds and hundreds of pounds if only you get me ashore. Just think of him — he is an old man — if you had a daughter ——"

Miss White was acting very well indeed; though she was more concerned about herself than her father.

"I wass to say to you," Christina explained, with some difficulty, "that if you wass saying that, Sir Keith had a message sent away to your father, and you wass not to think any more about that. And now, mem, I cannot tek you ashore; it iss no business I hef with that; and I could not go ashore myself whateffer; but I would get you some dinner, mem."

"Then I suppose you don't understand the English language!" Miss White exclaimed angrily. "I tell you I will neither eat nor drink so long as I am on board this yacht! Go and tell Sir Keith Macleod what I have said."

So Miss White was left alone again; and the slow time passed; and she heard the murmured conversation of the men, and also a measured pacing to and fro, which she took to be the step of Macleod. Quick rushes of feeling went through her — indignation; a stubborn obstinacy; a wonder over the audacity of this thing; malevolent hatred even; but all these were being gradually subdued by the dominant claim of hunger. Miss White had acted the part of many heroines; but she was not herself a heroine — if there is anything heroic in starvation. It was growing to dusk when she again summoned the old Highland woman.

"Get me something to eat," said she; "I cannot die like a rat in a hole."

"Yes, mem," said Christina, in the most matter-of-fact way; for she had never been in a theatre in her life, and she had not imagined that Miss White's threat meant anything at all. "The dinner is just ready now, mem; and if you will hef it in the saloon, there will be no one there; that wass Sir Keith's message to you."

"I will not have it in the saloon; I will have it here."

"Ferry well, mem," Christina said submissively. "But you will go into the saloon, mem, when I will mek the bed for you, and the lamp will hef to be lit, but Hamish he will light the lamp for you. And are there any other things you wass thinking of that you would like, mem?"

"No; I want something to eat."

"And Hamish, mem, he wass saying I will ask you whether you will hef the claret wine, or — or — the other wine, mem, that meks a noise ——"

"Bring me some water. But the whole of you will pay dearly for this!"

"I ask your pardon, mem?" said Christina, with great respect.

"Oh, go away, and get me something to eat!"

And in fact Miss White made a very good dinner, though the things had to be placed before her on her dressing-table. And her rage and indignation did not prevent her having, after all, a glass or two of the claret wine. And then she permitted Hamish to come in and light the swinging lamp; and thereafter Christina made up one of the two narrow beds. Miss White was left alone.

Many a hundred times had she been placed in great peril — on the stage; and she knew that on such occasions it had been her duty to clasp her hand on her forehead and set to work to find out how to extricate herself. Well, on this occasion she did not make use of any dramatic gesture; but she turned out the lamp, and threw herself on the top of this narrow little bed; and was determined that, before they got her conveyed to their savage home in the north, she would make one more effort for her freedom. Then she heard the man at the helm begin to hum to himself "*Fhir a bhata, na horo eile.*" The night darkened. And soon all the wild emotions of the day were forgotten; for she was asleep.

. . . . .

Asleep — in the very waters through which she had sailed with her lover on the white summer day. But *Rose-Leaf! Rose-Leaf! what faint wind will carry you* NOW *to the south?*

CHAPTER XLV.

THE VOYAGE OVER.

AND now the brave old "Umpire" is nearing her northern home once more; and surely this is a right royal evening for the reception of her. What although the sun has just gone down, and the sea around them become a plain of heaving and wrestling blue-black waves? Far away, in that purple-black sea, lie long promontories that are of a still pale rose-color; and the western sky is a blaze of golden green; and they know that the wild, beautiful radi-

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ance is still touching the wan walls of Castle Dare. And there is Ardalanish Point; and that the ruddy Ross of Mull; and there will be a good tide in the Sound of Iona. Why, then, do they linger, and keep the old "Umpire" with her sails flapping idly in the wind?

As you pass through Jura's Sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar!

They are in no danger of Corrievreckan now; they are in familiar waters; only that is another Colonsay that lies away there in the south. Keith Macleod, seated up at the bow, is calmly regarding it. He is quite alone. There is no sound around him but the lapping of the waves.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

And is he listening now for the wild sound of her singing? Or is he thinking of the brave Macphail who went back after seven long months of absence, and found the maid of Colonsay still true to him? The ruby ring she had given him had never paled. There was one woman who could remain true to her absent lover.

Hamish came forward.

"Will we go on now, sir?" said he, in the Gaelic.

"No."

Hamish looked round. The shining clear evening looked very calm, notwithstanding the tossing of the blue-black waves. And it seemed wasteful to the old sailor to keep the yacht lying to or aimlessly sailing this way and that while this favorable wind remained to them.

"I am not sure that the breeze will last, Sir Keith."

"Are you sure of anything, Hamish?" Macleod said, quite absently. "Well, there is one thing we can all make sure of. But I have told you, Hamish, I am not going up the Sound of Iona in daylight: why, there is not a man in all the islands who would not know of our coming by to-morrow morning. We will go up the sound as soon as it is dark. It is a new moon to-night; and I think we can go without lights, Hamish."

"The 'Dunara' is coming south to-night, Sir Keith," the old man said.

"Why, Hamish, you seem to have lost all your courage as soon as you put Colin Laing ashore."

"Colin Laing! Is it Colin Laing!" exclaimed Hamish indignantly. "I will know how to sail this yacht, and I will know the banks, and the tides, and the rocks, better than any fifteen thousands of Colin Laings!"

"And what if the 'Dunara' is coming south? If she cannot see us, we can see her."

But whether it was that Colin Laing had before leaving the yacht managed to convey to Hamish some notion of the risk he was running, or whether it was that he was merely anxious for his master's safety, it was clear that Hamish was far from satisfied. He opened and shut his big clasp-knife in an awkward silence. Then he said, —

"You will not go to Castle Dare, Sir Keith?"

Macleod started; he had forgotten that Hamish was there.

"No. I have told you where I am going."

"But there is not any good anchorage at that island, sir!" he protested. "Have I not been round every bay of it; and you too, Sir Keith? and you know there is not an inch of sand or of mud, but only the small loose stones. And then the shepherd they left there all by himself; it was mad he became at last, and took his own life too."

"Well, do you expect to see his ghost?" Macleod said. "Come, Hamish, you have lost your nerve in the south. Surely you are not afraid of being anywhere in the old yacht so long as she has good sea-room around her?"

"And if you are not wishing to go up the Sound of Iona in the daylight, Sir Keith," Hamish said, still clinging to the point, "we could bear a little to the south, and go round the outside of Iona."

"The Dubb Artach men would recognize the 'Umpire' at once," Macleod said abruptly; and then he suggested to Hamish that he should get a little more way on the yacht, so that she might be a trifle steadier when Christina carried the dinner into the English lady's cabin. But indeed there was now little breeze of any kind. Hamish's fears of a dead calm were likely to prove true.

Meanwhile another conversation had been going forward in the small cabin below, that was now suffused by a strange warm light reflected from the evening sky. Miss White was looking very well now, after her long sea-voyage. During their first few hours in blue water she had been very ill indeed; and she repeatedly called

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on Christina to allow her to die. The old Highland woman came to the conclusion that English ladies were rather childish in their ways; but the only answer she made to this reiterated prayer was to make Miss White as comfortable as was possible, and to administer such restoratives as she thought desirable. At length, when recovery and a sound appetite set in, the patient began to show a great friendship for Christina. There was no longer any theatrical warning of the awful fate in store for every body connected with this enterprise. She tried rather to enlist the old woman's sympathies on her behalf, and if she did not very well succeed in that direction, at least she remained on friendly terms with Christina, and received from her the solace of much gossip about the whereabouts and possible destination of the ship.

And on this evening Christina had an important piece of news.

"Where have we got to now, Christina?" said Miss White, quite cheerfully, when the old woman entered.

"Oh yes, mem, we will still be off the Mull shore, but a good piece away from it, and there is not much wind, mem. But Hamish thinks we will get to the anchorage the night whatever."

"The anchorage!" Miss White exclaimed eagerly. "Where? You are going to Castle Dare, surely?"

"No, mem, I think not," said Christina. "I think it is an island — but you will not know the name of that island — there is no English for it at all."

"But where is it? Is it near Castle Dare?"

"Oh no, mem; it is a good way from Castle Dare; and it is out in the sea. Do you know Gometra, mem? — wass you ever going out to Gometra?"

"Yes, of course; I remember something about it, anyway."

"Ah, well, it is away out past Gometra, mem; and not a good place for an anchorage whatever; but Hamish he will know all the anchorages."

"What on earth is the use of going there?"

"I do not know, mem."

"Is Sir Keith going to keep me on board this boat forever?"

"I do not know, mem."

Christina had to leave the cabin just then; when she returned she said, with some little hesitation, —

"If I wass mekking so bold, mem, ass to say this to you: Why are you not asking the questions of Sir Keith himself? He will know all about it; and if you were to come into the saloon, mem ——"

"Do you think I would enter into any communication with him after his treatment of me?" said Miss White indignantly. "No; let him atone for that first. When he has set me at liberty, then I will speak with him; but never so long as he keeps me shut up like a convict."

"I wass only saying, mem," Christina answered, with great respect, "that if you were wishing to know where we were going, Sir Keith will know that; but how can I know it? And you know, mem, Sir Keith has not shut you up in this cabin: you hef the saloon, if you would please to hef it."

"Thank you, I know!" rejoined Miss White. "If I choose, my jail may consist of two rooms instead of one. I don't appreciate that amount of liberty. I want to be set ashore."

"That I hef nothing to do with, mem," Christina said humbly, proceeding with her work.

Miss White, being left to think over these things, was beginning to believe that, after all, her obduracy was not likely to be of much service to her. Would it not be wiser to treat with the enemy — perhaps to outwit him by a show of forgiveness? Here they were approaching the end of the voyage — at least Christina seemed to intimate as much; and if they were not exactly within call of friends, they would surely be within rowing distance of some inhabited island, even Gometra, for example. And if only a message could be sent to Castle Dare? Lady Macleod and Janet Macleod were women. They would not countenance this monstrous thing. If she could only reach them, she would be safe.

The rose-pink died away from the long promontories, and was succeeded by a sombre gray; the glory in the west sank down; a wan twilight came over the sea and the sky; and a small golden star, like the point of a needle, told where the Dubh Artach men had lit their beacon for the coming night. The "Umpire" lay and idly rolled in this dead calm; Macleod paced up and down the deck in the solemn stillness. Hamish threw a tarpaulin over the skylight of the saloon to cover the bewildering light from below; and then, as the time went slowly by, darkness came over the land and the sea. They were alone with the night, and the lapping waves, and the stars.

About ten o'clock there was a loud rattling of blocks and cordage — the first puff

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of a coming breeze had struck her. The men were at their posts in a moment; there were a few sharp, quick orders from Hamish; and presently the old "Umpire," with her great boom away over her quarter, was running free before a light south easterly wind.

"Ay, ay!" said Hamish, in sudden gladness, "we will soon be by Ardalanish Point with a fine wind like this, Sir Keith; and if you would rather hef no lights on her — well, it is a clear night whateffer; and the 'Dunara' she will hef up her lights."

The wind came in bits of squalls, it is true, but the sky overhead remained clear, and the "Umpire" bowled merrily along. Macleod was still on deck. They rounded the Ross of Mull, and got into the smoother waters of the Sound. Would any of the people in the cottages at Erraidh see this grey ghost of a vessel go gliding past over the dark water? Behind them burned the yellow eye of Dubh Artach; before them a few small red points told them of the Iona cottages; and still this phantom gray vessel held on her way. The "Umpire" was nearing her last anchorage.

And still she steals onward, like a thief in the night. She has passed through the Sound; she is in the open sea again; there is a calling of startled birds from over the dark bosom of the deep. Then far away they watch the lights of a steamer: but she is miles from their course; they cannot even hear the throb of her engines.

It is another sound they hear — a low booming as of distant thunder. And that black thing away on their right — scarcely visible over the darkened waves — is that the channelled and seabird-haunted Staffa, trembling through all her caves under the shock of the smooth Atlantic surge? For all the clearness of the star-lit sky, there is a wild booming of waters all around her rocks; and the giant caverns answer; and the thunder shudders out to the listening sea.

The night drags on. The Dutchman is fast asleep in his vast Atlantic bed; the dull roar of the waves he has heard for millions of years is not likely to awake him. And Fladda, and Lunga: surely this ghost-gray ship that steals by is not the old "Umpire" that used to visit them in the gay summer-time, with her red ensign flying, and the blue seas all around her? But here is a dark object on the waters that is growing larger and larger as one approaches it. The black outline of it is becoming sharp against the clear dome of stars. There is a gloom around as one gets nearer and nearer the bays and cliffs of this lonely island; and now one hears the sound of breakers on the rocks. Hamish and his men are on the alert. The top-sail has been lowered. The heavy cable of the anchor lies ready by the windlass. And then, as the "Umpire" glides into smooth water, and her head is brought round to the light breeze, away goes the anchor with a rattle that awakes a thousand echoes; and all the startled birds among the rocks are calling through the night — the sea-pyots screaming shrilly, the curlews uttering their warning note, the herons croaking as they wing their slow flight away across the sea. The "Umpire" has got to her anchorage at last.

And scarcely was the anchor down when they brought him a message from the English lady. She was in the saloon, and wished to see him. He could scarcely believe this, for it was now past midnight, and she had never come into the saloon before. But he went down through the forecastle, and through his own stateroom, and opened the door of the saloon.

For a second the strong light almost blinded him; but at all events he knew she was sitting there, and that she was regarding him with no fierce indignation at all, but with quite a friendly look.

"Gertrude!" said he, in wonder; but he did not approach her. He stood before her, as one who was submissive.

"So we have got to land at last," said she; and more and more he wondered to hear the friendliness of her voice. Could it be true, then? Or was it only one of those visions that had of late been torturing his brain?

"Oh yes, Gerty!" said he; "we have got to an anchorage."

"I thought I would sit up for it," said she. "Christina said we should get to land some time to-night, and I thought I would like to see you. Because you know, Keith, you have used me very badly. And won't you sit down?"

He accepted that invitation. *Could it be true? could it be true?* This was ringing in his ears. He heard her only in a bewildered way.

"And I want you to tell me what you mean to do with me," said she, frankly and graciously: "I am at your mercy, Keith."

"Oh, not that — not that," said he. And he added, sadly enough, "It is I who have been at your mercy since ever I saw you, Gerty; and it is for you to say what is to become of you and of me. And have you got over your anger now? — and will

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you think of all that made me do this, and try to forgive it for the sake of my love for you, Gerty? Is there any chance of that now?"

She rather avoided the earnest gaze that was bent on her. She did not notice how nervously his hand gripped the edge of the table near him.

"Well, it is a good deal to forgive, Keith; you will acknowledge that yourself; and though you used to think that I was ready to sacrifice everything for fame, I did not expect you would make me a nine days' wonder in this way. I suppose the whole thing is in the papers now?"

"Oh no, Gerty; I sent a message to your father."

"Well, that was kind of you — and audacious. Were you not afraid of his overtaking you? The 'Umpire' is not the swiftest of sailors, you used to say; and you know there are telegraphs and railways to all the ports."

"He did not know you were in the 'Umpire,' Gerty. But of course, if he were very anxious about you, he would write or come to Dare. I should not be surprised if he were there now."

A quick look of surprise and gladness sprang to her face.

"Papa — at Castle Dare!" she exclaimed. "And Christina says it is not far from here."

"Not many miles away."

"Then of course they will know we are here in the morning!" she cried, in the indiscretion of sudden joy. "And they will come out for me."

"Oh no, Gerty, they will not come out for you. No human being but those on board knows that we are here. Do you think they could see you from Dare? And there is no one living now on the island. We are alone in the sea."

The light died away from her face; but she said, cheerfully enough, —

"Well, I am at your mercy then, Keith. Let us take it that way. Now you must tell me what part in the comedy you mean me to play; for the life of me I can't make it out."

"Oh, Gerty, Gerty, do not speak like that!" he exclaimed. "You are breaking my heart! Is there none of the old love left? Is it all a matter for jesting?"

She saw she had been incautious.

"Well," said she gently, "I was wrong; I know it is more serious than that; and I am not indisposed to forgive you, if you treat me fairly. I know you have great earnestness of nature; and — and you were very fond of me; and although you have risked a great deal in what you have done, still, men who are very deeply in love don't think much about consequences. And if I were to forgive you, and make friends again, what then?"

"And if we were as we used to be," said he, with a grave wistfulness in his face, "do you not think I would gladly take you ashore, Gerty?"

"And to Castle Dare?"

"Oh yes, to Castle Dare! Would not my mother and Janet be glad to welcome you!"

"And papa may be there?"

"If he is not there, can we not telegraph for him? Why, Gerty, surely you would not be married anywhere but in the Highlands?"

At the mention of marriage she blanched somewhat; but she had nerved herself to play this part.

"Then, Keith," said she gallantly, "I will make you a promise. Take me to Castle Dare to-morrow, and the moment I am within its doors I will shake hands with you, and forgive you, and we will be friends again as in the old days."

"We were more than friends, Gerty," said he, in a low voice.

"Let us be friends first, and then who knows what may not follow?" said she brightly. "You cannot expect me to be over-profuse in affection just after being shut up like this?"

"Gerty," said he, and he looked at her with those strangely tired eyes, and there was a great gentleness in his voice, "do you know where you are? You are close to the island that I told you of — where I wish to have my grave on the cliff. But instead of a grave, would it not be a fine thing to have a marriage here? No; do not be alarmed, Gerty! it is only with your own good-will; and surely your heart will consent at last! Would not that be a strange wedding, too; with the minister from Salen, and your father on board, and the people from Dare? Oh, you would see such a number of boats come out that day, and we would go proudly back; and do you not think there would be a great rejoicing that day? Then all our troubles would be at an end, Gerty! There would be no more fear; and the theatres would never see you again; and the long, happy life we should lead, we two together! And do you know the first thing I would get you, Gerty? — it would be a new yacht! I would go to the Clyde, and have it built all for you. I would not have you go out again in this yacht, for you would then remember the days in which I was cruel

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to you; but in a new yacht you would not remember that any more; and do you not think we would have many a pleasant, long summer day on the deck of her, and only ourselves, Gerty? And you would sing the songs I first heard you sing, and I think the sailors would imagine they heard the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay; for there is no one can sing as you can sing, Gerty. I think it was that first took away my heart from me."

"But we can talk about all these things when I am on shore again," said she coldly. "You cannot expect me to be very favorably disposed so long as I am shut up here."

"But then," he said, "if you were on shore you might go away again from me, Gerty! The people would get at your ear again; they would whisper things to you; you would think about the theatres again. I have saved you, sweetheart; can I let you go back?"

The words were spoken with an eager affection and yearning; but they sank into her mind with a dull and cold conviction that there was no escape for her through any way of artifice.

"Am I to understand, then," said she, "that you mean to keep me a prisoner here until I marry you?"

"Why do you speak like that, Gerty?"

"I demand an answer to my question."

"I have risked everything to save you; can I let you go back?"

A sudden flash of desperate anger — even of hatred — was in her eyes: her fine piece of acting had been of no avail.

"Well, let the farce end!" said she, with frowning eyebrows. "Before I came on board this yacht I had some pity for you. I thought you were at least a man, and had a man's generosity. Now I find you a coward, and a tyrant ——"

"Gerty!"

"Oh, do not think you have frightened me with your stories of the revenge of your miserable chiefs and their savage slaves! Not a bit of it! Do with me what you like: I would not marry you if you gave me a hundred yachts!"

"Gerty!"

The anguish of his face was growing wild with despair.

"I say, let the farce end! I had pity for you — yes, I had! Now — I hate you!"

He sprang up with a quick cry, as of one shot through the heart. He regarded her, in a bewildered manner, for one brief second; and then he gently said, "Good-night, Gerty! God forgive you!" and he staggered backward, and got out of the saloon, leaving her alone.

See! the night is still fine. All around this solitary bay there is a wall of rock, jet-black, against the clear, dark sky, with its myriad twinkling stars. The new moon has arisen, but it sheds but little radiance yet down there in the south. There is a sharper gleam from one lambent planet — a thin line of golden-yellow light that comes all the way across from the black rocks until it breaks in flashes among the ripples close to the side of the yacht. Silence once more reigns around; only from time to time one hears the croak of a heron from the dusky shore.

What can keep this man up so late on deck? There is nothing to look at but the great bows of the yacht back against the pale gray sea, and the tall spars and the rigging going away up into the star-lit sky, and the suffused glow from the sky-light touching a yellow-gray on the main-boom. There is no need for the anchor-watch that Hamish was insisting on. The equinoctials are not likely to begin on such a night as this.

He is looking across the lapping gray waters to the jet-black line of cliff. And there are certain words haunting him. He cannot forget them; he cannot put them away.

. . . . . .

WHEREFORE IS LIGHT GIVEN TO HIM THAT IS IN MISERY, AND LIFE UNTO THE BITTER IN SOUL? . . . WHICH LONG FOR DEATH, BUT IT COMETH NOT; AND DIG FOR IT MORE THAN FOR HIDDEN TREASURES. . . . WHICH REJOICE EXCEEDINGLY, AND ARE GLAD WHEN THEY CAN FIND THE GRAVE.

. . . . . .

Then in the stillness of the night he heard a breathing. He went forward, and found that Hamish had secreted himself behind the windlass. He uttered some exclamation in the Gaelic, and the old man rose and stood guiltily before him.

"Have I not told you to go below before? and will I have to throw you down into the forecastle?"

The old man stood irresolute for a moment. Then he said, also in his native tongue, —

"You should not speak like that to me, Sir Keith: I have known you many a year."

Macleod caught Hamish's hand.

"I beg your pardon, Hamish. You do not know. It is a sore heart I have this night."

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"Oh, God help us! Do I not know that!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice; and Macleod, as he turned away, could hear the old man crying bitterly in the dark. What else could Hamish do now — for him who had been to him as the son of his old age?

"Go below now, Hamish," said Macleod, in a gentle voice; and the old man slowly and reluctantly obeyed.

But the night had not drawn to day when Macleod again went forward, and said, in a strange, excited whisper, —

"Hamish, Hamish, are you awake now?"

Instantly the old man appeared: he had not turned into his berth at all.

"Hamish, Hamish, do you hear the sound?" Macleod said, in the same wild way; "do you not hear the sound?"

"What sound, Sir Keith?" said he; for indeed there was nothing but the lapping of the water along the side of the yacht and a murmur of ripples along the shore.

"Do you not hear it, Hamish? It is a sound as of a brass band! — a brass-band playing music — as if it was in a theatre. Can you not hear it, Hamish?"

"Oh, God help us! God help us!" Hamish cried.

"You do not hear it, Hamish?" he said. "Ah, it is some mistake. I beg your pardon for calling you, Hamish: now you will go below again."

"Oh no, Sir Keith," said Hamish. "Will I not stay on deck now till the morning? It is a fine sleep I have had; oh yes, I had a fine sleep. And how is one to know when the equinoctials may not come on?"

"I wish you to go below, Hamish."

And now this sound that is ringing in his ears is no longer of the brass-band that he had heard in the theatre. It is quite different. It has all the ghastly mirth of that song that Norman Ogilvie used to sing in the old, half-forgotten days. What is it that he hears?

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

It is a strange mirth. It might almost make a man laugh. For do we not laugh gently when we bury a young child, and put the flowers over it, and know that it is at peace? The child has no more pain at the heart. Oh, Norman Ogilvie, are you still singing the wild song? and are you laughing now? or is it the old man Hamish that is crying in the dark?

. . . . . .

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

It is such a fine thing to sleep — when one has been fretting all the night, and spasms of fire go through the brain! Ogilvie, Ogilvie, do you remember the laughing duchess? do you think she would laugh over one's grave, or put her foot on it, and stand relentless, with anger in her eyes? That is a sad thing; but after it is over there is sleep.

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

. . . . . .

Hamish! — Hamish! — will you not keep her away from me? I have told Donald what pibroch he will play; I want to be at peace now. But the brass-band — the brass-band — I can hear the blare of the trumpets; and Ulva will know that we are here, and the Gometra men, and the sea-birds too, that I used to love. But she has killed all that now, and she stands on my grave. She will laugh, for she was light-hearted, like a young child. But you, Hamish, you will find the quiet grave for me; and Donald will play the pibroch for me that I told him of; and you will say no word to her of all that is over and gone.

. . . . . .

See — he sleeps. This haggard-faced man is stretched on the deck; and the pale dawn, arising in the east, looks at him, and does not revive him, but makes him whiter still. You might almost think he was dead. But Hamish knows better than that; for the old man comes stealthily forward; and he has a great tartan plaid in his hands, and very gently indeed he puts it over his young master. And there are tears running down Hamish's face, and he says, "The brave lad! the brave lad!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE END.

"DUNCAN," said Hamish, in a low whisper — for Macleod had gone below, and they thought he might be asleep in the small, hushed stateroom — "this is a strange-looking day, is it not? And I am

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afraid of it in this open bay, with an anchorage no better than a sheet of paper for an anchorage. Do you see now how strange-looking it is?"

Duncan Cameron also spoke in his native tongue, and he said, —

"That is true, Hamish. And it was a day like this there was when the 'Solan' was sunk at her moorings in Loch Hourn. Do you remember, Hamish? And it would be better for us now if we were in Loch Tua, or Loch-na-Keal, or in the dock that was built for the steamer at Tiree. I do not like the look of this day."

Yet to an ordinary observer it would have seemed that the chief characteristic of this pale, still day was extreme and settled calm. There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the sea; but there was a slight, glassy swell, and that only served to show curious opalescent tints under the suffused light of the sun. There were no clouds; there was only a thin veil of faint and sultry mist all across the sky; the sun was invisible, but there was a glare of yellow at one point of the heavens. A dead calm; but heavy, oppressed, sultry. There was something in the atmosphere that seemed to weigh on the chest.

"There was a dream I had this morning," continued Hamish, in the same low tones. "It was about my little granddaughter Christina. You know my little Christina, Duncan. And she said to me, 'What have you done with Sir Keith Macleod? Why have you not brought him back? He was under your care, grandfather.' I did not like that dream."

"Oh, you are becoming as bad as Sir Keith Macleod himself!" said the other. "He does not sleep. He talks to himself. You will become like that if you pay attention to foolish dreams, Hamish."

Hamish's quick temper leaped up.

"What do you mean, Duncan Cameron, by saying 'as bad as Sir Keith Macleod'? You — you come from Ross: perhaps they have not good masters there. I tell you there is not any man in Ross, or in Sutherland either, is as good a master, and as brave a lad, as Sir Keith Macleod — not any one, Duncan Cameron!"

"I did not mean anything like that, Hamish," said the other humbly. "But there was a breeze this morning. We could have got over to Loch Tua. Why did we stay here, where there is no shelter and no anchorage? Do you know what is likely to come after a day like this?"

"It is your business to be a sailor on board this yacht; it is not your business to say where she will go," said Hamish.

But all the same the old man was becoming more and more alarmed at the ugly aspect of this dead calm. The very birds, instead of stalking among the still pools, or lying buoyant on the smooth waters, were excitedly calling, and whirring from one point to another.

"If the equinoctials were to begin now," said Duncan Cameron, "this is a fine place to meet the equinoctials! An open bay, without shelter, and a ground that is no ground for an anchorage. It is not two anchors or twenty anchors would hold in such a ground."

Macleod appeared: the men were suddenly silent. Without a word to either of them — and that was not his wont — he passed to the stern of the yacht. Hamish knew from his manner that he would not be spoken to. He did not follow him, even with all this vague dread on his mind.

The day wore on to the afternoon. Macleod, who had been pacing up and down the deck, suddenly called Hamish. Hamish came aft at once.

"Hamish," said he, with a strange sort of laugh, "do you remember this morning, before the light came? Do you remember that I asked you about a brass-band that I heard playing?"

Hamish looked at him and said, with an earnest anxiety, —

"Oh, Sir Keith, you will pay no heed to that! It is very common; I have heard them say it is very common. Why, to hear a brass-band, to be sure! There is nothing more common than that. And you will not think you are unwell merely because you think you can hear a brass-band playing!"

"I want you to tell me, Hamish," said he, in the same jesting way, "whether my eyes have followed the example of my ears, and are playing tricks. Do you think they are blood-shot, with my lying on deck in the cold? Hamish, what do you see all around?"

The old man looked at the sky, and the shore, and the sea. It was a marvellous thing. The world was all enshrouded in a salmon-colored mist: there was no line of horizon visible between the sea and the sky.

"It is red, Sir Keith," said Hamish.

"Ah! Am I in my senses this time? And what do you think of a red day, Hamish? That is not a usual thing."

"Oh, Sir Keith, it will be a wild night this night! And we cannot stay here, with this bad anchorage."

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"And where would you go, Hamish — in a dead calm?" Macleod asked, still with a smile on the wan face.

"Where would I go?" said the old man excitedly. "I — I will take care of the yacht. But you, Sir Keith — oh! you — you will go ashore now. Do you know, sir, the sheiling that the shepherd had? It is a poor place — oh yes; but Duncan Cameron and I will take some things ashore. And do you not think we can look after the yacht? She has met the equinoctials before, if it is the equinoctials that are beginning. She has met them before; and cannot she meet them now? But you, Sir Keith, you will go ashore."

Macleod burst out laughing in an odd sort of fashion.

"Do you think I am good at running away when there is any kind of danger, Hamish? Have you got into the English way? Would you call me a coward too? Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense, Hamish! I — why, I am going to drink a glass of the coal-black wine, and have done with it. I will drink it to the health of my sweetheart, Hamish!"

"Sir Keith," said the old man, beginning to tremble, though he but half understood the meaning of the scornful mirth, "I have had charge of you since you were a young lad."

"Very well."

"And Lady Macleod will ask of me, 'Such and such a thing happened: what did you do for my son?' Then I will say, 'Your ladyship, we were afraid of the equinoctials, and we got Sir Keith to go ashore; and the next day we went ashore for him; and now we have brought him back to Castle Dare!'"

"Hamish, Hamish, you are laughing at me! Or you want to call me a coward? Don't you know I should be afraid of the ghost of the shepherd who killed himself? Don't you know that the English people call me a coward?"

"May their souls dwell in the downmost hall of perdition!" said Hamish, with his cheeks becoming a gray-white; "and every woman that ever came of the accursed race!"

He looked at the old man for a second, and he gripped his hand.

"Do not say that, Hamish — that is folly. But you have been my friend. My mother will not forget you — it is not the way of a Macleod to forget — whatever happens to me."

"Sir Keith!" Hamish cried, "I do not know what you mean. But you will go ashore before the night?"

"Go ashore?" Macleod answered, with a return to his wild, bantering tone, "when I am going to see my sweetheart? Oh no! Tell Christina, now. Tell Christina to ask the young English lady to come into the saloon, for I have something to say to her. Be quick, Hamish!"

Hamish went away, and before long he returned with the answer that the young English lady was in the saloon. And now he was no longer haggard and piteous, but joyful, and there was a strange light in his eyes.

"Sweetheart," said he, "are you waiting for me at last? I have brought you a long way. Shall we drink a glass now at the end of the voyage?"

"Do you wish to insult me?" said she; but there was no anger in her voice: there was more of fear in her eyes as she regarded him.

"You have no other message for me than the one you gave me last night, Gerty?" said he, almost cheerfully. "It is all over, then? You would go away from me forever? But we will drink a glass before we go!"

He sprang forward, and caught both her hands in his with the grip of a vise.

"Do you know what you have done, Gerty?" said he, in a low voice. "Oh, you have soft, smooth, English ways; and you are like a rose-leaf; and you are like a queen, whom all people are glad to serve. But do you know that you have killed a man's life? And there is no penalty for that in the south, perhaps; but you are no longer in the south. And if you have this very night to drink a glass with me, you will not refuse it? It is only a glass of the coal-black wine!"

She struggled back from him, for there was a look in his face that frightened her. But she had a wonderful self-command.

"Is that the message I was to hear?" said she coldly.

"Why, sweetheart, are you not glad? Is not that the only gladness left for you and for me, that we should drink one glass together, and clasp hands, and say good-by? What else is there left? What else could come to you and to me? And it may not be this night, or to-morrow night; but one night I think it will come; and then, sweetheart, we will have one more glass together before the end."

He went on deck. He called Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, in a grave, matter-of-fact way, "I don't like the look of this evening. Did you say the sheiling was still on the island?"

"Oh yes, Sir Keith," said Hamish, with

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great joy; for he thought his advice was going to be taken after all.

"Well, now, you know the gales, when they begin, sometimes last for two, or or three, or four days; and I will ask you to see that Christina takes a good store of things to the sheiling, before the darkness comes on. Take plenty of things, now, Hamish, and put them in the sheiling, for I am afraid this is going to be a wild night."

Now, indeed, all the red light had gone away; and as the sun went down there was nothing but a spectral whiteness over the sea and the sky. And the atmosphere was so close and sultry that it seemed to suffocate one. Moreover, there was a dead calm; if they had wanted to get away from this exposed place, how could they? They could not get into the gig and pull this great yacht over to Loch Tua.

It was with a light heart that Hamish set about this thing; and Christina forthwith filled a hamper with tinned meats, and bread, and whiskey, and what not. And fuel was taken ashore, too, and candles, and a store of matches. If the gales were coming on, as appeared likely from this ominous-looking evening, who could tell how many days and nights the young master — and the English lady, too, if he desired her company — might not have to stay ashore, while the men took the chance of the sea with this yacht, or perhaps seized the occasion of some lull to make for some place of shelter? There was Loch Tua, and there was the bay at Bunessan, and there was the little channel called Polterriv, behind the rocks opposite Iona. Any shelter at all was better than this exposed place, with the treacherous anchorage.

Hamish and Duncan Cameron returned to the yacht.

"Will you go ashore now, Sir Keith?" the old man said.

"Oh no; I am not going ashore yet. It is not time to run away, Hamish."

He spoke in a friendly and pleasant fashion, though Hamish, in his increasing alarm, thought it no proper time for jesting. They hauled the gig up to the davits, however, and again the yacht lay in dead silence in this little bay.

The evening grew to dusk; the only change visible in the spectral world of pale yellow-white mist was the appearance in the sky of a number of small, detached, bulbous-looking clouds of a dusky blue-gray; They had not drifted hither, for there was no wind. They had only appeared. They were absolutely motionless.

But the heat and the suffocation in this atmosphere became almost insupportable. The men, with bare heads, and jerseys unbuttoned at the neck, were continually going to the cask of fresh water beside the windlass. Nor was there any change when the night came on. If anything, the night was hotter than the evening had been. They awaited in silence what might come of this ominous calm.

Hamish came aft.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Keith," said he, "but I am thinking we will have an anchor-watch to-night."

"You will have no anchor-watch to-night," Macleod answered slowly, from out of the darkness. "I will be all the anchor-watch you will need, Hamish, until the morning."

"You, sir!" Hamish cried. "I have been waiting to take you ashore; and surely it is ashore that you are going!"

Just as he had spoken there was a sound that all the world seemed to stand still to hear. It was a low, murmuring sound of thunder; but it was so remote as almost to be inaudible. The next moment an awful thing occurred. The two men standing face to face in the dark suddenly found themselves in a blaze of blinding steel-blue light, and at the very same instant the thunder-roar crackled and shook all around them like the firing of a thousand cannon. How the wild echoes went booming over the sea! Then they were in the black night again. There was a period of awed silence.

"Hamish," Macleod said quickly, "do as I tell you now! Lower the gig; take the men with you, and Christina, and go ashore, and remain in the sheiling till the morning."

"I will not!" Hamish cried. "Oh, Sir Keith, would you have me do that!"

Macleod had anticipated his refusal. Instantly he went forward and called up Christina. He ordered Duncan Cameron and John Cameron to lower away the gig. He got them all in but Hamish.

"Hamish," said he, "you are a smaller man than I. Is it on such a night that you would have me quarrel with you? Must I throw you into the boat?"

The old man clasped his trembling hands together as if in prayer; and he said, with an agonized and broken voice,—

"Oh, Sir Keith, you are my master, and there is nothing I will not do for you; but only this one night you will let me remain with the yacht. I will give you the rest of my life; but only this one night ——"

"Into the gig with you!" Macleod cried

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angrily. "Why, man, don't you think I can keep anchor-watch?" But then he added, very gently, "Hamish, shake hands with me now. You were my friend, and you must get ashore before the sea rises."

"I will stay in the dingey, then," the old man entreated.

"You will go ashore, Hamish; and this very instant, too. If the gale begins, how will you get ashore? Good-by, Hamish — *good-night!*"

Another white sheet of flame quivered all around them, just as this black figure was descending into the gig; and then the fierce hell of sounds broke loose once more. Sea and sky together seemed to shudder at the wild uproar; and far away the sounds went thundering through the hollow night. How could one hear if there was any sobbing in that departing boat, or any last cry of farewell? It was Ulva calling now; and Fladda answering from over the black water; and the Dutchman is surely awake at last!

There came a stirring of wind from the east, and the sea began to moan. Surely the poor fugitives must have reached the shore now. And then there was a strange noise in the distance: in the awful silence between the peals of thunder it would be heard; it came nearer and nearer — a low murmuring noise, but full of a secret life and thrill — it came along like the tread of a thousand armies — and then the gale struck its first blow. The yacht reeled under the stroke, but her bows staggered up again like a dog that has been felled, and after one or two convulsive plunges she clung hard at the strained cables. And now the gale was growing in fury, and the sea rising. Blinding showers of rain swept over, hissing and roaring; the white tongues of flame were shooting this way and that across the startled heavens; and there was a more awful thunder than even the falling of the Atlantic surge booming into the great sea-caves. In the abysmal darkness the spectral arms of the ocean rose white in their angry clamor; and then another blue gleam would lay bare the great heaving and wreathing bosom of the deep. What devil's dance is this? Surely it cannot be Ulva — Ulva the green-shored — Ulva that the sailors in their love of her call softly *Ool-a-va* — that is laughing aloud with wild laughter on this awful night? And Colonsay, and Lunga, and Fladda — they were beautiful and quiet in the still summer-time; but now they have gone mad, and they are flinging back the plunging sea in white masses of foam, and they are shrieking in their fierce joy of the strife. And Staffa — Staffa is far away and alone; she is trembling to her core: how long will the shuddering caves withstand the mighty hammer of the Atlantic surge? And then again the sudden wild gleam startles the night — and one sees, with an appalling vividness, the driven white waves and the black islands — and then again a thousand echoes go booming along the iron-bound coast. What can be heard in the roar of the hurricane, and the hissing of rain, and the thundering whirl of the waves on the rocks? Surely not the one glad last cry: SWEETHEART! YOUR HEALTH! YOUR HEALTH IN THE COAL-BLACK WINE!

The poor fugitives crouching in among the rocks: is it the blinding rain or the driven white surf that is in their eyes? But they have sailors' eyes; they can see through the awful storm; and their gaze is fixed on one small green point far out there in the blackness — the starboard light of the doomed ship. It wavers like a will-o'-the-wisp, but it does not recede; the old "Umpire" still clings bravely to her chain cables.

And amid all the din of the storm they hear the voice of Hamish lifted aloud in lamentation, —

"Oh, the brave lad! the brave lad! And who is to save my young master now; and who will carry this tale back to Castle Dare? They will say to me: 'Hamish, you had charge of the young lad: you put the first gun in his hand: you had charge of him; he had the love of a son for you: what is it you have done with him this night?' He is my Absalom; he is my brave young lad: oh, do you think that I will let him drown and do nothing to try to save him? Do you think that? Duncan Cameron, are you a man? Will you get into the gig with me and pull out to the 'Umpire'?"

"By God," said Duncan Cameron solemnly, "I will do that! I have no wife; I do not care. I will go into the gig with you, Hamish; but we will never reach the yacht — this night or any night that is to come."

Then the old woman Christina shrieked aloud, and caught her husband by the arm.

"Hamish! Hamish! Are you going to drown yourself before my eyes?"

He shook her hand away from him.

"My young master ordered me ashore: I have come ashore. But I myself, I order myself back again. Duncan Cameron, they will never say that we stood by and

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saw Macleod of Dare go down to his grave!"

They emerged from the shelter of this great rock; the hurricane was so fierce that they had to cling to one bowlder after another to save themselves from being whirled into the sea. But were these two men by themselves? Not likely! It was a party of five men that now clambered along the slippery rocks to the shingle up which they had hauled the gig, and one wild lightning flash saw them with their hands on the gunwale, ready to drag her down to the water. There was a surf raging there that would have swamped twenty gigs: these five men were going of their own free will and choice to certain death — so much had they loved the young master.

But a piercing cry from Christina arrested them. They looked out to sea. What was this sudden and awful thing? Instead of the starboard green light, behold! the port red light — and that moving! Oh, see! how it recedes, wavering — flickering through the whirling vapor of the storm! And there again is the green light! Is it a witch's dance, or are they strange death-fires hovering over the dark ocean grave? But Hamish knows too well what it means; and with a wild cry of horror and despair, the old man sinks on his knees and clasps his hands, and stretches them out to the terrible sea.

"Oh, Macleod! Macleod! are you going away from me forever? and we will go up the hills together and on the lochs together no more — no more — no more! Oh, the brave lad that he was! — and the good master! — and who was not proud of him? — my handsome lad! — and he the last of the Macleods of Dare!"

Arise, Hamish, and have the gig hauled up into shelter; for will you not want it when the gale abates, and the seas are smooth, and you have to go away to Dare, you and your comrades, with silent tongues and sombre eyes? Why this wild lamentation in the darkness of the night? The stricken heart that you loved so well has found peace at last; the coal-black wine has been drunk; there is an end! And you, you poor cowering fugitives, who only see each other's terrified faces when the wan gleam of the lightning blazes through the sky, perhaps it is well that you should weep and wail for the young master; but that is soon over, and the day will break. And this is what I am thinking of now: when the light comes, and the seas are smooth, then which of you — oh, which of you all will tell this tale to the two women at Castle Dare?

So fair shines the morning sun on the white sands of Iona! The three days' gale is over. Behold how Ulva — Ulva the green-shored — the *Ool-a-va* that the sailors love — is laughing out again to the clear skies! And the great skarts on the shores of Erisgeir are spreading abroad their dusky wings to get them dried in the sun; and the seals are basking on the rocks in Loch-na-Keal; and in Loch Scridain the white gulls sit buoyant on the blue sea. There go the Gometra men in their brown-sailed boat to look after the lobster-traps at Staffa; and very soon you will see the steamer come round the far Cailleach Point; over at Erraidh they are signalling to the men at Dubh Artach; and they are glad to have a message from them after the heavy gale. The new, bright day has begun; the world has awakened again to the joyous sunlight; there is a chattering of the seabirds all along the shores. It is a bright, eager, glad day for all the world. But there is silence in Castle Dare!

From Temple Bar.

MISS FERRIER'S NOVELS.

In November 1854 there died in Edinburgh one who might, with truth, be called almost the last, if not *the* last of that literary galaxy that adorned Edinburgh society in the days of Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, and others. Distinguished by the friendship and confidence of Sir Walter Scott, the name of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier is one that has become famous from her three clever, satirical, and most amusing novels of "Marriage," "The Inheritance," and "Destiny." They exhibit, besides, a keen sense of the ludicrous almost unequalled. She may be said to have done for Scotland what Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth have respectively done for England and Ireland — left portraits painted in undying colors, of men and women that will live forever in the hearts and minds of her readers. In the present redundant age of novel-writers and novel-readers, and when one would suppose the supply must far exceed the demand from the amount of puerile and often at the same time prurient literature in the department of fiction that daily flows from the press, it is refreshing to turn to the vigorous and, above all, healthy moral tone of this lady's works. To the present generation they are as if they had never been, and to the question, "Did you ever read 'Marriage'?" it is

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not uncommon in these times to get such an answer as, "No, never. Who wrote it?" "Miss Ferrier." "I never heard of her or her novels." It is with the view, therefore, of enlightening such benighted ones that I pen the following pages.

Miss Ferrier was the fourth and youngest daughter of James Ferrier, writer to the signet, and was born at Edinburgh 7th of September, 1782. Her father was bred to that profession in the office of a distant relative, Mr. Archibald Campbell, of Succoth (great-grandfather of the present Archbishop of Canterbury). To his valuable and extensive business, which included the management of all the Argyll estates, he ultimately succeeded. He was admitted as a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet in the year 1770. He was also appointed a principal clerk of session through the influence (most strenuously exerted) of his friend and patron, John, fifth Duke of Argyll,* and was a colleague in that office with Scott. He also numbered among his friends Henry Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling," Dr. Hugh Blair, and last, though not least, Burns the poet. His father, John Ferrier, had been in the same office till his marriage with Grizzel, only daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Sandilands Hamilton, Bart., of Westport, County Linlithgow.† John Ferrier was the last laird of Kirklands, County Renfrew, subsequently sold to Lord Blantyre. Mr. James Ferrier was the third son of his parents, and was born 1744.‡ Miss Ferrier was in the habit of frequently visiting at Inveraray Castle in company with her father, and while there had ample opportunity afforded her of studying fashionable life in all its varied and capricious moods, and which have been preserved to posterity in her admirable delineations of character. Her reason for becoming an authoress is from her own pen as follows, and is entitled a preface to "The Inheritance:" —

An introduction had been requested for the first of these three works, "Marriage;" but while the author was considering what could be said for an already thrice-told tale, it had passed through the press with such rapidity as to outstrip all consideration. Indeed what can be said for any of them amounts to so little, it is scarcely worth saying at all. The first was begun at the urgent desire of a friend, and with the promise of assistance, which, however, failed long before the end of the first volume; the work was then thrown aside, and resumed some years after.* It afforded occupation and amusement for idle and solitary hours, and was published in the belief that the author's name never would be guessed at, or the work heard of beyond a very limited sphere. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qu'il coute*," in novel-writing as in carrying one's head in their hand: "The Inheritance" and "Destiny" followed as matters of course. It has been so often and confidently asserted that almost all the characters are individual portraits, that the author has little hope of being believed when she asserts the contrary. That some of them were sketched from life is not denied; but the circumstances in which they are placed, their birth, habits, language, and a thousand minute particulars, differ so widely from the originals as ought to refute the charge of personality. With regard to the introduction of religious sentiment into works of fiction, there exists a difference of opinion, which, in the absence of any authoritative command, leaves each free to act according to their own feelings and opinions. Viewing this life merely as the prelude to another state of existence, it does seem strange that the future should ever be *wholly* excluded from any representation of it even in its motley occurrences, scarcely less motley perhaps than the human mind itself. The author can only wish it had been her province to have raised plants of nobler growth in the wide field of Christian literature; but as such has not been her high calling, she hopes her "small herbs of grace" may without offence be allowed to put forth their blossoms amongst the briars, weeds, and wild-flowers of life's common path.

Edinburgh, *April* 1840.

The friend on whose assistance she relied was Miss Clavering, daughter of Lady Augusta Clavering, and niece of the late Duke of Argyll. Between this lady and our author an early friendship existed, which was severed only by death. It commenced in 1797, when Miss Ferrier lost her mother,† and when she went with

* To this nobleman in his later years Mr. Ferrier devoted much of his time, both at Inveraray and Roseneath. He died in 1806. His duchess was the lovely Elizabeth Gunning. Mr. Ferrier died at 25 George Street, Edinburgh, January 1829, aged eighty-six. Sir Walter Scott attended his funeral. After his death Miss Ferrier removed to a smaller house, in Nelson Street.

† Sir Walter's father, Walter Sandilands of Hilderston, a cadet of the Torphichen family (his father was commonly styled Tutor of Calder), assumed the name of Hamilton on his marriage with the heiress of Westport.

‡ His brothers were: William, who assumed the name of Hamilton on succeeding his grandfather in the Westport estate. He was in the navy, and at the capture of Quebec, where he assisted the sailors to drag the cannon up the heights of Abraham; m. Miss Johnstone, of Straiton, Co. Linlithgow; died 1814. Walter; m. Miss Wallace, of Cairnhill, Co. Ayr, father of the late Colonel Ferrier Hamilton, of Cairnhill and Westport. Ilay, major-general in the army; m. first Miss Macqueen, niece of Lord Braxfield, second, Mrs. Cutlar of Orroland, Co. Kirkcudbright. He was governor of Dumbarton Castle, and died there 1824.

* It underwent several changes before its final publication in 1818.

† Mrs. Ferrier (née Coutts) was the daughter of a farmer at Gourdon, near Montrose. She was very

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her father to Inveraray Castle she was then fifteen, and her friend only eight. Miss Clavering became the wife of Mr. Miles Fletcher, advocate, but was better known in later years as Mrs. Christison. She inherited all the natural elegance and beauty of face and form for which her mother and aunt, Lady Charlotte Campbell, were so distinguished, and died at Edinburgh, 1869, at an advanced age. While concocting the story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier writes to her friend in a lively and sprightly vein: —

Your proposals flatter and delight me, but how in the name of postage are we to transport our brains to and fro? I suppose we'd be pawning our flannel petticoats to bring about our heroine's marriage, and lying on straw to give her Christian burial. Part of your plot I like much, some not quite so well — for example, it wants a *moral* — your principal characters are good and interesting, and they are tormented and persecuted and punished from no fault of their own, and for no possible purpose. Now I don't think, like all penny-book manufacturers, that 'tis absolutely necessary that the good boys and girls should be rewarded and the naughty ones punished. Yet I think, where there is much tribulation, 'tis fitter it should be the *consequence* rather than the *cause* of misconduct or frailty. You'll say that rule is absurd, inasmuch as it is not observed in human life: that I allow, but we know the inflictions of Providence are for wise purposes, therefore our reason willingly submits to them. But as the only good purpose of a book is to inculcate morality and convey some lesson of instruction as well as delight, I do not see that what is called a *good moral* can be dispensed with in a work of fiction. Another fault is your making your hero attempt suicide, which is greatly too shocking, and destroys all the interest his misfortunes would otherwise excite — that, however, could be easily altered, and in other respects I think your plot has great merit. You'll perhaps be displeased at the freedom of my remarks; but in the first place freedom is absolutely necessary in the cause in which we are about to embark, and it must be understood to be one if not the chief article of our creed. In the second (tho' it should have been the first), know that I always say what I think, or say nothing. Now as to my own deeds — I shall make no apologies (since they must be banished from our code of laws) for sending you a hasty and imperfect sketch of what I think might be wrought up to a tolerable form. I do not recollect ever to have seen the sudden transition of a high-bred English beauty * who thinks she can sacrifice all for love to an uncomfortable solitary Highland dwelling † among tall red-haired sisters and grim-faced aunts. Don't you think this would make a good opening of the piece? Suppose each of us try our hands on it, the moral to be deduced from that is to warn all young ladies against runaway matches, and the character and fate of the two sisters would be *unexceptionable*. I expect it will be the first book every wise matron will put into the hand of her daughter, and even the reviewers will relax of their severity in favor of the morality of this little work. Enchanting sight! already do I behold myself arrayed in an old mouldy covering, thumbed and creased and filled with dogs'-ears. I hear the enchanting sound of some sentimental miss, the shrill pipe of some antiquated spinster, or the hoarse grumbling of some incensed dowager as they severally inquire for me at the circulating library, and are assured by the master that 'tis in such demand that though he has thirteen copies they are insufficient to answer the calls upon it, but that each of them may depend upon having the very first that comes in!!! Child, child, you had need be sensible of the value of my correspondence. At this moment I'm squandering mines of wealth upon you when I might be drawing treasures from the bags of time! But I shall not repine if you'll only repay me in kind — speedy and long is all that I require; for all things else I shall take my chance. Though I have been so impertinent to your book, I nevertheless hope and expect you'll send it to me. Combie ‡ and his daughter (or Mare, as you call her) are coming to town about this time, as I'm informed, and you may easily contrive to catch them (wild as they are) and send it by them, for there's no judging what a picture will be like from a mere pen-and-ink outline — if that won't do, is there not a coach or a carrier? One thing let me entreat of you: if we engage in this undertaking, let it be kept a profound secret from every human being. If I was suspected of being accessory to such foul deeds, my brothers and

amiable, and possessed of great personal beauty, as is attested by her portrait by Sir George Chalmers, Bart., in a fancy dress, and painted 1765. At the time of her marriage (1767) she resided at the Abbey of Holyrood Palace with an aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Maitland, widow of a younger son of Lord Lauderdale's, who had been left in poor circumstances, and had charge of the apartments there belonging to the Argyll family. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Ferrier occupied a flat in Lady Stair's Close (old town of Edinburgh), and which had just been vacated by Sir James Pulteney and his wife Lady Bath. Ten children were the fruit of this union, six sons and four daughters, viz.: —

1. John, W.S., of 12 York Place, Edinburgh, d. 1851; m. Miss Wilson, sister of Professor Wilson, and father of the late Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, N.B.
2. Archibald Campbell, W.S., d. 1815; m. Miss Garden.
3. Lorn, d. 1801 at Demerara.
4. James, d. in India 1804.
5. William Hamilton, d. 1804 in India. } Both officers.
6. Walter, W.S., d. 1856; m. Miss Gordon.
7. Jane (Mrs. Graham), d. 1846.
8. Janet (Mrs. Connell), d. 1848.
9. Helen (Mrs. Kinloch), d. 1866 at Torquay, aged 90.
10. Susan Edmonstone.

* Lady Juliana.

† Glenfern. Dunderawe Castle, on Loch Fyne, was in Miss Ferrier's mind when she drew this sketch of a "solitary Highland dwelling."

‡ Campbell of Combie.

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sisters would murder me, and my father bury me alive — and I have always observed that if a secret ever goes beyond those immediately concerned in its concealment it very soon ceases to be a secret.

Again she writes to her friend and co-partner in her literary work: —

I am boiling to hear from you, but I've taken a remorse of conscience about Lady Maclaughlan and her friends: if I was ever to be detected or even suspected, I would have nothing for it but to drown myself. I mean, therefore, to let her alone till I hear from you, as I think we might compound some other kind of character for her that might do as well and not be so dangerous. As to the misses, if ever it was to be published they must be altered or I must fly my native land.

Miss Clavering writes in answer: —

ARDENCAPLE CASTLE, *Sunday Morning.*

First of all I must tell you that I approve in the most signal manner of Lady Maclaughlan. The sort of character was totally unexpected by me, and I was really transported with her. Do I know the person who is the original? The dress was vastly like Mrs. Damer,* and the manners like Lady Frederick.† Tell me if you did not mean a touch at her. I love poor Sir Sampson vastly, though it is impossible, in the presence of his lady, to have eyes or ears for any one else. Now you must not think of altering her, and it must all go forth in the world; neither must the misses upon any account be changed. I have a way now of at least offering it to publication by which you never can be discovered. I will tell the person that I wrote it (indeed, quothà, cries Miss Ferrier, and no great favor; see how she loves to plume herself with borrowed fame!). Well, however, my way is quite sure, and the person would never think of speaking of it again, so never let the idea of detection come across your brain while you are writing to damp your ardor.

Positively neither Sir Sampson's lady nor the foolish virgins must be displaced.

Again she writes from Inveraray Castle (of date December 1810), eight years before the work was published: —

And now, my dear Susannah, I must tell you of the success of your first-born. I read it to Lady Charlotte‡ in the carriage when she and I came together from Ardencaple, Bessie§ having gone with mamma. If you will believe, I never yet in my existence saw Lady C. laugh so much as she did at that from beginning to end, and seriously I was two or three times afraid that she would fall into a fit. Her very words were, "I assure you I think it without the least exception the cleverest thing that ever was written, and in wit far surpassing Fielding." Then she said as to our other books they would all sink to nothingness before yours, that they were not fit to be mentioned in the same day, and that she felt quite discouraged from writing when she thought of yours. The whole conversation of the aunties* made her screech with laughing, and in short I can neither record nor describe all that she said; far from exaggerating it, I don't say half enough, but I only wish you had seen the effect it produced. I am sure you will be the first author of the age.

In another letter she writes: —

I had an immense packet from Lady C. the other day, which I confess rather disappointed me, for I expected volumes of new compositions. On opening it what should it prove but your book returned, so I shall keep it safe till I see you. She was profuse in its praises, and so was mamma, who said she was particularly taken with Lady Juliana's brother,† he was so like the duke. Lady C. said she had read it all deliberately and critically, and pronounced it *capital*, with a dash under it. Lady C. begs that in your enumeration of Lady Olivia's peccadilloes you will omit waltzes.

That dance had just been introduced in London (1811), and the season of that year Miss Clavering spent with her aunt, Lady Charlotte, in the metropolis, in a round of gaiety, going to parties at Kensington Palace (where the Princess of Wales‡ then lived), Devonshire House, and the witty Duchess of Gordon's, one of the "Empresses of Fashion," as Walpole calls her. *A propos* of waltzes, she writes to Miss Ferrier: —

They are all of a sudden become so much the rage here that people meet in the morning at one another's houses to learn them. And they are getting on very much. Lady Charlotte and I get great honor for the accomplishment, and I have improved a few scholars. Clanronald§ is grown so detestably fine. He waltzes with me because he thinks he thereby shows off his figure, but as to speaking to me or Lady Charlotte, he thinks himself much above that. He is in much request at present because of his dancing; next to him Lord Hartington is, I think, the best dancer; he is, besides, very fond of it, and is much above

* Daughter of General Seymour Conway, and a distinguished sculptor. She was niece of the fifth duke of Argyll.

† Lady Frederick Campbell is believed to have suggested the character of Lady Maclaughlan to Miss Ferrier, and there is little doubt she was the original. She was the widow of Earl Ferrers, of Tyburn notoriety, and was burnt to death at Coombe Bank, Kent, in 1807.

‡ Lady Charlotte Campbell, her aunt, better known latterly as Lady Charlotte Bury, and celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments.

§ Miss Mure of Caldwell.

* These oddities were the three Misses Edmonstone, of the Duntreath family, and old family friends, after one of whom Miss Ferrier was named.

† Lord Courtland.

‡ Lady Charlotte was one of the princess's ladies-in-waiting.

§ Macdonald of Clanronald, a great beau in the fashionable London world.

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being fine; I never met with a more natural, boyish creature.

To return to the novel. The only portion from Miss Clavering's pen is the history of Mrs. Douglas in the first volume, and are, as she herself remarked, "the only few pages that will be skipped." She further adds: —

Make haste and print it then, lest one of the Miss Edmonstones should die, as then I should think you would scarce venture for fear of being haunted.

. . . . . .

I shall hasten to burn your last letter, as you mention something of looking out for a father for your *bantling*, so I don't think it would be decent to let anybody get a sight of such a letter!

At last, in 1818, the novel was published by the late Mr. Blackwood, and drew forth loud plaudits from the wondering public, as to whom the author of so original a book could be. "In London it is much admired, and generally attributed to Walter Scott," so writes a friend to Miss Ferrier; and she replies in her humorous style: "Whosever it is, I have met with nothing that has interested me since." Sir Walter must have been flattered at his being supposed its father, for he says, in the conclusion of the "Tales of my Landlord:" —

There remains behind not only a large harvest, but laborers capable of gathering it in; more than one writer has of late displayed talents of this description, and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother, or perhaps a sister, shadow, he would mention in particular the author of the very lively work entitled "Marriage."

Mr. Blackwood, whose opinion is of some value, thought very highly of "Marriage," and he writes to Miss Ferrier (1817): —

Mr. B. will not allow himself to think for one moment that there can be any uncertainty as to the work being completed. Not to mention his own deep disappointment, Mr. B. would almost consider it a crime if a work possessing so much interest and useful instruction were not given to the world. The author is the only critic of whom Mr. B. is afraid, and after what he has said he anxiously hopes that this censor of the press will very speedily affix the *imprimatur*.

In allusion to Sir Walter's eulogium on the novel above quoted, Mr. Blackwood writes to the author: —

I have the pleasure of inclosing you this concluding sentence of the new "Tales of my Landlord," which are to be published tomorrow. After this call, surely you will be no longer silent. If the great magician does not conjure you I shall give up all hopes.

But Miss Ferrier seems to have been proof against the great magician even. "Marriage" became deservedly popular, and was translated into French, as appears from the annexed: —

We perceive by the French papers that a translation of Miss Ferrier's clever novel "Marriage" has been very successful in France. — *New Times*, 6 Oct. '25.

For "Marriage" she received the sum of £150. Her second venture was more successful in a pecuniary sense. Space, however, prohibits me from dwelling any longer on "Marriage," so we come next to "The Inheritance." This novel appeared six years after, in 1824, and is a work of very great merit. To her sister (Mrs. Kinloch, in London) Miss Ferrier writes: —

John (her brother) has now completed a bargain with Mr. Blackwood, by which I am to have £1,000 for a novel now in hand, but which is not nearly finished, and possibly never may be. Nevertheless he is desirous of announcing it in his magazine, and therefore I wish to prepare you for the *shock*. I can say nothing more than I have already said on the subject of *silence*, if not of secrecy. I never will avow myself, and nothing can hurt and offend me so much as any of my friends doing it for me; this is not *façon de parler*, but my real and unalterable feeling; I could not bear the fuss of authorism!

Secrecy as to her authorship seems to have been the great desire of her heart, and much of "The Inheritance" was written in privacy at Morningside House, old Mr. Ferrier's summer retreat near Edinburgh, and she says, "This house is so small it is very ill calculated for concealment."

It was not till 1851 that she publicly avowed herself by authorizing her name to be prefixed to a revised and corrected edition of her works.* Sir Walter Scott was delighted with this second novel, a proof of which was conveyed to Miss Ferrier by Mr. Blackwood: —

On Wednesday I dined in company with Sir Walter Scott, and he spoke of the work in the very highest terms. I do not always set the highest value on the baronet's favorable opinion of a book, because he has so much kindness of feeling towards every one, but in this

* Published by the late Mr. Richard Bentley, to whom she sold her copyrights in 1841. A previous edition was published by him in 1841.

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case he spoke so much *con amore*, and entered so completely, and at such a length, to me into the spirit of the book and of the characters, that showed me at once the impression it had made on him. Every one I have seen who has seen the book gives the same praise of it. Two or three days ago I had a note from a friend, which I copy: "I have nearly finished a volume of 'The Inheritance.' It is unquestionably the best novel of the class of the present day, in so far as I can yet judge. Lord Rossville, Adam Ramsay, Bell Black, and the major, Miss Pratt, and Anthony Whyte, are capital, and a fine contrast to each other. It is, I think, a more elaborate work than 'Marriage,' better told, with greater variety, and displaying improved powers. I congratulate you, and have no doubt the book will make a prodigious *sough*." *

Mr. Blackwood adds: "I do not know a better judge nor a more frank and honest one than the writer of this note."

Again he writes: —

On Saturday I lent in confidence to a very clever friend, on whose discretion I can rely, the two volumes of "The Inheritance." This morning I got them back with the following note: "My dear Sir, — I am truly delighted with 'The Inheritance.' I do not find as yet any one character quite equal to Dr. Redgill,† except perhaps the good-natured, old-tumbled (or troubled, I can't make out which) maiden,‡ but as a novel it is a hundred miles above 'Marriage.' It reminds me of Miss Austen's very best things in every page. And if the third volume be like these, no fear of success triumphant."

Mr. Blackwood again says: —

You have only to go on as you are going to sustain the character Sir Walter gave me of "Marriage," that you had the rare talent of making your conclusion even better than your commencement, for, said this worthy and veracious person, "Mr. Blackwood, if ever I were to write a novel, I would like to write the two first volumes, and leave anybody to write the third that liked."

In the following note, Lister, author of "Granby," also expresses his admiration in graceful terms, and with a copy of his own novel for Miss Ferrier's acceptance.

T. H. Lister to Miss Ferrier.

17 Heriot Row, *Feb.* 3, 1836.

My dear Madam, — I should feel that in requesting your acceptance of the book which accompanies this note I should be presuming too much upon the very short time that I have had the honor of being known to you, if Mrs. Lister had not told me that you had kindly spoken of it in approving terms. I hope, therefore, I may be allowed, without presumption, to present to you a book which you have thus raised in the opinion of its writer, and the composition of which is associated in my mind with the recollection of one of the greatest pleasures I have derived from novel-reading, for which I am indebted to you. I believe the only novel I read, or at any rate can now remember to have read during the whole time I was writing "Granby," was your "Inheritance." — Believe me, my dear madam, your very faithful, (Signed) T. H. Lister.

From Mrs. Lister (afterwards Lady Theresa Cornewall Lewis) Miss Ferrier also received the following complimentary note.

Mrs. Lister to Miss Ferrier.

Thursday Night. 17 Heriot Row.

My dear Miss Ferrier, — I cannot leave Edinburgh without a grateful acknowledgment of your very kind and flattering gift. Mr. Lister called upon you in hopes of being able to wish you good-bye, and to tell you in person how much we were pleased with the proof you have given us that we are not unworthy of enjoying and appreciating your delightful works — pray accept our very best thanks, and I hope as *an authoress* you will not feel offended if I say that they will now have an added charm in our eyes from the regard which our personal acquaintance with the writer has engendered. I know that to those who do not mix much in society the acquaintance with strangers is often irksome; we therefore feel the more obliged to you for having allowed us the pleasure of knowing you, and I hope that if we return in the course of the year that we may find you less suffering in health, but as kindly disposed to receive our visits as you have hitherto been. We feel very grateful for all the kindness we have met with in Edinburgh, and amongst the pleasant reminiscences of the last five months we must always rank high the having received from you as a token of regard so acceptable a gift. — Believe me (or indeed I ought to say us), my dear Miss Ferrier, yours most sincerely,

(Signed) M. Theresa Lister.

Lord Murray, the late Scotch judge, writes to a mutual friend of his and Miss Ferrier's (Miss Walker of Dalry): —

I received a copy of "Inheritance" in the name of the author, and as I do not know who the *author* is, and I suspect that you know more than I do, I trust you will find some channel through which you will convey my thanks. I read "Inheritance" with very great pleasure. The characters are very well conceived, and delineated with great success. I may add, I have heard it highly commended by much better judges. Jeffrey speaks very favorably. He is particularly pleased with the nabob (major) and spouse, the letter from

* Sensation.

† In "Marriage" the *gourmet* physician to Lord Courtland, and "the living portrait of hundreds, though never before hit off so well."

‡ Miss Becky Duguid.

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the Lakes, and the P.S. to it. Lord Gwydyr, who lives entirely in fashionable circles, said to me much in its praise, in which I concurred. From many other symptoms, I have no doubt of its complete success.

Miss Hannah Mackenzie, daughter of the "Man of Feeling," writes to her friend Miss Ferrier: —

Walter Scott dined here the other day, and both he and papa joined heartily in their admiration of Uncle Adam, and their wish to know who he is. Sir W. also admires Miss Becky Duguid, and said he thought her quite a new character. I should like much to see you, and talk all over at length, but fear to invite you to my own bower for fear of suspicion; but I trust you will soon come boldly, and face my whole family. I do not think you need fear them much; of course, like other people, they have their "thoughts," but by no means speak with certainty, and Margaret has this minute assured us that she does *not* think it Miss Ferrier's.

Uncle Adam, with "his seventy thousand pounds," and as "cross as two sticks," in some degree resembled old Mr. Ferrier, who was somewhat brusque and testy in his manner, and alarmed many people who were otherwise unacquainted with the true genuine worth and honesty of his character. Miss Becky is a poor old maid saddled with commissions from all her friends of a most miscellaneous description.

She was expected to attend all *accouchements*, christenings, deaths, chestings, and burials, but she was seldom asked to a marriage, and never to any party of pleasure.

She is an admirable pendant to the "Pratt," who is inseparable, however, from her invisible nephew, Mr. Anthony Whyte. Miss Pratt is a sort of female Paul Pry, always turning up at the most unexpected moment at Lord Rossville's, and finally put the finishing stroke to the pompous old peer by driving up to his castle door in the hearse of Mr. M'Vitie, the Radical distiller, being unable to procure any other mode of conveyance during a heavy snow-storm, and assured every one that she fancied she was the first person who thought herself in luck to have got into a hearse, but considered herself still luckier in having got well out of one.

Caroline, Duchess of Argyll,* expresses her appreciation of "The Inheritance" to the author, for whom she entertained a warm friendship.

* Daughter of Lord Jersey, and wife of the first Marquis of Anglesea, whom she divorced, when Lord Paget, in 1810: m. the same year George, sixth Duke of Argyll.

UPPER BROOK STREET, *Monday Evening.*

What can I say sufficiently to express my thanks either to you, my dear Miss Ferrier, or to the *author* of "The Inheritance," whoever she may be, for the most perfect edition of that *most perfect* book that was ever written! and now that I may be allowed to have my *suspicion*, I shall read it again with double pleasure. It was so kind of you to remember your promise! When I received your kind letter and books this morning, I was quite delighted with my beautiful present, and to find I was not forgotten by one of my best friends.

"The Inheritance" — a fact not generally known — was dramatized and produced at Covent Garden, but had a very short run, and was an utter failure, as might have been expected. Mrs. Gore was requested to adapt it for the stage by the chief comic actors of the day, and she writes to Miss Ferrier on the subject: —

Since the management of Covent Garden Theatre fell into the hands of Laporte, he has favored me with a commission to write a comedy for him, and the subject proposed by him is again the French novel of "*L'Héritière*," which turns out to be a literal translation of "The Inheritance." He is quite bent upon having Miss Pratt on the stage. I have not chosen to give Monsieur Laporte any positive answer on the subject without previously applying to yourself to know whether you have any intention or inclination to apply to the stage those admirable talents which are so greatly appreciated in London.

Mrs. Gore, meanwhile, had been forestalled in her attempt, as a play on the subject had been laid before the reader to Covent Garden, and she writes again to Miss Ferrier: —

I have since learned with regret that the play is the production of a certain Mr. Fitzball, the distinguished author of "The Flying Dutchman," and sixty other successful melodramas, represented with great applause at the Surrey, Coburg, City and Pavilion Theatres, etc.; in short a writer of a very low class. The play of "The Inheritance" has been accepted at Covent Garden, but from my knowledge of the general engagements of the theatre, I should say that it has not the slightest chance of approaching to representation. For your sake it cannot be better than in the black-box of the manager's room, which secures it at least from performance at the Coburg Theatre.

We must let the curtain, so to speak, drop on "The Inheritance," and pass on to "Destiny." This novel also appeared six years after, in 1831, and was dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. And he acknowledges the compliment as follows: —

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Sir Walter Scott to Miss Ferrier.

MY DEAR MISS FERRIER, — Ann returned to-day, and part of her Edinburgh news informs me that you meditated honoring your present literary offspring with my name, so I do not let the sun set without saying how much I shall feel myself obliged and honored by such a compliment. I will not stand battle during compliments on my wand of merit, but can swallow so great a compliment as if I really deserved it, and indeed, as whatever I do not owe entirely to your goodness I may safely set down to your friendship, I shall scarce be more flattered one way or the other. I hope you will make good some hopes which make Ann very proud of visiting Abbotsford about April next. Nothing can give the proprietor more pleasure, for the birds, which are a prodigious chorus, are making of their nests and singing in blithe chorus. "Pray come, and do not make this a flattering dream." I know a little the value of my future godchild, since I had a peep at some of the sheets when I was in town during the great snow-storm, which out of compassion for an author closed up within her gates may prove an apology for his breach of confidence. So far I must say that what I have seen has had the greatest effect in making me curious for the rest.

Believe me, dear Miss Ferrier, with the greatest respect, your most sincere, humble servant, (Signed) WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, *Tuesday Evening.*

In the next note he acknowledges a copy of "Destiny" sent him by the author.

Sir Walter Scott to Miss Ferrier.

DEAR MISS FERRIER, — If I had a spark of gratitude in me I ought to have written you well nigh a month ago to thank you in no common fashion for "Destiny," which by the few, and at the same time the probability, of its incidents, your writings are those of the first person of genius who has disarmed the little pedantry of the court of Cupid and of gods and men, and allowed youths and maidens to propose other alliances than those an early choice had pointed out to them. I have not time to tell you all the consequences of my revolutionary doctrine. All these we will talk over when you come here, which I am rejoiced to hear is likely to be on Saturday next, when Mr. Cadell * will be happy to be your beau in the Blucher,† and we will take care are met with at the toll. Pray do not make this a flattering dream. You are of the initiated, so will not be *de trop* with Cadell. — I am, always with the greatest respect and regard, your faithful and affectionate servant,

(Signed) WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, *Wednesday Evening.*

In 1832, the year after the birth of his godchild "Destiny," poor Sir Walter began to show signs of that general break-up of mind and body so speedily followed by his death. Of this sad state Miss Ferrier writes to her sister, Mrs. Kinloch (in London): —

Alas! the night cometh when no man can work, as is the case with that mighty genius which seems now completely quenched. Well might he be styled "a bright and a benignant luminary," for while all will deplore the loss of that bright intellect which has so long charmed a world — many will still more deeply lament the warm and steady friend, whose kind and genuine influence was ever freely diffused on all whom it could benefit. I trust, however, he may be spared yet a while — it might be salutary to himself to con over the lessons of a death-bed, and it might be edifying to others to have his record added to the many that have gone before him, that all below is vanity. But till we *feel* that we shall never believe it! I *ought* to feel it more than most people, as I sit in my dark and solitary chamber, shut out, as it seems, from all the "pride of life" — but alas! worldly things make their way into the darkest and most solitary recesses, for their dwelling is in the heart, and from thence God only can expel them.

Her first visit to the author of "Waverley" was in the autumn of 1811, when she accompanied her father to Ashistiel. The invitation came from Scott to Mr. Ferrier.

Walter Scott, Esq., to James Ferrier, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, — We are delighted to see that your feet are free and disposed to turn themselves our way — a pleasure which we cannot consent to put off till we have a house at Abbotsford, which is but a distant prospect. We are quite disengaged and alone, saving the company of Mr. Terry the comedian, who is assisting me in planning my cottage, having been bred an architect under Wyat. He reads to us after coffee in the evening, which is very pleasant. This letter will reach you to-morrow, so probably *Thursday* may be a convenient day of march, when we shall expect you to dinner about five o'clock, unless the weather should be very stormy, in which case we should be sorry Miss Ferrier should risk getting cold. To-day is clearing up after a week's dismal weather, which may entitle us to expect some pleasant October days, not the worst of our climate. The road is by Middleton and Bankhouse; we are ten miles from the last stage, and thirty from Edinburgh, hilly road. There is a ford beneath Ashistiel generally very passable, but we will have the boat in readiness in case Miss Ferrier prefers it, or the water should be full. Mrs. Scott joins in kind respects to Miss Ferrier, and I ever am, dear sir, — Yours truly obliged,

(Signed) W. SCOTT.

Ashistiel, *October 7th.*

* "Destiny" was published by Cadell through Sir Walter's intervention, and by it the author realized £1,700.

† Name of the stage-coach.

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It was in 1811 that Scott was appointed a clerk of session, and to Mr. Ferrier he was in some measure indebted for that post.

Her last visit to Abbotsford is touchingly alluded to by Lockhart in his "Life of Scott."

To assist them in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might make these hours more frequent, his daughter had invited his friend the authoress of "Marriage" to come out to Abbotsford, and her coming was serviceable. For she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gaily as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect — but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way. He paused and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes gave him the catchword abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking, and she affected also to be troubled with deafness, and would say, "Well, I am getting as dull as a post, I have not heard a word since you said so and so," being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.

A very interesting account of her recollections of visits to Ashistiel and Abbotsford appeared in the February (1874) number of this magazine: it is short, but gives a sad and pathetic picture of the great man and his little grandson as they sat side by side at table.

The following letter on "Destiny" is from Mrs. Fletcher,* a distinguished citizen of Edinburgh at the commencement of this century, and a leader of the Whig society there. For that reason it is worthy of insertion here. Her son married Miss Clavering, as before mentioned.

Mrs. Fletcher to Miss Ferrier.

TADCASTER, *April* 16, 1831.

MY DEAR MISS FERRIER, — I should not have been so long in thanking you for your kind present, had I not wished to subject "Destiny" to a severer test than that chosen by the French dramatist. *His* old woman probably partook of the vivacity of her nation, but my old aunt, as Mary will tell you, is sick and often very sorrowful, and yet "Destiny" has made her laugh heartily, and cheated her of many wearisome hours of lamentation. My grandson, Archibald Taylor, too, forsook football and cricket for your fascinating book, and told me "he could sit up all night to see what had become of Ronald." Mr. Ribley and "Kitty, my dear" hit his comic fancy particularly. My two most bookish neighbors, one an Oxford divine, and the other a Cambridge student, declare that "Glenroy and M'Dow are exquisite originals." My own favorite, "Molly Macaulay," preserves her good humor to the last, though I thought you rather unmerciful in shutting her up so long in Johnnie's nursery. The fashionable heartlessness of Lady Elizabeth and her daughter is colored to the life, and the refreshment of returning to nature, truth, affection, and happiness at Inch Orran is admirably managed. Mary tells me you have returned from Fife with fresh materials for future volumes. Go on, dear Miss Ferrier, you are accountable for the talents entrusted to you. Go on to detect selfishness in all its various forms and foldings; to put pride and vanity to shame; to prove that vulgarity belongs more to character than condition, and that all who make the world their standard are essentially vulgar and low-minded, however noble their exterior or refined their manners may be, and that true dignity and elevation belong only to those to whom Milton's lines may be applied: —

> Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
> To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
> And hope that reaps not shame.

The following letter from Joanna Baillie gives a very just and truthful criticism on "Destiny."

Miss Joanna Baillie to Miss Ferrier.

HAMPSTEAD, *May* 1831.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I received your very kind present of your last work about three weeks ago, and am very grateful for the pleasure I have had in reading it, and for being thus remembered by you. I thank you also for the pleasure and amusement which my sisters and some other friends have drawn from it. The first volume struck me as extremely clever, the description of the different characters, their dialogues, and the writer's own remarks, excellent. There is a spur both with the writer and the reader on the opening of a work which naturally gives the beginning of a story many advantages, but I must confess that your characters never forget their outset, but are well supported to the very end. Your Molly Macaulay* is a delightful creature, and

* Her "Memoir," by her daughter, Lady Richardson, was published not long since.

* The humble and devoted dependent of the proud chief, Glenroy, and governess to his children. She was drawn from life, for Mrs. Kinloch writes to her sister, Miss Ferrier: "Molly Macaulay is charming; her niece, Miss Cumming, is an old acquaintance of mine, and told me the character was drawn to the life. The old lady is still alive, in her ninety-first year, at In-

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the footing she is on with Glenroy very naturally represented, to say nothing of the rising of her character at the end, when the weight of contempt is removed from her, which is very good and true to nature. Your minister, M'Dow,* hateful as he is, is very amusing, and a true representative of a few of the Scotch clergy, and with different language and manners of a great many of the English clergy — worldly, mean men, who boldly make their way into every great and wealthy family for the sake of preferment and good cheer. Your Lady Elizabeth, too, with all her selfishness and excess of absurdity, is true to herself throughout, and makes a very characteristic ending of it in her third marriage. But why should I tease you by going through the different characters? Suffice it to say that I thank you very heartily, and congratulate you on again having added a work of so much merit to our stock of national novels. Perhaps before this you have received a very short publication of mine on a very serious subject. I desired my bookseller to send a copy to you, inclosed along with one to your friend, Miss Mackenzie. How far you will agree with my opinions regarding it I cannot say, but of one thing I am sure, that you will judge with candor and charity. I should have sent one to Mr. Alison had I not thought it presumptuous in me to send such a work to any clergyman, and, with only one exception (a Presbyterian clergyman), I have abstained from doing so. I was very much obliged to Mrs. Mackenzie, Lord M's lady, for the letter she was so good as to write me in her sister-in-law's stead. If you should meet her soon, may I beg that you will have the goodness to thank her in my name? I was very sorry, indeed, to learn from her that Miss Mackenzie had been so ill, and was then so weak, and that the favorable account I had received of your eyes had been too favorable. With all good wishes to you, in which my sister begs to join me, — I remain, my dear madam, gratefully and sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. BAILLIE.

. . . . . .

Professor Wilson, "Christopher North," and his uncle, Mr. Robert Sym, W.S., "Timothy Tickler," discuss the merits of "Destiny" in the far-famed "Noctes."

Tickler. — I would also except Miss Susan Ferrier. Her novels, no doubt, have many defects, their plots are poor, their episodes disproportionate, and the characters too often caricatures; but they are all thickset with such specimens of sagacity, such happy traits of nature, such flashes of genuine satire, such easy humor, sterling good sense, and, above all — God only knows where she picked it up — mature and perfect knowledge of the world, that I think we may safely anticipate for them a different fate from what awaits even the cleverest of juvenile novels.

North. — They are the works of a very clever woman, sir, and they have one feature of true and melancholy interest quite peculiar to themselves. It is in them alone that the ultimate breaking-down and debasement of the Highland character has been depicted. Sir Walter Scott had fixed the enamel of genius over the last fitful gleams of their half-savage chivalry, but a humbler and sadder scene — the age of lucre-banished clans — of chieftains dwindled into imitation squires, and of chiefs content to barter the recollections of a thousand years for a few gaudy seasons of Almacks and Crockfords, the euthanasia of kilted aldermen and steamboat pibrochs was reserved for Miss Ferrier.

Tickler. — She in general fails almost as egregiously as Hooke does in the pathetic,* but in her last piece there is one scene of this description worthy of either Sterne or Goldsmith. I mean where the young man† supposed to have been lost at sea, revisits, after a lapse of time, the precincts of his own home, watching unseen in the twilight the occupations and bearings of the different members of the family, and resolving, under the influence of a most generous feeling, to keep the secret of his preservation.

North. — I remember it well, and you might bestow the same kind of praise on the whole character of Molly Macaulay. It is a picture of humble, kind-hearted, thorough-going devotion and long-suffering, indefatigable gentleness, of which, perhaps, no sinner of our gender could have adequately filled up the outline. Miss Ferrier appears habitually in the light of a hard satirist, but there is always a fund of romance at the bottom of every true woman's heart who has tried to stifle and suppress that element more carefully and pertinaciously, and yet who has drawn, in spite of herself, more genuine tears than the authoress of "Simple Susan."

The story of "Destiny," like its predecessors, is laid in Miss Ferrier's favorite Highlands, and it contains several picturesque and vivid descriptions of scenery there, Inveraray and its surroundings generally forming the model for her graphic pen. Much of this novel was written at Stirling Castle, when she was there on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Graham,‡ whose

veraray, and Miss C., who is a very clever, pleasing person, seems delighted with the truth and spirit of the whole character of her aunty."

* Lord Jeffrey considered M'Dow "an entire and perfect chrysolite not to be meddled with."

* This is not true, as there are many pathetic passages in "Destiny," particularly between Edith, the heroine, and her faithless lover, Sir Reginald.

† Ronald Malcolm.

‡ Celebrated by Burns, the poet, for her beauty. She inspired his muse when turning the corner of George Street, Edinburgh. The lines addressed to her are to be found in his "Poems." She was also a highly gifted artist. The illustrations in the work called the "Stirling Heads" are from her pencil. It was published by Blackwood, 1817.

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husband, General Graham, was governor of that garrison. After the publication of this last work, and the offer of a thousand pounds from a London publisher for anything from her pen,* she entirely ceased from her literary labors, being content to rest upon the solid and enduring reputation her three "bantlings" (as she called her novels) had won for her. The following fragment, however, was found among her papers, and is the portrait of another old maid, and might serve as a companion to Miss Pratt: as it is amusing, and in the writer's satirical style, I lay it before my readers: —

Miss Betty Landon was a single lady of small fortune, few personal charms, and a most jaundiced imagination. There was no event, not even the most fortunate, from which Miss Betty could not extract evil; everything now the milk of human kindness with her turned to gall and vinegar. Thus, if any of her friends were married, she sighed over the miseries of the wedded state; if they were single, she bewailed their solitary, useless condition; if they were parents, she pitied them for having children; if they had no children, she pitied them for being childless. But one of her own letters will do greater justice to the turn of her mind than the most elaborate description.

"My Dear Miss ——, — I ought to have written to you long before now, but I have suffered so much from the constant changes of the weather, that the wonder is I am able to hold a pen. During the whole summer the heat was really quite intolerable, not a drop of rain or a breath of wind, the cattle dying for absolute want, the vegetables dear and scarce, and as for fruit — that, you know, in this town, is at all times scarce and bad, and particularly when there is the greatest occasion for it. In the autumn we never had two days alike, either wind or rain, or frost, or something or another; and as for our winter — you know what that is — either a constant splash of rain, or a frost like to take the skin off you. For these six weeks, I may say I have had a constant running at my head, with a return of my old complaint; but as for doctors, I see no good they do, except to load people's stomachs and pick their pockets: everything now is imposition; I really think the very pills are not what they were thirty years ago. How people with families continue to live is a mystery to me; and people still going on marrying, in the face of national debt, taxes, a new war, a starving population, ruined commerce, and no outlet for young men in any quarter — God only knows what is to be the end of all this! In spite of all this, these thoughtless young creatures, the Truemans, have thought proper to make out their marriage; he is just five-and-twenty, and she is not yet nineteen! so you may judge what a prudent, well-managed establishment it will be. He is in a good enough business at present, but in these times who can tell what's to happen? He may be wallowing in wealth to-day, and bankrupt to-morrow. His sister's marriage with Fairplay is now quite off, and her prospects for life, poor thing, completely wrecked! Her looks are entirely gone, and her spirits quite broken. She is not like the same creature, and to be sure, to a girl who had set her heart upon being married, it must be a great and severe disappointment, for this was her only chance, unless she tries India, and the expense of the outfit must be a complete bar to that. You would hear that poor Lady Oldhouse has had a son — it seemed a desirable thing, situated as they are with an entailed property; and yet when I look around me, and see the way that sons go on, the dissipation and extravagance, and the heart-break they are to their parents, I think a son anything but a blessing. No word of anything of that kind to the poor Richardsons; with all their riches, they are without any one to come after them. The Prowleys are up in the air at having got what they call 'a fine appointment' for their fourth son, but for my part I'm really sick of hearing of boys going to India, for after all what do they do there? I never hear of their sending home anything but black children, and when they come home themselves, what do they bring but yellow faces, worn-out constitutions, and livers like cocked-hats, crawling about from one watering-place to another, till they are picked up by some light-hearted fortune-hunting miss, who does not care twopence for them."

A beautiful and strong feature in Miss Ferrier's character was her intense devotion to her father, and when he died the loss to her was irreparable. She also was much attached to a very handsome brother, James; he was colonel of the Ninety-fourth Regiment, or Scots Brigade, and died in India in 1804, at the early age of twenty-seven. He had been at the siege of Seringapatam in 1799, and was much distinguished by the notice of Napoleon at Paris in February, 1803. Whence he writes to his sister Susan: —

I think I wrote you I had been introduced to the chief consul. I was on Sunday last presented to his lady, who I do not at all admire. The great man spoke to me then again, which is a very unusual thing, and I am told by the French I must be in his good graces; however, I myself rather think it was my good fortune only, at all events it has given me much pleasure, for it would have only been doing the thing half if he had not spoken to me. I do not think any of the pictures like him much, although most of them have some resemblance; they give him a frown in gen-

* She says (1837), "I made two attempts to write *something*, but could not please myself, and would not publish *anything*."

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eral, which he certainly has not — so far from it, that when he speaks he has one of the finest expressions possible.

Here, unfortunately, this interesting description comes abruptly to an end, the rest of the letter being lost. On account of failing health and increased bodily languor, Miss Ferrier latterly lived a very retired life, seeing few but very intimate friends, and, as she said, "We are more recluse than ever, as our little circle is yearly contracting, and my eyes are more and more averse to light than ever."

Again she writes: —

I can say nothing good of myself, my cough is very severe, and will probably continue so, at least as long as this weather lasts, but I have many comforts, for which I am thankful: amongst those I must reckon silence and darkness, which are my best companions at present.

For years she had suffered from her eyes, being nearly quite blind of one.* In 1830 she went to London to consult an oculist, but unfortunately derived little benefit. While there, she visited Isleworth, in order to see a villa belonging to Lord Cassillis, and which subsequently figured in "Destiny" as "Woodlands," Lady Waldegrave's rural retreat near London. A valued friend † who saw much of her remarked: —

The wonderful vivacity she maintained in the midst of darkness and pain for so many years, the humor, wit, and honesty of her character, as well as the Christian submission with which she bore her great privation and general discomfort when not suffering acute pain, made every one who knew her desirous to alleviate the tediousness of her days, and I used to read a great deal to her at one time, and I never left her darkened chamber without feeling that I had gained something better than the book we might be reading, from her quick perception of its faults and its beauties, and her unmerciful remarks on all that was mean or unworthy in conduct or expression.

But perhaps the most faithful picture of her is conveyed in this brief sentence from Scott's diary, who describes her

as a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation, the least *exigeante* of any author-female, at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered; simple, full of humor, and exceedingly ready at repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking.

From the natural modesty of her character she had a great dislike to her biography or memorial of her in any shape being written, for she destroyed all letters that might have been used for such a purpose, publicity of any kind being most distasteful to her, evidence of which is very clearly shown in the first part of this narrative. The chief secret of her success as a novelist (setting aside her great genius) was the great care and time she bestowed on the formation of each novel — an interval of six years occurring between each, the result being delineations of character that are unique.

Unfortunately there is little to relate regarding her childhood, that most interesting period of human existence in the lives of (and which is generally distinguished by some uncommon traits of character) people of genius — save that she had for a school companion and playfellow the late Lord Brougham, the distinguished statesman; she was remarkable also for her power of mimicry. An amusing anecdote of this rather dangerous gift is the following. Her brothers and sisters returned home from a ball, very hungry, and entered her room, where they supposed she lay asleep, and, while discussing the events of the evening and the repast they had procured by stealth (unknown to their father), they were suddenly put to flight by the sounds and voice, as they thought, of their dreaded parent ascending the stairs, and in their confusion and exit from the room overturned chairs and tables, much to the amusement of little Susan, who, no doubt, enjoyed the fright and commotion she had caused, and who mimicked under the cover of the bedclothes the accents of her redoubtable parent — a fit punishment, as she thought, for their ruthless invasion of her chamber, and their not offering her a share of their supper. An old Miss Peggy Campbell (sister to Sir Islay Campbell, president of the Court of Session) was also taken off by her, and so like that her father actually came into the room, where she was amusing her hearers, thinking that Miss Campbell was really present. In conclusion, it only remains to be said that when she died a blank was left in her native city that has not been filled since, the modern Athens having sadly deteriorated in the wit, learning, and refinement that so distinguished her in the days that are gone.

* Lady Morgan, a fellow-sufferer from her eyes, was most anxious she should consult Mr. Alexander, the eminent oculist, as he entirely cured her after four years' expectation of total blindness.

† Lady Richardson.

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ABERGLAUBE.

I KNOW of a noble lady
Who has never lifted her veil;
Her hand, on the aching temples,
Is tender, and cool, and pale;

Her raiment is black and crimson,
Her voice, which is seldom loud,
Is drowned by a lover's whisper,
But not by a surging crowd;

And her speech, which is heard within us,
Soundeth as if from far,
And she calleth the things that are not
To rebuke the things that are.

Therefore her word is the pillar
Of whatever standeth on earth,
And if aught on earth be precious,
Her sentence gives it worth.

She is very staid in her going,
As if she knew that haste
Would scatter the manna, hidden,
For wayfarers to taste.

Yet whithersoever we hasten,
We find her waiting there;
And she walks where the ways are foulest,
As if she trod upon air.

I have told of her speech and her going;
Of her deeds there is this to tell,
She lifteth up to heaven,
She casteth down to hell.

On earth she layeth foundations,
And others build thereupon;
When they set the headstone with shoutings
She is far away and gone.

For her road is with them that labor,
Her rest is with them that grieve;
Her name is Faith, while you serve her;
When you lose her, Make Believe.

Cornhill Magazine. G. A. SIMCOX.

OLDEN TIMES AND PRESENT.

ANCIENT days of chivalry,
Tournament and falconry;
Ladies fair and barons bold;
Thrilling days, those days of old.
Battled towers and moated steeps,
Turret walls and donjon keeps,
Drawbridge closed and warder grave,
Retainers numerous and brave.
Mailèd sentries keeping guard,
Troubadour and minstrel bard
Singing lays 'neath lady's bower,
Serenades at evening hour.
Thrilling days, those days of old,
For ladies fair and warriors bold.

See! a pageant passes by,
In all the pride of chivalry;
Armèd knights on chargers gay,
Warriors eager for the fray.
Burnished helm and glittering lance,
In the golden sunshine glance;
Parting words from lady fair,
Tress of dark or golden hair.
Badge on arm, a woven band,
Parting gift from her fair hand;
The knight departs for fields of France,
To win his fair by spear and lance.

Gone those days of pageantry,
Valor and knight-errantry;
Only battle that of life;
Race for wealth the keenest strife.
Love and truth and honor sold,
Bartered for the gain of gold.
Fair ones' hearts not now are won
By deeds of daring nobly done.

Only battle, that of life.
Need it be ignoble strife?
Human hearts are battle-plains,
Where passions rage and warfare reigns.
Foemen ranged on either side:
Hate and Love, Forgiveness, Pride,
Strength and Weakness, Dread and Might;
Direst battles those to fight.
Greatest victors those who win
Conquest over Self and Sin.

Chambers' Journal. SENGA.

STANZAS.

THERE is a tender hue that tips the first young leaves of spring;
A trembling beauty in their notes when young birds learn to sing;
A purer look when first on earth the gushing brook appears;
A liquid depth in infant eyes that fades with summer years.
There is a rosy tint at dawn that flies the brighter day;
A sound of innocence and joy when children shout at play;
A laughing breeze at dewy morn that faints with sultry noon;
A silver veil that softest hangs around the maiden moon.
The scent that roses fully blown about their beauty fling
Is sweet, but cannot with the breath of early buds compare;
So doth there bloom a gentle love in life's enchanted spring,
That fills the breast with feelings age can never hope to share.

Temple Bar. CECIL MAXWELL LYTE.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

EPPING FOREST.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

OUR greatest legal authorities will not admit that the people of England have any right whatever to enjoy the beautiful scenery of their native land, beyond such glimpses as may be obtained of it from highways and footpaths. Legally there is no such thing as a "common," answering to the popular idea of a tract of land over which anybody has a right to roam at will.* Every supposed common is said by the lawyers to belong absolutely to some body of individuals, to a lord or lords of the manor and the surrounding owners of land who have rights of common over it; and if these parties agree together, the said common may be enclosed, and the public shut out of it forever. The thousands of tourists who roam every summer over the healthy wastes of Surrey or the breezy downs of Sussex, who climb the peaks or revel on the heather banks of Wales or Scotland, are every one of them trespassers in the eye of the law; and there is, perhaps, no portion of these favorite resorts of our country-loving people that it is not in the power of some individual or body of individuals to enclose and treat as private property.

How far this legal assumption accords with justice or sound policy, it is not our purpose now to inquire; that question having been treated by many able pens, and being one which will assuredly not become less important or less open to discussion as time goes on. We have now a far pleasanter task, that of calling attention to one of our ancient woodland wastes, Epping Forest, which, in the words of an act of Parliament passed at the end of last session, is to be forever preserved as "an open space for the recreation and enjoyment of the public." Here at length every one will have a right to roam unmolested, and to enjoy the beauties which nature so lavishly spreads around when left to her own wild luxuriance. We shall possess, close to our capital, one real forest, whose wildness and sylvan character is to be studiously maintained, and which will possess an ever-increasing interest as furnishing a sample of those broad tracts of woodland which once covered so much of our country, and which play so conspicuous a part in our early history and national folk-lore. Unfortunately the spoilers have been at work, and much of the area now dedicated to the people has been more or less denuded of its woodland covering and otherwise deteriorated. Before, however, we describe the present state of the forest, and discuss the important question of how best to restore its beauty and increase its interest, it will be well to give our readers some notion of its former extent and of the circumstances that have led to its preservation.

It appears by the reports of the Epping Forest Commission (1875 and 1877) that in the reign of Charles I. the forest of Essex, or of Waltham, as it was then called, comprised the whole district between the rivers Lea and Roding, extending southward to Stratford Bridge, thus including the site of the great Stratford Junction Station, and northward to the village of Roydon, a distance in a straight line of sixteen miles. Much of this wide area was, however, even at that early date, only forest in a legal sense, for it included many towns and villages and much cultivated land, and these seem to have left the actual unenclosed forest not much larger than in the first half of the present century. We are told, for example, that during the two centuries from 1600 to 1800 only eighty acres of the forest were enclosed, and that even up to 1851 barely six hundred acres had been enclosed. The unenclosed forest at that date is estimated by the commissioners at fifty-nine hundred and twenty-eight acres. Then came the development of our railway system, and the discovery of Californian and Australian gold. The wealth of the country began to increase at an unprecedented rate; the growth of London became more rapid than ever, and its citizens more and more acquired the habit of residing in the country. Land everywhere rose in value, the

* "Although the public have long wandered over the waste lands of Epping Forest without let or hindrance, we can find no legal right to such user established in law." (Preliminary Report of the Epping Forest Commissioners, 1875, p. 12.)

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wastes of Epping were temptingly near at hand, and illegal enclosures went on at such a pace that during the twenty years between 1851 and 1871 they amounted to almost exactly half the entire area, leaving only three thousand and one acres still open.

This wholesale process of enclosure, which, if quietly submitted to, would soon have left nothing of Epping Forest but the name, roused the indignation of many who dwelt near the forest or felt an interest in it, and a powerful agitation was commenced, in which the corporation of the city of London and many members of the legislature took a prominent part. In 1871 the Epping Forest commissioners were appointed by act of Parliament, and they gave in their final report only in the spring of last year. But in the mean time a most important case had been decided in the courts. At the request of the corporation of London, which supplied all the necessary funds, the commissioners of sewers (as freeholders in the forest) commenced a suit in chancery against the lords of manors and persons to whom they had granted lands, claiming a right of common over all the waste lands of the forest, and that all enclosures made since 1851 should be declared illegal. The master of the rolls decided (on the 24th November, 1874) in favor of the plaintiffs, and against this decision the defendants did not appeal. It has therefore been made the basis of legislation in the act just passed, which declares, that the whole five thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight acres which the commissioners found to have been open waste of the forest in 1851 are to be treated as common lands, and (the lords of manors or their grantees being first duly compensated for their manorial rights and property in the soil) that the whole of this extensive area, with the exception of lands built upon before 1871, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, is to be preserved "uninclosed and unbuilt upon as an open space for the recreation and enjoyment of the public."

Large sums of money were, however, required to buy up the manorial rights, and although this might possibly have been done by public subscription, the necessity for this course was obviated by the liberality and public spirit of the city of London, which offered to supply all the needful funds, not only for this purchase, but also for all work that might be found necessary for the preservation, management, and replanting of the forest. This munificent offer was accepted, and the very reasonable desire of the corporation to have the chief voice in the management of the newly acquired domain in trust for the public, was acceded to by the legislature; and the act accordingly declares that Epping Forest is to be managed by a committee consisting of twelve members of the Corporation of London, and four verderers, chosen by the commoners of the twelve parishes in which the forest is situated.

Let us now take a brief glance at the present state of the land thus dedicated to the public, before proceeding to discuss the question, how it may be made the most of. First, and nearest to London, we have the open expanse of Wanstead Flats, not half a mile from the Forest Gate Station of the Great Eastern Railway, and which, together with some illegally enclosed ground northwards towards the village of Wanstead, comprises an area of nearly five hundred acres. Crossing it from north to south opposite Lake House is an avenue of lime-trees, never very fine, and now rapidly dying from the combined effects of want of shelter and the smoky atmosphere. With this exception almost the whole of the flats is denuded of trees, and offers a drear expanse of wiry grass interspersed with a few tufts of broom, stretching for more than a mile in length and not far short of half a mile wide. On the northern side considerable excavations have been made for brickfields, and here, where the ground rises somewhat, there is a very nice turf, with fern, broom, and even heather, in considerable patches. Northwestward is a large piece of recovered land, about fifty acres in extent, dotted over with oaks and bushes, and intersected by a fine double avenue of limes a third of a mile long, but many of the trees, in the part nearest London, are rapidly dying. Planes are probably the only trees which would now thrive well

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here. This is, on the whole, a rather pretty piece of half-wild woodland, well worth careful preservation for the use of the dense population surrounding it.

To the west of Wanstead and Snaresbrook, and northward towards Woodford, is a fine expanse of unenclosed land, nearly a mile long, and from a quarter to half a mile wide; and when some illegal enclosures are thrown open, this will be continued uninterruptedly to Woodford Green. The southern portion of this tract between Wanstead Orphan Asylum and Whip's Cross has been utterly devastated by gravel-digging, the whole surface being a succession of pits and hollows with stagnant pools of water, and a few miserable oaks left standing on mounds where the gravel has been dug away around them. One would think that here the lords of the manors had infringed on the rights of the commoners, by destroying the pasture and even the surface soil on which any herbage can grow; and that in equity they should be called on to pay damages instead of receiving payment for their alleged property in the soil, which they have here succeeded in rendering almost wholly worthless either for use or enjoyment. Northwestward, towards Woodford Green, is a rather pretty piece of wild forest land, with open grassy glades, intervening thickets, and ponds swarming with interesting aquatic plants. There are, however, very few ornamental trees, the oaks being mostly small, with a quantity of miserable pollard-beeches hardly more sightly than so many mops.

Passing Highham Park we come upon a large extent of illegally enclosed land, now to be thrown open, and much of it already given up. Between Woodford Green and Chingford Hatch there are about sixty acres of poor grass and fallow land adorned with a few bushes and one fine oak-tree, but sloping gently towards the north-west, and with extensive views over the wooded country beyond. Further north there are more than a hundred acres of small enclosures — rough pasture, fallow land, or cultivated fields, dotted with a few poor trees, and at present far from picturesque, but with an undulating surface offering considerable opportunity for improvement. To the west these fields are bounded by Chingford Brook, by the side of which are some very handsome willow-trees growing in stiff clay and indicating what this part of the land is adapted for. A little to the north-east is the new village of Buckhurst Hill, to the south-east of which is a fine piece of enclosed forest, about a hundred acres in extent and called the Lodge Bushes.

We now enter the northern and grandest division of the forest, which stretches away for a distance of five miles from Queen Elizabeth's Lodge to near the town of Epping. North and west of the lodge are nearly three hundred acres of illegally enclosed fields, now dreary fallows and poor pastures, but with fine slopes affording opportunity for producing new effects of forest-scenery. To the west and south of Loughton village are more extensive enclosures of several hundred acres of land, much of it arable or pasture land of good quality; and further north, near Theydon Church and on towards Epping, are other enclosures of less extent, and almost all of this will again be thrown open to the forest.

To the north of the road from Loughton to High Beech there is a vast extent of rough forest land, nearly three miles long and from half a mile to a mile wide, which has all been recovered after having been illegally enclosed by the lords of the manors, but not before they have denuded large portions of it of everything deserving the name of a tree, and left it a scrubby waste without any pretensions to sylvan beauty. Here are square miles of land, once as luxuriant as the unenclosed portions further west, but now presenting a hideous assemblage of stunted, mop-like pollards rising from a thicket of scrubby bushes.

From this brief sketch of the present condition of Epping Forest, with more especial reference to the newly recovered portions of it, we find, that probably not much less than a thousand acres, which are now or have recently been enclosed and cultivated fields, will soon be thrown into the forest; while, in addition to this, there are considerably more than a thousand acres which are almost entirely

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denuded of trees and in a generally unsightly condition. The question at once arises, How can these wide tracts of land be *best* dealt with for the future recreation and enjoyment of the public? The act of Parliament, it is true, empowers the conservators to form playgrounds and cricket-grounds in suitable places, and some portions of these lands may be so applied. But a very few acres will serve for this purpose, or indeed are at all suitable for it; and there will remain by far the larger portion to be otherwise dealt with. After all the agitation, all the arduous legal struggles, all the liberal, nay lavish, expenditure of money to secure this land to the people, it cannot surely be left as it is. Some steps must be taken to make it beautiful and picturesque in the future, and at least as well adapted for the recreation and enjoyment of coming generations as the old forest was for those which have passed away. The obvious course, and that which will at once occnr to every one, is to plant this ground in some way or other. It was once all forest. It is as a forest that the whole domain is dedicated to the public; and it is the forest scenery which has always given to the entire district its peculiar charm. Our country still has wide tracts of common and of open wastes, as well as extensive enclosed woods, and parks, and plantations; but our genuine forests are few and far between. Undoubtedly, therefore, as forest or woodland of some kind this land should be restored; and the question we have to decide is, Of what kind?

Some may say, restore it as much as possible to its ancient state; plant it with oaks and beeches, with a sprinkling of elm, birch, and ash. This may be the easiest and the simplest, but it is certainly the least advantageous mode of dealing with the land. While these trees were growing — for a couple of generations at least — they would be utterly uninteresting woods, and even in the far distant future would hardly surpass many other parts of the forest, while they would increase the monotony which is its chief defect. Another plan would be, to make a mixed planting of choicer trees, shrubs, and evergreens, which would be more beautiful while growing, and would in time form a forest of a more diversified character. Or again, a regular arboretum might be formed, a great variety of trees, and especially choice pines and firs, being planted so as to form specimens. Either of these plans would at once possess some interest; but they would be utterly deficient in novelty, or in that special and peculiar interest we should aim at, when we have to deal with such an extensive and varied area as the recovered portions of Epping Forest. We have already fine mixed plantations and woods, and many splendid arboretums; and at Kew we have in process of formation a magnificent collection of specimen trees which it would be out of place to attempt to imitate, while the expense would be far greater than almost any other kind of planting.

The plan I have now to propose is very different from all these. It is one which would be perfectly novel, perfectly practicable, intensely interesting as a great arboricultural experiment, attractive alike to the uneducated and to the scientific, not more expensive than any other plan, and perfectly in harmony with the character of the domain as essentially "a forest." It is, briefly, to form several distinct portions of forest, each composed solely of trees and shrubs which are natives of one of the great forest regions of the temperate zone.

In order to understand how interesting and how instructive this would be, and, especially, to how great an extent it would add to the variety and beauty of the scenery, while retaining to the fullest extent its character as a wild and picturesque woodland district, it will be necessary to give a brief sketch of the great forests of the north temperate zone, to point out their comparative richness, their distinctive characters, and their different styles of beauty; and in doing this I shall avail myself largely of the writings of the greatest authority on the subject, Professor Asa Gray, who has made the relations and origin of the various forest regions of the northern hemisphere the study of his life.

The two northern continents, America on the one side, Europe and Asia on the other, have each two great and contrasted forest regions, an eastern and a western; and in both cases the eastern is very rich, while the western is comparatively poor. The trees of our own country belong to the western or European forest region, which includes also the adjacent parts of western Asia. That region contains about eighty-five different kinds of trees (seventeen being conifers, or firs and pines), and of these only twenty-eight are really natives of Britain, about twenty being tolerably common, and forming the wild trees of our woods and wastes, with which we are all more or less familiar.

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If we compare the European set of trees with that of the forest region of eastern America we find a wonderful difference. Instead of a total of eighty-five, we have there no less than one hundred and fifty-five different kinds of trees, and a large number of those are very distinct from those of Europe, constituting altogether new types of vegetation, many of which, however, we have long cultivated for ornament. Among these are magnolias, tulip-trees, red and yellow horse-chestnuts, the locust or common acacia, the honey-locust (a far handsomer tree), the liquid ambar, the sassafras, the hickories, the catalpa, the butternut and black walnut, many fine oaks, the hemlock spruce, the deciduous cypress, and a host of others less generally known. Most of these differ from our native trees by their more varied and beautiful foliage, by many of them being flowering trees often of the most magnificent kind, and, what is equally important, by the glorious tints which a large proportion of them assume in autumn. Every one has heard of the rich autumnal tints in Canada and the United States as something of which our woods, beautiful as they are, give hardly any idea. Instead of the yellows and browns of our trees, there is in the American forest every tint from the richest scarlet and crimson to yellow, which, combining in endless varieties, give a splendor to the autumnal landscape which is worth a journey across the Atlantic to behold. The Virginia creeper, which drapes our house with a crimson mantle even amid the smoke of London, the red maple and the sumach of our shrubberies, give us some notion of these tints, but hardly any idea of the effect they produce when their colors are lavishly spread over a varied landscape. Most of the trees which acquire these brilliant hues grow as well with us as in their native country. Some American trees, strange to say, seem to grow even better, for the beautiful ash-leaved negundo is a small tree in its native country, rarely exceeding thirty feet high, while Loudon tells us that it grows to forty feet in England; the white maple reaches only forty feet in America and fifty feet here; and a similar difference occurs with many other trees. So favorable, indeed, is our climate to the growth of trees generally, that, according to Professor Asa Gray, we "can grow double or treble the number of trees that the United States can," although their native species are five times as numerous as ours!

There is therefore really no difficulty in producing in England an almost exact copy of a North American forest, with all its variety of foliage, with its succession of ornamental flowers, and with its glorious autumnal tints; yet this has never been attempted either in this country or in any part of Europe. That many of these trees will reach noble dimensions there is no doubt whatever. A honey-locust (*Gleditschia triacanthos*) in Professor Owen's garden at Richmond Park was, in 1872, a magnificent tree nearly eighty feet high, and was then sixty years old. There is at Dorking a tulip-tree about the same size; while the many beautiful American oaks, maples, birches, and poplars, form noble forest trees in many of our parks and pleasure-grounds. Were such trees planted in masses, they would grow upwards more rapidly and produce a forest-like effect in from twenty to forty years; while from their varied foliage and general novelty of aspect, they would be both beautiful and interesting at a far earlier period.

Here, then, we may do something which has never been done before, which is sure to succeed (since it is only growing trees in masses which have already been grown singly), and which will ultimately produce a real addition to our landscape, while the individual trees will be a constant source of gratification and delight. As yet we have only mentioned the different kinds of trees, but North America is not less rich in beautiful shrubs to form an underwood to the forest or open patches here and there in its recesses. The rhododendrons, azalias, and kalmias, will grow as underwood wherever there is peat or loam, while the well-known snowberry, the aloe-like yuccas, several fine spiræas, American blackberries, and many others, would grow anywhere.

Now let us suppose one of the most suitable of the open tracts recovered at Epping to be thus converted into an American forest, in which as many trees and shrubs peculiar to eastern North America as we know to be hardy, are planted in masses and variously intermingled. Such an experiment would excite interest at every stage of its growth. The paths and open glades intersecting it would be visited year after year to see how it was thriving, and this would necessarily lead many of its visitors to acquire an intelligent interest in the trees, and shrubs, and flowers of other lands. And as time rolled on, and one kind of tree after another arrived at its period of blossoming, and displayed each succeeding year in greater perfection its glowing autumnal tints, the "American

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forest" would become celebrated far and wide, and would attract visitors who would never think of going to see the more homely beauties of a native woodland, and still less a young plantation of common trees.

Before proceeding to describe the other characteristic "forest pictures" which might be produced in the wilds of Epping, it will be well at once to answer an objection sure to be made, that the kind of planting here proposed, consisting wholly of foreign, and largely of rare trees and shrubs, would be very expensive. This, however, is a complete error. Many of the trees in question are certainly rather expensive when large specimens are purchased of nursery-men; but this is chiefly because there is so little demand for them, and they occupy ground and require attention for many years unprofitably. But nearly all these American trees could be raised from seed almost as cheaply as the very commonest kinds. The seeds could be obtained from their native country at a mere nominal cost; and by forming a nursery-ground, small at first, and increased year by year, in which to raise them, their removal at the most suitable age and season to the places which they were permanently to occupy would ensure rapid and vigorous growth. The great item of expense in forming any extensive plantation is labor, and this would be little if any more in growing one kind of tree than another, supposing both to be raised from seed and to be equally hardy. The question of expense cannot, therefore, be of importance, as compared with the vast difference in permanent results between the plan here advocated and that of the ordinary English wood, the mixed plantation, or the systematic arboretum. The latter, indeed, would be very much more expensive, because, few specimens being wanted, it would not be worth while raising them from seed, while an arboretum would require more weeding and pruning, as well as some amount of permanent gardening, which in a forest is unnecessary.

Another important feature of such a forest would be, that it would furnish reliable information as to what valuable timber trees may be profitably grown in this country. Among American trees the sugar-maple, hickory, tulip-tree, redwood, and locust, are well known as producing valuable timbers for special purposes; and there are many trees of eastern Europe and Asia equally valuable, which it might be profitable to grow largely. As, however, they have been hitherto almost always grown singly for ornament, we have been unable to test, either the rapidity of their growth under more natural conditions, or the quality of their timber at different ages; all which points would be determined, were they grown in quantity as here proposed, by the mere periodical thinnings-out necessary to encourage the free development of those that were to remain and form the permanent forest.

Passing now to the western or Californian coast of North America, we find another forest region, remarkably different from that of the Eastern States. It is characterized at once by extreme richness in coniferous trees, and what Professor Asa Gray terms its "desperate poverty" in deciduous kinds, of which it has only one-fourth as many as eastern America, and one-half as many as Europe.* Almost all the trees which are especially characteristic of eastern America are wanting, their place being chiefly supplied by peculiar species of oaks, maples, ashes, birches, and poplars, groups which are equally abundant on both sides of the Atlantic. When we turn to the coniferous trees, however, western America stands pre-eminent, possessing nearly twice as many different kinds as the Eastern States, and nearly three times as many as all Europe, while it exhibits the grandest, tallest, and most beautiful firs, pines, and cypresses in the world. Here we find the giant Wellingtonia and redwood, the magnificent Douglas fir, the exquisitely beautiful piceas, *nobilis* and *lasiocarpa*, such fine cypresses as *Lawsoniana* and *Lambertiana*, such unequalled pines as *insignis* and *macrocarpa*, the well-known handsome thujas, *gigantea* and *Lobbii*, and many others. These glorious trees form forests by themselves, surpassing in grandeur those of any other temperate land; and every one of these grows freely and rapidly with us (which they do not in eastern America), and, if grown under natural conditions, would probably attain nearly as great a size as in their native country. Their extreme beauty has, however, caused them to be almost always grown singly as specimens, and even thus the rapidity of their growth is often amazing. The Wellingtonia will reach twenty feet in ten years; the Douglas fir grows even more rapidly when young, and a specimen at Dropmore, fifty years old, is now more than a hundred feet high, while its branches, spreading on the ground, cover a space sixty-six feet in diameter. The beautiful

* Deciduous trees, 34 species; conifers, 44 species!

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grass-green *Pinus insignis* at the same place reached sixty-eight feet high in thirty-four years; and were these trees planted in masses, so as to draw each other upward, and cause the lower branches to drop off as in their native forests, they would almost certainly grow even more rapidly, and the present generation might walk amid forests of these noble trees not much inferior to those which excite so much admiration on the mountains of California and Oregon.

Here, again, there is no question of success. The experiment has been made already for us hundreds of times over, and we have only to profit by it. These trees succeed well in every part of England without exception, and they would certainly not fail at Epping. An expanse of a hundred or two hundred acres covered with the coniferous trees of western America, planted in masses, groups, or belts, and with winding paths, broad glades, and occasional shrub-planted openings admitting of free access to every part of it, would probably be even more attractive than the forest of eastern America. For many of these trees are exquisitely beautiful objects in their young state, the varying colors of the under and upper surfaces of their foliage and the delicate tints of the new growth in summer, being especially remarkable. Their different rates of growth would soon cause some species to tower above others, and thus produce that charm of variety which is wanting where large areas are planted with trees which all grow at about the same rate.

The next forest type of which we should have an example, is that of eastern Europe and western Asia, containing all those interesting trees of the European forest region which are not natives of our own country. Here we should grow the various European pines and firs, including the symmetrical pinsapo of Spain, the well-known silver fir of the Alps, and the allied but more beautiful Nordman's fir of Russia. Here, too, we should have the nettle-tree, the Judas-tree, the flowering ash, the wild olive, the hop-hornbeam, the almost evergreen Neapolitan alder, and our old favorites the plane, the walnut, the laburnum, and the Portugal laurel. Along with these we should plant the many beautiful and often sweet-scented shrubs of the same districts — laurestinas, myrtles, Spanish broom, coronillas, cistuses, Mediterranean heaths, the favorite lilac, and the luscious *Philadelphus* or syringa. A smaller space would serve to exhibit these trees and shrubs in forest growth, as they are less numerous and generally not of large size; but as they comprise so many of our garden favorites, the forest of eastern Europe would certainly be very attractive.

We now come to the most remarkable of all the forest regions of the temperate zone — that of eastern Asia and Japan. This forest is even richer than that of eastern America in deciduous trees, and at the same time richer than that of western America in conifers;* and, as it is only partially explored, while the others are well known, its comparative richness will certainly increase as future discoveries are made. We find here a number of the deciduous trees of eastern America represented by closely allied species, and, in addition, a number of altogether peculiar types. Among these are the well-known ailanthus, on the leaves of which silk-worms are fed, and which grows with extreme rapidity; the beautiful paulownia, with flowers like those of a foxglove; the handsome Sophora japonica; and of smaller trees and shrubs, the winter-flowering chimonanthus, the crimson-flowered japonica which adorns our walls in early spring, the favorite weigelia, the yellow-flowered forsythia, the red-berried aucuba, and, last, but not least important for our purpose, the camellia. This glorious evergreen is really as hardy as the common laurel, and will grow out of doors in perfect health and vigor. Its beautiful flowers will, indeed, be often destroyed by the wet and frosts of our springs, but if a sunny bank in the midst of the protecting frosts were covered with these shrubs, they would blossom abundantly whenever we had a mild spring, and would then, indeed, be worth a walk to see; while at all times their splendid glossy green foliage would be a delightful spectacle.

Even more varied and more beautiful than the conifers of California are those of Japan and China, of which there are no less than forty-five species belonging to nineteen generic groups, many of which are altogether peculiar to this region. Here are the elegant cryptomeria and retinosporas, the remarkable salisburia, or gingko-tree, a pine with foliage like that of a gigantic maiden-hair fern, and the hardly less curious sciadopitys, or umbrella-pine. To these we may add the fine cunninghamia, the funereal cypress, and some interesting species of arbor-vitæ.

The space required for this Asiatic forest would not at first be large, as only the

* Deciduous trees, 123 species; conifers, 45 species.

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most distinct and interesting species need be made use of, while many are not yet to be obtained in this country. Some of the Japanese trees grow slowly, but it is not improbable that when planted in greater quantities they might make more rapid progress. Anyhow the plants themselves are usually so peculiar and generally so beautiful, that in every stage of their growth they would be sure to prove attractive to the public.

We might, however, increase the extent of our Asiatic forest by adding to it another small piece of land in order to cultivate several beautiful plants which characterize the temperate regions of the higher Himalayas, among which are the favorite deodara, some beautiful maples, birches, and oaks, the elegant leycesteria, some fine berberries, rhododendrons, and other interesting plants.

There remain the temperate forests of the southern hemisphere, chiefly represented in Chili and Patagonia, in Australia, and in New Zealand, and comprising a number of very interesting plants, many of which will grow in this country. From Chili there is a peculiar pine, libocedrus, and the well-known araucaria, which when grown in avenues or masses produces a very grand effect. Many of our favorite shrubs come from this region, as the golden-balled buddlea, the lovely flowering evergreens, escallonia and berberis, and the pretty cross-leaved veronica. These would form exquisite flowering thickets to set off the stiff forms of the araucarias. From Australia and New Zealand more variety may be obtained, though comparatively few of the trees of these countries have yet been proved to be perfectly hardy. The common *Eucalyptus globulus*, celebrated as a remover of miasma, suffers much from the frost when young, but may possibly become hardier as it grows older. Other species of eucalyptus are much more hardy and more ornamental. One raised from seed by myself has, in an exposed situation, reached a height of twenty feet in five years, though once cut down by frost. Another mountain species raised at the same time, is only five feet high, but is perfectly hardy, the leaves being quite uninjured by frost, and it will probably grow into a lofty tree. Some of the acacias are also probably hardy, as they grow well and flower beautifully out of doors; but the most elegant of these southern trees are the pittosporums of New Zealand, which in five years have formed splendid bushes nearly six feet high and as much in diameter, with delicate foliage of a pale green color which does not appear to suffer the least from any ordinary winter's frost. These will grow into small flowering trees fifteen or twenty feet high, having an appearance quite distinct from anything at present in cultivation. The celebrated huon pine of Tasmania is another fine tree of this region; and one of the proteaceæ (*Lomatia longifolia*) has lived more than twenty years in a garden near London. These, with such shrubs as the white-flowered leptospermum and the purple veronicas, will form a group of plants well illustrating the beautiful evergreen woods of the southern hemisphere.

There remain still the climbing plants, which form a conspicuous ornament of all these forests, and many of which are quite as hardy as the trees they decorate. We might adorn our North American forest with festoons of the Virginia creeper and wild vine, while the red trumpet-creeper and the passion-flower of the Southern States would form beautiful objects, climbing over the bushes and among the branches of trees, and displaying their showy blossoms, which are hardly surpassed by the denizens of our hothouses. The Asiatic forest would in like manner be ornamented with lilac-flowered clematises, the Japan honeysuckle, the evergreen banksian rose, the winter-flowering yellow jasmine, and the glorious wistaria, the very queen of climbing plants. It is the opinion of some eminent horticulturists, that even the superb Chilian *Lapageria rosea* would grow freely out of doors in a suitable soil and situation, and it might well be tried in association with the trees and shrubs of the same country.

Quitting now that portion of Epping Forest which requires to be replanted, we find extensive tracts still more or less covered with wood, and which require, comparatively speaking, little to be done to them; but that little should be well considered and carefully executed. The preservation of "the natural aspect of the forest," as specially mentioned in the act of Parliament, should always be kept prominently in view, and this principle should influence the character of such footbridges, dams, banks, or other building or engineering works as may be found absolutely necessary. Every such work should be carefully studied, so as to be at once in harmony with the surroundings, permanent, and picturesque. Unpainted wood and stone, both as bold and substantial as possible, should alone be employed, brick

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being, whenever possible, avoided as both commonplace and unsightly. Wherever possible, earthwork or natural masses of rock should be used, so as to blend imperceptibly with the surrounding forest scenery. Among the works absolutely needed for the enjoyment of the forest are numerous footpaths; and these should be systematically laid out in connection with broader "rides" traversing the larger wooded tracts between well-marked points on either border, thus serving as a means of extricating any unfortunate tourist who may have lost his way. Grassy or shrubby openings might also be occasionally formed in the most densely wooded portions, such clear spaces being very pleasing, admitting air and sunshine, and forming agreeable contrasts. Trees which are any way remarkable for their age, size, or picturesque beauty should be cleared of surrounding thicket, so that they may be properly seen and admired; and this comprises nearly all that need be done here, beyond the ordinary forester's duty of keeping up a sufficient stock of healthy young trees to supply the place of those which die or are accidentally destroyed.

Among the powers conferred upon the conservators is that of draining where needed, and as very great misconception prevails on this subject a few remarks here may not be out of place. People have been so accustomed to hear "draining" spoken of as one of the greatest and most necessary of improvements, that they may not unnaturally think it equally necessary in a forest as in a farm or private estate. It is true that where some particular timber is to be grown for profit, draining may be necessary, but when you only require trees growing naturally, so as to produce beauty and variety, then every variety of soil and every degree of moisture are beneficial. Forests as a rule grow better in damp than in dry soils, and there is no ground so wet that some kinds of trees will not flourish in it. It is only necessary, therefore, to plant the right kinds of trees, and the wet places may be covered with wood even more quickly than the dry.

It must be remembered, too, that a proportion of bog and swamp and damp hollows, are essential parts of the "natural aspect" of every great forest tract. It is in and around such places that many trees and shrubs grow most luxuriantly; it is such spots that will be haunted by interesting birds and rare insects; and there alone many of the gems of our native flora may still be found. Every naturalist searches for such spots as his best hunting-grounds. Every lover of nature finds them interesting and enjoyable. Here the wanderer from the great city may perchance find such lovely flowers as the fringed buck-bean, the delicate bog pimpernell and marsh campanula, the insect-catching sundew, and the pretty spotted orchises.* These and many other choice plants would be exterminated if, by too severe drainage, all such wet places were made dry; the marsh birds and rare insects which haunted them would disappear, and thus a chief source of recreation and enjoyment to that numerous and yearly-increasing class who delight in wild flowers, and birds, and insects, would be seriously interfered with.

There is also a wider and more general point of view from which it may be important to survey this question of drainage. Epping Forest lies within the area of scanty rainfall, which extends over much of the eastern part of England, and as its surface consists largely of gravel, the rain-water rapidly passes away, and thus tends to create an aridity not favorable to luxuriant vegetation. Now, every marsh and bog and swampy flat acts as a natural reservoir, retaining a part of the rainfall, and permanently moistening both the atmosphere and the surrounding soil. In order to improve the climate and foster the vegetation of the forest, it should be the object of its conservators to retain as much as possible of the rainfall water within the area under their jurisdiction. The forest streams might be dammed up at intervals, so as to form permanent ponds or lakes, by which means, combined with the natural reservoirs already alluded to, and aided by the check to evaporation which additional planting will produce, the forest itself and even the surrounding country would be permanently benefited. By extensive draining, on the other hand, water is carried away rapidly from the district, and with it much fertilizing matter; the climate is made dryer, and the growth of herbage as well as of trees and shrubs is rendered less luxuriant.

Coming back now to the general question of forest distribution in the northern hemisphere, many of my readers must have been struck by the singular inequal-

* Besides those above mentioned, the following rare or interesting marsh or bog plants inhabit Epping Forest: marsh St. John's wort (*Hypericum Elodes*), opposite-leaved golden saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*), red cranberry (*Vaccinium oxycoccos*), bladderwort (*Utricularia vulgaris*), water-violet (*Hottonia palustris*), and the royal fern (*Osmunda regalis*), but this last is, perhaps, extinct.

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ity and remarkable contrasts of the four great temperate forests of which we have proposed that illustrations should be grown at Epping. In a lecture recently delivered before the Harvard University Natural History Society, Professor Asa Gray has given an explanation of these contrasts, which will commend itself to all naturalists who know how important has been the agency of the glacial period in bringing about the existing relations between Alpine and Arctic plants.

Let us now first consider the remarkable difference between the forest vegetation of eastern America and that of Europe and western Asia. The latter area is the more extensive and more varied of the two, yet its trees, both deciduous and coniferous, are scarcely half as numerous or half as diversified. Why, we naturally ask, is America so rich? Professor Asa Gray answers, it is not America that is exceptionally rich, but Europe that is exceptionally poor. This is shown in two ways. Firstly, because America, rich as it is, is surpassed by eastern Asia; and, secondly, because Europe itself was formerly at least as rich as America is now. During the Pliocene or later Miocene periods, Europe possessed most of the generic groups of trees now confined to North America and east Asia, and was wonderfully rich in different kinds. The later Tertiary deposits of Switzerland alone have yielded, according to Professor Heer, two hundred and ninety-one species of trees and two hundred and forty-two shrubs, or far more than the present rich flora of eastern Asia added to the poorer one of Europe. It is true that this number includes the species of several distinct deposits of somewhat different ages. But in the beds of one single locality and period, at Œninghen, the remains of nearly two hundred specimens of trees have been found; and it is in the highest degree improbable that all which lived there have been preserved, while it is certain that the flora of Œninghen was not so rich as that of Switzerland, and was, *a fortiori*, very much poorer than that of Europe. Making, therefore, all necessary deductions for imperfect determinations of species, it is impossible to doubt that the kinds of trees inhabiting Europe in late Tertiary times were far more numerous and varied than they are now even in eastern Asia, which, as we have seen, is the richest part of the north temperate zone. Since the period of these deposits the climate of all these regions has greatly deteriorated, culminating in a glacial epoch which has only recently passed away; and to this is naturally imputed the wonderful change from riches to poverty which has come over the woody plants of Europe. But we have still to ask, Why did not eastern America and eastern Asia become equally poor? And Professor Asa Gray has now answered that question for us in a very satisfactory manner.

We must first call attention to the fact that when Europe enjoyed a milder climate, with a rich and varied flora, there was also an abundant vegetation, very similar in character to that which now clothes our north temperate latitudes, extending northward to the Arctic circle and far beyond it. In Arctic America, in Greenland, and even in Spitzbergen, there have been found well-preserved remains of maples, poplars, birches, and limes, like those of Europe; of magnolias, hickories, sassafras, and Wellingtonias, like those of America; as well as of gingko-trees and several other kinds now peculiar to Japan. The period when these Arctic woods flourished was no doubt earlier than that of the forests of Œninghen (though both are usually termed Miocene), the northern plants having migrated southward owing to the lowering of the mean temperature. As the severer cold of the glacial epoch came on, the same species could only live by migrating still farther south; and then, when the cold period had passed away, they moved back again, and many of them now occupy the same countries as they did before the glacial epoch.

And now we arrive at the explanation of the exceptional poverty of Europe. If we look at a good map or large globe, we shall see that in North America the Alleghany Mountains run north and south, and the lowlands east and west of them extend uninterruptedly to Florida, to Texas, and to the Gulf of Mexico. There was, therefore, nothing to prevent the southward migration of the flora, and its northward return, when the mountains were covered with snow and ice. But in Europe the geographical conditions are very different. There is a great chain of mountains, the Alps and Pyrenees, running in an east and west direction, and farther south a great sea, the Mediterranean, also running east and west. As the glacial epoch came on, the icy mantle crept southward from the Arctic Ocean and downward from the mountain heights, thus preventing the plants of central Europe from migrating southward, and destroying all that were not capable of enduring a very severe climate, or which did not also exist south of

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the Alps. But here, too, the Mediterranean prevented any southern migration; and being crowded into a diminished area between the mountains and the sea, many species must have perished. When the cold passed away, the survivors spread northwards and rapidly covered the whole country, but their greatly diminished numbers and the prevalence of a few hardy species over very wide areas, sufficiently attest the severe ordeal they have passed through.

The correctness of this explanation can hardly be doubted, more especially as it equally serves to explain the superior riches of eastern Asia. For here we find a far greater extent of northern land from which the existing forest trees originally came, and also a greater extent of southern lowlands extending uninterruptedly into the tropics, for them to retreat to during the period of cold. All the conditions were here favorable, first for the production and next for the preservation of a rich flora.

The poverty of western America in deciduous trees and its richness in conifers, Professor Asa Gray considers to be a more difficult and at present an insoluble problem. But here, too, a consideration of the physical character of the country suggests an intelligible explanation. Conifers are more especially mountain plants, while deciduous trees abound most in the lowlands. Now in north-west America there is a vast stretch of mountains from the extreme north to the far south, and no extensive lowlands — exactly the reverse of what obtains in eastern America, where the lowlands are vastly more extensive than the mountains. Conifers, therefore, most likely always abounded most on the western side of the continent, and during their enforced southern migrations always found suitable mountain habitats. The deciduous trees, on the other hand (always, probably, few in number), were many of them exterminated in their migrations first southward and again northward, for want of suitable places of growth, or were overpowered by the greater vigor of the competing coniferous trees.

Turning again to eastern Asia we find a combination of both these conditions. Ample mountain ranges traverse every part of it from the Arctic circle to the tropics, but these are everywhere interrupted by great river-valleys and extensive plateaus of moderate elevation, thus offering equally favorable conditions for the preservation of both kinds of trees; and here we accordingly still find the richest and most perfectly balanced woody vegetation of the north temperate zone.

The marvellous history that we have here sketched in the merest outline, teaches us that our own country has been denuded of its proper share of wild trees and shrubs by a great natural catastrophe — the glacial epoch — which destroyed them just as a hurricane or a conflagration might have destroyed them, only more gradually, and at the same time more thoroughly. In replanting the same or similar trees as those which inhabited Europe before the glacial period, we may be said to be only bringing back our own, and again clothing our land with those forest denizens which at no very distant epoch it actually possessed.

Returning again to the more special subject of this paper, I would remark, in conclusion, that the preservation and restoration of Epping Forest is a matter of wide and even of national interest. The method of procedure now decided on will determine its condition for generations to come, and our successors will not forgive us if, for want of due consideration, we fail to make the most of the great opportunity which here offers itself. Whatever is now done will be practically irreversible. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that those who have given thought to the subject, or who possess experience bearing upon it, should now make their views known, in order that conflicting suggestions may be submitted to the ordeal of free criticism, and lead to the adoption of a plan worthy of the occasion, and which we may not at some future time have reason to regret.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A CRISIS.

LOTTIE scarcely knew how she got through that afternoon. Rollo presented himself for but a moment at the signor's, in great concern that he could not stay, and begged a hundred pardons with his eyes, which he could not put into words. Lady Caroline and Augusta had made an engagement for him, from which he could not get free. "At the elm-tree!" he whispered in the only moment when he could approach Lottie. Her heart, which

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was beating still with the mingled anger, and wonder, and fright of her late encounter, sank within her. She could only look at him with a glance which was half appeal and half despair. And when he went away the day seemed to close in, the clouds to gather over the very window by which she was standing, and heaven and earth to fail her. Rollo's place was taken by a spectator whose sympathy was more disinterested than that of Rollo, and his pity more tender; but what was that to Lottie, who wanted only the one man whom she loved, not any other? What a saving of trouble and pain there would be in this world if the sympathy of one did as well as that of another! There was poor Purcell turning over the music, gazing at her with timid eyes full of devotion, and longing to have the courage and the opportunity to offer her again that 'ome which poor Lottie so much wanted, which seemed open to her no where else in the whole world. And on the other side stood Mr. Ashford, without any such definite intention as Purcell, without any perception as yet of anything in himself but extreme "interest in," and compassion for this solitary creature, but roused to the depths of his heart by the sight of her, anxious to do anything that could give her consolation, and ready to stand by her against all the world. The minor canon had been passing when that scene took place in the hall of Captain Despard's house with its open door. He had heard Polly's loud voice, and he had seen Law rush out, putting on his hat, and flushed with unusual feeling. "I don't mind what she says to me as long as she keeps off Lottie!" the young man had said; and careless as Law was, the tears had come to his eyes, and he had burst forth, "My poor Lottie! what is she to do?" Mr. Ashford's heart had been wrung by this outcry. What could he do? — he was helpless — an unmarried man; what use can he ever be to a beautiful, friendless girl? He felt how impotent he was with an impatience and distress which did not lessen that certainty. He could do nothing for her, and yet he could not be content to do nothing. This was why he came to the signor's, sitting down behind backs beside Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who distracted him by much pantomimic distress, shaking her head and lifting up her hands and eyes, and would fain have whispered to him all the time of Lottie's singing had not the signor sternly interfered. ("Sure these musical folks they're as big tyrants as the Rooshians themselves," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said indignantly.) This was all the minor canon could do — to come and stand by the lonely girl, though no one but himself knew what his meaning was. It could not be any help to Lottie, who was not even conscious of it. Perhaps, after all, the sole good in it was to himself.

Lottie had never sung so little well. She did not sing badly. She took trouble; the signor felt she tried to do her best, to work at it, to occupy herself with the music by way of getting rid of things more urgent which would press themselves upon her. In short, for the first time Lottie applied herself to it with some faint conception of the purposes of art. To have recourse to art as an opiate against the pangs of the inner being, as an escape from the harms of life, is perhaps not the best way of coming at it, but the signor knew that this was one of the most beaten ways towards that temple which to him enshrined everything that was best in the world. It was perhaps the only way in which Lottie was likely to get at it, and he saw and understood the effort. But it could not be said that the effort was very successful. The others, who were thinking only of her, felt that Lottie did not do so well as usual. She was not in voice, Purcell said to himself; and to the minor canon it seemed very natural that after the scene which she had just gone through poor Lottie should have but little heart for her work. It was easily explained. The signor, however, who knew nothing of the circumstances, came to the most true conclusion. The agitation of that episode with Polly would not have harmed her singing, however it might have troubled herself, had Lottie's citadel of personal happiness been untouched. But the flag was lowered from that donjon, the sovereign was absent. There was no inspiration left in the dull and narrowed world where Lottie found herself left. Her first opening of vigorous, independent life had been taken from her, and for the first time the life of visionary passion and enthusiasm was laid low. She did not give in. She made a brave effort, stilling her excited nerves, commanding her depressed heart. The signor himself was more excited than he had been by all the previous easy triumphs of her inspiration. Now was the test of what she had in her. Happiness dies, love fails, but art is forever. Could she rise to the height of this principle, or would she drop upon the threshold of the sacred place incapable of answering to the guidance of art alone? Never before had he felt the same anxious interest

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in Lottie. He thought she was groping for that guidance, though without knowing it, in mere instinct of pain to find something that would not fail her. She did not rise so high as she had done under the other leading, but to the signor this seemed to be in reality Lottie's first step, though she did not know it, on the rugged ascent which is the artist's way of life. Straight is the path and narrow is the way in that, as in all excellence. The signor praised her more than he had ever praised her before, to the surprise of the lookers-on; the generous enthusiasm of the artist glowed in him. If he could, he would have helped her over the roughness of the way, just as the minor canon, longing and pitiful, would have helped her if he could over the roughness of life. But the one man was still more powerless than the other to smooth her path. Here it was not sex, nor circumstances, which were in fault, but the rigid principles of art, which are less yielding than rocks; every step, however painful, in that thorny way the neophyte must tread for herself. The signor knew it; but the more his beginner stumbled, the more eager was he to cheer her on.

"I am afraid I sang very badly," Lottie said, coming out with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and the minor canon, who went along with them he scarcely knew why. He could do nothing for the girl, but he did not like to leave her — to seem (to himself) to desert her. Only himself was in the least degree aware that he was standing by Lottie in her trouble.

"Me child, you all think a deal too much about it. It was neither better nor worse; that's what I don't like in all your singing. It may be fine music, but it's always the same thing over and over. If it was a tune that a body could catch — but it's little good the best tune would have been to me this day. I didn't hear you, Lottie, for thinking what was to become of you. What will ye do? Will you never mind, but go back? Sure you've a right to your father's house whatever happens, and I wouldn't be driven away at the first word. There is nothing would please her so well. I'd go back!"

"Oh, don't say any more," cried Lottie with a movement of sudden pride. But when she caught the pitying look of the minor canon her heart melted. "Mr. Ashford will not be angry because I don't like to speak of it," she said, raising her eyes to him. "He knows that things are not — not very happy — at home."

Then Mr. Ashford awoke to the thought that he might be intruding upon her. He took leave of the ladies hurriedly. But when she had given him her hand, he stood holding it for a minute. "I begin to like Law very much," he said. To feel that this was the way in which he could give her most pleasure was a delicate instinct, but it was not such a pleasure as it would have been a month ago. Lottie did not speak, but a gleam of satisfaction rose in her eyes. "If there is anything I can do," he said faltering, "to be of use ——"

What could he do? Nothing. He knew that, and so did she. It was only to himself that this was a consolation, he said to himself when they were gone. He went away to his comfortable house, and she, slim and light, turned to the other side of the Abbey, with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, with nowhere in the world to go to. Was that so? was it really so? But still he, with that house of his, a better home than the one which young Purcell was so eager to offer to her, what could he do? Nothing; unless it were one thing which had not before entered his thoughts, and now, when it had got in, startled him so, that middle-aged as he was, he felt his countenance turn fiery red, and went off at a tremendous pace, as if he had miles to go. He had only a very little way to go before he reached his own door, and yet he had travelled more than miles between that and the dwelling of the signor.

As for Lottie, she went home with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, not knowing what she was to do after. The elm-tree — that was the only place in the world that seemed quite clear to her. For a moment, in the sickness of her disappointment to see Rollo abandon her, she had said to herself that she would not go; but soon a longing to tell him her trouble came upon her. After the Abbey bells had roused all the echoes, and the usual congregation had come from all quarters for the evening service, she left Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and went slowly towards the slopes. It was still early, and the wintry afternoon was cold. There was an east wind blowing, parching the landscape, and turning all its living tints into lines of grey. Lottie was not very warmly clothed. She had her merino gown and little cloth jacket, very plain garments, not like the furs in which Augusta had come home; but then Lottie was not used to living like Augusta, and perhaps her thinner wrap kept her as warm. She went up the Dean's Walk languidly, knowing that it was too early, but unable to rest. She would have to go home after all, to steal in and hide herself in her room for this night at least; but after that, what

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was she to do? The O'Shaughnessys had not a room to give her. She had no relations whom she might go to; what was to become of her? When she got to the elm-tree there was nobody there. She had known it was too early. She sat down and thought, but what could thinking do? What could she make of it? She looked over the wide landscape which had so often stilled and consoled her, but it was all dead and unresponsive, dried up by that east wind; the earth and the sky, and even the horizon on which they met, all drawn in pale outlines of grey. Her face was blank and pale like the landscape, when the lover for whom she was waiting appeared. The wind, which was so cold, had driven everybody else away. They had it all to themselves, this chilly wintry landscape, the shadowy trees with a few ragged garments of yellow or faded brown still clinging to them. Rollo came up breathless, his feet ringing upon the winding path. He came and placed himself beside her with a thousand apologies that she should have had to wait. "It was a trick of Augusta's," he said; "I am sure she suspects something." Lottie felt that this repeated suggestion that some one suspected ought not to be made to her. But her paleness and sadness roused Rollo to the most hearty concern. "Something has happened," he said; "I can see it, darling, in your eyes. Tell me what it is. Have not I a right to know everything?" Indeed he was so anxious and so tender that Lottie forgot all about offence and her disappointment, and everything that was painful. Who had she beside to relieve her burdened heart to, to lean upon in her trouble? She told him what had happened, feeling that with every word she uttered her load was being lightened. Oh! how good it is to be able to say forth everything, to tell some one to whom all that happens to you is interesting! As she told Polly's insults, even Polly herself seemed to grow more supportable. Rollo listened to every word with anxious interest, with excitement, and indignation and grief. He held her closer to him, saying, "My poor darling, my poor Lottie!" with outbursts of rage and tender pity. Lottie's heart grew lighter and lighter as she went on. He seemed to her to be taking it all on his shoulders, the whole of the burden. His eyes shone with love and indignation. It was not a thing which could be borne; she must not bear it, he would not allow her to bear it, he cried. Finally a great excitement seemed to get possession of him all at once. A sudden impulse seized upon him. He held her closer than ever, with a sudden tightening of his clasp, and hasty resolution. "Lottie!" he cried; and she could feel his heart suddenly leap into wild beating, and looked up trembling and expectant, sure that he had found some way of deliverance. "Lottie, my love! you must not put up with this another day. You must come away at once. Why not this very night? I could not rest and think you were bearing such indignity. You must be brave and trust yourself to me. You will not be afraid, my darling, to trust yourself to me?"

"To-night!" she said with a cry of answering excitement, alarm, and wonder.

"Why not to-night?" he cried with more and more energy. "I know a place where I could take you. A quiet, safe place, with people to take care of you, who would not suffer you to be annoyed even when I was not there myself to watch over you. Lottie, dearest, you would not be afraid to trust yourself to me?"

"No, Rollo, why should I be afraid? — but ——" The suddenness of this prospect of deliverance, which she did not understand, took away Lottie's breath.

"But — there are no buts. You would be taken care of as if you were in a palace. You would have everything to make your life pleasant. You could work at your music ——"

"Ah!" she said, interrupting him: his excitement roused no alarm in her mind. She was incapable of understanding any meaning in him that was inconsistent with honor. "Would it be so necessary to think of the music?" she said. It seemed to her that for Rollo Ridsdale's wife it need not be any longer a point essential. A host of other duties, more sweet, more homely, came before her dazzled eyes.

"Above all things!" he said with a sudden panic, "without that what would you — how could I" — the suggestion was insupportable — "but we can discuss this after," he said. "Lottie, my Lottie, listen! Trust yourself to me — let me take you away out of all this misery into happiness. Such happiness! I scarcely can put it into words. Why should you have another day of persecution, when you can be free if you will this very night?"

His countenance seemed aflame as he bent towards her in the wintry twilight; she could feel the tumultuous beating of his heart. It was no premeditated villany but a real impulse, acted upon, with-

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out any pause for thought, with that sudden and impassioned energy which is often more subtle than the craftiest calculation. Even while his heart beat thus wildly with awakened passion, Rollo answered the feeble resistance of his conscience by asking himself what harm could it do her? it would not interfere with her career. As for Lottie, she raised herself up within his arm and threw back her head and looked at him, not shrinking from him nor showing any horror of the suggestion. There was a pause — only for a moment, but it felt like half an hour, while wild excitement, love, and terror coursed through his veins. Surely she understood him, and was not alarmed? If she had understood him and flung away from him in outraged virtue, Rollo would have been abject in guilt and penitence. For the moment, however, though his heart beat with alarm, there was a sense of coming triumph in all his being.

Lottie raised her drooping shoulders, she threw back her head and looked at him, into the glowing face that was so close to her. Her heart had given one answering leap of excitement, but was not beating like his. At that moment, so tremendous to him, it was not passion but reflection that was in her eyes.

"Let me think — let us think," she said. "Oh, Rollo! it is a great temptation. To go away, to be safe with you ——"

"My darling, my own darling! you shall never have cause to fear, never to doubt me; my love will be as steady, as true —" So high had the excitement of suspense grown, that he had scarcely breath to get out the words.

"Do you think I doubt that?" she said, her voice sounding so calm, so soft to his excited ear. "That is not the question; there are so many other things to think of. If you will not think for yourself, I must think for you. Oh, Rollo, no! I don't see how it could be. Listen to me; you are too eager, oh! thank you, dear Rollo, too fond of me, to take everything into consideration — but *I* must. Rollo! no, no; it would never do; how could it ever do, if you will only think? Supposing even that it did not matter for me, how could you marry your wife from any place but her home? It would not be creditable," said Lottie, shaking her head with all the gentle superiority of reason, "it would not be right or becoming for you."

His arm relaxed round her; he tried to say something, but it died away in his throat. For the moment the man was conscious of nothing but a positive pang of gratitude for a danger escaped; he was safe, but he scarcely dared breathe. Had she understood him as he meant her to understand him, what vengeance would have flashed upon him, what thunderbolt scathed him! But for very terror he would have shrunk and hid his face now in the trembling of the catastrophe escaped.

"More than that, even," said Lottie going on all unawares; "I have nothing, you know; and how could I take money — *money to live upon* — from *you!* — till I was married to you? No! it is impossible, impossible, Rollo. Oh, thank you, thank you a thousand times for having thought more of me than of anything else; but you see, don't you see, how impossible it is? I will never forget," said the girl softly, drawing a little closer to him who had fallen away from her in the strange tumult of failure — yet deliverance — which took all strength from him, "I will never forget that you were ready to forget everything that was reasonable, everything that was sensible, and even your own credit, for me!"

Another pause, but this time indescribable. In her bosom gratitude, tender love, and that sweet sense of calmer judgment, of reason less influenced by passion than it would be fitting or right for his to be, which a woman loves to feel within herself — her modest prerogative in the supreme moment; in his a tumult of love, disappointment, relief, horror of himself, anger, and shame, and the thrill of a hair-breadth escape. He could not say a word; what he had done seemed incredible to him. The most tremendous denunciation would not have humbled him as did her unconsciousness. He had made her the most villanous proposal, and she had not even known what it meant; to her it had seemed all generosity, love, and honor. His arm dropped from around her, he had no force to hold her, and some inarticulate exclamation — he could not tell what — sounded hoarsely in utter confusion and shame in his throat.

"You are not angry?" she said, almost wooing him in her turn. "Rollo, it is not that I do not trust you, you know; who should I trust but you? If that was all, I would put my hand in yours, you should take me wherever you pleased. But then there are the other things to be considered. And, Rollo, don't be angry," she said, drawing his arm within hers, "I can bear anything now. After talking to you, after feeling your sympathy, I can bear anything. What do I care for a woman like that? Of course I knew," said Lottie,

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with tears in her eyes, "that you did feel for me, that you thought of me, that you were always on my side. But one wants to have it said over again to make assurance sure. Now I can bear anything, now I can go home — though it is not much like home — and wait, till you come and fetch me, Rollo, openly, in the light, in the day."

Here, because she was so happy, Lottie put her hands up to her face and laid those hands upon his shoulder and cried there in such a heavenly folly of pain and blessedness as words could not describe. That he should not claim her at once, that was a pain to her; and to think of that strange, horrible house to which she must creep back, that was pain which no happiness could altogether drive out of her thoughts. But yet, how happy she was! What did it matter if for the moment her heart was often sore? A little while and all would be well; a little while and she would be delivered out of all these troubles. It was only a question of courage, of endurance, of fortitude, and patience; and Lottie had got back her inspiration, and felt herself capable of bearing anything, everything, with a stout heart. But Rollo had neither recovered his speech nor his self-possession; shame and anger were in his heart. He had not been found out, but the very awe of escape was mingled with intolerable anger; anger no doubt chiefly against himself but also a little against her, though why he could not have said. The unconsciousness of her innocence, which had impressed him so deeply at first and confounded all his calculations, began to irritate him. How was it possible she did not understand? was there stupidity as well as innocence in it? Most people would have had no difficulty in understanding, it would have been as clear as noonday — or, rather, as clear as gaslight; as evident as any "intention" could be. He could not bear this superiority, this obtuseness of believing; it offended him, notwithstanding that he had made by it what he felt to be the greatest escape of his life.

They parted after this not with the same enthusiasm on Rollo's part as that which existed on Lottie's. She was chilled, too, thinking he was angry with her for not yielding to his desire, and this overcast her happiness, but not seriously. They stole down by the side of the Abbey, in the shadow — Lottie talking, Rollo silent. When they came within sight of the cloister gate and the line of the lodges opposite, Lottie withdrew her hand from his arm. The road looked empty and dark, but who could tell what spectator might suddenly appear. She took his *rôle* in the eagerness of her heart to make up to him for any vexation her refusal might have given. "Don't come any further," she whispered; "let us part here; some one might see us." In her eagerness to make up to him for her own unkindness, she allowed the necessity for keeping that secret — though to think of it as a secret had wounded her before. Nevertheless, when he took her at her word and left her, Lottie, like the fanciful girl she was, felt a pang of disappointment and painfully realized her own desolateness, the dismal return all alone to the house out of which every quality of kindness had gone. Her heart sank, and with reluctant, lingering steps she came out of the Abbey shadow and began to cross the Dean's Walk, her forlorn figure moving slowly against the white line of the road and the grey of the wintry sky.

Some one was standing at the door as she came in sight of her father's house. It was Captain Despard himself, looking out. "Is that you, Lottie?" he called out, peering into the gloom. "Come in, come in; where have you been? You must not stay out again, making everybody anxious." Then he came out a step or two from his door and spoke in a whisper: "You know what a woman's tongue is," he said; "they have a great deal to answer for; but when they get excited, what can stop them? You must try not to pay any attention; be sensible, and don't mind — no more than I do," Captain Despard said.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FAMILY DUTY: ACCORDING TO MRS. DESPARD.

THERE are some victories which feel very much like defeats. When Polly had scattered her adversaries on every side, driven forth Lottie and got rid of Law, and silenced Captain Despard — who sat in his room and heard everything but thought it wisest not to interfere — she retired upstairs to her drawing-room and celebrated her triumph by shedding torrents of tears. She had intended to make everybody very wretched, and she had done so; supposing, perhaps (though she did not really know what her motive was), that some pleasure would come to herself out of the discomfiture of the others. But pleasure rarely comes by that means, and when she had thus chased everybody out of her way, Polly threw herself down and burst forth into angry sobs and tears. It is not to be

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supposed that Captain Despard entertained any romantic illusions about his bride; he knew very well what Polly was. He had, as facts proved, been sufficiently fond of her to marry her, but he did not expect of her more than Polly could give, nor was he shocked to find that she had a temper and could give violent utterance to its vagaries; all this he had known very well before. Knowing it, however, he thought it wise to keep out of the way and not mix himself up in a fray with which evidently he had nothing to do. Had she gone a step further with Lottie it is possible that he might have interfered, for, after all, Lottie was his child; and though he might himself be hard upon her at times, there is generally a mingled sentiment of family pride and feeling which makes us unwilling to allow one who belongs to us to be roughly treated by a stranger. But when Law put himself in the breach, his father sat close and took no notice; he did not feel impelled to turn his wife's batteries upon himself out of consideration for Law. Nor did it make any impression upon the captain when he heard her angry sobs overhead. "She will come to if she is left to herself," he said, and he did not allow himself to be disturbed. Polly, in her passion, threw herself on the carpet, leaning her head upon a chair. She had changed the room after her own fashion. She had lined the curtains with pink muslin, and fastened her crochet-work upon the chairs with bows of pink ribbon; she had covered the old piano with a painted cover, and adorned it with vases and paper flowers. She had made the faded little room which had seemed a fit home enough, in its grey and worn humility, for Lottie's young beauty, into something that looked very much like a dressmaker's ante-room, or that terrible chamber, "handsomely fitted up with toilet requisites," where the victims of the photographic camera prepare for the ordeal. But the loveliness of her handiwork did not console Polly; she got no comfort out of the pink bows, nor even from the antimacassars — a point in which Lottie's room was painfully deficient. She flung herself upon the carpet and sobbed. What was the use of being a lady, a chevalier's wife, and living here in the heart of the Abbey, if no one called upon her or took any notice of her? Polly was not of a patient nature; it did not occur to her even that there was still time for the courtesies she had set her heart upon gaining. She had looked every day for some one to come, and no one had ever come; no one had made any advances to her at the Abbey, which was the only place in which she could assert her position as a lady and a chevalier's wife. Even Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who had risen from the ranks, who lived next door, who was not a bit better, nay, who was much less good than Polly to begin with (for what is a trooper's wife? and she had been nothing but a trooper's wife)—even Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had passed the door as if she did not see it, and had waited outside till Miss Lottie came to her. Polly's dreams had been very different. She had seen herself in imagination the admired of all admirers; she was by far the youngest of all the chevalier's wives, and the gentlemen, at least, she was sure would rally round her. Women might be spiteful, but men always did justice to a woman when she was handsome and young. Was not that written in all the records? She expected that the ladies would be spiteful, *that* would be indeed a part of her triumph. They would be jealous of her superior attractions, of her youth, of her husband's adoration of her; the old things would be in a flutter of alarm lest their old men should come within her influence. But Polly had felt pretty sure that the old gentlemen would admire her and rally round her. To make the women envious and the men enthusiastic, was not that always the way? Certainly such was the course of events in the *Family Herald*. The heroine might have one friend devoted to her fortunes, a confidant more admiring, more faithful even than her lover; but all the rest of womankind was leagued against her. And so it had been in most of the novels Polly had read. But that neither men nor women should take any notice, that was a thing for which she was not prepared, and which she declared to herself she would not bear.

She had seen enough already from her windows to make her furious. She had seen Mrs. O'Shaughnessy ostentatiously waiting for Lottie, walking up and down outside, making signs to the girl up-stairs. She had seen Captain Temple pass and repass, looking up at the same window. She had seen the greetings that met Lottie wherever she appeared. The chevaliers and their wives had not always looked upon Miss Despard with such favorable eyes. They had thought her proud, and they had resented her pride; but now that Lottie was in trouble it was round her they had all rallied. It was the party at the Deanery, however, which had been the last drop in Polly's cup. How was she to know that on the highest elevation she

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could reach as the lady of a chevalier, she was still beneath the notice of Lady Caroline, and as far as ever from the heaven of the highest society? Polly did not know. The elevation to which she herself had risen was so immense in her own consciousness that there seemed no distinction of ranks above her. She thought, as Lottie had once thought, though from a different point of view, that gentlefolks were all one; that a gentleman's wife, if not so rich or so grand, was still on a level with Lady Caroline herself, and within the circle which encompassed the queen. "You can't be no better than a gentleman," Polly said to herself. You might, it was true, be a lord, which some people thought better, but even a lord was scarcely above an officer. All this glorious ambition, however, what was it going to end in? She watched the carriages going to the Deanery, and with still more furious feelings she watched Lottie in her white dress crossing the Dean's Walk. And she left at home, at the window, neglected, left out, though she was Mrs. Despard, and the other nobody! Was it possible that it might be better even to be a dressmaker, forewoman in the workroom, acknowledged to have the best eye for cutting out, and to be the quickest worker of the lot, superior so far among her equals — than to be ignored and neglected and treated as the dust under their feet by a set of poor gentlefolks? Polly felt that she must wreak her vengeance on somebody.

When she had got her fit of crying over accordingly, she jumped up to her feet and hurried to her room to put on her "things." It was her "best things" that she put on. Indeed, Polly had been wearing her best things every day with an extravagance which rather touched her conscience though it delighted her fancy. She made herself very fine indeed that wintry afternoon, and pattered down-stairs upon a pair of high heels which were more splendid than comfortable, and burst into the little room where Captain Despard sat attentive to all these sounds, and wondering what was coming next. Few people realize the advantage of a silly wife to a man who is not over wise. The captain, though he had a high opinion of himself, was aware at the bottom of his heart that other people scarcely shared that sentiment. And to have a wife whom he was fond of, and whose acquisition flattered his vanity, and who was unmistakably, though clever enough, less clever, less instructed, than he was, gave him a sense of superiority which was very pleasant to him. He looked upon her follies with much more indulgence than he had ever felt for Lottie, who did not give him the same consolation.

"Well, what is it now?" he said, with a smile.

"I want you to come out with me," Polly said. "I want to buy some things. My old muff is shabby, I couldn't wear it in the Abbey. Though they're a set of old frights and frumps, I don't wish your wife to be looked down upon by them, Harry. I can see them looking at all my things, counting up what everything costs, and whispering behind my back. That old Mrs. Jones has trimmed her bonnet exactly like mine, though she looks as if she was too grand to see me. They ain't above copying me, that's one thing."

"No wonder," said the admiring husband; "for it is long since anything so young and so handsome has been among them before. Don't they wish they could copy your face as well as your bonnet! that's all."

"Oh, get along!" said Polly, well pleased; "you're always flattering. Come and buy me a muff. I don't know what kind to get. Grebe is sweetly pretty and ermine is delicious, but sealskin, perhaps, is the most genteel; that always looks ladylike. Did you see Mrs. Daventry go by in her carriage? Ah!" Polly sighed; how could she help it? She was very fine in her blue silk, but Augusta was finer. "She has just come from France, you know, and then, of course, they are rich. She had on a velvet with sable *that* deep! Ah! it's hard to see folks that are no better than you with things that are so much better," cried Polly; "but, after all, though velvet and sable are very nice, give me sealskin — that's always ladylike. A sealskin jacket, if I had that, I don't think there is anything more I should wish for in the world."

"Are they very dear?" said the captain, with a sudden fit of liberality. He had a native love of buying, which is very general with impecunious persons, and at present was in a prodigal mood.

"Dear! Oh, not for the good they are," said Polly. "You never want another winter mantle all your life. You're set up. That makes them cheap in the end; but they cost a deal of money. I haven't seen nobody with one in all the Abbey, except the canon's ladies."

"Then you shall have one!" said Captain Despard. He looked like a prince, Polly thought, as he stood there glowing with generous purpose. The sound of the

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"O — oh!" with which she received the offer rang through the lodges. Such a shriek of pleasure had not been heard there since there had been chevaliers in St. Michael's. They went out together, all beaming, arm in arm, the bride clinging fondly to her husband, the captain looking down with delighted protection upon his bride. This sight, which is so pretty in some cases, and calls forth, if much amusement, often a great deal of sympathy, roused anything but friendly feelings in the lodges, where the good people were getting ready for the afternoon service. Old fool was the best name they had for the bridegroom, though he was not very old; and Polly was a grievance which the ladies could not tolerate. They looked after her from their windows with feelings which were far from Christian. It was a thing they ought not to have been exposed to. There should have been an appeal to the queen, if the gentleman had the least energy. "But even the queen, bless her, could not keep a man from marrying," the warden said deprecatingly. He did not like it any more than they did; but it is only when you are yourself of the executive that you know the difficulties of action; that is why the ladies are such critics — they have not got it to do.

Captain and Mrs. Captain Despard (Polly had got beautiful glazed cards printed stiff and strong with this title upon them) walked down to the best shop in St. Michael's, which is a very good shop indeed; and there they bought *a beautiful sealskin.* Impossible to tell the pride, the happiness, the glory with which Polly acquired this new possession. She had not expected it. These were the days when sealskins were still a hope, a desire, an aspiration to the female mind, a property which elevated its possessor, and identified her among her peers. "That lady with the sealskin," who would think of pointing out anybody by so general a description now? are they not even going out of fashion? But Polly, for one, could not realize the possibility that such a thing could ever happen. And she had not anticipated such a bliss; the happiness was doubled by being unforeseen. This, indeed, was a proof of the blessedness of being a married lady, of having bettered herself, of having married a gentleman. Her mind was in a confusion of delight. Nevertheless she did not forget that she had come out with another and quite distinct purpose. The fact that she had herself been so fortunate did not turn her from her mission. Was it not more her duty than ever to do everything that could be done for her husband's family? When she had decided upon her sealskin, Polly began to shiver. She said, "It is a very cold day. I don't know why it should be so cold so early in the year. Don't you think it is very cold, Harry? I have come out without any wrap. Do you know I think I will put the sealskin *on.*" Why should not she? The proprietor of the shop accomplished the sale with a pang. He knew Captain Despard well enough and he knew Polly, and he trembled when he thought of his bill. But what could he be but civil? He put it on for her — though how any ordinary sealskin could have covered a bosom so swelling with pride and bliss it is hard to say. And the pair went out together as they came in, except that one was almost speechless with the proud consciousness of drawing all eyes. "It is not the appearance," said Polly, "but it *is* so deliciously warm; there never was anything like it. And now I am set up. I shall not cost you any more for a winter cloak, not for years and years." "I thought you said it was to last forever," said the captain, equally delighted. They promenaded all the way down St. Michael's hill, the admired of all beholders. If the remarks that were made were not precisely such as Polly hoped, still there was no doubt that remarks were made by everybody, and that the sealskin had all the honor it deserved. Sometimes, indeed, there would be a bitter in the sweet, as when the captain took off his hat with jaunty grace to some lady whom he knew. "Who is that?" Polly would ask sharply; but the ladies all hurried by, and never stopped to be introduced; and no man took off his hat to Polly. Even against this, however, the happiness that wrapped her round defended Mrs. Despard. And how the people stared! — people who had seen her going up and down with a little bundle of patterns on her way to her work, on her way to try on a dress — people in the shops, who had been her equals if not her superiors — to see them gazing out at her with big eyes, at her fine sealskin and her fine husband, that comforted her soul. She walked slowly, getting the full good of her triumph. But when she had got to the foot of the hill she dismissed her escort. "Now you may go," she said; "you always had plenty to do in the old days. I don't want you to say *I* tie you to my apron-string. You may go now."

"This is a pretty way to dismiss your husband," said Captain Despard; "and where are you going, may I ask, that you send me away?"

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"Oh, I will tell you fast enough. I am not going anywhere you can disapprove of. I am going to see the girls," said Polly, "that is all."

"The girls! My love, you must recollect," said Captain Despard with dignity, "that the girls, as you call them, are not fit companions for you."

"You may trust me to know my place," said Polly, "and to keep them in theirs. I should think you may trust *me*."

Fortified by this assurance, the captain left his lovely bride. He turned back to kiss his hand to her when he was half way up the hill, prolonging the sweet sorrow of the parting, and Polly blew him a kiss with infantine grace. It was "as good as a play." "Lord, what fools they are!" said the fishmonger on the hill, who was a cynic; and the young ladies in the draper's shop shook their heads at each other and said, "Poor gentleman!" with the profoundest commiseration.

When he had left her, Polly threw out her skirts and smoothed the fur of her lovely new coat with a caressing hand. She felt that she loved it. It was more entirely delightful than even her husband — a happiness without alloy. She walked very slowly, enjoying every step of the way. She gave a penny to the beggar at the corner in the fulness of her satisfaction. So far her happiness had evidently a fine moral influence on Polly; and she was going to pay a visit which was also very kind, to "the girls" in the River Lane. She was not one to forget old friends. She sailed along in her pride and glory through the quarter where she was so well known, and curved her nostrils at the smells, and allowed disgust to steal over her face when her path was crossed by an unlovely figure. Polly flattered herself that she was a fine lady complete; and there was no doubt that the imitation was very good in the general, so long as you did not enter into details.

At the entrance of the River Lane, however, she ceased to stand upon ceremony with herself. She picked up her skirts and went on at a more business-like rate of speed. Some one was coming up against the light, which by this time of the afternoon came chiefly from the west, some one with his shoulders up to his ears, who took off his hat to Polly, and pleased her until she perceived that it was only Law. "You here!" she said, and as she looked at him the moral influence of the sealskin almost vanished. Thus she went in state to visit the scenes in which so much of her previous life had passed. But a new sentiment was in Polly's eyes. She felt that she had a duty to do, a duty which was superior to benevolence. She pushed open the green swing door with a delicious sense of the difference. The girls were talking fast and loud when she opened the door, discussing some subject or other with all the natural chatter of the workroom. There was a pause when the sound of her heels and the rustle of her silk was heard — a hush ran round the table How well Polly knew what it meant! "They will think it is a customer," she said to herself, and never customer swept in more majestically. They were all at work when she entered, as if they did not know what it was to chatter, and Ellen rose respectfully at the first appearance of the lady.

"Mother is up-stairs, ma'am, but I can take any orders," she said; and then with a shriek cried out "Polly!"

"Polly!" echoed all the girls.

Here was a visitor indeed. They got up and made a circle round her, examining her and all she "had on." "In a sealskin!" 'Liza and Kate cried in a breath, with an admiration which amounted to awe. One of them even put forth her hand to stroke it in her enthusiasm. For an instant Polly allowed this fervor of admiration to have its way. Then she said languidly, —

"Give me a chair, please, and send Mrs. Welting to me. I wish to speak to Mrs. Welting. I am sorry to interrupt your work, young ladies — it is Mrs. Welting I want to see."

"But, Polly!" the girls cried all together. They were too much startled to know what to say. They stood gaping in a circle round her.

"I thought you had come to see us like a friend — like what you used to be."

"And weren't we all just glad to see you again, Polly — and quite the lady!" cried another. They would not take their dismissal at the first word.

"Young ladies," said Polly, "I've not come in any bad spirit. I don't deny as I've passed many a day here. My family (though always far above the dressmaking) was not well off, and I shall always be thankful to think as I did my best for them. But now that I'm married, in a different position," said Polly, "though always ready to stand your friend, when you want a friend, or to recommend you among the Abbey ladies, you can't think as I can go on with you like you were in my own sphere. Where there's no equality there can't be no friendship. Perhaps you wouldn't

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mind opening a window? It's rather early to put on my sealskin, but one never knows at this time of the year — and I'm 'eated with my walk. Send Mrs. Welting to me, please."

There was a great commotion among the girls. The two passive ones stood with open mouth, struck dumb by this magnificence.

"Lor!" cried Kate, finding no other word that could express her emotion.

Emma, though she was the youngest, was the most vehement of all. "I know what she's come for. She's come to make mischief," cried Emma. "I wouldn't fetch mother. I wouldn't go a step. Let her speak straight out what she's got to say."

"There's reason in everything," said Ellen. "You mayn't mean to keep us up like friends. Just as you like, I'm sure; none of us is wanting to keep it up; but mother takes no hand in the business, and that you know as well as me."

"Send Mrs. Welting to me," cried Polly, waving her hand majestically. She did not condescend to any further reply. She leaned back on her chair and unfastened her beloved mantle at the throat. Then she got out a laced handkerchief and fanned herself. "Me that thought it was so cold," Polly remarked to herself, "and it's like summer!" She did not pay any further attention to the young women, who consulted together with great indignation and excitement at a little distance.

"What can she have to say to mother? I wouldn't call mother, not if she was to sit there for a week," said Emma, who had a presentiment as to the subject of the visit.

"Lord! just look at her in her sealskin," interrupted Kate, who could think of nothing else.

But Ellen, who was the serious one, paused and hesitated. "We can't tell what it may be — and if it turned out to be a job, or something she had got us from some of the Abbey ladies! She's not bad-natured," said Ellen, full of doubts.

All this time Polly waved her handkerchief about, with its edge of lace, fanning herself. She looked at no one — she was too much elevated above all the associations of the place to deign to take any notice. Had not she always been above it? With her disengaged hand she smoothed the fur of her sealskin, rubbing it knowingly upward. She was altogether unconscious of their talk and discussion. What could *they* have in common with Mrs. Despard? To see her, if any of her former associates had been cool enough to notice it, was still "as good as a play."

The upshot was, that while the others with much ostentation of dragging their seats to the other end of the table, sat down and resumed their work with as much appearance of calm as possible, Ellen ran up-stairs in obedience to her own more prudent suggestions, and reappeared shortly with her mother, a large, comely woman, who, not knowing who the visitor was, was a little expectant, hoping for a very good order — a trousseau, or perhaps mourning. "Or it might be the apartments," Mrs. Welting said. And when she entered the workroom she made the lady a curtsy, then cried out, as her daughters had done, "Why, bless my heart, Polly! The idea of taking me in like this, you saucy things," she cried, turning, laughing, upon the girls. But she did not get any response from these indignant young women, nor from Polly, who made no reply to her salutation, but sat still, delicately fanning herself.

Mrs. Welting stood between the two opposed parties, wondering what was the matter. Since Polly was here, she could have come only in friendship. "I'm sure I'm very glad to see you," she said, "and looking so well and so 'andsome. And what a lovely sealskin you've got on."

"Mrs. Welting," said Polly, with great dignity, taking no notice of these friendly remarks, "I asked for you because I've something to say that is very particular. You don't take much charge of the business, but it is you as one must turn to about the girls. Mrs. Welting, you mayn't know, but there's goings on here as always gave me a deal of annoyance. And now I've come to tell you they must be put a stop to. I never could endure such goings on, and I mean to put a stop to them now."

"Lord bless us!" said Mrs. Welting. She was really alarmed. She gave a glance round upon her girls, all bursting with self-defence, and made them a sign to be silent. Then she turned to her visitor with a mixture of anxiety and defiance. "Speak up, Polly," she said; "nobody shall say as I won't listen, if there's anything against my girls; but speak up, for you've gone too far to stop now."

"How hot it is, to be sure," said Mrs. Despard, "in this close bit of a place! I wish some one would open a window. I can't think how I could have put up with it so long. And I wonder what my 'usband would say if he heard me spoke to like that! I thought you would have the sense

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to understand that I've come here for your good. It wasn't to put myself on an equality with folks like you, working for your living. I don't want to be stuck up, but a lady must draw the line somewhere. Mrs. Welting, I don't suppose you know it — you ain't often in the workroom — it would be a deal better if you was. There's gentlemen comes here, till the place is known all over the town; and there is one young gentleman as I take a deal of interest in as makes me and his papa very uneasy all along of coming here ——"

"Gentlemen! coming here!" cried Mrs. Welting, looking round upon her daughters with mingled anger and dismay.

"I know what I'm talking about," said Polly; "let them contradict me if they dare. He comes here mostly every day. One of the girls is that silly as to think he's after her. After her! I hope as he has more sense; he knows what's what a deal too well for that. He takes his fun out of them — that is what he does. But you may think yourself what kind of feelings his family has — the captain and me. That's the one that encourages him most," Mrs. Despard added, pointing out Emma with her finger. "She is always enticing the poor boy to come here."

"Oh, you dreadful, false, wicked story!" cried Emma, flushed and crying. "Oh, mother, it ain't nothing of the kind. It was she as brought him first. She didn't mind who came when she was here. She said it was no harm, it was only a bit of fun. We was always against it — at least Ellen was," added the culprit, bursting forth into sobs and tears.

"Yes, I always was," said Ellen, demurely. It was not in human nature not to claim the palm of superior virtue; "but it was not Emma, it was Polly that began. I've heard her argue as it was no harm. She was the first with the captain, and then when young Mr. Despard ——"

"I am not going to sit here, and listen to abuse of my family," said Polly, rising. "I wouldn't have mentioned no names, for I can't abide to have one as belongs to me made a talk about in a place like this. I came to give you a warning, ma'am, not these hardened things. It isn't for nothing a lady in my position comes down to the River Lane. I've got my beautiful silk all in a muddle, and blacks upon a white bonnet is ruination. I did it for your sake, Mrs. Welting, for I've always had a respect for you. And now I've done my Christian duty," said Polly, with vehemence, shaking the dust from her blue silk. "There's them that talk about it, like that little Methody Ellen, but there ain't many that do it. But don't let anybody suppose," she cried, growing hotter and hotter, "that I mean to do it any more! If you let him come here after this, I won't show you any mercy — we'll have the law of you, my 'usband and I. There's laws against artful girls as entice poor innocent young men. Don't you go for to think," cried Mrs. Despard, sweeping out while they all gazed after her, speechless, "because I've once done my Christian duty that I'm going to do it any more!"

We will not attempt to describe the commotion that followed — the reproaches, the tears, the fury of the girls betrayed, of which none was more hot than that of Ellen, who had to stand and hear herself called a Methody, she who was conscious of being an Anglican and a Catholic without blemish, and capable of anything in the world before Dissent.

Polly sailed up the hill, triumphant in that consciousness of having done her duty as a Christian, but equally determined not to do it any more; and what with the consciousness of this noble performance, and what with the sealskin, found it in her power to be almost agreeable to her stepdaughter, when the captain, who, after all, was Lottie's father, and did not like the idea that his girl should be banished from his house, had met her and brought her in.

"She has not had the careful bringing up that you have had, my child," the captain said. "She hasn't had your advantages. You must have a little patience with her, for my sake." Captain Despard had always been irresistible when he asked tenderly, with his head on one side, and an insinuating roll in his voice, that anything should be done for his sake.

Lottie, who was happy in the sense of her lover's readiness to sacrifice everything for her sake (as she thought), and to whom the whole world seemed fairer in consequence, yielded without any struggle, while Polly, on her part, put on her most gracious looks.

"If you take every word I say for serious," said Polly, "I don't know whatever I shall do. I never was used to have my words took up hasty like that. I say a deal of naughtiness that I don't mean — don't I, Harry? You and me would never have come together, should we, if you'd always gone and taken me at my word?" And so the reconciliation was effected, and things went on as before. There was no similar occurrence in respect to Law, whose looks at Polly were murderous; but

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then Law had no delicacy of sentiment, and whatever had happened would have come into his meals all the same.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FAMILY DUTY: BY A FINER ARTIST.

ROLLO did not come away from the strange excitement of that interview on the slopes with the same feelings which filled the mind of Lottie. The first intense sensation of shame with which he had realized the villany of the proposal which Lottie did not understand soon changed into a different sentiment. He had felt its guilt, its treacherous cruelty, under the guise of devotion, far more bitterly and intensely than if she had understood and denounced him; and the relief of his escape from an indignation and horror which must have been as overwhelming as the confidence, had made him feel how great a danger he had run, and how terrible to him as well as to her would have been the discovery of his base intention. How could he ever think that Lottie, proud, and pure, and fearless of evil as she was, could have fallen into such a snare! He felt himself a fool as well as a villain; perceiving, too, by the light of fact, what he would not have understood in theory, that the very uncomprehension of innocence makes guilt contemptible as well as terrible. If she could have understood him, he would scarcely have felt so mean, so miserable, so poor a creature as he did now; not even a gay and fine betrayer, but a pitiful cheat and would-be criminal, false to everything that nature trusts in. Rollo had not been irreproachable hitherto, but such sins as he had indulged in had been done among those who were sinners like himself, among people who had a cynical comprehension of the worth of promises and the value of vows. He had never tried that *rôle* of the seducer before, and the fact that his own shame and horror were real, made them all the more hard to bear. Shame, however, of this bitter kind is not an improving influence. Soon it began to turn to anger equally bitter. He tried to think that Lottie was partly to blame, that she had "led him on," that he never would have gone so far but for "encouragement" from her. Even it flashed across his mind that she was not so unconscious as she appeared, but had pretended ignorance in order to rivet her chains upon him, and force him to the more honorable way which was so much more for her interest. He tried to force this idea into his own mind, which was not sufficiently depraved to receive it; but yet it was not long before he was angry, irritated against the girl who would not understand him, and sore with the humiliation she had inflicted unawares.

Other influences, too, came in to break the purer spell of honorable love under which Rollo, to his own surprise, had so entirely fallen. With the return of Augusta and her husband the world seemed to have come back and seized him. Even the society of Augusta, of itself, had an immediate influence, breaking up the magic of the seclusion in which he had been content to live. Lady Caroline was not a woman who could be called unworldly, but she was passive, and did not take any initiative even in the way of gossip. She liked to hear it; there came a little gleam of interest to her eyes when the stories of the great world were brought to her, when she was told who was going to marry who, and by what schemes and artifices the marriage had been brought about; and who had most frequently and boldly broken the marriage vow, and by whom it had been most politely eluded; and how everybody lived and cheated, and nothing was as it seemed; and all that is done for money, and that is done for pleasure, in that busy, small, narrow-minded village society — which is the world. But though she loved to hear, she could not begin, for unless people told her what was going on, how, she sometimes asked piteously, was she to know? As for the dean, he was not in the habit of it any more than his wife, though when he went to town he would bring down invariably a piece of news from his club — of somebody's appointment, or somebody's good luck, or somebody's wedding. "Now, why can't you go and do likewise?" he would say to Rollo. But all this was mild and secondary in comparison with Augusta, who brought the very air of what Mr. Jenkins calls the upper ten into the Deanery, perfuming all the rooms and all the meals with stories of fortunes won and lost, of squabbles, ministerial and domestic, of marriages and dinners alike "arranged," and all the wonderful *dessous des cartes* and *behind the scenes* with which so many people are acquainted in fashionable life. Who so well as Augusta knew that when the Duke of Mannering gave up his governorship, it was not from any political reason, but because the life he led was such that the place was far too hot to hold him, and Government was only too

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glad to send out Algy Fairfax, though he was only a younger son, and had no particular interest, simply to smooth things down? And what a lucky thing it was for Algy to be there just at the right moment, when there was nobody else handy, and just when Lord Arthur was there, who had got him to explain matters to his elder brother, and knew what he could do? It was what old Lady Fairfax had been scheming for all his life, just as she had been scheming to catch young Snellgrove for Mina. Of course she had succeeded. Mina was almost distracted, every body knew. It was she who had that affair with Lord Colbrookdale, and now everybody said she was wildly in love with Reginald Fane, her cousin; but she might just as well be in love with St. Paul's, for he had not a penny; and she was to be married directly. Did you hear about her settlements? They were simply ridiculous. But that old woman was wonderful. There was nothing she did not think of, and everything she wanted she got. And then there was that story about poor young Jonquil of the war department, who married somebody quite out of the question, a poor clergyman's daughter, or something of that sort, without a penny (though he might have had the rich Miss Windsor Brown for the asking, people said), and of the dreadful end he had come to, living down in some horrid weedy little cottage about Kew, and wheeling out two babies in a perambulator. All these tales, and a thousand more, Augusta told, filling the Deanery with a shameful train of people, all doing something they did not want to do, or forcing others to do it, or following their pleasure through every law, human and divine. Lady Caroline sat in her easy-chair (she was not allowed to put up her feet, except in the evening, after dinner, when Augusta was at home), and listened with half-closed eyes, but unfailing attention. "I knew his father very well," she would say now and then, or "His mother was a great friend of mine." As for Rollo, he knew all the people of whom these stories were told. He had seen the things beginning of which his cousin knew all the conclusions, and what went on behind the scenes; and thus he was carried back after the idyll of the last six weeks to his own proper world. He began to feel that there was no world but that, that nothing else could make up for the want of it; and a shudder ran over him when he thought of Jonquil's fate. Augusta, for her part, did not conceal her surprise to find him at the Deanery. "What is Rollo doing here?" she said to her mother.

"I am sure, my dear, I do not know. He seems to like it, and we are very glad to have him," Lady Caroline replied. But that did not satisfy Mrs. Daventry's curiosity. What could a young man of fashion, a man of the world, do here?

"I wonder what he is after," she said; "I wonder what his object can be. It can't be only your society and papa's. I should just like to know what he is up to. He is not a fool, to have gone and got entangled somehow. I wonder what he can mean by it!" Augusta cried; but her mother could give her no idea. Lady Caroline thought it was natural enough.

"I don't see that it is so strange," she said. "Autumn is a terrible time. To sleep in a strange bed night after night, and never settle down anywhere. Rollo likes to be comfortable; and then there is this Miss Despard. You have heard about Miss Despard?"

"What about Miss Despard?" Augusta said, pricking up her ears.

"She is to be the prima donna," said Lady Caroline. "He thinks she will make his fortune. He has always got some wild scheme in his head. He used to annoy me very much to have her here ——"

"And did you have her here?" cried Augusta, roused into sudden excitement. "Oh, why didn't I know of it! I thought there must be some reason. Lottie Despard! And were you obliged to have her here, mamma? What a bore it must have been for you!"

"I did not like it, my dear," her ladyship said. But after a while she added, conscience compelling her, "She sang very nicely, Augusta; she has a pretty voice."

"She has plenty of voice, but she cannot sing a note," said Augusta, with vehemence, who was herself, without any voice to speak of, a very well-trained musician. She would not say any more to frighten Lady Caroline, but she took her measures without delay. And the result of Augusta's inquiries was that Rollo found his feet entangled in a web of engagements which separated him from Lottie. But though he was sore and angry, he had not given up Lottie, nor had he any intention so to do. When, however, the day came for Lottie's next lesson, Mrs. Daventry herself did the signor the honor of calling upon him just before his pupil appeared. "You know the interest I always took in Lottie. Please let me stay. We have so many

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musical friends in town that I am sure I can be of use to her," Mrs. Daventry said; and the consequence was that when Lottie and her companion entered the signor's sitting room, the great chair between the fire and the window in which Mrs. O'Shaughnessy usually placed herself was found to be already occupied by the much greater lady, whose sudden appearance in this cordial little company put everybody out. Augusta sat leaning back in the big chair, holding a screen between her cheek and the fire, her fine Paris bonnet, her furs, and her velvet making a great appearance against the dark wall, and her smiles and courtesy confounding every individual of the familiar party. She was more refined, far less objectionable than Polly, and did her spiriting in a very different way; but there could be little doubt that the fine artist was also the most effectual. She put the entire party out, from the least to the greatest, though the sweetest of smiles was on her face. Even the signor was not himself with this gracious personage superintending his exertions. He was a good English Tory, of the most orthodox sentiments; but he was at the same time an impatient Italian, of despotic tastes, and did not easily tolerate the position of second in his own house. Rollo, who had determined to be present, whatever happened, but who, by a refinement of cruelty, did not know his cousin was coming, came in with all the ease of habit, and had already betrayed the fact of his constant attendance at these strange lessons, when Augusta called to him, covering him with confusion. "We shall be quite a family party," she said. "I am so glad you take an interest in poor Lottie *too*." Rollo could not but ask himself what was the meaning of this sudden friendliness and interest; but he was obliged to place himself by her side when she called him. And when Lottie came in, at whom he did not dare to look, his position became very uncomfortable. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, finding her seat occupied, and herself compelled to take a lower place, sat down on a chair near the door, with wrath which made her countenance flame. She had stood up in the room a minute before she seated herself, looking round for a more comfortable place, and had greeted Mr. Ridsdale joyously as an old friend. But even Rollo, usually so polite, who never saw her without doing his very best to make himself agreeable, even he never attempted to introduce her to his cousin, and the good woman sat down accordingly, against the wall, silent and fuming, while Augusta took the chief place. The stranger in the midst of them turned the whole party upside down. Even Purcell was so occupied by the conversation that was kept up in whispers by Augusta, in her corner, even during the singing, that he missed to turn the leaves at the proper moment. Augusta knew very well what she was doing. She had a respect for the signor, but she had higher purposes in hand. She kept Rollo by her side, and kept up a conversation with him through all, which was like her usual conversation, deeply pervaded by the essence of society and "the upper ten." She kept it up in a whisper when Lottie began to sing. "Don't you think she is handsome? She is a little like Lady Augustus Donjon about the eyes — don't you think so? Oh, I never told you that good story about the Augustus Donjons," said Mrs. Daventry; and she told her story, all through the song, half audible.

"Wasn't it good?" Augusta said; and then, "That is such a pretty song; and Lottie, you are so improved, I should never have known it to be the same voice. Yes, wasn't it good, Rollo? Augustus Donjon is always the first to laugh himself, and even the children have got it in the nursery. She is such a jolly woman, she never minds. What are we going to have next? Oh, that will be very nice," said Augusta.

Was it wonderful that Purcell should lose the place? The young fellow did all he could to stop the fine lady with furious glances; and the signor, though his back was turned to her, felt the whisper and the indignity run through every nerve of him. Even in his back you could see, Purcell thought, how horribly annoyed he was. His sensitive shoulders winced and shuddered, his elbows jerked. He could not attend to his accompaniment, he could not attend to his pupil. In the very midst of a song he said aloud, distracted by the s's of a whisper which was louder than usual, "This must never happen again." As for Lottie, she did not know what she was doing. She sang — because it was the hour for her lesson, because she found herself standing there by the side of the signor's piano — but not for any other reason. She had neither inspiration, nor had she that nascent sense that art might perhaps console for other losses which she had once felt when Rollo was away. She was distracted by the whispering behind her, from which she could not withdraw

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her attention. Why did he listen? Why did he allow Augusta to draw him into unfaithfulness to her? And yet, how could he help it! Was it not all Augusta's fault? But with whomsoever the fault lay, Lottie was the victim. Her voice could not be got out. And the reader knows that Augusta was right — that this poor girl, though she had the voice of an angel, did not as yet know how to sing, and had no science to neutralize the impressions made upon her which took away all her heart and her voice. She went on making a brave fight; but when once the signor faltered in his accompaniment, and said loud out, "This must never happen again," and when Purcell forgot to turn the page, what is it to be supposed Lottie could do, who was not the tenth part of a musician such as they were? She faltered, she went wrong. Tune she could not help keeping, it was in her nature: even her wrong notes were never out of harmony; but in time she went wildly floundering, not even kept right by the signor. Even that did not matter very much, seeing that none of these people, who generally were so critical, so censorious, so ready to be hard upon her out of pure anxiety for her, were in a state of mind to perceive the mistakes she was making. And it was only vaguely that Lottie herself was aware of them. Her whole attention was attracted in spite of herself by the whispering in the corner.

"Oh, thank you so much," Augusta broke forth, when she came to an end. "What a charming bit that is! It is Schubert, of course, but I don't know it. The time was a little odd, but the melody was beautiful."

"You know my weakness," said the signor stiffly, turning round. "I cannot answer for myself when people are talking. I am capable of doing anything that is wrong."

"Oh, I remember," cried Mrs. Daventry; "you used to be very stern with all our little societies. Not a word were we allowed to say. We all thought it hard, but of course it was better for us in the long run. And are you as tyrannical as ever, signor?"

"Not so tyrannical since ladies come here, and carry on their charming conversation all the same. I only wish I could have profited by it. It seemed amusing and instructive. If I were not unhappily one of those poor creatures who can only do one thing at a time ——"

"Oh, signor, how very severe you are!" said Augusta. "I was only telling my cousin some old stories which I am sure you must have heard weeks ago. You know the Donjons? No! Oh, I thought everybody knew the Augustus Donjons. They go everywhere; they have friends in music and friends in art, and you meet all sorts of people at their house. Lottie, when you are a great singer, I hope you will remember me, and send me cards now and then for one of your concerts. There are so many things going on now, and all so expensive, that people in our circumstances really can't do everything. Spencer has stalls where we go when there is anything particular, but I assure you, nowadays, one can no more afford *a box* at the opera —— You know, signor; but I daresay your friends always find you places somewhere."

"That is true. If everything else fails, a friend of mine who plays second violin will lend me his instrument," said the signor, "or a box-keeper now and then will be glad of an evening's holiday. They are *blasés*, these people. They do not care if Patti sings. They will rather have a holiday and go to a music-hall."

Augusta looked at her cousin, puzzled. She did not see the irony. After all, she thought, there was not, perhaps, so very much difference between a musician and those perfectly gentlemanlike people who showed you to your box or your stall. She had often thought how nice they looked. The signor saw her bewilderment, and added, with a smile, "You have never recognized me in my borrowed part?"

"Oh, signor! — certainly not. I never meant to say anything that would suggest — to imply anything that might — indeed, I hope you will not think I have been indiscreet," cried Augusta. "But, Rollo, we must go, we must certainly go. I told mamma you would come with me to see the old Skeffingtons. Spencer is away, and I must return their call. Signor, I do hope you will forgive me. I meant nothing that was disagreeable. I am sure we are all put to worse straits than that, in order to get a little amusement without ruining ourselves. Oh, Rollo, *please* come away."

Rollo had snatched an instant as Lottie gathered her music together. "It is not my fault," he said. "She never lets me alone. I did not know she was coming here to-day. Do not put on that strange look."

"Have I a strange look?" Lottie said. What ups and downs were hers! — the

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other day so triumphant, and now again so cast down and discouraged. The tears were standing in her eyes, but she looked at him bravely. "It does not matter," she said; "perhaps she does not mean it. It takes away my heart, and then I have not any voice."

"Oh, my love!" he whispered under his breath. "And I must put up with it all. At the elm-tree, dear, to-night."

"Oh, no, no," she said.

"Why no, no? It is not my fault. Dear, for pity ——"

"What are you saying to Miss Despard, Rollo? I am jealous of you, Lottie, my cousin never comes to my lessons. And, indeed, I wonder the signor allows it. It is very delightful for us, but how you can work, really *work* with such a train!" Augusta turned round and looked severely at Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "If I were the signor I should not admit one creature except your maid."

But this was an indignity which mortal could not endure. The kind Irishwoman rose to her feet as quickly as the low chair would permit. "And, sure, I agree with the lady," she said. "Lottie, me love, I can bear a deal for you, and I've stood your friend through thick and thin, as all here knows. But come again to the signor's, I won't, not if you were to go down on your knees — unless he gives his word of honor that them that hasn't a scrap of manners, them that don't know how to behave themselves, that whispers when you're singing, and interrupts when you're speaking, will never be here again to insult you — at least not when Mistress O'Shaughnessy's here."

Leaving this fine outburst of indignation to vibrate through the room, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy turned upon her heel, and grasping Lottie by the arm, took the *pas* from Augusta, and marched out with blazing eyes and countenance flushed with war. "Ye can bring the music," she said to old Pick, who had been listening, and whose disappointment at Lottie's breakdown was great, "and there'll be a shilling for you. I'd scorn to be beholden to one of them." Rollo made an anxious attempt, but in vain, to catch Lottie's eyes as she was swept past him. But Lottie would not return his glance. Augusta had done a great deal more execution with her subtle tactics than Polly with hers — which, perhaps, were not more brutal because they were so much less refined.

"What an odious woman!" Augusta cried; "walking out of the room before *me*. But, Rollo, she was quite right, though she was so impudent. You ought not to go there. Mamma says you want Lottie Despard for your new opera. She would never do. She has a voice, but she doesn't know how to sing. A good audience would never put up with her."

"That is all a mistake," said Rollo; "it may be very well to know how to sing, but it is much better to have a voice."

"I could not have supposed you were so old-fashioned; never say that in public if you want any one to have any opinion of you. But even if you are so sure of her you should keep away, you should not interfere with her training. The fact is," said Augusta very seriously, "I am dreadfully afraid you have got into some entanglement even now."

"You are very kind," said Rollo, smiling, "to take such care of me."

"I wish I could take a great deal more care. I am almost sure you have got into some entanglement, though of course you will say no. But, Rollo, you know, you might as well hang yourself at once. You could never hold up your head again. I don't know what on earth would become of you. Uncle Courtland would wash his hands of you, and what could any of your friends do? It would be moral suicide," said Augusta, with solemnity. "I told you about young Jonquil, and the state he was in. Rollo! that's the most miserable thing that can happen to a man; other things may go wrong, and mend again; your people may interpose, or a hundred things may happen; but this sort of thing is without hope. Oh, Rollo, take it to heart! There are many things a man may do that don't tell half so much against him. You would be poor, and everybody would give you up. For goodness' sake, Rollo, think of what I say."

He gave her an answer which was not civil, and, as he went along by her side to old Canon Skeffington's, there suddenly gleamed across his mind a recollection of the elm-tree on the slopes, and all the sweetness of the stolen hours which had passed there. And Lottie had said "No." Why should she have said "No"? It seemed to him that he cared for nothing else so much as to know why for this first time she had refused to meet him. Had she begun to understand his proposition? had she found out what it was he meant? Was she afraid of him, or indignant, or —— But she had not looked indignant. Of all things in the world, there was nothing he wanted so much as to know what Lottie meant by that refusal. Yet, notwithstanding, he did take to heart what Augusta said.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

AMONG THE BURMESE.

V.

IT is a mortifying discovery which nowadays overtakes the Indian officer who returns to his native land after a ten years' absence, laden with costly and beautiful samples of Oriental workmanship, gold, ivory, and sandalwood, shawls, tapestries, and brocade, when in his first walks through the streets of London he finds exposed in every great thoroughfare, in endless variety, the very counterparts of the treasures with which he has thought to surprise and gratify his friends; for sale too at a price probably below what he has himself paid in the land of their production. From this mortification the officer who has been stationed in Burmah is still almost entirely free, for it is only necessity, as a rule, which brings Europeans to the obscure province separated by a five days' sea voyage from the most eastern Indian port, and out of the direct line from India to China; while it is only within very recent years that the country has been brought into direct steam communication with England.

Bowls and vases of silver or gold of Burmese workmanship have begun to find their way into the windows of English silversmiths, but the traveller who turns aside to visit Burmah may still bring home a cargo of strange and beautiful things of native manufacture, of which he will find no duplicates even in the curiosity-shops.

Not to speak of the rubies of upper Burmah, of which the king of Ava carefully guards the monopoly nor of illuminated books, palmleaf MSS., images and other garniture of the Budhist monastery, a variety of handicrafts indigenous to the province will supply him with a multiplicity of ornamental and other work in many materials — embossed drinking-cups of pure silver and gold, others of silver finely enamelled, necklaces, bracelets, and earrings of characteristic design, swords and knives of shapes peculiar to the country, with sheaths of silver or of wood lashed with bands of knotted cane, lacquer boxes and vessels of a hundred forms, caskets of polished tin the product of local mines, samples of wood carving and ivory carving, of weaving and embroidery in silk and cotton; and if to these are added specimens of costume and of household and other ware, handkerchiefs, petticoats, and curtains, ornaments of amber and glass, bells and gongs, umbrellas, lanterns, and fans, with models of buildings, boats, and human figures to illustrate the whole, a museum might almost be furnished with the special products of Burmese workmanship.

It would be an error indeed to suppose that the stranger has only to land in the country to surround himself at once with the best samples of native work. Any one who has visited India knows how difficult it is in an Eastern country to obtain the finest workmanship of whatever kind. Let alone the wearisome bargaining which is inevitable before the smallest purchase is effected, the most valuable specimens are often not to be had at all except through personal interest; fixed prices are absolutely unknown, and it is often necessary to give an order months before you hope to see the result, and then to be prepared to pay for it a truly fancy price. How far the same difficulties follow the traveller from India to Burmah will be seen in the course of the following sketch of some of the most prominent manufactures of the latter province.

Of all Burmese manufactures that of lacquer ware is perhaps the most characteristic of the country, and of the most universal application. The shallow circular rice-dish from which the Burmese family meal is taken in common, is invariably of polished lacquer; and there is no household in the land, from highest to lowest, no boat on the rivers, no monastery in the remotest jungle, but is provided with its drinking-cups, betel-boxes, clothes-boxes, and dishes of the same material in varying qualities of texture and design.

And an excellent material it is for domestic use: with the same polished surface as china, it is as easily kept clean, while it has the advantage of being both lighter and much less fragile; impervious to air or damp, it serves admirably to keep provisions from insects and clothes from mildew, and for all such purposes lacquer boxes are in universal use. The stranger who lands at Rangoon and would see a display of this manufacture should ask his way to Edwards Street — no great distance from the landing-place. There, down the length of a quiet thoroughfare, in shop after shop open to the street, he may contemplate an array of lacquer boxes, dishes, trays, cups, and other vessels of every size and shape, in rows and masses of red, green, gold, yellow, and black, many of the shapes being unique. Common, however, as the manufacture is, the English stranger who walks into any of the numerous lacquer-shops will not find it the simple matter he would suppose to provide him-

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self with the finest samples. Such are the strange notions of business, or at least of dealing with Europeans, prevailing among Burmese shopkeepers, that often the most liberal offers of payment will not induce them to bring out their best wares, while for those they do show they will ask the most exorbitant price, choosing rather not to sell at all than to abate the demand a jot. The best plan, therefore, of the foreigner is, by the help of his English friends resident in the place, to enlist the services of some native of better social position, who will have no difficulty in drawing forth the desired wares, and who may be trusted to estimate them at their proper value, if not to effect the purchase.

Some of the best lacquer ware is to be seen in the Budhist monasteries, where it is in use for every purpose. Certain conventional shapes are assigned specially for the use of the religious, and the piety of their patrons naturally furnishes the monastery with the richest specimens of the manufacture. By the side of the recluse are usually one or two tapering lacquer boxes called *otes*, polished in dull red, or thickly gilt and inlaid with patches of looking-glass, and his inseparable companion the betel-box is always of fine lacquer. The latter is of the shape most generally used for every purpose, which may be here described. The foundation of the box is a circular tube, within which are two or more shallow trays fitting into each other, and over all, forming the lid, is an outer tube of thinner texture, nearly the same depth as the box and sliding over it so as to reach within half an inch of the bottom. The polished surface of the outside is painted in fantastic designs, most often a confused pattern of indistinguishable flourishes, sometimes interwoven with grotesque faces or figures. The only colors used are dull red, black, yellow, and green, in one or other combination, and some of the commonest cups are polished with bright gilding.

The process of manufacturing lacquer is slow and elaborate: the foundation of each box is of very fine bamboo cane-work, and the value of the work depends mainly on the fineness and flexibility of the texture. Over this bamboo shell are laid, at intervals of several days, layers of composition of various oils, charcoal, and other materials, which are set to dry in an underground vault kept at a very high temperature — each coat when dry undergoing a process of painting, polishing, and engraving, and the work being finally finished on a lathe.

Here it may naturally be asked how the out-turn of this process compares with the beautifully finished trays and boxes of Japanese ware which are now hardly less common in England than our own home manufactures; and it must be at once confessed that Burmese lacquer cannot for a moment compare with that of Japan, either in finish, polish, or design. Nevertheless the Japanese article is little thought of by the Burmese in comparison with their own more flexible manufacture. Some enterprising person not long ago sent Burmese lacquer boxes to Japan and had the peculiar Burmese shape imitated in Japanese ware: the result was a very beautiful specimen of lacquer work, to the English eye far surpassing the original pattern on which it was modelled. Yet, although an appeal to Burmese taste was made in the form of a peacock with spreading tail (the emblem of royalty) embossed on the lid, nothing could persuade a Burmese lacquer-dealer that it was comparable either for make or design to the products of his own country.

Next to lacquer ware the best known and most widely appreciated of Burmese manufactures is that of vessels and ornaments of silver and gold. Samples and imitations of this rough but rich workmanship are now seen not uncommonly in England; but the most characteristic examples are hardly met with, except in the hands of those who have either had friends in the country or made their own home there. And for this there is sufficient reason; for if there are difficulties in the way of obtaining the best lacquer work, with the magazines of which whole streets are lined, it is a thousand times more difficult to satisfy a desire for the finest work of the silversmith or goldsmith. In the first place, although a recognized and long-established craft, the real masters of it are few, and their services are naturally so much in request that they have always more work on hand than they can accomplish within a given time. Thus, when the Prince of Wales visited India in 1875, commissions from India for Burmese silver work occupied the time of every silversmith in the country, and it was difficult for those on the spot to get any order executed. And when, besides the paucity of workmen, you have to reckon with the total disregard of all considerations of time, the indolence and indifference, even to his own interests, which characterize the ordinary Burman, it may be understood how it is that, having given an order to a silversmith, you remain in absolute uncertainty

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of the time which it will occupy, and sometimes even of the cost of the work. For silver ware, however, there is a recognized scale of charges; and if a workman of known skill is employed, if the work is one which lends itself readily to the usual native designs, and if unlimited patience is exercised, it is not too much to say that the Burmese silversmith will turn out work worthy to rank, if not for fineness of execution, at least for boldness of design and richness of effect, with that of any country in the world, while it has superadded an indefinable character which is entirely its own.

The most common examples of the ware are drinking-bowls of a uniform pattern, but varying in size, design, and workmanship. Not only in the monastery or among the camp equipage of a party of pilgrims, but even in the Burmese cottage, nothing is commoner than to meet with embossed drinking-cups of solid silver; and not less common is the little silver paste-box, the companion of every betel-box, containing the reddish paste which is smeared on the leaf eaten with the betel-nut. Among the subjects of ornamental silver work are also handles and sheaths of swords and knives, images of Budha, and handles of tattooing-instruments; while of personal ornaments the prettiest are the necklace of silver called a *dolizan*, and the bracelet made of a broad flexible band of woven silver wire. The *dolizan* consists of drooping festoons of fine filagree work, turned into shapes of tiny birds, stars, and pendants, attached to a closely linked neck-band, and, whether of gold or silver, is as becoming to the English as to the Burmese girl.

It may be supposed that silver cups of Burmese workmanship and design make very showy vases for public presentation, and at the Rangoon races the chief prize of the meeting is commonly a handsome Burmese silver cup presented by the chief commissioner as head of the local government.

The ordinary drinking-bowls vary little in character, being uniformly circular, without handle of any kind, bulging slightly at the centre, and resembling in shape and proportions an ordinary sugar-basin. The outside surface is almost always marked with broad horizontal bands, round each of which are embossed medallions representing grotesque figures of men, women, *beloos*, or animals real or fictitious — such, for instance, as the signs of the zodiac. These, with a row of leaves or flowers between, are hammered or punched so as to stand out handsomely in relief.

But though the shape just described is by far the commonest, the best silversmiths have also considerable originality in design, or least in the adaptation of conventional designs, which they will draw on paper in good proportion and with fine accuracy.

In giving an order for silver work it is always necessary to make an advance payment of half the cost, and the size and weight of the work depend exactly on the number of rupees advanced, inasmuch as these are melted down and form the material of which it is manufactured. Payment for the workmanship is made when the work is finished and at a rate agreed upon when the order is given, the rate for the best work being usually one rupee for every rupee's weight employed in the work; thus thirty rupees would be advanced, melted down and manufactured into a cup, and thirty more paid for the work on its completion. Occasionally a Burmese workman shows an inclination to forsake the old native designs and to follow European models, but the indigenous types are so marked and so invariably popular with Europeans that there is less danger of such a perversion than in the case of some of the Indian manufactures. At the same time the Burmese silversmith will make a most creditable copy from any pattern of English workmanship which may be given him for imitation.

The design and execution of gold vessels and ornaments are precisely similar to those in silver, and a pair of gold earrings on the model of pagoda bells, or a gold *dolizan* necklace, is a present as rare and beautiful as can be brought home from the East. The gold, which is generally supplied by the goldsmith, is very highly colored — almost to redness, and the effect on an embossed cup, covered perhaps with a raised lid surmounted by a bird with outstretched wings, is as rich as it is uncommon.

A very pretty display of gold jewellery of this kind is often called forth by the visit of an official to any of the indigenous mixed schools, and a prettier sight can hardly be imagined than a row of little Burmese girls dressed in many-colored silks and decked with pendant necklaces of deep red gold, with earrings of the same, and sprays for the hair sparkling with jewels.

Enamelling on silver is a branch of this manufacture to which are due the most finished samples of silver ware which the province produces. The work is costly, however, and the workers so few that

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although the manufacture is more beautiful and really artistic than the ordinary silver ware, the craft is almost an extinct one, and it is only in one or two places that specimens of the enamel are to be had.

At Shwegyeen on the Sittang there is a workman who if ample time is given will turn out enamel work which may compare favorably with the finest of Indian workmanship, and this is saying a good deal. The enamel is invariably black, and its appearance, converting the face of an embossed silver cup into a perfectly smooth and highly polished surface of black and silver, is not unlike that of some Italian and Russian work; but an altogether unique effect is given by the designs, which are very elaborately finished, and consist of the grotesque and fanciful figures which exist only in the imagination of the Burmese artist.

In a Budhist country the manufacture of images of brass, marble, silver, and wood is very widely extended, and though the art displayed in the production of figures of a uniform conventional type is not of a very high character, much skill is shown in the sculpture and manufacture of the several kinds. In some monasteries may be seen, seated in a dimly lighted chamber, under a canopy of carved wood, a brazen image of Budha, from six to eight feet in height, and there are few which do not contain a collection of minor images in marble or silver. The most popular, and perhaps the most effective, images are in the pure white marble of upper Burmah, very finely chiselled, and usually having a few touches of gliding or paint to pick out the line of robe or head-dress. Others are of wood, skilfully carved, and perhaps gilded throughout. Some again are modelled in wax and plated with a coating of pure beaten silver, with perhaps a tiny canopy of silver and beads hung with silver leaves, to represent the tree under which Budha is described as sitting.

The treatment accorded to the images varies in different places, some of the religious houses being clean and carefully kept, others dirty, scantily furnished, and neglected. Thus in one monastery a medley of images, ill-arranged and crowded together, will be apparently treated as little else than lumber, while in another the elaborate surroundings of the shrine allotted to a single image recall to mind those of some altar of the Virgin in a Roman Catholic church. Raised from the ground on a carved wooden pedestal, it is shaded by a richly carved canopy, hung with festoons of paper lace, and surrounded by a group of tall glided umbrellas; and on the ledges of the pedestal and about the foot of the images are arranged perhaps a cluster of smaller images of Budha, gilded and illuminated MSS. in curious coverings of cloth and bamboo, *otes* and other vessels of lacquer and silver; the whole constituting a setting altogether in keeping with the living group which completes the scene — shaven ascetics and their attendants in dingy yellow dress, and a motley gathering of village boys who sit at their feet for instruction.

While images such as these furnish the interior of the monasteries, the open chapels of nearly every large pagoda are filled with others of colossal proportions, of which the substance is of brick and the facing either of plaster or polished *chunam*. And this leads me to notice a very old form of Burmese industry, the manufacture and use of bricks. Although the abundant timber of the local forests supplies the principal building-material for all substantial houses, the foundations and steps of very many of the religious buildings are of brick faced with plaster, the entrance being often flanked by huge figures of fabulous monsters in the same material. The solid substance of every pagoda in the country is of brick; so generally are the steps by which it is approached and the paving of the platform on which it stands, while throughout the province, to its farthest corners, the centre of the village street and the pathway which leads to the neighboring monastery will be found paved down the centre with a narrow *trottoir* of bricks or tiles.

To the inseparable accompaniments of the national religion is owing another industry for which Burmah has been noted from ancient times, the casting and manufacture of bells and gongs. There is no pagoda great or small which has not its gilded spiral crown or *tee*, with rings of sweet-toned bells of many sizes and materials. To the tongue of each bell is suspended a leaf-shaped metal pendant, which hangs below the bell's mouth, and is caught by every breath of wind, so that even in the stillest night the music of pagoda bells on the hilltops is hardly ever silent. But besides the tinkling which in the neighborhood of a pagoda makes the air musical overhead, the visitor hears at intervals — frequent on a festival morning — the deeper tone of some great bell hung close to the ground near the base of the pagoda; for one of the common acts of devotion

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among Burmese Budhists consists in striking these huge bells — which have no tongue — five or six times in succession with a club or the butt-end of a stag's horn, which usually lies near at hand for the purpose.

These bells vary much in size and decoration, but with one notable exception in upper Burmah, none probably can surpass the monster which hangs on the platform of the *Shwedagone* at Rangoon, and which baffled by its size and weight the efforts of the English to carry it away as a trophy after the war. The pagoda stands on a hill about a mile and a half from the river, and the story is that the English, having successfully transported the bell to the river-side, were at last compelled to abandon it embedded in the mud on the banks, and that the Burmese subsequently raised it and replaced it in triumph on its original site on the pagoda hill, where it remains to this day.

Some of the larger bells have handles formed of grotesque figures in solid metal, and not uncommonly a bell is slung over the shoulders of two solid wooden figures of hideous *beloos*. Circular gongs, of the kind commonly known in England, are to be found of every size in the bazaars of Rangoon, and may be bought in the smaller sizes, very sweet in tone, for a few rupees. The most characteristic Burmese gong, however, consists of a triangle of solid bell-metal, about half an inch in thickness, suspended by a string, which swings round and round when struck.

The clear ringing tone of these gongs is familiar to every one who has lived in Burmah as the call by which in every town and village the monks of the locality ask for their morning alms, as they parade the streets in procession, with lacquer boxes slung round their necks to receive the daily collections of rice.

Before leaving the subject of metal work, mention must be made of the manufactures of tin, the product of mines in the Mergui district in the extreme south of the province.

The caskets, tea-boxes, cigar-boxes, models of pagodas, and ornaments of various kinds made in this material, are, next to silver, among the prettiest ornamental work of the country; and they are not the less to be appreciated from the fact that it seems now to be almost certain that, long and patiently as these mines have been worked by Chinese immigrants, the ore has no depth and will before long be exhausted. An English firm has within the last few years resigned in disappointment its lease of some of the most promising mines, after considerable expenditure on roads, machinery, and buildings.

Some notion of the extent of the mines may be gathered from the official statement that during the last two years, 1875–76 and 1876–77, the English firm had turned out 755 cwts. of tin valued at 1 984*l*., and the Chinese 1,025 cwts. valued at 4,196*l*. The tin which is found appears to be very pure, and the ornaments made from it in Moulmein and Rangoon shine like polished silver, for which they might easily be at first sight mistaken. They are made and sold by Chinamen, and are generally engraved with a style, in fanciful patterns of Chinese figures and letters. Being at the same time cheap, pretty, and peculiar to the province, the Burmese tin work ranks high among curiosities of Eastern manufacture.

A very conspicuous place in the present list must also be assigned to wood carving. As the first objects to attract the eye in Burmah are the monastic and other religious buildings, so it is the tasteful and elaborate wood carving with which they are enriched which draws to their exterior more than a passing notice. It is here that we find most conspicuously displayed the national love of decoration in building and the taste which characterizes the native architecture, while the careful finish given to every part alike speaks to the artistic character of the work, of which the form is determined by a combination of motives. The Budhist theory of a future state prompts its professors to a lavish expenditure on religious buildings, while the traditional fashion assigned to the Burmese monastery lends itself readily to architectural decoration. The innumerable gables, projecting eaves and cornices, and the multiple tapering roofs give the wood-carver unlimited scope for the exercise of his craft, and a superstitious desire to avert future evils by present good works makes the provision of handsome and luxurious retreats for the religious, and costly shrines for the most venerated images, the most popular form of almsgiving.

Some fine samples of decoration of this kind may be seen in the monasteries of Rangoon and Moulmein: the porches and chapels of the *Shwedagone* pagoda are rich in the most finished carving, and the decoration of more than one of the neighboring monasteries is in no way inferior. Throughout the province, moreover, the same artistic display testifies to the same religious devotion. The public gardens at Calcutta contain a specimen of Burmese

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wood carving in a profusely decorated *thain*, or shrine, transported bodily from Prome as a trophy of the last war, and looking sadly out of place amidst its foreign surroundings.

But the religious buildings are by no means the exclusive domain of the wood-carver's art, and the popular love of ornament and taste in decoration are shown in the carving lavished upon boats of every kind to which I have drawn attention in a former paper, on the quaint bullock carts used for travelling by land, and on the panelled walls of the better classes of houses. The same manufacture turns out also furniture for English houses, such as punkahs, chairs, screens, sideboards, picture-frames, and the like, which give a picturesqueness of its own to the Anglo-Burmese house. This application of the craft is now made prominent in the manufacturing departments of the principal jails of the province, where the Burmese and Chinese prisoners are employed in making large quantities of household furniture, both plain and ornamental. Lastly, the visitor to Burmah, who finds an interest in the curious buildings, boats, and figures by which he is surrounded, may, if he takes the trouble to find out a skilled carver, carry away with him well-finished models of pagodas, houses, shrines, boats, musical instruments, and figures illustrative of native costume, which will better than any verbal description convey to his friends a correct notion of the strange realities. He will not often find in the work the fineness which characterizes similar manufactures in India, but on the rougher workmanship will be stamped an individual character which corresponds to that of the people of whose country it is the product.

Some very beautiful if rather rough carving in ivory is also among the favorite treasures secured by the traveller in Burmah. I have seen an exceedingly handsome pair of vases made of the ends of two large tusks richly carved and mounted in a setting of gold, both carving and setting of Burmese workmanship; but the commonest samples of this work are sword-handles, knife-handles, and paper-knives. Handles for a set of dinner knives are often made to order, and paper-knives with a rim of enamel on silver are now made to suit the taste of Europeans. The ivory is of pure white and the carving very elaborate; thus a sword-handle will be so perforated through and through, with fantastic figures standing out clearly in the midst of a shell of filagree work, that it becomes too brittle for anything like rough usage. The ivory carving has, however, the same roughness which marks so much of Burmese work, and as regards finish can no more be compared to the Chinese carving than Burmese lacquer to that of Japan.

Hitherto I have spoken chiefly of the manufacture of hard substances which give employment for the most part to men; but as in the management of domestic affairs, and even of business transactions, the women of Burmah are conspicuous among Eastern women as the true help-meets of their husbands, so also they have their share in the provincial manufactures. Throughout Burmah the hand loom is a common part of cottage furniture, and the weaving of fabrics of silk and cotton (one of the most extensive of the local manufactures) is almost exclusively carried on by the women, who weave cloth both for the use of their families and for sale. Of late years the cheap and gay-colored silks and cottons imported from England have become highly popular with the Burmese for turbans and jackets; but for the best dresses, whether of men or women, nothing has yet superseded the indigenous manufacture, with its richness both of color and texture, and even for the commonest petticoats and kilts the cloth woven in the cottages of the country is almost universally used. The patterns of the silk fabrics are curiously like those of Scotch tartans, the blending of the colors being generally very tasteful; and some of the finer textures are exceedingly soft, especially those worn as neckerchiefs by the women.

This manufacture is carried on also by the Karens, both the workmanship and materials being in their case rougher in character though not less effective in appearance. The Karen women in some parts of the province wear as a headdress a thick coarse cotton cloth, folded square and thrown over the head, almost identical both in fashion and effect with that worn by Neapolitan women; and this headdress is often roughly embroidered in colors which render it highly picturesque.

The peculiar jacket worn by the Karen girls is also sometimes embroidered in colors on a black silk ground.

For the silk-weaving, country produce is abundant, and the breeding of silkworms and manufacture of silk is the special occupation of the people in certain districts; but the occupation is so abhorrent to the teaching of Budhism, as involving the death of the worms, that its followers are

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regarded with horror by the orthodox Buddhists who form the majority of the population.

Under the head of cloth fabrics must be noticed, in conclusion, the manufacture of a very peculiar kind of ornamental tapestry, or rather patchwork, which serves for various domestic purposes, especially for the curtains which, in this land of open *zayats* and ill-partitioned houses, are used as temporary screens, either in travelling or at home, or when encamping in the open, and which serve also as a covering for the bullock carts to which reference has been made above.

Among the many incidents of Burmese life which when first seen strike the foreigner by their strangeness and marvellously picturesque effect, and of which it is only familiarity which effaces the first impression, a place may fitly be given here to the procession of bullock carts which may be seen in the neighborhood of any great pagoda at a festival time wending their way from the country or from the river-side loaded with pilgrims, drawn by diminutive bullocks, well shaped and well fed, their heads decked with strings of shells and sprays of flowers. The cart, of dark mahogany-colored wood and of shape and proportions which defy description, is sheltered from the sun by an arched framework of bamboo covered with scarlet cloth, from under which as it passes by peep out the heads of boys and girls of every age, dressed out in their best and packed like ripe fruit in the straw. The rug or curtain which covers the cart, and which has led me to this digression, consists of a groundwork of thick, coarse red cloth, upon which is overlaid, in patches of many-colored cloths, a complete picture, representing some dramatic scene, in the peculiar style of Burmese drawing. The coloring and shading of faces and dresses are done with almost as much care as in a painting, and the whole is enlivened with glittering spangles, which add to the brightness of the effect.

A complete account of Burmese manufactures would include many others which have not been even mentioned here, such as those of salt, *napee*, umbrellas, earthenware, and other adjuncts of domestic life, but from the list already given it may be gathered that while the traveller and collector of curiosities will find in Burmah much beautiful work of native manufacture such as cannot be found elsewhere, the observer of national peculiarities may see in the manufacturing industries of the province the reflection of much that is characteristic in the native habits of mind — in accepted canons of taste, in traditional methods of working, in contrast of colors, in roughness of finish and in grotesqueness of design. Speaking broadly of the character of Burmese handicrafts, it may be said that they are distinguished by boldness and originality of design, by faithfulness of execution, and in most cases by a want of finish due as much to indifference as to any lack of ability; while the taste which they display, indigenous as it probably is to the country, is frequently, if not generally, such as to appeal at once to the most fastidious of Western critics.

It is very noticeable, too, how here, as in India, the workmanship in almost every branch of manufacture improves from year to year under the stimulus given by foreigners. As in the beautiful manufactures of horn and ivory from the Malabar coast, the brass vessels from Benares, and the carved sandalwood from Bombay, the exquisitely finished work of the present day far surpasses that produced twenty years ago, so even in Burmah, late as has been its incorporation with the empire, and far behind as it lags in many respects, a steady advance is perceptible in the quality at least of the finer local manufactures, side by side with that in matters of greater import.

P. HORDERN.

From Temple Bar.

RACINE AND HIS WORKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU," ETC.

IN my essay upon Corneille * I have said that in judging the works of that writer "we must forget for a time all our former dramatic studies, and keep constantly before us the opposite principles upon which the English and the French legitimate drama are constructed, and the deduction therefrom, that the beauties of the one would be the faults of the other." This sentence applies with equal force to the consideration of the plays of his successor, Racine. The works of neither of these writers, although professedly modelled upon those of Euripides, resemble the Greek drama, except in the choice of subject and the strict observance of the so-called Aristotelian unities. They were simply the offspring of the bastard classicism of the Renaissance, an attempt

* LIVING AGE, No. 1651, p. 281.

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to resuscitate forms of art that had been dead for two thousand years, and adapt them to the expression of a new world of ideas with which they had nothing in common. The drama of Greece embodied the religion, the traditions, and the manners of the people — it was as national as that of the age of our Elizabeth; the French classical drama endeavored to embody forms of thought with which the modern world is in direct antagonism, with which it is impossible to re-awaken any sympathy. It was an exotic which died almost with its creators.

Its parents were Corneille and Racine, who might be said to hold the respective places of father and mother: the first was its progenitor, but to the care of the second it owed its beauty and perfection. The genius of the two men might be imaged under the same symbol: that of the first was masculine, rugged, creative; that of the second feminine, gentle, perfectioning. Corneille rises at times to heights that Racine could never scale; "Corneille," said Molière, "has, like Socrates, a familiar demon. At certain times this spirit visits him, and taking his pen writes whole pages of whose incomparable beauty Old Pierre is quite unconscious; for when the genius is gone he quietly resumes the pen, and does not perceive the difference." Racine never approached the power of "*Horace*," nor, unless it might be in "*Phèdre*," the tragic horror of "*Radogune;*" but he has a sustained beauty to which his elder rival cannot pretend. I confess to have read the plays of the latter as a task, and with scarcely any curiosity; but those of the former I perused with pleasure and deep interest. Racine always interests us and holds us in suspense from beginning to end; his characters are more human than those of Old Pierre, which are so impossibly vicious or virtuous, so unlovably exalted or degraded, that they are abstractions rather than creatures of flesh and blood; they talk in antitheses, they make love in metaphysical discourses, they declaim, but never feel.

The French classic drama is purely artificial; no attempt at reality, or even *vraisemblance*, is ever made. The scene of "*Iphigénie*" is laid in the Greek camp; thousands of men and twenty kings are gathered there, impatient for a favorable breeze to fill their sails; these are constantly talked about, they are the machinery that moves the plot, and yet the dialogue, which seldom goes beyond a duologue, gives us no indication of the presence of such a host; there being no bustle, no excitement, no crowd; the action might as well, for all we *see* to the contrary, take place upon a desert island. In "*Britannicus*" we are not vouchsafed a glimpse of the gorgeous court of Nero, who walks about unattended as though he were a private citizen; the same objection may be made to "*Bajazet*." Where are the splendid seraglio and Oriental magnificence of the Turks, then scarcely past the zenith of their power? This renders such works infinitely frigid and unnatural to those accustomed to the crowded, bustling stage of Shakespeare. "*Athalie*," which by a strange contradiction was not written for the public stage, is the only one of his plays in which any excitement is produced by such subordinate means. Nothing can be more fatiguing than the perpetually recurring rhyme, and the monotonous smoothness and elegance of the language, which is always the same, whether it comes from the mouth of a king or an attendant; nothing can be more tedious and unnatural than the interminable length of the speeches, the lengthy narratives and descriptions of the heroes and heroines, and their confidants — that most clumsy of all inventions. The simple and artistic method of acquainting the spectators with the incidents of the plot that precede the rising of the curtain, by a conversation between inferior characters, used by the English school, was not permitted to that of Racine. The hero and heroine must tell their own stories, and confide in a second person such feelings and secrets as you could not by any strain of the possible imagine any human being confessing. Of the unities I have spoken in "Corneille," but I cannot forbear referring to the monstrous improbabilities into which it conducts Racine in "*Mithridate*." News is brought that Mithridates has been killed in a battle with the Romans — he returns, puts into action a plot for testing the true dispositions of his two sons — discovers their love for his affianced wife, Monime — conceives the idea of invading Rome — his country is invaded by the Romans — essays upon himself the effects of several deadly poisons (he was supposed to be poison-proof) — slays himself with his sword — a battle is fought and the invaders are put to flight, and all these things are done within twenty-four hours!

These works, that seldom deigned to any subjects more modern than those furnished by the myths and legends of Greece and Rome, were, after all, but a reflection of the court of France. Corneille belonged to the Richelieu and Mazarin times,

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eras of transition and turbulence, and there is a certain ruggedness in his genius, a boldness and an independence that chafe at restrictions. Racine wrote wholly and only during the brilliant calm of the court of the *grand monarque*, and the smoothness of his diction, the polish and evenness of his works, perfectly reflect the serene sky under which they were produced. But the similitude goes much further; the poet was obliged to adapt the persons and manners of his plays, no matter whether Greek, Roman, or Turkish, to the sympathies of his audience, and in no way depart from that which was *comme il faut* to those fine ladies and gentlemen. Thus we find the Achilles of Homer transformed into such a ceremonious, gallant, and peppery Achille as might have fought at Nerwinde or Ramilies; he addresses Iphigénie in the courtly phrase of such a *preux chevalier*, and the daughter of Agamemnon receives his attentions in the same strain. But what else could be expected from an Achille or a Hippolyte in a full-skirted velvet coat, breeches and silk stockings rolled above the knee, red-heeled shoes, three-cornered plumed hat, and flowing peruke *à la* Louis XIV.? or from an Iphigenia or Andromache with befeathered head, dresses of gorgeous silk embroidered with gold and distended by a huge hoop, white gloves, and fan in hand? For it was thus all characters of all ages and nationalities were dressed upon that stage, the only difference being that warriors wore a cuirass and scarf over their coats. Gallantry was therefore the order of the day. Every play was bound to have a sentimental love-story, conducted according to those outward proprieties upon which the lover of Montespan and Co. was so exacting. Pyrrhus, in defiance of history and the known custom of the ancient Greeks, implores his captive, Andromache, to permit him to lead her to the hymeneal altar, just as M. le Marquis might have pleaded to some obdurate fair one to celebrate the nuptial tie before the archbishop of Paris at Notre Dame. Even Pyrrhus, however, was declared to be a little too rugged; had he been reduced to a *petit maître* he would have been better liked. The *sine quâ non* of a love-story, as may be imagined, greatly narrowed the poet's choice of subjects, and sometimes spoiled those he did choose. Here was an advantage Corneille possessed over his younger rival; that restriction was not so absolute in his earlier days, hence in some of his finest works — "*Horace*" and "*Cinna*," for instance — love plays little or no part. Nevertheless, Racine's strength lay in the delineation of the tender passion, and despite his artificialities few have ever drawn it with greater tenderness and beauty. Thus it is only in such plays as "*Phèdre*," and perhaps "*Britannicus*," that we feel it to be intrusive. Indeed, the charm and power of Racine's genius lay in his delineation of women. Few writers have drawn the female character so truthfully, vigorously, and exquisitely as he. His heroines always overshadow his heroes; all our sympathies, be they good or evil, are bound up with them; and the male personages are, with few exceptions, of secondary importance. What care we for Achille, Bajazet, Mithridate, Pyrrhus, Hippolyte? After a time they almost pass out of our memories; but who can ever forget Iphigénie, Roxane, Hermione, and, above all, Phèdre? Racine was accused of writing all his plays for his pupil, the great Champsmelée, and this predominance of the female element in them certainly lends color to the suggestion.

I have no space in an article so brief to enter into the slightest analysis of Racine's several plays, neither would it prove interesting to those unread in them. Of all his works, "*Phèdre*" is that upon which his claim to genius rests the most soundly. It is not the "Phædra" of Euripides; it is a character that excites our pity rather than our aversion, and it lacks, perhaps, the terrible power of the Greek; but it is a subtle, delicate, and sublime creation, full of fire and real passion, which will never cease to hold an audience awe-struck and spell-bound whenever a genius such as that of Rachel is brought to its interpretation. I would love to extract some of its splendid passages, but space forbids. A work of quite another kind is "*Bérénice*." Few love-stories in the world are more beautifully tender, more exquisitely pathetic, than that which records the separation of Titus and the queen of Palestine; it has not the tragic gloom of "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," nor the guilty passion of "*Julie*," but it leaves upon the mind a sweet melancholy, like a remembrance of the long-buried dead. It is customary to rate "*Athalie*" as his masterpiece, but with all its splendid passages — and upon these he certainly lavished his finest powers — the plot is uninteresting, and the dialogue at times insufferably tedious; in the choruses he has ventured to imitate that which is inimitable, the Psalms, and the result, fine as these introductions undoubtedly are, is not in favor of the French version.

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Voltaire pronounced "*Iphigénie*" "the most perfect of tragedies." With its many beauties — and there are very charming touches in the heroine's character, while that of Clytemnestra is drawn with rare power — few would be inclined to agree with such a verdict, while Euripides' tragedy upon the same subject continues to exist. "*Andromaque*" is remarkable for the character of Hermione, one of the subtlest and most powerful female creations ever drawn by poet's pen. "*Mithridate*," "*Bajazet*," "*Britannicus*," have all much power and beauty; but it is a power and beauty with which this age has little sympathy. The nineteenth century is nothing if not "natural;" Racine is the very archetype of the artificial. Whether the lunacies and abominable vulgarisms of the modern school will ultimately produce a reaction, perhaps tending to the opposite extreme, and so bring such writers into esteem again, it is impossible to predict, but at the present time, even in his own country, he is regarded as little more than a fossil of an extinct world.

But let us now turn from the writings to the man.

In the beautiful valley of Chevreuse, not far from Versailles, and about ten leagues from Paris, was an ancient abbey of the Cistercian order, founded in 1204, and called Port-Royal-des-Champs. It was favored with many privileges, among others a permission to receive within its walls those persons, male or female, who wished to seek the retirement of the cloister without binding themselves by monastic vows. Towards the close of the sixteenth century it attained a great celebrity under the direction of Marie Angélique Arnauld, who, devoting her life to the reform of the licentious abuses which disgraced conventual establishments, introduced there a pure and rigid discipline. By-and-by the sisterhood so increased that it became necessary to remove it to more commodious quarters; a house was purchased in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and called the Port-Royal of Paris, and thither after a time the nuns removed. The old abbey was now deserted by all except the domestics. But not for long. About 1647 M. le Maîstre, an advocate, and his two brothers, all three young men, and all three nephews of Madame Arnauld, resolved to retire from the world and take up their abode at Port-Royal-des-Champs. They were speedily joined by others. It was a desolate spot — a region of swamps, weeds, and sterility. By the labor of their own hands these young hermits, most of them of gentle blood, converted this howling wilderness into a scene of rural beauty. The society continued to receive fresh recruits; it did not bind itself by any vows, but each led a life of voluntary poverty, penance, and self-denial; their dress was not monastic, and was distinguished only by its extreme plainness and coarseness. Each, without any consideration of birth, was put to such employment as best suited his capacities. Some cultivated the ground, others were set apart as physicians, schoolmasters, and nurses for the sick poor.

A year or two afterwards, the house in Paris becoming too crowded by ever-increasing numbers, a portion of the sisterhood, under Mère Angélique, returned to the abbey. By-and-by it grew to be the fashion for people of rank and station to retire thither. Among these voluntary recluses were the Duchesse de Luynes, the Duc and Duchesse de Liancourt, the Princesse Guiméné, the Marquise de Sablé, etc. But it is not as an abode of asceticism that its fame has descended to posterity, but as the great educational establishment wherein some of the greatest French writers received their mental training. The name of Blaise Pascal alone would immortalize it; and it was here, amidst the sombre shadows of the old abbey and the deep solitudes of its woods, that JEAN RACINE pondered over the pages of Euripides and first conceived a passionate love of poetry.

I have dwelt thus long upon Port-Royal and its votaries as being one of the most important features of the seventeenth century, and because its influences may be said to have entirely controlled the latter years of Racine's life. The after-fate of the order, its dispute with the Jesuits and ultimate suppression, under circumstances of cruelty that raised its votaries to the dignity of martyrs, do not come within the scope of this article, but may be found in any history of the period.

Racine was born at La Ferté Miton on the 21st of December, 1639, of a highly respectable *bourgeois* family. At four years of age he lost both his parents and was taken under the care of his maternal grandfather, Pierre Sconin, who placed him at the College of Beauvais. There he remained until he was sixteen, at which period his grandfather died and he was removed to Port-Royal, of which society his grandmother and aunt were already members. His progress in the Greek language — he is said to have mastered the dramatists in less than twelve months — delighted his instructors; but his love

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for poetry filled their ascetic minds with alarm. He remained three years at Port-Royal, and throughout his life retained the deepest reverence for the great Arnauld and the excellent brethren. Thence he proceeded to the Collége d'Harcourt (Louis-le-Grand) to complete his studies. His first poetical attempt, if we except certain mediocre Latin verses, was an ode on the king's marriage (1660), "*La Nymphe de la Seine.*" He sent it to Chapelaine, the then sovereign arbitrator of Parnassus, who, after making some corrections, of which the poet had the good sense to approve, pronounced it to be the best poem produced upon the occasion, and brought it so strongly before the attention of Colbert that that minister sent the writer a purse of a hundred louis, and soon afterwards conferred upon him a pension of six hundred livres. Thus from his earliest production he dated his rise at court. This pension was all he had to depend upon, and it was scarcely sufficient for the requirements of the most frugal life.

About this time, however, he received an invitation from an uncle, who was a canon of the church of St. Geneviève, at Uzès, in Languedoc, and an intimation that he might, if he chose, succeed to the benefice. So to Languedoc he went, and applied himself to the study of theology; but Virgil and Ariosto divided his time with the saints, and probably got the larger share. Another ode, "*La Renommée*, was the means of introducing him to Boileau, then a young unknown man, yet some three years his senior. Boileau pronounced so high a eulogy upon it that Racine wrote and begged to be admitted to his acquaintance; it was the commencement of a friendship upon which no shadow, save that of death, ever fell.

Our young poet, consumed by the sacred fire, soon became disgusted with theology, and making up his mind to link his fortunes with his love, came to Paris in 1664 with a play in his pocket entitled "*Théagène et Chariclée*," which he had probably composed after the reading of Bishop Heliodorus's romance at Port-Royal. He offered it to Molière, who, although the piece was valueless, fancied he discovered in it such promise of future excellence that he desired the writer to visit him again at the end of six months, and in the mean time apply himself to the most diligent study. Some years previously, long before he came to Paris, Molière had written a tragedy entitled "*La Thébaïde*," which, having failed, he destroyed; it now occurred to him to employ the young Racine upon the same subject. The proposal was made, eagerly accepted, and "*Les Frères Ennemis*" was produced in 1664, with a very fair amount of success, for a first work. Neither this, however, nor its successor, "*Alexandre*," rose above mediocrity, nor gave any promise of that genius which was thereafter to illume the French stage. The second tragedy was the cause of his friendship being broken with two of the most illustrious men of the time. It was read to Corneille previous to its representation, and the great dramatist delivered it as his judgment that although the author had a great talent for poetry he had none for the drama, and should therefore abandon it. Racine never forgave this criticism. "*Alexandre*" was originally produced at Molière's theatre, but the author being dissatisfied with the acting, removed it to the Hôtel de Burgogne, taking with it one of Molière's best actresses. This created a coolness between our young poet and his first patron which was never removed, and although they frequently met at Boileau's they were never again friends.

Boileau had a room in the Rue du Vieux Colombier, where all the rising geniuses of the age assembled. Thither came the *bon vivant* Chapelle, not a genius, by-the-by, but a glorious boon companion, Molière the silent, La Fontaine the butterfly, our amiable and refined Jean Racine, and over these reunions presided the dry, caustic, and pedantically correct host. They were not quite so free as those of Scarron and the Pomme du Pin in the old Fronde days, nor so correct as those of the Hôtel de Rambouillet and of Madame Scudéri, but they must have been the more delightful for hitting the happy mean. La Fontaine, in his "*Amours de Psyché et Cupidon*," best describes them.

Four friends, whose acquaintance, commenced by Parnassus, formed what might have been called an academy, if their number had been greater, and they had regarded the Muses as much as their pleasure. The first thing they did was to banish from among them all set conversation and everything that savored of the academic conference. When they found themselves together, and they had talked of their *divertissements*, if by chance they fell upon scientific topics or something that related to *belles lettres*, they profited by the occasion. They never dwelt too long upon one subject, flying from one to another like bees who meet in their way different kinds of flowers. . . . Often in fine weather Acante (Racine) proposed a walk to some place out of town far away where few people frequented. He greatly loved gardens, flowers, shades.

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Polyphile (La Fontaine) resembled him in that, but one may say that he loved all things. These passions, which filled their heart with a certain tenderness, were transferred into their writings, and formed their principal character.

Racine rested two years, and then brought forth his first great work, "*Andromaque.*"* No play since Corneille's "*Cid*" had been received with such enthusiasm. His two previous dramas were but weak imitations of his predecessor, but in this third effort he became a creator; henceforth Euripides and not Corneille was to be his model. During those two years of silence he had studied hard beneath the severe discipline of his friend, Boileau. He had once boasted of his great facility in versifying: "I wish you would learn to versify with difficulty," replied the critic; "for my part I always make the last verse first, I should advise you to do the same." Racine took his counsel, abandoned his fatal facility, and so acquired that perfection of style which renders him the model, *par excellence*, of French classic poetry.

Never was man surely so thin-skinned as this poet; self-esteem must certainly have tyrannized over every other faculty of his mind. We have seen it already lose him two friends; we now find it creating a breach between him and the Port-Royalists. In one of his celebrated letters, Nicole, who had been Racine's instructor, animadverted rather strongly upon romancists and dramatists but without indicating any by name. Racine, who had been previously offended by a refusal of his aunt, Mère Agnès, to receive a visit from him on account of his intimacy "with a class of persons whose name is abominable to every one who retains but a grain of piety," now chose to take those censures to himself, and reply to Nicole in a very violent letter. The Port-Royal did not deign to notice it, but others took up their cause, and provoked a second epistle from the irate poet more bitter than the first. He showed it to Boileau: "It may do credit to your head, but none to your heart," replied the satirist, and prevailed upon him, not only not to publish it, but to recall all the copies he could obtain of the first. It was ten years, however, before he could overcome the displeasure of the Jansenists, who were pious enough to resent a wrong, but not Christian enough to easily forgive one.

* An English version, under the title of "The Distressed Mother," by Ambrose Philips, held our stage until a comparatively recent date.

During this quarrel he had been presented with a benefice, and "the privilege" of the first edition of "*Andromaque*" was granted to "M. Jean Racine, Prieur de l'Epinay." He held his priory, however, but a few months, for no sooner was he installed than one of the clergy brought an action against him, alleging that Epinay could not be held by any one out of orders.

This *procès* is said to have suggested his first and last comedy, "*Les Plaideurs*," produced in 1688. It is an imitation of the "Wasps" of Aristophanes, and ridicules a class which Molière, seemingly, never dared to touch, the lawyers. The action and characters of the play are too extravagant to bring it within the bounds of comedy; it is rather a three-act farce. We have a judge who has such an enthusiasm for his vocation that he will not spare time for eating and sleeping, and even goes to bed in his robes; we have two irrepressible litigants, a *bourgeois* and a countess, who can find no happiness out of the embroilments of the law; we have the trial of a dog for stealing a capon, in which the proceedings of the French law-courts of the day are humorously burlesqued, and the rhodomontade of the advocates severely caricatured. Two servants represent the counsel. "You will, I believe, make excellent advocates of them, *they are very ignorant*," says Léandre. Boileau had a brother in the law; he supplied Racine with the technical phrases, and suggested the quarrel scene between Chicaneau and the countess from his experience of a certain Comtesse de Crissé —indeed the three principal personages were all drawn from living originals. The comedy, however, was a failure; somehow the Parisians could not take its humor, and it was withdrawn on the second representation. Molière, always just and generous, although on ill terms with the author, alone praised it, and said openly in the theatre that the comedy was excellent, and that those who ridiculed it deserved themselves to be ridiculed. A month afterwards it was performed as an afterpiece before the king at Versailles, and enjoyed by him with so much gusto that his bursts of immoderate laughter quite astonished the court. Although it was the small hours of the morning when the actors returned to Paris, they proceeded to the poet's lodgings to inform him of his success. It was a quiet retired street in which he lived, and the clatter of the carriages and horses awoke all the neighbors, who seldom heard such sounds even at midday. What could it mean? Nothing less

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than the arrest of the profane writer who had dared to mock at the majesty of the law. Next day it was rumored all over Paris that Racine had been arrested in the night and thrown into prison!

"*Britannicus*," which appeared in the same year as "*Les Plaideurs*," was the first of his historical tragedies. "It is your finest work!" was the verdict of Boileau. The author was of the same opinion, but the public was not. It was received coldly, and attained only eight representations. "There is no sort of cabal," he says in his first preface to this play, "that my enemies have not made against this piece, no censure they have not passed upon it." Then follows a splenetic and unworthy attack upon Corneille, from whose partisans he believed the attack to proceed. "Nothing is so natural as to defend oneself when unjustly attacked. I perceive that Terence himself wrote most of his prologues only to justify himself against the criticisms of an ill-intentioned old poet." This man was ever like a "fretful porcupine," ready to shoot his quills at every touch. Boileau says in one of his letters that it was a passage in this play which occasioned Louis XIV. to withdraw from court ballets, in which he had hitherto figured as a dancer. The passage runs as follows, and applies to Nero: —

Pour toute ambition, pour vertu singulière,
Il excelle à conduire un char dans la carrière;
A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains;
A se donner lui-même en spectacle aux Romains;
A venir prodiguer sa voix sur un théâtre;
A réciter des chants qu'il veut qu'on idolâtre;
Tandis que les soldats, de moments en moments,
Vont arracher pour lui ces applaudissements.

His next work, "*Bérénice*," was composed at the request of Henriette d'Angleterre, who had chosen the subject as symbolizing the unhappy passion which existed between her and the king, and that separation which both had resolved upon. She employed Corneille upon the same theme, and thus brought about a duel between the two great rivals. The victory rested with the younger; "*Titus et Bérénice*" is forgotten, but Racine's beautiful play, interpreted by Rachel, drew thousands to the Théâtre Français a quarter of a century ago. Ere, however, either work was given to the public, she who inspired it had died an awful and mysterious death. "*Bajazet*," his next tragedy, was supposed to have been suggested by the murder of Monaldeschi, the paramour of Christina of Sweden, at Fontainebleau. The character of Roxane, one of his most powerful creations, was expressly written to suit the extraordinary powers of the great actress Champsmelée, whom he had instructed in her art. "She is," says Madame de Sévigné, "I think, altogether the most miraculously fine actress I ever saw: she is a hundred miles beyond the Desœillets; and as to me, who am considered pretty tolerable on the stage, I am not worthy to light the candles when she appears. She is ugly when you are near, and I am not astonished at my son's being overcome by her presence; but when she recites she is adorable." It was she who, under the instruction of her master, first renounced the singsong delivery that then obtained on the Parisian stage, and substituted natural inflections of voice. There was a *liaison* between Racine and his fair pupil which began at the *petits soupers* of Ninon de l'Enclos and the Marquis de Sévigné (Madame's son). Our poet, however, was little addicted to such peccadilloes, for his nature was cold, and he who knew so admirably to depict the passion of love never felt it.

In 1673 he produced "*Mithridate*," which achieved probably the most universal success of all his works. In the same year he was elected a member of the Académie Français. Then followed "*Iphigénie*," and in 1677 "*Phèdre*," the grandest of all, and with this his dramatic career may be said to close. Pradon, an obscure dramatist now forgotten, had composed a tragedy upon the same subject which was brought out at the Théâtre Guénégaud at the same time that Racine's work appeared at the Hôtel de Burgogne. The former was taken under the protection of a cabal, who bought up every box at both theatres, crammed the Guénégaud to suffocation with *claquers*, and left the other empty. Twenty-eight thousand francs were expended on this unworthy artifice. It was impossible, however, that it could secure more than a temporary success for so inferior a production, and it was not long before the great superiority of Racine's tragedy was generally acknowledged and appreciated. But the extremely sensitive nature of the poet received such a shock from its temporary failure that he resolved to at once and forever renounce dramatic composition. Spleen begat piety, a very common parentage: he renounced the theatre and all its works, declared a conviction that all writers of plays and romances were poisoners of the human mind,* for which dictum he had

* So great an aversion did he pretend to have against

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only a few years previously insulted the whole society of Port-Royal — and announced his determination of turning Trappist to atone for the "poison" he had promulgated. The persuasions of his friends, however, succeeded in modifying these terrible resolves into a marriage with the daughter of a *bourgeois* of Amiens, a very estimable and devout young woman, whose intelligence was wholly absorbed in domestic virtues, and who never read a line of her husband's plays. He became the father of children, in whose presence such profane literature was never mentioned. Some people may discover a laudable penitence for youthful irregularities in such a course of action, but I can discover in it nothing beyond the morbid egotism of what was really a very small mind. "Although the applause I have received may have greatly flattered me, the least critique, however malicious it may have been, has always caused me more annoyance than all the praises have given me pleasure." Such was his confession to his son in after years, and it pictures the whole man: thousands might burn incense before him, but to see one stand aloof made the odor stink in his nostrils, and rendered him the most miserable of men. In considering, however, this sudden access of devotion, it is but just to remember the powerful influence exercised upon his youthful mind by his association with Port-Royal and the Arnaulds. The austere lessons of those ascetics seemed to have ever lingered in his mind, pricking his conscience occasionally for the possible sinfulness of his pursuits, and it only required some sudden shock, such as the cabal against "*Phèdre*," to develop this into a masterful sentiment.

In the year of the production of "*Phèdre*," he and Boileau were appointed historiographers to the king, and they accompanied his Majesty in one or two campaigns. Racine's lucubrations were destroyed in the burning of the Maison de Valincourt, at St. Cloud, in 1726. It may be presumed that history did not thereby sustain any considerable loss, as his contributions to it were doubtless little more than inflated panegyrics upon *le grand monarque*. He was admitted to great intimacy with the king, who loved to converse with him and hear him read, while he and De Montespan played cards. The "history" was the king's favorite subject, for none was so pleasant to him as his own eulogy. During an illness Louis had him to sleep in the next chamber to his, that he might be the more frequently with him. At different times he received in gratuities from the royal purse three thousand nine hundred louis; he had besides one or two posts which must have been tolerably lucrative, as we find him in comfortable circumstances throughout his life. The favor shown by royalty naturally secured him the intimacy of the great. Speaking to his son of his behavior towards his aristocratic friends, he said, "My talent is not to show them I have wit, but to teach them they have it. Thus when you see M. le Duc sometimes pass several hours with me you would be astonished if you were present to find him often go away without my having spoken four words, but I gradually put him in the humor to talk, and he departs much more satisfied with himself than with me." This is the utterance of a perfect courtier, and such he was.

Madame de Maintenon had founded the magnificent conventual establishment of St. Cyr for the education of young ladies. To exercise them in elocution the superior, Madame de Brinon, wrote dramatic pieces, but they were so execrably bad that Maintenon, to whom early associations had given a correct literary taste, was desirous of superseding them by something better. "*Andromaque*" was tried, but the demoiselles played the love-scenes so well that the royal prude took alarm and put a stop to further representations. She then bethought her of applying to Racine. She accordingly wrote requesting him to compose a dialogue from which all passionate expressions and all love should be banished, that she might convey moral instruction to her scholars under the guise of a pleasant amusement. Boileau urged him to decline, and he was disposed to take this advice, being fearful of compromising the reputation already secured. (We thought, Monsieur Racine, you had renounced all solicitude for such carnal things, regarding them as the offspring of sin?) But vanity got the better of prudence, and he set to work with an eagerness all the greater from long abstention from such pursuits. A few weeks afterwards, in 1689, twelve years after the production of "*Phèdre*," "*Esther*" was played at St. Cyr with great splendor. The success was immense. "There never was

his own productions that when, at the request of the king, he undertook to teach elocution to one of the princesses, he resigned the office because she proposed to recite some verses from "*Andromaque*." That this was affectation is proved by the alacrity with which he recommenced composition at the desire of Maintenon.

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anything like the anxiety of people to go to St. Cyr," says Madame de la Fayette. "Great and small ran after the piece, and what was intended as a *comédie de convent* became the most serious affair of the court. The ministers neglected the business of the State to pay court to the king by going to a performance of '*Esther*.'" Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter in terms of the most extravagant praise concerning it.

The assertion has been accepted by all writers upon Racine that "*Esther*" was intended to personify Madame de Maintenon; Vashti, Montespan; Aman, Louvois; Asuérus, the king; and that the edict for the destruction of the Jews symbolized the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

That Widow Scarron, the chaste companion of Ninon de l'Enclos, now at the charming age of fifty-nine, took such passages to herself as —

Je ne trouve qu'en vous de ne sais quelle grâce,
Qui me charme toujours et jamais ne me lasse;
De l'aimable vertu doux et puissants attraits,
Tout respire en Esther l'innocence et la paix:
Du chagrin le plus noir elle écarte les ombres.

And —

Dans un lieu séparé de profanes témoins,
Je mets à les former mon étude et mes soins;
Et c'est là que, fuyant l'orgueil du diadème,
Lasse de vains honneurs, et me cherchant moi-même,
Aux pieds de l'Eternel je viens m'humilier,
Et goûter le plaisir de me faire oublier.*

That people should perceive a reference to the fallen favorite De Montespan in —

Peut-être on t'a conté la fameuse disgrâce,
De l'altière Vashti, dont j'occupe la place,
Lorsque le roi, contre elle enflammé de dépits,
La chassa de son trône ainsi que de son lit.
Mais il ne fut sitôt en bannir la pensée:
Vashti régna longtemps sur son âme offensée,†

was but natural, and such gross flattery was perfectly in accordance with Racine's character. But Louis XIV. would not have cared to be compared to Asuérus, and no man would certainly have dared to personify the all-powerful and despotic Louvois under such guise as that of Aman. But most absurd of all was it to suppose that this morbidly sensitive poet, who shrank from the lightest breath of censure, who died of a loss of favor, would have dared to so openly beard Louis and his minister upon the persecution of the Protestants; or that he, a rigid and devout Catholic, would have symbolized heretics under the name of the chosen people of God, when Fénelon and Arnauld were in disgrace for a very mild protest against bigotry. Again, would it not have been the severest of satires to represent Esther (De Maintenon) of the race, pleading for them, saving them, when she was one of the most bitter of the persecutors? The French, so quick to perceive real or imaginary coincidences, doubtless fancied they read such things between the lines, but it was only fancy, for Racine would no more have ventured upon such temerity than he would upon assaulting the royal person. He learned thereafter how severely Louis resented the lightest remonstrance; such audacity as this would have consigned him to the Bastille. He chose the subject as one best adapted for the purpose required, without any thought, probably, of its peculiar application, and no doubt took very good care to assure royalty of the fact, or it would not have witnessed its castigation by proxy with so much complacency.

A triumph so complete once more aroused all the poet's eager vanity and thirst for fame, and, selecting a second Scriptural subject, he wrote "*Athalie*." But in the mean time the Tartuffes had been raising voice and pen against the late theatrical representations at St. Cyr as calculated to instil a love of carnal splendor and amusement in the minds of the pupils; as well as upon the indecorousness of their appearing upon a stage; so "*Athalie*" was performed only privately in the king's apartments at Versailles, without stage or costume. Some time afterwards, however, it was acted by the ladies and gentlemen of the court with great magnificence. Although an infinitely superior work, it was far from rivalling the success of "*Esther*;" indeed, it was received but coldly, and as its production upon the public stage was strictly forbidden, it soon fell into oblivion.

The following curious anecdote is related concerning the resuscitation of this work. Two years after Racine's death a number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled at

* "In you alone I find an indescribable grace which ever charms and never wearies me — the soft and powerful features of gentle virtue — all in Esther breathes innocence and peace; of the darkest sorrows she dispels the shadows." "In a place apart from profane eyes my study and care is to train them, and it is there, flying the pride of the diadem, weary of vain honors, studying myself, I come to humble me at the feet of the Eternal, and taste the pleasure of oblivion."

This last passage, it is scarcely necessary to remark, refers to St. Cyr.

† "Perhaps you have been told the famous disgrace of the haughty Vashti, whose place I occupy, when the king, inflamed with wrath against her, drove her from his throne and bed, *but he could not so soon banish her from his thoughts. Vashti long reigned in his offended heart.*" The italicized lines are especially applicable.

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a country house near Paris. One evening they were playing a game at forfeits, and the penalty inflicted upon one young man was to read an act of "*Athalie*." The book was given him, and he was shut up in a cabinet to perform his penance. Some time elapsed, and they were astonished to find he did not return; one of the party going to seek him found him still deeply engaged upon the book; he had read it through once and had just recommenced it, and so enthusiastic was he in his praises that everybody's curiosity was aroused; they begged him to read them some of the scenes, and soon the auditors became as delighted as the reader. The story soon spread all over Paris, and every one became eager to peruse this unknown book; it was reproduced at court, the nobility sustaining all the parts except that of the high priest, which was represented by Baron; a complete reaction set in, and everybody became as enthusiastic over the play as they had recently been indifferent. It was not, however, until the time of the regency, placed upon the public stage, when a child-king being upon the throne imparted a great significance to the character of Joas, and greatly helped the success of the representation.

Disgusted at the failure, Racine laid down his pen in a new fit of spleen, and never raised it again, except to write four canticles for St. Cyr. About the same time a Jesuit master of the College of Louis le Grand furiously attacked his tragedies, saying their author was neither a Christian nor a poet. Boileau immediately took up the cudgels for his friend, who, however, far from resenting the attack, wrote his traducer a very mild letter, in which he said: —

> For a long time God has been graciously pleased to render me insensible to all that can be said of them [his tragedies] either in praise or blame; and I occupy myself only in thinking what excuse I can afford him for having so misspent my time. I beg you, therefore, to tell the Père Bonhoms and all other Jesuits of your acquaintance, that far from being incensed against the professor who has censured my dramatic works, I am rather inclined to thank him for having, while preaching such good moral doctrines in his school, given occasion to a member of his order to evince so much attachment to my interests. Were the offence far greater I should forget it as easily in favor of the great number of reverend fathers who lay claim to my esteem and respect, and above all in favor of the Père la Chaise, who every day confers upon me some fresh act of kindness, and to whom I would sacrifice the resentment of far greater wrongs.

I quote this passage as a sample of Racine's hypocrisy and courtier-like obsequiousness. As we have seen by his own confession, he writhed beneath the slightest touch of criticism, and would break with his best friend for one word of disapproval. During the representation of "*Esther*," one of the young ladies forgot, only for an instant, a line of her part. "Ah, you have ruined my play!" he cried out from the side in such a tone that she burst into tears — a proof that time had not dulled this susceptibility. But the outward show of piety was the court fashion at that time; and Père la Chaise, the royal confessor, and the Jesuits were omnipotent. Such a little bit of mock humility — the poet dated the letter from Versailles — would be sure to win the favor of Maintenon.

If we required a further proof of the heartless hypocrisy of the man, it would be rendered in the following passage from a letter to his son (1698), in which he speaks of the approaching death of his old *chère amie*, Champsmelée.

> M. de Rost informs me that Champsmelée is at the point of death, and he seems quite unhappy about it. The most afflicting part of the affair, and that which he does not appear to take into account, is the obstinacy evinced by this poor unfortunate creature in her constant refusal to leave the stage. She has declared, I am told, that she considers it very glorious to die an actress, as she has lived. It is to be hoped she may change like so many others when the awful moment arrives.

Racine was in all things a representative man, an epitome of his age — what that age was like we have endeavored to depict in a previous article. I know not if the daring, undisguised vice of the regency was not preferable to this show of whited sepulchres; it was minus one sin at least — hypocrisy.

We have now arrived at the period of his disgrace, of which there are three different accounts: one author, I think it is Voltaire, ascribes it to his Jansenist tendencies; but Racine had been a Port-Royalist all his life, and was thoroughly recognized as such. Louis Racine, his son, gives the following account: —

> Madame de Maintenon, when privately conversing with him one day upon the misery of the people caused by the desolating war then raging, was so pleased by the justness of his remarks, that she requested him to set down his opinions upon the subject in writing. Receiving from her a promise of secrecy, he consented to do so, and shortly afterwards placed a treatise in her hands which contained some

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severe strictures upon the condition of the country and the continuation of the war. While she was reading it the king entered and took it from her hand; he insisted upon knowing the name of the author, and after a faint resistance, spite of the pledge she had given, she revealed it. His face darkened. "Because he knows how to make verses perfectly," he said, "does he suppose he knows everything? and because he is a great poet, does he wish to be a minister of state?"* Some time afterwards he ventured to solicit by letter some small favor from the king; it was refused. So deeply did his disgrace prey upon his morbidly sensitive nature that it threw him into a fever, and so aggravated an old disease from which he had been long suffering as to cause his death.

St. Simon ascribes his death to a circumstance which Louis Racine relates very similarly as an anecdote of Boileau. But the authority of that young gentleman, who would have us believe his father to have been the greatest and most immaculate of men, is far from unimpeachable. This is what St. Simon says: —

It sometimes happened that the king had no ministers with him, as on Fridays, and, above all, when the bad weather in winter rendered the sittings very long; then he would send for Racine to amuse him and Madame de Maintenon. Unfortunately the poet was frequently very absent. It happened one evening that, talking with Racine about the theatre, the king asked him why comedy was so much out of fashion. Racine gave several reasons, and concluded by naming the principal — namely, that for want of new pieces the comedians gave old ones, and, amongst others, those of Scarron, which were worth nothing and found no favor with any one. At this the poor widow blushed, not for the reputation of the cripple attacked, but at hearing his name uttered in the presence of his successor! The king was also embarrassed, and the unhappy Racine by the silence that followed felt what a slip he had made. He remained the most confounded of the three, without daring to raise his eyes or to open his mouth. The silence did not terminate for several minutes, so heavy and profound was the surprise. The end was that the king sent away Racine, saying he was going to work. The poet never afterwards recovered his position. Neither the king nor Madame de Maintenon ever spoke to him again or even looked at him; and he conceived so much sorrow at this, that he fell into a languor and died two years afterwards.

Both these accounts are discreditable to Madame de Maintenon. If the son's be correct, it is another instance of that stony selfishness, unredeemed by one generous or even just instinct, which characterized that repulsive woman, at least in her later years. It was she who had led him into disgrace under a pledge she infamously disregarded, therefore it was obviously her duty to save him from the consequences of his indiscretion; but we do not hear of any acknowledgment of her own culpability or even of one word of intercession with his offended master.

But whatever might have been the cause, his disgrace terribly preyed upon the poet's mind, and probably hastened his death. One day, while in his study, he was attacked by such severe pains in the head that he was obliged to be put to bed. He never again left his chamber. Yet his illness was a long and painful one, the result of an abscess in the liver. His parting with Boileau was the most touching incident of his life. When he bade adieu to this old and true friend he raised himself upon his pillow, and, throwing his arms round him, said, "I look upon it as a great blessing for me to have died before you." An operation was performed upon him, but he expired three days afterwards, on the 21st of April 1699, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He stipulated in his will that he should be buried at Port-Royal. "Ah," remarked a courtier, "he would not have dared to express such a wish in his lifetime!" The king settled a pension of two thousand livres on his widow and children, but expressed no word of regret at his loss. Upon Boileau's informing him that the poet had displayed much courage and fortitude upon his deathbed he replied cynically, "I was told as much, and was greatly surprised at it."

Such was Jean Racine, courtier and poet, and more of the former than of the latter; for, like our own Congreve, he preferred to be known as a man of *haut ton* rather than as a man of genius.

* Can we believe after this that Louis would strain at such a gnat and yet swallow such a camel as the supposed allusions in "*Esther*"?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A NEW METHOD OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

COMPELLED by an inexorable destiny to wander over the earth's surface, I have ever found myself sharing, to an intense degree, in the aspirations of my fellow-creatures to develop into new and higher conditions, and, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, have not hesitated to offer them freely such counsel and advice as my vivid imagination and extended experience might suggest. Hitherto I must confess that my efforts have been utterly

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unavailing; but far from being discouraged, I feel constrained to present to a young and rising nation — destined, according to the great Liberal prophet of Great Britain, at no distant date to eclipse the glory and absorb the wealth of our own island realm — a scheme which my recent observations of their tendencies and desires has led me to elaborate; in the hope that its merits will at once be recognized, and that, if they are unable to adopt it in its entirety, they will derive some hints which may prove of real and substantial benefit. It is only natural that, however cosmopolitan the sympathies of an Englishman may be, they should turn most readily to his American cousins; and that, finding himself a prophet without honor in his own country — where people are far too well satisfied with their own opinions, and with the conditions which surround them, to think they need assistance from anybody — he should appeal to that more receptive, progressive, and enlightened branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, where new ideas are eagerly entertained, new tendencies are rapidly developed, new desires constantly expressed, old problems solved, and time-worn habits of thought discarded. To this fresh and promising community, then, I address myself, in the conviction that nothing I can suggest will startle them, and that what may seem to the bigoted and intolerant mind of old-fashioned society absurd or impracticable, will commend itself to so enterprising and vigorous a race as a simple and sensible scheme of social evolution. It is even possible that the stolid intellect of Europe, unable to discriminate between jest and earnest, may regard it as a feeble attempt at satire. Such an insinuation I pass by with contempt. I have never met an American who could deny that, while firmly maintaining that the theory was sound which, in the beautiful language of the Constitution, proclaims that all men were born equal, he was conscious practically that, physically, morally, and intellectually, men are born extremely unequal. In fact, in no country have I ever met a man of any race who did not feel he was very unequal. The same idea is clearly entertained by the higher class of monkeys, and may be observed manifesting itself, in a greater or less degree, throughout the animal kingdom; and it would not be difficult for eminent scientific men to prove that it must even, in a modified form, descend to the oyster. I may here remark incidentally, that I do not think the attention of naturalists has been sufficiently directed to psychological evidences of this kind, by which, apart from all material proof whatever, the ascent of man from the lowest forms of animal life may be clearly traced. I regret I have no time to enter upon this subject more fully here; but it has been necessary to allude to it, because, while the "instinct of inequality" forms the basis of the glorious modern theory in regard to the origin of the human race, it is also the basis upon which my new method of social evolution is constructed. In a word, to make my meaning more clear, as the "instinct of inequality" must be the foundation of the instinct of evolution, without this instinct in the oyster it would never have been possible for the "fittest" to survive and evolve. Evidently it is the result of an aspiration on the part of the oyster to rise above its inferior or "unequal" condition. To use a social rather than a scientific term, it is manifest that we owe our development to the innate snobbishness of the oyster. The theory of evolution, reduced to its social expression, is therefore the theory of snobbishness; and it is from this principle — the grandest, the noblest, and the most powerful that has been implanted in the human breast — that we derive our origin; it is through its mighty influence that we maintain our existence; and it is upon its "latent potencies" that we base our hopes for the future. Implanted more strongly in the Anglo-Saxon race than in any other people on the face of the globe, it has carried the British nation to the pinnacle of greatness and prosperity which it now occupies, though the sentiment is evidently weakening of late under the deleterious influence of a prominent leader in the Liberal party; but it is developing a majesty in the United States which should cause a thrill of pride in the breast of every Englishman when he recognizes how worthy the people of America are proving themselves of the noble heritage they have received from the mother country. Never yet have they thoroughly realized how much they owed to those Pilgrim Fathers, whose hearts throbbing and veins palpitating with the life-sustaining, "naturally selecting" principle of snobbishness, selected, in obedience to its promptings, a noble and virgin continent, upon which their descendants might evolve into social conditions denied to them in their own country. It is to this principle I now wish to appeal, for the purpose of directing it, if possible, to a practical object.

Innumerable evidences confirm my conviction, that no matter what a Constitution,

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drawn up to meet exigencies which have passed away, may say politically, socially the principle of equality is doomed in America. In all the larger cities there is a class which openly calls itself, and is openly called by others, the aristocracy; and the more modern members of it are endeavoring as much as possible to adopt the manners and customs of aristocracies in other countries, to contract matrimonial alliances with them, and to bow down before them. They put their servants into livery; emblazon the panels of their carriages with heraldic devices, in which coronets and other insignia of nobility and even of royalty may often be detected. Some have purchased property abroad, and call themselves by its well-sounding foreign name; others have adopted the names of noble families; and some have even gone so far as to assume foreign titles, which they use when abroad, and with the crests and armorial bearings of which, even at home, they stamp their note-paper and decorate their dinner *menus*. The demand has become so extended in this direction, that two heralds' offices have actually been opened in a fashionable part of New York to meet it, where coats of arms, crests, and mottoes may be obtained to sit the name, taste, rank, and pedigree of the purchaser. A directory, called the "Elite Directory," bound in purple leather, with gilt edges, has been published; and not long ago a newspaper was started in Chicago, called the *Imperialist*, advocating the formation of an aristocracy, and suggesting names for titles which should be adopted. As far back as two hundred years ago, so great a philosopher as John Locke recognized this latent tendency in the constitution which he drew up for the royal colony of South Carolina, one of the provisions of which established a House of Peers, composed of three orders of nobility, severally entitled landgraves, palatines, and caciques — the landgraves to rank with English earls, the palatines with English viscounts, and the caciques with English barons. This lasted for three or four years, and the last landgraviate family has only become extinct in our own times. This spirit, as I have shown, still descends, as it ought, with even greater force to our own day, and through all classes, so that every one who can, however remotely or obscurely, lay claim to any military, political, or judicial title is proud to be addressed by it; while his fellow-citizens meet his wishes in this respect as liberally as possible. Thus even porters and cabmen are called gentlemen, and laundresses and shopwomen, wash-ladies and sales-ladies. In the same manner, though orders are not permitted in the United States, the men and officers of the militia regiments decorate their breasts with Freemason, Oddfellow, Knight-Templar, Fenian, and other badges, which present a truly martial appearance, and give the wearer an air of having seen much service.

The Congress of the United States, recognizing this upward tendency on the part of the American soldier, passed a special act after the close of the civil war, authorizing all the field-officers of the army of the Union, honorably mustered out of service, to claim the title and wear the uniform of their rank — a privilege which, as the courts of Europe are well aware, has not been left to slumber by such American diplomatists as have been entitled to it.

I have felt both encouraged and edified by the spectacle of General Grant, the late president of the United States, and his entire family, manifesting in a marked degree an abundant instinct of inequality. The sternness with which he insists upon social precedence, to which he can lay no claim, being accorded to him — the grace with which he accepts the homage of those whom he considers his social inferiors — the ease with which he adapts himself to the habits and customs of the aristocracy of each country he visits, with a proud consciousness that it is the class to which he instinctively belongs — the quick recognition by that class that he is entitled to take his place among them as one of nature's "fittest," and to look down, as they do, upon those whom she has not "naturally selected" for social eminence — the gratification of his own countrymen at the honors which have been showered upon this early but magnificent promise of their future aristocracy, — all this, I say, is eminently encouraging, but it only proves how imperative the necessity has become for constructing a social system which shall place matters on an assured basis, and deprive carpers and sceptics of an excuse to taunt those whose irrepressible social ambitions prompt them to assume prerogatives which may not yet legally belong to them, but which, in obedience to the dictates of the great principle to which they owe their origin, they feel compelled to appropriate. What, for instance, could be more unseemly on the part of his own countrymen, than to pick flaws in the title of Brigadier-General Badeau, "A.D.C. in the suite," or to criticise the magnificent decorations and orders

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with which he adorned his uniform? Why should such meritorious efforts at evolution be sneered at in the case of this distinguished officer, when they are universally commended on the part of the oyster? Truly has it been remarked, that scientific men are as illogical as theologians. Go onwards and upwards, then, on the bright and glorious road that leads to social eminence, Grant, Badeau, Pierrepont, worthy representatives of the noble race from which you have sprung; be not checked by the scoffings of the low-born and envious in your aspirations after precedence, decorations, and pedigree; the time will come when all men will recognize in you, and others who are even now following your example, the pioneers of a new and mighty social development, whose benign and mellowing influence will ultimately extend, if it has not already reached, to the gulches and cañons of California.

It being clear, then, that without social ambition there can be no social evolution — and it being abundantly evident, from the illustrations I have adduced, that the sentiment of social ambition has of late years been acquiring overwhelming and uncontrollable force in the American breast — it follows that the moment is ripe for a specific direction to be imparted to it. Unless this is done, there is a danger of a catastrophic period, accompanied by social and political shocks, which may cause great disaster and even loss of life; whereas, if my plan is followed, there will be no more difficulty in transforming a democracy into an aristocracy than there was in changing a monkey into a man. It will be a smooth, easy, and natural process, very similar to that of rubbing off your tail. What, in fact, are the poor, the low-born, and the uneducated of society, but its tail? Very well, then, if you want to evolve, you must rub it off. Nothing can be more self-evident than that; the question is how to do it without producing irritation. It is inherent to the process of transformation that it is rather painful; no amount of salves or caustics can prevent this; the problem is to have as little soreness as possible. Now it is natural that any attempt to form a new *couche sociale* will leave the class that is left out very sore; therefore it will be necessary to discover a salve which may allay the irritation. The salve I propose is a political one. What do American aristocrats want to do with politics? Absolutely nothing! They won't dirty their fingers with politics even now; how much less should they do so when they are the possessors of real titles! In all old aristocratic European countries the aristocracy is a part of the political machinery, hence it is constantly brought into unpleasant collision with the masses, and is more or less unpopular, while it holds its position by a precarious tenure. Now in America it would be quite different. Here I propose to construct, in the first instance, a purely social aristocracy, having no special political rights or privileges: what need they care about political recognition at Washington, if they are recognized socially by all the crowned heads of Europe? In fact, it might be advisable that one of their rules should preclude any member of Congress or politician from belonging to their order, though this might be relaxed in favor of ex-presidents and ex-ministers to foreign courts, who could give satisfactory proofs of their having achieved great social success, and manifested a profound contempt for the politics of their own country. This entire exclusion from the arena of politics, while a necessary measure in initiating the order of aristocracy in America, would of necessity only be temporary. The irresistible forces at work would finally, as will appear later, sweep away all obstructions raised by the democracy to the overwhelming development of the aristocracy in every department of life, political and financial as well as social; but the merit of the process consists in the fact that it would be entirely unaccompanied by any open or active effort on their part. Thus beautifully do the forces of nature do their work when they are properly directed.

It is well known to scientific men that the most dangerous and disagreeable moment in the process of evolution is the first; *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* It is then that the animal first feels those well-known curious shooting pains; and though they are accompanied by a certain feeling of gratification arising from the proof they convey to his mind that he has been a specimen selected for the purpose on account of his fitness, still we have the most distinct testimony to the fact that the creature is often in great doubt at this crisis whether "the game is worth the candle." Whatever scoffers may say to the contrary, there is nothing more clearly established than this — so much so that many animals can be proved to have shown hesitation in the early stages of the process. The *Ornithorhyncus paradoxus*, or duck-bill platypus, is an illustration of this; and the minute observation by naturalists of the mental structure of the aye-aye of Madagascar, proves clearly that

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had it not been for an hereditary tendency to vacillation in that animal, he would now have been a perfect ape, instead of being obliged to take refuge in the length of his finger-nails. Many other animals in the same way have thus stuck in the middle, and through a certain feebleness of aspiration have been unable to advance, while a retreat to their former condition, where they were much more comfortable, is cut off from them; for it is also established beyond a question that, however much you may desire it, you cannot evolve backwards. The same rules hold good morally which hold good physically. Indeed it is clear that this must be so, as recent investigations by scientific men make it absolutely certain that mind is fluent or gaseous matter, and that matter is condensed and solidified mind. From which it follows that it is not impossible that while the social evolution I am about to suggest is in progress, certain physical modifications may occur simultaneously. These, as I have remarked, may be accompanied by shooting pains in the regions about to undergo change. This change will necessarily be in accordance with the dominant social aspiration, and therefore aristocratic in character: thus the nostrils will become thinner, and more pink and distended; the ears smaller and more delicately lobed; the eyebrows more perfectly arched; defective features will be modified so as to assume a more lofty and classical type, hands and feet diminished in size, and changes of form imparting greater elegance and elasticity to the frame will occur. Perhaps I may seem too bold in saying all this *will* occur. At the same time, we have a long train of uninterrupted testimony to prove that if nature be consistent with herself they *must* occur, therefore I feel bound to give this warning to my sympathetic reader; but I do not imagine that the prospect of such a contingency, even though it may be painful, will check his noble ardor to rise. Still, I would suggest, as a preliminary measure, that several secret conferences be held among those who, after reading this essay, feel instinctively drawn together by a common appreciation of the truth, and of the sagacity and research by which it is inspired. These will be the *élite*, the very *crême de la crême* of society. The majority, unable to detect profound wisdom in a form which appeals most exclusively to the trained mind of science, and prejudiced against it by their religious bigotry, will turn it to ridicule; but it is not those I seek to reach. The "fittest" will at once respond; and it is by them that this great movement will be inaugurated. They will "select" with an unerring instinct those who should, in the first instance, receive titles. They will, in fact, be intuitively prompted by nature as to the selection; from the "Blue Blood" of Philadelphia, from the "Culture" of Boston (Beacon Street), from the "F. F. V." (first families of Virginia); from Canal Street, in New Orleans (right-hand side); from the descendants of the great Patroons of New Amsterdam, the Knickerbockers of New York, and the dwellers in Second Avenue; from all that is ancient, sacred, cherished, and aspiring in the suppressed aristocracy of the land — will come the response of the "fittest." They will then form themselves into a secret society — for no profane or vulgar eye may dare to penetrate into the early throes of this period of gestation; but one of their first acts must be to collect funds among themselves for the purchase of titles. As a general thing, it will be found preferable that each man purchase his own title; but there may be cases where it would be advisable to assist him to do so. These may be procured from the republics of San Marino and Andorre, from the prince of Monaco, and from the five Counts Palatine of the Holy Roman Empire, at rates corresponding to the various degrees of impecuniosity of those who are entitled to confer them. The pope, and several of the small German princes, and various governments of Europe, will bestow them for other services besides those which are purely pecuniary; nor will it be impossible for distinguished American families to prove their noble descent sufficiently to the satisfaction of certain foreign powers to warrant their being acknowledged as rightful possessors of titles which they may claim by inheritance. We all know that the representatives of more than one British noble family are now simple citizens of the United States. All this would be remedied by the scheme which I propose. After a certain number of titles had thus been confidentially secured, the right should be obtained by the American order, as soon as it was properly constituted, of conferring them. This may be accomplished in the same way as the transmission of the power of the ordination of bishops depends upon the validity of the source from which it is derived. This power could not properly be contested if it was obtained from the pope; and it is not unlikely that Leo XIII. will ere long find himself so much in need of support that

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he would be glad to conciliate a young and powerful aristocracy by granting them this privilege. When this has been secured, and the order numbers two hundred members, it will formally constitute itself in secret session, and organize the four fundamental institutions upon which its greatness and power will finally depend. These are the two "Colleges of the Order," the "Syndicate of the Order," and the "Tribunal of the Order." The colleges of the order will consist of the "Heralds' College" and the "Electoral College." The Heralds' College will be composed of such members of the order as, according to rules which will necessarily be framed for the guidance of the order, shall be duly qualified. The functions of the Heralds' College will be to supervise all matters connected with armorial bearings, pedigrees, orders of precedence, etc., etc.; it will report upon alliances which it is desirable should be promoted with the members of foreign aristocratic families, and decide upon the titles which, in the interest of the order, new members should assume. In all matters of taste the Heralds' College should reign supreme. Thus, for instance, any one attaining the rank of marquis, and desiring to call himself the Marquis of Mauch Chunk, would be compelled to abide by the veto of the college, if that body, as is most probable, refused, on æsthetic grounds, its assent to the title. It would probably be found convenient that a list of titles, composed chiefly of sonorous and high-sounding names, such as Narragansett, Tuscarora, Onondaga, and Ashtabula, should be kept at the Heralds' College for new members to choose from. The elaboration of the rules and regulations, the code of etiquette in matters of dress, of forms of salutation, and of styles of address in official and private correspondence, will fall into the Heralds' College department. The slovenly manners of the present day, even in old aristocratic countries, are an evidence how much a supervision of this kind is needed; and we have the universal testimony of travellers to the fact, that nowhere is there a race more formed by nature to inaugurate a movement of this sort, than the younger branch of the Anglo-Saxon family; their polite consideration of the fair sex in cars and omnibuses, and other places of public resort, and their chivalrous instincts in matters of single combat, especially in the South, are sufficient evidence that a code of honor might be revived under the auspices of the Heralds' College, to which all Europe would speedily be compelled to conform.

The functions of the Electoral College are more simple: it would be composed only of the oldest and most trusted members of the nobility, whose business it would be to discuss the eligibility, and vote upon the admission, of new members. As the stability and dignity of the order must mainly depend upon the characters of the men who compose it, it is manifest that the functions of the Electoral College are of the utmost importance. This body alone will be vested with the papal authority to confer titles to which I have already alluded.

The "Syndicate of the Order" is, in other words, its financial committee. As the power and influence of every aristocracy in every country must depend rather upon its wealth than anything else, and as land is too common in the New World to add very much to the social position or dignity of its possessor, it is of the first importance that every member of the aristocracy should not only be enormously rich, but that his money should be well and safely invested. As, however, it would be beneath the dignity of a nobleman personally to attend to money matters, or to be engaged in any other business than that connected with the chivalric pursuits of the order, provision for the acquiring and preserving his wealth has to be made otherwise. I may here say that members of the aristocracy will be allowed by the rules of the order, as laid down in the Heralds' College, to enter the army, the navy, and the Church, — the art of first killing people and then saving their souls being one in which all aristocracies have ever been proficient. At the same time, it would be beneath the dignity of an aristocrat to enter any denomination for the latter purpose, unless there was a good prospect of his being able to minister to the spiritual welfare of souls in the capacity of a bishop. In all matters, whether they be connected with people's souls or bodies, the dignity of his order must be his first consideration. Therefore, while he may be in the army or navy, and receive pay without loss of dignity — for he receives it from the government, and not from any one individual; and the function of personal combat is a noble one — under no circumstances could he be a doctor, for he would then have to receive pay from an individual, and the function of saving life for pay has ever been considered by all orders of aristocrats as ignoble. It is not the same with the Church, for here, as I have said, he may rise to a position of great authority and dignity, and he receives his pay not from an individual,

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but from masses of individuals collectively. Nevertheless, it is not likely that many members of the order will adopt this calling, nor is it desirable that they should. No objection exists to their engaging in artistic, literary, or scientific pursuits, provided they are not paid for their labors. In order, then, that their riches may continually increase without any effort on their part, the Syndicate of the Order becomes necessary. Its composition is peculiar. In former times, as is well known, the buffoon and the domestic chaplain played an important part in the establishment of every great noble. It has, for obvious reasons, been found no longer necessary to keep private buffoons, and even domestic chaplains are rare; but I would suggest, for reasons which I will presently explain, that the latter should form part of every American nobleman's establishment, while I propose to substitute for the private buffoon an individual whom I will call the "private money-grub." Strange as it may seem, the principal operators on the Stock Exchange, the directors and controllers of the railway, telegraph, and steamship lines of the country, the presidents of banks and insurance companies, the leading merchants, the magnates of finance, in fact, would all eagerly seek the position of private money-grubs, for it would be the only avenue through which they could hope ultimately to become themselves ennobled. The private money-grub, after being allowed by the Syndicate enough to live upon, would have his earnings divided into two equal parts. Half would go to the nobleman to whose household he was attached; the other half would be laid by for his own benefit, until it reached the amount necessary to qualify him to be a candidate for the honors of nobility. By this ingenious method it is plain, that while the aristocracy keep themselves removed from the defiling touch of commerce and business generally, they would indirectly exercise a most powerful influence over the finance of the nation.

In addition to the money-grub and the domestic chaplain, there would also be attached to every noble family the "family counsel." The three would form a triumvirate essential to the maintenance and well-being of every nobleman's establishment above a certain rank, and would serve as checks upon one another. Thus the domestic chaplain might advise the money-grub that a certain financial proceeding was morally right, when it might be necessary for the family counsel, who knew the law, to show that it involved legal penalties; or, on the other hand, the counsel might advise a course which was legally safe, which the domestic chaplain might show to be attended with moral difficulties. Here the money-grub in his turn would operate as a check on the chaplain, as he would be empowered to reduce the salary of the latter just in proportion as he raised any such difficulties; while both counsel and chaplain would have an interest in seeing that the money-grub did not cheat his noble master, as their only chance of reaching the lower ranks of the nobility would depend upon the fidelity with which they performed this service. By this simple and beautiful system, money would be made under the sanction alike of the law and of the Church, and fraud be rendered impossible. It is needless to remark that, as in many cases the family counsel would occupy the position of judge, the rights and private interests of the aristocracy would be assured in the event of any attempt to attack them by legal proceedings on the part of the democracy.

The Syndicate of the Order, then, would be composed of a certain number of leading money-grubs, of eminent family counsel, and, for the purpose of inspiring confidence, of a small sprinkling of such domestic chaplains as were loudest in their professions of personal piety, and most celebrated for their theological proficiency. These members of the Syndicate would, while preserving each nobleman's fortune independent, act with a certain harmony and concert, and, by skilful combinations, would easily be able to defeat the schemes of the financial democracy, who, as a rule, are treacherous in their combined operations, and live by plundering and cheating each other. A certain proportion of the fortune of each nobleman would nevertheless be placed in a common fund, to be used for purposes common to the interests of the order — such as the building of clubs, churches, or theatres, which should be frequented exclusively by the members of the aristocracy and the untitled friends whom they might admit to such privileges. Another part of this fund, to be called the "dower fund," would be devoted exclusively to the providing of portions or *dots* for such daughters of noblemen as it was thought desirable, for the due propagation and maintenance of the order, should contract alliances with the foreign noblemen, who, being almost always mercenary, require as a first condition suitable marriage settlements. These would of course be graduated according to the beauty of the young lady, the rank of the proposed bridegroom, and the advantages in point

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of connection and influence which he had to offer. Such questions would not, however, fall within the province of the Syndicate, who would simply have to provide the money, but of the Heralds' College, without whose concurrence and approval no marriages among the aristocracy, either at home or abroad, could be contracted. This is necessary for purposes of physical evolution, as it is of the utmost importance, in order to produce the highest organic results, that the strain of blood should be kept pure. The neglect of this simple precaution must inevitably prevent any further development on the part of existing aristocracies, who will thus remain in an imperfect and rudimentary condition, and finally occupy very much the same relation to the aristocracy of America that the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Bosjesmen of south Africa, or the aboriginal natives of Australia do to the Caucasian race. I have taken the trouble to make calculations, based upon the analogy of similar changes in the past, about which no doubt or mistake is possible, and I find that upwards of two million seven hundred and fifty thousand years must elapse before this contrast will exist to the marked extent I have described; the change, however, will be watched with the greatest care and precision by scientific men, who will all ultimately themselves be compelled, in order to escape this fate, to become American noblemen.

I have been led into this slight digression in order to show how grand and inspiring is the mission which the aristocracy of the New World has before it. It is needless to say that it will be aided in its development by the peculiarly favorable conditions, both of soil and climate, which are special to the western hemisphere. While the nations of Europe, in obedience to those sanguinary instincts which prove their close connection with the *feræ naturæ* from which they are descended, are engaged in a fierce and bloody struggle, from which it is very doubtful whether the fittest will survive, the American aristocracy will be peacefully and intelligently improving its breed. Carefully avoiding, under the direction of their domestic chaplains, any differences of opinion on matters of theology, which can in no way advance the interests of the order, they will not feel disposed to commit "atrocities" on Christian principles, or otherwise check the physical progress of the race, out of regard for its spiritual welfare.

We now come to the fourth and last institution, the "Tribunal of the Order." This will be composed of the most eminent and learned noblemen duly elected, together with a few family counsel who are most eligible for promotion. It will constitute a sort of court of appeal from the Heralds' College. Before it will be tried the cases of all such noblemen as have infringed the laws of the order, by assuming honors to which they are not entitled; treating with indifference the rules of etiquette; conducting themselves in private life, or in their intercourse with the democracy, in a manner unbecoming their dignity; marrying or giving in marriage in disregard to the veto of the Heralds' College, — and so forth. It will be a court of reference and arbitration in all cases of dispute between members of the order; and it will try money-grubs, family counsels, or domestic chaplains, who may have proved unfaithful to their trust. There will be a scale of pains and penalties inflicted proportionate to the offence committed, the most severe of which will be expulsion from the order, with deprivation of rank, and excommunication from all social intercourse whatever. Under no circumstances will noblemen be permitted to bring lawsuits against each other before the established judicatory of the country. This is partly because it would not comport with their dignity to do so, and partly because the judges, being elected by the democracy, and being themselves plebeian, would, except in the case of a family counsel happening to be a judge, decide upon democratic principles, which, as a rule, do not further the ends of justice. The Tribunal of the Order would therefore, in serious cases, have recourse to the far safer, more enlightened, and more expeditious method of trial by single combat before a jury of peers, according to the rules thereunto provided.

From all this it will be seen that the nobles, while refraining from pursuits involving the acquisition of wealth, or from in any way mixing with the common herd, will be by no means an idle class. Besides indulging in horse-racing, yachting, coaching, hunting, and other manly sports, they will have three professions open to them in addition to the domain of art, science, and literature; besides which, the two colleges and tribunal will give ample serious occupation to such of their members as have the privilege of belonging to these bodies. It is desirable that they should travel extensively, and spend much of their time in social intercourse with the aristocracies of other countries. They will probably find life in the country houses of the British aristocracy especially congenial to their tastes. Here they will be well re-

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ceived, and there will be no objection in point of taste or etiquette to their protracting such visits indefinitely. It would be considered a duty and a privilege in England to entertain the nobility of America — a hospitality which the latter could return by restoring the fortunes of many poor and decaying families of the British aristocracy, by bestowing upon the eldest sons well-portioned daughters. Having no extensive landed possessions, they would probably not have castles in the country in which to receive their noble guests, should they return their visits; but this could be arranged by a system of palatial hotels, such as already exist in the country. These would be five stories high, corresponding to the ranks of nobility — dukes being accommodated on the first floor, marquises on the second, and so on.

It is probable that the identity of race, language, and religion would create a far closer sympathy and alliance between the aristocracies of England and America than between those of any other countries; and they could in many ways be mutually beneficial to each other. The degrading tendency which now characterizes the British nobility of entering into all kinds of commercial pursuits might thus be checked. Instead of going into the city, and eking out a precarious and not very reputable livelihood as a guinea-pig on the boards of questionable companies, the impecunious scion of aristocracy would be ashamed to degrade an order, the American branch of which was setting an example of purity, dignity, and the highest sentiments of honor. Indeed it is highly probable that numbers of the cadets of noble families in England, finding that the American nobility offered advantages which their own did not, would apply for admission into its ranks. Such cases would come under the rules laid down in the Heralds' College, regulating the admission of applicants from foreign aristocracies.

These rules would be very strict in all matters of pedigree and antiquity of title; thus no British aristocrat, whose creation did not date back beyond the first settlement of America, would be eligible. No members of any French family ennobled since the Revolution of 1789 need apply. Austrian candidates must all prove their sixteen quarterings, and so on. Nor would this rule be relaxed in favor of royal or ex-royal families. While the Hapsburgs, Bourbons, Guelphs, Hohenzollerns, and even Romanoffs, would be eligible, the Bernadottes of Sweden and all the Bonaparte family, including the Prince Imperial, would be excluded. One must draw the line somewhere.

I have said that when the order numbered two hundred, it was in a position to constitute itself secretly. When it had organized its four institutions, formulated its rules, and completed its social structure in every respect, the moment would have arrived when it would be its duty openly to announce its existence and enter upon its functions. When I remarked that naturalists had observed, in the case of the animal kingdom, that the first step in the process of evolution was the most painful, I neglected to state that the last moment, though not attended with any physical suffering, is extremely distressing to the moral sensibilities of the animal: thus, when the first man openly and boldly stepped forth entirely tail-less, his modesty and shyness were so great that the first use he made of his newly awakened intelligence was to clothe himself. We must all feel instinctively that this could not have been otherwise. In the same way philologists have proved that, if you go back far enough, the syllable expressed by our letters "f, i, g," forms the common root from which all languages have since evolved, with the exception of the languages of certain savage tribes, who are still entirely naked. This is accounted for by the fact that these people developed from a race of monkeys who were themselves originally tail-less, and they were therefore spared any shock of this kind; and so their language, not being based upon the sense of modesty, has not the common idea of clothing expressed by the word "fig" as its root, as is the case with the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian families.

It is a singular fact, and I would venture, with great diffidence, and at the same time with the utmost certainty, to assert that it is a fact of which I am the sole discoverer, that the tailed monkey should have evolved a much higher human development than the untailed; and yet this is only in obedience to the well-known law, that life as it exists on earth "gradates" from very simple into highly complex types, frequently, however, in its gradation missing a link, or taking two steps at a time, as it were. In this way the tail-less monkey was partially skipped by nature, and has thus duly developed into the lower type of still unclothed man. I have used this illustration because it exactly applies to the sensations of modesty of which the American aristocracy will be painfully conscious when they first announce themselves to the world. Their instinct, in order to escape the ridicule of the ill-bred, jealous, and ig-

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norant classes, will be to hide themselves from the public gaze. This tendency they must boldly resist: let them clothe themselves in the panoply of their order, in their robes and coronets, and appear in state carriages, each drawn by eight horses, with coachmen in powdered wigs, with footmen gorgeous in blazing liveries, preceded by mounted heralds. Let the new order be proclaimed with the blare of trumpets in the public places of all the principal cities in the Union. False modesty at such a moment would be criminal; let them remember that they are inaugurating a social crisis, which must affect the destiny of every aristocracy in Europe. Supposing this anxious period safely passed, and that they compel, as they will, the recognition of all the right-minded classes of society who are animated with the proper social aspirations, they will be afflicted for some time with a tendency to relapse into their old habits, which must be guarded against. Here, again, the analogy of evolution serves as a guide and a warning. When man first developed he was conscious of singular prehensile sensations, producing an irresistible desire to follow the instinct which still lingered with him, and to hang by his tail, and crack nuts. His newly developed reason, however, always came to the rescue in time; by a process of ratiocination, which was necessarily slow, owing to the still imperfect condition of his protoplasm, he perceived that the attempt would be futile and ridiculous, and he refrained. This is a striking illustration of the superiority of reason over instinct. It applies, in the case before us, to the dangerous instinct by which the American nobleman will be at once assailed, to lapse back into money-making. The instinct of commerce and bargaining will be as strong in him at the outset as the tail-hanging, nut-cracking instinct was in the ape; but it will be resisted, and no doubt successfully, by his intellect. After a very short time it will pass away, and he will soon feel no more desire to "operate" financially than he does now to swing on the branches of trees.

The next danger to be avoided is a tendency to a too rapid increase in the numbers of the order. It is evident that it can only maintain its exclusive character, and the *prestige* by which it can command the respect of the public mind, by refusing to open its ranks too rapidly to those who will seek to press into them. Evolution is specialization; therefore, in its physical progress, there are always to be noticed two distinct processes going on side by side — the development of a tissue, and the wasting of the parts at the expense of which it grows. The same thing will occur morally; in proportion as the social tissue of the aristocracy develops will there be a tendency on the part of the democracy to waste away. In order to prevent this going on too fast, it must be met by checking the too rapid increase of the numbers and ranks of the nobility. Thus, in the first instance, the highest rank should only be that of earl; it is probable that it will be found most consonant with American tastes to adopt English titles, as by these means the wives and daughters will all be styled lady. Before entering the ranks of the nobility, money-grubs, family counsels, and domestic chaplains will be made knights, baronets, and bishops; then will come the ranks of barons, viscounts and earls. By degrees, as the order swells in numbers, and its wealth and power increase, marquises, dukes, and princes may be created, but only in small numbers and at great intervals, promotion to these ranks being dependent upon their combined physical and moral fitness — a question to be decided by the Electoral College. The proportion of the titled aristocracy to the democracy should not be more than one thousand to fifty million. The younger sons, while belonging to the aristocracy, should have as a distinctive appellation the words "Honorable Sir" prefixed to their Christian names. The Sir is necessary to distinguish them from members of Congress, from State legislators, and other political functionaries who now enjoy the title of Honorable. The daughters below a certain rank will be styled Honorable Misses. Younger sons and daughters may, under certain circumstances, with the approval of the Heralds' College, marry into the families of such wealthy plebeians as may be likely to be elected into the order, as it is desirable to form a sort of middle class by these means, from which the ranks of the aristocracy may be slowly recruited.

By degrees the democracy will waste away and become enfeebled, in obedience to the law to which I have already alluded; and the influence of this middle class will extend downwards in a manner which must surely, sooner or later, affect the political condition of the country. Thus the nation at large will gradually undergo such social modifications under the pressure of its aristocracy, as will prepare it for a revolution almost imperceptible in its progress, but which will alter fundamentally its republican character. Political power will

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eventually slip away from the corrupt classes who now control it, as they become weak and enervated, and inevitably fall into the more sturdy grasp of those who are themselves aspirants for aristocratic honors. All this will occur without any direct intervention on the part of the nobility, but will be the necessary result of revolutionary forces working through the physical and social into the political sphere. In the process of their evolution, politics will thus at last become sufficiently purified for the aristocracy to consider other questions than those which exclusively affect the well-being of their order, and actually to take an interest in the good government and prosperity of their country — a pursuit from which they will have long been excluded. Thus there will finally be evolved a form ot government such as has never hitherto existed. It will be oligarchical in character — as intensely anti-republican, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, as it will be anti-monarchical. While combining the advantages of both systems, it will exclude their defects, for autocracy and mobocracy will be alike impossible. The days of emperor and demagogue will be forever ended, and the power of the plutocrat have utterly passed away. What the exact character will be of the administrative machinery which will be devised by a class alike honorable, intelligent, patriotic, and, above all, disinterested, it is not for me to attempt to explain; those familiar with the laws of evolution will know, given the premises as I have given them, how they must of necessity develop. It is therefore competent to any scientific intellect to construct the whole fabric by the usual deductive process; and it would be a mere work of supererogation, and, indeed, a reflection upon the intelligence of the best minds of the day, were I to enter upon it more fully here. It is enough for me to have shadowed forth the outlines of the great social crisis now impending over the New World. If, by anticipating the movement which is inevitable, I have been enabled to assist those who are destined to inaugurate it; if I should be the one to give it that impetus which is always required to set in motion a mighty idea, I would disclaim all credit for this humble effort which may lead to such vast and magnificent results, well knowing that it would have been utterly unavailing were it not for the powerful forces of nature known to be at work, and the consequently receptive condition of those to whom it is addressed.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE UNDEFINABLE IN ART.

ALL of us, probably, have learnt to distinguish between the type of man who loves clear intellectual light before everything, and who derives pleasure from objects and ideas only so far as he defines and understands them, and the other type of man who delights to abandon himself to an unthinking emotional state, and to steep his mind, so to speak, in a stream of vague feeling. This contrast meets us in various regions of life. For example: social intercourse is to some simply an opportunity of exchanging clear ideas, and sharing in sentiments which repose on definite convictions. For another class, converse with others owes its value to the opportunity it affords for indulging in vague emotions. Such persons love society only so far as it provides them with the contagion of half-expressed feeling, the delicious thrills of sympathetic emotion, and the exhilarating expansion of soaring with a kindred spirit into the dim regions of poetic fancy. The same contrast presents itself in relation to nature. There is on one side the curious, enquiring, and scientific attitude of mind, and on the other side the dreamily contemplative and the emotional attitude. To the first, nature is a mine of facts and truths; to the other, a wellspring of vague emotional consciousness.

The lover of art might be supposed to belong altogether to the second group. Yet, though all æsthetic taste involves some emotional sensibility, there is within the limits of the class sharing in this capacity a clearly marked distinction between the intellectual and the emotional cultivators of the beautiful. The former are mainly concerned with clarifying their æsthetic impressions, with apprehending the sources of pleasure in nature and art; the latter live rather to enjoy beauty without understanding it, and to have the delights of art with the least admixture of definite thought.

It is commonly supposed that what is known as æsthetic culture tends to elevate the intellectual at the expense of the emotional. The education of taste, it may be said, consists in the main in a development of the powers of attention, discrimination, and comparison. The very frequent use of the term connoisseur (*cognoscente*) for an artistically cultivated person seems to show that a refined taste in matters of art means a highly intellectualized taste. If so, however, it looks as if the higher æsthetic culture would tend to exclude the

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vague and indefinite emotional effects described just now. One might even urge that it is impossible for an æsthetically trained mind ever to suspend the intellectual functions in order to taste of the mysterious delights of the unthinking dreamer.

There is a measure of truth in these remarks; yet they do not accurately represent the facts. Æsthetic culture does, no doubt, tend to make our enjoyment of art more intelligent; on the other hand, it no less certainly tends to deepen and widen our emotional capacity itself. Now the peculiar delight experienced in yielding oneself entirely to an indefinite emotional impression may be viewed as one mode of æsthetic pleasure in which culture enables us to share. Indeed, one might reason that the full measure of such vague emotional satisfaction has for its condition a certain degree of intellectual culture. For in its highest degrees this delight takes the form of a sense of the undefined and the mysterious, and this presupposes habits of reflection. A rude peasant is pleasurably moved by nature's works; but he does not reflect on the nature of the feelings thus awakened. It is only the reflective mind which consciously enjoys the mysterious aspects of things. As a matter of observation, too, minds of the highest artistic training frequently manifest a marked disposition to this mode of enjoyment. Contemporary English art, including painting and poetry, illustrates an impulse among some of the most cultivated lovers of art to make prominent this ingredient of the vague and undefined. Further, observation tells us that a susceptibility to these effects of art is not incompatible with a quick and vigorous intellectual appreciation. To name a single example, Robert Schumann, in the interesting papers reprinted from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and recently translated into English, shows us in a striking manner a happy combination of a love of intellectual light with a feeling for the obscure and the undefined in art.

It will be admitted, we think, that it is well to cultivate this capacity of vague emotional enjoyment, if it can be shown that intellectual comprehension in art has its limits, and that there is always a larger region of art-effect in which the pleasure must be of an undefined and unexplained nature. If art can be shown to yield modes of delight which are unsusceptible of being connected with definite ideas by reflection, a person will clearly be the loser if his desire for intellectual light is so supreme as to unfit him for those modes of enjoyment. It will be the object of this paper to show that art does produce impressions of this kind, and that, however highly developed the intellectual appreciation of beauty, there remains a wide margin of emotional effect which intellectual reflection cannot render definite. In other words, we shall try to establish this proposition, — that the control of the emotions by the intellect in art has its limits, and that in the delight of the connoisseur, no less truly than in that of the unreflective tyro, there blend innumerable elements which cannot be referred to definite objective sources.

In the first place, then, it is worth remarking that, even within the region of art-impression which intellectual reflection is able to render clear and precise, there is room for the realization of a certain vague emotional effect. This looks at first sight paradoxical, no doubt, but it can be easily made intelligible. It is to be remembered that the process of reducing an impression received from a work of art to definite elements cannot be completely performed in a single moment: it takes time. Our powers of attention are greatly limited, and we are unable to reflect distinctly in one act on more than a small area of impression. As a consequence of this, at any single moment our consciousness is made up of regions having very unequal degrees of illumination. One impression or feeling is reflected on, and so appears clear and distinct; but outside there are circles of consciousness, feelings, and thoughts, which are vague and undefined. Thus at any given moment the impression we receive from a work of art consists of clear and obscure feelings, which latter can only be made luminous in their turn at the expense of the former.

Let us illustrate this in the case of pictorial art, and let us take a picture which has attracted a good deal of notice of late — the "Venus' Mirror" of Mr. Burne Jones. When, for example, we are passing the eye over the several details — the gracefully set figures, the water with its soft reflections, the quiet landscape behind — we are at each successive moment elevating one impression or group of impressions after another into clear consciousness, while the rest fall back into the dim regions of the sub-conscious. Each ingredient — the illuminated and the unilluminated — is alike essential. When, for instance, we are deriving an intellectual satisfaction from some particular virgin-shape or gentle face, the many other pleasing elements of the picture contribute each a little rillet of undiscriminated emotion; and these

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obscure or "sub-conscious" currents of feeling serve to swell the impression of any single instant, making it full and deep. It is the same when we try to bring a number of details under some aspect of unity or harmony. If, for instance, in the picture alluded to, we attend to the delicious modulation of color, or if, with certain admiring critics, we are able to derive an ineffable enjoyment from the dominant sentiment of the scene, in each case there coexists in our mind with the clear perception of this relation or phase an obscure undiscriminating sense of the many details which all help, according to their rank in the artist's scheme, to make the painting an embodiment of the beautiful and the fountain of a rich and varied delight.

It will be seen, then, that vague emotion is inseparable from every complex work of art. At no single moment is the whole of its charm clear and intelligible to us. We must be content at each instant to enjoy one portion, through the play of intellectual attention and comparison, while accepting the rest on trust, so to speak, knowing we are able in turn to bring it under the same illuminating influence. In this mode of enjoyment, intellect is fully occupied and amply gratified; on the other hand, the peculiar delight which belongs to the vague and mysterious is never wholly expelled from consciousness.

It is to be observed, further, that the development of art, so far from lessening this ingredient in art-pleasure, would rather seem to increase it. Higher works of art are distinguished from lower and elementary ones by being more complex, by having more numerous elements, also a larger number of uniting relations; in other words, a more intricate unity, dominating a wider diversity. Now, though it is true that art-culture expands our capabilities of attention and comparison, so that we are able to embrace a larger number of details under a single aspect of unity, it is no less certain that the more complex a work of art, the larger must be the region of the obscure and undiscriminated at any single moment. If we contrast the state of mind of a child admiring a new doll, and that of an artist contemplating the Laocoon, we shall see that, while there is vastly more of intellectual activity in the former case than in the latter, there is also, in any given moment, a wider area of undetermined pleasure.

We may now turn to a second main ground of the vague in æsthetic impression. Not only is the intellectual reduction of the æsthetic material necessarily partial at each successive moment; it is altogether excluded from certain modes of art-enjoyment: that is to say, the element of the strange and mysterious does not disappear even when attention is turned to this particular quarter. After all, it is only a portion of our delight, which we are able to separate into distinct ingredients, and to refer to definite objects, relations, or ideas. In all our fuller and mingled enjoyments there seem to blend strange elements, which escape all our attempts to seize and to subject them to intellectual control. When, for example, we watch from some Alpine eminence the splendid miracle of a sunset, we are conscious of thrills of emotion which by no skill of reflection can we attach to definite perceptions or their attendant suggestions.

The truth is, that however keen and inquisitive our minds, however well disciplined our intellects, our power of taking apart the contents of our consciousness is always limited. We think, perhaps, that we resolve a feeling called forth by a beautiful picture or a pathetic poem into its ultimate elements; yet, on further reflection, we shall find that we never really effect such an exhaustive analysis.

In the first place, then, every beautiful object, whether of nature or of art, calls up a large number of pleasurable feelings. We roughly mark off portions of this effect, setting down one to sensuous impressions, another to relations of harmony and proportion, another to particular emotions, as wonder, love, and so on. Yet, if we carefully consider the matter, we must be aware that this process is never other than inexact. In the whole impression of a peaceful landscape, for example, we cannot be sure that we make an accurate and exhaustive analysis when we enumerate a few prominent features of the scene with their imaginative suggestions. On the contrary, we are always confident that we leave many sources of gratification undetected. The whole effect, further, seems to be something more than the sum of the separate elements, even supposing these to be ascertained. In the scene before us the pleasures of light, color, and form, and of poetic suggestion partially blend and lose their distinct characters. In other words, the intermingling of these elements affects us differently from the elements experienced apart. Thus a complex object of art always contains an unresolved factor, and so presents a mysterious side to our perceptions.

Let us now go a step further. We will suppose that the total impression of a work of art has been broken up by reflection into groups of elements emotional

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and sensuous. Yet even this division does not get rid of the element of mystery. Thus the emotional effects of art are by no means perfectly intelligible. Any one who has accustomed himself to reflect on the feelings called forth by the beautiful, the sublime, the comic, and so on, must have learnt how impossible it is to make clear and definite all the separate sources of the pleasure. How strangely and inextricably, for example, do numerous pulsations of feeling mingle in the effects of humor! Who can define all the elements which co-operate to produce the peculiar charm of a figure like Don Quixote, or Mr. Carlyle's Teufelsdroeck? We can only lay the finger on a few points here and there which call forth merry laughter, gentle pity, and nascent admiration: we cannot say whence comes all the peculiar delight which such objects minister to our minds. It is the same with the effects of the sublime. When gazing on a chain of Alpine peaks motionless and charmed in the magical air, we feel ourselves strangely moved, being now lifted up with a sympathetic sense of large power and perfect freedom, now partially subdued by a recognition of the possible relations of this power to our own feeble forces. Yet in vain do we seek to refer to definite impressions and associated ideas all the thrills of emotion which combine in this effect.

Finally, we do not eliminate all mystery, even when we reach that part of æsthetic effect which best lends itself to a minutely discriminative attention, namely, sensuous impression. When listening to a complex orchestral movement with which we are pretty familiar, we seem to ourselves to be able to separate one mass of tones from another, and to refer the whole of the ear's delight to a number of simple impressions. In point of fact, however, this separation is always very rough and incomplete. The whole pleasure of an orchestral chord, with its richly varied "tone color," does not easily break up into a number of single sensations; the very combination of the elements seems to disguise and transform to some extent the characteristic effects of the single constituents. In other words, the value of the tone elements apart and in combination is not the same, and consequently discriminative reflection fails to define the whole effect. It is much the same with colors in combination.

This however is not all. Even when we have reached what we call the elements of sensation, our analysis is only a rough and proximate one. Recent science tells us that what appears to our consciousness an elementary sensation of tone or of color is in reality compounded of simple sensuous elements. The pleasure of a rich full note from a reed instrument, or still better from a human voice, arises, according to Helmholtz, from a fusion of many partial tones, which the unpractised ear is unable to separate. To this circumstance Helmholtz refers a part of the mystery of music. In tones there dimly reveal themselves to our consciousness a plurality of simpler sensations which blend with and disguise one another. The same authority tells us that our seemingly simple sensations of color are never strictly elementary. It is true that we do not ordinarily feel anything mysterious in a pure "primary" color, as scarlet or blue. Yet if the reader will carefully observe the effect produced by a rotating disc, with segments variously colored, when its motion is not too rapid, he will probably find that a vague sense of a number of hues, blending in one result and color, lends a peculiar charm to the impression. Hence it is not impossible certain intermediate colors, as orange and warm violet, owe a part of their æsthetic value to a faint consciousness of the elementary impressions which compose these tints.

We have hitherto been speaking of the feelings called forth by art only so far as they depend on impressions and ideas supposed to be now present to the mind. Regarded in this way, they involve an element of the mysterious, just because our power of analytic reflection is limited. That is to say, the elements of pleasure are too numerous, and mix too freely, for our minds to effect a complete separation of them. But there is a further obstacle to this process of separating and detecting the separate ingredients of art-pleasure. The impressions which objects produce on our minds are a growth of many past experiences. A quiet valley does not affect a young lad as it affects a middle-aged man. To the latter it presents ideal aspects and offers emotional suggestions which do not exist for the former. It faintly reminds him, among other things, of long days of toil, of renewed visions of repose from the fatiguing excitements of the world. Yet the thoughts thus called up are of the vaguest; and much of the emotional power of the associations which gather about objects with growing experience is wholly undefinable. A feeling is produced, but the mental image which would explain this feeling is irrecoverable. We are strangely moved by the first sight of a foreign city, reposing amidst sheltering hills, or by some passing effect of light and color in our habitual surround-

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ings, or by the tones of a strange voice; yet no distinct recollection accompanies the impression, and we are at a loss to explain this effect. In the case of all the more familiar classes of objects, there grow up innumerable associations which all serve to add to the emotional effect, though they do not rise into consciousness as definite ideas. The sky above us, the cool glade, the rounded hill, the murmuring shore — these and other objects acquire for the mature man a meaning which is too deep to be sounded by the intellectual line.

Not only do objects and groups of objects thus collect about them mysterious forces in relation to our emotions, but the various elementary qualities of objects acquire a deeper emotional significance with growing experience; and this is very frequently quite untranslatable into terms of definite ideas. To the cultivated adult visual forms and colors, also tones of various pitch and of special *timbre*, become invested with a full, deep charm, — yet a charm which cannot be clearly understood, since the innumerable associations which sustain it are lost to view.

Recent scientific speculation opens up a yet deeper ground for this element of the mysterious in the impressions produced by works of nature and art. According to the evolutionist's view of mental growth, our emotions are built up not only of our own individual experiences, but also of those of many generations of ancestors. Here all distinct recollection is plainly excluded. We cannot recall the experiences of our remote forefathers. If, as is said, the charm of landscape is in part to be referred to feelings which have been handed down from our savage ancestors delighting in the chase, this charm must, it is evident, present itself to us as something mysterious. Hence, perhaps, much of that unaccountable emotional effect which is produced in our minds by certain aspects of nature. In the fascination of the restless sea, of wild mountain and of dim wood, of rushing stream and of whispering tree, may there not lie concealed traces of countless experiences of countless generations of uncivilized man? This line of reflection serves, as our evolutionist teachers have pointed out, to account for the deeper unfathomable effects of music; since musical tones may be regarded as the urns, so to speak, which conserve the remains of myriads of utterances of sad and joyous human experience. So, too, the special effects of peculiar colors — the energy of red, the coolness of green, and the deep repose of blue — may rest in part on long-fixed associations. Thus, throughout the scale of æsthetic sensation and emotion, the influences of ancestral experience and of hereditary transmission may be at work, imparting elements of feeling for which the intellectual consciousness vainly tries to find definite objective sources.

Thus far we have been regarding the element of the mysterious in art as dependent on the limits of distinct attention and of analytic reflection. In these cases we feel the presence of something vague and undefined just because we are unable to refer the feelings of the moment to some well-defined objective impression or suggested idea. There is, however, another way in which this element enters into art. Certain modes of æsthetic pleasure directly depend on vague mental representation as their essential condition, and disappear as soon as reflection seeks to give exactness and definiteness to the ideas. This effect is abundantly illustrated in what is often marked off as the imaginative side of art. Let us just glance at one or two of its principal varieties.

In the first place, then, art affords us enjoyment by presenting to our minds subtle threads of similarity binding together things widely diverse in most of their attributes. The gratification in these cases reposes on a momentary apprehension of the point of analogy, and is at once disturbed and destroyed when we begin to reflect closely on the objects or events thus linked together. The most striking example of this effect is given us in poetic similes, including all epithets which are not, strictly speaking, appropriate to the objects to which they are applied, but which bring them for an instant into affinity to other and heterogeneous objects, as "the moaning sea." In all such cases we look at the object through the veil which a transforming imagination throws over it, and the very essence of this imaginative pleasure is involved in keeping the mental representation obscure and undefined. It may be observed that the sense of the mysterious is fuller and intenser when the figurative expression is a new one, and connects things which we are not accustomed to view together. To speak of dawn as a rosy maiden does not strike us as strange, for we have long grown accustomed to the figure. On the other hand, a new and bold simile which brings unlike things together for the first time, as when Milton likens evening to a

> Sad votarist in palmer's weeds,

impresses us as something mysterious. It

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is further to be noticed that the sense of mystery is much livelier when the poetic figure is not too carefully elaborated. Homer's minutely worked-out similes call up ideas with so much distinctness, that we lose the delicious sense of vagueness which belongs to the more fugitive comparisons of modern poetry.

This remark naturally leads to the reflection that poetry cannot supply this effect of vague suggestion in its deepest and intensest form. Words are always definite, and the images called up by them, even though shadowy and incomplete as wholes, have the particular aspect indicated by the term sharply defined. The suggestions of musical tones, on the other hand, are necessarily obscure, since these tones do not exactly answer to any natural impressions, and only suggest ideas through very rough resemblances. This circumstance helps to lend to music its peculiar depth of mystery. When listening to a quaint picturesque movement of Schumann, our mind's eye dimly recognizes numerous affinities to natural sounds, as murmuring breeze, gurgling waterfall, children's laughter, and so on; yet no distinct images are called up, and our delight remains shrouded in a mist of obscure fancy.

The second main region of undefinable suggestion, and so of the sense of the mysterious in art, is that of imagination in its narrow sense. We refer to those effects of art which depend on a full play of fancy in the recipient of the impression. The artist, whether painter or poet, is said in many cases to leave something to the imagination; that is to say, he does not seek to make all parts of his artistic representation clear and definite, but leaves a territory of the undefined in which the spectator's or hearer's imagination may construct for itself. The novelist thus appeals to our imagination when he draws the veil over some scene of exquisite pathos or of preternatural delight. The painter does this too when he just suggests regions lying beyond that of his picture, into which our fancy may wander in dreamy mood. And, generally in so far as art presents its object incompletely, defining a portion only, and simply pointing to what lies beyond, it illustrates this mode of the mysterious.

This undefined region, left veiled for the imagination to penetrate, includes more than might at first be supposed. It must be remembered that the objects which nature presents to us are themselves not always clearly definable. When we look away over a wide landscape, the remoter regions are but dimly perceived, and beyond them our imagination frames wholly invisible tracts. So, too, when we try to apprehend the events of the remoter periods of history, we do not distinctly seize the reality, but only reach a vague and fragmentary conception of the whole order of events. Thus the remote in space and in time always wears to our imagination a certain air of mystery. Not only so, all that is vast in its dimensions loses in definiteness. The huge mountain has a mystery which the tiny hillock wants, just because it presents a greater object to our perceptive faculties, and one which they cannot easily grasp in a single intuition. Still deeper is the mystery when the limits of the object are wholly undefined. Here we have a presentation of the infinite, which our imagination forever seeks to compass, yet never succeeds in rendering definite. An opening in the evening clouds, discovering unfathomable depths of transparent air, makes such an appeal to our imagination. The long flux of years which the page of history, and still more that of geology, presents to us, affects us similarly. We vainly try to reduce all these magnitudes to terms of our definite and reproducible experiences.

Now art is able, in a number of ways, to represent these uncompassable magnitudes to our fancy. The painter loves to crown his picture with some opening into unmeasured space. Milton delights to unfold in dim outline the vast spaces which enfold the earth, including the towering heights of heaven and the deep abysses of hell. And the same poet knows how to stir our imaginations to lofty effort by passing in review vast and incalculable ages of time. Poetry is specially favored in this respect, since it knows how to magnify every object and every quality by the use of a vague and emphatic vocabulary. By a single expression the poet can excite our imagination to energetic action. Whether it be distance in space or in time, or the magnitude of a physical or moral force, or the degree of a moral or æsthetic quality, his rich storehouse of terms enables him to present the object to our view with its outline blurred, so to speak, and its dimensions undefined. What a mysterious charm belongs to such words as "huge," "vasty," "fathomless," "immeasurable," "boundless," when appropriately employed!

It would be interesting to compare the different arts in respect of their capability of supplying the peculiar modes of vague delight here described. So far as this depends on the limits of simultaneous attention, and on the co-operation of secondary

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and sub-conscious currents of feeling, there will be a marked difference between the arts of coexistence and of succession; that is to say, the arts which appeal to the eye and those which address themselves to the ear. Poetry and music unfold their contents in a succession of impressions, and so far the whole of the object is, little by little, brought under the control of a discriminating attention. Only in the case of the more complex chords of music is there a considerable simultaneous claim on attention. In the visual arts of painting and sculpture, on the other hand, a large number of details are presented in one and the same moment; and, though we may successively attend to particular features, there is always a large region of the vaguely discerned present to consciousness. In another respect, however, the arts of succession are less definite than those of coexistence, namely, in their general aspect as connected, harmonious wholes. When we appreciate the harmonies of form and sentiment which dominate in a picture, we have all the terms of the relations present to us. The eye can rapidly pass and repass from one point to another, and so by frequent repetition make the perception of the whole distinct and clear. On the other hand, when we gather up the series of impressions left by a beautiful poem or musical composition, we have to trust to recollection for the details. The various elements which are to be combined as parts of a harmonious whole, exist now only as half-blurred mental images, and hence our perceptions of form in these arts are never so clear and exact as in the arts of coexistence.

Let us now turn to the second ground of vagueness in the impressions of art, namely, the impossibility of reaching well-defined elements, whether sensations or ideas, by successive concentrations of attention. So far as the separation of the sensuous material in art-pleasure is concerned, there seems to be some little difference between the arts which employ visual and auditory impressions. We break up melodies into separate tones, yet these still seem to contain some further secret. On the other hand, colors do for the most part appear to consciousness as perfectly simple sensations.

A greater difference presents itself in relation to the depth of associated feelings. Colors do not for the most part stir the mysterious emotional currents which are set in motion by tones. A color presents itself to our minds more as a well-defined object of perception, as a quality of external things to be discriminated and interpreted by the intellect. A tone, on the other hand, has far less of the intellectual and more of the emotional. We do not understand it, we rather feel it. The reason of this difference cannot fully be given here. It may be enough to say that musical tones are not, like colors, common accompaniments of the objects of the external world; that they have their nearest prototype in the natural sounds of the human voice, and that this circumstance serves to invest them with an emotional significance which is wanting to colors. It may be added that many verbal sounds and cadences employed in poetry share to some extent in these deep and undefinable emotional associations.

Finally, with respect to the scope for obscure and incomplete ideal representation, it would appear, also, that the arts of the ear surpass those of the eye. Visual forms and colors, if presented in the abstract — that is, not as directly imitative of objects, as in decorative painting — do no doubt call up now and again vague ideas. Thus the moral ideas symbolized by the straight line or the circle, or by white, are examples of such vague suggestions. For the most part, however, particular arrangements of form and color answer, roughly at least, to too many unlike objects of nature to suggest any particular ideas, however faintly. Thus the forms of architecture, excepting, perhaps, some details, as the Corinthian capital, do not suggest ideas to our minds, and hence the special definiteness of the impressions of this art. It is only when they are made more complex and special that they awaken ideas of objects, and in this case they become imitative, and so call up *definite* ideas. In contrast to these, musical tones and their combination do commonly tend to call up vague representations of objects or events. We feel, when under the spell of one of Chopin's nocturnes, an irrepressible impulse to interpret the melody with its supporting harmonies, to make them representative of ideas. Yet the ideas thus sought after do not rise into luminous distinctness. We only very dimly perceive the meaning of the wandering melody; and it is this dim sense of an ideal background in music which helps to lend it its peculiar mystery. It may be added that poetry, though using a medium of definite signs, may, by help of certain sounds and cadences, share, in a humble measure, in this power of music to body forth in dim outline large and impressive ideal shapes.

It follows from what has just been said that music will surpass all other arts in

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presenting to the imagination a blank region to be filled up by its free constructions. The whole of music, when not defined by a union with language, may be said to answer to the occasional pauses and blanks of painting and poetry. As directly imitative arts, these have for the most part to control the imagination, and can only in an exceptional way leave it free space for spontaneous action. Music, on the other hand, seems to have as its common function just to touch the imagination with gentlest pressure on one side, leaving it unfettered as to the precise direction to be followed.

Yet we have seen that a part of the gratification of a freely-moving fancy depends on the representation of the vast, the unbounded, and the sublime, whether in space, time, or in force or degree. Here then, it would seem, the imitative arts must have an advantage. Painting nearly always affords us the sublime in space; sculpture (though inferior in this respect to architecture) may faintly image to our eye the vast and immeasurable in force. Poetry surpasses these, and, by means of its all-comprehensive system of verbal signs, presents to us in suggested forms all varieties of imposing magnitude. In contradistinction to these arts of imitation, music can only body forth the immense by becoming itself a vast magnitude. The protracted series of complex movements of many sounds which makes up a modern symphony may thus be said to give us the sublime in space, time, and energy. Yet it may be doubted how far this effect is proper to music in the same sense in which it is proper to architecture, whose materials are necessarily large and impressive magnitudes.

The result of this rapid examination of the effects of art in its various forms is, that it involves as an essential factor a certain amount of vague and undefinable emotion. Hence art will always have its mysterious side, and a full appreciation of art in all its parts will include a susceptibility of mind to this particular emotional effect. Accordingly a mind which cannot enjoy without perfectly comprehending the whence and the why of its delight, must, it would seem, be debarred from a portion of the pleasures of art.

We have so far said nothing as to the relative merits of the pleasure which is made definite by intellectual reflection, and that which defies such a process of illumination. In truth, it is difficult to compare the two modes of enjoyment. While such intellectual activity tends to destroy a certain charm which belongs to these undefined emotional effects, it adds a new gratification of its own. The question of the superiority of the one or of the other form of enjoyment may, as we have already remarked, best be referred to individual taste. Some minds of a highly intellectual order, and unequally developed in an emotional direction, will prefer those effects of art which lend themselves to clear definition; other minds, of an opposite order, will rather choose the opposite type of æsthetic effect. This difference will affect the person's relative appreciations of the several arts. Thus, the first type of mind will prefer music united to language to "absolute" music. Many persons, like Lessing, fail to enjoy instrumental music just because of its indefiniteness. Others, like Schumann, would regard all minute inquiries into the what and why of instrumental music as irrelevant. They prefer to keep its meaning screened, so to speak, from the rude light of day.

It is another question as to the proper range of this influence, both in art as a whole and in the several arts. It is plain, from what has been said, that this depends, to some extent, on the artist himself. Thus, for example, a musical composer may seek to render instrumental music minutely descriptive. On the other hand, a painter may lean to an obscure mode of presenting his subject. So, too, the poet may fall into the way of suggesting his scenes and events in shadowy outline, and of dwelling on those aspects of nature and of life which most deeply stir vague and undefinable emotions. Is it possible to lay down any rules as to the right management of this material of art?

No rigid maxims, we think, can be looked for here. A wide margin must clearly be allowed for differences of individual taste. All that can be safely said is, that the intellectual and the emotional have each their rights. On the one hand, culture tends, as has been remarked already, so to strengthen the intellectual impulses that a mode of enjoyment from which clear apprehension of objects and ideas is wholly excluded, is unsatisfying and incomplete. On the other hand, art is not science: it aims primarily at an emotional, not an intellectual, result. Some of the deepest feelings of pleasure are, as we have shown, afforded by objects and suggestions which leave the intellect comparatively inactive. Further, as we have seen, these modes of pleasure are not only compatible with intellectual culture; they even presuppose (at least in their highest degree) a certain

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measure of it. To this we may now add, that our modern culture adds to the value of this undefined emotional enjoyment. Accustomed as we are to the scientific attitude of mind, to regarding nature and life only as an object for intellectual comprehension, there is an exquisite sense of relief in abandoning ourselves for the nonce to the emotional attitude — to viewing nature and life through the dim medium of a fancy which gives to each object the form and color most precious to our feeling. We may thus safely conclude that each mode of gratification has its rightful place in art.

More definite rules for artistic guidance may perhaps be found if we have to deal with special varieties of art. By considering the materials at the command of a particular art, and its varied possibilities, we may roughly ascertain the extent to which this factor is admissible. Thus, for example, it may be safely said that vague suggestion cannot be introduced into pictorial art to the same extent as into music. The eye desires clear and well-defined objects: it is the organ of perception *par excellence*, and it could never be long satisfied with misty "nocturnes" or with a dreamy, symbolic type of art. Music, on the other hand, by making use of inarticulate sounds — that is to say, a necessarily vague mode of expression — is under no such obligation to meet the intellectual needs. Finally, poetry may be said to offer ample scope for each mode of pleasure. Its medium, verbal signs, allows of the most definite modes of presentation. On the other hand, it is capable of the widest and most various suggestion of the vague and incomplete sort. Hence we ask of the poet an equal satisfaction of intellect and of emotion, clear perception of fact and dreamy imagination of the unknown and the ideal. We are here reasoning that the special aim of an art must be inferred from its special capabilities. Thus, having found how far these vague modes of delight are capable of being produced by the several arts, we can roughly determine their proper functions in relation to this particular kind of emotional effect.

There is one relation of our subject about which a word or two may appropriately be said in conclusion. As we have had occasion to remark in passing, what is new in impressions and their groupings affects us with wonder and a sense of the mysterious; on the other hand, what is customary and familiar appears intelligible on this very ground. Thus, in musical art, certain sequences of harmony, and certain modulations of key, overawe us, so to speak, by their very strangeness; whereas more familiar arrangements seem comparatively clear and comprehensible. In the first case, we have the peculiar delight of the vague and mysterious; in the other, the quieter gratification of intellectual comprehension. If, as we have argued, each mode of delight is a proper effect of art, we must ask how they may be combined. Every work of genius supplies the solution of this problem. It meets our intellectual needs by keeping within those general rules of form which in art answer to the uniformities of nature. On the other hand, in its originality it provides ample novelty of detail, and so unfolds to eye or ear the hidden and mysterious powers of art. If all artists were men of creative genius, there would be no question of the relative worth of fixed form and of novelty of combination. But unfortunately this is not so. Hence we find, on the one hand, those who are content to keep to rules of art without endeavoring to reach a new embodiment of beauty; on the other hand, those who recklessly strain themselves to invent some new wonder, no matter how formless. The first yield but the cool satisfaction of intellectual perception; the second impress and stir our minds for an instant to a sense of the strange and wonderful, but only to leave them permanently unsatisfied.

It is an interesting question, whether the development of art tends to narrow and even to annihilate the region of new creation. J. S. Mill tells us he was much troubled by the thought that musical combinations would some day be exhausted; and German pessimists affirm that original creation in art, as in science, is becoming rarer and rarer. On the other side, there are many who assert that, in the works of one living dramatic poet and musician, we have an absolutely new revelation of art. It certainly would be a sad reflection that at some future day the world would no longer be thrilled by the delicious wonder of a new development in art. Yet, even if this is to be so, the consequences may not be so dreary as one might at first suppose. By the time this apex of development is reached, the storehouse of art-works will, it may be presumed, have become full, and thus there will then be ample novel material for each successive generation of the lovers of art. Even now there is a wide field for elevating wonder in the works of art which we have been able to preserve from the past. It does not seem to be the most devoted friends of art who are wont to complain of its narrow limits.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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POETRY.

"BABY'S DEAD," 770
AFTER THE CONCERT, ... 770
CARDINAL-FLOWERS, ... 770
A RAJPUT CHIEF OF THE OLD SCHOOL, 823

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"BABY'S DEAD."

JUST a whisper from the skies,
In the hush of midnight dreary,
Clasped with peace the aching eyes,
Bore their little sufferer weary
Home, to rest in heaven's sweet morrow;
While far round our footsteps spread
Depths of wild unwavering sorrow,
Baby's dead!

Still around that brow so fair
More than earthly beauty lingers;
Gently smoothe the falling hair,
Fold the tiny frozen fingers;
Twine the curls so proudly tended,
In a halo round his head;
Pride and hope alike are ended,
Baby's dead!

Lonely to the hopeless tomb,
Darling child! how shall we yield thee?
From its drear corroding gloom
Love would freely die to shield thee.
Can we bear that dust should gather
Round our darling's golden head?
Spare the bitter cup, O Father,
Baby's dead!

Dead! and light is quenched in tears;
Hopes that blossomed but to wither,
Sunny dreams of after years,
Lost in death's cold gulf forever.
Sun and moon and stars are smitten
With despair's dark night o'erspread;
Round the universe is written,
Baby's dead!

Darling, from your slumbers deep,
Mother calls, — will you not waken?
In that lone, mysterious sleep,
Do you dream of hearts forsaken?
Safe where joys ne'er droop and languish,
Are you watching overhead?
Oh, the passion of the anguish,
Baby's dead!

Peace, at last, may hush the strife,
Where no mists of parting sever,
We may greet thee crowned with life,
Clasp thee in our love forever.
But to-night, bereft and lonely,
Yearn we for our treasure fled,
While weird echoes answer only,
Baby's dead!

Sunday Magazine. MARY ROWLES.

AFTER THE CONCERT.

MY better self! my Stradiuarius! we
Have done great things to-night; have help'd to bear
On outspread wings the stream of melody
Up to heaven's portals — it might enter there.

I wonder, lov'd one, was it thou or I
Who pour'd our soul forth on the music's strain?
Thou art not living — yet I hear thee sigh,
And sing, and sob, like gods more than us men.

Since he, Cremona's master, work'd and wrought
With more than human skill, he surely breath'd
Into his sweet creation speech and thought,
Best of the forest, with man's best enwreath'd.

The master breath'd upon thee, with the love
That centres in a soul; and lo! awoke
Thy sweet life-song, attun'd in heav'n above,
And soaring, thus upon the silence broke.

But no! description's vain — we cannot tell
The songster's sweetness, nor the sough of wind,
The spring-tide wonder, nor the year's sad knell;
Yet all this joy and sadness here we find.

Yet more! for in its midst, grief of a heart
That knows this life, blends with the joy of those
Who know but spirit life; and thus impart
Heav'n's bliss into the strain that richer grows.

And yet, sweet violin! without me thou wert mute,
And unresponsive in thy velvet nest would lie;
All silent as a long-forgotten lute,
Thus thou without me — thus without thee I!

Good Words. H. J. O.

CARDINAL-FLOWERS.

WHERE the swift brook runs downward to the sea
Through the dark woods that border Norman's Woe,
Rippling with joy or stealing silently,
There cardinal-flowers in stately clusters grow.
They seem in their calm beauty to uprear
Their haughty heads, and blush with conscious pride,
As if the mosses, ferns and all things near
Were but as slaves and vassals at their side.
The cool, green depths where nature seems asleep,
Their passionate color fills with warmth and grace,
Till thoughts of regal pomp and splendor come;
And gazing on their hue so rich and deep
I seem to see, as in a vision, pass
Some gorgeous pageant through the streets of Rome.

Magnolia, Aug. 1878. M. B. A.

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From The Quarterly Review.

PETRARCH.*

THE true position of Petrarch in the history of modern culture has recently been better understood, owing to a renewed and careful examination of his Latin works in prose and verse. Not very long ago he lived upon the lips of all educated people as the lover of Laura, the poet of the *canzoniere*, the hermit of Vaucluse, the founder of a school of sentimental sonneteers called Petrarchisti. This fame of Italy's first lyrist still belongs to Petrarch, and remains perhaps his highest title to immortality, seeing that the work of the artist outlives the memory of services rendered to civilization by the pioneer of learning. Yet we now know that Petrarch's poetry exhausted but a small portion of his intellectual energy, and was included in a vaster and far more universally important life-task. What he did for the modern world was not merely to bequeath to his Italian imitators masterpieces of lyrical art unrivalled for perfection of workmanship, but to open out for Europe a new sphere of mental activity. Petrarch is the founder of humanism, the man of genius who, standing within the threshold of the Middle Ages, surveyed the kingdom of the modern spirit, and by his own inexhaustible industry in the field of study determined the future of the Renaissance. He not only divined but, so to speak, created an ideal of culture essentially different from that which satisfied the mediæval world. By bringing the men of his own generation once more into sympathetic relation with antiquity, he gave a decisive impulse to that great European movement which restored freedom, self-consciousness, and the faculty of progress to the human intellect. To assert that without Petrarch this new direction could not have been taken by the nations at the close of the Middle Ages would be hazardous. The warm reception which he met with in his lifetime and the extraordinary activity of his immediate successors prove that the age itself was ripe for a momentous change. Yet it is none the less certain that Petrarch did actually stamp his spirit on the time, and that the Renaissance continued to be what he first made it. He was in fact the hero of the humanistic struggle; and so far-reaching were the interests controlled by him in this his world-historical capacity, that his achievement as an Italian lyrist seems by comparison insignificant.

It is Mr. Reeve's merit, while writing for the public rather than for scholars, to have kept this point of view before him. Petrarch, he says, "foresaw in a large and liberal spirit a new phase of European culture, a revival of the studies and the arts which constitute the chief glory and dignity of man;" and there are some fine lines in his "Africa," in which he predicts the advancement of knowledge as he discerned it from afar: —

To thee, perchance, if lengthened days are given,
A better age shall mark the grace of Heaven;
Not always shall this deadly sloth endure;
Our sons shall live in days more bright and pure;
Then with fresh shoots our Helicon shall glow;
Then the fresh laurel spread its sacred bough;
Then the high intellect and docile mind
Shall renovate the studies of mankind,
The love of beauty and the cause of truth
From ancient sources draw eternal youth.

With reference to Mr. Reeve's life of the poet-scholar it may be briefly said that none of the more interesting or important topics of Petrarch's biography have been omitted, and that the chief questions relating to his literary productions have been touched upon. The little book is clearly the product of long-continued studies and close familiarity with the subject; it is, moreover, marked by unvarying moderation and good taste. Those who have no leisure for studying the more comprehensive biographies of De Sade and Koerting, or for quarrying for themselves in the rich mine of Signor Fracassetti's edition of the poet's letters, will find it a serviceable guide. One general criticism must here be added. Mr. Reeve is not always particularly happy in the choice of his translations. He quotes, for example, not without approval, Macgregor's version of

* *Petrarch.* By Henry Reeve. Edinburgh and London, 1878.

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the *canzone* to Rienzi, which renders the opening lines by this inconceivable clumsiness of phrase: —

Spirit heroic! who with fire divine
Kindlest those limbs, awhile which pilgrim hold
On earth a chieftain, gracious, wise, and bold.

It might also be parenthetically questioned why he prefers to call the river Sorgues, which in Italian is Sorga, by its Latin name of Sorgia. But these are matters of detail. The book itself is sound. Taking this volume of "Foreign Classics for English Readers" in our hand, we shall traverse a portion of the ground over which Mr. Reeve has passed, using such opportunities as offer themselves for expressing disagreement upon minor points with his conclusions.

The materials for a comprehensive life of Petrarch are afforded in rich abundance by his letters, collected by himself and prepared for publication under his own eye. Petrarch was an indefatigable epistolographer, carrying on a lively correspondence with his private friends, and also addressing the dignitaries of his age upon topics of public importance. Self-conscious and self-occupied, he loved to pour himself out on paper to a sympathetic audience, indulging his egotism in written monologues, and finding nothing that concerned himself too trivial for regard. His letters have, therefore, a first-rate biographical importance. They not only yield precise information concerning the chief affairs of his life; but they are also valuable for the illustration of his character, modes of feeling, and personal habits. The most interesting of the series is addressed to posterity, and is nothing less than the fragment of an autobiography begun in the poet's old age. Of this remarkable document Mr. Reeve has printed a translation into English. Next in importance to the letters rank the epistles and eclogues in Latin verse and the Italian poems; while apart from all other materials, as furnishing a full confession of Petrarch's passions, weaknesses, and impulses, stand the dialogues upon the "Contempt of the World." The preoccupation with self which led Petrarch to the production of so many autobiographical works, marks him out as a man of the modern rather than the mediæval age. He was not content to remain the member of a class, or to conform his opinions to authorized standards, but strove at all costs to realize his own particular type. This impulse was not exactly egotism, nor yet vanity; though Petrarch had a good share of both qualities. It proceeded from a conviction that personality is infinitely precious as the central fact and force of human nature. The Machiavellian doctrine of self-conscious character and self-dependent *virtù*, so vitally important in the Renaissance, was anticipated by the poet-scholar of Vaucluse, who believed, moreover, that high conditions of culture can only be attained by the free evolution and interaction of self-developed intellects. Nature, besides, had formed him for introspection, gifting him with the sensibilities that distinguish men like Rousseau. Subjectivity was the main feature of his genius, as a poet, as an essayist, as a thinker, as a social being. By surrendering himself to this control, and by finding fit scope for this temperament, he emancipated himself from the conditions of the Middle Ages, which had kept men cooped in guilds, castes, cloisters. Determined to be the best that God had made him, to form himself according to his ideal of excellence, he divested his mind of superstition and pedantry, refused such offices of worldly importance as might have hampered him in his development, and sought his comrades among the great men of antiquity, who, like himself, had lived for the perfection of their own ideal.

After the materials afforded to the biographer by Petrarch's own works, may be placed, but at a vast distance below them, the documents furnished by the Abbé de Sade in his bulky "Life." These chiefly concern Laura, and go to prove that she was a lady of noble birth, married to Hugh de Sade, and the mother of eleven children. It would hardly be necessary to refer to these papers, unless Mr. Reeve had expressed a too unqualified reliance on their authority. He says (p. 33), "These facts are attested beyond all doubt by documents in the archives of the De Sade

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family." Yet it is still an open question, in the absence of the deeds which the abbé professed to have copied and printed, whether he was not either the fabricator of a historical romance very flattering to his family vanity, or else the dupe of some earlier impostor. It is true that he submitted the supposed originals to certain burghers of Avignon, who pronounced them genuine; but we may remember with what avidity Barrett and Burgon of Bristol swallowed Chatterton's forgeries about the same period: nor, even were we convinced of the abbé's trustworthiness, is there much beyond an old tradition at Avignon to justify the identification of Petrarch's Laura with his Laure de Sade. Mr. Reeve is therefore hardly warranted in asserting that it is "useless to follow the speculations which have been published as to the person of Laura, and, indeed, as to her existence."

Petrarch was born at the moment when the old order of mediævalism had begun to break up in Italy, but not before the main ideas of that age had been expressed in an epic which remains one of the three or four monumental poems of the world. Between the date 1302, when Dante and Petrarch's father were exiled on one day from Florence, and when Petrarch himself was born at Arezzo, and the year 1321, when Dante died, and when the younger poet was prosecuting his early studies in Montpellier, the "Divine Comedy" had been composed, and the mighty age of which it was the final product had already passed away. The papacy had been transferred from Rome to Avignon. The emperors had proved their inability to settle the Italian question. Italy herself, exhausted by the conflicts which succeeded to the first strong growth of freedom in her communes, had become a prey to factions. The age of the despots had begun. A new race was being formed, in whom the primitive Italian virtues of warlike independence, of profound religious feeling, and of vigorous patriotism were destined to yield to the languor of indifference beneath a tyrant's sceptre, to half-humorous cynicism, and to egotistic party strife. At the same time a new ideal was arising for the nation, an ideal of art and culture, an enthusiasm for beauty, and a passion for the ancient world. The Italians, deprived of their liberty, thwarted in their development as a nation, and depraved by the easy-going immorality of the rich *bourgeoisie*, intent on only money-getting and enjoyment, were at this momentous crisis of their fortunes on the point of giving to the modern world what now is known as humanism, and had already entered on that career of art which was so fruitful of masterpieces in painting, sculpture, and architecture. The allegories, visions, ecstasies, legends, myths, and mysteries of the Middle Ages had lost their primitive vitality. If handled at all by poets or prose-writers, they had become fanciful or frigid forms of literature, at one time borrowing the colors of secular romance, at another sinking into the rigidity of ossified conventionality. Wearied with the effort of the past, but still young, and with a language as yet but in its infancy, the Italians sought a new and different source of intellectual vitality. They found this in the Roman classics, to whom, as to their own authentic ancestors, they turned with the enthusiasm of discoverers, the piety of neophytes.

For Dante the Middle Age still lived, and its stern spirit, ere it passed away, was breathed into his poem. Petrarch, though he retained a strong tincture of mediævalism, belonged to the new period: and this is the reason why, though far inferior in force of character and grasp of thought to Dante, his immediate influence was so much greater. For the free growth of his genius, and for the special work he had to do, it was fortunate for Petrarch that he was born and lived an exile. This circumstance disengaged him from the concerns of civic life and from the strife of the republics. It left him at liberty to pursue his own internal evolution unchecked. It enabled him to survey the world from the standpoint of his study, and to judge its affairs with the impartiality of a philosophical critic. Without a city, without a home, without a family, without any function but the literary, absorbed in solitary musings at Vaucluse, or accepted as a petted guest by the Italian princes, he nowhere came in contact with the blunt

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realities of life. He was therefore able to work out his ideal; and visionary as that ideal seems to us in many of its details, it controlled the future with a force that no application of his personal powers to the practical affairs of life could have engendered.

Another circumstance of no little weight in the formation of Petrarch for his destined life-work was his education at Avignon. When his father settled there in 1313, the boy of eleven years had already acquired his mother-tongue at Arezzo, Incisa, and Pisa. Nothing therefore was lost for the future poet of the *canzoniere* in regard to purity of diction. But Avignon was a far more favorable place of training for the humanistic student than any Tuscan town could have been. It was the only cosmopolitan city of that time. A fief of Provence, and owning King Robert of Naples for its sovereign, it was now inhabited by the popes, who swayed Christendom from their palace on the hill above the Rhone. All roads, it is said, lead to Rome; but this proverb in the first half of the fourteenth century might with more propriety have been applied to Avignon. The business of the Catholic Church had to be transacted here; and this brought men of mark together from all quarters of the globe. Petrarch therefore grew up in a society more mingled than could have been found elsewhere at the time in Europe; and since he was destined to be the apostle of the new culture, he had the opportunity of forming a cosmopolitan and universal conception of its scope. His own attitude towards the papal court was not a little peculiar. Though he could boast of being favored by five popes, though he lived on intimate relations with high dignitaries of the Church, though he was frequently pressed to accept the office of apostolic secretary, though he owed his pecuniary independence to numerous small benefices conferred upon him by the pontiffs whom he served, and though he undertook the duties of ambassador at their request, he was unsparing both in prose and verse of the abuse he showered upon them. No fiercer satire of the papal court exists than is contained in the "*Epistolæ sine Titulo.*" It was not that Petrarch was other than an obedient son of the Church: but he could not endure to see the chiefs of Christendom neglecting their high duties to Rome. He thought that if they would but return to the seat of St. Peter, a golden age would begin; and thus his residence in Avignon intensified that idealization of Rome which was the cardinal point of his enthusiasm.

Next in importance to his exile from Provence and his education at Avignon, must be reckoned Petrarch's numerous journeys. His biographers have no slight difficulty in following him from place to place. Besides visiting the most important cities of Italy, he travelled through France and the Low Countries, saw the Rhine, crossed the Alps to Prague, and touched the shores of Spain. No sooner is he established in Vaucluse than we find him projecting a flight to Naples or to Rome. His residence at Parma is interrupted by return flights to Avignon. He settles for a while at Milan; then transfers his library to Venice; next makes Padua his home; then goes on pilgrimage to the Eternal City. The one thing that seems fixed in his biography is change. How highly Petrarch valued freedom of movement, may be gathered from his refusal to accept any office which would have bound him to one spot. Thus he persistently rejected the advances of the popes who offered him the post of secretary; and when Boccaccio brought him the invitation to occupy a professorial chair at Florence in 1351, even this proposal, so flattering to his vanity as an exile and a scholar, was declined with thanks. He knew that he must ripen and possess himself in disengagement from all local ties; for the student belongs to the world, and his internal independence demands a corresponding liberty of action. At the same time there is no doubt that he loved a restless life for its own sake; and he expressly tells us that many of his journeys were undertaken in the vain hope of casting off his passion for Laura, in the unaccomplished effort to break the chains of an internal discontent. The effect of so much movement on himself was still further to develop his cosmopolitan ideal of humanism. He was also flung back by contrast on his inner self, and while he made acquaintance with all the men worth knowing among his contemporaries, he remained a solitary in the midst of multifarious societies. Fame came to him upon his travels, and some of his excursions resembled royal progresses rather than the expeditions of a simple priest. In this way he enhanced the dignity of the humanist's vocation. He may be called the first and by far the most illustrious of those poet-scholars who flitted restlessly from town to town in the Renaissance, ever athirst for glory, and scattering the seeds of knowledge where they went.

When we seek to analyze the ideal of life formed by Petrarch in exile, at Avig-

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non, in the solitary valley of Vaucluse, and in the courts of Europe, we shall be led to consider him from several general points of view — as a scholar, as a politician, as a philosopher, as a poet, and lastly as the man who, living still within the Middle Ages, was first clearly conscious of a modern personality. The discussion of these topics will also serve as well as any other method to bring the complex qualities of one of the most strangely blended characters the world has ever known into sufficient prominence.

It is a mistake to suppose that, though Greek was lost to western Europe, the Latin classics were unknown in the Middle Ages. A fair proportion of both poets and prose-writers are quoted by men of encyclopædic learning like John of Salisbury, Vincent of Beauvais, and Brunetto Latini. But the capacity for understanding them was in abeyance, and their custody had fallen into the hands of men who were antagonistic to their spirit. Between Christianity and paganism there could be no permanent truce. Moreover, the visionary enthusiasms of the cloister and crusade were diametrically opposed to the positive precision of the classic genius. The intellectual strength of the Middle Ages lay not in science or in art, but in a vivid quickening of the spiritual imagination. Their learning was a compilation of detached, ill-comprehended fragments. Their theology, as represented in the "*Summa*," resembled a vast structure of Cyclopean masonry — block placed on block of rough-hewn inorganic travertine, solidified and weighty with the force of dogma. Their philosophy started from narrow data of authority, and occupied its energies in the proof or disproof of certain assumed formulæ. It was inevitable that mediæval scholarship should regard the classical literatures as something alien to itself and should fail to appropriate them. The mediæval mind was no less incapable of sympathizing with their æsthetic and scientific freedom than the legendary mathematician, who asked what the "Paradise Lost" proved, was unable to take the point of view required by poetry. Its utter misapprehension of the subject-matter of these studies was expressed in the legends which made Virgil a magician and turned the gods of Hellas into devils. Nor were the most learned men free from such radically false conceptions, such palpable and incurable "lies in the soul," poisoning the very source of erudition, and converting their industry into a childish trifling with the puppets of blindfold fancy. The very fact that, while Greek was a living language in the east and in the south of Italy, it should have been abandoned by the students of the north and west, proves the indifference to literature for its own sake and the apathy with regard to human learning that prevailed in Europe. Had not Latin been the language of the Church, the language of civilized communication, it is certain that the great authors of Rome would have fallen into the same oblivion as those of Athens. An accident of social and ecclesiastical necessity preserved them. Yet none the less did they need to be rediscovered when the time came for a true comprehension of their subject-matter to revive. What Petrarch did for scholarship was to restore the lost faculty of intelligence by placing himself and his generation in a genial relation of sympathy to the Latin authors. He first treated the Romans as men of like nature with ourselves. For him the works of Virgil and Cicero, Livy and Horace, were canonical books — not precisely on a par with the Bible, because the matter they handled had a less vital relation to the eternal concerns of humanity — but still possessing an authority akin to that of inspiration, and demanding no less stringent study than the Christian sacred literature.

The dualism of the papacy and the empire, which had struck such deep roots in mediæval politics, repeated itself in Petrarch's theory of human knowledge. Just as the pope was the sun, the emperor the moon of the mediæval social system, so, with Petrarch, Christ and the Church shed the light of day upon his conscience, while the great men of antiquity were luminaries of a secondary splendor, by no means to be excluded from the heaven of human thought. This is the true meaning of his so-called humanism. It was this which made him search indefatigably for MSS., which prompted him to found public libraries and collect coins, and which impelled him to gather up and live again in his own intellectual experience whatever had been thought and done by the heroes of the Roman world. At its beginning, humanism was a religion rather than a science. Its moral force was less derived from the head than from the heart. It was an outgoing of sympathy and love and yearning towards the past, not a movement of sober curiosity. Petrarch made the classic authors his familiar friends and confidants. His epistles to Cicero, Seneca, and Varro are but fragments of a long-sustained internal colloquy,

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detached by a literary caprice and offered to the public as a specimen of his habitual mood. Unlike Machiavelli, after a day passed among the boon companions of a village inn, Petrarch had no need to cast aside his vulgar raiment on the threshold of his study, and assume a courtly garb before he entered the august society of the illustrious dead. He had wrought himself into such complete sympathy with the objects of his admiration, that he was always with them. They were more real to him than the men around him. He tells Augustine or Cicero more about his inner self than he communicates to the living friends whom he called Lælius and Socrates and Simonides. These men, of whom we know almost nothing, served Petrarch as the audience of his self-engrossed monologues; but they were separated from him by the spirit of the Middle Ages. He held converse with them, and presumably loved them; but he recognized a difference of intellectual breed which removed them to a greater distance than the lapse of years dividing him from antiquity. Only those friends of Petrarch's who were animated by an instinct for humanism, kindred in nature and equal in intensity to his own, emerge from the shadow-world and stand before us in his correspondence as clearly as his comrades of the Roman age. Cola di Rienzo and Boccaccio have this privilege. The rest are formless, vague, devoid of substance — the κωφὰ πρόσωπα of his *dramatis personæ*.

When we enquire into the range of Petrarch's knowledge, we find that he had by no means more than belonged to the mediæval students in general. It was not the extent, but the intensity of his erudition, not the matter, but the spirit of his scholarship, not its quantity, but its quality, that placed him at an immeasurable distance of superiority above his predecessors. He had so far appropriated Virgil and Seneca, with the larger portions of Cicero and Livy, as to find some difficulty in avoiding verbal reproductions of their works. Had he so willed, he might have expressed himself in a cento of their prose and verse. Horace and Ovid, Juvenal and Persius, Terence, Lucan, Statius, Ausonius, and Claudian, were among his favorite poets. It is possible that he had read Lucretius, and he twice refers somewhat vaguely to Catullus: but Propertius and Tibullus seem to have been unknown to him, while he makes but scanty use of Martial and Plautus. Valerius Flaccus and Silius Italicus he never saw: else it is improbable that he would have chosen Scipio Africanus for the hero of his Latin epic. With Apuleius he was partially acquainted; but there seems good reason to suppose that he had never read the "Golden Ass," though he alludes to it. He knew Macrobius, Aulus Gellius, Solinus, Hyginus, and Pomponius Mela in part, if not completely; for it must be remembered, in reading this lengthy list of authors, that the MSS. were imperfect and full of errors. What Poggio tells us about his finding Quintilian at St. Gallen, proves that the discovery of a good codex was almost equal to the resuscitation of a forgotten author. Cæsar, Sallust, Suetonius, Florus, Justin, Curtius, Vopiscus, Ælius Lampridius, Spartian, together with the anecdotes of Valerius Maximus and the universal history of Orosius, were among the authors he studied and epitomized while composing his great work on "Famous Men." Tacitus was unfortunately unknown to him; and he possessed Quintilian only in a mutilated copy. It may also be regarded as a special calamity that he was unacquainted with the letters of the younger Pliny, though he possessed the natural histories of the elder. The style of these letters would have supplied Petrarch with a better model than Seneca's rhetorical epistles; and he could have assimilated it more easily than that of Cicero, partly because it is itself less idiomatic, and partly because the poet of Vaucluse would have recognized a vivid bond of intellectual sympathy between himself and the humane and tranquil dilettante of Como. As it was, Petrarch's letters bear the stamp of Seneca, Augustine, and the Middle Ages. He found the MS. of Cicero too late (at Verona in 1345) to profit by its study. And here we must express a total disagreement with a passage of Mr. Reeve's "Petrarch," where he says (p. 79): "But though the style of Cicero was, no doubt, his model, he attained rather to the epistolary than to the philosophical diction of that great master." It is true that on the next page Mr. Reeve appears to contradict this statement by the following admission: "As his knowledge of the Ciceronian epistles was not attained till Petrarch had passed his fortieth year, it may be concluded that his own epistolary style was formed before he knew them." The fact is here correctly given. There is no trace of Cicero's diction, at once epigrammatic and easy, in Petrarch's letters; but in his philosophical treatises, though these reveal the paramount influence of Seneca, St. Augustine, and Lactantius, we occasionally detect an aiming at Cicero's

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oratorical cadences. The variety of matter handled in his letters, the rapid transition from description to dissertation, their masterly portraits of men, the pleasant wit and caustic humor that relieve the graver passages, the unaffected friendliness of their familiar discourse, the earnest enthusiasm of their political and philosophical digressions, the animation and the movement that carry the reader on as through an ever-shifting, ever-changing scene, render this great mass of correspondence not only valuable for the historian but delightful to the general reader. The scholar will detect a less than classic elegance in their diction, and the student will desire less generality of treatment on some personal topics. But both will admit that neither the ear for rhythm nor the quick intelligence which Petrarch recognized among his choicest literary gifts, had failed him in their composition.

It was Petrarch's merit, while absorbing the Roman classics and the Latin fathers, to have aimed consistently at a style that should express his own originality, and be no mere copy of however eminent a master's. The ruling consciousness of self, which formed so prominent a feature of his moral character, lying at the root of his vanity and conditioning his genius as a poet, here decided his literary development. He would be no man's ape — not even the ape of Cicero or Virgil. Come good, come bad, he meant to be himself. With this end in view, he forced himself to deal with the most formidable stylistic difficulties, and to find utterance in a practically dying language for thoughts and feelings that were modern. In this respect he contrasted favorably with his Italian followers, and proved that his conception of humanism was loftier than that of Ciceronian Bembo, or Virgilian Vida. They cut their matter down to the requirements of an artificially assimilated standard. He made the idiom bend to his needs, and preferred that purity of form should suffer, rather than that the substance to be expressed should be curtailed. It may indeed be said with truth that Erasmus, at the close of the fifteenth century, returned to the path trodden by Petrarch in the first half of the fourteenth, which had been abandoned by a set of timid and subservient purists on the quest of an impossible ideal.

Petrarch knew no Greek, yet he divined its importance, and made every effort in his power to learn it, if we except the supreme effort of going to the fount of Greek in Constantinople. His opportunities at Avignon were few; and he obtained no hold upon the language. What the subsequent history of Italian scholarship would have been, if Petrarch had but ventured on that journey to Byzantium which Filelfo and Guarino took with such immediate profit, or if by any other means he had acquired the key to Greek literature, it is now impossible to say. The weak side of the Renaissance was that it depended mainly upon Latin: and this explains in no small measure its philosophical superficiality, its tendency to lifeless rhetoric, its stylistic insipidity, the timidity and artificiality that stamp its literary products with the note of mediocrity. It was the echo of an echo, the silver age of a culture which had its own golden age in the Hellenic past: and all that it achieved in close relation to antiquity was consequently third-rate. Whether Petrarch, if he had known Greek, could have resisted the powerful bias which drew Italians back to Rome rather than to Athens, and whether, if he had overcome this tendency himself, he could have had the force to dye the humanism of the Renaissance with Hellenic instead of Latin colors, are questions that cannot by their very nature be decided. But none the less may we regret that tardy and partial impregnation of the modern mind by the Greek spirit which, had it but come earlier and in fuller measure, might have given the world a new birth of Athens instead of Rome. At the moment when humanism was a religion, the Italians absorbed the Latin genius; but now that scholarship has passed into the scientific stage, we are directed to Hellas with an unassimilative curiosity. As regards Petrarch's own knowledge of Greek authors, it may be briefly stated that he possessed MSS. of Homer and some dialogues of Plato. But he lamented that they were dumb for him while he was deaf. He read the "Iliad" in the pitiful Latin version dictated to Boccaccio by Pilatus; and the doctrines of Plato were known to him only in the meagre abstract of Apuleius, in Cicero, and in the works of St. Augustine.

Rome lay near to the Italians on their emergence from the Middle Ages. They were not a new nation, like the French or Germans; but were conscious that once, not very long ago, and separated from them only by a space of dream-existence, their ancestors through Rome had ruled the habitable world. Therefore Florence clung to her traditions of Catiline; the soldiers on watch at Modena told tales of Hector; Padua was proud of An-

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tenor, and Como of the Plinies; Mantua sang hymns to Virgil; Naples pointed out his tomb; Sulmo rejoiced in Ovid, and Tivoli remembered Horace. The newly-formed Italian people, the people who had fought the wars of independence and had founded the communes, were essentially Roman. In no merely sentimental sense, but as a fact of plain historical survival, what still remained of Rome was indefeasibly their own. The *plebs* of the Italian cities was of Roman blood. Their municipal constitution, in the form and name at least, was Roman. Yet this great memory was but dimly descried through the mist of legends and romance, till Petrarch seized upon it and called his fellow-countrymen to recognize their birthright. His letter describing the impression made upon him by the ruins of Rome, dated with pride from the Capitol upon the Ides of March, his epistles to Varro and Cicero, and his burning appeals to each succeeding pope that he should end the Babylonian captivity and place a crown upon the brows of the world's mistress, prove with what a passion of anticipation he forecast the time when Rome should once more be the seat of empire. In the field of scholarship his enthusiasm was destined to be fruitful. The spirit of Roman art and literature arose from the grave to sway a golden period in the history of human civilization. But in the sphere of politics it remained impotent, idealistic, fanciful.

As a politician, Petrarch continued to the end an incurable idealist. The very conditions of expatriation and pilgrimage, which rendered him so powerful as the leader of the humanistic movement, loosened his grasp upon the realities of political life. We see this on every occasion of his attempting to play a part in the practical business of the world. In his mission from the papal court to Naples, after the accession of Queen Joan, and in his representation of the Visconti at Venice toward the close of her long struggle with Genoa, he was unsuccessful, mainly because he thought that affairs of State could be decided upon moral principles, and because he assumed the tone of an oratorical pedagogue. It was only when the rhetorician's art was needed for a magnificent display, as in his embassy from the Visconti to the French court upon the delivery of John the Good from captivity, in his speech to the conquered people of Novara, and in his ceremonial address to Charles IV. at Prague, that he justified the confidence which had been placed in him. He never saw the world as it was, but as he wished it. And what he wished, was the impossible resuscitation of the Roman commonwealth. Rome was destined, he believed, to be the centre of the globe again as it had been before. With a thoroughly unpractical conception of the very conditions of the problem, he at one time called upon the popes to re-establish themselves in the Eternal City; at another he besought the emperor to make it his headquarters, and to finish by this simple act the anarchy of Italy; at a third, when Rienzi for a moment evoked the pale shadow of the republic from the ruins of the Campagna, he hailed in him the inaugurator of a new and better age. It was nothing to Petrarch that these three solutions were discordant; that pope, emperor, and commonwealth could not simultaneously exist at Rome. Whatever seemed to reflect lustre on the Rome of his romantic vision satisfied him. Indifferent to the claims of gratitude in the past, careless of consequences in the future, he published letters which denounced his old friends and patrons, the Colonna family, as barbarous intruders in the sacred city. Even his humanity forsook him. He burned to play the Brutus, and bade Rienzi to strike and spare not. By the same heated utterances, penetrated, it is true, with the spirit of a sincere patriotism and piety to Rome, he risked the hatred of the papal see. Nor was it until Rienzi had foamed himself away in the madness of vanity that Petrarch awoke from his wild dream. He awoke indeed, but he never relinquished the hope that, if not by this man or that policy, at least by some other Messiah, and upon a different foundation, Rome might still be restored to her primeval splendor. It would seem as though the great ones of the earth estimated his enthusiasm at its real value, and allowed him to pass free as a chartered lunatic; for, much as he said and wrote about the republic, he never seriously imperilled his consideration at the papal court, nor did he interrupt his friendly relations with the petty princes whom he so vehemently denounced as traitors to the Italian people. There was a strange confusion in his mind between his admiration for the ancient Roman commonwealth, which he had imbibed from Livy and which inspired his "Africa," and his mediæval worship of the mixed papal and imperial idea. To Dante's theory of monarchy he added a purely literary enthusiasm for the *populus Romanus*. Yet Petrarch was no real friend of the people,

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as he found it, and as alone it could exist in the new age. His friendship for Azzo da Correggio and Luchino Visconti, for the tyrants of Padua, Verona, and Parma, and for King Robert of Sicily, prove that, though in theory he desired some phantom of republican government, in practice he accommodated himself to the worst forms of despotism. Democracy formed no portion of his creed; and his plan of Roman government, submitted to the consideration of Clement VI. in 1351, simply consisted of a scheme for placing power in the hands of the Roman burghers to the exclusion of the great Teutonic families. He was possessed with scholarly *hauteur* and literary aristocracy; and if he could not have a senate in Rome, with Scipios and Gracchi perorating before popes and emperors in some impossible chimera of mixed government, he did not care how cities suffered or how princes ground their people into dust. His apathetic attitude toward Jacopo da Bussolari's revolution in Pavia, and his sermon to the Novaresi on obedience, would be enough to prove this, if his whole life at Milan, Parma, and Padua were not conclusive testimony.

The main fault of Petrarch's treatises on politics is that they are too didactic. They do not touch the points at issue, but lose themselves in semi-ethical and superficially rhetorical discourses. Thus he prepared the way for those orators of the Renaissance who thought it enough to adorn their subject with moral sentences and learned citations, neglecting the matter of dispute and flooding their audience with conventional sermons. The same fault may be found with his philosophical writings, although a nobler spirit appears in them and a more sturdy grasp upon the realities of life. It was his misfortune to be cast exclusively upon the Roman eclectics — Cicero, Seneca, and Lactantius — for his training in moral science. His ignorance of Greek deprived him of the opportunity of studying any complete system, while his temperament rendered him incapable of absorbing and reconstructing the stoicism of the later Latin writers. According to his view, orthodoxy was the true philosophy; nor did he ever grasp the notion that in the scientific impulse there is an element of search and criticism perilous to Christian dogmatism. It need scarcely be said that he was a good churchman, though of a type less monumentally severe than Dante. Early in life he took orders; and here it may be observed that Mr. Reeve is possibly wrong in supposing he was never ordained priest. The point seems proved by his own declaration that he was in the habit of saying mass; * and though his life was not irreproachable from a moral point of view, he never pretended that in this respect his conduct had not fallen short of sacerdotal duty.

St. Augustine, whose mental attitude as an orthodox philosopher was similar to his own, became the author of his predilection. Few moments in the history of thought are more interesting than the meeting of that last Roman, already merging his antique individuality in the abyss of theological mysticism, with Petrarch, the first modern to emerge from that contemplative eclipse and reassert the rights of human personality. Between them rolled the river of the Middle Ages, which had almost proved the Lethe of learning; but Petrarch stretched his hand across it, and found in the author of the "*Civitas Dei*" a friend and comrade. The exquisite sensibility of Augustine, his fervid language, the combat between his passions and his piety, his self-analysis, and final conquest over all that checks the soul's flight heavenward, drew Petrarch to him with irresistible attraction. The poet of Vaucluse recognized in him a kindred nature. The "Confessions" were his Werther, his Rousseau, his cherished gospel of tenderness, "running over with a fount of tears." But, more than this, Augustine pointed him the path that he should tread; and though Petrarch could not tread it firmly, though he bitterly avowed that love, restlessness, vanity, thirst for earthly fame, coldness, causeless melancholy, and divided impulse, kept him close to earth, when he would fain have flown aloft to God, yet the communion with this sterner but still sympathetic nature formed his deepest consolation. Those who wish to study Petrarch's very self must seek it in the book he called his "*Secretum*," the dialogues with St. Augustine upon the contempt of the world. Between Augustine's own "Confessions" and this masterpiece of self-description, the human intellect had produced nothing of the same kind, if we except Dante's exquisite but comparatively restricted "*Vita Nuova*." With a master hand Petrarch touches the secret springs of his character in these dialogues, lays his finger upon his hidden wounds, and traces the failures and achievements of his life to their true sources. No more consummate piece of self-conscious analysis has ever been penned. It is inspired

* See Koerting, "*Petrarca's Leben und Werke*," p. 51.

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with an artistic interest in the subject for its own sake; and though the tone is grave, because Petrarch was sincerely religious, there is no obvious aiming at edification. In this intense sense of personality, this delight in the internal world revealed by introspection, it differs widely from mediæval manuals of devotion, from the "*Imitatio Christi*," for example, which is not the delineation of a man but of a class.

The "*De Contemptu Mundi*" is the most important of Petrarch's quasi-philosophical works, chiefly, perhaps, because it was not written with a would-be scientific purpose. Together with a very few books of a similar description, gathered from all literatures ancient and modern, it remains as a fruitful mine for the inductive moralist. His treatise, "*De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*," though bulkier, has less value. It consists of sentences and commonplaces upon the good and evil things of life, and how to deal with them, very often acute, and not seldom humorous, and written in a fluent style, that must have made them infinitely charming to the fourteenth century of arid composition. Petrarch had the art of literary gossip; and he displayed it not only in his letters, but also in such studied works as this The essay "*De Vitâ Solitariâ*" has a greater personal interest. Petrarch unfolds in it his theory of the right uses to be made of solitude, and shows how intellectual activity can best be carried on in close communion with nature. What he preached he had fully proved by practice at Vaucluse and Selvapiana. His recluse is no hermit or mediæval monk. He does not retire to the desert, or the woods, or to the cloister; but he lives a life of rational study and sustained communion with himself in the midst of nature's beauties. These he enjoys with placidity and passion, mingled in a wise enthusiasm, till, living thus alone, he finds his true self, enters into the possession of his own mental kingdom, and needs no external support of class interests, official dignities, or work among his fellow-men to buoy him up. There is a profoundly modern tone in this essay. Petrarch describes in it an intellectual egotist, devoted to self-culture, and bent on being sufficient to himself. It is, in fact, the ideal of Goethe, anticipated by four centuries, and colored with a curious blending of piety and paganism peculiar to Petrarch. The "*De Vitâ Solitariâ*" might be styled the panegyric of the wilderness, from a humanistic point of view; and here it is worthy of remark that, so far back as the age of Alexander, philosophers, bent upon self-culture, had praised the virtues of withdrawal from the world: —

> *εὑρετικὸν εἶναί φασι τὴν ἐρημίαν*
> *οἱ τὰς ὀφρῦς αἴροντες·*

says Menander. Therefore what Petrarch did was to restate a classic theory of life, which had been merged in the asceticism of the cloister. He did so, without doubt, unconsciously; for Menander was a closed book to him. In harsh contrast is the companion essay on the leisure of the religious, "*De Otio Religiosorum*," composed by Petrarch after a visit to his brother Gherardo in his cloister near Marseilles. The fascination which, in spite of humanism, the Middle Ages still exerted over Petrarch, may be seen in every line of this apparent palinode. If we examine the two discourses side by side, we are almost driven to the conclusion that his command of rhetoric induced their author to treat two discordant aspects of the same theme with something like cynical indifference. Yet this was not the case. In each discourse Petrarch is sincere; for the mediæval and humanistic ideals, irreconcilable and mutually exclusive, found their meeting-point in him. Their conflict caused his spiritual restlessness, and it was the effort of his life to bring them into equilibrium. At one time the humanist, athirst for glory, bent on self-effectuation, forensic, eloquent, enjoying life, devoting his solitary hours to culture, and communing in spirit with the orators of ancient Rome, was uppermost. At another the ascetic, renouncing the world, absorbing himself in mystic contemplation, fixing all his thoughts on death and on the life beyond the grave, assumed supremacy. In his youth and early manhood the former prevailed. After the year 1348, the year of Laura's death, the year of the great plague, which swept away his friends and changed the aspect of society, the latter gained a permanently growing ascendency. But it may be safely said that both impulses co-existed in him till the day of his own death in 1374. A common ground for both was found in the strong love of seclusion which formed one of his chief characteristics, driving him from time to time away from towns and friends into the country houses he possessed at Vaucluse, near Parma, near Milan, and at Arquà. A singular scheme, communicated in 1348 to his friends Mainardo Accursio and Luca Cristiano, for establishing a kind of humanistic

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convent, of which the members should be devoted to study as well as to religious exercises, shows that Petrarch even meditated a practical fusion of the scholarly and monastic modes of life.

Petrarch was neither a systematic theologian nor a systematic philosopher. He was an orthodox essayist on moral themes, biassed by a leaning towards pagan antiquity. Far more valuable than any of his ethical dissertations was his large and liberal view of human knowledge; and in this general sense he rightly deserves the title of philosopher. Mere repetitions of prescribed formulæ, reproductions of a master's *ipse dixit*, and scholastic reiterations of authorized doctrines, whether in theology or in philosophy, moved his bitterest scorn. He held that everything was worthless which a man had not assimilated and lived into by actual experience, so as to reconstruct it with the force of his own personality. This point of view was eminently precious in an age of formalism. His antipathy to law, in like manner, did not spring from any loathing of a subject redolent with antiquity and consecrated by the genius of Rome. He only despised the peddling sophistries and narrow arts of those who practised it. His polemic against the physicians, condensed into four ponderous invectives, was likewise based upon their false pretensions to science and their senseless empiricism. In every sphere of human activity he demanded that men should possess real knowledge, and be conscious of its limitations. When he entered into the lists against the Averrhoists, his weightiest argument was founded on the fact that they piqued themselves upon their erudition in the matter of stones, plants, and animals, while they neglected the true concerns of man, and all that may affect his destinies for weal or woe. He dreaded a debasement of human culture by Averrhoistic materialism hardly less than an injury to religion from Averrhoistic atheism. A steady preference of the spirit to the letter, and a firm grasp of the maxim that "the proper study of mankind is man," formed the pith and substance of his intellectual creed. It was here that his humanism and his philosophy joined hands. Nor can we regard the revival of learning in Italy without regretting that the humanists diverged so signally from the path prescribed for them in this respect by their great leader. They copied his faults of vanity and rhetoric. They exaggerated his admiration of Cicero and Virgil into a servile cult. They adhered to Latin authors and Latin canons of taste, when they might have carried on his work into the region of Greek metaphysics. But they lost his large conception of human learning, and gave themselves to puerilities which Petrarch would have been the first to denounce. Thus the true strength of Petrarch's spirit failed to sustain his disciples; while his foibles and shortcomings were perpetuated. In particular it may be affirmed that the Renaissance in Italy produced no philosophy worth notice until the dawn of modern science appeared in Telesio and Campanella, and in the splendid lunes of visionary Bruno.

In his general theory of poetry Petrarch did not free himself from mediæval conceptions, however much his practice may have placed him first upon the list of modern lyrists. He held that the poet and the orator were nearly equal in dignity, though he inclined to assigning a superiority to the latter. This estimate of the two chief species of impassioned eloquence, which we are accustomed to regard as separate and rarely combined in the same person, was probably due to the then prevalent opinion that poets must be learned — an opinion based upon the difficulty of study, and the belief that the unapproachable masterpieces of the ancients had been produced by scientific industry. With the same high sense of the literary function which marked his conception of humanism, he demanded that both orator and poet should instruct and elevate as well as please. The content of the work of art was no matter of indifference to Petrarch; and though he was the most consummate artist of Italian verse, the doctrine of art for art's sake found no favor in his eyes. It may, indeed, be said that he overstepped the mark, and confounded the poet with the prophet or the preacher, retaining a portion of that half-religious awe with which the students of the Middle Ages, unable to understand Virgil, and wonder-smitten by his greatness, had contemplated the author of the "Æneid." It was, he thought, the poet's duty to set forth truth under the veil of fiction, partly in order to enhance the pleasure of the reader and attract him by the rarity of the conceit, and partly to wrap his precious doctrine from the coarse unlettered world. This view of the necessary connection between poetry and allegory dates as far back as Lactantius, from whose "Institutions" Petrarch borrowed the groundwork of his own exposition. That it was shared by the early Florentine lyrists, especially by Dante and Guido Caval-

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canti, is well-known. It reappears in the diploma presented to Petrarch upon the occasion of his coronation. It pervades Boccaccio's critical treatises, and it lives on with diminished energy until the age of Tasso, who supplied a key to the moral doctrine of his "*Gerusalemme Liberata.*" Genius, however, works by instinct far less than by precept; and the best portions of Petrarch's poetry are free from this æsthetic heresy. We find allegory pure and simple, it is true, in his Latin eclogues, while the *concetti* of the Italian lyrics, where he plays upon the name of Laura, reveal the same taint. In the "*Trionfi*" allegorical machinery is used with high art for the legitimate presentation of a solemn pageant; so that we need not quarrel with it here. The Latin epistles are comparatively free from the disease, while the "Africa" is an epic of the lamp, modelled upon Virgil, and vitiated less by allegory than by an incurable want of constitutional vitality. It is the artificial copy of a poem which itself was artificial, and is therefore thrice removed from the truth of nature. What must be said about Petrarch's Latin poetry may be briefly stated. It has the same merits and the same defects as his prose. That is to say, he studiously strove at being original while he imitated; and, paradoxical as this may seem, he was not unsuccessful. His verse is his own; but it is often rough, and almost always tedious, deformed by frequent defects of rhythm, and very rarely rising into poetry except in some sonorous bursts of declamation. The lament for King Robert at the end of the "Africa," with its fine prophecy of the Renaissance, and a fervid address to Italy, written on the heights of Mont Genèvre in 1353 upon the occasion of his crossing the Alps, to return to Avignon no more,* might be cited as two favorable specimens. But when we speak of Petrarch as a poet, we do not think of these scholastic lucubrations. We think of the *canzoniere*, for the sake of which the lover of Madonna Laura is crowned second in the great triumvirate of the *trecento* by the acclaim of his whole nation.

Petrarch the author of the "*Rime in Vita e Morte di Madonna Laura*," seems at first sight a very different being from Petrarch the humanist. There is a famous passage in the "*De Remediis utriusque Fortunæ*," where the lyrist of chivalrous love pours such contempt on women as his friend Boccaccio might have envied when he wrote the satire of "*Corbaccio.*" In the "*Secretum*," again, he describes his own passion as a torment from which he had vainly striven to emancipate himself by solitude, by journeys, by distractions, and by obstinate studies. In fact, he never alludes to the great love of his life without a strange mixture of tenderness and sore regret. That Laura was a real woman, and that Petrarch's worship of her was unfeigned; that he adored her with the senses and the heart as well as with the head; but that this love was at the same time more a mood of the imagination, a delicate disease, a cherished wound, to which he constantly recurred as the most sensitive and lively wellspring of poetic fancy, than a downright and impulsive passion, may be clearly seen in the whole series of his poems and his autobiographical confessions. Laura was a married woman; for he calls her *mulier.* She treated him with the courtesy of a somewhat distant acquaintance, who was aware of his homage and was flattered by it. But they enjoyed no intimacy, and it may be questioned whether, if Petrarch could by any accident have made her his own, the fruition of her love would not have been a serious interruption to the happiness of his life. He first saw her in the Church of St. Claire, at Avignon, on the 6th of April, 1327. She passed from this world on the 6th of April, 1348. These two dates are the two turning-points of Petrarch's life. The interval of twenty-one years, when Laura trod the earth, and her lover in all his wanderings paid his orisons to her at morning, evening, and noonday, and passed his nights in dreams of that fair form which never might be his, was the storm and stress period of his checkered career. There is an old Greek proverb that "to desire the impossible is a malady of the soul." With this malady in its most incurable form the poet was stricken; and, instead of seeking cure, he nursed his sickness and delighted in the discord of his soul. From that discord he wrought the harmonies of his sonnets and *canzoni.* That malady made him the poet of all men who have found in their emotions a dreamland more wonderful and pregnant with delight than in the world which we call real. After Laura's death his love was tranquillized to a sublimer music. The element of discord had passed out of it; and just because its object was now physically unattainable, it grew in purity and power. The sensual alloy which, however spiritualized, had never ceased to disturb his soul, was purged

* Ep. Poet Lat., iii. 24.

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from his still vivid passion. Laura in heaven looked down upon him from her station amid the saints; and her poet could indulge the dream that now at last she pitied him, that she was waiting for him with angelic eyes of love, and telling him to lose no time, but set his feet upon the stairs that led to God and her. The romance finds its ultimate apotheosis in that transcendent passage of the "*Trionfo della Morte*," which describes her death and his own vision. Throughout the whole course of this labyrinthine love-lament, sustained for forty years on those few notes so subtly modulated, from the first sonnet on his "*primo giovenile errore*" to the last line of her farewell, "*Tu stara' in terra senza me gran tempo*," Laura grows in vividness before us. She only becomes a real woman in death, because she was for Petrarch always an ideal, and in the ideal world beyond the tomb he is more sure of her than when "the fair veil" of flesh was drawn between her and his yearning.

No love-poetry of the ancient world offers any analogue to the *canzoniere*. Nor has it a real parallel in the Provençal verse from which it sprang. What distinguishes it, is the transition from a mediæval to a modern mood, the passage from Cino and Guido to Werther and Rousseau. Its tenacity and idealism belong to the chivalrous age. Its preoccupation with emotion as a given subject-matter and its infinite subtlety of self-analysis place it at the front of modern literature. Among the northern nations chivalrous love was treated as a motive for epic poetry in the Arthurian romances. It afterwards found lyrical expression among the poets of Provence. From them it passed to Italy, first appearing among the Lombard troubadours, who still used the *langue d'oc*, and next in Sicily at Frederick's court, where the earliest specimens of genuine Italian verse were fashioned. Guido Guinicelli further developed the sonnet, and built the lofty rhymes of the *canzone* at Bologna. By this time Italian literature was fully started; and the traditions of Provençal poetry had been both assimilated and transcended. From Guido's hands the singers of Florence took the motive up, and gave it a new turn of deeper allegory and more philosophic meaning. The *canzoni* of Dante and Guido Cavalcanti were no mere poems of passion, however elevated. Love supplied the form and language; but there lurked a hidden esoteric meaning. It is true that in the "*Vita Nuova*" Dante found at once the most delicate and the most poetically perfect form for the expression of an unsophisticated feeling. Beatrice was here a woman, seen from far and worshipped, but worshipped with a natural ardor. He was not, however, contented to rest upon this point; nor had he any opportunity of becoming properly acquainted with the object of his adoration in her lifetime. In the "*Convito*," she had already been idealized as Philosophy, and in the "Divine Comedy" she is transfigured as Theology. Death, by separating her from him, rendered Beatrice's apotheosis conceivable; and Dante may be said to have rediscovered the Platonic mystery, whereby love is an initiation into the secrets of the spiritual world. It was the intuition of a sublime nature into the essence of pure impersonal enthusiasm for beauty, an exaltation of woman similar to that attempted afterwards by Shelley in "*Epipsychidion*," which pervades the poetry of Michelangelo, and which forms a definite portion of the Positivistic creed. Yet there remained an ineradicable unsubstantiality in this point of view, when tested by the common facts of human feeling. The Dantesque idealism was too far removed from the sphere of ordinary experience to take firm hold upon the modern intellect. In proportion as Beatrice personified abstractions, she ceased to be a woman; nor was it possible, except by losing hold of the individual, to regard her as a symbol of the universal. Plato in the "*Symposium*" had met this difficulty, by saying that the lover, having reached the beatific vision, must renounce the love by which he had been led to it. A different solution, in harmony with the spirit of their age and their religion, was offered by the *trecentisti*. Their transmutation of the simpler elements of chivalrous love into something mystical and complex, where the form of the worshipped lady transcends the sphere of experience, and her spirit is identified with the lover's profoundest thoughts and highest aspirations, was a natural process in mediæval Florence. The Tuscan intellect was too virile and sternly strung at that epoch to be satisfied with amorous rhymes. The mediæval theory of æsthetics demanded allegory, and imposed upon the poet erudition; nor was it easy for the singer of that period to command his own immediate emotions, with a firm grasp upon their relation to the world around him, or to use them for the purposes of conscious art. He found it more proper to express a philosophic content under the accepted form of erotic poetry than to paint the personality of the woman he loved with natu-

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ral precision. Between the mysticism of a sublime but visionary adoration on the one side, and the sensualities of vulgar passion or the decencies of married life upon the other, there lay for him no intermediate artistic region. The Italian genius, in the Middle Ages, created no feminine ideal analogous in the reality of womanhood to Gudrun or Chriemhild, Guinevere or Iseult: and when it left the high region of symbolism, it descended almost without modulation to the prose of common life. Guido Cavalcanti is in this respect instructive. We find in his poetry the two tendencies separated and represented with equal power, not harmonized as in the case of Dante's allegory. His *canzoni* dealt with intellectual abstractions. His *ballate* gave artistic form to feelings stirred by incidents of everyday experience. The former were destined to be left behind, together with the theological scholasticism of the Middle Ages. The latter lived on through Boccaccio to Poliziano and the poets of the sixteenth century. Still we can fix one moment of transition from the transcendental philosophy of love to the positive romance of the "Decameron." Guided by his master, Cino da Pistoja, the least metaphysical and clearest of his immediate predecessors, Petrarch found the right artistic *via media;* and perhaps we may attribute something to that double education which placed him between the influences of the Tuscan lyrists and the troubadours of his adopted country. At any rate he returned from the allegories of the Florentine poets to the simplicity of chivalrous emotion; but he treated the original motive with a greater richness and a more idealizing delicacy than his Provençal predecessors. The marvellous instruments of the Italian sonnet and *canzone* were in his hands, and he knew how to draw from them a purer if not a grander melody than either Guido or Dante. The best work of the Florentines required a commentary; and the structure of their verse, like its content, was scientific rather than artistic. Petrarch could publish his *canzoniere* without explanatory notes. He had laid bare his heart to the world, and every man who had a heart might understand his language. Between the subject-matter and the verbal expression there lay no intervening veil of mystic meaning. The form had become correspondingly more clear and perfect, more harmonious in its proportions, more immediate in musical effects. In a word, Petrarch was the first to open a region where art might be free, and to find for the heart's language utterance direct and limpid.

This was his great achievement. The forms he used were not new. The subject-matter he handled was given to him. But he brought both form and subject closer to the truth, exercising at the same time an art which had hitherto been unconceived in subtlety, and which has never since been equalled. If Dante was the first great poet, Petrarch was the first true artist of Italian literature. It was, however, impossible that Petrarch should overleap at one bound all the barriers of the Middle Ages. His Laura has still something of the earlier ideality adhering to her. She stands midway between the Beatrice of Dante and the women of Boccaccio. She is not so much a woman with a character and personality, as woman in the general, *la femme*, personified and made the object of a poet's reveries. Though every detail of her physical perfections, with the single and striking exception of her nose, is carefully recorded, it is not easy to form a definite picture even of her face and shape. Of her inner nature we hear only the vaguest generalities. She sits like a lovely model in the midst of a beautiful landscape, like one of Burne Jones's women, who incarnate a mood of feeling while they lack the fulness of personality. The thought of her pervades the valley of Vaucluse; the perfume of her memory is in the air we breathe. But if we met her, we should find it hard to recognize her; and if she spoke, we should not understand that it was Laura. Petrarch had no objective faculty. Just as he failed to bring Laura vividly before us, until she had by death become a part of his own spiritual substance, so he failed to depict things as he saw them. The pictures etched in three or four lines of the "*Purgatorio*" may be sought for vainly in his *rime*. That his love of nature was intense, there is no doubt. The solitary of Vaucluse, the pilgrim of Mont Ventoux, had reached a point of sensibility to natural scenery far in advance of his age. But when he came to express this passion for beauty, he was satisfied with giving the most perfect form to the emotion stirred in his own subjectivity. Instead of scenes, he delineates the moods suggested by them. He makes the streams and cliffs and meadows of Vaucluse his confidants. He does not lose himself in contemplation of the natural object, though we feel that this self found its freest breathing-space, its most delightful company, in the society of hill and vale. He never cares to paint

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a landscape, but contents himself with such delicate touches and such cunning combinations of words as may suggest a charm in the external world. At this point the humanist, preoccupied with man as his main subject, meets the poet in Petrarch. What is lost, too, in the precision of delineation, is gained in universality. The *canzoniere* reminds us of no single spot; wherever there are clear, fresh rills and hanging mountains, the lover walks with Petrarch by his side.

If the poet's dominant subjectivity weakened his grasp upon external things, it made him supreme in self-portraiture. Every mood of passion is caught and fixed forever in his verse. The most evanescent shades of feeling are delicately set upon the exquisite picture. Each string of love's many-chorded lyre is touched with a masterly hand. The fluctuations of hope, despair, surprise; the "yea and nay twinned in a single breath;" the struggle of conflicting aspirations in a heart drawn now to God and now to earth; the quiet resting-places of content; the recrudescence of the ancient smart; the peace of absence, when longing is luxury; the agony of presence, adding fire to fire, — all this is rendered with a force so striking, in a style so monumental, that the *canzoniere* may still be called the "introduction to the book of love." Thus, when Petrarch's own self was the object, his hand was firm; his art failed not in modelling the image into roundness. Dante brought the universe into his poem. But "the soul of man, too, is an universe;" and of this inner microcosm Petrarch was the poet. It remained for Boccaccio, the third in the supreme triumvirate, to treat of common life with art no less consummate. From Beatrice through Laura to the Fiammetta; from the "Divine Comedy" through the *canzoniere* to the "Decameron;" from the world beyond the grave through the world of feeling to the world in which we play our puppet parts; from the mystic *terza rima*, through the stately lyric stanzas, to Protean prose. Such was the rapid movement of Italian art within the brief space of some fifty years. We cannot wonder that when Boccaccio died, the source of inspiration seemed to fail. Heaven and hell, the sanctuaries of the soul, and the garden of our earth, had all been traversed. Well might Sacchetti exclaim: —

Sonati sono i corni
D' ogni parte a ricolta:
La stagione è rivolta:
Se tornerà non so, ma credo tardi.

Hitherto we have spoken only of Petrarch's love-verses. There is a short section of the *canzoniere* devoted to poems on various arguments, which presents him in another light. The oratorical impulse was only second to the subjective in his genius; and three *canzoni*, addressed to Giacomo Colonna, to Rienzi, and to the Princess of Italy, display the pleader's eloquence in its most perfect lustre. If the "*Rime in Vita e Morte di Madonna Laura*" bequeathed to the Italians models of meditative poetry, these *canzoni* taught them how classical form might be given to hortatory lyrics on subjects of national interest. There was a wail, an outcry in their passionate strophes, which went on gathering volume as the centuries rolled over Italy, until at last, in her final servitude beneath the feet of Spanish Austria, they seemed less poems than authentic prophecies. The Italians inherited from their Roman ancestors a strong forensic bias. What the forum was for the ancients, the *piazza* became for them. To follow out the intricacies of this thought would require more time and space than we can spare. It must be enough to remark that in their literature at large there is a powerful declamatory element. It impairs their philosophical writing, and helps to give an air of superficiality to their poetry. They lack what the Germans call *Innigkeit*, and the French *intimité*. What will not bear recitation in the market-place, what does not go at once home without difficulty to the average intelligence of the crowd, must be excluded from their art. It is rarely that we catch an undertone piercing the splendid resonances of their verse, or that we surprise a singer hidden in the cloud of thought, pouring his song forth as the night-bird sings to ease her soul in solitude. Such being, roughly speaking, the chief bent of the Italians, it followed that Petrarch's rhetorical *canzoni* had a better and more fruitful influence than his meditative poems on their literature. The Petrarchisti of chivalrous passion attenuated his feeling without realizing it in their own lives, and imitated his style without attaining to his mastery of form, until the one lost all vitality and the other became barren mannerism. But from time to time, as in Filicaja's sonnet or Leopardi's "Ode to Italy," we catch the true ring of his passionate "*Italia mia!*"

It will be understood that what has been said in the foregoing paragraph, about the rhetorical bias of the Italians, is only generally applicable. Their greatest artists and poets — Dante, Petrarch, Signorelli,

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Michelangelo, Tintoretto, Leopardi — have combined the forensic qualities of the Latins with the *Innigkeit* of the Teutons, just as, from the opposite point of view, we find a similar combination in Germans like Goethe, and in the French intellect at large. Petrarch's preoccupation with self so far balanced the oratorical impulse that, while the latter found its scope in his prose works, by far the larger portion of his poems gave expression to the former.

By right of his self-consciousness and thirst for glory, Petrarch was a modern man, fashioned by contact with antiquity. But dwelling as he did within the threshold of the Middle Ages, he had to pay the penalty of this emancipation from their intellectual conditions. After all is said, the final characteristic of Petrarch is the state of spiritual flux in which he lived. His love of Laura seemed to him an error and a sin, because it clashed with an ascetic impulse that had never been completely blunted. In his "Hymn to the Virgin," he spoke of this passion as the Medusa which had turned his purer self to stone: —

> Medusa e l'error mio m' han fatto un sasso
> D' umor vano stillante.

Yet he knew that this same passion had been the cause of his most permanent achievements in the sphere of art. Laura's name was confounded with the laurel wreath, for which he strove, and which he wore with pride upon the Capitol. Even here a new contradiction in his nature revealed itself. Thirsting as he did for fame, he judged this appetite ungodly. The only immortality to be desired by the true Christian was a life beyond this earth. While he expressed a contempt for the world inspired by sympathy with monasticism, he enjoyed each mundane pleasure with the fine taste of an intellectual epicure. Solitude was his ideal, and in solitude he planned his most considerable literary masterpieces: but he frequented the courts of princes, made himself their mouthpiece, and delighted in the parade of a magnificent society. Humanism, which was destined to bring forth a kind of neo-paganism in Italy, had its source in him; and no scholar was more enthusiastic for the heroes of the antique age. But even while he gave his suffrage to the "starry youth" of Scipio, he was reminded that the saints of the Thebaid had wreathed their brows with the palms of a still more splendid victory. He worshipped Laura with a chivalrous devotion; but he lived, according to the custom of his time and his profession, with a concubine who bore him two children. No poet exalted the cult of woman to a higher level; but no monk expressed a bitterer hostility against the sex. He could not choose between the spirit and the flesh, or utter the firm "I will" of acceptance or renunciation upon either side. The genius of Rome and the genius of Nazareth strove in him for mastery. At one time he was fain to ape the antique patriot; at another he affected the monastic saint. He pretended to despise celebrity and mourned the vanity of worldly honors; yet he was greedy of distinction. His correspondence reveals the intrigues with which he sought the poet's laurel, pulling wires at Rome and Paris, in order that he might have the choice of being either crowned upon the Capitol or else before the most august society of learned men in Europe. At the same time, when fame had found him, when he stood forth as the acknowledged hero of culture, he complained that the distractions of renown withdrew him from the service of religion and his soul. He claimed to have disengaged himself from the shackles of personal vanity. Yet a foolish word dropped by some young men in Padua against his learning, made him take up cudgels in his failing years, and engage in a gladiatorial combat for the maintenance of his repute. He was clamorous for the freedom of the *populus Romanus*, and importunate in his assertion of Italian independence. Yet he stooped to flatter kings in letters of almost more than Byzantine adulation, and lent his authority to the infamies of Lombard despotism. It would be easy enough, but weariful, to lengthen out this list of Petrarch's inner contradictions. The malady engendered by them — that incurable *acedia*, that atonic melancholy, which he ascribed to St. Augustine — made him the prototype of an age which had in it, and which still has, a thousand unreconciled antagonisms. Hamlet and Faust, Werther and René, Childe Harold and Dipsychus, find their ancestor in Petrarch; and it is this which constitutes his chief claim on the sympathies of the modern world. He too has left us a noble example of the method whereby the inevitable discords of an awakened consciousness may be resolved in a superior harmony. Through all his struggles he remained true to the one ideal of intellectual activity, and the very conflict saved him from stagnation. His energies were never for one moment prostrated, nor was his hope extinguished. He labored steadily for the

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completion of that human synthesis, embracing the traditions of antiquity and Christianity, which, as though by instinct, he felt to be the necessary condition of a European revival. It may be confidently asserted that if his immediate successors had continued his work in the spirit of their leader, the Renaissance would have brought forth nobler fruits.

We are told that the faces of dying persons sometimes reproduce the features of their youth, and the memory of old men reverts to the events of boyhood. Thus Petrarch at the close of life survived the struggles of his manhood, and returned with single-hearted impulse to the *alma mater* of his youth. From the year 1348 forward, he approximated more and more to the mediæval type of character, without losing his zeal for liberal studies. The coming age, which he inaugurated, faded from his vision, and the mystic past resumed its empire. Yet, as a scholar, he never ceased to be industrious. One of his last works was the translation into Latin of Boccaccio's "Griselda;" and on the morning after his unwitnessed death, his servant found him bowed upon his books. But Petrarch was not sustained in age and sickness by a forecast of the culture he had labored to create. The consolations of religion, the piety of the cloister, soothed his soul; and he who had been the Erasmus of his century, passed from it in the attitude of an Augustinian monk.

At Arquà they still show the house where Petrarch spent his last years, the little study where he worked, the chair in which he sat, the desk at which he wrote. From those soft-swelling undulations of the Euganean hills, hoary with olives, rich with fig and vine, the Lombard plain breaks away toward Venice and the Adriatic. The air is light; the prospect is immense; there is a sound of waters hurrying by. In front of the church-door, below the house, and close beside the rushing stream, stands the massive coffer of Verona marble where his ashes rest. No inscription is needed. The fame of Petrarch broods on Arquà like the canopy of heaven. For one who has dwelt long in company with his vexed, steadfast spirit — so divine in aspiration, so human in tenderness, and so like ourselves in its divided impulses — there is something inexpressibly solemn to stand beside this sepulchre, and review the five centuries through which the glory he desired has lived and grown. Few men capable of comprehending his real greatness, while there standing, will not envy him the peace he found upon the end of life, and pause to wonder when that harmony will be achieved between the wisdom of this world and the things of God which Petrarch, through all contradictions, clung to and in death accomplished.

From Belgravia.

BIANCA.

NOT long since, I was one among a crowd of nobodies at a big official reception in Paris when the Marchese and Marchesa di San Silvestro were announced. There was a momentary hush; those about the doorway fell back to let this distinguished couple pass, and some of us stood on tiptoe to get a glimpse of them; for San Silvestro is a man of no small importance in the political and diplomatic world, and his wife enjoys quite a European fame for beauty and amiability, having had opportunities of displaying both these attractive gifts at the several courts where she has acted as Italian ambassadress. They made their way quickly up the long room — she short, rather sallow, inclined towards *embonpoint*, but with eyes whose magnificence was rivalled only by that of her diamonds; he bald-headed, fat, grey-haired, covered with orders — and were soon out of sight. I followed them with a sigh which caused my neighbor to ask me jocosely whether the marchesa was an old flame of mine.

"Far from it," I answered. "Only the sight of her reminded me of bygone days. Dear, dear me! how time does slip on! It is fifteen years since I saw her last."

I moved away, looking down rather ruefully at the waistcoat to whose circumference fifteen years have made no trifling addition, and wondering whether I was really as much altered and aged in appearance as the marchesa was.

Fifteen years — it is no such very long time; and yet I dare say that the persons principally concerned in the incident which I am about to relate, have given up thinking about it as completely as I had done, until the sound of that lady's name, and the sight of her big black eyes, recalled it to me, and set me thinking of the sunny spring afternoon on which my sister Anne and I journeyed from Verona to Venice, and of her *naïve* exclamations of delight on finding herself in a real gondola, gliding smoothly down the Grand Canal. My sister Anne is by some years my senior.

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She is what might be called an old lady now, and she certainly was an old maid then, and had long accepted her position as such. Then, as now, she habitually wore a grey alpaca gown, a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, gloves a couple of sizes too large for her, and a shapeless, broad-leaved, straw hat, from which a blue veil was flung back and streamed out in the breeze behind her, like a ship's ensign. Then, as now, she was the simplest, the most kind-hearted, the most prejudiced of mortals; an enthusiastic admirer of the arts, and given, as her own small contribution thereto, to the production of endless water-color landscapes, a trifle woolly, indeed, as to outline, and somewhat faulty as to perspective, but warm in coloring, and highly thought of in the family. I believe, in fact, that it was chiefly with a view to the filling of her portfolio that she had persuaded me to take her to Venice; and, as I am constitutionally indolent, I was willing enough to spend a few weeks in the city which, of all cities in the world, is the best adapted for lazy people. We engaged rooms at Danielli's, and unpacked all our clothes, knowing that we were not likely to make another move until the heat should drive us away.

The first few days, I remember, were not altogether full of enjoyment for one of us. My excellent Anne, who has all her brother's virtues, without his failings, would have scouted the notion of allowing any dread of physical fatigue to stand between her and the churches and pictures which she had come all the way from England to admire; and, as Venice was an old haunt of mine, she very excusably expected me to act as cicerone to her, and allowed me but little rest between the hours of breakfast and of the *table d'hôte*. At last, however, she conceived the modest and felicitous idea of making a copy of Titian's "Assumption," and, having obtained the requisite permission for that purpose, set to work upon the first of a long series of courageous attempts, all of which she conscientiously destroyed when in a half-finished state. At that rate it seemed likely that her days would be fully occupied for some weeks to come; and I urged her to persevere, and not to allow herself to be disheartened by a few brilliant failures; and so she hurried away, early every morning, with her paint-box, her brushes, and her block, and I was left free to smoke my cigarettes in peace, in front of my favorite *café* on the Piazza San Marco.

I was sitting there one morning, watching, with half-closed eyes, the pigeons circling overhead under a cloudless sky, and enjoying the fresh salt breeze that came across the ruffled water from the Adriatic, when I was accosted by one of the white-coated Austrian officers by whom Venice was thronged in those days, and whom I presently recognized as a young fellow named Von Rosenau whom I had known slightly in Vienna the previous winter. I returned his greeting cordially, for I always like to associate as much as possible with foreigners when I am abroad, and little did I foresee into what trouble this fair-haired, innocent-looking youth was destined to lead me.

I asked him how he liked Venice, and he answered laughingly that he was not there from choice. "I am in disgrace," he explained. "I am always in disgrace — only this time it is rather worse than usual. Do you remember my father, the general? No? Perhaps he was not in Vienna when you were there. He is a soldier of the old school, and manages his family as they tell me he used to manage his regiment in former years, boasting that he has never allowed a breach of discipline to pass unpunished, and never will. Last year I exceeded my allowance, and the colonel got orders to stop my leave; this year I borrowed from the Jews, the whole thing was found out, and I was removed from the cavalry, and put into a Croat regiment under orders for Venice. Next year will probably see me enrolled in the police; and so it will go on, I suppose, till some fine morning I shall find myself driving a two-horse yellow diligence in the wilds of Carinthia, and blowing a horn to let the villagers know that the imperial and royal mail is approaching.

After a little more conversation we separated, but only to meet again, that same evening, on the Piazza San Marco, whither I had wandered to listen to the band after dinner, and where I found Von Rosenau seated with a number of his brother officers in front of the principal *café*. These gentlemen, to whom I was presently introduced, were unanimous in complaining of their present quarters. Venice, they said, might be all very well for artists and travellers; but viewed as a garrison, it was the dullest of places. There were no amusements, there was no sport, and just now no society; for the Italians were in one of their periodical fits of sulks, and would not speak to, or look at, a German if they could possibly avoid it. "They will not even show themselves when our band is playing," said one

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of the officers, pointing towards the well-nigh empty piazza. "As for the ladies, it is reported that, if one of them is seen speaking to an Austrian, she is either assassinated or sent off to spend the rest of her days in a convent. At all events, it is certain that we have none of us any successes to boast off, except Von Rosenau, who has an affair, they say, only he is pleased to be very mysterious about it."

"Where does she live, Von Rosenau?" asked another. "Is she rich? Is she noble? Has she a husband, who will stab you both? or only a mother, who will send her to a nunnery, and let you go free? You might gratify our curiosity a little. It would do you no harm, and it would give us something to talk about."

"Bah! he will tell you nothing," cried a third. "He is afraid. He knows that there are half a dozen of us who could cut him out in an hour."

"Von Rosenau," said a young ensign solemnly, "you would do better to make a clean breast of it. Concealment is useless. Janovicz saw you with her in Santa Maria della Salute the other day, and could have followed her home quite easily if he had been so inclined."

"They were seen together on the Lido too. People who want to keep their secrets ought not to be so imprudent."

"A good comrade ought to have no secrets from the regiment."

"Come, Von Rosenau, we will promise not to speak to her without your permission if you will tell us how you managed to make her acquaintance."

The subject of all these attacks received them with the most perfect composure, continuing to smoke his cigar and gaze out seawards, without so much as turning his head towards his questioners, to whom he vouchsafed no reply whatever. Probably, as an ex-hussar and a sprig of nobility, he may have held his head a little above those of his present brother officers, and preferred disregarding their familiarity to resenting it as he might have done if it had come from men whom he considered on a footing of equality with himself. Such, at least was my impression; and it was confirmed by the friendly advances which he made towards me, from that day forth, and by the persistency with which he sought my society. I thought he seemed to wish for some companion whose ideas had not been developed exclusively in barrack atmosphere; and I, on my side, was not unwilling to listen to the chatter of a lively, good-natured young fellow, at intervals, during my long idle days.

It was at the end of a week, I think, or thereabouts, that he honored me with his full confidence. We had been out sea-fishing in a small open boat which he had purchased, and which he managed without assistance — that is to say, that we had provided ourselves with what was requisite for the pursuit of that engrossing sport, and that the young count had gone through the form of dropping his line over the side and pulling it up, baitless and fishless, from time to time, while I had dispensed with even this shallow pretence of employment, and had stretched myself out full length upon the cushions which I had thoughtfully brought with me, inhaling the salt-laden breeze, and luxuriating in perfect inaction, till such time as it had become necessary for us to think of returning homewards. My companion had been sighing portentously every now and again all through the afternoon, and had repeatedly given vent to a sound as though he had been about to say something, and had as often checked himself, and fallen back into silence. So that I was in a great measure prepared for the disclosure that fell from him at length as we slipped before the wind, across the broad lagoon, towards the haze and blaze of sunset which was glorifying the old city of the doges.

"Do you know," said he suddenly, "that I am desperately in love?" I said I had conjectured as much; and he seemed a good deal surprised at my powers of divination.

"Yes," he resumed, "I am in love; and with an Italian lady too, unfortunately. Her name is Bianca — the Signorina Bianca Marinelli — and she is the most divinely beautiful creature the sun ever shone upon."

"That," said I, "is of course."

"It is the truth; and when you have seen her, you will acknowledge that I do not exaggerate. I have known her nearly two months now. I became acquainted with her accidentally — she dropped her handkerchief in a shop, and I took it to her, and so we got to be upon speaking terms, and — and — but I need not give you the whole history. We have discovered that we are all the world to one another; we have sworn to remain faithful to each other all our lives long; and we renew the oath whenever we meet. But that, unhappily, is very seldom! for her father, the Marchese Marinelli, scarcely ever lets her out of his sight; and he is a

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sour, narrow-minded old fellow, as proud as he is poor, an intense hater of all Austrians, and, if he were to discover our attachment, I shudder to think of what the consequences might be."

"And your own father — the stern old general of whom you told me — what would he say to it all?"

"Oh! he, of course, would not hear of such a marriage for a moment. He detests and despises the Venetians as cordially as the marchese abhors the *Tedeschi;* and, as I am entirely dependent upon him, I should not dream of saying a word to him about the matter until I was married, and nothing could be done to separate me from Bianca."

"So that, upon the whole, you appear to stand a very fair chance of starvation, if everything turns out according to your wishes. And pray in what way do you imagine that I can assist you towards this desirable end? For I take it for granted that you have some reason for letting me into your secret."

Von Rosenau laughed good-humoredly.

"You form conclusions quickly, he said. "Well, I will confess to you that I have thought lately that you might be of great service to me without inconveniencing yourself much. The other day, when you did me the honor to introduce me to your sister, I was very nearly telling her all. She has such a kind countenance; and I felt sure that she would not refuse to let my poor Bianca visit her sometimes. The old marchese, you see, would have no objection to leaving his daughter for hours under the care of an English lady; and I thought that perhaps when Miss Jenkinson went out to work at her painting — I might come in."

"Fortunate indeed is it for you," I said, "that your confidence in the kind countenance of my sister Anne did not carry you quite to the point of divulging this precious scheme to her. I, who know her pretty well, can tell you exactly the course she would have pursued if you had. Without one moment's hesitation, she would have found out the address of the young lady's father, hurried off thither, and told him all about it. Anne is a thoroughly good creature; but she has little sympathy with lovemaking, still less with surreptitious lovemaking, and she would as soon think of accepting the part you are so good as to assign to her as of forging a cheque."

He sighed, and said he supposed, then, that they must continue to meet as they had been in the habit of doing; but that it was rather unsatisfactory.

"It says something for your ingenuity, that you contrive to meet at all," I remarked.

"Well, yes, there are considerable difficulties, because the old man's movements are so uncertain; and there is some risk too, for, as you heard the other day, we have been seen together. Moreover I have been obliged to tell everything to my servant Johann, who waylays the marchese's housekeeper at market in the mornings, and finds out from her when and where I can have an opportunity of meeting Bianca. I would rather not have trusted him; but I could think of no other plan."

"At any rate, I should have thought you might have selected some more retired rendezvous than the most frequented church in Venice."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I wish you would suggest one within reach," he said. "There are no retired places in this accursed town. But, in fact, we see one another very seldom. Often for days together the only way in which I can get a glimpse of her is by loitering about in my boat in front of her father's house, and watching till she shows herself at the window. We are in her neighborhood now, and it is close upon the hour at which I can generally calculate upon her appearing. Would you mind my making a short *détour* that way before I set you down at your hotel?"

We had entered the Grand Canal while Von Rosenau had been relating his lovetale, and, some minutes before, he had lowered his sail, and taken to the oars. He now slewed the boat's head round abruptly, and we shot into a dark and narrow water-way, and so, after sundry twistings and turnings, arrived before a grim, timeworn structure, so hemmed in by the surrounding buildings that it seemed as if no ray of sunshine could ever penetrate within its walls.

"That is the Palazzo Marinelli," said my companion. "The greater part of it is let to different tenants. The family has long been much too poor to inhabit the whole of it, and now the old man only reserves himself four rooms on the third floor. Those are the windows, in the far corner; and there — no! — yes! there is Bianca."

I brought my eyeglass to bear upon the point indicated just in time to catch sight of a female head, which was thrust out through the open window for an instant, and then withdrawn with great celerity.

"Ah!" sighed the count, "it is you who have driven her away. I ought to have remembered that she would be fright-

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ened at seeing a stranger. And now she will not show herself again, I fear. Come; I will take you home. Confess now — is she not more beautiful than you expected?"

"My dear sir, I had hardly time to see whether she was a man or a woman; but I am quite willing to take your word for it that there never was anybody like her."

"If you would like to wait a little longer — half an hour or so — she *might* put her head out again," said the young man wistfully.

"Thank you very much; but my sister will be wondering why I do not come to take her down to the *table d'hôte*. And besides, as I am not in love myself, I may perhaps be excused for saying that I want my dinner."

"As you please," answered the count, looking the least bit in the world affronted; and so he pulled back in silence to the steps to the hotel, where we parted.

I don't know whether Von Rosenau felt aggrieved by my rather unsympathetic reception of his confidence, or whether he thought it useless to discuss his projects further with one who could not or would not assist him in carrying them out; but although we continued to meet daily, as before, he did not recur to the interesting subject, and it was not for me to take the initiative in doing so. Curiosity, I confess, led me to direct my gondolier more than once to the narrow canal over which the Palazzo Marinelli towered; and on each occasion I was rewarded by descrying, from the depths of the miniature mourning-coach which concealed me, the faithful count, seated in his boat and waiting in patient faith, like another Ritter Toggenburg, with his eyes fixed upon the corner window; but of the lady I could see no sign. I was rather disappointed at first, as day after day went by and my young friend showed no disposition to break the silence in which he had chosen to wrap himself; for I had nothing to do in Venice, and I thought it would have been rather amusing to watch the progress of this incipient romance. By degrees, however, I ceased to trouble myself about it; and at the end of a fortnight I had other things to think of, in the shape of plans for the summer, my sister Anne having by that time satisfied herself that, all things considered, Titian's "Assumption" was a little too much for her.

It was Captain Janovicz who informed me casually one evening that Von Rosenau was going away in a few days on leave, and that he would probably be absent for a considerable time.

"For my own part," remarked my informant, "I shall be surprised if we see him back in the regiment at all. He was only sent to us as a sort of punishment for having been a naughty boy, and I suppose now he will be forgiven, and restored to the hussars.

"So much for undying love," thinks I with a cynical chuckle. "If there is any gratitude in man, that young fellow ought to be showering blessings on me for having refused to hold the noose for him to thrust his head into."

Alas! I knew not of what I was speaking. I had not yet heard the last of Herr von Rosenau's entanglement, nor was I destined to escape from playing my part in it. The very next morning, after breakfast, as I was poring over a map of Switzerland, "Murray" on my right hand and "Bradshaw" on my left, his card was brought to me, together with an urgent request that I would see him immediately and alone; and before I had had time to send a reply, he came clattering into the room, trailing his sabre behind him, and dropped into the first armchair with a despairing self-abandonment which shook the house to its foundations.

"Mr. Jenkinson," said he, "I am a ruined man!"

I answered rather drily that I was very sorry to hear it. If I must confess the truth, I thought he had come to borrow money of me.

"A most cruel calamity has befallen me," he went on; "and unless you will consent to help me out of it ——"

"I am sure I shall be delighted to do anything in my power," I interrupted apprehensively; "but I am afraid ——"

"You cannot refuse me till you have heard what I have to say. I am aware that I have no claim whatever upon your kindness; but you are the only man in the world who can save me, and, whereas the happiness of my whole life is at stake, the utmost you can have to put up with will be a little inconvenience. Now I will explain myself in as few words as possible, because I have only a minute to spare. In fact, I ought to be out on the ramparts at this moment. You have not forgotten what I told you about myself and the Signorina Marinelli, and how we had agreed to seize the first opportunity that offered to be privately married, and to escape over the mountains to my father's house, and throw ourselves upon his mercy?"

"I don't remember your having mentioned any such plan."

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"No matter — so it was. Well, everything seemed to have fallen out most fortunately for us. I found out some time ago that the marchese would be going over to Padua this evening, on business, and would be absent at least one whole day, and I immediately applied for my leave to begin to-morrow. This I obtained at once through my father, who now expects me to be with him in a few days, and little knows that I shall not come alone. Johann and the marchese's housekeeper arranged the rest between them. I was to meet my dear Bianca early in the morning on the Lido; thence we were to go by boat to Mestre, where a carriage was to be in waiting for us; and the same evening we were to be married by a priest, to whom I have given due notice, at a place called Longarone. And so we should have gone on, across the Ampezzo Pass homewards. Now, would you believe that all has been defeated by a mere freak on the part of my colonel? Only this morning, after it was much too late to make any alteration in our plans, he told me that he should require me to be on duty all to-day and to-morrow, and that my leave could not begin until the next day. Is it not maddening? And the worst of it is, that I have no means of letting Bianca know of this, for I dare not send a message to the palazzo, and there is no chance of my seeing her myself; and of course she will go to the Lido to-morrow morning, and will find no one there. Now, my dear Mr. Jenkinson — my good, kind friend — do you begin to see what I want you to do for me?"

"Not in the very least."

"No? But it is evident enough. Now listen. You meet Bianca to-morrow morning, you explain to her what has happened, you take her in the boat, which will be waiting for you, to Mestre; you proceed in the travelling-carriage, which will also be waiting for you, to Longarone; you see the priest, and appoint with him for the following evening; and the next day I arrive, and you return to Venice. Is that clear?"

The volubility with which this programme was enunciated so took away my breath that I scarcely realized its audacity.

"You will not refuse; I am sure you will not," said the count, rising and hooking up his sword, as if about to depart.

"Stop, stop!" I exclaimed. "You don't consider what you are asking. I can't elope with young women in this casual sort of way. I have a character — and a sister. How am I to explain all this to my sister, I should like to know?"

"Oh! make any excuse you can think of to her. Now, Mr. Jenkinson, you know there cannot be any real difficulty in that. You consent, then? A thousand, thousand thanks! I will send you a few more instructions by letter this evening. I really must not stay any longer now. Good-bye."

"Stop! Why can't your servant Johann do all this instead of me?"

"Because he is on duty like myself. Good-bye."

"Stop! Why can't you postpone your flight for a day? I don't so much mind meeting the young lady and telling her all about it."

"Quite out of the question, my dear sir. It is perfectly possible that the marchese may return from Padua to-morrow night, and what should we do then? No, no; there is no help for it. Good-bye."

"Stop! Hi! Come back!"

But it was too late. My impetuous visitor was down the staircase and away before I had descended a single flight in pursuit, and all I could do was to return to my room and register a vow within my own heart that I would have nothing to do with this preposterous scheme.

Looking back upon what followed across the interval of fifteen years, I find that I can really give no satisfactory reason for my having failed to adhere to this wise resolution. I had no particular feeling of friendship for Von Rosenau; I did not care two straws about the Signorina Bianca, whom I had never seen; and certainly I am not, nor ever was, the sort of person who loves romantic adventures for their own sake. Perhaps it was good-nature, perhaps it was only an indolent shrinking from disobliging anybody, that influenced me — it does not much matter now. Whatever the cause of my yielding may have been, I did yield. I prefer to pass over in silence the doubts and hesitations which beset me for the remainder of the day; the arrival, towards evening, of the piteous note from Von Rosenau which finally overcame my weak resistance to his will; and the series of circumstantial false statements (I blush when I think of them) by means of which I accounted to my sister for my proposed sudden departure.

Suffice it to say that, very early on the following morning, there might have been seen, pacing up and down the shore on the seaward side of the Lido, and peering anxiously about him through an eyeglass, as if in search of somebody or something, the figure of a tall, spare Englishman, clad in a complete suit of shepherd's tartan, with a

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wide-awake on his head, a leather bag slung by a strap across his shoulder, and a light coat over his arm. Myself, in point of fact, in the travelling-costume of the epoch.

I was kept waiting a long time — longer than I liked; for, as may be supposed, I was most anxious to be well away from Venice before the rest of the world was up and about; but at length there appeared, round the corner of a long, white wall which skirted the beach, a little lady, thickly veiled, who, on catching sight of me, whisked round, and incontinently vanished. This was so evidently the fair Bianca that I followed her without hesitation, and almost ran into her arms as I swung round the angle of the wall behind which she had retreated. She gave a great start, stared at me, for an instant, like a startled fawn, and then took to her heels and fled. It was rather ridiculous; but there was nothing for me to do but to give chase. My legs are long, and I had soon headed her round.

"I presume that I have the honor of addressing the Signorina Marinelli?" I panted, in French, as I faced her, hat in hand.

She answered me by a piercing shriek which left no room for doubt as to her identity.

"For the love of Heaven, don't do that!" I entreated, in an agony. "You will alarm the whole neighborhood, and ruin us both. Believe me, I am only here as your friend, and very much against my own wishes. I have come on the part of Count Albrecht von Rosenau, who is unable to come himself, because ——"

Here she opened her mouth with so manifest an intention of raising another resounding screech that I became desperate, and seized her by the wrists in my anxiety. "*Sgridi ancora una volta*," says I, in the purest *lingua Toscana*, "*e la lascerò qui* — to get out of this mess as best you can — *cosi sicuro che il mio nome è Jenkinsono!*"

To my great relief, she began to laugh. Immediately afterwards, however, she sat down on the shingle, and began to cry. It was too vexatious: what on earth was I to do?

"Do you understand English?" I asked despairingly.

She shook her head, but sobbed out that she spoke French; so I proceeded to address her in that language.

"Signorina, if you do not get up, and control your emotion, I will not be answerable for the consequences. We are surrounded by dangers of the most — compromising description; and every moment of delay must add to them. I know that the officers often come out here to bathe in the morning — so do many of the English people from Danielli's. If we are discovered together there will be such a scandal as never was, and you will most assuredly not become Countess von Rosenau. Think of that, and it will brace your nerves. What you have to do is to come directly with me to the boat which is all ready to take us to Mestre. Allow me to carry your hand-bag."

Not a bit of it! The signorina refused to stir.

"What is it? Where is Alberto? What has happened?" she cried. "You have told me nothing."

"Well then, I will explain," I answered impatiently. And I explained accordingly.

But, dear me, what a fuss she did make over it all! One would have supposed, to hear her, that I had planned this unfortunate complication for my own pleasure, and that I ought to have been playing the part of a suppliant instead of that of a sorely-tried benefactor. First she was so kind as to set me down as an impostor, and was only convinced of my honesty when I showed her a letter in the beloved Alberto's handwriting. Then she declared that she could not possibly go off with a total stranger. Then she discovered that, upon further consideration, she could not abandon poor dear papa in his old age. And so forth, and so forth, with a running accompaniment of tears and sobs. Of course she consented at last to enter the boat; but I was so exasperated by her silly behavior that I would not speak to her, and had really scarcely noticed whether she was pretty or plain till we were more than half way to Mestre. But when we had hoisted our sail, and were running before a fine fresh breeze towards the land, and our four men had shipped their oars and were chattering and laughing under their breath in the bows, and the first perils of our enterprise seemed to have been safely surmounted, my equanimity began to return to me, and I stole a glance at the partner of my flight, who had lifted her veil, and showed a pretty, round, childish face, with a clear, brown complexion, and a pair of the most splendid dark eyes it has ever been my good fortune to behold. There were no tears in them now; but a certain half-frightened, half-mischievous light instead, as if she rather enjoyed the adventure, in spite of its inauspicious

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opening. A very little encouragement induced her to enter into conversation, and ere long she was prattling away as unrestrainedly as if we had been friends all our lives. She asked me a great many questions. What was I doing in Venice? Had I known Alberto long? Was I very fond of him? Did I think that the old Count von Rosenau would be very angry when he heard of his son's marriage? I answered her as best I could, feeling very sorry for the poor little soul, who evidently did not in the least realize the serious nature of the step which she was about to take; and she grew more and more communicative. In the course of a quarter of an hour I had been put in possession of all the chief incidents of her uneventful life.

I had heard how she had lost her mother when she was still an infant; how she had been educated partly by two maiden aunts, partly in a convent at Verona; how she had latterly led a life of almost complete seclusion in the old Venetian palace; how she had first met Alberto; and how, after many doubts and misgivings, she had finally been prevailed upon to sacrifice all for his sake, and to leave her father, who, stern, severe, and suspicious, though he had always been generous to her, had tried to give her such small pleasures as his means and habits would permit. She had a likeness of him with her, she said — perhaps I might like to see it. She dived into her travelling-bag, as she spoke, and produced from thence a full-length photograph of a tall, well-built gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, whose grey hair, black moustache, and intent, frowning gaze made up an *ensemble* more striking than attractive.

"Is he not handsome — poor papa?" she asked.

I said the marchese was certainly a very fine-looking man, and inwardly thanked my stars that he was safely at Padua; for looking at the breadth of his chest, the length of his arm, and the somewhat forbidding cast of his features, I could not help perceiving that poor papa was precisely one of those persons with whom a prudent man prefers to keep friends than to quarrel.

And so, by the time that we reached Mestre, we had become quite friendly and intimate, and had half forgetten, I think, the absurd relation in which we stood towards one another. We had rather an awkward moment when we left the boat and entered our travelling-carriage; for I need scarcely say that both the boatmen and the grinning *vetturino* took me for the bridegroom, whose place I temporarily occupied, and they were pleased to be facetious in a manner which was very embarrassing to me, but which I could not very well check. Moreover, I felt compelled so far to sustain my assumed character as to be specially generous in the matter of a *buona mano* to those four jolly watermen, and, for the first few miles of our drive, I could not help remembering this circumstance with some regret, and wondering whether it would occur to Von Rosenau to reimburse me.

Probably our coachman thought that, having a runaway couple to drive, he ought to make some pretence at least of fearing pursuit; for he set off at such a furious pace that our four half-starved horses were soon beat, and we had to perform the remainder of the long, hot, dusty journey at a foot's pace. I have forgotten how we made the time pass. I think we slept a good deal. I know we were both very tired and a trifle cross, when in the evening we reached Longarone, a small, poverty-stricken village, on the verge of that dolomite region which, in these latter days, has become so frequented by summer tourists.

Tourists usually leave in their wake some of the advantages as well as the drawbacks of civilization; and probably there is now a respectable hotel at Longarone. I suppose, therefore, that I may say, without risk of laying myself open to an action for slander, that a more filthy den than the *osteria* before which my charge and I alighted no imagination, however disordered, could conceive. It was a vast, dismal building which had doubtless been the palace of some rich citizen of the republic in days of yore, but which had now fallen into a dishonored old age. Its windows and outside shutters were tightly closed, and had been so, apparently, from time immemorial; a vile smell of rancid oil and garlic pervaded it in every part; the cornices of its huge, bare rooms were festooned with blackened cobwebs; and the dust and dirt of ages had been suffered to accumulate upon the stone floors of its corridors. The signorina tucked up her petticoats as she picked her way along the passages to her bedroom, while I remained behind to order dinner of the sulky, black-browed *padrona*, to whom I had already had to explain that my companion and I were not man and wife, and who, I fear, had consequently conceived no very high opinion of us. Happily the priest had already been warned by telegram that his service would not be required until the

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morrow; so I was spared the nuisance of an interview with him.

After a time we sat down to our *tête-à-tête* dinner. Such a dinner! Even after the lapse of all these years I am unable to think of it without a shudder. Half famished though we were, we could not do much more than look at the greater part of the dishes which were set before us; and the climax was reached when we were served with an astonishing *compote*, made up, so far as I was able to judge, of equal proportions of preserved plums and mustard, to which vinegar and sugar had been superadded. Both the signorina and I partook of this horrible mixture, for it really looked as if it might be rather nice; and when, after the first mouthful, each of us looked up, and saw the other's face of agony and alarm, we burst into a simultaneous peal of laughter. Up to that moment we had been very solemn and depressed; but the laugh did us good, and sent us to bed in somewhat better spirits; and the malignant *compote* at least did us the service of effectually banishing our appetite.

I forbear to enlarge upon the horrors of the night. Mosquitoes, and other insects, which, for some reason or other, we English seldom mention, save under a modest pseudonym, worked their wicked will upon me till daybreak set me free; and I presume that the fair Bianca was no better off; for when the breakfast-hour arrived, I received a message from her to the effect that she was unable to leave her room.

I was sitting over my dreary little repast, wondering how I should get through the day, and speculating upon the possibility of my release before nightfall, and I had just concluded that I must make up my mind to face another night with the mosquitoes and their hardy allies, when, to my great joy, a slatternly serving-maid came lolloping into the room, and announced that a gentleman styling himself "*il Conte di Rosenau*" had arrived and demanded to see me instantly. Here was a piece of unlooked-for good fortune! I jumped up, and flew to the door to receive my friend, whose footsteps I already heard on the threshold.

"My dear, good soul!" I cried, "this is too delightful! How did you manage —"

The remainder of my sentence died away upon my lips; for alas! it was not the missing Alberto whom I had nearly embraced, but a stout, red-faced, white-moustached gentleman, who was in a violent passion, judging by the terrific salute of Teutonic expletives with which he greeted my advance. Then he, too, desisted as suddenly as I had done, and we both fell back a few paces, and stared at one another blankly. The new comer was the first to recover himself.

"This is some accursed mistake," said he, in German.

"Evidently," said I.

"But they told me that you and an Italian young lady were the only strangers in the house."

"Well, sir," I said, "I can't help it if we are. The house is not of a kind likely to attract strangers; and I assure you that, if I could consult my own wishes, the number of the guests would soon be reduced by one."

He appeared to be a very choleric old person. "Sir," said he, "you seem disposed to carry things off with a high hand; but I suspect that you know more than you choose to reveal. Be so good as to tell me the name of the lady who is staying here."

"I think you are forgetting yourself," I answered, with dignity. "I must decline to gratify your curiosity."

He stuck his arms akimbo, and planted himself directly in front of me, frowning ominously. "Let us waste no more words," he said. "If I have made a mistake, I shall be ready to offer you a full apology. If not — but that is nothing to the purpose. I am Lieutenant-General Graf von Rosenau, at your service, and I have reason to believe that my son, Graf Albrecht von Rosenau, a lieutenant in his Imperial and Royal Majesty's 99th Croat Regiment, has made a runaway match with a certain Signorina Bianca Marinelli of Venice. Are you prepared to give me your word of honor as a gentleman and an Englishman that you are not privy to this affair?"

At these terrible words I felt my blood run cold. I may have lost my presence of mind; but I don't know how I could have got out of the dilemma even if I had preserved it.

"Your son has not yet arrived," I stammered.

He pounced upon me like a cat upon a mouse, and gripped both my arms above the elbow. "Is he married?" he hissed, with his red nose a couple of inches from mine.

"No," I answered, "he is not. Perhaps I had better say at once that if you use personal violence I shall defend myself in spite of your age."

Upon this he was kind enough to relax his hold.

"And pray, sir," he resumed, in a some-

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what more temperate tone, after a short period of reflection, "what have you to do with all this?"

"I am not bound to answer your questions, Herr Graf," I replied; "but, as things have turned out, I have no special objection to doing so. Out of pure good-nature to your son, who was detained by duty in Venice at the last moment, I consented to bring the Signorina Marinelli here yesterday, and to await his arrival, which I am now expecting."

"So you ran away with the girl, instead of Albrecht, did you? Ho, ho, ho!"

I had seldom heard a more grating or disagreeable laugh.

"I did nothing of the sort," I answered tartly. "I simply undertook to see her safely through the first stage of her journey."

"And you will have the pleasure of seeing her back, I imagine; for as for my rascal of a boy, I mean to take him off home with me as soon as he arrives; and I can assure you that I have no intention of providing myself with a daughter-in-law in the course of the day."

I began to feel not a little alarmed. "You cannot have the brutality to leave me here with a young woman whom I am scarcely so much as acquainted with on my hands!" I ejaculated, half involuntarily. "What in the world should I do?"

The old gentleman gave vent to a malevolent chuckle. "Upon my word, sir," said he, "I can only see one course open to you as a man of honor. You must marry her yourself."

At this I fairly lost all patience, and gave the Graf my opinion of his conduct in terms the plainness of which left nothing to be desired. I included him, his son, and the entire German people in one sweeping anathema. No Englishman, I said, would have been capable of either insulting an innocent lady, or of so basely leaving in the lurch one whose only fault had been a too great readiness to sacrifice his own convenience to the interests of others. My indignation lent me a flow of words such as I should never have been able to command in calmer moments; and I dare say I should have continued in the same strain for an indefinite time, had I not been summarily cut short by the entrance of a third person.

There was no occasion for this last intruder to announce himself, in a voice of thunder, as the Marchese Marinelli. I had at once recognized the original of the signorina's photograph, and I perceived that I was now in about as uncomfortable a position as my bitterest enemy could have desired for me. The German old gentleman had been very angry at the outset; but his wrath, as compared with that of the Italian, was as a breeze to a hurricane. The marchese was literally quivering from head to foot with concentrated fury. His face was deadly white, his strongly-marked features twitched convulsively, his eyes blazed like those of a wild animal. Having stated his identity in the manner already referred to, he made two strides towards the table by which I was seated, and stood glaring at me as though he would have sprung at my throat. I thought it might avert consequences which we should both afterwards deplore if I were to place the table between us; and I did so without loss of time. From the other side of that barrier I adjured my visitor to keep cool, pledging him my word, in the same breath, that there was no harm done as yet.

"No harm!" he repeated in a strident shout that echoed through the bare room. "Dog! Villain! You ensnare my daughter's affections — you entice her away from her father's house — you cover my family with eternal disgrace — and then you dare to tell me there is no harm done! Wait a little, and you shall see that there will be harm enough for you. Marry her you must, since you have ruined her; but you shall die for it the next day! It is I — I, Ludovico Marinelli — who swear it!"

I am aware that I do but scant justice to the marchese's inimitable style. The above sentences must be imagined as hurled forth in a series of yells, with a pant between each of them. As a melodramatic actor, this terrific Marinelli would, I am sure, have risen to the first rank in his profession.

"Signore," I said, "you are under a misapprehension. I have ensnared nobody's affections, and I am entirely guiltless of all the crimes which you are pleased to attribute to me."

"What? Are you not, then, the hound who bears the vile and dishonored name of Von Rosenau?"

"I am not. I bear the less distinguished, but, I hope, equally respectable patronymic of Jenkinson."

But my modest disclaimer passed unheeded, for now another combatant had thrown himself into the fray.

"Vile and dishonored name! No one shall permit himself such language in my presence. I am Lieutenant-General Graf

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von Rosenau, sir, and you shall answer to me for your words."

The Herr Graf's knowledge of Italian was somewhat limited; but, such as it was, it had enabled him to catch the sense of the stigma cast upon his family, and now he was upon his feet, red and gobbling, like a turkey-cock, and prepared to do battle with a hundred irate Venetians if need were.

The marchese stared at him in blank amazement. "*You!*" he ejaculated — "you Von Rosenau! It is incredible — preposterous. Why, you are old enough to be her grandfather."

"Not old enough to be in my dotage — as I should be, if I permitted my son to marry a beggarly Italian — nor too old to punish impertinence as it deserves," retorted the Graf.

"Your son? You are the father then? It is all the same to me. I will fight you both. But the marriage shall take place first."

"It shall not."

"It shall."

"Insolent slave of an Italian, I will make you eat your words!"

"Triple brute of a German, I spit upon you!"

"Silence, sir!"

"Silence yourself!"

During this animated dialogue I sat apart, softly rubbing my hands. What a happy dispensation it would be, I could not help thinking, if these two old madmen were to exterminate one another, like the Kilkenny cats! Anyhow their attention was effectually diverted from my humble person, and that was something to be thankful for.

Never before had I been privileged to listen to so rich a vocabulary of vituperation. Each disputant had expressed himself, after the first few words, in his own language, and between them they were now making hubbub enough to bring the old house down about their ears. Up came the *padrona* to see the fun; up came her fat husband, in his shirt-sleeves and slippers; and her long-legged sons, and her touzle-headed daughters, and the maid-servant, and the cook, and the ostler — the whole establishment, in fact, collected at the open folding-doors, and watched with delight the progress of this battle of words. Last of all, a poor little trembling figure, with pale face and eyes big with fright, crept in, and stood, hand on heart, a little in advance of the group. I slipped to her side, and offered her a chair, but she neither answered me nor noticed my presence. She was staring at her father as a bird stares at a snake, and seemed unable to realize anything except the terrible fact that he had followed and found her.

Presently the old man wheeled round, and became aware of his daughter.

"Unhappy girl!" he exclaimed, "what is this that you have done?"

I greatly fear that the marchese's paternal corrections must have sometimes taken a more practical shape than mere verbal upbraidings; for poor Bianca shrank back, throwing up one arm, as if to shield her face, and, with a wild cry of "Alberto! Come to me!" fell into the arms of that tardy lover, who at that appropriate moment had made his appearance, unobserved, upon the scene.

The polyglot disturbance that ensued baffles all description. Indeed, I should be puzzled to say exactly what took place, or after how many commands, defiances, threats, protestations, insults, and explanations, a semblance of peace was finally restored. I only know that, at the expiration of a certain time, three of us were sitting by the open window, in a softened and subdued frame of mind, considerately turning our backs upon the other two, who were bidding one another farewell at the farther end of the room.

It was the faithless Johann, as I gathered, who was responsible for this catastrophe. His heart, it appeared, had failed him when he had discovered that nothing less than a *bonâ-fide* marriage was to be the outcome of the meetings he had shown so much skill in contriving, and, full of penitence and alarm, he had written to his old master, divulging the whole project. It so happened that a recent storm in the mountains had interrupted telegraphic communication, for the time, between Austria and Venice, and the only course that had seemed open to Herr von Rosenau was to start post-haste for the latter place, where, indeed, he would have arrived a day too late, had not Albrecht's colonel seen fit to postpone his leave. In this latter circumstance also the hand of Johann seemed discernible. As for the marchese, I suppose he must have returned rather sooner than had been expected from Padua, and finding his daughter gone, must have extorted the truth from his housekeeper. He did not volunteer any explanation of his presence, nor were any of us bold enough to question him.

As I have said before, I have no very clear recollection of how an understanding was arrived at, and bloodshed averted and the *padrona* and her satellites hustled

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down-stairs again. Perhaps I may have had some share in the work of pacification. Be that as it may, when once the exasperated parents had discovered that they both really wanted the same thing — namely, to recover possession of their respective offspring, to go home, and never meet one another again — a species of truce was soon agreed upon between them for the purpose of separating the two lovers, who all this time were locked in one another's arms, in the prettiest attitude in the world, vowing loudly that nothing should ever part them.

How often since the world began have such vows been made and broken — broken, not willingly but of necessity — broken and mourned over, and, in due course of time, forgotten! I looked at the Marchesa di San Silvestro the other night, as she sailed up the room in her lace and diamonds, with her fat little husband toddling after her, and wondered whether, in these days of her magnificence, she ever gave a thought to her lost Alberto — Alberto, who has been married himself this many a long day, and has succeeded to his father's estates, and has a numerous family, I am told. At all events, she was unhappy enough over parting with him at the time. The two old gentlemen who, as holders of the purse-strings, knew that they were completely masters of the situation, and could afford to be generous, showed some kindliness of feeling at the last. They allowed the poor lovers an uninterrupted half hour in which to bid one another adieu forever, and abstained from any needless harshness in making their decision known. When the time was up, two travelling-carriages were seen waiting at the door. Count von Rosenau pushed his son before him into the first; the marchese assisted the half-fainting Bianca into the second; the *vetturini* cracked their whips, and presently both vehicles were rolling away, the one towards the north, the other towards the south. I suppose the young people had been promising to remain faithful to one another until some happier future time should permit of their union, for at the last moment Albrecht thrust his head out of the carriage window, and, waiving his hand, cried, "*A rivederci!*" I don't know whether they ever met again.

The whole scene, I confess, had affected me a good deal, in spite of some of the absurdities by which it had been marked; and it was not until I had been alone for some time, and silence had once more fallen upon the Longarone *osteria*, that I awoke to the fact that it was *my* carriage which the Marchese Marinelli had calmly appropriated to his own use, and that there was no visible means of my getting back to Venice that day. Great was my anger and great my dismay when the ostler announced this news to me, with a broad grin, in reply to my order to put the horses to without delay.

"But the marchese himself — how did he get here?" I inquired.

"Oh, he came by the diligence."

"And the count — the young gentleman?"

"On horseback, signore; but you cannot have his horse. The poor beast is half dead as it is."

"Then will you tell me how I am to escape from your infernal town? For nothing shall induce me to pass another night here."

"Eh! there is the diligence which goes through at two o'clock in the morning!"

There was no help for it. I sat up for that diligence; and returned by it to Mestre, seated between a Capuchin monk and a peasant farmer whose whole system appeared to be saturated with garlic. I could scarcely have fared worse in my bed at Longarone.

And so that was my reward for an act of disinterested kindness. It is only experience that can teach a man to appreciate the ingrained thanklessness of the human race. I was obliged to make a clean breast of it to my sister; who of course did not keep the secret long, and for some time afterwards I had to submit to a good deal of mild chaff upon the subject from my friends. But it is an old story now, and two of the actors in it are dead, and of the remaining three I dare say I am the only one who cares to recall it. Even to me it is a somewhat painful reminiscence.

W. E. NORRIS.

From Temple Bar.

A RED-CROSS RIDE THROUGH SNOW AND DEATH.

I.

WHEN I first heard of the fall of Plevna I was at Belgrade, joining in the "mazy dance" at a ball given in the Staro Zdanje by several of the *corps diplomatique* to their colleagues and their wives, the Servian ministers and *their* wives, the *élite* of Belgrade and such "distinguished foreigners" as happened to find themselves in the capital of the plucky little principal-

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ity. I had just returned from the interior, where I had been "roughing it" (rebuilding burnt villages for a munificent anonymous friend, who gave me a most munificent sum of money), and so the ball seemed to me perhaps even more brilliant than it really was. At all events, the European music, the charming mixture of European and Eastern costumes, military and civil, and of Eastern and Western dances, with the fair of all nationalities, was a pleasant change to me from the discomfort of life in a wild country recently laid waste by fire and sword, and only just beginning to wipe out the "trail of the Turk."

I was enjoying a pleasant chat with the amiable and accomplished Countess B——, with whom I had just danced in the Servian national dance, the *kolo*, when a grey-bearded diplomatist exclaimed excitedly, half *at* me half *to* the countess, "Don't believe it! Can't be true! Have you heard the news?" "No, what?" we exclaimed in chorus, or rather duet. "The Russians have got into Plevna!" It is no part of my purpose to tell the different views and feelings expressed by the different diplomatic agents on the great news which the telegraph had brought us. Suffice it to say that although it did not happen to be truth, it looked like it, and everybody remarked at once, what most had before overlooked, that the Servian prime minister and the Russian diplomatic agent were absent. Prince Wrede, the Austrian consul-general, put two and two together and showed the connection of the two things to the satisfaction of himself and everybody else. However, Plevna was not obliging, and did not fall for several days.

At that time Dr. Humphrey Sandwith was acting as honorary administrator, in Roumania and Bulgaria, of the Russian sick and wounded fund, and having "knocked himself up" with his work, he, with the approval of the committee, invited me to take his place. We had worked together before in Servia; but in the spring of 1877, when we were in the Timok valley, he was struck down by a fever which brought him to "death's door" and very nearly showed him the inside of it; and from the effects of which he still suffered at intervals. Under the circumstances I could not refuse my old friend's invitation, and accordingly, having distributed my remaining stores of bricks, doors, windows, boards, beams, and such like, I set out for Bucharest the day Servia declared her last war with the Turks, in company with General Cartagi, uncle to Prince Milan. We took the steamer as far as Orsova; there we chartered a carriage and four, and drove along the left bank of the Danube as far as Turn Severin. As we passed the then Turkish island Adah Kaleh, which is within gunshot of Servia, Austria, and Roumania, we conceived a brilliant scheme for bombarding it, with small mountain guns, from the heights of the hills which form the Servian bank; but, as the scheme was never carried out, there is no use in dragging it to light from the darkness in which it was conceived, and in which it has (as far as I know) ever remained. But this much I must say, it was a very brilliant one, and would, no doubt, have been successful, assuming (which, however, was doubtful) that the Austrians would not have interfered.

Bucharest was reached in due course, and Dr. Sandwith and I, having spent our Christmas there, made arrangements for visiting the hospitals on both banks of the Danube, and for distributing through the organization of the Russian Red Cross both stores and comforts for the sick and wounded. Towards the end of the last week of the last month of the old year our arrangements were complete, and on the last day of the year I started alone to ride to Fratesti, a little more than fifty versts (about thirty-five miles) from Bucharest on the west of the Giurgevo road to the Danube. It was afternoon and bitterly cold, the thermometer showing twenty degrees of frost according to Celsius, or about zero, Fahrenheit. Still, I was tolerably well clothed and splendidly mounted. Furs, the "proper wear" for such weather, are too heavy, or rather too cumbrous, for the saddle, but I had a leather tunic under my coat, and two pairs of stockings in my jack-boots; my "knees and nose" had, from the force of circumstances, to "look out" for themselves; the former partially, the latter wholly and literally.

My mount was, as I have said, splendid — a mare sixteen hands high, yet "low on the ground," pretty head (which she knew how to carry), intelligent eye, clean legs, sure feet, good appetite, good goer, good temper. Alexandra — that was her name — had been the property of General Darozhinski; he was killed, and she wounded, by the explosion of a shell in the Shipka Pass, and after she had mourned her master till her own wounds (not very bad ones) were healed, she entered my service, and we soon became fast friends and understood each other like Christians.

My baggage consisted of two flannel shirts, a few pairs of stockings, half a

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dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, a waterproof coat and helmet, and a set of roughed shoes for Alexandra — the last item a happy thought, as the sequel proved — for although the shoes that she started with were all very well for Bucharest, where the deep snow had been cut up by the innumerable sledges, they were worse than useless when we got on the "war-path," which had been stamped down by the troops marching to the Danube till it resembled a sea of glass. In fact, I had to change her shoes as soon as we got out of the town. This little act of courtesy I had to do myself, but being an old soldier in that way, I managed to do it to Alexandra's satisfaction and to the no small amazement of the Don Cossacks who "chanced" that way at the moment.

Then I joined the crowd of troops marching for the front; they were moving at about five versts an hour, and it was impossible to give them the go-bye, as they occupied the whole of the narrow road. I made the best of it, and that was not bad, as I had fallen in with a Russian colonel, and we chatted very pleasantly together till we reached the village of Kulugurine, where my friend and his regiment "nighted." He pressed me very much to stay too, pointing out the disadvantages of travelling in a dark night; but I was deaf to his arguments, for I had promised the Russian Red Cross to be at our Red Cross barracks at Putiné, twenty versts beyond Fratesti, in the morning, and I was nearly a like distance the wrong side of the latter place. Besides, there would be no troops marching by night and I could thus travel quicker. I took a "pull" at the colonel's *vodka* flask (it was really cognac, but every one religiously believes that Russian officers drink no spirit but *vodka*, and I won't try to teach them heresy), and nibbling my last biscuit, I called on Alexandra for a trot, hoping to reach Fratesti before the new year — the *old* one had only about three hours of life left. I was exceedingly anxious to lose no time, as the prisoners from Plevna, nearly thirty thousand in number, were on the march, and the first detachment of four thousand was expected at our barracks the next day. "Our barracks" were built with about £1,000, part of the Russian sick and wounded fund; they held nearly a thousand beds for comparatively light cases, about forty for wounded officers, and about thirty for grave and hopeless cases. The latter were fitted up with much comfort, but the others were only straw in canvas sacks laid on the rough board floor. All the bedding was provided by the Russian Red Cross, as also was the staff of doctors and sisters of charity, and the Russians having taken all these thousands of prisoners, their Red Cross was anxious to provide for those who should fall a prey to the severity of the weather, and so they had invited my co-operation in the matter.

The snow broke crisply under Alexandra's feet as she trotted merrily along into a darkness which seemed to grow thicker and thicker every verst we left behind us, till at length we could see nothing but the distant camp-fires in our rear and the few stars which had ventured out on "such a night as this." Then I could see nothing but Alexandra's head, and suddenly *that* disappeared, and almost at the same moment I found we were rolling over each other into a young ravine which a snow-drift had obligingly filled up for us. How many times we somersaulted I could not exactly count, but when I came to survey damages I found they were not so severe as one might have expected — a few bruises falling to my own share, and a nasty cut in the shoulder to Alexandra's. "The *awkwardest* share of this awkward affair" was that when we found a way out of the ravine we did not know where we were. The camp-fires had died and we could not see their ashes, the stars had repented their rashness in coming out and had retired, and all that I could see was a small round spot of white with a larger circle of leaden grey, and beyond that blackness. Alexandra may have seen a little more, as I don't think she ever had typhus as I had two years ago on the Serbo-Bosnian frontier. This disgusting disease, besides twice skinning me, like an eel, alive, affected my eyes, so that although I can see very well by day I am almost blind by night. And here I find myself in a waste of white that for the most part looks black to me. I light a cigar and look at my watch by the light of it — ten o'clock, and I have not dined, and no chance of dining this year. The mare too is hungry, and is pawing the snow away in the vain endeavor to "get to grass." I take the saddle off and spread her blanket over her. In replacing the saddle my half-frozen hand accidentally "punches" my own nose, and to my horror I find it is frost-bitten. I fall on my knees and bathe my face in the snow for nearly an hour, when sensation gradually returns to my nose and ears, and then I try to rise, but cannot — my toes are frozen in my boots. I make many attempts at rising but fail, till at length I seize a

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stirrup, and in spite of the pain, almost too intense too endure, I pull myself up. Then I spend a good hour stamping circulation into my feet; that done I look again into the semi-darkness, and to my astonishment see a grand old country house, with massive entrance gates, in a high boundary wall surmounted by *chevaux de frise*. I pick up the bridle and lead the mare towards it, and soon find myself in an avenue of oaks, with hoarfrost hanging from their spreading branches. The road was rough and we made slow progress, and indeed we got no nearer the hospitable mansion — for it was only an optical illusion, a will-o'-the-wisp, that led us farther from our way. I gave up all hope of finding Fratesti, or indeed anywhere, that year, and settled myself down to the monotonous amusement of stamping circulation into my feet, varied occasionally by applying snow to my face and ears. Then the intense cold (it was below zero) brought on an almost irresistible drowsiness; but I dared not sleep, for I knew that if I slept I should forget to awake. I talked to Alexandra, and the poor beast seemed to understand the situation, and ever and anon turned to smell my face. I liked to imagine she was kissing me every time I felt the grateful warmth of her breath on my face, but I suppose she was merely satisfying herself that my weight against her flank was not a *dead* one. Then I found myself dozing, and would fain have smoked again but I could not open my mouth, for my moustache and beard were frozen together with a block of ice already a quarter of a pound weight — the result of my snow face-baths and of my breathing. In fact I had a gag of ice, which not only prevented my talking to the mare or smoking, but interfered seriously with respiration. The rest of the night was miserable in the extreme. I was hungry, and had nothing to eat; sleepy, and dared not sleep; cold, and too exhausted to take exercise sufficient to keep up the circulation. I had to press close up to poor Alexandra to preserve any warmth at all. Towards morning, too, I felt my hands all covered with blood — I could tell it was blood by the warmth and the smell — and I thought it came from under my finger-nails, which felt as though falling off, but when daylight came I found it was not my own blood but Alexandra's. In embracing her neck to support me and keep me warm, I had reopened her wound and smeared myself with her blood. But daylight *did* come at last, and I found that I had overshot the side road to Fratesti when less than five versts from that station. I had spent ten hours in the snow within forty minutes' walk of a warm bed.

As we pointed for the Red Cross station I thought to myself, "Well, I'm a strong man, tolerably well clothed, and though very hungry, certainly far from starved — yet I have only got through this night by the 'skin of my teeth.' How can those wretched Turks have pulled through?" The sequel will show.

II.

THE Russian Red Cross delegate at Fratesti was M. Davidoff, now consul-general for the principality of Bulgaria: he gave us a good breakfast and a strong invitation to stay a few hours to rest. This, however, I felt bound to decline, as I had promised M. Richter's *locum tenens*, the Russian delegate at Putiné, to be at "our barracks" there before noon (it was now nearly ten, and I had twenty-five versts to do, a tired horse and a bad road). A slight fog — no doubt my will-o'-the-wisp castle of the night before — had raised the temperature so that one had not the fear of losing one's nose before one's eyes. Still it was bitter cold, and I could not help asking myself again and again, "How *can* those wretched prisoners stand this?" At last the answer came in the shape of the first detachment, and oh! what a sight! They looked like a regiment of corpses galvanized into action by the subtle demon of war in some merry moment of "glory." Their pinched features wore a fixed, stolid expression of hopeless misery; their gait was slow and hobbling, for most of them were suffering from frost-bite, and all of them made feeble endeavors to hold their tattered garments round their shivering limbs. Some of them were vainly endeavoring to bite the frozen bread; others actually threw it away as useless weight; and a few Asiatics who had probably never in their lives seen such a winter were contorting their features and jabbering incoherent words which nobody understood or even noticed: they had lost their reason; the next night they lost their lives — they were frozen to death.*

Eh, how sadly did I resume my own march! Here was misery, and I was powerless to alleviate it. I had hundreds of warm garments, but they had been bought with money especially subscribed for the Russian sick and wounded. I could not, of course, commit a breach of trust by

* [Why did the Russians make them march unclothed through such a night? It was a march to the grave. — ED.]

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applying funds subscribed for the Russians to the benefit of the wretched prisoners they had spared, although the enemy had massacred every Russian who had fallen into his barbarous hands. These poor wretches themselves admitted that the Russian and Roumanian soldiers who fell into Osman Pasha's hands were murdered in cold blood. And indeed Osman himself told me on the 21st of June 1877, when I had an interview with him at Adlie, on the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier, that he looked on the Roumanians as rebels, and as such he should execute them, and that he could not *afford* to keep Russian prisoners ("*Ich bin nicht reich genug Russen zu ernähren!*").

I had not gone far before I came upon a Turk crouching in the snow. I dismounted and spoke to him in Sclav, on the chance of his understanding me; but I got no answer, the poor fellow had spoken his last word. He had fallen out to rest and eat his breakfast, and had yielded to the drowsiness which extreme cold induces, and had thus dozed into his last sleep still grasping in his stiff hand his frozen bread. Horrors thickened on me as I traced the prisoners' line of march, lined as it was at intervals with frozen corpses. Some of them were stripped of their clothing, and others were mutilated by the hungry hogs and wild dogs. They culminated in a sickening spectacle — a sow and her litter dragging the viscera from a dead Asiatic. "Oh, heavens!" I exclaimed involuntarily to myself. "Were these poor wretches born to be food for swine?" And clapping my hand on my revolver I was just about to shoot the obscene beast, when the thought occurred to me that it was well for the living that these scavengers — the hogs, the dogs, and the vultures — should eat up the dead, and so prevent their putrefying bodies from breeding a pestilence. At twelve o'clock I reached Putiné, almost at the same moment as several wagons loaded with frozen corpses. The Russian delegate, besides succoring the living, had organized fatigue parties to bury the dead. He had distributed all the Russian stores and warm clothing amongst the Turkish prisoners, and begged hard for some of ours, but I felt bound to resist the temptation. I could not divert from the Russian sick and wounded money subscribed especially for them, and apply it to the Turkish prisoners whom they had spared in spite of the massacre of their own countrymen; though practically it would have come to the same thing, for after taking the instructions of our committee, I handed over my stores to the Russian Red Cross, and they distributed them amongst the Turks. They put the matter to me thus: "Your friends are anxious to help us; we have taken all these prisoners, and with them the responsibility of doing our utmost to keep them alive; so that in helping them you assume a share of our responsibility, and thus you fulfil your own object of helping us." In justice to the Russians I feel bound to say that this magnanimity was by no means exceptional or confined to officials. I have often seen Russian soldiers share their rations with Turkish prisoners. And at Zimnitza I found an hospital barrack with fifty beds, thirty-five of which were occupied by Turkish wounded, whilst in the spaces between the beds Russian wounded were lying on the ground.

Next day Dr. Sandwith arrived in a peasant sledge with Mr. Villiers, of the *Graphic*, who afterwards published a sketch of "Dr. Sandwith on his Mission of Mercy," which gives a very good idea of the difficulties and discomfort of travelling in south Wallachia in mid-winter. Being thus relieved from work at Putiné, I set out for Zimnitza to visit the Russian hospitals there on my way to Turn-Magurelli, where we had five English doctors. Zimnitza is only forty-five versts from Putiné as the crow flies, but as the Vede runs between, and as that river had overflowed its banks and was not fordable for thirty or forty versts from its mouth, a detour had to be made of about twenty versts, thus lengthening the journey to sixty-five versts. The way from Zimnitza to Turn was also lengthened to the same extent in a similar manner, and so my whole journey amounted to one hundred and ten versts each way, two hundred and twenty versts there and back to Putiné, or three hundred and forty there and back to Bucharest (in all about two hundred and thirty miles).

Alexandra was not the worse for her accident of New Year's eve, and we made the sixty-five versts to Zimnitza in seven hours, including stoppages. The way was dotted here and there with Turks in the snow, some singly, others in little groups of two, three, or four, huddled together for warmth. Most of them were dead and stiff, but I had the satisfaction of saving some who were still alive and putting them on sledges of the nearest Red Cross station. In not a few instances the cargoes of these sledges were found, on arriving at their destination, to be a mixture of living and dead! In one case I hastened

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to get warm soup for a couple of waifs I had picked up on the road; when I returned, one was lying dead in the other's lap!

The sky was clear, and the sun, shining on the world of white, dazzled the eyes, but at intervals the sun was obscured by the immense flights of birds whom my approach disturbed from their breakfast of human flesh.

At Zimnitza I found twenty-five hundred sick and wounded, including a large proportion of Turks, whom the Russian doctors and sisters of charity were tending in a way which brought tears of gratitude to the eyes of the rough barbarians, who could scarcely understand how delicate Russian ladies could dress their dirty and stinking wounds. Brave women were those daughters of noble Moscow and St. Petersburg families who left their comfortable and happy homes to work almost day and night in the rough barracks of the Red Cross hospitals. Not a small proportion of them sacrificed their lives to their self-imposed work of true charity, and nearly *all* fell victims to typhus. Of a brave little band of twenty sisters, *sixteen* were lying sick with typhus, and two dead of the same terrible disease. Those who only saw the Russian sisters when they were convalescent from typhus, taking the air in carriages in Bucharest, formed a very harsh opinion of them; but those who saw them, as I did, at their work, will never forget the courage, the tenderness, the devotion with which they tended the sick and wounded of friend and foe.

Having handed to the delegates and sisters funds for comforts for the severest cases of the twenty-five hundred at Zimnitza and the four thousand patients that were lying on the other side of the Danube at Sistova (the river being at that time impassable), I pointed for Turn-Maguerelli. The road was wilder than ever, but a slight fall of snow had thrown a white mantle over those who slept only too well. The wind had not disturbed the covering which nature had spread over the lonely dead, but the birds and beasts of prey had here and there soiled the pure white sheet with the blood of the bitter weather's victims.

I was not sorry to reach Turn, where I was welcomed by our doctors, who found a comfortable bed for me and a warm stall for Alexandra. Their barrack was not full, and most of their patients were Turks whom they nad literally "picked up" by the wayside, and thus snatched from a frozen grave. On consulting with them I found that owing to their not speaking the language of either Russians or Roumanians, and to the change of the line of march, and to other circumstances it is unnecessary to refer to, they were not at this time (although they had worked well and effectively at Plevna, as the *Times'* correspondent telegraphed at the time) — they were not doing as much good as they wished and strived to do, or as was commensurate with their expenses; I therefore made arrangements for their return home, which the committee readily ratified, as it released funds to be applied to the purchase of warm clothing and other comforts which the sick and wounded required at that time even more than surgeons and medicines. This arrangement concluded to the satisfaction of our doctors and myself, I retraced my steps, visiting all the hospitals and Red Cross stations on my line of march, and seeing everywhere a repetition of the scenes I have vainly attempted to describe, but which can only be *realized* in a hideous nightmare. I will not weary my readers with a repetition, but content myself with saying that in three days I was again in Bucharest, having completed my two hundred and thirty miles' "Ride through Snow and Death."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE COTTAGE BY THE RIVER.

[*Note by Mr. Thomas Wyatt.* — The occurrences described in the following pages happened nearly ten years ago; but for reasons, some of which will be obvious on perusal, and others with which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, the publication of the account of them has been deferred until the present time. — T. W.]

A BUSY man, living by my pen, wearied of and worried with work, when the time came round for taking my usual summer holiday I had almost lost the power to make the effort needed for the start. Switzerland, Norway, even Scotland, — to reach any of these countries involved a journey which I felt in my present mood and state of health an extreme disinclination to take. This state of feeling should have warned me of the necessity for rest and change. My nerves were unstrung, and I wanted rest; but I was in the slavery of authorship. I had given up for a time the press and magazine writing which afforded a sufficient income for my simple wants, in order to devote myself to a considerable work from which I hoped

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to gain more reputation than could be got from anonymous contributions; and I was under an engagement to deliver a certain quantity of manuscript to my publisher by the autumn, on which, unfortunately, I had received a considerable advance. The weight was still very short, and I knew well that if I took a regular holiday I should never make good the deficiency in time. Had I been living with friends, they would have made me take the rest I needed; but I was my own master, living in chambers, with no one to criticise, or to keep me to regular habits, save my housekeeper, whose frequent remarks on my ill looks and late hours had become at last simply irritating. And thus the days passed, with the inclination to work growing ever less, without recreation or amusement, — in the appearance of industry without its results.

One sultry evening in July, at the close of a day spent in the seclusion of my chambers with little result save a headache and a feeling of exhaustion, which was now the only form of hunger I ever experienced, while sauntering down the hot and stuffy street by way of taking exercise, more to gratify my housekeeper than myself, I met my friend Tom Wyatt, whom I had not seen for some time, and who at once noticed my ill looks.

"You are looking as if you had taken too large a dose of the London season, my dear fellow," he said. "You ought to anticipate your usual holiday, and be off to Switzerland at once. I never saw you look so used-up before."

I repudiated the cause ascribed for my appearance, for I had been leading a hermit's life, and said that I did not see the way to going abroad this year, or anywhere far from town.

"Then why don't you do as I do," he replied, "and take suburban lodgings on the river? I am living down at Stainham. I have got a lodging at the man's from whom I hire my boat. I get a swim in the river every morning before I come up, and a pull every evening after I go down. You have no idea how fresh and jolly the air is on the river of an evening — quite different to this stuffy London air. Lots of fellows I know are living down there for the summer, and the best inn is next door to my lodgings; so there is plenty of company. We have a capital train morning and evening, and we have just time for a rubber going down. It's far better diggings than Switzerland or the Rhine, and ever so much cheaper." And my friend went on to urge me to come down and stay for a few days with him, and get some boating and fresh air.

But the prospect of living in a bustling country town, next door to a river-side inn, which Wyatt mentioned casually was doing a "roaring trade" at this season, had no attraction for me in my present mood, still less the making one in a rubber while being hurried along at forty miles an hour. The notion of a month or so passed on the river, I replied, seemed a very pleasant one; but I should like some quieter place than he had chosen. For I wanted quiet, and freedom from interruption for study and writing. I was in arrears already with some literary work I had on hand, and must make up for lost time. A secluded cottage on the river, now, or lodgings in a quiet farmhouse, would be just the thing for me.

Wyatt observed that cottages with a river frontage commanded very high rents at this season; but if he saw or heard of anything likely to suit, he would let me know.

Two or three days after this I got a note from him, to say that he had found the very place that I wanted; and he proposed that we should go and look at it together that afternoon, starting by the five o'clock quick train.

I met him, accordingly, at the station, at the time appointed. We did not stop at Stainham going down, for Wyatt said that it would be too long a pull from there up to our destination. So, passing that place, we got out at Maddeley, a station some twenty minutes further down the line, also on the river-bank. Here hiring a boat, Wyatt took the sculls, and I sat lazily in the stern, as he pulled up stream for our destination.

It was a lovely summer's evening, and the quiet of the peaceful scene acted like balm on my worried nerves. This was evidently just the sort of life to suit me. I wondered that I had never thought of spending the summer on the river before; and I was ready to take the cottage before I had seen it, and determined to be pleased with it, whatever sort of place it might prove to be.

Wyatt had not seen it either, although so familiar with the river. It was on the tail of a mill-stream, he explained, and separated from the main channel by an island. He had heard of it from a friend, who, coming down the river, had stopped to bathe in this back stream, and had observed the cottage, with a notice that it was to let. Rather a jungle of a place he reported it to be, and looked damp; but it

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might do well enough for the summer. "Here we are at the place itself," continued Wyatt, "and shall be able to judge for ourselves." And as he spoke he turned the boat to the left, off the main channel, and pulled up a narrow branch scarcely wide enough for plying the sculls.

He rowed for about a furlong up this channel. On our right was the island which separated it from the main stream, meadow and osier land; on our left also a meadow, succeeded by a wood, which terminated in an ill kept lawn of three or four acres, overgrown with shrubs, on which, about fifty yards back from the stream, was the cottage. A board suspended to a post on the bank announced, in letters almost obliterated by damp, that the house was to be let, furnished, and that the key was kept at the mill. Of this mill we could just catch a glimpse, higher up the channel, through the thick underwood that lined the banks, and between the posts of some neglected eel-pots; but we could hear plainly the sound of the water rushing through the race of which this channel formed the termination; and for this point, accordingly, we now made, Wyatt with difficulty forcing the boat through the eel-pots, and punting past the overhanging bushes. Approaching the mill, our progress was stopped by some stakes, partly above and partly under water, which crossed the channel where it narrowed, just below the bridge that connected the mill with the mainland. Fastening the boat to these stakes, where they joined the shore, we proceeded in quest of the miller, whom we found indoors.

The miller told us we should have found the cottage open; it was always left open during the day to air it. His daughter had just gone to shut it up for the night, but we could get there in time to see it first, if we went back at once. So leaving our boat fastened below the bridge, we crossed it and walked back.

Passing through an orchard we entered a little wood which extended along the bank of the stream, so thick and overgrown that the path could hardly be made out, which enclosed the upper side of the lawn on which the cottage stood. Emerging from this wood, and crossing the lawn, we now saw, what no doubt we might have seen in the first instance, that the front door was wide open, and several of the windows, to let in the mild summer air, of which certainly too much could not reach it through the overgrown vegetation which surrounded the place; and we now entered the cottage to inspect it.

It seemed in bad repair, although habitable enough as a summer residence, and bore that air of neglect which makes a shabby house look still shabbier when unoccupied. A low veranda ran along the front; and on each side of the door in the centre, which opened into a passage, was the window of a sitting-room, opening nearly to the ground. The one on the right was a drawing-room, that on the left a dining-room. At the back of the latter was a smaller room, used apparently by the late occupant mainly as a receptacle for fishing-tackle. The staircase was in a recess opposite to this spare room, and at the back of the drawing-room. At the end of the passage was a door communicating with the kitchen and offices. The furniture was faded and shabby, but sufficient for my purposes. There were some easy-chairs in the drawing-room, and a couch, all covered with faded chintz; it also boasted a piano very much out of tune, as Wyatt ascertained by striking a few chords on it. The dining-room, in addition to the ordinary furniture, had a writing-table near the window, at which I thought I would establish myself. The least satisfactory part of the room was the state of the walls, papered with a dull and dismal paper, now discolored with damp, the more conspicuous as they were bare of pictures or ornament, save in the drawing-room, over the fireplace of which hung the portraits of a man and woman, — colored photographs apparently, not badly executed, although somewhat overdone. The woman's was the better work of the two; the figure was tall and graceful, and the face, although not altogether prepossessing in expression, a very handsome one. Whether the person represented was quite a lady could not be told, but the man was certainly not quite a gentleman, and the painter, perhaps in trying to please, had laid on his color too coarsely. The representation was of a swaggering fellow with a broad chest and a fine head of greasy hair, with black curly whiskers meeting under the chin, moustaches, and a black imperial, wearing a good deal of jewellery, carefully picked out by the colorist; altogether a beauty man of an objectionable type, whom some women may be found to admire, but no men. "The last occupants of the house, I suppose," remarked Wyatt; "the lady had a temper of her own, or the artist has libelled her; and that fellow was not the sort to stand it, either, I'll be bound; he thinks a good

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deal too much about number one for that."

We wanted to find the miller's daughter, to get some information about the amount of crockery and kitchen utensils available, but she did not appear to be anywhere about the place; so I passed into the kitchen to make a rough inventory of its appliances, and afterwards went upstairs and looked over the bedrooms, while Wyatt returned to the garden to have a smoke.

I found him lying on the grass by the bank of the stream. "I say, Phil, my boy," he observed, as I strolled down towards him, "you will be establishing a flirtation with the miller's daughter if you are not looked after — and a very fine young woman she is, I am bound to say. Don't you think so?"

I answered that I was not yet in a position to form an opinion, not having seen her.

"Why," exclaimed Wyatt, raising himself on his elbow, "do you mean to say you didn't meet her inside? Why, she went in not two minutes before you came out. She came out of the grove here on her way from the mill."

I replied that I supposed I must have been up-stairs when she entered, for I did not see her, nor even hear her.

"You may well not have heard her, for she walked so lightly — glided rather than walked. Our friend the miller must have given her lessons in calisthenics; rustic beauties seldom make the most of themselves in the matter of carriage."

We now went up to the house together, and called out once or twice. No one answered, and we came away. "Well, she is an uncommon fine girl," continued Wyatt, as we returned through the thicket to the mill, "if her face is at all equal to her figure. I didn't see her face. I whistled to attract her attention, but she kept her head turned away, with a hood over it. She came quickly out of the thicket, as if she were in a hurry and thinking about something, and went straight into the house. What a jungle this is, to be sure!" he continued, as we made our way in single file along the traces of the path, now overgrown with thorns and bushes. "You will have to get leave to have some of this cut away."

We found the miller smoking his pipe on the bridge. He said that the rent of the cottage was four guineas a week; and on my demurring to that amount, he added that very likely the agent would accept less. He could not take upon himself to lower the terms; his share in the matter was simply to get a commission on the let. Had I not better see the agent in town, and make an offer? The agent wanted very much to get a tenant. He had been told to name four guineas, but he dared say something less would be taken to secure a tenant. "Offer three guineas, and you will get it," Wyatt observed to me aside, "and the place will be cheap at the money; it would fetch three times that amount in most parts of the river, with so much ground about it." "How long had it been empty?" I asked. Two years, the miller believed, but it was empty before he came to the mill. "Two years!" said Wyatt; "why, from the look of the place it might have been uninhabited for twenty. The last occupants must have been fond of a jungle life; but perhaps they did not stay there long?" The miller said he did not know much about it; they left before he came there. He spoke with an air of constraint, as if not wishing to pursue the subject; but Wyatt, who was not easily put down, asked if the pictures in the drawing-room represented the late occupants, and the miller replied in the affirmative, but with a marked reserve of manner.

We now turned to go, and as the miller accompanied us to where our boat was moored, a few yards below the bridge, his manner became more free and open. "These stakes are very handy, gentlemen," he said, as Wyatt stooped to unfasten the painter; and on our expressing concurrence, he went on: "Ay, they come in handy to fasten boats to — they are main handy in more ways than one. These stakes are what I call my bait-lines; I catches some very large bait here, mostly in them deep stakes there, in the middle, under water — dead-bait I calls it. You see this is the way to the ferry over my bridge, and sometimes parties come along here of a night, tight or what not, and they loses their way over my bridge, and falls in, and then instead of floating down, they get caught in these here stakes; and so I sees 'em of a morning, and pulls them out. But it's too late then to send for the doctor."

"Does this often happen?" asked Wyatt.

"Wonderful often; it's wonderful how many folk about here gets tight of a night, and misses the road over my bridge — wonderful many, considering how few folks there be in these parts altogether. 'Tisn't like as if it were London, you see, or even Stainham; there's only villages about here."

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"You ought to have a railing put to your bridge," called out Wyatt, as he pushed the boat off, and sent her stern-foremost down the stream.

"So I ought, master — so I ought," chuckled the miller in reply; "leastways I ought to draw them stakes away, and then I shouldn't be troubled with dead-bait of a morning."

"That old fellow thinks himself a wag," said Wyatt, as we dropped slowly down; "who would have thought an old clown like that would have such a stylish daughter!"

Now it so happened that, before we went down to the boat, I had stopped to have a few words with the miller about the best way of obtaining supplies, and so forth, while Wyatt wandered about the island to find a good place for boating in the morning. Just as I was preparing to follow him, the miller's daughter came up to us to tell her father that she had returned from the cottage, who bade her put the key on the hook over the fireplace; and I took the opportunity to arrange that she should be there to meet me when I expected to arrive the day but one following to take possession. And but that I could make allowance for my friend's infatuation about the fair sex, and his disposition to discover some beauty in every woman he met, undistinguishable by any one else, I should have been astonished at the hyperbole he employed about the miller's daughter. A comely wench enough, no doubt, but certainly to my view the reverse of graceful in either carriage or figure. When I put this to him afterwards, he retorted that nothing better was to be expected from a sedentary misogynist, who knew women only in books.

And now we had made our way past the cottage, looking cool and quiet if somewhat gloomy and overshaded with its tangled garden and setting of dark groves, and shot out into the main river, which, peaceful though it was, and little tenanted at this hour, seemed quite lively in contrast with the lonely creek, which, with its overhanging trees and bushes, was settling into the gloom of twilight, while the open river still remained light and clear. Passing by Maddeley, where we had stopped coming up, Wyatt rowed on to Stainham. I had not for a long time enjoyed anything so much as this row down, or rather, as sitting in the boat lazily while my friend did the work. This river-life, so near at hand, yet of which I had made no use before, came on me like the revelation of a state where peace and quiet could be found to refresh and strengthen me for the labor before me. I thought to myself that, sitting in the silence of that cool parlor, the work to be done, which seemed so irksome and repulsive in my London chambers, would become easy again as it used to be in the months gone by, before I had fallen into listless and yet restless habits; and I experienced all the agreeable sense of expectation while partaking of Wyatt's hospitality for the night in his little lodgings at Stainham. As we sat on a bench in front of the house on the river-bank after our light dinner, while he smoked his pipe and I looked out on the tranquil river, I felt how far pleasanter and more wholesome in my present state would be this mode of life than stopping in London, and that the quiet of my new tenement would be pleasanter and more soothing still. For even at Stainham the laughter of some of the town-folks — shop-boys and their sweethearts, I suppose, out after the day's work — as their boats passed up and down till late into the night, harsh and noisy as it sounded, jarred on my nerves. I wondered it did not annoy Wyatt as it did me; but he retorted that it would not bother me more than it did him if I would only take to smoking.

We returned next morning to town, and I hastened to call on the agents for the cottage, whose address had been given me by the miller. The member of the firm into whose room I was shown, made but little objection to the proposed terms. Evidently they would take almost anything to get the house let. The lease, it appeared, was still held by the late occupant; it had come into the hands of the firm as a bad debt. "Who was the late occupant?" I asked, as I rose to go. Well, he was believed to be a person of independent means. "Why did he leave, and where was he now?" That was just what they would like to know. "Was he a married man with a young wife?" Well, Mr. Perkins believed he was. "Then," said I, "I suppose those are their likenesses which I saw in the drawing-room." Mr. Perkins believed they would be, but added that he really knew very little about the matter. They both left the place quite suddenly, for some reason unknown, and he had never heard from them since.

The rest of the day and the succeeding one went speedily in the necessary preparations for my country housekeeping; and in the afternoon of the latter, Wyatt and I again set off together, and by the same train as before. For it had been arranged that he should spend a few days with me

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at the cottage, to see me started, as he called it. I must confess that I would almost have preferred to make the beginning by myself, possessed as I was with perhaps a morbid craving to be alone; and if Wyatt's good spirits could be appreciated at times, they were somewhat oppressive at others. But of course I could not refuse the offer of his company, and I trust he did not detect any ungraciousness in my manner of responding to it.

We stopped as formerly at Maddeley, whither Wyatt had this time sent his boat on in advance, and he rowed me as before up from there to our new quarters, where we arrived while the long summer evening was still young. The fine weather continued; and in this return to the river I experienced a revival of spirits and calmness of mood to which I had for long been a stranger, and I began to look forward with a keen sense of anticipatory pleasure to a lengthened stay here. Arrived before the lawn, and making fast the boat to the bank, we walked up to the cottage, and found Mrs. Bond, my housekeeper, who had come down by train direct at midday to the station at the village about a mile and a half from the river, at the back of the cottage, busily engaged in getting things into order, and preparing our supper. My books had been unpacked, and, with a few other articles which had been brought down, they gave already a homelike and comfortable aspect to the dining-room. I may here mention that a difficulty had occurred in the first instance about service, for Mrs. Bond was supplemented in my chambers by a charwoman, who came in daily to help, and who was irremovable, and alone she would not suffice for the work of the cottage; but the difficulty had been surmounted by Bond's volunteering to bring down with her a niece, now out of service, and staying with her father in town, and who would be glad of this easy place under her aunt for a few weeks. This girl, whom I had not seen, had gone, Bond said, to the village to make some necessary purchases. Eggs, too, it appeared, were a difficulty; the miller's daughters, who had been there great part of the afternoon, had promised to bring some, but had not returned with them. Thereon Wyatt said he would go and fetch them, and set off in the boat, while I lay down on the bank pleasantly occupied in doing nothing. I knew that I could not go to bed till I had completed my prescribed portion of work, or at least spent the time I had prescribed for myself in pretending to make the attempt; but I put off the hour for settling down to it till after supper.

I was lying thus, lazily looking at the lawn and cottage before me, now overcast by the shades of evening, for the sun had set, and in this shady spot it was already dusk, when I saw the figure of a female issuing from the grove by the path which led from the mill, and going towards the house. I am rather short-sighted, nor was it light enough for any one to see very clearly, but the woman, who was evidently tall, and from her figure young, appeared to have a scarf or hood of dark material over her head, which she held with one hand, and which concealed the face. She passed with quick but even step along the little lawn, and entered the cottage by the open door. The miller's daughter with the eggs, I thought — Wyatt will have had his pull for nothing. The young woman might, however, have gone in by the back door. I suppose she has been so accustomed to the empty house that she has forgotten her manners. But I was too lazy to go and intercept Wyatt, who, indeed, presently appeared coming through the eel-pots, and displayed a basket of eggs deposited on the floor of the boat. It was lucky he went for them, he observed, as he came up and joined me on the bank; the young lady at the mill said it was too late to go back that evening, as her sister was away, and she would have had to come alone, and but for him we should have gone without our omelet. Then it must have been Bond's niece whom I saw just now, I thought — a fine young woman apparently, and with a graceful carriage for a maidservant.

It was late when we had our supper, served by Bond herself; through the open door we could hear her niece employed upon the plates and dishes in the kitchen. Supper ended, my companion smoked his pipe awhile, and then declared for bed. I felt inclined to follow his example; for although in the habit of keeping late hours, having lost the power of sleeping in the early night, the exercise and the unusual spell of fresh air had made me both tired and sleepy. But I had done no work for the last two days; the enjoyment of the holiday would be lost if I was perpetually oppressed with a weight of arrears pressing on me; let me make a beginning of steady industry to-night, and the effort to work would be all the less next day. So when Wyatt took himself off to bed, I moved the candles to the writing-table before the window — we had forgotten to bring down any lamps — and drew out my

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manuscript from the drawer. The pencil-note marking the date of last leaving off was more than a week old; I really must waste no more time; let me get a fresh start made to-night, and I should be able to go on all the more vigorously to-morrow. Wyatt remonstrated. I should lose all the good to be got by coming down here, he said, if I did not keep rational hours. Brain more active at night, was it? That was just the pity. An active brain meant a sleepless night. How could I expect to be fresh in the morning if I did not give myself a fair chance? It was odd I did not see myself what everybody else could see — that my nerves were not in a state for me to take liberties with myself.

I must have expressed myself with unreasonable warmth at the well-meant caution, for Wyatt became quite apologetic about having said anything to hurt my feelings, and so went off to bed, while I sat down and addressed myself to my task.

It was probably the consciousness of the truth of my friend's remark which had made it so unpalatable. It was plain from what he said that the change I had supposed to be apparent to myself only was visible enough to others. But to-night, at any rate, the state of impotence which now usually beset me when I tried to write was quite absent. The sensation of holding a pen no longer set up that nervous irritability, that vain desire to seize upon ideas always eluding me, combined with a loathing for my task, which had of late been always present with such distressing force. I now felt calm and even pleased with my employment, and could think out my ideas with a distinct sense of mental power. I felt once again something like my old self. Assuredly the cure had begun to take effect already. If I could only maintain this frame of mind I should be able to enjoy my holiday, and yet make good progress with my task. And it was with a sense of infinite relief that I once more resumed a favorite position, which of late I had been obliged to abandon, exchanging the upright chair for an easy one, and putting the candles behind me, so that the light fell on the paper which I held upon a a portfolio. In this way I could write fast enough and comfortably, and then letting the book lie on my lap, could stop at times to rest and think.

Yes, it was the charm of the quiet and the country air which had wrought this restoration already. Why limit my stay here to a few weeks? why not stop on till the winter? It will be easy, no doubt, to get an extension of the lease, and perhaps the agent would put the house and the neglected garden into a little better order. A brighter wall-paper alone would make the cottage quite cheerful.

Sitting thus, writing in an easy-chair, the head may rest while one stops to think, and as I lay back thus now and again, sometimes in happy contemplation of my own improved condition, at others reflecting on the order of my argument, closing my eyes the while, I must have fallen asleep, for when I opened them I did not at first recollect where I was; then I became aware that I had been awakened by a noise. Somebody was moving in the drawing-room on the other side of the little passage, — Wyatt, no doubt. What had he come down-stairs for? But no, it is not Wyatt. It is the rustling of a woman's dress. Mrs. Bond perhaps, locking up for the night. Then, as I glanced at the candles nearly burned out, I knew that it must be long past midnight. I jumped up, curious to know who it could be moving about so late, although the idea of robbers never occurred to me, or if it did was at once dismissed; for who would think of breaking into a house with one of its occupants sitting up with candles before an uncurtained window? As I rose to my feet I again heard the person moving, and stopped to listen. The woman, whoever it is, has come out from the drawing-room, and is passing along the little passage with a light, swift step. Now she is going up the stairs. It must be Bond or her niece. What can she want at this hour? and taking up a candle I opened the door and looked out. The staircase, as I have mentioned, was in the recess at the back of the drawing-room opposite the back parlor; at the top was a landing-place, with a door communicating with the servants' rooms over the offices. Bond or her niece, whichever it was, must have passed through this door to her room. She has been quick about it, for I was close behind. But no! for as I was about to follow I notice that the door is both locked and bolted from this side. She must be still somewhere close. But yet there is no hiding-place. The passage, which corresponded with the one below, was bare of furniture. Opposite the head of the staircase was the lumber-room, over the back parlor. This was unlocked, and not without a certain thrill of excitement I opened the door and looked in. It contained an old chair or two, and some boxes, but was otherwise empty.

There remained only the two bedrooms.

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I listened at the door of Wyatt's, which was over the drawing-room, and then opened it quietly. He was sleeping the sound sleep of a healthy man in good training. My own room was empty.

As thus what seemed at first so simple failed of explanation, my heart began to beat loudly as I found myself in presence of the supernatural. The power of motion left me as I stood with the candle in hand, while suddenly, as connected with what had just happened, there flashed across my mind the recollection of the mysterious figure seen in the afternoon. My knees trembled, and I confess that it was more the feeling of protection from Wyatt's presence on the other side of the door than my own resolution that enabled me to recover the power of my limbs. Yet withal I felt thoroughly ashamed of my poltroonery, although finding a salve to my conscience in being able to ascribe it to the state of my nerves. Yes, it must be that! I had become excited again over my work, and waking up suddenly I had allowed this foolish hallucination to possess me for the moment, for hallucination it must be. What more absurd than to connect this prosaic house, tenanted by a couple of young men, with a supernatural presence? Yet it was not without an effort and until after some delay that I went down-stairs again. And how to account for the drawing-room door being open? I am certain I heard Mrs. Bond close it before she went to bed. I looked in. We had made no use of it as yet, and it bore the same untenanted look it had always worn. Shutting the door, I returned to the dining-room, which was just as I had left it. Blowing out the candle I had left lighted there, and stealthily putting my papers away in the drawer, as if afraid of the sound of my own movements, I went up-stairs again, schooling myself to go slowly, yet feeling every moment more assured as each step brought me nearer to the sound of Wyatt peacefully snoring, and then seeking my own room, turned the key. It was now between one and two o'clock. Had not the cottage been so overcast by the shade of trees, I have no doubt a faint glimmering of dawn would have been perceptible in the east. Getting into bed and extinguishing the light, I waited in rapt attention for further sound, but nothing could be heard save the dull murmur of the water passing over the weir higher up the river. The distant village clock struck two, and then three, and it was not until the morning light made the paper on the wall distinct, and resolved all the forms in the room into their proper shape, that I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, and the bright sun streaming on the lawn announced another glorious summer day; and although the occurrence of the night at once returned to my mind, the sight of Wyatt in his boating-flannels coming up from the river after his bathe, whistling as he went, was enough to banish all sense of misgiving. Equally disillusioning was the prosaic voice of Mrs. Bond, outside the door, as she set down the water for my bath, announcing that it was eight o'clock, and that Mr. Wyatt wanted breakfast at half past, in order to catch the 9.30 train. And when I came down-stairs, the view of Wyatt engaged in chopping up some tobacco on the mantelpiece with a penknife, and the cheerful breakfast laid out on the table, was so completely matter-of-fact and commonplace, and at the same time cheerful, that I felt thoroughly ashamed of my nervous alarm of the night. I would put the matter aside, and not think of it one way or the other. And it did not strike me as odd that when Mrs. Bond's niece brought in the kettle to replenish the teapot, she proved to be a short, stout girl of about sixteen, who looked as if she might yet take a start and grow to a proper height, although later in the day I remembered that this left the appearance of the figure in the garden still unaccounted for.

Wyatt set off for the station across the field after breakfast, promising to return by the half past five o'clock train, when we would go for a row on the river; and I announced my resolve of setting to work as soon as he had started, so as to make a good beginning, and get over my day's task before his return, and thus have all the evening free. But with the whole day before me, it seemed only allowable on this the first day to take a little stroll. Down stream, beyond the other strip of wood which closed in the lawn on this side also, were pleasant meadows, in which the cows were taking their first nip after the mowing. The day was hot, but shade could be got everywhere along the hedgerows. After my long sojourn among stuffy streets, the sense of pleasure at drinking in the fresh country air while wandering among these rich meadows by the water, redolent of beauty as they were, was like a feast; it seemed impossible to tear one's self away, and it was not until a degree of appetite asserted itself to which I had for long been a stranger, that I returned to the cottage for luncheon. In my absence the post had arrived, bringing a book from

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Germany, lately published, and bearing on the subject of my studies, which I had been anxiously looking for. I must now make myself master of some of its contents before proceeding with my own writing, to see how far I have been anticipated. The book was ingenious and original, yet happily still leaving room for the statement of my views on the case, and the afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly enough, as I lay on the grass, by the bank of the stream, with the book for a companion, till the time for Wyatt's return. He must have missed his train, however, for up to six o'clock he had not come; and after waiting till all chance of his arriving by it had passed away, I determined to stroll down to the station to meet him, making, however, a detour by the mill. There would be plenty of time for this, as the next train was not due till seven. Even then we should be able to get out on the river before supper.

The shortest way to the mill was by the path through the wood, parallel to the stream, and some fifty yards distant from it. So overgrown was it that the pathway was barely wide enough for one person to pass, and the shrubs, underwood, and briers gave no view of what lay beyond. It was a perfect jungle. When about halfway through, I noticed what appeared to be the trace of another path turning off to the left — that is, away from the river. The shortest way to the mill was no doubt the one straight on, and this other showed even less sign of being used; but I was seized with a desire to get out of the wood, which this evening was oppressively close, so turned aside. The wood was certainly not so wide as long, and I should probably be able to get out of it the sooner by taking this line.

After pushing my way along for thirty or forty yards, the path opened into a small circular space, explained perhaps by the large oak-tree which checked the undergrowth. Against this were the remains of a rustic seat, consisting of a few planks nailed against the trunk, once painted green, but now fast rotting away. A quiet retreat certainly, and pleasant enough no doubt when this shrubbery was a little better kept; and I wondered whether the young couple whose pictures hung in the drawing-room had ever sat on this bench in their honeymoon days, if they had passed them at the cottage, as seemed probable. But no; I can hardly fancy that gentleman with his hard face, and his curly black whiskers under his square chin, playing the lover, or indulging in much sentiment of any sort. He would expect more attention than he gave, I fancy; and the bride once gained, there would be little of sentiment, or sympathy either, in my gentleman, or I am no judge of character. And the lady, would she be the sort of woman to take the cue from her husband, and to shrink from uncovering the hard side of her lover — content to make the best of him; to humor him when angry, and to play on his weaknesses in his lighter moods? Again, I am mistaken if that is not the face of a woman charged with pride to measure against his selfishness, and vanity against his conceit, — a woman to scorn and upbraid rather than yield without a struggle. If they came here in their honeymoon days, the place had certainly not been used since; it showed no signs of occupation, or even of having been lately visited; but in the centre of the open circle I noticed that the grass had been removed, and the soil raised, as if a beginning had been made of a flower-bed; but no flowers would flourish in a place so gloomy, and the attempt might well be abandoned almost as soon as begun.

Retracing my steps to what in comparison might be called the main path, I went on to the mill, to find the miller standing as before on the bridge over the milldam, smoking his evening pipe. After salutations the miller observed that I need not have come through the wood unless I liked; there was a path round by the orchard and the nine-acre — a daylight route, as one might say; and then proceeded to ask if I found myself comfortable at the cottage.

He put the question in an indifferent tone, but yet I fancied I could detect an expression of curiosity in his face, as if he half expected to hear that I had something to tell.

In company with the miller, and standing there in broad daylight, the alarm of the night had now succeeded to a feeling of indifference, or at most of contempt for myself at allowing my self-possession to be disturbed; but my curiosity was excited by the man's manner, and I asked him somewhat abruptly what he knew about the former occupants of the cottage.

Marking the eagerness of my question, a flash of intelligence passed over the miller's face, but his manner became at once more reserved. They had gone away before he came to the mill, he said, as he had told me before: his brother was here then; he himself was up in Oxfordshire — waving his hand up-stream in the direction indicated — at that time, along with his

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father. How should he know anything about them?

"Where was his brother now?" I asked; for his evident reserve made me curious.

Well, his brother had emigrated, to be sure — gone to America; and why shouldn't he? He thought he could better himself, and went off; and so he, the speaker, came and took the mill.

Had the man spoken unconcernedly, I should probably have thought no more about it; but I could not help noticing that he seemed to feel I had a sort of power over him, and that although unwilling to give me information, he was also anxious to avoid the appearance of withholding anything. And this made me ask the further question, how long before he came did the lady and gentleman leave?

"A few days before, he," answered rather sulkily, as I thought; he didn't rightly know how long exactly.

"And they went away quite suddenly?" I continued; "and left everything behind them?"

"Yes, they went away without giving notice," said the miller, almost repeating my words, and in a sort of defiant manner.

"And left everything behind them?"

And why shouldn't they? They might come back, perhaps any day, of course. They had the house on lease. But he must go in and have his supper, if I would excuse him. Would I step in and take a glass of anything? Well, then, perhaps I would allow him to take his supper; and so saying, the miller wished me good evening, and turned to go in-doors, while I stepped out towards the station, across the fields, unable to form any conclusion about what had passed, but looking forward with a sense of relief to Wyatt's arrival.

As I passed along the path across the fields from the mill to the village, I met a young woman whom, although I am not quick at remembering faces, I concluded to be the miller's daughter. She gave me a look as of recognition, but passed on without speaking, and I turned round to look after her. Yes, it must have been her I saw; she is tall and slight, although there is certainly nothing graceful or gliding in her gait; she walks as awkwardly as most rustics; it must have been the dim light of evening that threw a glamour over her movements. And under a sudden impulse I called to her, and she stopped and came back a few steps to meet me.

I asked her if it was she who had been down to the cottage on the evening of our first visit.

Yes, she said; she and her sister had been down there that afternoon, to lock it up.

"Your sister?" I asked, — for I remembered that the miller had spoken of sending only one of his daughters. "Then you did not go alone? I thought your father had sent you by yourself? He said so."

"So he did, sir, truly; but my sister was going to the village, so she went along with me. We didn't say nothing to father about it, because he would have said it was nonsense. But I beg your pardon, sir, I must be getting home," and she turned to go on.

"Stay one moment," I said; and then, as she stopped and turned round again, I asked, "Where was your sister when you came out by yourself through the wood?"

"Me come out by the wood!" cried the girl, her mouth opening wide, and her eyes and face alike expressing astonishment; "why, I wouldn't go through the wood for worlds. I should expect to see ——"

"What would you expect to see?" I asked eagerly, interrupting her.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she answered, her manner changing abruptly to one of caution, "I didn't mean anything. I beg your pardon, sir, but father would be very angry if he knew I had been talking to you about such things. I wish you good evening, sir," and bobbing me a curtsy, she turned on her heel and pursued her way to the mill.

Had this conversation passed near the cottage itself, or the grove, or while the events of the night had left their first impression, I believe I should have been startled by this corroboration of my own alarms; as it was, in the broad daylight of these pleasant meadows, with the village and railway station in full view, it was not difficult to succeed in putting aside all sensation of uneasiness; but I could not help looking forward with extreme satisfaction to the return of Wyatt, to whom I determined to communicate my experiences of the night, not without a strong suspicion that my story would be received with considerable ridicule.

Although the sun had not yet set, it was now hidden behind a bank of clouds which had been gathering during the afternoon. The air was still and oppressive; and, never a good walker, I slackened my usual pace for the heat, and thus had the mortification to see the down-train arrive and pass on before I could reach the station. When I got there the passengers by it had already dispersed. As Wyatt did not expect me to meet him, of course he would

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not have waited for me, and I set off to overtake him along the other footpath, which led also across fields, direct to the cottage. But I could not make him out ahead of me, and on reaching the cottage I found that he had not arrived there. He must have got out at Maddeley, the next station before our own, and be coming up by the river, I made sure; and I wandered down along the bank, in hopes of meeting him, till warned to return by the rolling of distant thunder, and the large drops of rain now beginning to fall.

As I approached the house it was almost dark; the wood beyond it looked more dreary than ever. I almost wondered, looking at it now, that I should have ever ventured to enter it; and I looked uneasily towards it, half expecting to see some mysterious form issuing from its gloomy recesses. But nothing appeared this time, and I hurried indoors, to find a telegram on the table which had been brought from the village in my absence. It was from Wyatt. The governor had sent him into Essex on some business, and he should not be back in time to return that evening, but would come down by the early train in the morning to breakfast, and take a whole holiday.

The feeling of discomfiture produced at first by the news of this desertion, and that I was destined to spend the evening alone, was succeeded by a sense of the absurdity, to say the least, of allowing myself to feel nervous, as I heard the cheerful noise of Mrs. Bond and her niece engaged in preparing supper in the kitchen. The rattle of plates, and the clatter of their voices, were enough to exorcise any demon of timidity and low spirits; and I was able, after a brief toilet, to find complete distraction from such foolish thoughts in the newspapers of the day, which Hannah, the girl, had brought from the village this evening. It was too hot, and I was too tired after my unwonted exercise, to eat much dinner; but I enjoyed all the more the tea which shortly succeeded that meal, and of which, although warned by my doctor to abstain from that form of refreshment at night, I drank even more freely than usual. Some rain fell during dinner, but only the edge of the storm came our way; the rumbling of the thunder could still be heard. The night was still and oppressive; and the windows, although wide open, seemed to let in no air. Awhiles I read, putting off the task of the night from one half-hour to another, hardly disturbed by the inmates of the kitchen taking their supper after mine, and talking, after the fashion of servants, as loudly as if they had been calling to each other from different rooms, instead of being seated at the same table. At another time the noise would have been offensive; just now it was the reverse of disagreeable. About half past ten o'clock Mrs. Bond came in to remove the tea-things; and then, after fastening the drawing-room windows and locking the hall-door, she looked in again to know if I wanted anything more before she went to bed, and wishing me good-night retired.

I was on the point of calling her back, to tell her to open the door of communication at the top of the stairs, but for very shame did not do so; I could not think of any excuse; to say anything about precautions against fire would have sounded ridiculous. I heard her make fast the door leading from the hall into the offices; then there was a certain amount of talking and shutting of doors and windows, followed by steps going up the back staircase, and then the little house became quite still.

Not until then, and I felt absolutely alone, did the terror of I knew not what, against which I had been struggling all day with more or less success, return in full force. Above all, while trying to reassure myself by setting down what I thought I had seen to disordered nerves, there came on my mind, with renewed force, the recollection of the fact that it was not I alone who had to deal with the unaccountable. It could not be the state of my health which made me imagine only that I had heard Wyatt speak of the figure passing into the house from the garden. I was sure he had told me of it. And although the thing had not surprised him, he did not know that the explanation of the appearance which he had suggested, failed altogether to explain it. No! During bright daylight the notion of the supernatural might be dismissed as foolishness; but in my present solitude the possibility seemed real enough. The very silence seemed horrible. I was ready to fancy sounds all round me. But nothing broke the silence. If only Wyatt had been here! or even if the doors in the house had been left open, so that there might have been the sense of security from proximity of other living beings! If only Mrs. Bond's hearty snore could have reached my ears!

Thus I remained for a while under the influence of the terror that possessed me, of I knew not what, yet withal thoroughly ashamed to confess my cowardice, even to myself, till at last, summoning up courage, I lighted the chamber candlestick, and

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opening the door, placed it on a bracket in the hall, and then quickly returning, but leaving the door ajar, addressed myself to my papers. I had forgotten, as I have mentioned, to bring down any lamps with me, and had commissioned Wyatt that morning to buy three or four cheap ones and bring them down. The darkness of the house during the event of the past night, when the single candle was hardly reflected by the dingy walls of the passage, had contributed not a little to the horror of the situation, and I had resolved to light up all the rooms and passages this evening with a brightness that would banish all chance of a recurrence of such a thing. The non-arrival of these lamps had been almost as keen a disappointment as the absence of Wyatt himself; but even a single candle burning in the hall would be something.

At first the very click of the pen heightened my sense of insecurity, it seemed to challenge a response with the unseen world; but at last the sound became familiar and even soothing. The chime of the village clock at midnight came to remind me that human beings were not so far off; the rattle of a train in the distance passing down the line was even more grateful; I became impressed with a sense of the incompatibility of such matter-of-fact things as railway trains with supernatural apparitions; and for the first time that evening I had succeeded in composing my mind, and concentrating my attention on the work before me. My brain assumed something of its normal activity, and I was getting interested in my work, instead of feeling it to be the distasteful labor which of late had oppressed me. I felt as if I could go on with it all the night through. Say what the doctors might about the importance for health of working only by day, there was nothing like night-work for cultivating the play of fancy and imagination.

Thus I felt for the moment, rather than distinctly thought out the idea, while the busy pen plied its task. But what is that which suddenly makes the hand fall nerveless on the paper, and leaves me bereft of motion save for the quick beating of my heart?

Some one is moving in the drawing-room opposite.

Instinctively I felt that, be it what it may, it is the presence of the night before.

Now I hear the drawing-room door open; the rustling of a dress in the passage.

I started to my feet. At first it seemed as if my limbs would refuse to perform their office; but seizing a candle, I staggered to the door, and opening it wide looked out.

Besides the candle I held in my hand, the light which I had placed in the passage was still burning, so that, dark and dingy as the passage was, it was yet lighted up; and at the other end, in the act of turning to mount the stairs, is the same apparition as had appeared the previous night; the same female figure that had entered the house from the wood. Tall, slight, and erect, robed in dark clothing, the face averted, and the head partly covered by a mantle, the figure was as clearly seen as if it had been daylight. Seen only for a moment, as, passing up the staircase, it disappears from my view.

Surely it must be a real human being, for I can hear the old staircase creak as it makes its way up. Had I stopped to think, I could not have gone on; but under a sudden impulse I too hurried up the staircase after the apparition. Again there is no sign of any moving thing. The landing-place and passage are void of occupant; the passage-door is locked. I peep into the box-room, and again find it empty. There remain only the rooms of Wyatt and myself; and I enter each of these in turn, almost expecting as I do so to find myself face to face with the thing. Seeing nothing in each case, I venture to examine them carefully; but there are no hiding-places; the search is soon ended.

My first impulse after this is to knock loudly at the passage-door and awake the two women; even the sound of my own voice would be a distraction in the horrid silence. But even in my terror I was restrained by shame. Even if they thought me serious, they would put down my impression to mere nervous imagination. Mrs. Bond would think she had more right than ever to tax me with keeping late hours and living on unwholesome diet.

It is an effort to go out again into the passage, still more to go down-stairs; but I manage to do so, and also to look into the drawing-room, the door of which is open, while it was certainly shut before. The room itself shows no signs of having been visited. There is no key to the door; but shutting it I return to the dining-room, the lighted candle in which invites me to enter, and sitting down again I try to compose myself. Surely it must be my disordered health that has conjured up this vision. I was not always such a coward. It must have been mere illusion that I saw something. But no! I was

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never more convinced of the reality of anything than of the reality of this object. And yet if it be a visitant from the other world, why should I be thus fearful about it? Why should I not boldly face it? I *will* do so if it comes again; if I hear this sound again on the other side of the door, I will rush out and confront the figure, and intercept it: if incorporeal it will vanish perhaps; if it be real I need not fear to grasp it. What a change has come over you, Philip Merton, that you should be arguing in this way about it, and trying to screw your courage up to the sticking-point! Be yourself, be a man, and do not be afraid of a spirit, if spirit it be. Why should it harm you?

By some such way of reasoning I did succeed in composing myself sufficiently to take up my pen again, and make an effort to continue my writing; not very successfully indeed, for while the hand was busy the ear was on the strain to catch the sound if it should recur.

And while in this state, the hand falls helpless, the cold sweat bursts out, the very blood seems to curdle within me, as I am again startled by the sound of something moving, this time close to me, outside the open window, just on the other side of the table. Good God! why am I to be tormented with these horrid visions? This time it is the figure of a man. The light of a candle comes between us, so that the figure is only obscurely made out in the darkness — the figure of a tall, dark man. I can just distinguish a sort of cloak covering the figure, and the glance of a searching eye under a slouched hat.

I sank back speechless and powerless in my chair. I felt my heart stand still, then begin beating again as if it would burst.

Suddenly a sound issued from the apparition. It spoke.

"How long have you been here?"

The voice, although low and cautious, sounded harsh and hollow, but it reassured me. This was no apparition. This at least was a human being. And sinister though the man looked, the presence of one was a sort of comfort.

I made no answer, for my voice literally stuck in my throat; nor did I want to show the fear that possessed me.

"I could not help myself," continued the voice; "I stayed away; I wandered here and there. I tried to get rid of it; but I had to come back after all. I saw that you were alone, and I thought I would come in. You have got no evidence against me," the man continued, moving back as I stood up, for at the continued sound of the human voice my prostration had ceased. "You have got no evidence against me. I don't want to hurt you," he added, as I started back on the threatening attitude he assumed. "I don't want to hurt any one. I have got enough of that on my mind to last me my life. Look here," he went on, in the same stealthy voice; "I have been tramping all the day, and I'm damnably wet and thirsty. Haven't you got a drop of spirits in the place?"

It seemed to me from the man's manner that he had been drinking already; but to be engaged in the homely office of supplying liquor was an agreeable diversion from the occupation of the night. Wyatt's brandy-bottle was on the sideboard. I took it up, and was about to mix some for him with water, but he whispered to me impatiently from the window to hand him the bottle and glass. He poured out nearly half a tumbler and drank it off.

"How long have you been here?" he repeated, as he set down the glass on the window-sill. "Only two days!" he said, as if to himself, after I had answered him. "So if I had come sooner I should have found the place shut up! Only two days! Only two years since we two were living here, she and I; and the place doesn't seem much changed. Only two years!" he continued turning round, and again speaking as if to himself. "Only two years since she and I were here together! it seems like two hundred. Look here," he continued, turning round again, and stepping over the window-sill into the room; "I want just to see the other room. I have come several thousand miles to see it, I tell you. Yes, I know the way well enough;" and taking up one of the candles, he led the way into the drawing-room. I followed him.

He looked round the little room, casting a curious look on the floor by the hearth, as if he expected to see something on the faded carpet, and then, advancing towards the fireplace, held the candle up to the picture of the woman above it, before which he stood gazing, the expression on his face a strange mixture of terror and ferocity.

As he did so, the light fell also on the portrait of the man. I saw then who my visitor was. Altered though the features were — brute though he looked now, unkempt and sodden, and disfigured by drink — it was still the same face; and he had been a fine-looking man once.

A few moments he stood thus, his hand

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trembling as he held up the candle. Then he turned the light on his own picture, and looking back on me with a scowl mixed with a drunken leer, said, "Damn it, drink and bad nights change a fellow, don't they? But I was a good-looking chap enough then."

Just what I was thinking.

"Yes; and Judith was a fine woman too, and no mistake. We were a handsome couple as you would wish to see. And I never, never cared for any woman as I cared for her. She could be pleasant enough, too, when she liked. O Judith, Judith, my girl!" he continued, turning again to the picture, "why couldn't you keep that damned temper of yours under a bit? You might have been here now, and me too, quiet and happy, instead of wandering about the world, afraid to show my face anywhere, regularly gone to the dogs." And he stood looking at the woman's face remorsefully.

"Look here," he said, turning round fiercely to me, although still speaking under his breath, "I didn't pretend to be better than other fellows. The women used to run after me, and how could I help being a bit gay? She knew that when she took me. But I would have treated her well all the same, if she would have taken me as I was. What right had she to open my letters, I should like to know? A man who has lived gay can't get square and right all of a sudden."

"That's how it happened," he continued, after a pause, as if he were trying to restrain an insuperable impulse to speak out; "a nice thing for a man, isn't it, when he comes home after a day's worry, and wants to have a quiet time of it, to find his wife behaving like a perfect devil? That's how it happened," he went on, in a hoarse whisper, while the foam stood on his dry, parched lips. "That's where she stood, there, behind the door, when she pulled out the letter — my letter from the other woman, and marked private — and shrieked at me till they might have heard her up at the village; called me a perjured villain, and said she wouldn't let me touch her again. I let her go on for a bit," continued he, with a cunning leer; "I knew it was no good stopping her in her tantrums; and it was a bit hard on her to find she was not the only woman who thought me a fine man. Then she went away upstairs, and I thought it was all over. Oh! why didn't she stay there? I thought she would go to bed and sulk a bit, and that we should make it up in the morning. But no; down she came again, and walked up just here," dragging me back, and pointing to the hearth, "and began again just as bad as ever. Declared she would go off at daybreak, and that that other fellow was ready to receive her, and that she had always cared for him more than me. I wasn't going to stand that, you know. What fellow would that had any respect for himself? I told her to hold her tongue or I'd make her; I told her she was telling a damned lie, and she knew it. Oh! why would she go on? Look here; on my oath, I didn't mean to hurt her — I only meant to frighten her a bit. I thought if she found out my rough side she would learn to hold her tongue. Look here," he went on, in a hoarse whisper, pulling me further back, and holding out the candle with his other hand; "that's where she stood, looking a very devil in her rage and beauty, just by the picture; and there," he said, pointing downwards, "is where she fell. I didn't mean it, I say; I swear I didn't mean it. Her head struck the fender. She never moved again. And I've been punished for it, and she knows it. She will never give me any rest as long as she lies where she does. Look here," he went on again; "how could I help doing what I did afterwards? How was I to go and tell? How could I prove it was an accident? I didn't mean to hurt her. Come away from this," he continued, wiping the sweat from his brow with his sleeve, and moved back into the other room, whither I followed him.

The brandy-bottle was still on the table. He poured out another large glass, and drank it off. Far from making him more drunk, it seemed to steady him. "You must know the whole of it," he said, as he put down the glass. "Come along with me. You're not afraid, are you?" he said, with a sneering smile, as he noticed my sudden drawing back; "I wouldn't hurt a fly to-night. Come along, I must make a clean breast of it, or I shall go mad. Come along," and so saying, he stepped out into the veranda, pulling me by the arm.

But I made no difficulty about following him, and he let go my sleeve. I knew whither he was leading. He said truly that I had been frightened at first, but I was so no longer.

He led the way across the lawn to the grove. Dark though the night was, he made as if by instinct for the path that led through it. The wet leaves showered their drops on us as we brushed through the narrow passage. Suddenly he stopped as if in doubt about his way. I knew what he was looking for. "Here it is," he whis-

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pered, and turned up the narrow pathwap to the glade which I had visited the previous afternoon.

We reached the glade, knowing that we were there more by the freedom from the pressure of shrubs and branches than from the sight, although the clouds had now passed away, and it was a starlight night.

"Here is the place," said the man, grasping my arm, and speaking in a whisper close to my ear. "No; don't step on it; keep back; perhaps she hears us: there, down there, just in front, is where it is. I carried her there myself, that very night. All night long I dug. It was just such a night as this, as hot as hell. And all the time I was digging she lay there and never moved; and I covered in the grave, and she never moved; and then I ran off, and wrote to say we had both gone away suddenly together. She never moved then, all the time I was at work, but she never leaves me alone now. I used to think it was all fancy, and the brandy; but it is just as bad when I am sober. Hush! perhaps she is listening to us now; but she never comes except when I am alone.

"Now you know why I wanted you. The thing that lies under here must not be allowed to stay there. I shall know no peace till it is moved away, and put into the churchyard; then, perhaps, she will leave me alone. You must promise me that. You'll do it for your own sake, I know. I shall be far away again, but I shall hear about it. I shall know if it is done; and if it isn't, I shall come back and trouble you again. Come away, we have been here long enough." And so saying, the man turned and led the way back to the main path. That reached, he made as if about to start off, but stopping again, seized me by the hand, and went on.

"I haven't told you all yet. There was one man nearly found me out. I was coming out of this infernal place, just at daybreak, when I met a man, — it was the miller. My plan for concealment was discovered. He would know that I was alone, — that she was not with me. No! I didn't kill him, though I was minded to; I got him to leave his mill, and come right away to America then and there. He didn't know what I was after in this wood, and I never let him come here to find out. I never lost sight of him till I got him out of the place; but he suspects, and I have nearly ruined myself trying to keep him quiet. But he may blab now if he likes, and he won't get any more out of me. I am not going back there again to lead that cursed life."

Then he added, "Now you had better go back to the house; I ain't afraid of your following me, but mind you keep quiet till morning, or it will be worse for you. I know my way out of this." And so saying, he passed on in the direction of the mill, and in an instant I felt rather than saw that I was alone.

To hasten instantly out of the wood and regain the open lawn was my first impulse. Thence I could see the light still burning in the parlor, but I had not courage to enter the house again, still less could I stay where I was and brave another meeting with the apparition. I was now standing in the very spot where I had first seen it, as it moved from the wood into the house; and as soon as I remembered this, I hurried towards the field at the back of the cottage, and so by the path across the field to the village. In these open spaces, tenanted by the quiet cattle, whose forms could be made out recumbent on the grass, there could be no pursuit of these horrors.

By the time I reached the village the first ray of dawn could be made out, and it was soon light. And with the light my courage returned, although the anxiety possessed me not the less strongly to pursue the mystery to an end, if only to satisfy myself that all the scenes I had passed through were not merely the creations of a disordered and enfeebled brain. Faint though I was and weary, my head seemed clear enough, and presently a draught of milk, obtained from an early milkman, gave me some strength. If Wyatt really came as he had promised, by the first train, he would be here at seven o'clock.

The sun rose bright and unclouded, but I had still a long time to wait. Under different circumstances, there would have been abundant scope for enjoyment in watching the gradual birth of another lovely summer's day — all nature refreshed by the night's rain. But now I was only weary and impatient.

The train arrived. Wyatt stepped out, the only passenger for this station. He quite started on seeing me; my face and appearance evidently reflected the excitement I had gone through.

To his anxious inquiry what was the matter with me, I could only reply by urging him to press homewards. He should see and judge for himself what was the matter. And at last Wyatt, seeing my condition, gave up questioning, and we pursued our course in silence.

Entering the vegetable garden by the back gate, we came to the little tool-shed. A spade was lying there which I took up

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and gave to Wyatt, and taking a hoe myself, I led the way to the grove. Arrived at the little glade, I pointed to the mound in the centre, and beginning to ply the hoe, urged him to dig too.

He set to work; but after a few strokes I was compelled to stop from want of strength. Never since childhood had I felt so weak and helpless. Leaning on the hoe, gasping for breath, I urged Wyatt to his task.

He dug away, casting every now and then a doubting look at me, as if he questioned my sanity. The morning was hot, and Wyatt, though a sturdy fellow, began to feel the strain of the unwonted exercise, taken while fasting; and at last he stopped, and leaning on his spade, looked sulkily at me, as if to say that he had humored me enough.

I replied to his look of reproach by taking the spade from him, and stepping into the hole which he had made, resumed the work of digging. But my labor did not accomplish much; nerves and muscles were both equally relaxed.

Wyatt stood watching my feeble efforts for a time, wiping his brow with his shirt-sleeve. At last, observing that if this tom-foolery was to go on, it had better be done by him, he stepped into the hole again, and taking the spade from me, set to work.

But he too was tired, and did not work with a will; he began grumbling to himself as he dug, speaking in an undertone.

Suddenly he stopped digging, and looked down eagerly. His spade had caught in something.

It was a piece of rag of some sort. The spade severed it easily, and a fragment was thrown up with the earth, and lay exposed on the top of the soil. Another portion could be seen still in the hole, mixed with the loose earth.

My companion's listless manner had left him; he dug now with a will, throwing up large spadefuls quickly.

Presently the spade again met with an obstacle. Something stayed below, when the loose earth was thrown up, projecting above what was left.

Is it a stone or a piece of decayed wood?

Wyatt stopped digging and stooped down to look at it, but drew back again quickly with an exclamation of disgust.

I drew close to the spot, and kneeling, looked down too. The thing was not wood. It was the end of a human foot; the long bones could be seen, with some decomposed flesh still hanging to them.

Wyatt looked at me for a time, in silence, then he got out of the grave, and laying down the spade, said, "We had better not deal with this matter alone; let us get somebody else to go on with the job. Let us go and call the miller."

He put on his coat and led the way. I followed him — taking a last glance round to where the silent witness of the foul deed protruded from the soil — along the narrow path through the grove, till we got into the open meadow. Then we walked along side by side.

"Not now," said my friend, as I essayed to speak; "tell me all about it by-and-by, when you are cooler. I beg your pardon for having doubted you."

We walked on in silence. As we drew in sight of the mill, we saw a couple of persons, women, standing on the bridge which crossed the race. They were the miller's daughters. They hardly noticed us as we came up; they were staring in rapt attention, looking down towards the stream where the stakes were, at the tail of the race.

As we came up with them, the miller appeared from his house carrying a rake and a rope.

"Another drunken fellow, I suppose," he said, "missed his way over the bridge last night;" and so saying, passed down the bank towards the stakes. We followed him with the girls.

As we approach the spot a dark, limp mass can be made out in the water, swayed idly to and fro by the eddy of the stream.

It needed not to see the bloated features, as they dragged the body out of the water, to tell me who it was. I knew from the first moment that I was once more face to face with the visitant of that dread night.

Note by Mr. Wyatt. — The foregoing account was the last thing my poor friend wrote, and finding it among his papers, carefully corrected, as if intended for publication, I believe I am justified in publishing it for the benefit of his estate. The truth of it is of course sufficiently corroborated by the discovery of the body of the woman, precisely as described, and of the drowned man, and the interest which the matter excited at the time will be fresh in the recollection of many. Of the occurrences of the night there was no other witness than himself, and the reader must judge how far it was colored by the condition of his health, the melancholy state of which has been only too faithfully portrayed in his narrative. I can only say that to the day of his death, which happened only a few weeks after the events described, my poor friend always asserted in the strongest terms the truth of what he has written; and the only shade which passed over our friendship during his last illness arose from my having ventured

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to express somewhat too strongly my doubt whether he was not laboring under a delusion. I am bound in candor to add that his belief in the apparition seems to have been fully shared by the female occupants of the mill, although expressed by them under great reserve. The miller's connection with his brother, the former occupant of the mill, was never fully cleared up; and I cannot but corroborate my friend's account of my having myself seen the female figure passing from the house to the wood, exactly as he describes it, although I should be sorry to say with equal confidence that the appearance was not susceptible of rational explanation. — T. W.

THE RETREAT, STAINHAM LOCK, *October*, 1878.

From The Saturday Review.

THE SORROWS OF LORD PENZANCE.

THE ingenious schoolboy who, when he was asked to explain the principle of the common pump, boldly took refuge in his knowledge of the binomial theorem would doubtless have made a most excellent dean of the arches. He failed, it is true, at the time to satisfy an examiner whose narrow sympathies were fixed upon the pump, and who could not be brought to appreciate at its right value any display of learning that did not include the required explanation. But the largeness of the boy's view and the liberty of his method have not been left without due recognition; and if we look to an address delivered last Saturday in the Arches Court we shall find that they have, in fact, supplied Lord Penzance with an invaluable precedent. The circumstances of the two cases are indeed almost identical. In common with the schoolboy Lord Penzance found himself in a very embarrassing position. He had been asked to deliver a judgment in the case of "Combe *v.* Edwards," and unfortunately he had no judgment to deliver. But, although he could not do what was required of him, there was something that he could do, and the opportunity was not to be missed. He had prepared an elaborate essay upon the conduct of the lord chief justice of England, and this stood to him in the place of the schoolboy's binomial theorem. Before he could persuade himself to inform the court that he could not "proceed to punish Mr. Edwards," he found it incumbent upon him to deliver a speech which occupies nearly five columns of the *Times*. This lengthy harangue, it must be observed, no more affected the final decision at which he was forced to arrive than the binomial theorem affected the working of the common pump. It was an independent effort of genius and learning, the beauty of which is not to be estimated by its service to the particular matter in hand. But we are not on that account to value it the less. If Lord Penzance had waited for an appropriate occasion for saying what he has now said, the world would have been deprived altogether of a very vivacious and entertaining criticism upon a brother judge. He has therefore boldly proceeded according to a method sanctioned by the admirable text-books of Ollendorff. It has often been noticed in regard to these little manuals for the acquirement of foreign languages that, in the dialogues provided for the use of the student, the question and answer are sometimes curiously divergent. Lord Penzance, it would seem, has been struck by the beauty of the system, and has aspired to emulate its quaintness. To the inquiry, "Have you a judgment in the case of the Rev. Mr. Edwards?" he is practically compelled to return a negative answer; but he hastens to add, with evasive eloquence, "I have a prolix attack on the lord chief justice of England."

This single sentence may be taken as indicating the substance of an oration which is decked out with many ornaments of style, and is occasionally distinguished by an uncommon energy of expression. To appreciate its peculiar force and to do justice to the talents of its author, we must be careful not to dwell overmuch upon mere legal technicalities. There is indeed a formidable array of legal authorities; but they serve only as "the trappings and the suits" of Lord Penzance's woe. A load of learning sufficient to oppress a less passionate spirit is here lightly borne along the strong current of personal grief; and in the course of a protracted soliloquy the dean of the arches sounds all the various stops of suffering and regret. He passes from innocent surprise to absolute dismay, from blank incredulity to the most righteous anger, and from vehement indignation to a sentiment of almost tender pity, until at last we are left to wonder that any human being could be so heartless as to be deaf or indifferent to his appeal. That the lord chief justice, at sight of the ruin he has wrought, will be filled with remorse, we cannot doubt; but our concern for the moment is rather with the victim than with the culprit. Like Constance in "King John," poor Lord Penzance can only sit down with his sorrows and rail against authority. He has become so enamored of his grief that, if the baleful prohibition were

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now withdrawn, he would perhaps be afflicted with a sense of positive deprivation. Constance found it a source of comfort to be allowed "to curse awhile;" and, like that deeply injured lady, Lord Penzance, having discovered that "law itself is perfect wrong," asks no more than to exhibit to the world the spectacle of an intolerable grief. We know there are careless and cynical persons who will grudge the sympathy which the sight of such suffering should command. Heartless sticklers for conventional usage, they will even deny that the bench is a fitting place for the study or display of the emotions, and they will resent the introduction of what Mr. Arnold would describe as "the lyrical cry" into the prim and precise forms of legal rhetoric. But a generous and impulsive nature like that of Lord Penzance is not to be controlled by these petty limitations. His tender tale of woe will find a response wherever a strain of true poetry is mingled with the coarser fibre of our humanity, and with such an audience he can afford to dispense with the frigid approbation of common sense. Those who are really capable of appreciating the moral dignity of his attitude will perceive that his sorrow is as unselfish as it is intense. In the moment of peril he thinks more of his queen than of himself. He can scarcely bear to dwell upon the consequences of a decision by which "the court of her Majesty in council" is dubbed an "inferior court;" he trembles at the awful prospect of a writ of prohibition being one day directed personally to the sovereign herself. And even in dealing with the lord chief justice he exhibits a sentiment of almost respectful pity towards the failings which he is bound in the discharge of a painful duty to expose. He does not spare the rod, and yet out of the fulness of his affection he would fain spoil the child. It is, indeed, truly edifying to see how these brethren on the bench love one another. That the lord chief justice's judgment was marked by almost every kind of judicial incapacity, Lord Penzance is forced to admit. The errors are so many and so grave that the injured dean of the arches is almost overpowered by the mere labor of enumerating them. He is appalled at the extent of the ignorance of which the lord chief justice is convicted; he is lost in amazement at the manner in which the principles of ecclesiastical law have been misconceived. But while all this is made abundantly clear to us, we are allowed to perceive the sense of acute pain which the process of punishment brings to him who has to inflict it. The manifest incompetence of his brother touches him with a feeling of almost personal shame and humiliation. He watches the overthrow of a great reputation with that kind of benevolent sympathy which Cæsar displayed over the wreck of the splendid talents of Antony. And yet he feels, as Cæsar felt, that there is no possibility of salvation. "If," says Lord Penzanze, "the highest ability, the most extended industry, and what all must know to be the most earnest desire and intention to arrive at a right conclusion, can only produce a result so much to be deplored, what hope will there be in future for the ecclesiastical courts when their practice may come to be handled by ability less exceptional and with industry less marked?" The sight of this result so much to be deplored, and the outlook towards that dark future which seems to hide other results so much more deplorable, have the effect of transporting the suffering spirit of Lord Penzance into the purer air of abstract priciples. Securely poised above the heads of common humanity, he lets fall upon the lifeless reputation of the lord chief justice a few valedictory sentences of an inspired and oracular character. "The picture of law triumphant and justice prostrate is not, I am aware, without admirers. To me it is a sorry sight." He names no names, we may observe, but the force of such a reproof is irresistible. And, again, we are told that "the law is, or ought to be, but the handmaid of justice; and inflexibility, which is the most becoming robe of the former, often serves to render the latter grotesque." These are dark riddles hard to decipher. They evidently point to some sort of impropriety, but what may have been its nature or who may be the guilty parties we are not allowed to know. If the lord chief justice has been going about in a becoming robe of inflexibility, his conduct is no doubt open to criticism; but even this style of dressing is to be preferred to that of Justice, who, according to Lord Penzance's account, has no robe at all.

No doubt we shall have further light upon these points when the whole case comes up for consideration in a higher court. We shall then also perhaps be allowed to know whether there is even a glimmer of hope for the shattered reputation of the lord chief justice. It is just possible, after all, that Lord Penzance has been speaking rather as an advocate than as a judge; and, if so, there will be doubt-

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less something to say on the other side. In the dim religious light of Lambeth the case of the luckless author of the prohibition seems desperate indeed, but in the purer air of Westminster he may possibly regain his fame and name. In the mean time, it would perhaps be as well that we should have no more of these passionate soliloquies. To see Lord Penzance in the part of justice triumphing over Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in the less sympathetic *rôle* of law may be an entertaining sight for the populace, but it will bring only a very moderate amount of honor to the bench. Let Lord Penzance try if he cannot wear the garment of inflexibility just for a little while. We will not forget that he is justice if he will only consent to assume for the nonce the unattractive guise of law. Even the very best performers sometimes accept inferior parts, and however little at first he may relish the exchange, it will not prove uninstructive. And to the public it will be an unmixed good. They will be spared the spectacle of a judge in tears, their hearts will not be torn with pity for the terrible sufferings of the bench, and, what is more, they may even after long lapse of years come back to the innocent belief that the lord chief justice is not entirely devoid of learning or intellectual power. If, on the other hand, judges are to be encouraged to express their opinions of one another, there will soon not be left upon the bench a single reputation.

From The Spectator.

CLERICAL SELF-CONCEIT.

THE new Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Thorold, in his spirited pastoral, attacks rather sharply, though very good-naturedly, the self-conceit of some of the younger clergy. "Is it too caustic," he says, "is it even unjust, to say that a predominant feature in some of the very young clergy of our own time is a superb self-conceit? True, if it is nothing worse, it may soon mend. Years, experience, the widening horizon of knowledge, intercourse with other minds, enlarged responsibility, and sometimes a little wholesome neglect, all concur to cure a disease which your fathers suffered from before you were born, and which you will see and endure in your children." And no doubt the bishop is right that, on the whole, conceit is not only common in the younger clergy, as it is among the young men of every profession, but decidedly commoner among them than among their equals in age elsewhere. Not that we agree with Dr. Thorold in regarding this self-conceit as the opposite of humility. The opposite of humility is pride; and we should think it quite possible that a good many of the young clergy to whom Dr. Thorold attributes this "superb self-conceit" may, after all, in the proper sense of the term, have in them at least the making of genuinely humble-minded men, not in the least disposed to confide too much in their own strength, because it is their own, or to despise the help they know themselves to need. Conceit differs from pride in being founded on illusion. Pride, on the contrary, is not founded on illusion, but on a deliberate preference for self-centred action; it rejects help, because it is help; it repudiates the idea of dependence, even when dependence would be not only right, but a duty; it endeavors to stand alone, even when standing alone involves failure, rather than lean upon another. But conceit rests upon a "conceit," — that is, on a vain fancy; it has more of an intellectual than of a moral origin; it decks out the self in false colors, and so misleads the judgment; while pride usually, far from overrating the self, not unfrequently somewhat underrates it, though chafing angrily at the knowledge that that self is not stronger and better than it is. If this be the real meaning of self-conceit, as distinguished from pride, we should say that Dr. Thorold is quite right in attributing to the younger clergy a much larger measure of self-conceit than belongs even to the young of any other profession, but mistaken in regarding, as he evidently does, this self-conceit as the very antithesis of humility. Nothing is commoner than to find vanity, and the self-conceit which feeds vanity, in minds which are, on the whole, substantially humble, which are not really intolerant of the consciousness of owing much to others, but are merely under the misleading influence of egotistic illusions, or it may be, caste illusions, — the illusions of an order filled with fanciful ideas of its own greatness and dignity. Pride is not the vice of the clergy, — of the Anglican clergy at all events, — for pride springs up out of an hereditary dislike to be laid under obligations to others; out of the attitude of mind which, while it is often wont to bestow much, resents help and sympathy as an insult, — a habit of feeling almost impossible to the English clergy, and especially so to curates. But to the illusions of self-conceit probably no men are more liable than young curates, and

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indeed young ministers of all denominations, especially those whose theory of their office compels them to attach to it the notion of high supernatural functions, of which they alone are the channels. And it is worth considering why this self-conceit is so characteristic of the younger clergy that it has become almost a classical attribute of theirs, — one which Miss Austen noticed and described most effectively at the beginning of this century, in her pictures of Mr. Collins and Mr. Elton; while, forty years later, Miss Brontë made it one of the chief features of "Shirley," in her picture of Mr. Helstone's curate and his friends.

One of the obvious reasons for self-conceit in the younger clergy is that the profession itself has, of course, a certain attraction for the fancy of men who are by constitution somewhat vain and egotistical. It puts them early in a conspicuous position, and in one surrounded by a good deal of official respect. Hence it attracts conceit, especially conceit which is honestly mingled with a good deal of sincere desire to alleviate the misfortunes and griefs of others. Then, again, the clerical office demands no very alarming apprenticeship, no apprenticeship of a kind to repel superficial ability by the severity of its conditions. A well-meaning man, with a good deal of sympathy for his fellow-creatures, and a good deal of pleasure in any display of that sympathy which enables him to see himself in a graceful and conspicuous position, is very apt to turn instinctively towards the clerical office, as one likely to satisfy both the higher and the feebler part of his nature, and to satisfy it without requiring any very forced march of preliminary preparation. The immediate possession of a position of some dignity and importance, at but little cost of labor and ability, has a great fascination, of course, for men who love to think pleasantly of themselves, at the same time that they are doing good, or believe that they are doing good, to others. This is the first and perhaps one of the most important reasons why the clerical profession, both in the Established Church and in other sects, but especially in the Established Church, is apt to attract young men of amiable disposition, who like conspicuousness, like a position guarded from the fierce jostlings of competitive life, and do not like to be put out of conceit with themselves by attempting tasks in which they are pretty sure to fail, and in which the evidence of failure, where failure is the result, is of a perfectly unmistakable kind. It takes a long time to fail as a clergyman; or at least to be sure that you have failed. It takes a long time even to have the first sanguine self-complacency taken out of you. Probably in no profession are the earnest men who have really struggled to do their duty, so sure to be put out of conceit with themselves before they grow old. In no profession is the sense of inadequacy deeper even amongst the ablest, and of total failure commoner amongst the feeblest. But it takes time, and the gradually purged sight of sincere spiritual aims, to produce this change of feeling. There is so much of complacency involved in the mere consciousness of religious aims, — and so much of artificial protection against the rubs of life, in the charm of a clerical position, — that no young men come so late to a knowledge of their own failures and incompetencies as young clergymen, — especially if they be, as they often are, attracted into the profession by the promise of that very guarded prestige which makes it so slow a business to get experience of blunders. There is more to feed the vanity of a young clergyman than of any other professional junior. There is less to mortify it. On both sides alike there is an artificial protection, and as it were a hot-house life for such conceit as is always natural to the young who have passed through no discipline having a special tendency to remove it.

In the next place, there is something in the mere idea of being made, in any special sense, the channels of divine grace to men, — even if it be only in the way of delivering a message, and much more so in the case of those who think that besides proclaiming a message, they are the exclusive conductors of sacramental grace, — which necessarily lends itself at first to egotistic illusions and self-conceits. It is perfectly true, of course, that clergymen only devote themselves to the work of making God known to men in a rather more special sense than the laity, — that they do nothing which the laity cannot do in almost equal degree, and that what they do they do under some considerable disadvantages, to which laymen who really believe in God are not equally exposed. But however true this may be, and however frankly a good many of the clergy may assure themselves and their people that they believe it to be true, it is not easy for young men suddenly thrust into a position of at least apparent authority and conspicuousness, to realize that it is true. They call themselves ambassadors of God,

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which in a sense they are; in the same sense, namely, in which all men and women who have a deep conviction that God speaks through their consciences, are ambassadors also. But they are so, as it were, professionally. If they do not declare God's purposes to men, they are worse than nothing. And for a time the consciousness of such a position naturally elates young men who are not aware of their own manifold inefficiencies. The ambassador always fancies that there is some gratifying reason why he, and not another, should fill that office. Soon, perhaps, he finds out that there is a reason, and a good one, but not a gratifying one at all, — it may be that his character may have needed the special protection of the clerical position to keep it clear of gross moral defaults, — that his talent lies rather in the power to deal with words and thoughts than with things; that he has more power of transmitting than originating; that he delivers messages better than he fights battles. But for a time the sense of elation at being an ambassador of God's at all, turns the head of young men.

Nevertheless, we do not believe that there is a profession in the world so humiliating, in the best, but also the most painful sense of the word, as the clergyman's; and this is, we think, its real effect in the long run. This "superb self-conceit" of the younger clergymen and ministers of religion soon works off. Even the genuine priest, who believes with all his heart that his agency is employed by God to absolve from sin, to create anew in every mass the body and blood of an incarnate God, to offer up the divine sacrifice for the dying and the dead, — even he soon learns how little there is in his work in which he has the least right to indulge satisfaction, how much of failure clings to him at every step, how infinitely poor are his achievements. Talk to any of the best of the Irish priesthood, and though you will find a habit of mind almost necessarily authoritative, and even imperious, — necessarily we mean considering the position forced upon them in their little community, — you will hardly ever find any self-conceit, usually a profound humility, bred of deep and frequent failure. And still more is this the case with those ministers of religion who attach no overweening importance to their own agency as priests or ministers, who regard themselves rather as laymen selected for a particular duty, than as a spiritual caste at all. The self-conceit of the younger clergy is very natural, and as we believe, very superficial. It passes away usually before middle age, in all but the weakest-minded; it is transformed into the very opposite quality, — deep self-distrust, — before old age is upon them. Clerical self-conceit is a harmless sort of folly, at worst; and is so far from being essentially incompatible with true humility, that very often we think it is the earliest phase of what afterwards becomes humility, just as a woman who is a little vain about the accident of beauty will often, as her character deepens, and she sees how little it is worth, become all the humbler for her former vanity. For self-conceit is a very different thing from pride; it is a certain self-occupation with superficial advantages of person or position, and not a deep passion for self, such as makes the sense of indebtedness to others seem an almost intolerable burden.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A RAJPUT CHIEF OF THE OLD SCHOOL.*

Moribundus Loquitur.

I.

AND why say ye that I must leave
This pleasure-garden, where the sun
Is baffled by the boughs that weave
Their shade o'er my pavilion?
The trees I planted with my hands,
This house I built among the sands,
Within a lofty wall which rounds
This green oasis, kept with care;
With room for my horses, hawks, and hounds —
And the cool arcade for my ladies fair.

II.

How often, while the landscape flames
With heat, within the marble court
I lie and laugh to see my dames
About the shimmering fountain sport;
Or after the long scorching days,
When the hot wind hushes, and falling stays
The clouds of dust, and stars are bright,
I've spread my carpets in the grove,
And talked and loitered the livelong night
With some foreign leman light o' love.

III.

My wives — I married, as was fit,
Some thirteen of the purest blood —
And two or three have germs of wit,
And almost all are chaste and good;
But all their womanhood has been
Hencooped behind a marble screen;
They count their pearls and doze — while she,
The courtezan, had travelled far,
Her songs were fresh, her talk was free
Of the Delhi court, or the Kábul war.

* Written in Rajputana, 1877.

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IV.

Those days are gone — I am old and ill,
Why should I move? I love the place;
The dawn is fresh, the nights are still —
Ah yes! I see it in your face,
My latest dawn and night are nigh,
And of my clan a chief must die
Within the ancestral rampart's fold
Paced by the listening sentinel,
Where ancient cannon, and beldames old
As the guns, peer down from the citadel.

V.

Once more, once only, they shall bear
My litter up the steep ascent
That pierces, mounting stair on stair,
The inmost ring of battlement.
Oft-times that frowning gate I've past
(This time, but one, shall be the last),
Where the tribal dæmon's image stands
Crowning the arch, and on the side
Are scarlet prints of women's hands —
Farewell! and forth must the lady ride,

VI.

Her face unveiled, in rich attire,
She strikes the stone with fingers red —
"Farewell the palace, to the pyre
We follow, widows of the dead!"
And I, whose life has reached its verge,
Bethink me of the wailing dirge
That day my father forth was borne,
High seated, swathed in many a shawl,
By priests who scatter flowers, and mourn —
And the eddying smoke of the funeral.

VII.

Thus did he vanish. With him went
Seven women, by the flames set free;
I built a stately monument
To shrine their graven effigy:
In front my father, godlike, stands;
The widows kneel with folded hands;
All yearly rites are duly paid,
All round are planted sacred trees,
And the ghosts are soothed by the spreading shade,
And lulled by the strain of the obsequies.

VIII.

His days were troubled; his curse I earned
Full often, ere he passed that arch,
My father, by his farms we burned
By raiding on the English march;
And then that summer I rebelled,
One fort we seized, and there we held
Until my father's guns grew hot;
But the floods and darkness veiled our flight,
We rode their lines with never a shot,
For the matches were moist in the rainy night.

IX.

That's forty years ago, and since,
With all these wild unruly clans,
In this salt wilderness, a prince
Of camel-riding caterans,
I've sought religiously, Heaven knows,
A life of worship and repose,
Vext by the stiff, ungrateful league
Of all my folk in fretful stir,
By priest and gods in dark intrigue,
And the wasting curse of the sorcerer.

X.

They say I seized their broad estates,
Upbraid me with a kinsman's blood;
He led his bands before my gates,
And then — it was an ancient feud.
But I must offer gifts, and pray
The Brahmin's stain be washed away —
Saint and poisoner, fed with bribes,
Deep versed in every traitorous plan —
I told them only to kill the scribes,
But my Afghans hated the holy man.

XI.

Yes, peace is blessed, and prayer is good;
My eldest son defied my power;
I lost his mother in the wood
That hides my lonely hunting-tower;
She was a proud unbroken dame;
Like son, like mother, hard to tame
Or tire — and so he took the bent,
His mother's kinsfolk at his heel,
With many a restless malcontent —
There were some had ease, ere I sheathed my steel.

XII.

The English say I govern ill,
That laws must silence spear and gun,
So may my peaceful subjects till;
But peaceful subjects have I none.
I can but follow my father's rule,
I cannot learn in English school;
Yet the hard world softens, and change is best,
My sons must leave the ancient ways,
The folk are weary, the land shall rest,
And the gods are kind, for I end my days.

XIII.

Then carry me to my castle steep,
Whose time is ending with its lord's:
Eight months my grandsire held the keep
Against the fierce Maratta hordes;
It would not stand three winter suns
Before the shattering English guns;
And so these rude old faithful stones,
My fathers' haven in high war-tide,
Must rive and moulder, as soon my bones
Shall bleach on the holy river-side.

XIV.

Years hence, when all the earth is calm,
And forts are level, and foes agree
To leave their fighting, trade and farm,
And toil, like oxen, patiently,
When this my garden palace stands
A desert ruin, choked with sands,
A broken well 'mid trees that fade,
Some traveller still my name may bless,
The chief lang syne that left him shade
And a water-spring in the wilderness.

A. C. LYALL.

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